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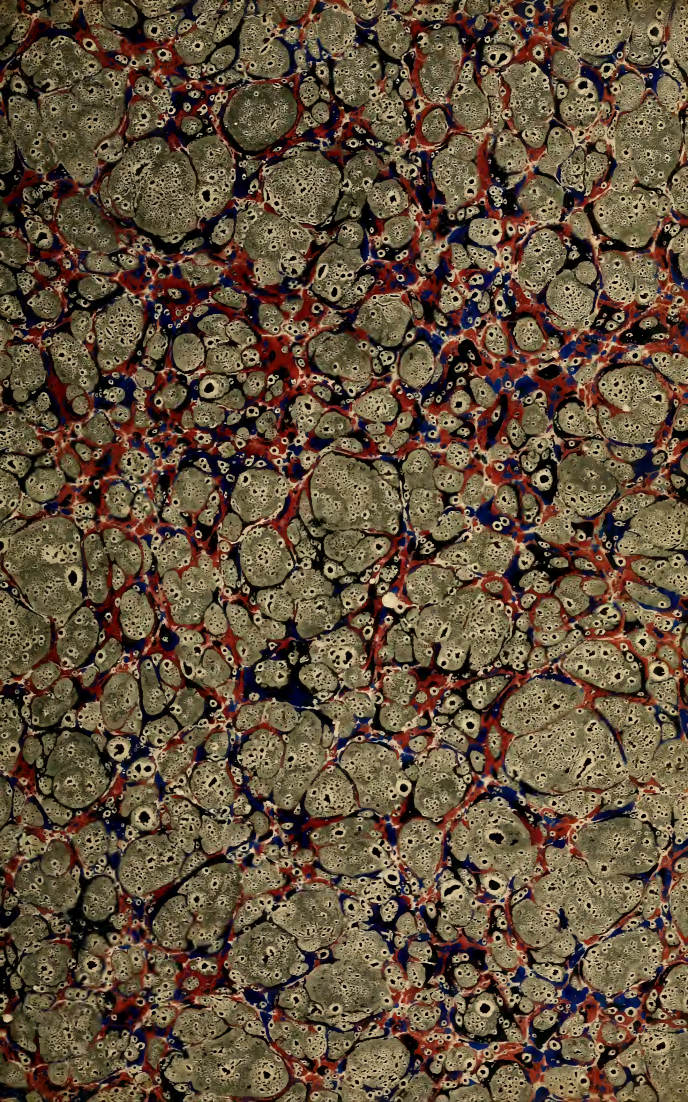

RUDIMENTS

OF

PUBLIC SPEAKING

AND DEBATE:

OR,

Hints on the Application of Logic.

BY G. J. HOLYOAKE,

AUTHOR OF "MATHEMATICS NO MYSTERY," "LOGIC OF FACTS," ETC.

"Common sense is the genius of humanity."—*Guizot.*

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PROEM.

THE highest truths of transcendental metaphysics will one day reach the populace. Not only the standard of intellect, but that of morality, will be raised. The race of the Papinians, the Cromwells, and Marvels, will be multiplied. It was once said all could not learn to read, write, and account. Now they do learn these and other things. They will one day learn all things. Intellect will conquer all obstacles, and teach the human race to realise untold perfection.

But it will be accomplished piecemeal. Progression is a series of stages. Individuals first, then groups, then classes, then nations, are raised. You can no more introduce, at once, the multitude to the highest results of philosophy, than you can take a man to the summit of a monument without ascending the steps, or reach a distant land without travelling the journey. This book is a stage. As the preceding ones in this series. it is designed for the class of young thinkers to whom knowledge has given some intellectual aspiration, and fate denied the means of its scholastic gratification. It is therefore neither elementary nor ultimate, but a medium between the two. It addresses itself to a want. It deals in results. It dictates doing.

Spontaneous life is the life of the people. Their knowledge is confined to phenomena. Their *practical* philosophy is the reality of Hobbism. Disguise it as we may, their sensation is suffering, their reflection, revenge—their sole business, the betterance of their condition. All you can do is to guide their rude interpretation of nature, men, and manners—to give plain method to their classification, coherence to their inferences, justice to their invectives. They want no new philosophy. There are more old ones which are good than they can study. There is more wisdom extant than they can master, more precepts than they can apply. Weapons innumerable surround them, of which they have to be taught the use. Their watchword is *work*. The scaling-ladders of the wise, which they, having mounted the citadel of wisdom, have kicked down, are yet of service to those who are below. I have picked a few of these ladders up, and reared them in these pages for the use of those who have yet to rise.

Fastidious punctilios of scholarship would be out of place in such a book as this. He who addresses the artisan class, must, like the Spartans, write to be read, and speak to be understood. Mechanics and Literary Institutions cannot *cultivate* their frequenters, and those greatly mistake the requirements of learning and the state of the people who think they can. They can *stimulate* improvement, and this is their province. Nations never become civilised and learned till subsistence is secure and leisure abundant. So of individuals. The populace are still engaged in the lowest battle of animal wants—and even the middle classes are in the warfare of intellectual wants. In the ancient state of society war was the only trade, force the only teacher, and the battle-axe the only argument. A transition has indeed taken place—the time, and means, and ends are changed—but not the relative position of men. No more do we struggle for the victory of conquest, but we struggle for wages and more intelligence. Knowledge has reached the mass so as to make them sensible of their ignorance without diminishing their privations, and they are now engaged in a double battle against Want and Error. The struggle, therefore, is resolute. The training wanted is practical—the weapons serviceable and ready for use. Provided the literary sword will cut, few will quarrel about the polish. If the blade has good temper, he who needs it will put up with a plain hilt.

When I contemplate the appliances which learning and science present to the scholar, and see how multiplied are his means of knowing the truth upon all subjects, I cannot conceive that he can be struggling like the untaught thinker between right and wrong. To the scholar, truth and falsehood must be apparent; and since the learned do not penetrate to the intellect of the populace, and establish intelligence among them, it must be that the learned want courage or condescension, or that common sense among them is petrified in formulas. We want either a hammer or a fire to break the spell or dissolve the ice.

Those words of Guizot which I have placed on the title-page, indicate the broad obviousness of precept aimed at in this work. Hudibras tells us that—

> All the logician's rules
> Teach nothing but to name their tools.

I have attempted to recast this order. In the "Logic of Facts" I have dealt with the *materials* of reasoning. This is such "Application" of them as I should make. In this matter I have striven to speak without affecting superiority or infallibility. Writer and reader stand on the same level—and from a common ground thus established, mutual inquiry starts. The information attempted is essentially practical. It is not the heavy inexorable theory of the last age applied to the bustle and elasticity of this; but upon the learning of the schools is endeavoured to be engrafted the learning of life, the literature of the streets and of trade, the logic of the newspaper and the platform, and the rhetoric of daily conversation—that the reader may acquire a public as well as a scholastic spirit: the aim being to elicit origi-

nality, to realise a *distinct* individual, who shall go forth into the arena of the world with determinate and disciplined powers capable of usefully influencing its affairs.

In the division of the Parts and the succession of the Chapters there is no pretension to scientific classification. The distinction drawn between the Parts, though not recognised, will, I believe, be found practically suggestive. The order of the Chapters is that which seemed to me to be natural, at least to throw light, one upon the subject of the other. In "Hints" a greater licence is allowed, and strict sequence is not so much looked for as suggestiveness.

The FIRST PART treats of the Rudiments of Rhetoric, the elements which the student derives from the instruction of others. After the "Proem" has informed the reader of the design of the book, "Rhetoric" defines and explains the subject;—"Delivery" commences with the laws of tone, founded on the study of feeling. "The Theory of Persuasion" accumulates materials from the study of manifestation—"Method" teaches how to use these materials with power—"Discipline" teaches how this power is confirmed—"Tact" teaches its special application.

The SECOND PART includes those topics, a knowledge of which is not so much, or, rather, not so well, derived from the instruction of others, as acquired by the personal observations of the student. Doubtless the teacher can impart them, but only in a qualified sense. The student will never excel, unless he trust to himself and to his independent exertions. The practical relation between the subjects in this Part, seem to be this,—"Originality" is a source of independent power—"Heroism" its manifestation—"Proportion" prunes "Heroism" of Exaggeration and Declaration—"Style" indicates individuality of expression—"Similes" offer themselves as weapons of expression—"Pleasantry" its relief—"Energy" is a species of lemma to Eloquence—"Eloquence" marshals the powers to effect conviction on a given point—"Premeditation" teaches how effect is to be provided for—"Reality" infuses confidence—"Effectiveness" sums up the condition of complete impression—"Mastery" denotes the signs of rhetorical perfection.

The THIRD PART, again, relates in its distinction rather to the student than to the subject intrinsically considered. This Part treats of topics in which the student finds the application of previous acquisitions. "Criticism," applies preceding topics to the development of beauties and correction of faults—"Debate" is tact applied to conversion—"Questioning," or Socratic Disputation, is the auxiliary of Debate—"Personalities" treat of the conduct of Controversy—"Repetition" is the philosophy of Reformation—"Poetry" is the highest result of Rhetoric.

Whosever well-expressed thought I have found which illustrated my subject, I have taken, and, what is somewhat more unusual, I have acknowledged it: because the author of a useful idea ought to be remembered as one who leaves a legacy. Through this punctiliousness the critics will say that I have not composed, but that

I have compiled a book. Though I see books published around me, in which there is more that belongs to others than in this book—but the obligations being concealed—the ostensible authors get the credit of being original. We are all of us indebted to those who have thought before us, and we have to say with Montaigne—"I have gathered a nosegay of flowers in which there is nothing of my own but the string which ties them." But in this case the string which ties them is my own. The architect (to pass from nature to art) has the credit of his conception and erection of an edifice. Yet he does not *create* the materials. The materials he finds, but he gives them proportion, place, and design. The *idea* is his; and if good, we credit him with distinct merit. Why, therefore, should not the author of a book, even if made up of other men's materials, be credited also with distinct merit, if his work has an idea which subordinates the materials he employs and shapes them to a new utility?

G. J. H.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE.

PART I.

DERIVATIVE POWERS.

CHAPTER I.

RHETORIC.

Rhetoric is the application of Logic to mankind. By reasoning we satisfy ourselves, by rhetoric we satisfy others. The rhetorician is commonly considered most perfect who *carries his point* by whatever means. Men like to see the man who is a match for events, and equal to any exigency. But it is plain we must make some distinction as to the manner in which a point is to be carried. We may as well say that a man may carry the point of life, that is, fill his pockets by any means, as influence men by any means. A low appeal to the passions we call claptrap. I know no better definition of rhetoric than Dr. Johnson's definition of oratory. "Oratory," said the Dr., "is the power of beating down your adversaries' arguments, and putting *better* in their places."

Descending more into detail, the description given by Lord Herbert of Cherbury is the happiest and healthiest delineation of rhetoric that has fallen under my notice.

"It would be fit that some time be spent in learning rhe-

toric or oratory, to the intent that upon all occasions you may express yourself with eloquence and grace ; for, as it is not enough for a man to have a diamond unless it is polished and cut out into its due angles, so it will not be sufficient for a man to have a great understanding in all matters, unless the said understanding be not only polished and clear, but underset and holpen a little with those figures, tropes, and colours which rhetoric affords, where there is use of persuasion. I can by no means yet commend an affected eloquence, there being nothing so pedantical, or indeed that would give more suspicion that the truth is not intended, than to use overmuch the common forms prescribed in schools. It is well said by them, that there are two parts of eloquence necessary and recommendable ; one is, to speak hard things plainly, so that when a knotty or intricate business, having no method or coherence in its parts, shall be presented, it will be a singular part of oratory to take those parts asunder, set them together aptly, and so exhibit them to the understanding. And this part of rhetoric I much commend to everybody ; there being no true use of speech but to make things clear, perspicuous, and manifest, which otherwise would be perplexed, doubtful, and obscure.

"The other part of oratory is to speak common things ingeniously or wittily ; there being no little vigour and force added to words, when they are delivered in a neat and fine way, and somewhat out of the ordinary road, common and dull language relishing more of the clown than the gentleman. But herein also affectation must be avoided ; it being better for a man by a native and clear eloquence to express himself, than by those words which may smell either of the lamp or inkhorn ; so that, in general, one may observe, that men who fortify and uphold their speeches with strong and evident reasons, have ever operated more on the minds of the auditors than those who have made rhetorical excursions. Aristotle hath written a book of rhetoric, a work in my opinion not

inferior to his best pieces, whom therefore with Cicero de Oratore, as also Quinctilian, you may read for your instruction how to speak ; neither of which two yet I can think so exact in their orations, but that a middle style will be of more efficacy, Cicero in my opinion being too long and tedious, Quinctilian too short and concise."

"Between grammar, logic, and rhetoric, there exists a close and happy connexion, which reigns through all science, and extends to all the powers of eloquence.

"Grammar traces the operations of thought in known and received characters, and enables polished nations amply to confer on posterity the pleasures of intellect, the improvements of science, and the history of the world.

"Logic converses with ideas, adjusts them with propriety and truth, and gives the whole an elevation in the mind consonant to the order of nature or the flight of fancy.

"Rhetoric, lending a spontaneous aid to the defects of language, applies her warm and glowing tints to the portrait, and exhibits the grandeur of the universe, the productions of genius, and all the works of art, as copies of the fair original."*

He who gives directions for the attainment of oratory is supposed, if a public speaker, to be capable of illustrating his own precepts.

"He may be thought to challenge criticism ; and his own performances may be condemned by a reference to his own precepts ; or, on the other hand, his precepts may be undervalued, through his own failures in their application. Should this take place in the present instance, I have only to urge, with Horace in his Art of Poetry, that a whetstone, though itself incapable of cutting, is yet useful in sharpening steel. No system of instruction will completely equalise natural powers : and yet it may be of service towards their improvement. The youthful Achilles acquired skill in hurling the

* *Spectator*, No. 421.

javelin under the instruction of Chiron, though the master could not compete with the pupil in vigour of arm.*

But there is little danger, in these days, of any serious judgment being passed upon the indifferent exemplar of the rhetorical maxims he lays down. Our orators escape as our statues do. Good public monuments are so scarce that the people are no judges of art, and great speakers so seldom arise that the people are no judges of oratory. England has not reached the age of excellence in this respect. Great events can excite it, but only a national refinement, including opulence and a liberal philosophy, can sustain it. The power of oratory requires the union of intellect, leisure and health, discipline of thought, accuracy of expression, method, a manly spirit, an absolute taste, copiousness of information upon the given subject, and concentration. Oratory—by which term I always mean the highest efforts in the art of public persuasion—might exist in the church but for its dread of imitating the theatre. It is suppressed among the dissenters by the influence of evangelism. Did this not exist, their precarious pay would deter them from the pursuit of the art. The bar is too full of business and too anxious for fees, to reach much distinction where leisure and choice are necessary. The politician is generally indolent if not dependent, and if necessitous he has to struggle for himself when he should be struggling for excellence. Besides these drawbacks, there are various popular prejudices which few minds are strong enough to withstand, and which deter the young aspirant after eloquence. Under various heads, as "Premeditation," "Discipline," and others, these points of prejudice will be discussed.

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* Whately's Rhetoric, preface.

CHAPTER II.

DELIVERY.

"ELOCUTION," says Walker, "in the modern sense of the word, seems to signify that pronunciation which is given to words when they are arranged into sentences, and form discourse." The power of distinct and forcible pronunciation is the basis of delivery. Between deliberate, full-toned, and energetic speaking, and feeble, indistinct, and spiritless utterance, there is the difference of live and dead oratory.

The rudiments of speaking are few and simple. Vowels should have a bold, round, mellow tone. This is the *basis* of speaking. A slight, short, mincing pronunciation of the accented vowels is the prime fault to be avoided. There is scarcely anything more distinguishes a person of a mean, from one of a good education, than the pronunciation of the unaccented vowels.

Audibility depends chiefly on articulation, and articulation depends much on the distinctness with which we hear the final consonants.

R has two sounds, a rough and a smooth one. The rough *r* is proper at the beginning of words, and the smooth *r* at the end of words, or when succeeded by a consonant. The audibility of the *r* in each case gives strength to the utterance.

In about twenty-two words in our language, beginning with *h*, the *h* is not sounded. These words must be carefully attended to, and all other words beginning with *h* must have that letter distinctly heard. In illustration of this neglect of aspiration where proper, teachers of elocution are accustomed to say, that if the Indian swallows the sword we (h)*eat* the poker.

A strong delivery is to be constantly cultivated—that is, an energy that shall prevent drawling and a slowness that shall avoid mumbling words or chopping half the sounds away, as hasty speaking does. Take time to fully articulate and intonate. Speak "trippingly" without tripping. If you must be extreme, better be solemn than hasty.

Robert Hall, whose talent for extempore speaking was such that, when eleven years of age, he was set up to preach extempore to a select auditory of full-grown men, says of himself, "To me to speak slow was ruin. You know, sir, that force or momentum is conjointly as the body and the velocity; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body must be made up in velocity." This is a mathematical figure of speech, and is more true of Dynamics than Rhetoric. This remark has seriously misled many young speakers. There is a distinction to be noted between a small voice arising from peculiarity in the conformation of the larynx, and the feeble voice which arises from the narrow chest or from physical debility. Unless there is great strength to support any momentum imparted, indistinctness and alternations of screechings and whispers will be the inevitable results.

At a Corn-law meeting held in Glasgow, in 1845, I sat at half distance from the platform. Having offered my services to the Lord Provost, I was uncertain whether I should not be required to take part in the proceedings. I was, therefore, anxious to hear all that was said. It was at this time that I first felt perfectly the annoyance of indistinct speaking. At the Newhall Hill meetings in Birmingham I had been accustomed to hear the Warwickshire orators *roar*, but in Glasgow I found they only spoke, and spoke as though they were paid for the sound they made, and did not get a good price for it. At length the Rev. Dr. King arose, who spoke with strong deliberateness. His speech was ably conceived, and wisely delivered. Every word fell on the ear like the steady tolling of a bell. His voice was the anodyne of the night. When-

ever I go to a public meeting I pray that one Dr. King may be present.

It is said of Mr. Macaulay (I think by Francis in his "Orators of the Age") that when an opening is made in a discussion in the House of Commons, he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, and plunges at once into the very heart of his subject, without exordium or apologetic preface. In fact, you have for a few seconds a voice pitched in alto, monotonous, and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity, ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more, and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the house, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice, in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering, with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train, which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant, even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as it proceeds, hauling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted, and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him. This, however, only illustrates the liberty a man may take with elocution if he has genius to compensate for it. That member must beware who attempts to charm the House of Commons by a monotonous alto without Macaulay's wit, his power of enlightenment and fecundity of illustration.

From Quinctilian to Blair, rhetoricians have insisted on the value of accuracy of expression, as promotive of accuracy of thought. Accuracy of delivery tends equally to this result; it does more, it improves the memory as well as the understanding, and imparts the power of concatenation of speech. The naturally voluble may dispense with this aid, but others will find it the only mode of learning public speaking.

A clergyman, who in his early days denied that grammar or emphasis had anything to do with pulpit exercises, one day found his mistake by the laughter created on his reading this text :—"And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle *me*, the *ass*, and they saddled *him*." Of this same divine it is told that a man whom he reprimanded for swearing, replied that he did not see any harm in it. "No harm in it," said the minister; "why do you not know the commandment, 'Swear not at all?'" "I do not swear at *all*," said the man, "I only swear at those who annoy me."

The emphasis which is suggested by the sense is the best guide. Let a person make sure of the sense, and his emphasis will be natural and varied. An active and original conception can alone produce personality of enunciation, which is the chief charm of oratory. Conception is the sole governor of intonation. Of the delicious magic of inflection Eben Jones has given us a poet's idea in his lines "To a Personification of Ariel at the Theatre."

> If a new sound should music through the sky,
> How would all hearing drink the challenging tone;
> And when thou uttered'st thy denying reply
> To this questioning of love, as Ariel alone
> Only could utter it, suddenly making known
> New voice, new human music—then did burn
> Each listener, to divine, ere it was gone,
> What feelings toned it; though none might learn,
> How many, divine and deep, in that sweet "No" did yearn.

The offensiveness of affectation was justly satirised in the

confessions of a dandy given in a recent romance. Mr. Affection is recounting his rejection by a young lady, upon whom he had afflicted his attentions. "'You are mistaken!' said she, replying to my look, 'it was *not* your dress,—it was *not* your manners. The young gentleman who comes from Bond-street to tune our piano, is quite as affable, and much more dressy.' 'The people at the Royal Lodge, probably, afford you some little insight into my condition, as a pretext for your doing me the honour of admitting me into your acquaintance,' said I, with considerable bitterness, for I was stung home. 'No—it was your *voice*,—it was the hypocritical modulation of your voice that satisfied me you had moved in the best society,' replied Miss Vavasour, with provoking coolness; 'I saw that you were a most delicate monster; that you had a voice for me, and another for Annie,—a third for the pony,—a fourth for the lodge-keepers:—there was nothing *natural* about you!'"

Attracted by the pretensions of a placard, adorned by a testimonial from the *Times*, I went, in Glasgow, to hear some professional recitations. One of them was the "Story of a Broken Heart." The unfortunate girl, of whom it was told, did not die immediately, but it struck me she would have done so, had she heard Mr. Wilson recite her story. The subject was that piece of graceful effeminacy, in which Washington Irving has told, with drawing-room sentimentality, the story of the proud love of the daughter of Curran for the unhappy and heroic Emmet.

No one can recite with propriety what he does not feel, and the key to gesture, as well to modulation, is earnestness. No actor can pourtray character unless he can realise it, and he can only realise it by making it for a time his own. Roger Kemble's wife had been forbidden to marry an actor, and her father was inexorable at her disobedience; but after he had seen her husband upon the stage, he relented, and forgave her with this observation—"Well, well! I see you have not diso-

beyed me after all ; for the man is not an actor, and never will be an actor !"

As the presence of genius will compensate for the neglect of the elocution of utterance, so earnestness and great ideas will produce eloquence of effect without gesture in delivery. It is said of Robert Hall that the text of his discourse was usually announced in the feeblest tone, and in a rapid manner, so as frequently to be inaudible to the majority of his congregation. After the exordium, he would commonly hint at, rather than explicitly announce, the very simple divisions of the subject on which he intended to treat. Then his thoughts would begin to multiply, and the rapidity of his utterance, always considerable, would increase as he proceeded and kindled. He had no oratorical action, scarcely any kind of motion, excepting an occasional lifting or waving of the right hand, and, in his most impassioned moments, an alternate retreat and advance in the pulpit by a short step. Sometimes the pain in his back, to which he was so great a martyr, would induce him to throw his arm behind, as if to give himself ease or support in the long-continued, and, to him, afflictive position of standing to address the people. Nothing of the effect which he produced depended on extraneous circumstances. There was no pomp, no rhetorical flourish, and few, though whenever they did occur, very appropriate, images—excepting towards the close of his sermon, when his imagination became excursive, and he winged his way through the loftiest sphere of contemplation. His sublimest discourses were in the beginning didactic and argumentative, then descriptive and pathetic, and, finally, in the highest and best sense, imaginative. Truth (to him) was their universal element, and to enforce its claims was his constant aim. Whether he attempted to engage the reason, the affections, or the fancy, all was subsidiary to this great end. He was always *in earnest*—profoundly in earnest. But it is also true that as a chaste, concise, and energetic style, is more effective than a florid, turgid and prolix one, so the judicious

employment of moderate gesture is more effective upon the genius of the English people, who love moderation, than any possible amplification of spasmodic attitudes or redundancy of grimace.

The prompting of Lucio to Isabel, when pleading before Angelo for the life of her brother, as rendered by Shakspeare in Measure for Measure, is one of the happiest practical lessons in elocutionary art on record. As a piece of preceptive teaching, neither the rhetoric of ancient or modern times has produced anything so happy, so concise, and yet so comprehensive, as Hamlet's directions to his players. It is a manual of elocution in miniature.

CHAPTER III.

THEORY OF PERSUASION.

"RHETORIC," says Plato, "is the art of ruling the minds of men:" but to rule mind you must know it. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin: but we cannot touch nature through the rules of art without knowing nature. "He who in an enlightened and literary society aspires to be a great poet must become a little child. He takes to pieces the whole web of his mind."* This is what the young rhetorician must do. He must tread backwards the path of life to the first moment of consciousness, and ask all possible questions of his own experience. Carlyle has said that a *healthy* man never asks himself such personal questions. But a *thoughtful* man does. Could the disembodied experience of men be presented to view, so that the conscious life of each could be palpable in bodily form, how few figures would present the entire lineaments of

* Macaulay, Crit. and Hist. Essays, vol. i.

mankind. We should behold an assemblage of mutilated figures, the limbs of some, the arms of others, the trunk, or the head, would be invisible—so little, as respects consciousness, do men generally possess themselves. As, however, man is himself essentially his own standard of judgment, is himself the measure of other men, it is inevitable that *he* will form a defective estimate of others who is defective himself. The rhetorician, then, who would hope to operate on the natures of others, must primarily make himself acquainted with his own.

An appeal to experience is the best test we have of the force of an inducement. "The argument," says Emerson, "which has not the power to reach my own practice, I may well doubt will fail to reach yours. I have heard an experienced counsellor say, that he never feared the effect upon a jury, of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict." A remarkable instance of the result of an appeal to personal conviction is afforded in Bailey's Review of Berkeley's Theory of Vision. "Many years ago," says Mr. Bailey, "I held what may be styled a derivative opinion in favour of Berkeley's Theory of Vision, but having in the course of a philosophical discussion had occasion to explain it, I found on attempting to state *in my own language* the grounds on which it rested, that they no longer appeared to me to be so clear and conclusive as I had fancied them to be. I determined to make it the subject of a patient and dispassionate examination. The result has been a clear conviction in my own mind of its erroneousness, and a desire to state to the philosophical world the grounds on which that conviction has been formed." A philosophical illustration of the truth of Emerson's observation, that that statement is only fit to be made public which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity. Men may live, and think, and reason, with the mere surface knowledge which life presents to every observer, but no one can master persuasion, as an art, unless

he passes in review the origin of ideas and analyses the motives of men.

A sound theory of intelligence is the basis of all systematic persuasion. Metaphysical philosophy has been prolific in its dissertations on the facts and attributes of human mentality, but the classification of intelligence laid down by some of the more judicious followers of Gall is the most scientific, and, consequently, the most intelligible which the student can follow. It is not possible to indicate a particular theory in detail, with a chance of its being universally useful. For the general characteristics of humanity are variously combined with the national, local, and individual, in every audience who may be addressed by tongue or pen. The simple elements of humanity, like the letters of the alphabet, are, according to the arrangement of circumstances, spread out into countless volumes of character, each written in a peculiar language, and requiring a copious glossary to render it intelligible to the reader.* The general principles, say of phrenology, indicate the outlines of human nature, and the study of men and manners fills up the detail. An old writer, I think Ralph Cudworth, says, "It is acknowledged by all, that sense is passion. And there is in all sensation, without dispute, first a passion in the body of the sentient, which bodily passion is nothing else but local motion impressed upon the nerves from the objects without, and thence propagated and communicated to the brain, where all sensation is made. For there is no other action of one body upon another, nor other change or mutation of bodies conceivable or intelligible, besides local motion—which motion in that body which moves another, is called action ; in that which is moved by another, passion. And, therefore, when a compound object very remotely distant is perceived by us, since it is by some passion made upon our body, there must of necessity be a continual propagation of some local motion of press-

* Mrs. L. Grimstone.

ure from thence unto the organs of our sense or nerves, and so unto the brain. As when we see many fixed stars sparkling in a clear night, though they be all of them so many semidiameters of the earth distant from us, yet it must, of necessity, be granted, that there are local motions or pressure from them, which we call the light of them, propagated continually or uninterruptedly through the fluid heaven, unto our optic nerves, or else we could not see them." This indicates very plainly the philosophy of impressions. We have nothing to do here with the controversies of metaphysicians concerning the transcendentalism of intuitive knowledge. It may be supernatural. It is, however, certain that a great proportion of human knowledge is the result of material relations, and to these relations the precepts of knowledge apply. We may, therefore, indicate with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes, that the consciousness of external things is produced or generated by the actions of those things on the organs of sense. The brain has no power to create, only a susceptibility to receive notions. The brain is the forge of thought,* and the rhetorician is the smith who hammers out ideas in it.

So far forth as human conduct is influenced by material considerations, and these are capable of being combined into a system, confidence can be imparted to the speaker, and certainty infused into his efforts.

It might be illustrated at considerable length and by distinguished examples, that appeals to religious sentiments will always be avoided by a judicious orator, when addressing mixed assemblies. They are proper enough when spoken to a religious audience, but when employed for the purpose of influencing a mixed meeting they may fail to affect a considerable portion. The experienced and well informed speaker has always a wider resource. He can draw his arguments from moral and political considerations, founded on utility. These

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* Carlyle.

all men can understand and feel. In those cases in which an orator cannot conscientiously restrict himself to this species of reasoning, he must take the other course, but let him not calculate on complete success or universal impressions.

The great business is to find out the right notion, and adapt it to the understandings of those whom we address. This world is very matter-of-fact, men are very much the creatures of ideas. Notions govern everything. Impulses are the real destiny—men follow them as surely as the stars or the planets, and it is in this sense that what is to be *is*.

> As garment draws the garment's hem,
> Men their fortunes bring with them.*

From lowest to highest all are attached by that which has the attractive relation. Matter draws matter. The magnet has no attraction for gold or copper, but how it clings to the iron! Man has various attractions—gold, honour, love. To know what ideas are common to men is to know humanity—to know how they gained is to know how to govern men by speech or pen.

Every man, said Pitt, has his price. Whether Pitt had sounded the venality of all patriotism I know not. Of course he had fixed the market price of his own virtue. But with more truth and less offensiveness it may be said, that every man has his reason, which, when once presented to him, will sway him: and to find this out is the problem rhetoric has to solve. I am not more favourable than Hood to the plan of dropping truth gently, as if it were China, and likely to break. But if a fair case be so stated as not to mortify others by assumed arrogance, as not to annoy by ceaseless importunity, as not to disgust by seeming vanity, but accompanied by evident indications of disinterested sincerity, it will nearly always prove acceptable. It is not the truth men hate, but

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* Emerson.

the unwise and untutored auxiliaries which so often attend its enunciation. "He who would correct my false view of facts," said one who understood the despotism of a wise method, "he must hold up *the same facts* in the true *order of thought*, and I can *never go back*. A man who thinks in the same direction as myself, but sees further, who has tastes like mine, but greater power, will rule me any day, and make me love my ruler."*

The young orator will do well to notice that morality is better understood, at least in theory, than in former periods of our history, and that the public require sincerity on the part of a speaker ; and a life which shall illustrate what the orator seeks to enforce, will add materially to his influence. The reader may ask—May not a recommendation be a good one though the giver of it be bad? This is not the question. Is it not an advantage when both are worthy? The public may accept good advice from men who will not take it themselves. But is it not the object of a wise Rhetoric to increase the number of men who will take sound advice? If the public should be composed of men who hear only and never practice, who does not see that we may give over all exhortations of amendment. Mankind reason that that which is good for the public is good for individuals, since individuals make up the public. And when it is seen that a man does not follow his own advice, it is concluded that either he is a simpleton, and consequently is not to be heeded, or that he is secretly conscious of some inapplicability in his own recommendations, and consequently is to be suspected.

The moral existence of men is made up of a few trains of thought, which, from the cradle to the grave, are excited and re-excited, again and again, at the suggestion of sensitive impressions. These leading ideas rule despotically over conduct, and whoever awakens these associations governs those whom he addresses. It is in the appeals to these ancient impressions

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* Emerson.

that we recognise the power and genius of the poet. It is in these leading ideas that we see the source of character. These are the great features in the lives of men which the rhetorician studies. His knowledge of them constitutes the weapons with which he works. When Napoleon in Egypt was threatened by his disaffected generals he vanquished them by an appeal to the three leading traits in their character—their pride, their honour, and their bravery. Walking coolly among them, he said, "Soldiers, you are Frenchmen! You are too many to assassinate, and too few to intimidate me." The rebellion was blown aside with the breath of these words. The fury of the men was subdued to admiration, and they turned away, exclaiming, "Damn him, how brave he is." Truly is it said the heart has no avenue so open as that of flattery; which, like some enchantment, lays its guards asleep.

A groundless outcry has been raised against speakers who appeal to the feelings. The only question to be decided is—What are the proper feelings of men? To appeal to these must always be right. The conclusions arrived at through the medium of such feelings are as legitimate as conclusions arrived at by appeals wholly belonging to the understanding. Feelings are the stays of intellect—the first links in the chain of powerful argument. The appeal to reality is the foundation of conviction. The lion was not to be subdued by pictures of Hercules and Theseus—he wanted the fact of his superior strength displayed. It was necessary that Hercules and Theseus should appear.

In nine years' experience in the office of a public tutor in one of the Universities, Paley found, in discoursing to young persons upon topics of morality, that unless the subject was so drawn up to a point as to exhibit the full force of an objection, or the exact place of a doubt, before any explanation was entered upon—in other words, unless some curiosity was excited before it was attempted to be satisfied—the labour of

the teacher was lost. When information was not desired, it was seldom, he found, retained.

The art of education consists in finding out what the child or adult *wants* to know. Inspired with desire to know, he is inspired with power to learn, and excited aptitude is the happy moment of acquirement. This neglected progress is arrested. This fact explains the failure of half the orations and lectures of these days. An audience is an adult school. It has, in the short space of an hour, to be educated in a new purpose. The undertaking is presumptuous, and is only to be accomplished by the union of rare judgment, disciplined powers, a store of means, and unfaltering energy. Yet how many rush into the arena of oratory without forethought, and go home, wondering why they failed, and blaming the apathy of the people. Humanity is an instrument not to be played upon by unskilful performers. Had we men who studied oratory as great artists do music, painting, and sculpture, the majesty of ancient eloquence would yet flourish among us.

We can do without any article of luxury we never had, but when once obtained it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily. Of twelve thousand clocks left by Sam Slick, only ten were returned. "We trust to soft sawder," said Sam, "to get them into the house, and to human nature that they never come out of it." Yet how many persons expect to produce effects upon assemblies of men who never bestow half the time upon the study of their natures as was given by our American clock-seller!

The wise persuader will therefore treasure up all striking facts connected with the influencement of character, adapting, with rigid justice, the motive to the condition—to the great occasion, the strong inducement. Then to borrow the words of Hazlitt:—"The orator is only concerned to give a tone of masculine firmness to the will, to brace the sinews and muscles of the mind: not to delight our nervous sensibilities, or soften the mind into voluptuous indolence. The flowery and senti-

mental style is, of all others, the most intolerable in a speaker. He must be confident, inflexible, uncontrollable, overcoming all opposition by his ardour and impetuosity. We do not command others by sympathy with them, but by power, by passion, by will." On other occasions the orator is not reluctant to remember that the words of sincerity and kindness never fail when addressed to people not stirred by passion or rendered sullen by real or fancied contempt. Then the iron argument and the imperious air give place to the happier philosophy sung by Darwin, which teaches—

> How Love and Sympathy, with potent charm,
> Warm the cold heart—the lifted hand disarm;
> Allure with pleasures, and alarm with pains,
> And bind society in golden chains.

CHAPTER IV.

METHOD.

THE art of persuasion is dependent on no one thing so much as Method. To have the fact, and to know how to tell it, is to hold rhetorical success in our hands. But it is of no use to have the fact unless we know how to tell it, and it is this which Method teaches. There is, said the "Quarterly Review" lately, no power over human affairs like the *right* word spoken at the *right* season.

Method is derived from a Greek word, signifying a path, a way, or transit. Where there are many transits, step follows step in pursuit of an object. And as there must be, for a true pursuit, a *definite* object in view, the principle of *unity* is implied in that of *progression*. Hence in a true method there must be a definite pursuit, otherwise circumstances will create sensations; but there will be no thought without method, and there may be restless and incessant activity, but without

method there will be no progress. When the mind becomes accustomed to the outward impressions of objects, it turns to their relations, which hence become its prime pursuit, and may be called the materials of method.

The kinds of relations are two, the one arising from that which *must be*, the other that by which we merely perceive that *it is*. The former is called law, in its original acceptation, laying down the rule—the other is called the relation of theory.*

This is the method of science—it applies to the order pursued in the arrangement of encyclopædias. The method of art, if not so rigid, is yet regular, and marks both performances and character.

Coleridge asks, "What is it that first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind? Not always the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor always the interest of the facts which he communicates—for the subject of conversation may chance to be trivial, and its duration to be short. Still less can any just admiration arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases, for every man of practical good sense will follow, as far as the matters under consideration will permit him, that golden rule of Cæsar's—*Insolens verbum, tanquam scopidum, evitare.* The true cause of the impression made on us is, that his mind is *methodical.* We perceive this, in the unpremeditated, and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, flowing spontaneously and necessarily from the clearness of the leading idea, from which distinctness of mental vision, when men are fully accustomed to it, they obtain a habit of foreseeing at the beginning of every sentence how it is to end, and how all its parts may be brought out in the best and most orderly succession. However irregular and desultory the conversation may happen to be, there

* See Encyclopædia Metropolitana, Art. "Method."

is *Method* in the fragments."* The illustration of this is easy.

Two persons of opposite opinions will often meet—the one to convert the other. For instance: A seeks to bring B to the adoption of his opinions. I have witnessed the experiment often. The general course of procedure is this. A commences to unfold, expatiate on, and enforce his views. He expects thus to win B to their entertainment. But the mistake is a grave one. A argues *at* B when he should reason *with* him. A thus stands on the platform of his opinions and preaches to B, who is perched upon a platform of his own. A thus expects B to come to him. B probably expects the same of A. Thus both expect what neither intends.

A, in expecting B to come to him, assumes that on the part of his opponent there exists a predisposition for his views. This should never be assumed. It is the first endeavour of a wise propagandist to *create* it if it does not exist, and strengthen it if it does—and whether it exists or not he should always condescend as though it did not. The business of A, the converter, is to go down to the platform B stands upon, to inquire his principles, study his views and turn of thought until he finds some common ground of faith, morals, opinion, or practice, with which he can identify himself. The propagandist should commence by playing the pathfinder. The business of A is to find a path from B's platform to his own down which B can agreeably walk. When a common ground is found, A argues on that to B. The narrow spot of identity soon enlarges if A has truth on his side, for all truth, like electricity, has a tendency to pass into all bodies uncharged with it, until an equilibrium of light is established, and the current is universal.

A, in finding a common ground in B's intellectual sphere, establishes an equality with B. This gives A an advantage. By studying B's views, instead of making B study his, he con-

* Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

descends to B—he thus establishes fraternity. This predisposes B to good will.

Equality and fraternity are the two inlets to the understanding. Conversion is uniformity. It ends in intellectual equality. It must begin so. The pleasure of universal opinion is the harmony it creates—the propagandists commence in fraternity, that being the auspicious harbinger of harmony.

It is of no use saying you cannot find a common ground. He who cannot find it, cannot convert. How can persons, any more than bodies, cohere, who never touch? So long as each denies to the other a particle of reason on his side—so long as each maintains an infallibility of pretension to complete truth—they both assume what is contrary to the nature of things, and exclude the common ground which must be established between them—where truth and error can join issue. There is no impassable gulf between contending men or contending opinions, but that dug by pride and passion. We all have a common starting-point. We have a common consciousness of impression—a common nature to investigate—a common sincerity actuates us—truth is our common object, and we have a common interest in discovering it. Nature made us friends: it is false pride that makes us enemies. A common ground exists between all disputants. This is an important fact too little attended to, or indeed too little understood by inexperienced thinkers. The common ground which exists is not one which policy makes, but one that nature provides.

These remarks make conviction to depend upon truth, not upon forms of procedure. Nothing is recommended here which is inconsistent with truth—no cunning questioning, no sophistical entrapment. The sole precepts are those of condescension and contrast. Find a common ground of agreement, and you find a common point of sight, from which all objects are seen in the same light; and a clear plane is obtained on which principles can be drawn, and a perfect contrast of truth

and error displayed. He who has the truth will make it plainer by wisdom of procedure. Differences are often made wider by irrelevant, repulsive debate. Differences which did not exist are often created in this way. All men desire the truth, and there is a way in which all can find it. The understandings of men run in a given channel—each thinker looks as it were through a telescope of his own. Let A bring his views within the vision of B, and the chances are in favour of B seeing the truth, if truth there be. If he sees error, A is benefitted by the discovery made by a clearer sight than his own. "The faculty of speech," says Quinctilian, "we derive from nature—but the art from observation. For as in physic, men, by seeing that some things promote health and others destroy it, formed the art upon those observations; in like manner, by perceiving that some things in discourse are said to advantage and others not, they accordingly marked those things in order to imitate the one and avoid the other."

It is a maxim of the schoolmen, "*contrariorum eadem est scientia*," we never really know what a thing is, unless we are also able to give a sufficient account of its opposite. This is the maxim of contrast that enters into all effective persuasion.

Various rules are given to direct the treatment of Regular Subjects. We are to begin, says Walker, with—1. Definition, 2. Cause, 3. Antiquity or Novelty, 4. Universality or Locality, 5. Advantages or Disadvantages.

A Theme, which is proving some truth, is said to have these parts—1. The Proposition or meaning of the theme, 2. The Reason in favour of it, 3. The Confirmation or display of the unreasonableness of the contrary opinion, 4. The Simile or illustration, 5. Example from history, 6. Testimony of others, 7. Conclusion or summary.

Writers are not all agreed in determining the parts of an oration, though the difference is rather in the manner of considering them than in the things themselves. Cicero mentions

six, viz., Introduction, Narration, Proposition, Confirmation, Confutation, and Conclusion.

Writers are not agreed upon the division of orations, because nature has not agreed. All subjects will not admit of being treated under so many heads, and some audiences will not admit of the formality. Sometimes an exordium is a bore, and a peroration tedious. Tact retrenches method as circumstances dictate. Paley's custom was to break down a subject into as many distinct parts as it really appeared to contain, and make each of them the subject of a separate and rigorous investigation. This seems a wise rule: we then take such parts as the subject affords, in the order prescribed, abbreviating them as the knowledge or temper of the audience may require.

The facts of necessity and discretion premised, the most practical formula of general procedure seems to me to be,—1. Give the Introduction. 2. Explain the terms of the proposition, show what is granted and what disputed on each side, and then state the point of controversy. 3. Examine objections, and establish your own proposition. 4. Refute objections, and expose fallacies. 5. Make observations of enforcement naturally suggested by the subject:—

> These rules of old discover'd, not devised,
> Are Nature still, but Nature methodised.

It is our opinion, says one of our critical journals, that all things should be made known in their proper places. No knowledge can be complete or thoroughly wholesome which is partial.

Dr. Paley has furnished two observations which may be usefully borne in mind in the enforcement of topics.

1. In all cases, where the mind feels itself in danger of being confounded by variety, it is safe to rest upon a few strong points, or perhaps upon a single instance. Amongst a multitude of proofs, it is *one* that does the business.

2. A just reasoner removes from his consideration, not only what he knows, but what he does not know, touching matters not strictly connected with his argument, *i. e.*, not forming the *very steps* of his deduction : *beyond these* his knowledge and his ignorance are alike relative.

The simplicity and wisdom of profound method has been illustrated in the works of Morelly. Villegardelle says of Morelly's Essays on the Human Mind, treating on the analysis of the *intellectual* faculties, published in 1743 :—"The substance of this small educational treatise, which contains the developed germ of the method of instruction to which Mr. Jacotot has given his name, is comprised in the two following propositions :—

"1. The inclinations of the mind are reducible to two, viz., *Desire to know* and *Love of order*—to these two ends we must refer all, even the amusements of children.

"2. It is sufficient to present to the soul [understanding?] objects in the same order as it generally follows, without making it perceive that it must attend to them."

The first essential of any kind of greatness is that it should have a purpose. We do not suspect the presence of genius till we feel this manifest. The Duke of Wellington has few arts which win applause. He is illiterate. All the schoolboys in the kingdom laughed at his letters. Instead of the refinement of the classic council-table, his "Despatches" are as coarse as fish-market bulletins—yet has he achieved greatness of a certain kind, because he has decision of character.

One of his biographers—I think it is the Rev. Mr. Wright —has given us the key to the Duke's success in a few thoughtful words—"One characteristic of the Duke of Wellington strikes the reader from the very first, even when but a novice in war or statesmanship—his resolute will and unbounded self-reliance. Confident in his own capacity, he thinks, decides, and acts while other men are hesitating and asking advice. He is evidently conscious that *decision and*

promptitude, even though sometimes a man may err for want of due deliberation, will, in the long run, more often conduct to success than a slow judgment, that comes too late." This is the secret. The capacity to see this truth and the resolution to act upon it, is the capacity to rise above common men. Innumerable people will strike out a course and pursue it—while all goes well—but the temper of greatness ever remains unshaken by reverses. It places its life on the hazard of a well-chosen plan, and looks for failures and defeats, but relies on the "*long run*" of persistency for success.

The intellectual character of the Duke of Wellington, so far as it has been displayed in civil affairs, accords with what his military exploits indicates. A simple and brief directness are the qualities of his speeches. "He strips a subject of all extraneous and unnecessary adjuncts, and exposes it in its natural proportions. He scents a fallacy afar off, and hunts it down at once without mercy. *He has certain constitutional principles which are to him real standards.* He measures propositions or opinions by these standards, and as they come up or fall short, so they are accepted or disposed of." The Duke of Wellington early took sides—he learned well the principles of which he would become the partisan. I have *italicised* the words in the sentence just quoted from "Fraser," which indicates his intellectual habit. It is hard to tell, generally, what are the "constitutional principles" of British liberty. But it is not hard to tell what they are when you know who uses the phrase. The principles of the Throne and Court may be expressed in three propositions. The Duke having adopted these, sits at ease, and measures the plausible speeches of progress by them, and unmasks the sophism of the quasi-liberal.

But, however directed, men will ever respect straightforwardness of character. It is heroic in that man, whoever he may be, who looks over the troubled sea of time, and manfully elects his course.

Stern is the on-look of Necessity:
Not without shudder may a human hand
Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.

There is heroism in the very act—which cannot be too much applauded. It is this which converts life from being a phantom or a manœuvre into a reality and a process. It throws into ignoble shade your petty men of expedients. Principle either gives success or confers dignity—by chicanery all may be lost, and nothing noble can ever be gained. By manœuvre weak men seek to cheat human nature, cajole fate, and win a glorious destiny by paltry tricks. But the whole order of things is against it. Such a course may triumph, but it is the triumph of luck—not success. It is accident—not merit. Dignity is alone born of principle and purpose.

He who by principle is swayed
In truth and justice still the same,
Is neither of the crowd afraid,
Tho' civil broils the state inflame,
Nor to a haughty tyrant's frown will stoop,
Nor to a raging storm when all the winds are up.*

What decision is to character, what principle is to morals—so is method to literature. To have a clear purpose, and vigorously pursue it, is the strong element of rhetorical success. It is this feature which leads to the delineation of individual character. Coleridge has shown that the character of Hamlet is decided by the constant recurrence, in the midst of every pursuit, of philosophic reflections. Mrs. Quickly's talk is marked by that lively incoherence so common with garrulous women, whereby the last idea suggests the successor, each carrying the speaker further from the original subject. After this manner :—"Speaking of tails—we always like those that end well—Hogg's, for instance—speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one a well-dressed man ; the first had a ring in

* Horace, Ode 3, Lib. III.

his nose, the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. A man is known by the company he keeps," &c. As Dr. Caius clips English, some of Bulwer's characters amplify periods. Dominie Sampson exclaims, "Prodigious." Sam Weller talks slang. In other cases an overwhelming passion pervades a character, or an intellectual idiosyncrasy is the peculiar quality, leading the possessor to look at everything in a given light. But whatever may be the feature fixed upon, its methodical working out constitutes individuality of character.

In the courts young barristers are drilled in an iron method. A judge always expects, at the outset, the enunciation of the object of the speech. A judicious speaker will always observe this rule for the sake of his audience. As a system of reasoning proceeds from certain axioms which can never be lost sight of except at the peril of confusion, so a discourse proceeds on something which is taken for granted, and which must be confessed and explained at the beginning, or the speaker will be considered only as indulging in airy speculations, and his hearers will be bewildered instead of enlightened, and be anxious about the danger of a fall instead of intent on the scene placed before them. The advantages of the course here advised have been well enforced in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. "In purely argumentative statement, or in the argumentative division of mixed statements, and especially in argumentative speeches, it is essential that the issue to be proved should be distinctly announced in the beginning in order that the tenour and drift that way of everything that is said may be the better apprehended; and it is also useful when the chain of argument is long, to give a forecast of the principal bearings and junctures whereby the attention will be more easily secured, and pertinently directed throughout the more closely consecutive detail, and each proposition of the series will be clenched in the memory by its foreknown relevancy to what is to follow." These are well-

known rules which it were superfluous to cite except for the instruction of the young. But examples may be occasionally observed of juvenile orators who will conceal the end they aim at, until they have led their hearers through the long chain of antecedents in order that they may produce surprise by forcing a sudden acknowledgment of what had not been foreseen. The disadvantage of this method is that it puzzles and provokes the hearer through the sequence, and confounds him in the conclusion; and gives an overcharged impression of the orator's ingenuity on the part of those who may have attended to him sufficiently to have been convinced. It is a method by which the business of the argument is sacrificed to a puerile ostentation in the conduct of it, and the ease and satisfaction of the auditors sacrificed to the vanity of the arguer.

But though the purport of a speech must be avowed, the drift of an illustration may be concealed. One of Mr. Fox's Covent Garden orations affords a brilliant example. He took the case of certain poachers who had, about that time, suffered imprisonment in Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and he calculated the days of their incarceration, and the pecuniary loss their families had sustained by their detention from labour. The statistics were dry as summer's dust. What this had to do with the question of the corn laws no one could divine—when, by a masterly turn of thought, he asked—"If poachers are so punished who take the rich man's bird, how ought peers to be punished who take the poor man's bread?" The house rose with surprise. The climax had the effect of a light applied to a funeral pile, in which the arguments of the protectionists were to be consumed before the meeting.

Method is often of moment in trivial things. Some years ago it was the custom in Glasgow, when a fire broke out in the evening, for the police to enter the theatre and announce the fire and the locality, that if any person concerned was present he might be apprised of the impending loss. On one

occasion when the watch commenced to announce "Fire—45 Candleriggs," the audience took alarm at the word Fire, and concluded that it applied to the theatre. A rush ensued which prevented the full notice being heard, and several persons lost their lives. The inversion of the order of announcement, "45 Candleriggs—Fire," would have prevented the disaster. But afterwards the practice of such announcements was forbidden, it being impossible, I suppose, to reform the rhetoric of policemen.

Of the effect of the want of method in neutralising the most magnificent powers, Burke is a remarkable instance. As an orator, Burke dazzled his hearers, then distracted them, and finished by fatiguing or offending them. And it was not uncouth elocution and exterior only, which impaired the efficacy of his speeches. Burke almost always deserted his subject, before he was abandoned by his audience. In the progress of a long discourse he was never satisfied with proving that which was principally in question, or with enforcing the single measure which it was his business and avowed purpose to enforce,—he diverged to a thousand collateral topics, —he demonstrated as many disputed propositions,—he established principles in all directions,—he illuminated the whole horizon with his magnificent, but scattered lights. There was, nevertheless, no keeping in his spoken compositions,—no proportion,—no subserviency of inferior groups to greater,—no apparent harmony or unity of purpose. He forgot that there was but a single point to prove, and his auditors in their turn forgot that they had undergone the process of *conviction* upon any.

When Fadladeen essays his critical opinion on the poem of Feramorz, he commences thus:—"In order to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever"——"My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed Lalla Rookh, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should

give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about *every thing* but the subject immediately before him—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem. The wit of Moore was never more happily expended than in satirising this learned discursiveness. The race of Fadladeen is immortal.

A few years ago a distinguished clergyman of the Universalist denomination was accused, while in Lowell, of "violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him." He replied, "Firstly, I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting. Secondly, my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. Thirdly, I have not attended even one of those meetings for any purpose whatever. Fourthly, neither my wife nor myself has any inclination to attend those meetings. And, fifthly, I never had a wife!" This divine must have had "Order" large.

Next to those who talk as though they would never come to the point, are a class of bores who talk as though they did not know what the point was. Before they have proceeded far in telling a story, they stumble upon some Mr. What's-his-name, whom they have forgotten, and, though it does not matter whether he had a name or not, the narrative is made to stand still until they have gone through the tiresome and fruitless task of trying to remember it—in which they *never* succeed.

A gorgeous instance of method occurs in W. J. Fox's Sermon on Human Brotherhood,* in which polished taste has so adjusted each clause that they reach a climax worthy of that Grecian art which the passage celebrates.

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* Sermons on Christian Morality.

"From the dawn of intellect and freedom Greece has been a watchword on the earth. There rose the social spirit to soften and refine her chosen race, and shelter, as in a nest, her gentleness from the rushing storm of barbarism—there liberty first built her mountain throne, first called the waves her own, and shouted across them a proud defiance to despotism's banded myriads ; there the arts and graces danced around humanity, and stored man's home with comforts, and strewed his path with roses, and bound his brows with myrtle, and fashioned for him the breathing statue, and summoned him to temples of snowy marble, and charmed his senses with all forms of eloquence, and threw over his final sleep their veil of loveliness; there sprung poetry, like their own fabled goddess, mature at once from the teeming intellect, gilt with the arts and armour that defy the assaults of time, and subdue the heart of man ; there matchless orators gave the world a model of perfect eloquence, the soul the instrument on which they played, and every passion of our nature but a tone which the master's touch called forth at will ; there lived and taught the philosophers of bower and porch, of pride and pleasure, of deep speculation and of useful action, who developed all the acuteness, and refinement, and excursiveness, and energy of mind, and were the glory of their country, when their country was the glory of the earth."

CHAPTER V.

DISCIPLINE.

SINCE custom, says the wise Bacon, is the principal magistrate of a man's life, let him, by all means, endeavour to obtain good customs. Digressiveness is the natural state of the human faculties, till custom or habit comes in to give them a settled direction. Man is as liable to be influenced by the last

impression as by any preceding one ; and the *liability* of man is the characteristic of children. The teacher knows this, for it is only by infinite diversion that children can be instructed for hours together, or governed without coercion. It is the object of discipline to check the tendency to diversion, and give stability to method. A man may be made to perceive method, but not to follow it without the power of discipline. A child accustomed to it will go to bed in the dark with peace and pleasure, but all the rhetoric in the world would not accomplish the same end without habit. Nothing but habit will give the power of habit.

When Malibran was introduced to Rossini, as a girl of fourteen, by her father, Garcia, having sung a cavatina, the grand maestro said, "Practise, Mademoiselle, and you must inevitably rise to the highest point of your profession."

Mr. John Foster, in his prospectus of his ruled copy-books, remarks that "The grand secret in teaching writing is to bestow much attention upon a little variety. The necessity of a *continued repetition* of the same exercise till it can be executed with correctness, cannot be too strongly insisted on. But, as this reiteration is tedious for an age so fond of novelty as that of childhood, we should keep as close to the maxim as possible, and, by a judicious intermixture of a few slightly differing forms, contrive to fix attention, and to ensure repetition. 'The method of teaching anything to children,' says Locke, 'is by repeated practice, and the same action done over and over again, until they have got the HABIT of doing it well ; a method that has so many advantages, whichever way we come to consider it, that I wonder how it could possibly be so much neglected.' Again : 'Children should never be set to perfect themselves in two parts of an action at the same time.' We have here the highest authority insisting on the very points which we labour to enforce, viz :—1. That it is only by constant reiteration, and persevering, pains-taking efforts, that ease and correctness in penmanship can be attained.

2. That the pupil should not advance too hastily, but proceed by natural gradations, from the simplest to the more difficult combinations." This discipline of penmanship may stand, also, for the discipline of elocution, for *men* are as children on the verge of a new art.

A speaker, like an actor, is subjected to the criticism of a casual hearing. The auditor who hears you but once will form an opinion of you for ever. Against this injustice of judgment there is no protection but in acquiring such a mastery over your powers as to be able always to exert them well—to strike, astonish, or impress, in some respect or other, at every appearance. A man, therefore, who has a reputation to acquire or preserve will keep silence whenever he is in any danger of speaking indifferently. He will practice so often in private, and train himself so perseveringly, that perfection will become a second nature, and the power of proficiency never desert him. The uninitiated, who think genius is an impulsive effort that costs nothing, little dream with what patience the professional singer or actor observes regular habits and judicious exercise—how they treasure all their strength and power for the hour of appearance.

From Demosthenes to Curran, the personnel of orators has illustrated the triumphs of application as much as the triumphs of genius. "One day, an acquaintance, in speaking of Curran's eloquence, happened to observe that it must have been born with him. 'Indeed, my dear sir,' replied Curran, 'it was not; it was born three and twenty years and some months after me; and, if you are satisfied to listen to a dull historian, you shall have the history of its nativity. When I was at the Temple, a few of us formed a little debating club. Upon the first night of meeting I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled "the learned member that opened the debate," or "the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down." I stood up—the question was the Catholic claims or the slave trade, I protest I now forget which, but

the difference, you know, was never very obvious—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre ; but, remembering, that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as "Mr. Chairman," when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was turned upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the room could not have contained as many more ; yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried "Hear him !" but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, though my friends despaired of me, the *cacoethes loquendi* was not to be subdued without a struggle. I was for the present silenced, but I still attended our meetings with the most laudable *regularity*, and even ventured to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, the club of Temple Bar. One of them was upon his legs ; a fellow of whom it was difficult to decide whether he was most distinguished for the filth of his person or the flippancy of his tongue—just such another as Harry Flood would have called "the highly gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons." I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman forum—spoke of Tully as the famous contemporary and rival of Cicero—and, in the short space of one half hour, transported the straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking that I had a right to know something of these matters, I

looked at him with surprise. When our eyes met, there was something like a wager of battle in mine ; upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel (*horresco referens*) to "orator mum," who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than his silence. I followed his advice, and, I believe, not entirely without effect. So, sir, you see that to try the bird the spur must touch his blood.'

"The discovery, on this occasion, of his talents for public speaking, encouraged him to proceed in his studies with additional energy and vigour. The defect in his enunciation (at school he went by the cognomen of 'Stuttering Jack Curran') he corrected by a *regular system* of daily reading aloud, slowly, and with strict regard to pronunciation, passages from his favourite authors. His person was short, and his appearance ungraceful and without dignity. To overcome these disadvantages, he recited and studied his postures before a mirror, and adopted a method of gesticulation suited to his appearance. Besides a *constant* attendance at the debating clubs, he accustomed himself to extemporaneous eloquence in private, by proposing cases to himself, which he debated with the same care as if he had been addressing a jury."*

Mr. Macready, in the level part of the character of Mordaunt, in the *Steward*, and in some others, has been said† to exhibit that very rare acquirement, a perfectly unconstrained and graceful style of expression, accompanied by a cool, quiet, and unconscious self-possession, in which the manners of a gentleman consist. This bearing, so indispensable in the speaker, is rarely to be acquired except by intercourse with good society. No closet theory will impart it so surely as the discipline of communication.

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* Hogg's Weekly Instructor. † Blackwood, 1819.

Men of brilliant rather than solid powers dazzle themselves and others with isolated thoughts, too little caring for coherency. In this way Hazlitt has told us that "An *improving* actor, artist, or poet, never becomes a great one. A man of genius rises and passes by these *risers*. A volcano does not give warning when it will break out, nor a thunderbolt send word of its approach." To this it is sufficient to reply, that the volcano is not the production of a moment, nor is the thunderbolt. The occasion of the display is sudden, but the collection of power, natural or human, is of slow growth.

CHAPTER VI.

TACT.

In matters not absolutely scientific, the principles of Method are more arbitrary, and dependent upon the circumstances in which a speaker finds himself placed. We may abandon the order of nature, and follow that of the understanding, where conviction can be more readily effected. This is the province of Tact. Method is straightforward procedure—Tact is adaptation. Method applies to general, Tact to special, occasions.

The distinction between Method and Tact is illustrated in the following practical remarks of Paley:—"For the purpose of addressing different understandings and different apprehensions—for the purpose of sentiment—for the purpose of exciting admiration of our subject—we diversify our views, we multiply examples. [This is Tact.] But for the purpose of strict argument one clear instance is sufficient; and not only sufficient, but capable, perhaps, of generating a firmer assurance than what can arise from a divided attention." [This is Method.]

When an opponent urges an objection, one way of reply-

ing to it is by endeavouring to prove that the assertion contained in the objection is not true. Another alternative, of which we may sometimes avail ourselves, is that, if even the assertion be true, it is no objection to our position.

It sometimes happens that the argument advanced against us is really an argument in our favour. Tact discovers and avails itself of these advantages. Method arranges the materials, Tact applies the resources, of reasoning.

It is the judicious application of means that constitutes Tact. In journalism Tact is an indispensable requisite. The history of Mr. Murray's daily paper, the "Representative," published for six or eight months, about twenty years ago, is abundant proof that unlimited command of capital, first-rate literary abilities in every branch of knowledge, and the highest possible patronage, are all insufficient to establish a London morning paper without that commodity which alone lends practical value to the other three, and which is far more difficult to be procured than the three put together. What the princely fortune of Mr. Murray, and his intellectual Titans of the "Quarterly," and all his regal and legal, and ermined and coronetted, and lay and clerical, and civil and military, friends could not obtain, was the simple but inestimable gift called Tact.*

Hamilton's Parliamentary Logic abounds in maxims which that experienced tactitian had treasured up, observed, or invented, during his public life. Many of these advices are utterly unworthy the imitation of an ingenuous man, but a few may be taken as illustrative of tact, good sense, and shrewdness :—

State what you censure by the soft names of those who would apologise for it.

In putting a question to your adversary, let it be the last thing you say.

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* London Correspondent of the "Birmingham Journal."

Distinguish real from avowed reasons of a thing. This makes a fine and brilliant fund of argument.

Upon every argument consider the misrepresentations which your opponent will probably make of it.

If your cause is too bad, call in aid the party: if the party is bad, call in aid the cause.*

Nothing disgusts a popular assembly more than being apprised of your intentions to speak long.

To succeed in a new sphere a man must take Tact with him. In nine cases out of ten, Method will miss the mark till Tact has taught it adaptation. The House of Commons has often illustrated this opinion. So many things have to be taken into account, that nothing but experience can teach their management. Canning used to say, that speaking in the House of Commons must take *conversation* for its basis; that a *studious* treatment of topics was out of place. The House of Commons is a working body, jealous and suspicious of embellishments in debate, which, if used at all, ought to be spontaneous and unpremeditated. Method is indispensable. Topics ought to be clearly distributed and arranged; but this arrangement should be felt in effect, and not betrayed in the manner. But above all things, first and last, he maintained that *reasoning* was the one essential element. Oratory in the House of Lords was totally different. It was addressed to a different atmosphere—a different class of intellects—more elevated, more conventional. It was necessary to be more ambitious and elaborate there.

"Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth—who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double foists—who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue, with an unruffled forehead and an unfalter-

* "If neither is good," adds Hamilton, "wound your opponent," which may be parliamentary, but I do not choose to recommend it.

ing voice, from one end of a dinner table to the other—who, on all occasions, have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about—no sooner rise in the House than their spells desert them. All their effrontery vanishes. Commonplace ideas are rendered even more uninteresting by a monotonous delivery; and, keenly alive as even boobies are, in those sacred walls, to the miraculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and an icy hand—repressing his breath lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation."*

How admirable a compendium is this of the history of rhetorical blockheads, who think that "in the great arena their little bow-wow" will be taken for "the loftiest war-note the lion can pour," just as if they were in their own small councils, and clubs, and societies! D'Israeli is said to have failed in this manner on the Spottiswoode business in the House of Commons; but afterwards, as the world knows, he achieved brilliant distinction. Tact alone can teach a man to feel his way and measure the men opposed to him—it dictates judgment and effort, or *silence*.

Reputation and fortune are often made by Tact alone. The late Sir William Follett is an example. One of his obituary notices said:—We do not, by any means, mean to say that at any period of his life he could be compared, as a scientific lawyer (to scholarship he had no pretensions at all), to Tindal, Maule, Patteson, Campbell; or, in the equity courts, to Pepys, Pemberton, or Sugden. Thus his professional position was attributable neither to the superiority of his professional knowledge nor to any talent above his contemporaries. In

* "Young Duke," by D'Israeli.

Parliament he was not to be compared with Plunkett, Brougham, Sir William Grant, or Perceval. He possessed not the strong, eloquent and condensed power of diction, joined to the closest and severest reasoning, of Plunkett; he had neither the stores of political, literary, and economical information, the versatility, the power of vigorous invective, nor of sarcasm, of Brougham; the calm, philosophic spirit of generalisation of Grant; nor had he the dauntless daring and parliamentary pluck of Perceval. It must be admitted that he was neither an orator, nor a man of genius, nor a man of learning, apart from the *specialité* of his profession. He had neither passion, nor imagination of the fancy or of the heart. In what, then, lay his barristerial superiority? In his capability to play the artful dodge. His greatest skill consisted in presenting his case in the most harmonious and fair purposed aspect. If there was anything false or fraudulent, a hitch, or a blot of any kind in his cause, he kept it dexterously out of view, or hurried it trippingly over; but if the blot was on the other side, he had the eye of the lynx and the scent of the hound to detect and run down his game. He had the greatest skill in reading an affidavit, and could play the "artful dodge" in a style looking so like gentlemanly candour, that you could not find fault; and in reading an affidavit on the opposite side, he was cunning of fence.

I do not give this example as imitable, only as illustrative of Tact. Tact so employed may denote a very good lawyer, but a very indifferent man.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Thom, the weaver poet, converse, know the Spartan felicity of expression which he commanded. His conversation was often a study in rhetoric. He told a story in the best vein of Scotch shrewdness. He was one day recounting an anecdote of Inverury, or old Aberdeen, to a coterie of listeners. The point of the story rested on a particular word spoken in fitting place. When he came to it he hesitated as though at a loss for the term. "What is

it you say under these circumstances," he asked—"not this—nor that," he remarked, as he went over three or four terms by way of trial as each was endeavouring to assist him—"Ah," he added, apparently benevolent towards the difficulty into which he had thrown them, "we say ———," for want of a better word. This, of course, was *the* word wanted—the happiest phrase the language afforded. He gained several things by this finesse—he enlivened a regular narrative by an exciting digression, which increased the force and point of the climax. He created a difficulty for his auditors, for who, when suddenly asked, would be able to find a term which seemed denied to his happy resource? or finding it, would have the courage to present it to such a fastidious epithetist? and he exalted himself by suggesting what appeared out of their power, and excited an indefinite wonder at his own skill in bringing a story to so felicitous an end, by the employment of a *make-shift* phrase. What would he have done if he could have found the right one? was naturally thought. This was tact. It was a case analogous to that given by Dickens in one of his early papers, where the President, at an apparent loss for a word, asks, "What is that you give a man who is deprived of a salary which he has received all his life for doing nothing, or perhaps worse, for obstructing public improvement?"—"Compensation!" suggests the Vice. The case was the same, except that Thom was his own Vice-President.

An instructive lesson in Tact is given in the Preface of Thomas Cooper to his "Purgatory of Suicides." Those who know the variety of historic incidents which crowded for record in his career, wonder at the discretion with which he confines himself to the few which stand at the portal of his majestic poem, to inform you of its origin and design.

PART II.

ACQUIRED POWERS.

CHAPTER VII.

ORIGINALITY.

ORIGINALITY is reality. In reference to thought it is the conception of the truth of nature, in opposition to the truth of custom.

The material of which Originality is made has been discussed in previous chapters.* Its manifestation in literature has been well illustrated by the author of "Time's Magic Lanthorn,"† in a dialogue between Bacon and Shakspeare—an extract from which is to this effect :—

"*Bacon.* He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you do, Mr. Shakspeare, need not fear scholars. A head naturally fertile and forgetive is worth many libraries, inasmuch as a tree is more valuable than a basket of fruit, or a good hawk better than a bag full of game, or the little purse which a fairy gave to Fortunatus, more inexhaustible than all the coffers in the treasury. More scholarship might have sharpened your judgment, but the particulars whereof a character is composed are better assembled by force of imagination than of judgment, which, although it perceive coherencies, cannot summon up materials, nor melt them into a compound with that felicity which belongs to imagination alone.

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* Logic of Facts, chaps. iv., v.

† A series of papers that appeared in "Blackwood" some years ago.

"*Shakspeare.* My lord, thus far I know, that the first glimpse and conception of a character in my mind is always engendered by chance and accident. We shall suppose, for instance, that I am sitting in a tap-room, or standing in a tennis-court. The behaviour of some one fixes my attention. I note his dress, the sound of his voice, the turn of his countenance, the drinks he calls for, his questions and retorts, the fashion of his person, and, in brief, the whole out-goings and in-comings of the man. These grounds of speculation being cherished and revolved in my fancy, it becomes straightway possessed with a swarm of conclusions and beliefs concerning the individual. In walking home, I picture out to myself what would be fitting for him to say or do upon any given occasion, and these fantasies being recalled at some after period, when I am writing a play, shape themselves into divers mannikins, who are not long of being nursed into life. Thus comes forth Shallow, and Slender, and Mercutio, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

"*Bacon.* In truth, Mr. Shakspeare, you have observed the world so well, and so widely, that I can scarce believe you ever shut your eyes. I too, although much engrossed with other studies, am, in part, an observer of mankind. Their dispositions, and the causes of their good or bad fortune, cannot well be overlooked even by the most devoted questioner of physical nature. But note the difference of habitude. No sooner have I observed and got hold of particulars, than they are taken up by my judgment to be commented upon, and resolved into general laws. Your imagination keeps them to make pictures of. My judgment, if she find them to be comprehended under something already known by her, lets them drop and forgets them; for which reason a certain book of essays, which I am writing, will be small in bulk, but, I trust, not light in substance. Thus do men severally follow their inborn dispositions.

"*Shakspeare.* Every word of your lordship's will be an adage to after times. For my part, I know my own place,

and aspire not after the abstruser studies: although I can give wisdom a welcome when she comes in my way. But the inborn dispositions, as your lordship has said, must not be warped from their natural bent, otherwise nothing but sterility will remain behind. A leg cannot be changed into an arm. Among stage-players, our first object is to exercise a new candidate until we discover where his vein lies."

In this mixture of observation and experiment, original information has its source. But the conventionalisms of society repress its manifestation. Jeffrey, in one of those passages marked by more than his ordinary good sense, has depicted its influence on young men :—

"In a refined and literary community," says he, "so many critics are to be satisfied, so many rivals to be encountered, and so much derision to be hazarded, that a young man is apt to be deterred from so perilous an enterprise, and led to seek distinction in some safer line of exertion. His originality is repressed, till he sinks into a paltry copyist, or aims at distinction by extravagance and affectation. In such a state of society he feels that mediocrity has no chance of distinction ; and what beginner can expect to rise at once into excellence ? He imagines that mere good sense will attract no attention ; and that the manner is of much more importance than the matter, in a candidate for public admiration. In his attention to the manner, the matter is apt to be neglected ; and in his solicitude to please those who require elegance of diction, brilliancy of wit, or harmony of periods, he is in some danger of forgetting that strength of reason and accuracy of observation by which he first proposed to recommend himself. His attention, when extended to so many collateral objects, is no longer vigorous or collected ; the stream, divided into so many channels, ceases to flow either deep or strong : he becomes an unsuccessful pretender to fine writing, and is satisfied with the frivolous praise of elegance or vivacity."

The Rev. Sidney Smith left on record his opinion of the

influence of conventionality's cold decorum:—"The great object of modern sermons is to hazard nothing: their characteristic is decent debility, which alike guards their authors from ludicrous errors, and precludes them from striking beauties. Every man of sense, in taking up an English sermon, expects to find it a tedious essay, full of commonplace morality; and if the fulfilment of such expectations be meritorious, the clergy have certainly the merit of not disappointing their readers."

Emerson, above all men, has written the philosophy of Originality:—"Insist on yourself," says he, "never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment, with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. The way to speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is to speak and write sincerely. Take Sidney's maxim: 'Look in thy heart and write.' He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public."

CHAPTER VIII.

HEROISM.

WHAT has Heroism to do with Rhetoric? the reader will ask. Much. Courage in one thing, as we are told, does not mean courage in everything. A man who will face a bullet will not face an audience. Heroism is the originality of action.

A cool, easy confidence is the source of daring. "Trust yourself: every heart vibrates to that iron string."* In one of those papers, rare in "Chambers' Journal," it is remarked:—"There must, at all but extraordinary times, be a vast amount of latent capability in society. Gray's musings on the Crom-

* Emerson.

wells and Miltons of the village are a truth, though extremely stated. Men of all conditions do grow and die in obscurity, who, in suitable circumstances, might have attained to the temple which shines afar. The hearts of Roman mothers beat an unnoted lifetime in dim parlours. Souls of fire miss their hour, and languish into ashes. Is not this conformable to what all men feel in their own case? Who is there that has not thought, over and over again, what else he could have done, what else he could have been? Vanity, indeed, may fool us here, and self-tenderness be too ready to look upon the misspending of years as anything but our own fault. Let us look, then, to each other. Does almost any one that we know appear to do or be all that he might? How far from it! Regard for a moment the manner in which a vast proportion of those who, from independency of fortune, and from education, are able to do most good in the world, spend their time, and say if there be not an immense proportion of the capability of mankind undeveloped. The fact is, the bond of union among men is also the bond of restraint. We are committed not to alarm or distress each other by extraordinary displays of intellect or emotion. There are more hostages to fortune that we shall not do anything great, than those which having children constitutes. Many struggle for a while against the repressive influences, but at length yield to the powerful temptations to nonentity. The social despotism presents the fetes with which it seeks to solace and beguile its victims; and he who began to put on his armour for the righting of many wrongs, is soon content to smile with those who smile. Thus daily do generations ripe and rot—life unenjoyed, the great mission unperformed. What a subject for tears in the multitude of young souls who come in the first faith of nature to grapple at the good, the true, the beautiful, but are thrown back, helpless and mute, into the limbo of Commonplace. O Conventionality, quiet may be thy fireside hours, smooth thy pillowed thoughts; but at what a sacrifice of the right and

the generous, of the best that breathes and pants in our nature, is thy peace purchased!"

Given says Mr. Dawson, a Cromwell or a Milton, and he will make himself felt. But this is the exception. The rule of development requires the condition. Paine confesses that the world (when he first came to America) could not have persuaded him that he should be either a soldier or an author. "If I had any talents for either," said he, "they were buried in me, and might have ever continued so had not the necessity of the times dragged and driven them into action."* He was unconscious of his powers.

There is heroism in trusting yourself to events. That sagacity of which greatness is born, puts its prowess to the test of experiment. In this lies the secret of the hero and the scholar—they do not *guess* their abilities, but *determine* them by enterprise and achievement. They *try*.

My friend Mr. Storer, who was the wag of the Rhetoric class of which we were members when students, communicated to me the subjoined parody. As the soliloquy of a novice it expresses with felicity the young speaker's doubts and fears :—

To spout, or not to spout, that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for a shamefaced fellow,
(With voice unmusical and gesture awkward,)
To stand a mere spectator in this business,
Or have a touch at Rhetoric? To speak—to spout
No more; and by this effort, to say we end
That bashfulness, that nervous trepidation
Displayed in maiden speeches,—'twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To read—to speechify
Before folks—perhaps to fall;—ay, there's the rub;
For from that ill success what sneers may rise,
Ere we have scrambled thro' the sad oration,
Must give us pause: 'tis this same reason
That makes a novice stand in hesitation,
And gladly hide his own diminished head
Beneath some half-fledged orator's importance,
When he himself might his quietus make
By a mere recitation. Who could speeches hear,

* "Crisis," No. 6.

Responded to with hearty acclamation,
And yet restrain himself from holding forth—
But for the dread of some unlucky failure—
Some unforeseen mistake—some frightful blunder—
Some vile pronunciation, or inflection,
Improper emphasis, or wry-necked period,
Which carping critics note, and raise the laugh,
Not to our credit—nor so soon forgot ?
We muse on this ! Then starts the pithy question:
Had we not best be mute and hide our faults,
Than spout to publish them.

Spout and publish them without hesitation. Had Raphael feared to daub, he had never been Raphael. Had Canova feared to torture marble, he had never been a sculptor. Had Macready feared to spout, he had never been an actor. If you stammer like Demosthenes, or stutter like Curran, speak on. He who hesitates to hesitate, will always hesitate.

CHAPTER IX..

PROPORTION.

BOMBAST is inflation ; is turgid, dropsical language—great in parade, little in purport. It has its source in exaggeration, in want of proportion. A child catches at its coral and at the moon with the same expectation of clutching it. He has no idea of distance. The boy cuts a stick or trundles his hoop with as much exultation as the man defeats an enemy or wins his wife. The boy has no notion of relative value. As everything seems equally new, so everything seems equally important to him. This want of measure, innocent and healthy in youth, is the source of bombast in men.

"Man is a strange animal, but that complex animal, a public meeting, is stranger. Its vagaries are surprising, and baffle analysis. It always seems to have more force than sense. Two heads are better than one, but some hundreds of

heads appear to be worse than none. Take any number of men, each of whom would listen to reason, be open to conviction, and resolute to see fair play all round; compound the honest men of sense in a public meeting, and the aggregate is headstrong, headlong, rash, unfair and foolish. Tell any single man, *totidem verbis*, that there is nobody in the world like him—nobody so lovely and virtuous as his wife and daughters, and he will laugh in your face, or kick you out of doors; but tell the aggregate man the same of his multitudinous self and family—he will vent an ecstasy of delight in 'loud cheers.'"* But only the uneducated imitate this delusion. The time will come when meetings no more than men will tolerate the collective nonsense.

The notorious defence of Thurtell some years since, which was so applauded for effectiveness by a portion of the press, is one of the most offensive exhibitions of vanity and wind-bag eloquence extant. Bombast is the language of vulgarity and villainy. Thurtell ought to have been condemned for his defence had he escaped from the penalty of his crime. Carelessness of assertion and wildness of accusation are to the English people extremely distasteful, as marking either a deficiency of intellect or a want of the love of truth.

Royalty has always been a patient and often a greedy recipient of egregious adulation. The oratory addressed to James I. on his progress through Scotland was of no common cast. Officials who addressed him at the various towns at which he arrived—"put together Augustus, Alexander, Trajan, and Constantine. It was supposed that even the antipodes heard of his courtesy and liberality; the very hills and groves were said to be refreshed with the dew of his aspect; in his absence the citizens were languishing gyrades, in his presence delighted lizards, for he was the sunshine of their beauty. At Glasgow, Master Hay, the commissary, when attempting to

* "Spectator."

speak before him, became like one touched with a torpedo, or seen of a wolf; and the principal of the University, comparing His Majesty with the sun, observed, to that luminary's disadvantage, that King James had been received with incredible joy and applause; whereas a descent of the sun into Glasgow would in all likelihood be extremely ill taken. Hyperbole was not sufficient—the aid of prodigies was called—a boy of nine years old harangued the king in Hebrew, and the schoolmaster of Linlithgow spoke verses in the form of a lion."*

(The measure of a man's understanding lies in his language. This he inevitably offers to all observers.) Besides just taste being outraged by disproportion, he who is guilty of it loses the power of being impressive. We are told of Dante, whose potent use of words has never been surpassed, that great and various as his power of creating pictures in a few lines unquestionably was, he owed that power to the directness, simplicity, and intensity of his language. In him "the invisible becomes visible," as Leigh Hunt says—"darkness becomes palpable, silence describes a character, a word acts as a flash of lightning which displays some gloomy neighbourhood where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window."†

"In good prose (says Frederic Schlegel) every word should be underlined"—that is, every word should be the right word; and then no word would be righter than another. It comes to the same thing, where all words are italics one may as well use roman. There are no italics in Plato, because there are no unnecessary or unimportant words.‡

Declamation, which is assertion without proof, is disproportion in this sense, that it is a dogmatic enunciation, out of proportion with what is known by an auditory who reject the propositions announced. Nearly all Oriental eloquence is declamatory. That 13th chapter of the Corinthians, which

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* Progress and Court of King James the First.—"Quarterly Review."

† "Athenæum," No. 1115.

‡ Guesses at Truth.

relates to charity, is a good instance. Paul tells you assiduously what charity is, and that it should be practised, but he does not once tell you why. Perhaps the Orientals are quicker to perceive or less exacting than Europeans, but the want of the reasons was felt among us, and Bishop Hooker supplied them sixteen centuries after.

Precision must be attained at any cost. If we do not master language, says Mr. Thornton, it will master us. An idle word, says the "Daily News," has conquered a host of facts. We must keep watch and ward over words.

CHAPTER X.

STYLE.

ROUSSEAU sways mankind with that delicious might (the power of words) as Jupiter does with his lightnings. This is John Müller's tribute to the style of Rousseau. It has recently been asserted among us, that "Style is, and always has been, the most vital element of literary immortalities. More than any other quality, it is peculiar to the writer; and no one, not time itself, can rob him of it, or even diminish its value. Facts may be forgotten—learning grow commonplace—truths dwindle into mere truisms—but a magnificent or beautiful style can never lose its freshness and its value. For style, even more than for his wonderful erudition, is Gibbon admired; and the same quality, and that alone, renders Hume the popular historian of England, in spite of his imperfect learning, the untrustworthiness of his statements in matters of fact, and the anti-popular caste of his opinions."* This is not greater praise than I should be inclined to award to masterly style, but this

* "Daily News," No. 499.

eulogy has the fault of making style to appear independent of sense. We value Hume for the grace and perspicuity of his narrative, and for those profound reflections which, whether founded on real or fictitious data, are equally full of wisdom. Method, perspicuity, brevity, variety, harmony, are indeed separable from sense, but no combination of such qualities will give life to a book without sense. They are but the auxiliaries of meaning, not the substitutes for it. Gilfillan has happily said, that "the secret of perfect composition is manly wisdom, uttered in youthful language." Youthful language is simple and clear. These are its properties. We are nothing unless we are critical, and we are nothing unless we are clear. That criticism which destroys the power of pleasing must be blown aside, and so must that finesse of style which cannot be understood. Again, the truth is obvious that sense is the despot of style.

The "Dublin University Magazine" lately had this passage:—"Boz has achieved a great thing—he has created a *style*. Perhaps I am wrong to say *created*—a term which implies independence of materials—whereas the singular circumstance in this case is, that by *careful study of previous styles*, by *imitation of them*, by more perhaps than imitation in the first instance, this author has produced out of *the heterogeneous elements* a compound essentially differing from all its component parts, and claiming—claiming justly—the high merit of being *original*. That such a result should follow such a course ought to encourage writers who aim at true celebrity to adopt this humble and pains-taking initiatory system, which though in other arts it has admittedly led to the grandest results (in painting, for instance), in literature has been too much overlooked and despised. Boz now stands alone in his style—he has had no models, he has no imitators, he will probably have no disciples." I should think Dickens has smiled at this violent attempt to make a literary alchemist of him, as one fusing all sorts of styles in his crucible of composition, and

bringing out quite a new mixture. Present society has furnished him with materials; a patient and an accurate observation has gathered them; feeling, taste, and humour, have combined them, and an unaffected simplicity has told them. I suspect that a happy nature and good sense have had more to do with Dickens' reputation than any amount of old styles —than Sterne or Sturm. Tindal said of Pitt's first speech, that it was more ornamental than the speeches of Demosthenes, and less diffuse than those of Cicero. That it should have been so often quoted, says Macaulay, "is proof how slovenly most people are content to think. It would be no very flattering compliment to a man's figure to say that he was taller than the Polish Count [or Tom Thumb], and shorter than Giant O'Brien; fatter than *anatomie vivante*, and more slender than Daniel Lambert. No speaking can be less ornamental than that of Demosthenes, or more diffuse than that of Cicero."

Heidenmaier lays it down as a maxim of education that Freedom is the all-essential condition of growth and power. There can be no fervour while, in the language of Sam Slick, "Talk has a pair of stays, and is laced up tight and stiff." It is freedom which is the active element of all fresh and vigorous style. Dr. Gilchrist observes that, "What one of the ancient philosophers said of laws, may be truly said of rhetorical rules; they are like cobwebs which entangle the weak, but which the strong break through. The first rule of good composition is, *that the composer be free and bold.* Before a man can be a good thinker, or a good writer, he must be free and bold—he must be roused to noble daring—he must feel his whole soul rising in scornful indignation at the thought of having been for a day a blind follower of blind leaders—a slave of slaves—a member of the herd of creeping, crouching, servile minds. Can servile composers in the harness of rules, dreading the lash of criticism, limping upon quotations with their eye upon precedents, and authorities, create a style at once—new

and striking, yet just and proper? All real greatness is the offspring of freedom: there may be absurdity, folly, cant, hypocrisy, squeamish delicacy, finical politeness, sickly sentimentality, mawkish affectation in every possible fantastic form of fashion and variety; but there cannot be original, substantial excellence without intellectual independence, manly thinking and feeling."

As soon as a man understands a subject he is in a condition, so far as material goes, to write or speak about it. If he has also courage to write *himself* in his word, he may be said to have the materials and the strength to achieve originality. But let him not forget that fulness and freedom are both blind; and that without the lights of taste and perspicuity and brevity he may offend, bewilder, and tire.

Out of all a man may be able to say, taste (by which I chiefly mean a sense of utility) selects the most useful things which pertain to conviction and improvement.

An old woman, who showed a house and pictures at Towcester, expressed herself in these words:—"This is Sir Richard Farmer; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house and paid for it, managed well, saved money, and died rich. *That* is his son; he was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar!" A very concise, but full and striking account, says Dr. Horne. Here clearness and brevity are conspicuous: great qualities to master!

> As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
> Of painting to foreshorten any part,
> Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
> Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

Juniper Hedgehog wrote of the Bishop of Exeter:—"What a lawyer was spoiled in that bishop! What a brain he has for cobwebs. How he drags you along through sentence after sentence—every one a dark passage—until your

head swims !" * Characterising with effect the darkness which prevails where perspicuity is absent.

Brevity and precision are oftener manifested among our French neighbours than among ourselves. The speeches made to mobs—the most hurried placards, abound in the felicities of condensation. Europe has for some time been agitated with communism. Few Englishmen could tell you what is meant by it. Yet nearly a century ago Morelly thus expressed it :—" It is the solution of this excellent problem : To find a situation in which it shall be nearly impossible for man to be depraved or bad." We have never on this side the channel approached the felicity of this reply.

As a model of the old, simple, and manly Saxon tongue, the student may consult the writings of the author of the " Pilgrim's Progress." If all that Mr. Macaulay avers be true, the works of the Bedford tinman deserve special attention. The style of Bunyan, says Macaulay, is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few terms in theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he wanted to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtile disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, this dialect of plain working-men, was sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

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* Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, No. 8. July, 1845.

In the first edition of "Practical Grammar" the author fell into this vagueness. If remarks had to be made at the end of a statement, it was directed that they should be neither "too strong nor too tedious." But when he subsequently asked his class at the City Mechanics' Institution, at what point of effectiveness a man might be said to be *too strong*, it was agreed that there was error somewhere. And the injunction not to be "*too* tedious" was found to imply that we might be tedious in some degree—which hardly seemed desirable. Then it was asked, What is Strength? Some answered, Power. What was Power? Some said, Effectiveness. But it was soon felt that these definitions left us like Swift's definition of style, that it was the use of proper words in proper places. What were proper words and proper places, still remained open questions. So, if power was strength, and strength effectiveness, what was effectiveness was still unknown. It was finally agreed that to be strong was to be just, and to avoid being tedious was to be brief. We, therefore, agreed that "remarks just and brief" were the proper characterisation. For what was just could never be *too* strong, and what was brief could never be *too* tedious. From which we also learned that the secret of the strength of comment lay in just sentiments, and that tedium was the tiresome progeny of prolixity.

CHAPTER XI

SIMILES.

PARACELSUS announced what Cogan reiterated, that "it is as necessary to know evil as good; for who can know what is good without knowing what is evil?" This principle of contrast is that upon which truth depends for its development

and effect for its power. It is the principle on which similes are founded.

To preserve peace and to do good is a very old maxim of morality. Feltham thus enforces it :—"When two goats, on a narrow bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, rather than he that would hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good." This comparison elevates the sentiment, relieves its repetition from triteness, and gives it the freshness of truth.

Paine, whom I have heard Ebenezer Elliot describe as a great master of metaphor, said of a certain body in America, that at the very instant that they are exclaiming against the mammon of this world, they are nevertheless hunting after it with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death. The immutable insatiableness sought to be characterised is rendered much more evident by these similes. It will be observed that the contrast implied in similes is not absolute ; it is the comparison of a lesser degree with a greater, which marks the idea to be enforced. This is seen in the saying of Dumont to the effect, that "Both the Rolands felt convinced that Freedom could never flourish in France, and spring up a goodly tree, under the shadow of a throne." It is further seen in the remark of Mirabeau, who, when asked to counsel an obstinate friend, answered, "You might as well make an issue in a wooden leg as give him advice." The same principle is observable in the observation of Emerson, at the soiree of the Manchester Athenæum, at which he spoke. Expressing the latent strength of Old England, he said she "had still a pulse like a cannon." The felicity of the simile was perfect. The same person, denoting the freshness of style of Montaigne, said the words, if you cut them they would bleed. The "Cork Magazine" says that the preface of Thomas Davis

to the speeches of Curran is, in some parts, as majestic as the orations which it prefaces ; in others, displaying a wild pathos, which "strikes upon the ear like the cry of a woman."

It does not appear to me to be necessary to enter into the usual enumeration of the various figures of speech specially set forth in rhetorics. Under the principle of comparison so wide a range of illustration is included as to be sufficient for the use of the rhetorician. Nothing, we are told, so works on the human mind, barbarous or civilised, as a new symbol. Metaphor is the majestic ground of enforcement, and its occupation is as extensive as its power. It is by this means the poverty of language is enriched by the eloquence of the universe, and the whole of inanimate nature admitted into society with man.—

> In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
> And tell in a garland their loves and cares;
> Each blossom that blooms in their garden-bowers
> On its leaves a mystic language bears.

Comparisons are implied by phrases. An instance occurs in Newman's works, where he says—"Heresy did but precipitate the truths before held in solution." The allusion is chemical, but very happy. Symbols expressed or implied were the weapons of Mirabeau. Contempt for the men-millinery of literature was never more forcibly expressed than in these words of his—"My style readily assumes force, and I have a command of strong expressions ; but if I want to be mild, unctuous, and measured, I become insipid, and my flabby style makes me sick." Dumont, a friend of Mirabeau's, recounting his own editorial experience in preserving brevity and a wise directness in his journal, says—"The most diffuse complained of our reducing their *dropsical* and *turgescent* expressions."

By some comparisons all the power of condensation is realised. Grattan, comparing the Irish Parliament to a departed child, exclaimed, "I have sat by its cradle and I followed its hearse." There is here all the grandeur of eloquence and grief.

In the "Auditor," Lord Viscount Barrington was described as a little squirrel of state, who had been busy all his life in the cage, without turning it round to any human purpose. The clearness attained by this simile needs no explanation. Severity can be conveyed with equal ease, as instanced in Judge Haliburton's asseveration, that Humility is the dress-coat of pride.

It is a trite remark that men draw their symbols from those departments of science, or life, with which they are most familiar. The Greeks filled their language with geometrical allusions. Lieut. Lecount, the well known mathematician, having occasion to describe a wound, says—"One of the latest cases was a man with a *round* ulcer, about *two and a half inches in diameter*, on one side of his leg, and an *oval* one, *five inches by two and a half*, on the other side.*

When Mr. Mould, the undertaker in "Nicholas Nickleby," speaks of Shakspeare, it is as the theatrical poet who was *buried* at Stratford. But it matters not whence the similes are drawn provided they are appropriate. In a sermon preached at Newgate after the escape of Jack Sheppard, the clergyman discoursed to this effect: "How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail—burst his fetters asunder—climb up the chimney—wrench out an iron bar—break his way through a stone wall—make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him—reach the leads of the prison—fix a blanket to the wall with a spike stolen from the chapel—descend to the top of the turner's house—cautiously pass down stairs, and make his escape at the street door.

"I shall spiritualise these things. Let me exhort ye, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strong-

* "Midland Observer." March, 1844.

holds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death ; raise yourselves to the leads of Divine meditation ; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church ; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation ; descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape from the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth," etc., etc.*

The child, when he first learns to speak, will say anything, thinking he accomplishes much in continuing to talk. So with the public speaker when he first commences, and so with the early efforts of the young writer. He knows nothing of symbolic beauty or rhetorical proportion—he does not suspect that there are gaudy images and encumbering ornaments. When he first rises above the level of plain prose, he never knows when to descend to the earth ; and instead of finding an elevation whence he can show his readers a wider landscape and new objects, he thinks he does enough by showing himself.

Prodigality of metaphors, like multitudes of superlatives, confound meaning. "It is an idle fancy of some," says Felton, "to run out perpetually upon similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses, and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all."

The general rule to be observed is obvious. When we intend to elevate a subject, we must choose metaphors which are lofty or sublime. If our purpose is to degrade, the similes which sink the subject to contempt or ridicule are proper for employment. These are the two poles of tendency. A member of the Indiana Legislature has said, "Mr. Speaker,—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our Western prairies, or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking-place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embraces of Morpheus ; and ere the

* Volume of Trials of Criminals, printed at Leeds, 1809, for J. Davies, by Edward Baines.

portals of the East are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty—whole litters of pigs are destroyed." Wanting sustainment, these figures end in the ridiculous.

CHAPTER XII.

PLEASANTRY.

I OFFER only a few suggestions on this subject. The happiest vein of pleasantry is needed to pen a suitable essay upon it. If men of wit and humour would analyse the sources of their inspirations, pleasantry might be taught as an art. And why not? Recreation is an element of health—a component of human nature—the third estate of life. It ought to have its professors and cultivators.

A comedian went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F———tt expatiating in the green-room on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well-known dramatist. "I have heard," says the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I know that he writes to his wife every packet." "Yes, he writes," replied Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the author, "*unremitting* kindness." Here the wit turns upon words.

Goodrich relates a converse instance:—"I once heard of a boy, who, being rebuked by a clergyman for neglecting to go to church, replied, that he would go if he could be permitted to change his seat. 'But why do you wish to change your seat?' said the minister. 'You see,' said the boy, 'I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you there's Judy Vicars and Mary Staples, and half-a-dozen

other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me its pretty poor stuff.'"

"Wit is the philosopher's quality, humour the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humour to persons. Wit utters brilliant truths; humour, delicate deductions from the knowledge of *individual* character. Rochefoucault is witty, the Vicar of Wakefield the model of humour."*

English humour is frank, hearty, and unaffected. Irish light as mercury. It sets propriety at defiance. It is extravagant. Scotch humour is sly, grave, and caustic. Surely the analysis of Pleasantry is possible, and its cultivation practicable.

Many persons never think of pleasantry as an agent of relief in exposition, and of effect in many departments of enforcement. Some worry jokes to death. A man who runs after witticisms is in danger of making himself a buffoon. Some speakers are so beset with the love of this display that they virtually announce to their audiences that the smallest laugh would be thankfully received. A degree of wit pertains to all topics. That which lies in our way is that which is relevant.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENERGY.

ENERGY is the soul of oratory; and energy depends on health. Dr. Samuel Johnson, with that strong sense for which he was distinguished, once said, we can be useful no longer than we are well. Of the rhetorician it may as safely be said that he

* Bulwer's Student.

is effective no longer than he is well. A variety of arts may be pursued in indifferent health—feebleness only prolongs execution—in rhetoric it mars the whole work. Even in the matter of efficient thinking health is worth attention. The senses being the great inlets of knowledge it is necessary that they be kept in health. It will be idle to conceal from ourselves that the physical is the father of the moral man. "Morals depend upon temperaments."*

The patience necessary for investigation cannot be preserved with impaired nerves. Long-continued wakefulness is capable of changing the temper and mental disposition of the most mild and gentle, of effecting a complete alteration of their features, and, at length, of occasioning the most singular whims, the strangest deviations in the power of imagination, and, in the end, absolute insanity.

It may not be necessary, because Carneades took copious doses of hellebore as a preparative to refuting the dogmas of the stoics, or because Dryden, when he had a grand design, took physic and parted with blood, that the searcher after truth should commence with an aperient; yet it will be useful that some attention be paid to the physiology of the

> ————intellect, whose use
> Depends so much upon the gastric juice.

The public well remember the case of an ex-occupant of the woolsack, who, after "six days' indisposition," attempted the annihilation of Lord Aberdeen on account of his Scotch Church Bill. The "Times," with some satire, expressed, in reference to it, much truth. "We recognise the deep interest of the public in Lord B.'s medicine-chest. We pray him to take care of himself for all our sakes. We entirely enter into the feelings of a man who, after suffering six days under dyspepsia, bile, or otherwise, rushes into the House of Lords to avenge

* Edward Johnson—Life, Health, and Disease.

upon some minister the disarrangement of his system. The castigation of a Secretary of State is an interesting incident in his disorder, a gratifying palliative of his discomfort; but it is, after all, in Epsom salts or quinine that the true and only effectual remedy must be found."*

Perhaps the lowest quality of the art of oratory, but one on many occasions of the *first importance*, is a certain robust and radiant physical health—great volumes of animal heat. In the cold thinness of a morning audience, mere energy and mellowness is inestimable; wisdom and learning would be harsh and unwelcome compared with a substantial man, who is quite a house-warming. I do not rate this animal life very high; yet, as we must be fed and warmed before we can do any work well, so is this necessary.† It often happens that you cannot come into collision with opinion without coming into collision with persons. What would Danton have been without his cannon voice. When Mirabeau spoke, his voice was like the voice of destiny. He seemed as if moulded to be the orator of nature. The wise orator will as much attend to the exercise which gives him health, as to the exercise which gives him skill. We go to the oratorio to hear sublime sentiments set to the music of art, we go to the orator to hear them enforced by the music of nature. Oratory is the personal ascendancy of opinion. Without physical fascination it descends to mere eloquence of words. Intellect moves the scholar only. Oratory moves the illiterate to noble deeds.

When travelling expenses were the only payment I received for my lectures, I used to walk to the place of their delivery. On my walk from Birmingham to Worcester, a distance of 26 miles, it was my custom to recite on the way portions of my intended address. In the early part of my walk my voice was clear, and thoughts ready—but towards the end I could scarcely articulate, or retain the thread of my discourse. If

* "Times," June 29, 1843.

† Emerson.

I lectured the same evening, as sometimes happened, I spoke without connection or force. The reason was that I had exhausted my strength on the way. One Saturday I walked from Sheffield to Huddersfield to deliver on the Sunday two anniversary lectures. It was my first appearance there, and I was ambitious to acquit myself well. But in the morning I was utterly unable to do more than talk half inaudibly and quite incoherently. In the evening I was tolerable, but my voice was weak. My annoyance was excessive. I was a paradox to myself. My power seemed to come and go by some eccentric law of its own. I did not find out till years after that the utter exhaustion of my strength had exhausted the powers of speech and thought, and that entire repose instead of entire fatigue should have been the preparation for public speaking.

CHAPTER XIV.

ELOQUENCE.

"THE histories of old times, and even of not very distant ones, acquaint us with the wondrous effects of eloquence upon whole multitudes, carried away to far crusades by the oratory of a hermit; and even upon grave political assemblies and parliaments, which an able speaker could twist, turn, and persuade according to fantasy, so that majorities hung upon his words. There is no such thing now-a-days. Audiences are neither so pliable nor so soft—and eloquence, however mighty, fails in carrying convictions by storm. Perhaps this is the reason why so few public men of the present day fall into the mistake of striving or affecting to be eloquent.

"Persuasion, in fact, is now a long-winded and tedious task. The winning of an audience, of a party—the inculcating an idea, the disseminating it—the winning conviction first, and

getting up the enthusiasm after—is now a slow work, almost like the dropping of a seed, and patiently waiting till it grows, in order to foster it, water it, protect its growth, and enjoy its expansion into the stem and the flower ; such is the political eloquence of modern times. He who discovered it, and who practices it, is—Richard Cobden."*

This is a fair history of modern eloquence ; but it is hardly true that Mr. Cobden "discovered" it. He has been its greatest illustrator, but it has grown with the growth and commercial character of the nation. Long before Cobden's time, the magic fancy of Burke, the glittering sophistries of Pitt, the thundering declamation of Fox, were all alike founded upon the general and lasting truth of things—upon profound views —upon the inexhaustible resources of the understanding. The king of transcendentalists has said that 'Eloquence must first be plainest narrative or statement ; afterwards it may warm itself until it exhales symbols of every kind, and speaks only through the most poetic forms ; but at first and last it must still be, at bottom, a statement of facts. All audiences soon ask, 'What is he driving at ?' and if this man does not stand for anything, he will be deserted."† This writer has given us the most eloquent version of eloquence extant. The substance of his views is as follows :—"First, then, the orator must be a substantial person ; then the first of his special weapons is, doubtless, power of statement—to have the fact and to know how to tell it. Next, is that method or power of arrangement which constitutes the genius and efficacy of all remarkable men. Next to this is the power of imagery. Nothing so works on the human mind, barbarous or civilised, as a new symbol. The power of dealing with facts, of illuminating them, of sinking them by ridicule or diversion of mind, rapid generalisation, humour, wit, and pathos, all these are keys which the orator holds ; yet these foreign gifts are not

* "Daily News," No. 522 † Emerson.

eloquence, and do often hinder a man from the attainment of it. To come to the heart of the mystery, the truly eloquent is, a sane man with power to communicate his sanity. Arm a man with all the talents just enumerated, so potent and so charming, and he has equal power to ensnare and mislead, as to instruct and guide you. A spectacle we may go round the world to see, is a man who, in the prosecution of great designs, has absolute command of the means of representing his ideas, keeps the grasp of a lion on his materials, and the eye of a king to dispose them right, never for an instant light-minded or insane. But, in the great triumph of the orator, we must have something more ; we must have a certain re-inforcing of the man from the events, so as to have the double force of reason and destiny. The eloquent man is not he who has beautiful speech. but he who is inwardly and desperately drunk with a certain belief, agitating and tearing him, perhaps almost bereaving him of the power of articulation. Then it rushes from him, in short abrupt screams, in torrents of meaning. The possession of his mind by the subject is so entire, that it ensures an ardour of expressions which is the ardour of nature itself—and so is the ardour of the greatest force, and inimitable by any art. Add to this a certain regnant calmness, which, in all the tumult, never utters a premature syllable, and keeps the secret of his means and method—and the orator stands before the people, as a demoniacal power, to whose miracles they have no key. Youth should lay the foundation of eloquence, not on popular arts, but on character and honesty. Let the sun look on nothing nobler than he—let him speak for the right—let him not borrow the language of idle gentlemen or scholars, much less that of sensualists, absorbed in money or appetite—but let him communicate every secret of strength and good-will communicated to his own heart, to animate men to better hopes—let him speak for the absent, defend the friendless and defamed, the poor, the slave, the prisoner, and the lost. Let him look upon opposition

as opportunity : he is one who cannot be defeated or put down. Let him feel that it is not the people who are in fault, for not being convinced, but he who cannot convince them. He has not only to neutralise their opposition—that were a small thing—but to convert them into apostles and publishers of the same wisdom."

The only alteration I would make in this account is this : instead of making eloquence a thing of degree, which confounds eloquence with oratory, I would mark the distinction. Eloquence belongs merely to words, oratory to the passion which fires them. The eloquence of intellect is that of speech, and sense, and symbol ; but the oratory which so seldom greets the ears of men is the eloquence of the man. The philosopher only reaches the scholar—the orator reaches the mob. The philosopher talks the rhetoric of the schools—the orator, the language of nature : he speaks heart words—that language which is wide as the world, which reaches humanity, which all nations understand—which the deaf and dumb can feel—the language of attitude, of gesture—that which moves us on canvass, breathes on marble. It is the burning word of passion. It knows no high, no low, no rich, no poor, no citizen, no alien, no foreigner, no crime, no colour. Savage and civilised, learned and illiterate, (the accidents of condition,) sink into insignificance when *man* speaks to man. The orator penetrates to the equality of humanity. It is in the equality of our common nature that a common purpose originates. He alone who penetrates there inspires unanimity. It is when the multitude are of one opinion that the orator's power is revealed—that is the seal that nature stamps upon his genius.

It is said that one day when Masillon was preaching upon the Passion before Louis XIV. and all the court, he so affected his hearers that everybody was in tears, except a citizen, who appeared as indifferent to what he heard as to what he saw. One of his neighbours, surprised at such insensibility, reproached him for it, and said to him, " How can you refrain

from weeping, while we are all bathed in tears?" "That is not astonishing," answered the citizen, "I am not of this parish." The eloquence which I have endeavoured to describe would have included this man, also, in the general weeping. To say—That a touch of nature makes the whole world kin, is only another way of saying—That "man is related to all nature." Eloquence discovers this relation. In the first remark, Shakspeare gives the effect, of which, in the second remark, Emerson has assigned the cause.

With respect to passion, to which much importance has been assigned, it will be useful to remark, that though we must admit, with Lord Kames, that the plainest man animated with passion affects us more than the greatest speaker without it, we must keep in view that the only passion tolerated among us is the passion of conviction. All the rest is, to Englishmen —rant. The passion of conviction is modest, manly, and earnest.

CHAPTER XV.

PREMEDITATION.

THERE is every reason to believe that the greatest masters of oratory have been most sensible of the value and have most practised premeditation. It is only the young would-be speaker who expects to be great without effort, or whose vanity leads him to impose upon others the belief that he is so—who affects to despise the toil of preparation. One of the biographers of Canning tells us that it is remarkable, that with his broad sense of great faculties in others, he was himself fastidious to excess about the slightest turns of expression. He would correct his speeches, and amend their verbal graces, till he nearly polished out the original spirit. He was not

singular in this. Burke, whom he is said to have closely studied, did the same. Sheridan always prepared his speeches; the highly-wrought passages in the speech on Hastings' impeachment were written beforehand and committed to memory; and the differences were so marked, that the audience could readily distinguish between the extemporaneous passages and those that were premeditated. Mr. Canning's alterations were frequently so minute and extensive, that the printers found it easier to recompose the matter afresh in type than to correct it. This difficulty of choice in diction sometimes springs from *l'embarras des richesses*, but oftener from poverty of resources, and generally indicates a class of intellect which is more occupied with costume than ideas. But here are three instances which set all popular notions of verbal fastidiousness by the ears; for certainly Burke, Canning, and Sheridan were men of capacious talents; and two of them, at least, present extraordinary samples of imagination and practical judgment, running together neck and neck in the race of life to the very goal.

We owe the low state of oratory in this country to a great extent to the false contempt for "cut and dried speeches," till it has come to be considered a sign of weakness for a man to think before he speaks. Archbishop Whately has wisely cautioned young preachers against concluding that because the Apostles spake well without premeditation, that others will speak so, unless, like the Apostles, they are specially *inspired*.

Perhaps, although we use the term, we never have had oratory in England. There is an essential difference between oratory and debating: oratory seems an accomplishment confined to the ancients, unless the French preachers may put in their claim, and some of the Irish lawyers. Mr. Shiel's speech in Kent was a fine oration: and the boobies who taunted him for having got it by rote, were not aware that in doing so he only wisely followed the example of Pericles, Demosthenes,

Lycias, Isocrates, Hortensius, Cicero, Cæsar, and every great orator of antiquity.*

It has been said by a popular writer that Demosthenes not only prompts to vigorous measures, but teaches how they are to be carried into execution. His orations are strongly animated, and full of the impetuosity and ardour of public spirit. His composition is not distinguished by ornament and splendour. It is an energy of thought, peculiarly his own, which forms his character, and raises him above his species. He appears not to attend to words, but to things. We forget the orator, and think of the subject. He has no parade and ostentation ; no *studied* introduction ; but is like a man full of his subject, who, after preparing his audience by a sentence or two, for the reception of plain truths, enters directly on business.

Blair should have said Demosthenes had no *elaborate* exordiums. They were "studied," as is proved by their pertinency and fitness. Demades says that Demosthenes spoke better on some few occasions when he spoke unpremeditatedly. Probably he spoke well in some of these instances, but it was the result of power acquired by premeditation. As a general rule, he who thinks twice before speaking once will speak twice the better for it.

When Macaulay was about to address the House of Commons, his anxious and restless manner betrayed his intention. Still he was regardless of the laugh of the witlings and continued intent on his effort. This is the real courage that does things well—the courage that is neither laughed nor frowned from its purpose.

Macaulay spoke early in the evening before the jarring of the debate confused him, or long attention enfeebled his powers. Only the ignorant despise attention to minute details. When the great Lord Chatham was to appear in public

* "Young Duke," by B. D'Israeli.

he took much pains about his dress, and latterly he arranged his flannels in graceful folds. It need not then detract from our respect for Erskine, that on all occasions he desired to look smart, and that when he went down into the country on special retainers, he anxiously had recourse to all manner of innocent little artifices to aid his purpose. He examined the court the night before the trial, in order to select the most advantageous place for addressing the jury. On the cause being called, the crowded audience were perhaps kept waiting a few minutes before the celebrated stranger made his appearance ; and when, at length, he gratified their impatient curiosity, a particularly nice wig and a pair of new yellow gloves distinguished and embellished his person beyond the ordinary costume of the barrister of the circuit.*

Amid the applause in this chapter bestowed upon Premeditation, it would not be just to omit the ridicule with which it has been visited by the Rev. Sidney Smith. "It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervour of a week old? turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text ; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind, and so affected at a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further." True, "it is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected." But Nature is always fresh—and he who reproduces Nature will always affect. Macready never stabbed his daughter to preserve her honour. Yet every man is moved at his Virginius. As Othello, Macready's "indignation" at Iago is thirty years old, yet we are as much affected by its intensity as on the first day when he displayed it. The speech of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar was "written in German text" in

* Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.

the days of Elizabeth: it was "cut and dried" two hundred years ago. Yet, whatever our satirical canon may say to the contrary, it ceases not to affect us now. A great idea well expressed, or a deep feeling naturally pourtrayed, is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

CHAPTER XVI.

REALITY.

IT was said by Panchand, that Mirabeau was the first man in the world to speak upon a question he knew nothing about. But Mirabeau had the confidence which enabled him to abandon himself to the reality of occasions, and he read the lessons they brought with them, while other men went to books; and, as reality is the most powerful teacher, he was wiser than the encyclopædiasts.

I believe there are no difficulties in the moral or political world, no problem of events, which do not also bring their solutions with them, were we cool enough to read them; but we never trust ourselves to events—we do not believe what we see, or will not see what is before us. We make preconceived opinions, predetermined judgment, overrule new facts. We too often act the part of the man who is so much in love with his bark that he never ventures to sail in it. This is the course to be taken—scan the truth, and, having learned it, trust to subsequent events to illustrate it.

In the Premeditation which I have commended, I do not mean to exclude extempore application of the faculties. An orator should go to the rostrum to announce conclusions, not to form them. In this I persist; but having laid the scene, I would leave him free to manage it as he pleased. Let him take advantage of the tide of feeling, temper, and exclama-

tions of the meeting ; but unless he is firm in a previous purpose, these things will take advantage of him, and carry him away from his subject, instead of his carrying away the audience.

*Hic Rhodus ; hic salta.** Do no not wait for a change of outward circumstances ; but take your circumstances as they are, and make the best of them. This saying, which was meant to shame a braggart, will admit of a very different and profounder application. Goethe has changed the postulate of Archimedes, "Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world," into the precept, "Make good thy standing-place, and move the world." This is what he did throughout his life.†

Abandonment to reality is the source of presence of mind —an indispensable element of oratorical greatness. It is storied that Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, and determining that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, he told a candidate about to preach a trial sermon at the Royal Chapel, that he would himself furnish him with a text from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The clergyman accepted the proposition. The whim of such a probationary discourse was spread abroad, and at an early hour the Royal Chapel was crowded to excess. The king arrived at the end of the prayers, and, on the candidate ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aids-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written therein. He did not, however, in so critical a moment, lose his presence of mind ; but turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing—out of nothing God created all things," and he proceeded to deliver an admirable discourse

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* "Here is Rhodes; leap here."—*Old Fable.*
† Guesses at Truth. By two Brothers.

upon the wonders of the creation. This man deserved the appointment.

A good converse story is told in Chambers' Scottish Jest Book of a minister who had a custom of writing the heads of his discourse on small slips of paper, which he placed on the Bible before him, to be used in succession. One day, when he was explaining the second head, he got a little warm in the harness, and came down with such a thump upon the Bible with his hand, that the ensuing slip fell over the edge of the pulpit, though unperceived by himself. On reaching the end of his second head, he looked down for the third slip ; but, alas ! it was not to be found. "Thirdly," he cried, looking round him with great anxiety. After a little pause, "Thirdly," again he exclaimed ; but still no thirdly appeared. "Thirdly, I say, my brethren," pursued the bewildered clergyman ; but not another word could he utter. At this point, while the congregation were partly sympathising in his distress, and partly rejoicing in such a decisive instance of the impropriety of using notes in preaching—which has always been an unpopular thing in the Scotch clergy—an old woman rose up, and thus addressed the preacher :—"If I'm no mista'en, sir, I saw thirdly flee out at the east window, a quarter of an hour syne." It is impossible for any but a Scotchman to conceive how much this account of the loss of thirdly was relished by that part of the congregation which condemned the use of notes.

Before writing or speaking it is of great service to try the matter over, by telling it to a critical friend, or explaining it to some one utterly ignorant of it. By these trials of reality, objections may be learned, impediments to conviction be discovered, and simplicity of enunciation acquired. If you have to speak of topics before thus maturing your power over them, supply a relay of telling points—so that when coherency fails you, you can have recourse to a striking thought. Few will discover its want of relevance. The majority always mistake brilliancy for eloquence. But, remember, this expedient will

only save you with the vulgar, the well informed are not thus to be imposed on.

The neglect of the study of reality is, perhaps, nowhere so apparent as in the construction of controversial books. Authors satisfy themselves with inventing the arguments of their opponents—when the easiest and most satisfactory course is to extract the most powerful reasoning the other side has produced. By this course real objectors could be answered instead of imaginary ones. The neglect of this precaution was strikingly manifested in a work published some time ago entitled "Torrington Hall."

CHAPTER XVII.

EFFECTIVENESS.

EFFECTIVENESS lies in proportion. Not in the beauty of a pillar or the finish of a frieze, but in the command which the whole building has over the spectator—and not in the brilliance of a passage, but in the coherence of the whole lies the effectiveness of a speech or a book.

Foremost in effectiveness stands purpose. Better say nothing than not to the purpose. Nothing should attract the main attention to itself. The chief merit of any part is its subserviency to the whole design. When parts are praised, a speaker is said to have brilliance—when the whole impresses, he is said to have power.

"The editor of Shelley's posthumous poems apologises for the publication of some fragments in a very incomplete state, by remarking how much more than every other poet of the present day, every line and word he wrote is instinct with beauty. Let no man sit down to write with the purpose of making every line and word beautiful and peculiar. The only

effect of such an endeavour will be to corrupt his judgment and confound his understanding."*

A few generalities may be mentioned, attention to which will conduce to effectiveness. Avoid rant—study simplicity; abjure affectation—be natural. The natural voice is heard the farthest, and the natural affects the soonest. "The costly charm of the ancient tragedy, and, indeed, of all the old literature, is, that the persons speak simply—speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it."† Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. Earnestness and simplicity carry all before them. On Thiers' first appearance in the French Chamber, he experienced an almost universally unfavourable reception, from certain personal peculiarities, over the effect of which he soon triumphed. In person, Thiers is almost diminutive, with an expression of countenance, though intellectual, reflective and sarcastic, far from possessing the traits of beauty. The face itself, small in form, as befits the body, is encumbered with a pair of spectacles so large that, when peering over the marble edge of the long narrow pulpit, yclept the tribune, whence all speakers address the Chamber, it is described as appearing suspended to the two orbs of crystal. With such an exterior, presenting something of the ludicrous, so fatal to the effect, especially in volatile France, M. Thiers, full of the impassioned eloquence of his favourite revolutionary orators, essayed to impart those thrilling emotions recorded of Mirabeau. The attempt provoked derision, but only for a moment. In his new sphere, as in the others he had passed through, he soon outshone competition. Subsiding into the oratory *natural* to him, *simple*, vigorous, and rapid, he approved himself one of the most formidable of parliamentary champions.

Bentham has made a wise remark on prolixity, which may

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* Henry Taylor. Preface to Philip Van Artevelde.
† Emerson.

teach the student a just use in the measure of words. "Prolixity," says Bentham, "may be where redundancy is not. Prolixity may arise not only from the multifarious insertion of unnecessary articles, but from the conservation of too many necessary ones in a sentence; as a workman may be overladen not only with rubbish, which is of no use for him to carry, but with materials the most useful and necessary, when heaped up in loads too heavy for him at once. The point is, therefore, to distribute the materials of the several divisions of the fabric into parcels that may be portable without fatigue. There is a limit to the lifting powers of each man, beyond which all attempts only charge him with a burthen to him immoveable. There is in like manner a limit to the grasping power of man's apprehension, beyond which if you add article to article, the whole shrinks from under his utmost efforts." "Too much is seldom enough," say the authors of "Guesses at Truth." "Pumping after your bucket is full prevents it keeping so."

Proportion of time as well as proportion of parts is essential, both for the sake of the speaker's strength, as well as the hearer's patience. Whitfield is reported to have said, that a man, with the eloquence of an angel, ought not to exceed forty minutes in the length of a sermon, and it is well known that Wesley seldom exceeded thirty. "I have almost always found," says another eminent preacher, "that the last fifteen minutes of a sermon an hour in length, was worse than lost, both upon the speaker and congregation." There is practical wisdom in these remarks. A man who determines to speak but a short time is more likely to command the highest energy for his effort, and to speak with sustained power. Half-an-hour is time enough for immortality. Mirabeau achieved it by efforts of less duration.

Here it may be observed that a man who intends to be brief and comprehensive will seldom need notes to assist him. In cases where time cannot be commanded to master the sub-

ject in the memory, notes are better than the risk of anxiety or forgetfulness. Generally speaking, a subject deeply felt and fully understood will make itself a place in the memory.

The chief quality in the success of the late Sir William Follett, consisted in his confining himself to what he understood. This was the basis on which his tact rested. He knew where his strength lay, and kept there. Of the "Lowell Offering," published by Knight some time since, the "Times" said, "It is the production of factory girls in Lowell—the American Manchester—and we much doubt if all the duchesses in England could write as much and so seldom offend against good taste. The secret of these girls' success in writing arises from their writing only about what they know—common life and their own affairs." He who seeks any kind of effectiveness will do well to remember the incidental lesson conveyed in these words. A frequent cause of failure with young lecturers is neglecting to find a point of common understanding between themselves and their auditors. They do not comprehend the philosophy of exordium. Much rhetorical wisdom may be gathered from the mathematician's example. We know that the geometer would in vain reason with others unless axioms were previously agreed upon for reference. So with an audience. If they do not agree with the speaker as to the premises from which he reasons, the audience have no standard by which they can test his conclusions. Hence, though he may confound them, yet he will never convince them.

It is in this sense that those who would improve the public must "write down" to the public. They may, and they ought, to elevate the public by their sentiments, but they must found their reasoning on what the populace understand and admit, or they reason in vain. The people must be taken at what they are, and elevated to what they should be.

Young men, poetical from ardour, and enthusiastic from passion rather than principle, will often rush from libraries

crammed with lore, with which nobody else is familiar, and pour out before an audience what the speaker believes to be both sublime and impressive, but which his hearers cannot understand. They grow listless and restless, and he retires overwhelmed with a sense of failure. A. B., a young friend of considerable promise, thus failed in my presence. I endeavoured thus to divert his despondency.

"Failures," I urged, "are with heroic minds the stepping-stones to success."

"Why have I not succeeded?" he asked—"I can never hope to say better things of my own than I said to-night of others."

"The cause of your non-success is obvious, you commenced by addressing your auditors as men, and you left them as children.

"A young preacher who had ascended the pulpit with great confidence, but who broke down in the middle of his sermon, was met by Rowland Hill as he was rushing from the pulpit. 'Young man,' said Rowland, 'had you ascended the pulpit in the spirit in which you descend, you would have descended in the spirit in which you ascended.' Something of this kind will explain your case. In your exordium you should address your auditors as though they were children, state your arguments as though they were learners, and in your peroration only assume them to be men. On the threshold of a new subject men are as children—during its unfoldment they are learners: only when the subject is mastered are they as men with manhood's power to execute their convictions. Had it struck you that probably no man of your audience was familiar with the habits of society in the days of Spenser's 'Faery Queene,' or of the high and mystic imaginings of the solitary Paracelsus, would not the thought have caused you to recast your whole lecture? Take care that you do not render yourself amenable to the sarcasm of Swift, who when Burnet said, speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil war, 'The crowds

were far beyond the capacity of their churches, or the reach of their voices,' Swift added, 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'"

The error of A. B. became evident to him. It is an error that many perpetually commit. In courts of equity the judges first distinguish by their approval those young barristers who unfold a case with simplicity, and make lucid the points at issue. Auditors are the judges in popular assemblies, and their first applause is bestowed on the clear-headed speaker.

Another source of failure is, that the young lecturer is too little impressed with the wide application of the philosophy of controversy. The discipline of debate should enter into every oration.

It is for this reason that speaking requires to be in some degree verbose. In writing we may be brief, suggestive, and epigrammatic, because each word remains to be pondered over. But that which falls on the ear not being so permanent as that which falls on paper, fullness and many-lighted treatment is indispensable.

The "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" has the following practical synopsis of the leading characteristics which conduce to effectiveness :—"As regards the style which speakers should use for the public, it is clear that a style *too terse* is unintelligible to the majority, while the remedy usually adopted, that of using a prolix and amplifying mode of expression, is repugnant to the public, who never fail to desert a speaker who employs it. The better plan is to use brief and terse sentences, and often repeat the same idea, not by a mere substitution of terms, but by a different arrangement of the members, reversing the premises, or conclusion, etc., never forgetting in the repetition always to use terse sentences. Burke is for this an admirable model.

"While it is always preferable to use short sentences, it

must not be supposed that long sentences are always to be avoided. Long sentences, with a proper arrangement of their members, so that the audience may know what is aimed at, and not be compelled to re-read, or call back to memory, a sentence just uttered, are by no means obnoxious. If they induce trouble, by requiring a second reference, they cause ambiguity, because readers and auditors will not willingly give themselves this trouble. It is a common fault with authors to suppose a clause intelligible, because on *their* reading it appears to suit: but they forget that when they peruse it they know what is coming, which is more than can be expected of an audience. Hence it frequently happens that the best read and the best informed are frequently the worst expounders of their particular subjects of thought and study.

"In laying before the public any exposition, it is absolutely essential to avoid all nice distinctions that please, and indeed are necessary to a discourse in the closet. The oration is similar to a large picture to be viewed at a distance, where nice lines are unseen, or perhaps annoying, while broad, nay, sometimes vulgar strokes are seen, admired, and, consequently, effective.

"In preparing for the press, as the style was in the former case reversed from the nicety of an essay, it must be again turned to its original propriety.

"As regards delivery, it is not advisable to adopt any system of studied action, modulation of voice, or mimicry of others, but merely to thoroughly understand the subject; and, reading or speaking, according to sense, allow nature to modulate the voice in her own way, which will inevitably be the best.

"In speaking, it has often been a matter of deep and curious consideration that a person will explain his views to a single individual in such terms as to force conviction in many instances, and where he fails the exposition would be just such a one as would please an audience: it is notorious that what

will not convince one or two will be most effective on many persons: yet while he can succeed in the more difficult task with one or two, when he comes before an audience he is totally abashed, and cannot utter two consecutive sentences with propriety, energy, or sense. An analysis proves this bashfulness to be concomitant with other phenomena: 1st. The increased liveliness of sympathy with numbers; 2nd. The constant and free operation of this sympathy thus lively throughout the entire audience. The bashfulness of a speaker may therefore be attributable to intricate action and re-action of these several sympathies. There is, 1st, the sympathy of the speaker with the audience; 2nd, the fact that the speaker knows how each individual sympathises with him; and 3d, the knowledge of the speaker of the great sympathy existing between all the members of the audience.

"It is therefore necessary that the speaker should endeavour to lose sight of himself in the audience, and be guided and inspired wholly by the subject, having full confidence in his views, and in the necessary relations of things to render an exposition so attempted perfectly successful. This is the reason that vulgar speakers so frequently succeed. Their very eccentricities and vulgarities show the honesty and earnestness of purpose, and it is that that never fails to prosper."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASTERY.

IT is truly held by great teachers that the most useful lesson the young thinker has to master is to learn one thing at a time. Experience tells us that it is also the most difficult. He is initiated into the art of thinking (power of consecutiveness is the principal sign of this art), who can think of one

thing at a time, and he is *master* of the art who can think of *any* one thing, when he pleases. That which distracts and discourages the young student is confounding the steps of progress with the results and displays of perfection. He confounds the elements of an art with the refinement of its mastery. Let him observe the gradations between incipient efforts and remote excellence, and the perplexity is cleared up, the difficulty surmounted, the discouragement dissipated.

When Dr. Black had a class of young men at the Reform Association, he disciplined them in rhetoric by causing each to marshal his discourse on a chosen theme under certain heads. These once gone over he required these heads to be spoken upon by inversion, beginning probably with the peroration, continuing with the argument, taking afterwards the statement, or other division belonging to the theme, and ending with the exordium. Not until a member could speak equally well on any one head, and in any order, was he deemed master of his subject.

Professor de Morgan, who is considered the greatest of our mathematical teachers, remarks in a paper which he furnished to Dr. Lardner's Geometry, that to number the *parts* of propositions, is the *only* way of understanding them. Indeed all great teachers admit that to identify *details* and grasp the *whole* are the two indices of proficiency.

Margaret Fuller relates how backwoodsmen of America, whom she visited, would sit by their log fire at night and tell "rough pieces out of their lives." This disintegration of events by men strong of will and full of matter, in order to set distinct parts before auditors, is a sign of that power which we call mastery. The ability of the backwoodsman would be natural ability; but all ability is the same in nature, though different in refinement. Ability is, always, power under command.

A barrister will occasionally state a complex case to the jury before him, beginning with the simplest circumstance,

continuing with the more difficult, arranging the facts in such order that the series throw light on the most obscure—that the whole case may be fully understood. When he feels this to be accomplished, he returns, recapitulates, extracts those points that are to have most weight, and puts them before the attention in the most prominent and forcible manner, and, if his brief will afford it, like Fitzroy Kelly, he sheds tears to make his rhetoric pathetic. Without this power of statement, analysation, and enforcement of special facts at will, a man is not master of his subject—his subject is rather master of him.

In learning grammar, the parts of speech have first to be distinguished—nouns, verbs, descriptives. When these can be identified instantly, and in any order—when their signs are evident on cursory inspection, parsing is surmounted. When the inflections of these words are as readily perceived, another stage of progress is ensured. When the subject, attribute, and object of a sentence, are readily known, a third point is attained. There is a natural order of speech—the order of the understanding, the order in which the subject is placed first, the affirmation second, the object last. When these positions can be transposed with ease, and the sense preserved, an additional portion of power is attained. When compound sentences can be broken up into short ones—and distinct fragments of meaning expressed, one by one, the power of perspicuity is acquired. When the different circumstances in any narrative can be taken in at a glance, and the speaker or writer can fix upon those which are most likely to arrest attention and arrange them so as to produce this effect without losing the thread or coherence of truth—the power of impressiveness is reached. After this comes the ability to put short clauses first, longer ones next, and the lengthiest last, so as to fill the ear without marring the meaning or weakening the force. When this can be done, the power of elegance is possessed. When propositions can be stated with perspicuity, supported by cogent facts, and arranged with transpa-

rent method ; when the enunciation is distinct, manly, and sonorous, when similitude or imagery can be introduced, illuminating the subject by the light of wit, sinking it by ridicule or elevating it by symbol, thrilling by pathos, or irresistibly impressing by rapid condensation—when a speaker can employ these weapons at pleasure—holding them at command with the grasp of a lion, and disposing them with the absolute will of a king—he has reached the summit of the rhetorical art ; and if animated with a sublime purpose, may influence, like Demosthenes or Mirabeau, the destinies of men.

Besides these there are other signs of mastery. Whewell thinks that we are never master of anything till we do it both well and unconsciously. But there is no test of proficiency so instructive as that put by George Sand into the mouth of Porpora, in her novel of Consuelo. When Consuelo, on the occasion of a trial performance, manifests some apprehension as to the result, Porpora sternly reminds her, that if there is room in her mind for misgiving as to the judgment of others, it is proof that she is not filled with the true love of art, which would so absorb her whole thoughts as to leave her insensible to the opinions of others—and that if she distrusted her own powers it was plain they were not yet her powers, else they could not play her false. Porpora suggested the most instructive sign of mastery. The true love of art, like the perfect sense of duty, casteth out fear. And when study and discipline have done their proper work, failure is impossible : we do not tremble at the result of the trial of our powers, we are rather anxious for the opportunity and quite confident as to the result.

PART III.

APPLIED POWERS.

CHAPTER XIX.

CRITICISM.

ASSUMING that the various principles discussed in this treatise are practical and relevant, the application of them to the judgment, to literary and oratorical efforts, will be Criticism. For instance, after what has been said under the head of Effectiveness, the assenting reader will be prepared to pronounce that no work, consisting of many pages, should have detached and distinguishable beauties in every one of them. No great work indeed should have many beauties ; if it were perfect, it would have but one, and that but faintly perceptible, except on a view of the whole. After what has been said in reference to the individuality resulting from Method, the reader of the works of the facetious American satirist, Paulding, will be able to decide to what extent he has the fault, in common with some others, of labelling his characters, gay, sedate, or cynical, as the case may be, with descriptive names, as if doubtful of their possessing sufficient individuality to be otherwise distinguished. If a hero cannot make himself known in his action and conversation, he is not worth bringing upon the boards. The student who coincides with what has been explained relative to Brevity, will on reading such a passage as this—"Nicias asked merely for quarter for the miserable *remains* of his troops *who had not perished* in the Asinarius,

or upon its banks"*—be at no loss in discovering the superfluous information given, that Nicias asked for quarter for those who "had not perished." No general asks for quarter for those who have. The same writer tells us, that "Discipline yielded to the pressure of necessity. They hurried down the steep in confusion and without order, and trod one another to death in the stream." Necessity is all "pressure," and it is not necessary to specify the essence of a thing as operative. It is needless to tell us that men all "in confusion" "were without order."

When we discover a number of emphatic words employed, we know the writer or speaker has no consciousness of measure. He either has no strength or he does not know where it lies. "When Rigby," says D'Israeli, "was of opinion he had made a point, you may be sure the hit was in *italics*, that last resource of the forcible feebles."

To tell your feelings on reading a book is one way of criticising its beauties. This rule was suggested to Gibbon on reading Longinus. The appeal to nature is here, as elsewhere, the purest guide.

One can only conceive of Hamlet by tracing out men. Brutus has first to be found in society. He who has never seen the majesty of a noble nature will hardly conceive it well. How can we test the orator's skill, or player's art, but by rules founded by ourselves on observation?

"It belongs," says Schlegel, "to the general philosophical theory of poetry and the other fine arts, to establish the fundamental laws of the beautiful. Ordinarily, men entertain a very erroneous notion of Criticism, and understand by it nothing more than a certain shrewdness in detecting and exposing the faults of a work of art." In the search for the beautiful, he continues—"everything must be traced up to the root of human nature. Art cannot exist without nature, and man can

* Mavor's History of Greece, chap. xi.

give nothing to his fellow men but himself. The groundwork of human nature is everywhere the same; but in our investigations we may observe, that throughout the whole range of nature there is no elementary power so simple, but that it is capable of dividing and diverging into opposite directions. The whole play of vital motion hinges on harmony and contrast."*

It would be treason to truth—an affectation of philanthropy—to systematically conceal primary errors, or gloze over influential faults. It will ever be the province of Criticism to notice such in the spirit of improvement. But at length the principle has been established in literature, that perfection is better advanced by the applause of excellence than by the eternal descantation on defects. Human nature has been analysed, and it is found that more is to be gained by appealing to the sentiment of the beautiful than by exciting the horror of deformity. This is now Criticism's admitted canon—demonstrated beyond the power of prejudice to distort, or of wilfulness to neglect. This principle is not, or should not be, understood as warranting the reviewer in conniving at error, but only as making his chief province to be the genial recognition of artistic truth. Criticism still keeps watch and ward in the towers of Truth, that no enemy from the camps of Error shall steal into its dominions; but it is ever anxious to welcome and to admit all followers of Progression, even though they may not exactly possess society's accredited passport.

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* Dramatic Art and Literature, chap. i.

CHAPTER XX.

DEBATE.

DEBATE is a great advantage, and when you win a sincere and able man to discuss with you, enter upon the exercise with gratitude. Your opponent may be the enemy of your opinions, but he is the friend of your improvement. The more ably he confronts you, the more he serves you, if you have but the wisdom to profit by it. The gods, it is said, have not given to mortals the privilege of seeing themselves as others see them—but, by a happy compensation in human affairs, it is given to candid friends to supply what fate denies: and though candour does not imply infallibility, it always includes instruction—it affords that indispensable light of contrast which enables you to discover the truth if hidden from you, or to display the truth if you possess it.

A good writer, says Godwin, must have that ductility of thought that shall enable him to put himself in the place of his reader, and not suffer him to take it for granted, because he understands himself, that every one who comes to him for information will understand him. He must view his phrases on all sides, and be aware of all the senses of which they are susceptible. But this facility can nowhere be so certainly acquired as in debate, which is evidently a discipline as serviceable to the writer as to the speaker.

All investigation should commence without prepossession, and end without dogmatism. Each disputant should be more anxious to explain, than to defend, his opinion.

As an established truth is that which is generally received after it has been generally examined in a fair field of inquiry, it is evident that though truth may be discovered by research, it can only be established by debate. It is a mistake to

suppose that it can be taught absolutely by itself. We learn truth by contrast. It is only when opposed to error that we witness truth's capabilities, and feel its full power.

Oral investigation claims especial attention, because, to a great extent, it ensures that its results shall be carried into practice. The pen develops principles, but it is the tongue that chiefly stimulates to action.

Discussion after public addresses would be of great public value. The discipline, to both speaker and hearers, would be greatly salutary. The argument against it, that it would lead to strife and discord, is the very reason why it should be practised. Men are very childish intellectually, while in that state in which debate must be prohibited. If they be children, train them in the art of debate until they are translated into men.

To admit debate after an address, it is said, enables factious individuals to destroy the effect of what has been said. When unanimity of opinion comes, discussion will fall into disuse, but till it does come (and debate alone can bring it) discussion must be borne. It is the fault of the lecturer if any one is able to destroy the effect of his lecture.

As a general rule, discussions set and accidental, are good. A twofold reality by their means is brought to bear on the public understanding, more exciting than that of any other intellectual agency. An opinion that is worth holding is worth diffusing, and to be diffused it must be thought about; and when men think on true principles they become adherents —but only those adherents are worth having who have thought on *both* sides, and discussion alone makes them do that well. True, men may *read* on both sides; but it seldom happens that men who are impressed by one side care to read the other. In discussions they are obliged to hear both sides. If men do read both sides, unless they read a "Discussion," they do not find all the facts on one side specially considered on the other. In a discussion read, unless read at one sitting, the

strength of an impression and the clearness of the argument on one side is partly lost before the opponent's side is perused. But in an oral debate, the adaptation of fact to fact is complete as far as it perhaps can be—the *pro* and *con* are heard successively, the light of contrast is full and clear, and both sides are weighed at the same time, when the eye is sharply fixed on the balance. It matters not whether the disputants argue for victory or truth. If they are intellectual gladiators, so much the better. The stronger they are, the mightier the battle, and the more instructive the conflict. It is said that people come out of such discussions as they go into them, that the same partisans shout or hiss on the same side all through. This is not always true, and no matter if it is. The work of conviction is often done, though the audience may not show it. They may break your head, and afterwards own you were right. Human pride forbids the confession, but change is effected in spite of pride. But if an audience remain the same at night, they will not be the same the next morning. I rather like to contemplate that conviction which is *begun* in discussion, not *ended* there. He who hastily changes is to be suspected of weakness or carelessness. The steady and deliberate thinker, who takes time to consider, is the safest convert.

If you invite opposition, do it with circumspection. Never debate for the sake of debating. It lowers the character of debate. The value of free speech is too great to be trifled with. Seek conflict only with sincere men. Concede to your opponent the first word and the last. Let him appoint the chairman. Let him speak double time if he desires it. Debate is objected to as an exhibition in which disputants try to surprise, outwit, take advantage of, and discomfit each other. To obviate this objection, explain to your opponent the outline of the course you intend to pursue, acquaint him with the books you shall quote, the authorities you shall cite, the propositions you shall endeavour to prove, and the concessions

you shall demand. And do this without expecting the same at his hands. He will not now be taken by surprise. He will be pre-warned and pre-armed. He will have time to prepare, and if the truth is in him it ought to come out.

If you feel that you cannot give all these advantages to your opponent, suspect yourself and suspect your side of the question. Every conscientious and decided man believes his views to be true, and if consistent he believes them to be impregnable. Neither in minutes, months, nor years, are they to be refuted. Then a man so persuaded may despise petty advantages, and enable his opponent to arm himself beforehand.

In another particular, discussions were esteemed unsatisfactory. When statement and reply have been made, then came the reply to the reply, and then the reply to that, till the cavil seemed endless, perplexing, and tiresome.

Now the object of discussion is not the vexatious chase of an opponent, but the contrastive and current statement of opinion. Therefore endeavour to select leading opinions, to state them strongly and clearly, and when your opponent replies, be content to leave his arguments side by side with your own, for the judgment of the auditors. In no case disparage an opponent, mis-state his views, or torture his words, and thus, for the sake of a verbal triumph, produce lasting ill-feelings. Your sole business is with *what* he says, not *how* he says it, nor *why* he says it. Your aim should be that the audience should lose sight of the speakers, and be possessed with the subject—and that those who come the partisans of persons shall depart the partisans of principles. The victory in a debate lies not in lowering an opponent, but in raising the subject in public estimation. Controversial wisdom lies not in destroying an opponent, but in destroying his error—not in making him ridiculous so much as in making the audience wise.

Debate requires self-possession—a power to think on your

legs. But even in debate, the victory is oftener with the foregone than with the impromptu thinker. A man who knows his subject well will be forearmed. He alone can distinctly see the points in dispute, and the nature of the proof or disproof necessary to settle the question.

At the threshold of controversy it is well to define all leading terms, which should never be used in any other than the settled sense. A common standard of appeal should be agreed upon. The question at issue should be stated so clearly that it cannot possibly be misunderstood. No opponent should be accepted whose sincerity you cannot assume, as it must never be questioned in debate. Find no fault with his grammar, manner, intentions, tone, whatever may be the provocation. Attend only to the matter. Hear all things without impatience and without emotion. Let your opponent fully exhaust his matter. Encourage him to say whatever he thinks relevant. Many persons believe in the magnitude of their positions, because they have never been permitted to state them to others—and when they have once delivered themselves of their opinions, they often find for the first time how insignificant they are. There are some persons whom nobody can confute but themselves. When you distinguish such, your proper business is to let them do it. Learn to satisfy yourself and to present a conclusive statement of your opinions, and when you have done so, have the courage to abide by it. If you cannot trust your statement to be canvassed by others—if you feel anxious to add some additional remark at every step—if reply from your opponent begets reply from you, suspect your knowledge of your own case and withdraw it for further reflection. Master as completely as you can your opponent's theories, and state his case with the greatest fairness, and, if possible, state it with more force against yourself than your opponent can. The observance of this rule will teach you two things—your opponent's strength or weakness, and your own also. If you *cannot* state your opponent's case

you do not know it, and if you do not know it you are not in a fit state to argue against it. If you *dare not* state your opponent's case in its greatest force, you feel it to be stronger than your own, and in that case you *ought not* to argue against it.

The course here suggested will be as useful to truth as to the disputant. Great prejudice may often be disarmed by thus daring it. In this manner Gibbon delivered his argument in favour of an hereditary monarchy. "Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in the world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate, without an indignant smile, that, on the father's decease, the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself; and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity! Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in the most dazzling colours, but our serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice, that establishes a rule of succession independent of the passions of mankind; and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient which deprives the multitude of the dangerous, and indeed the ideal, power of giving themselves a master." We often hold by an opinion from the belief that those who dissent from it do not know its full bearings as we do, or they would be of our opinion too: but when, as in the case of Gibbon, we are instructed that our opponent perfectly understands our case, and states its strongest points, we feel that justice has been done to us, and we are the more disposed to acquiesce in an adverse judgment, come to after we have been fully heard.

What Dr. Paley has delineated with respect to a written controversy is not inapplicable to an oral debate. The fair way of conducting a dispute is to exhibit one by one the arguments of your opponent, and with each argument the pre-

cise and specific answer you are able to give it. If this method be not so common, nor found so convenient as might be expected, the reason is, because it suits not always with the designs of a writer, which are no more perhaps than to make a *book*; to confound some arguments, and to keep others out of sight; to leave what is called an impression upon the reader, without any care to inform him of the proofs or principles by which his opinion should be governed. With such views it may be consistent to despatch objections, by observing of some "that they are old," and, therefore, like certain drugs, have lost, we may suppose, their strength; of others, that "they have long since received an answer;" which implies, to be sure, a confutation; to attack straggling remarks, and decline the main reasoning, as "mere declamation;" to pass by one passage because it is "long-winded," another because the answerer "has neither leisure nor inclination to enter into the discussion of it," to produce extracts and quotations, which, taken alone, imperfectly, if at all, express their author's meaning; to dismiss a stubborn difficulty with a "reference," which, ten to one, the reader never looks at; and, lastly, in order to give the whole a certain fashionable air of candour and moderation, to make a concession or two which nobody thanks him for, or yield up a few points which it is no longer any credit to maintain.

It will be evident that this minuteness of reply could not be undertaken without reference to the importance of the question at issue and the abilities of the opponent. Such elaborate pains belong only to great occasions.

It is not necessary always to demonstrate the validity of a given position. To show the impotence of the opposite is often quite sufficient.

It is recorded in the historical memoirs of Curran, that his general practice as a lawyer, when engaged for the defence, was rather to rely on the weakness to which he could reduce

the case of his opponents than on the strength of his own, except on very peculiar occasions.

Be very careful of generalisation—utter no wholesale censure. It will nearly always be wrong. Classify the partisans of opinions which you confute. You will reduce your opponents, and gain in justice and force ; for when you confound objectors together, you outrage all and convince few. If you *can* distinguish classes, address but one class at a time.

Upon the general rules proper for conducting a debate it is hardly possible to enter. Even public meetings in this country are conducted on the crudest principles. If men were commonly intelligent, and many were disposed to take part in public meetings, it would be impossible that any business could be transacted under several days. The assumption that *every* man has a right to be heard, could not be acted upon if half who usually attend public meetings were to enforce that "right."

When a speech or lecture is debated, each disputant expects to occupy the same time as the speaker, which often prevents more than one being heard in reply. But a short time for several might be fixed, and thus combine discipline with disputation. Brevity of time would induce directness and brevity of speech—it is not the work of any one speaker, but the work of many to attack the whole lecture, and each should select a leading point, and ten minutes would afford time for a very effective objection, if one could be raised.

At public meetings, where many opposing parties often struggle to be heard, confusion, delay, and ill-feeling might be obviated, by each party pre-appointing a representative of ability, in whom confidence could be reposed to speak on their behalf, and by those calling the meeting being made acquainted with, and consenting to the arrangement, the views of half-a-dozen parties could be advocated, where the views of one are heard but inadequately and impatiently now.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAWS OF PERSONALITIES.

The first problem that has to be solved by the people is one of fraternisation. If we wait till unity of opinion on all points is generated before we co-operate together, reforms will be delayed for ages. The only mode whereby public success can be achieved in our day is by the union on general points, of men differing on infinite particulars. But personalities constitute a serious danger. The only way to disarm them is to brave them. To court personalities is fatal to union ; to shun them, fatal to reputation. The friends of a cause ought to be able to dare all opinions. And all opinions might be dared by those in the right. There can be no quarrel unless *two* parties engage in it. And it is always in the power of one party to prevent it by refusing to be a party to it. No man can quarrel with another without that other's consent. Hence the veto of peace and amity is always in the hands of one of the disputants. It is often a duty to notice individual error. It is often indispensable. But the execution of such a duty would not be so distasteful to the public as it now is, were it not for the unskilful manner in which it is generally done. If, when objections to a public man must be made, if they were well selected, and singly urged, without ill-will, and when once presented left as a public warning, the practice would be felt to be useful and tolerable. Instead of this course, a miscellaneous fire is extended to every imaginable peccadillo, and conjectures called in when facts are exhausted, until what was, or should be, intended as a public lesson, becomes a gratification of private resentment. When retaliation usurps the desire to improve another, the contest sinks into personalities.

I have often sent pupils out together in pairs to talk, with

all deliberation and caution, and to note how many expletives they employ, how many errors they commit, how insequential are their thoughts, and how inexact their language. Indeed, how few men have disciplined themselves in these respects! How few ready, florid writers, or speakers, are precise! How few men have the power of being coherent! How much is said which is never meant, even by those who are most careful! How few ever acquire the habit of thinking before they speak! Passing from common life, let the experience of the bar and the closet be heard. Does not the shrewd lawyer, whose whole life is one long laborious study of accuracy, perpetually find the Act of Parliament, upon which many have laboured, open to three or four interpretations? And does not the philosopher daily regret the vagueness of human language? Then on what principle of good sense can we, without most patient deliberation, hurl at each other obnoxious epithets?

What eloquence is more touching than that of a simple tale of actual wrong? The very absence of passion gives it force. The dispassionateness of its relation infuses the air of truth. The presence of passion leads us to suspect the partisan, and invective is felt to be the twin brother of exaggeration. Strength is always calm in battle. Truth imparts repose—the suffrage of mankind is always on the side of dignity. Disputants instinctively bear out the truth of all this. When a man feels that he has a strong case, we have therefore no excitement, no self-returned verdict. A man who thinks he has a clear case, always feels he may safely leave it to the judgment of others. No barrister makes a long speech to the jury when the evidence is all on his side. Fitzroy Kelly never sheds tears except when he has a Tawell to defend.

All which should be done for the adjustment of a difference is, that a man should quietly understate his case—that he should make no material assertion unaccompanied by the proof, that he should make the fairest allowance for his rival's excite-

ment, put the best possible construction on his words and acts, and leave the matter there. All whose suffrages are worth having will make the proper award on his side, without further trouble on his part. The reason of so many departures from this rule is the want of courage or the want of sense. It is a common opinion, that if a man does not bluster and retort, that he is deficient in spirit. It is this apprehension which betrays weak men into violence, and to prove themselves independent they become rude and insolent, and mistake the part of the bravo for that of the hero. But a man of disciplined intelligence knows that courage always pursues its own resolute way without noise or ostentation, firmly preserves its independence, stands immoveable in frankness and kindness, corrects misrepresentation, repairs any injury it may have done, silences slander with the truth, and goes on its way. No wise man answers a fool according to his folly. He shows that it *is* folly, and abandons it to die by its own hands.

A few years ago, a couple of Dutchmen, Von Vampt and Van Bones, lived on friendly terms on the high hills of Limestone. At last they fell out over a dog. Von Vampt killed Van Bones' canine companion. Bones, choosing to assume the killing to have been intentional, sued Vampt for damages. They were called in due time into court, when the defendant in the case was asked by the judge whether he killed the dog. "Pe sure I kilt him," said Vampt, "but let Bones prove it." This being quite satisfactory, the plaintiff in the action was called on to answer a few questions, and among others he was asked by the judge at what amount he estimated the damages. He did not well understand the question, and so, to be a little plainer, the judge inquired what he thought the dog to be worth? "Pe sure," replied Bones, "the dog was worth nothing, but since he was so mean as to kill him, he shall pay de full value of him." How many suits have occupied the attention of courts—how many contests have engaged the time of the public. and have been waged with virulence and invective,

having no more worthy difference than that of Von Vampt and Van Bones !

At every step, however, we are admonished how conscientiously a man can be in the wrong. Many enter the quagmire of recrimination as a matter of duty rather than taste. The question is commonly put, "Ought we not to state all we know to be true ?" I answer, no ; unless it can be shown to be useful. Every man knows a thousand things which are true, but which it would advantage nobody to hear. When we essay to speak, the rule is imperative that we speak the truth, absolutely and truly the truth, if one may write so paradoxically ; but of *what* truth we will communicate, good sense must be the judge—utility the measure. If all truth must be published without regard to propriety, William Rufus, who drew a tooth per day from a rich Jew's head, to induce him to tell where his treasures were concealed, was a great moral philosopher. "Well, but what a man believes to be true and useful may he not state ?" will be inquired of me. I answer, no ; unless he can *prove* it. If every man stated his *suspicions*, no character would be safe from aspersion—society would be a universal school for scandal. Suspicion is the food of slander. What public man is at this hour safe from it ? There is already more actual evil in existence than the virtuous are likely soon to correct ; and little necessity exists for suspicion to supply hypothetical cases. "But to bring the question to the point," observes the reader, "if two disputants have respectively 'proved' the fitness of the epithets they have mutually applied, are they not justified in having used them ?" I answer, avoid it as often as possible. It is the complainant usurping the province of the jury and the judge. It is the vice of controversy, that each disputant will unite the offices of witness, jury, and judge, give his own evidence, return his own verdict, and pronounce the sentence in his own favour. A function which no man would tolerate in a court of justice, every controversialist exercises with an

inflexible will. It is this which has been the real "disgrace" of religious, political, and literary discussions. That precaution which the wisdom of the lawyer has taken against human frailty, is not lightly to be set aside. Lawyers are the philosophers of disputes, and have wisely taken out of the hands of interest, petulance, and passion the power of deciding upon their own case. Yet disputants will do that unhesitatingly, with regard to each other, which in a court of justice would long engage the anxious and earnest attention of twelve uninterested, dispassionate, and patient men.

The first principle which should actuate all human intercourse, public or private, is that of aiming at the improvement of each other. This neither passion nor interest should obscure. Yet how often do men come into the field, not as true friends who have differences to adjust, but as adversaries bent on each other's destruction? Those who would decry a duel in the usual way, will yet fight a duel on paper. We have nothing to do with our neighbour as his evil genius—we ought, like Rudolph, to be the Providence of our friends. The people boast how far they are in advance of the Government, but in respect of etiquette they are far behind. Even despotic states admit, in theory, that the punishment of criminals is in itself indefensible malignity—that only so far as the brute ignorance of others renders it necessary as an example, ought it ever to be attempted. The improvement and not the mortification in person or character is that at which jurisprudence and well understood justice now aim. Disagreement is a contingency of human nature, from which it will never be freed until men are cast in one monotonous mould. Differences are in themselves as natural and as innocent as variation in form, colour, or strength. It is the manner in which those who differ seek to adjust their differences, that constitutes any disgrace there may be in any case. Unless we have prated of philosophy in vain, we ought never to take up arms against an enemy without at the same time keeping his welfare in

view, as well as our own defence. Before the genius of this aphorism, the prosaic commonplaces of life dissolve. Man rises to nobility. To consult the welfare of friends is kind, obliging, amiable; but the publicans do even the same. To promote the welfare of enemies—to do good to those who hate us—is generous. Higher than Brutus, we walk the platform with Coriolanus. Our true business is not with good and bad men, but with fair or unfair, right or wrong conduct. We ought never to disparage, never to impute evil intentions, and in the strongest cases leave the way open for explanation and reconciliation. We may be firm and yet fraternal—manly and yet kind!

Locke called his opponents "irrational," Addison "miscreants," Dr. Clarke "crazy," Paley "insane," and Sir Walter Scott makes Sir Everard Waverley class "rakes, gamblers, and *Whigs*" together. These are the mere expletives of polemical and political partisanship—the commonplace effervescences of passion—old as ignorance, universal as vulgarity. They have no novelty—no originality. The elegant contrast of controversy lies in contrast of argument—this is ever fresh and instructive. All recrimination being common to both disputants, will in time, like the common quantities in an algebraic equation, be struck out of disputes—as only making more difficult the finding of the true result. If any epithets are retained in use, they will be confined to error rather than showered on the erring, and the limit of their application will exclude personal disparagement.

Our Reformers disagree not about reforms, but modes of advocacy. I think it can be shown that our Government seldom, if ever, pass laws against purpose, but against extravagance of language, in which passion, or hate, or unskilfulness, express that purpose. Passion and hate may be founded in sincerity but not in wisdom; and were men rhetorically wiser, they might aim at more and accomplish more than they now can.

It admits of demonstration that the progress of reform is

mainly hindered among us by a few metaphysical mistakes. The diatribes respectively hurled by rich and poor against each other arise in an error of generalisation. Both mean the truth, but they express more than the truth, and out of this error come division and ill-will.

Generalisations in science have to be stated circumspectly and with qualification. A generalisation finds a resemblance in perhaps one point only, and that resemblance probably in only the majority of a class. If you accuse in exact language a class of stones possessing a certain property, which is not possessed by all, the exceptional stones will not be scandalised as the same number of men would, whom you happened to include in a carelessly-worded, disparaging, general assertion. It is of no use that you say to the person whom you have wrongly accused—"O, I did not mean you; I meant to allow that there were exceptions." Men naturally suspect that he who is incapable of speaking with accuracy is incapable of thinking with accuracy, and if they acquit you of incapacity, they convict you of carelessness.

Facts make up accusative propriety; and if the facts are not absolutely universal, and with grades of human character they never are, the application of accusation must always be *special*.

It is a wise maxim in jurisprudence that ten guilty men had better escape than that one innocent man should suffer. So with rhetorical and public judgments. The one innocent man condemned will do both judge and justice more harm than the ten guilty who escape.

Men live on good opinion to a great extent. When, therefore, you take away a man's good name, you take away that which is, in many cases, the basis of self-respect. In the advocacy of a good cause, then, let us beware how we proceed with personalities, lest we undo in one direction what we seek to do in another.

A. de Morgan, in his reply to Sir W. Hamilton, in their recent discussion on the origination of Formal Logic, makes

these useful remarks :—"In the day of swords, it was one of the objects of public policy to prevent people from sticking them into each other's bodies on trivial grounds. We now wear pens ; and it is as great a point to hinder ourselves from sticking them into each other's characters, without serious and well-considered reasons. To this end I have always considered it as one of the first and most special rules, that *conviction* of the truth of a charge is *no sufficient reason for its promulgation.* I assert that no one is justified in accusing another *until he has his proof ready ;* and that in the interval, if indeed it be right that there should be any interval, between the charge and the attempt at substantiation, all the leisure and energies of the accuser are the property of the accused."

Thomas Cooper, D. D., Bishop of Winchester, in 1589, issued a pamphlet with this title :—"An Admonition to the People of England : wherein are answered, not onely the slaunderous vntruethes, reproachfully vttered by Martin the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredite the present state of the Church."

Even the Bishop of Exeter would not now, in 1849, think of inditing such a title page against his most decided opponents. It is not that truth and falsehood, or right and wrong, have changed ; but that good taste and private justice are in the ascendant. We no longer (in good society) attack the motives, but the principles of men.

Let us apply the rule we have been illustrating to Parliamentary controversies. If every member were to say what is true, or what he believes to be true, of another, our legislative assemblies would soon come to resemble those of the United States, in one of which, not long ago, a member in audience being tired in listening to the member in possession of the house, got up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I should like to know how long that there blackguard is to go on tiring me to death

in this manner ?" The Irish House of Commons, before the Union, furnishes a specimen of what must happen, if sentiments are to be expressed without rule: "I will not call him *villain*, because he is chancellor of the exchequer ; I will not call him *liar*, because he is a privy counsellor ; but I will say of him, that he is one who has taken advantage of the privilege of this house, to utter language to which in any other place my answer would have been a blow." Such were the expressions used by Mr. Grattan towards Mr. Corrie ; and a duel was the immediate result. We endeavour to keep clear of this blackguardism ; not because it is unimportant whether a man lies or not, but because we have learned the good sense of not impugning integrity upon suspicion, and when we can impugn it on fact, we need no harsh words—the fact is the severest judgment.

De Morgan, whom I have just quoted, relates that the late Professor Vince was once arguing at Cambridge against duelling, and some one said, "Well, but, Professor, what could you do if any one called you a liar ?" "Sir," said the fine old fellow in his peculiar brogue, "I should tell him to pruv; and if he did pruv it, I should be ashamed of myself ; and if he didn't, *he* ought to be ashamed of himself."

The obvious laws we should impress on all who controvert, seem to be these :—

1. To consult in all cases the improvement of those whom we oppose, and to this end argue not for our gratification, or pride, or vanity, but for their enlightenment.

2. To invert the vulgar mode of judgment, and not, when we guess at motives, guess the worst, but adopt the best construction the case admits.

3. To distinguish between the personalities which impugn the judgment, and those that criminate character, and never to advance accusations of either kind without distinct and indisputable proof—never to assail character on suspicion, probability, belief, or likelihood.

4. To keep distinct the two kinds of personalities, never mixing up those which pertain to character with those which pertain to judgment.

5. To never meddle with either, unless some public good is to come out of it. It is not enough that a charge is true, it must be *useful* to prefer it before a wise publicist will meddle with it.

6. To dare all personalities ourselves—to brave all attacks —to defy the judgment of mankind, and when we are assailed, unfailingly to respect ourselves, and keep in view the betterance of him whom we oppose, rather than our own personal gratification.*

Were the errors discussed in this chapter confined to the vulgar, we might confide in the spread of ordinary intelligence to dissipate them. But it is otherwise. Who would have expected to have found the "sweetest and most genuine poetess of the age," C. B., writing in the *Athenæum* a letter of anger, reproach, and condemnation, of Mr. Howitt, for having written something which she confesses she had "never read." Literary etiquette seems to have received no improvement with time. Hazlitt, Byron, Southey, and other luminaries of literature, sink to the level of the meanest of mankind when they are found engaged in the adjustment of their differences. When turning over the periodicals of their times, one is amazed at the flood of vituperation, the envy, jealousy, and miserable disparagement of each other. Yet if all this littleness exists, better that it be expressed that one may see what our gods are made of. Rudeness is healthier than hypocrisy, and, therefore, the policy which conceals rankling malignity is more pernicious than the display of it. Let it be avowed until men are convinced that it is unreasonable. Leigh Hunt has the credit of having prophesied long ago that the old philosophic

* For an enlarged consideration of this question see articles (Nos. 20 and 24 of the "People's Press"), entitled the "Philosophy of Personalities," where I have treated of their introduction into public parties.

conviction would revive among us as a popular one, that recrimination, denouncements, and threats, should be put an end to, and the perception prevail that the errors of mankind arise rather from the want of knowledge than the defect of goodness. But what is the history of modern parties? Has not recriminative error broken up the best of them into miserable sections? "Stupidity" can be informed, "ignorance" can be enlightened, but the "collision of interest and passion, and the perversities of self-will and self-opinion" destroy all before them. What hope is there of the improvement of the uneducated, while those who should know better perpetuate the infectious example? Men, whose names it is needless to cite, and whom, prior to experience, I could not have believed to be unconscious of the fact, I have found unaware that simplicity in the expression of passion is the lesson of nature and of genius, and the greatest discovery of rhetorical experience. It is, however, clear that there is no hope for the efficient progress of the order of industry while their natural leaders and exemplars depart from that propriety which alone is strength.

The necessity of enforcing this most practical part of rhetoric (the Rhetoric of Dispute), which is taught in no Mechanics, or Literary Institution, is evidenced in the discouraging fact that an impartial, impersonal, and dispassionate tone is almost fatal in newspaper and periodical literature. We address a populace to whom nothing that is just seems spirited. We must be offensively personal or we are pronounced tame. Unless we are rancorous we are not relished. The reason is that most men, when stung by a sense of injury, are naturally precipitated from extreme to extreme. Their opinions, when sincere, "are not produced by the ordinary law of intellectual births, by induction or inference, but are equivocally generated" by the heat of fervid emotion, wrought upon by some sense of unbearable oppression.

So it ever is with the intellectually undisciplined, of what-

ever class—they believe all strength manifests itself in spasms, that Truth is a descendant from the Furies, that no man can be brave who does not bluster, nor have enthusiasm if he do not write in hysterics. But I quit this subject, repeating the fine language of one whom I have several times quoted:—"Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. * * A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form: it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures. It is the finest of the fine arts. * * The person who screams or uses the superlative degree, or converses with heat, puts whole drawing-rooms to flight. If you wish to be loved, love measure. * * Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise: a lady is serene. * * Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should signify, however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny."

CHAPTER XXII.

QUESTIONING.

THE Socratic method of disputation or artful questioning, (of which Zeno, the Eleatic, was the author,) by which an opponent is entrapped into concessions, and thus confuted, is rather fit for wranglers and sophists than reasoners. There is too much reason to believe that Socrates condescended to this course often at the expense of ingenuousness. It is said in his defence that *he* did it not as the sophists, for the sake of confounding virtue, but for the purer purpose of confounding dexterous vice. It is, however, beneath the dignity of a reasoner to *betray* his opponent into the truth.

Questioning, however, is an essential instrument. A high authority, Dr. Arnold, has put this in a useful light:—"An inquiring spirit is not a presumptuous one, but the very con-

trary. He whose whole recorded life was intended to be our perfect example, is described as gaining instruction in the Temple by hearing and asking questions—the one is almost useless without the other. We should ask questions of our books and of ourselves—what is its purpose—by what means it proceeds to effect that purpose—whether we fully understand the one—whether we go along with the other. Do the arguments satisfy us? do the descriptions convey lively and distinct images to us? do we understand all the allusions to persons or things? In short, does our mind act over again from the writer's guidance what his acted before? do we reason as he reasoned, conceive as he conceived, think and feel as he thought and felt? or if not, can we discern where and how far we do not, and can we tell why we do not?

Questioning has also a place in Rhetoric as well as in research. Frankly conducted, it is a mode of conviction without offence. To whatever an opponent urges, with which we do not agree, of course we have some objection. Put this objection incidentally, and ask it as a question what answer can be given to it? This is a good conversational mode of debate, where the improvement of an opponent, rather than a triumph over him, is the object. It is not showy, but it is searching.

In a similar way confidence may be acquired by diffident speakers. A noviciate conversationalist is shy of taking part in debating a topic, lest he should not be able to sustain himself. To such I have said, Put your argument in the form of an objection which some would urge, and beg some one of the company to tell you what he would say in reply. If to this answer you have an objection further, put that also in the querist form; for a man will be able to ask a question who would never be able to make a speech. By this easy means the most diffident may get into conversation, and when once excited will speak freely enough—perhaps too freely. A coward will fight when he grows warm in strife.

This method has another advantage. By this means a novice learns the best answers which the company can give to his own argument, and thus without risk of exposure he learns their weakness or finds out their strength. He has also taken the guage of his opponents' powers, and can, if he sees well, match himself against them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REPETITION.

THE Reformer who comprehends his mission attempts the discipline of the people in nobler views. Only great natures are heroic by instinct. But it is not more true that all men are eloquent sometimes than that all men are noble sometimes; but few continue so for want of the influence of suitable circumstances to nourish and sustain the feeling. Every man is great when he lays down Plutarch, but the feeling dies away in the contact with the lower life of cities. To remedy this the Reformer has recourse to reiteration.

In introducing a new topic to an auditory, a wise speaker repeats the same sentiment and argument in many different forms of expression, each in itself brief, but all together affording such an expansion of the sense to be conveyed, and detaining the mind upon it, as the case may require. Care must be taken that the repetition may not be too glaringly apparent; the variations must not consist in the mere use of other synonymous words, but what has been expressed in appropriate terms may be repeated in metaphorical; the antecedent or consequent of any argument, or the parts of an antithesis may be transposed, or several different points, that have been enumerated, presented in a varied order.

It is given to reiteration to accomplish that which is denied

to power. The reputation of Robespierre, now breaking a little through clouds of calumny, denser and darker than ever before obscured human name, is a striking illustration of the omnipotence of repetition. The most eloquent of its vindicators has thus sketched his triumph :—

"Still deeper in the shade, and behind the chief of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to move, agitated by uneasy thoughts, which seemed to forbid him to be silent and unmoved ; he spoke on all occasions, and attacked all speakers indifferently, including Mirabeau himself. Driven from the tribune, he ascended it next day ; overwhelmed with sarcasm, coughed down, disowned by all parties, lost amongst the eminent champions who fixed public attention, he was incessantly beaten, but never dispirited. It might have been said, that an inward and prophetic genius revealed to him the vanity of all talent, and the omnipotence of a firm will and unwearied patience, and that an inward voice said to him, 'These men who despise thee are thine ; all the changes of this revolution, which now will not deign to look upon thee, will eventually terminate in thee, for thou hast placed thyself in the way like the inevitable excess, in which all impulse ends.'"

CHAPTER XXIV.

POETRY.

Such proverbs as "poets are born and not made" have encouraged the notion, that inspiration does everything for the poet, and art nothing ; whereas inspiration gives him the idea, and art enables him to express it. It is very probable that "creative" capacity is an element in the poetic nature which art does not make, but educates only. Yet experience teaches us that decided poetic power sometimes sinks into the common-

place, and that that which has been pronounced mediocre has been cultured into excellence. We, therefore, ought to pause before treating so disdainfully, as is the fashion, the humble versifiers who, from time to time, solicit the world's notice. Certainly Byron's "Hours of Idleness" were as weak a specimen of the poetic, as patrician or plebeian fancy ever concocted. It gave no sign of that fierce power which was afterwards evoked from the same pen. Both Burns and Elliott have been greatly indebted—perhaps as much indebted to art as to their ideas, for the distinction which attaches to their names. Many a name of note now, might be cited, whose infantile genius was rocked in the cradle of doggrel.

Between Rhyme and Poetry there is a great gulph, which patient study alone may bridge over. Some of the intermediate steps may be indicated. The gradations may be explained, which, though all may not be able to pass through, all may be able to understand, and determine their own position in reference to them.

A Sunderland candidate for Parnassian laurels lately presented the public with the following very A-B-C effort :—

> Two gentlemen dined at my house,
> For breakfast they had some ham;
> Says I, "Are you going to Hartlepool?"
> "Oh yes," says they, "we am."

Even the rudest kind of Verse should have some qualities not found in prose. What Poetry is it is not easy to define satisfactorily. But this is agreed upon, that whatever is called Poetry ought to contain an idea or ideas above the level of Prose, and such as cannot be so well expressed in Prose. Now ordinary Prose, if tolerable, is grammatical, but the verse above quoted has not this quality. In verse the corresponding terminations of lines should rhyme—this rule is also neglected. Corresponding lines should have the same number of syllables in them—that is, should have the same measure, the same quantity of accented and unaccented sounds : the versi-

fier we have cited seems innocent of any such requirement. Indeed, the majority of those who publish rhymes never have paid the least attention to these essential elements of verse. Many, indeed, have never heard that there are such elements. Most of the rejected "Poetry" sent to periodicals and newspapers is of this class; for persons who understand the mechanical part of poetry frequently know what they are about, know their own powers, and do not send out productions which have not some stamp of excellence upon them.

A young mind of any force or emulation commonly takes to the experiment of verse. The exercise should always be encouraged and criticised. In this way the new thinker may learn the power of words agreeably, and the nature of elevated ideas. He will consult Dictionaries of Synonyms. So much the better. The habit will increase his knowledge. He will keep what he acquires, because he will get it when he wants it. Turn his ambition to useful account. If you cannot make him a poet, you may make him a grammarian, a linguist, and a thinker, and save him from making himself ridiculous by teaching him the difference between Prose, Rhyme, Verse, and Poetry. Let it be understood that "all persons may rhyme, but that it is given only to few to compose thoughts—the first requisites of which are, that they be new, striking and beautiful, and for the expression of which it is further necessary that there be gifts and acquirements of language infinitely above those required for common purposes."*

We may usefully trace the distinctions suggested a little further. Mere rhyme often assists the memory, and if nervous, it may better strike the understanding than prose. Of this quality are some old lines on Feasting and Fasting, beginning thus :—

> Accustom early in your youth
> To lay embargo on your mouth;
> And let no rarities invite
> To pall and glut your appetite;

* "Chambers' Journal," No. 21, 1844.

But check it always, and give o'er
With a desire of eating more;
For where one dies by *inanition*,
A thousand perish by *repletion*.*

Old Dr. Johnson had not a fine ear, and he judged the artistic quality of poetry chiefly by the calculation of syllables. He was a poet himself, but was chiefly distinguished for his power of making verse. His knowledge of literary art and his manly sense have given an elevation to his productions which have won for them distinction, and which show how good sense will command respect where imagination is wanting. I quote his Prologue spoken by Garrick at the opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, because, as well as illustrating his powers, it illustrates the topics of this book :—

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose.
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after him in vain,
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach essay'd the heart.
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise;
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's flame,
Themselves they studied—as they felt, they writ—
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend—
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend;
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.

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* E. Roynard, M. D., 1750.

Their cause was general, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd though nature fled,
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirmed her sway.

Hard is his lot that here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

This prologue has wit, energy, and striking sense; but Johnson's want of fancy is more evident in his "Death of Charles the Twelfth," which has his perfect force, but at the close only rises into the poetical. The last two lines have the true genius of poetical inspiration :—

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.

Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign.
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain.
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait.
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realm of frost:
He comes—not want and cold his course delay—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his misery in distant lands.
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Did hostile millions press him to the ground
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand,
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Johnson was a mechanical poet. Allan Cunningham, speaking of Chevy Chase, a genuine poem, which Sir Philip Sidney said fell on his ears like the sound of a trumpet, suggests to us the highest elements of poetry. "'Chevy Chase' and 'Sir Andrew Barton,' are history and truth: but history excited, elevated, and inspired: truth all life, spirit, and heroism." "Poetry," says Gilfillan, is "thought on fire." It is in its impassioned truth that we feel its presence; it is for the beauty of ideas, distinct from the beauty of things, that we admire it.

Personification is the soul of poetry. In few of our modern writers is this quality more remarkable than in Douglas Jerrold, whose writings are characterised by the omnipresence of personification. Bulwer presents more of the appearance of personification in his writings: but Jerrold more of the reality. Bulwer's personifications seem often to be artificial, and suggested by capital letters, while Jerrold's are presented in deep-set finished pictures. Many are the attributes of poetry,

but its grandest power is personification. *It* peoples the world of fancy and thought with new forms. It individualises sentiments—it adds to our intellectual acquaintances. How dim and indefinite are our impressions of the past! but in the hands of Bryant what a majestic entity it becomes, in that poem beginning—

> Thou unrelenting Past!
> Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
> And fetters sure and fast
> Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

What a splendid ideality is in this poem realised! What multitudinous forms are bodied forth! It is like the revelation of eternity, and the mind trembles and thrills as on the verge of a new world.

Poetry is found in various states—sometimes in the invocation of historic names, in allusions, in illustrations, in similes —sometimes in intensity of language, and sometimes in intensity of feeling.

Poetry is often found independent of the verse it forms, as gems are found unset. "We would define poetry to be that mode of expression by which intensity of feeling on any subject is conveyed from one mind to another. Of course, the more just, the more striking, the mode of expression, the more complete and rapid will be the communication; hence—and still more, because many persons have not courage to dive beneath a rough surface—it is desirable that the poet should be able to clothe his thoughts in mellifluous language. But words are not poetry. Witness the beautiful idea of Professor Heeren—"Persepolis, rising above the deluge of years." This, being a translated passage, is not dependent upon phraseology for its beauty. But who does not feel its exquisiteness, picturing at once the almost miraculous stability of those thread-like columns which the intemperate policy of Alexander failed to overthrow, and the vague, shapeless uncertainty which

clouds the period to which their erection is attributed? The whole passage forms a most poetically drawn picture.

"Again:—'Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sitteth upon a sphinx, and looketh unto Memphis and old Thebes; while his sister, Oblivion, reclineth semi-somnous on a pyramid, gloriously triumphing, making puzzles of Titanian erections, and turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he paceth amazedly through those deserts, asketh of her, Who builded them? and she mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not.'

"Is not this poetry? and yet how quaint, almost inharmonious is its structure. Compare it with the famous simile in Pope's Homer, beginning—

Thus, when the moon, refulgent lamp of night.

Will this passage, replete with the most gorgeous epithets, and clothed in the most harmonious verse, bear a comparison with the strangely-apparelled poetry of Sir Thomas Browne? It is not our ear which prompts the verdict—it is our innate feeling of truth and beauty. If thus poetic genius can exist independent and despite of phraseology, may we not suppose it to be given (we do not say in a high degree) to multitudes of those whom the world would never accuse of being poets? Our daily experience confirms this. We have heard a servant describe scenery with a beauty of feeling and an imagery which was true poetry; and we hear a child talk poetry to her doll. Facility of illustration is an attribute of poetic genius we have met with in a labourer."*

An instance of the highest form of poetry is Blanco White's great Sonnet to Night, which is perhaps the distinctest addition to human speculation which the genius of the thinker has ever made. It happens, also, to be one of the most accom-

* "Sharpe's Magazine," No. 25, 1846.

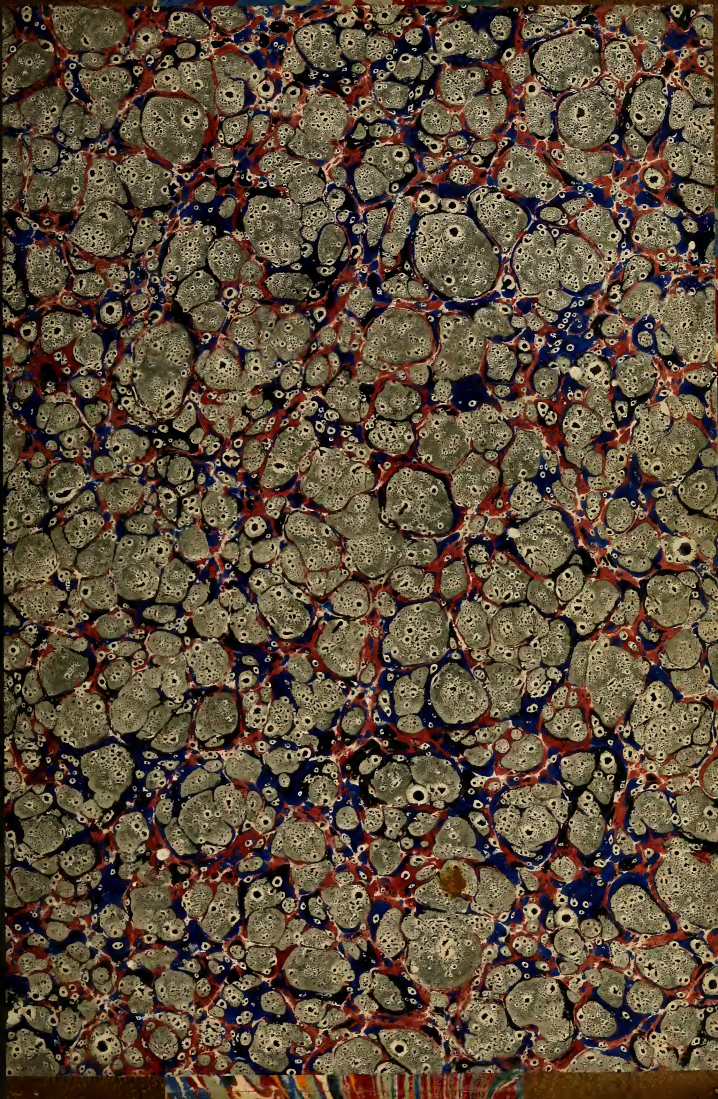
plished efforts of Elocution to deliver it well. It requires great and varied power, and the last line is remarkable for the distinctness of enunciation required :—

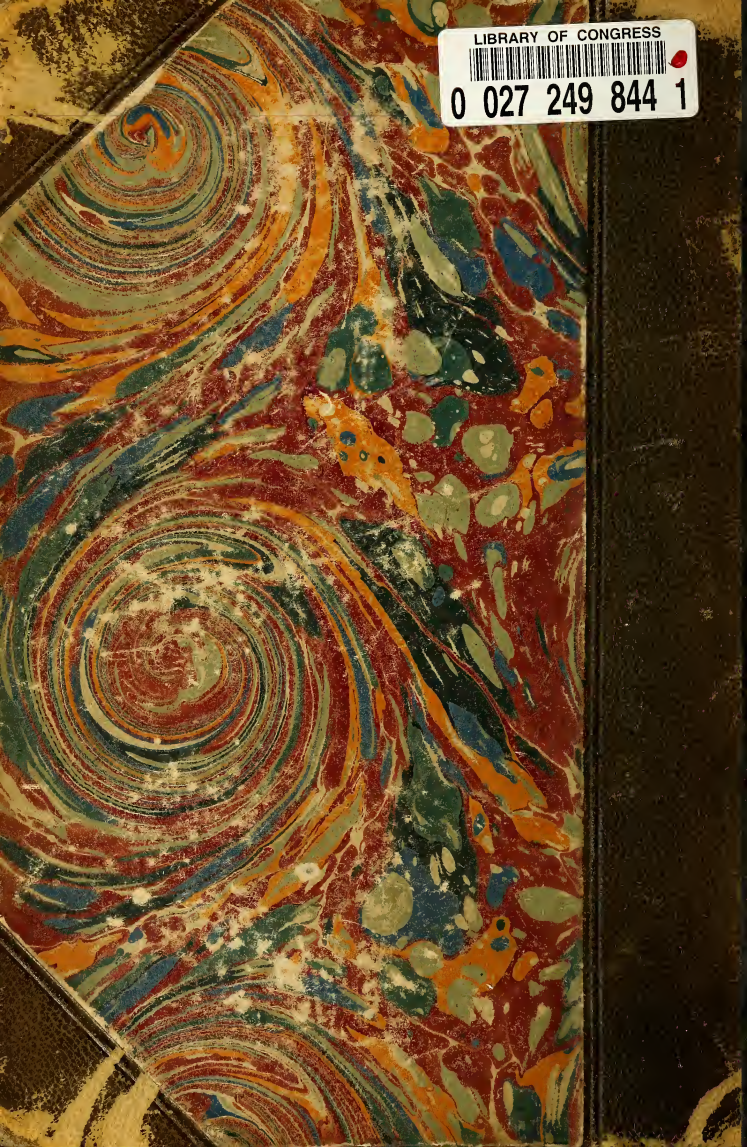
Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fruit, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun *death*, with anxious strife?
If Light conceals so much—wherefore not Life?

The previous discovery of Truth is implied by Rhetoric, which is the art of communicating Truth ; and of all the forms of the enforcement of Truth, Poetry is the highest. All the powers of language, all the graces of literature, all the resources of genius, and nature, and feeling, are employed to illustrate that splendour of expression, that harmony of thought, which, wedded to harmony of time and sound, men call Poesy.

THE END.

"LOGIC OF FACTS," OR PLAIN HINTS ON REASONING, by G. J. Holyoake, is published in uniform style with this work.

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REVIEW OF A CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN

The Rev. Brewin Grant and G. J. Holyoake,

IN THE

COWPER STREET SCHOOL ROOM,

CITY ROAD,

On the question 'What Advantages would accrue to Mankind generally, and to the Working Classes in particular, by the removal of Christianity and the substitution of Secularism in its place?'

BY CHARLES SOUTHWELL,

First Editor of the 'Oracle of Reason,' Author of the 'Impossibility of Atheism Demonstrated,' &c., &c.

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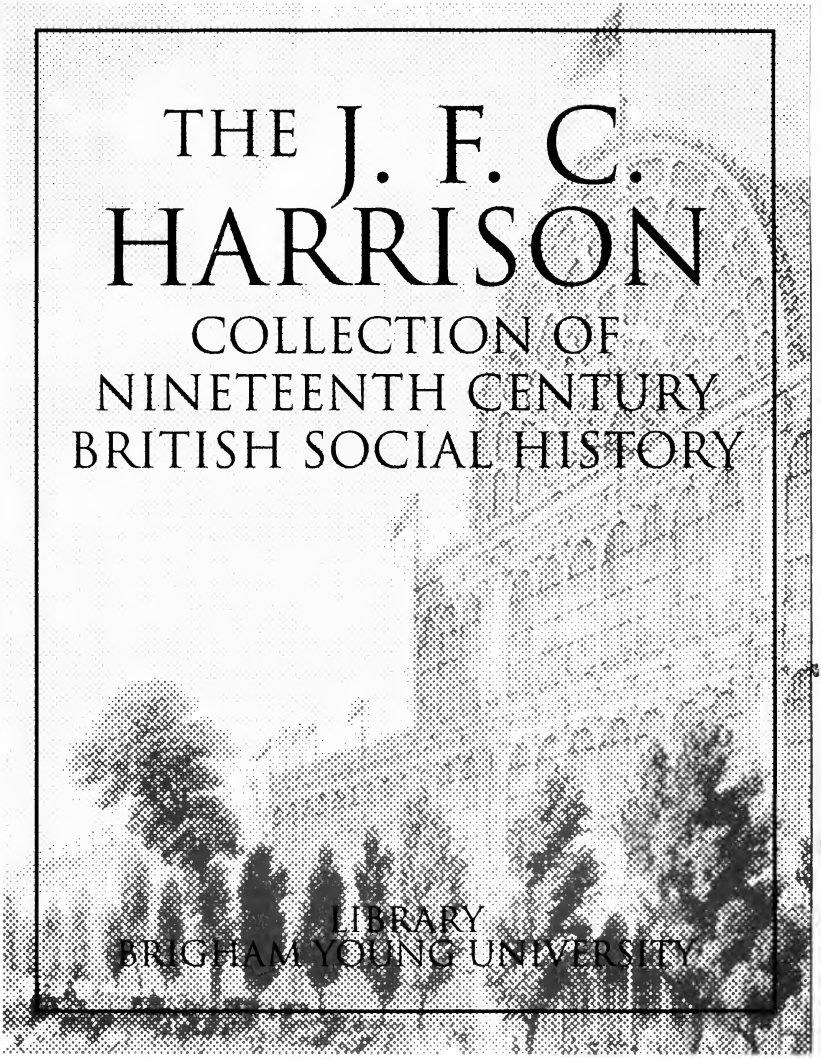
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REVIEW OF A CONTROVERSY.

MANY earnest and profoundly speculative thinkers object to Christianity on the ground that a knowledge of supernaturals is unattainable by man. Their theory ignores positive religion as neither more nor less than positive delusion; it denies the possibility of supernatural belief or (to vary with some advantage the mode of expression) the possibility of belief in the supernatural; it pronounces absurd any and every attempt to teach what no mortal *can* know; and, assuming that religion is religion because not science, accepts science as something based upon facts cognizable by human intellect while rejecting religion as something incapable of proof and, at best, ignorance reduced to system. This theory makes open war upon religion whenever religion is palmed off as science by an ignorant or a venal priesthood. Its advocates believe that religion may be true in a non-natural sense. In any other sense they believe it false. To their eyes written or spoken religion is written or spoken blasphemy. Religion, say they, is quite other than matter of fact in source and essence. Worldliness and *other*-worldliness are by these 'incorrigible' people placed in the same category. Nothing our parsons preach—nothing our parsons do—for one moment disturbs their conviction that as regards supernaturals all our wisest of wise men know amounts to very positive knowledge that they know nothing. Pertinaciously they foot it year after year on the 'broad path' heeding not the voice of our sacerdotal charmers charm they never so wisely concerning unknown Being and unknown states of Being. Their text is—*Organised supernaturalism and organised error are one and indivisible*. To that text they stick with wonderful tenacity. Although numerically weak their power to da-

mage time-honoured superstitions is considerable. Amid the ever surging, often tempest-tost, waves of popular passion and popular phrensy they stand like everlasting rock. Their strength lies in the profoundest possible conviction that Christians, no less than other religionists, do literally search for unsearchable riches, and in their wild-goose chase after unattainable truth are mad as that visionary enthusiast who undertook a 'Three Years' Mission' in search of his own soul. Moreover, they are thinkers, 'with power to add to their numbers'—a power they freely exercise. They are every day beating up for recruits and every day obtaining them. In writers and orators of every positive school they find recruiting sergeants. Their best friends are parsons with 'an itch for dispute,' because controversy ever tends to discredit positive religion by exhibiting in a clear point of view and very bold relief the hollowness of its assumption, the traditional character of its history, the incomprehensibility of its principle, the senselessness of its jargon, and the insolence of its ministers.

Evidence of this is at hand. I have it tantalizingly profuse in the published report of a recent discussion between the Rev. Mr. Grant and Mr. Holyoake. My review of that controversy will at least prove the folly of those Christians who insist upon ventilating opinions which, born of ignorance and rooted in error, are naturally disturbed by every wind of free and enlightened opinion. With a disposition to be brief it is nevertheless my determination to be just—just to the disputants—just also to myself.

Now, doing justice 'all round' in respect of this controversy in which the controversialists, both undeniably good talkers and one of a school very 'fast,' disputed for six nights on at least sixty subjects, is a task the due performance of which will render indispensable more words than may be agreeable to some readers who like information and 'saving wisdom,' but are disappointed when they find that these, like many other good things, are only obtainable 'under penalties.' No controversy of modern times has a better claim to our attention, whether we consider the topics discussed, the manner in which they were handled, or the character of the disputants. Both claim to be considered 'victor'—a result quite natural. It is seldom one meets with a controver-

sialist who thinks he is beaten, and a controversialist who will publicly acknowledge himself so, still more seldom. I have seen an account of certain controversialists who, in the course of a debate, were reciprocally converted, each defending at its close precisely the principles he had denounced at the outset—but the story is apocryphal. We all know that they who engage in a dispute are the very last persons to be changed by it. Neither Mr. Grant nor Mr. Holyoake can be cited as examples to the contrary. As they commenced so they ended—Mr. Holyoake quite satisfied with Secularism, and 'willing to be judged by a fair report of the controversy'—Mr. Grant quite persuaded that he had blown Secularism to the four winds of Heaven (which in one sense he unquestionably has), and expressing his readiness for another contest with his formidable antagonist. Of the two it must be confessed that Mr. Grant was by much the more confident and self-satisfied looking; and I happen to know that he 'counted spoil' long 'before the field was won.' While this great controversy was pending he went to Walthamstow, and there delivered a lecture in which he assured his delighted audience that two-thirds of the Report would consist of his speeches, he having talked just three times as fast as Mr. Holyoake, whom he had killed outright—and *would do it again*. In a talent for vain-glorious boasting it must be allowed that Holyoake is no match for Grant. Their respective partizans exhibit a like marked difference of spirit. Only a few of the Secularists seem thoroughly satisfied. They all admit the ability of their champion—they admire the cool dignity of his bearing—but very many dispute the wisdom of his tactics, and consider that though the discussion will have a decidedly rationalistic and humanizing tendency Secularism is still an enigma to the general public. On the whole, however, it may be said that, considering the line taken by each disputant and the difficulties appertaining to their several systems, neither Secularists nor Christians have reason to be ashamed of their champion. Mr. Holyoake astonished many—myself amongst the rest—by a combination of wit and eloquence rarely if ever surpassed. He seemed thoroughly in earnest. There was no straining after effect—no vulgar claptrap—no semblance

of cant—no truckling to prejudice—no paltering in a double sense. In tone and spirit his discourses were infinitely superior to those of his clever antagonist. He was sarcastic without rudeness and impassioned without affectation. Occasionally he enlivened by brilliant sallies, and ever and anon spread pallor over the face of his antagonist by satire so airy and delicate, yet cutting, that though one might say 'it was like a polished razor keen,' no one could believe it 'scarcely felt or seen.' While discussing the Atonement he fairly rose to the height of his great argument, and created such a *furor*, that for some time poor Grant was extinguished—put quite and very lamentably *hors de combat*. But it is true nevertheless that very many even of those Secularists who approved the general tactics of their chief watched the contest with evident uneasiness, and at its close muttered audibly their dissatisfaction. They thought that the 'rising young minister' deserved a sound castigation, and that sparing the rod was not good policy. Christians, on the other hand, are heaping no end of praises on Mr. Grant, who, according to the *British Banner*, is a 'terrible antagonist.' In him I see very much to admire. The 'rising young minister' is no ordinary man. Amid all the excitement of this controversy he was cool, wary, and self-possessed, discussing an orange *or* Mr. Holyoake with resolute purpose and a fine sense of enjoyment. The *Banner* may well call him a 'terrible antagonist,' for he denounced Secularism and Secularists in a style which showed him terribly in earnest. Less reckless than *Brindley* he is quite as bitter and much more skilful. What he says he means and what he means he says. A desperately hard hitter, when he does plant a blow the effects are obvious enough. To rank him with Woodmans and Townleys would be unjust. What Walter Scott said of the imitators of Dr. Johnson will apply to the mob of Christian advocates who preceded Mr. Grant, for although many of them make his *report* not one of them carries his *bullet*. Secularists think lightly of him, but Secularists, like other sectaries, are apt to underrate opponents. Nothing more rare than just appreciation of those who oppose us. I suspect, however, that many Secularists thought that catching Mr. Grant was very like

catching a Tartar. But whatever may be thought by Secularists of the 'rising young minister' his own party consider him shrewd, clever, bold, unvanquished, and unvanquishable. If Mr. Grant, like Themistocles—another great man—loves best the voice which most loudly sings his praises, he will be at a loss on which of all his noisy admirers to bestow supreme affection. When such prints as the *Christian Times*, the *Patriot*, and the *British Banner*, agree, their unanimity is wonderful. Now, those organs are unanimous in pronouncing Mr. Holyoake 'a very superior man, with great oratorical powers;' and Mr. Grant incomparably superior to said 'very superior man with great oratorical powers.' They talk triumphantly of their *razzia* in the territory of Secularism. They say their 'terrible' champion disposed of never so many Secularists no less effectually than did Pelissier of the miserable Arabs whom he stifled in the caves of Dara. On the strength of their 'great victory' many a Christian whose 'name' until now 'was never heard' in connection with mundane affairs is preaching up the 'Secular Aspects of Christianity.' No less than thirty-eight discourses on that interesting subject were delivered on the evening of Sunday, February 27th, by as many preachers in various parts of the metropolis *alone*. They will allow Mr. Holyoake is king of debate, modestly stipulating for nothing more than that Mr. Grant shall be viceroy *over* him. So great is the noise made by these people that one is tempted to suspect their sincerity; for had a decisive victory been obtained by their 'terrible' hero there would have been no occasion so noisily to proclaim it, and all the world knows that loud boasting is frequently resorted to by the friends of a damaged cause for the same reason that the cunning pickpocket will cry 'Stop thief!' while the crowd are in hot pursuit. Thus much, however, is certain: by both disputants, and by friends of both disputants, the honors of this controversy have been claimed. In consequence there is much of confused, feverish and unsettled opinion as to what has been gained or lost by either party in a contest which, however meagre as to results, will constitute an epoch in the history of mystical speculation, and has caused an excitement scarcely equalled as regards enthusiastic

intensity since the memorable discussion between Pope and M'Guire.

Under these circumstances I feel that a cool, searching, impartial piece of criticism may be useful to the partizans of both disputants, and possibly to the disputants themselves. My sympathies, I confess, are with Secularists, and that circumstance may, in the eyes of certain Christians, disqualify me for this self-imposed task of severe, yet thoroughly impartial criticism; but then I am tabooed alike by Secularists and Christians—certainly am not one whom the promised Board of Examiners would deem orthodox, or a man at all inclined to sink the critic in the sectary. Daniel Defoe's 'short hint to impartial writers' is fresh in my memory, and that the reader may know how fully it is appreciated, nothing more is necessary than just to say that for undertaking this piece of criticism I expect no better reward than may proceed from conscious rectitude, and 'martyrdom on both sides.'

The proposition which served as basis of this great controversy—the proposition to which every argument had reference, and on the truth or falsehood of which much, if not everything, depended, was, I believe, drawn up by Mr. Grant, and without doubt placed Mr. Holyoake at a disadvantage. Throughout the debate it hampered him grievously. If Mr. Grant framed it, all I can say is that he showed himself a master in the art of obliging opponents by framing propositions no wit of man could logically defend. This proposition, or question rather, is textually as follows:

WHAT ADVANTAGES WOULD ACCRUE TO MANKIND GENERALLY, AND TO THE WORKING CLASSES IN PARTICULAR, BY THE REMOVAL OF CHRISTIANIY AND THE SUBSTITUTION OF SECULARISM IN ITS PLACE?

These are precisely the terms of the general proposition or topic selected for discussion, with which it appears that Mr. Holyoake was ill satisfied, for in the course of a second speech on the second night he declined 'being held responsible for the extravagance implied in a literal interpretation of the words of the proposition.' Now, it did appear to me that a proposition so momentous—a proposition on which, as on a pivot, the whole controversy might be expected to turn, ought not to have implied any extravagance,

however 'literal' the interpretation. Having to deal with a casuist who knows the value of terms, and is given to an ingenious splitting of something infinitely less than hairs, Mr. Holyoake should have stoutly refused to discuss a general proposition so *very* general as to imply an amount of 'extravagance' for which he was not prepared to be 'responsible.' Of course both parties agreed in the selection of that question which formed the topic at once fundamental and pivotal of a six nights' debate; not, however, until after a correspondence which threatened to be eternal, and dragged its slow length so drearily along that readers of the *Reasoner*

'Uttered doleful groans,
And printers' devils shook their weary bones.'

If it be true that—

'One drop of ink
Makes thousands think,'

the correspondence will be marvellously prolific of thoughtfulness, for the expenditure of ink was enormous. Controversialists who are in earnest seldom consume half a year and whole reams of foolscap in the discussion of preliminaries. Where truth is their *sole* object they speedily come to close quarters. Our Cowper Street controversialists are both open to the charge of *finessing* a little and *mystifying* a great deal. The grand result of their clever 'beating about the bush' was a proposition for discussion so vague and general in its terms that one of the disputants declined to be responsible for anything so extravagant as is implied in a literal interpretation thereof. Grant being 'a rising young minister,' with 'a position to win' by the error which 'lurks in generalities,' is excusable. When Voltaire was shown a lyric epistle, by Rousseau, addressed to posterity, the cruel wit said—'*My friend, I am afraid this letter will never be delivered according to its direction.*' The ambitious and 'rising young minister,' about to start on a 'Three Years' Mission,' had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a long-winded epistolary correspondence, which is most evidently not addressed to posterity but to 'live Christians,' whom it *will* reach 'according to its di-

rection.' Being beguiled into this worse than idle correspondence was, on Mr. Holyoake's part, a grave error, that Grant triumphantly referred to during the debate, for the double purpose of lauding himself and bewildering his antagonist. Had it eventuated in the selection of a proposition so framed as to admit but of *one* interpretation, it would scarcely have been worth while to say one sentence regarding it. But the proposition actually discussed was objectionable on many grounds other than those already indicated. So ill-worded a proposition rendered it absolutely imperative that Mr. Holyoake should take up a defensive position, and, as it were, submit to be put upon his trial. Now, I allow that in the kind of warfare we call *physical* a defensive position is almost always the safest—attacking parties, in a large majority of instances, attacking at disadvantage. But in the *mental* contest—that contest in which principles are vanquished or victorious—we should take the lead, make the first onslaught, and instead of volunteering explanations of *our* principles compel opponents to explain *theirs*. On the Christian side there have been many writers, some of them rather voluminous—like Peter D'Alva, who published forty-eight folios on the 'Mysteries of the Conception;' others very precise—like Chevreau, who, in his 'History of the World,' tells us it was created the sixth of September, on a Friday, about four o'clock in the afternoon; but up to this hour no writer has succeeded in explaining the supposed principles of Christianity. Until they *are* explained, and satisfactorily too, it is worse than idle to assume in debate with 'rising young ministers,' self-styled Christian—very wrong to tolerate the assumption that any one *can* know and therefore *may* explain—what Christianity is. Our Grants and Woodmans are ready enough to take it for granted that Christianity is intelligible, but they cannot prove it so. Compel them to make the attempt, and at once not their positive but their weak side 'turns up.' No human thought can reach to supernaturals. Hence the folly, or rather the impossibility, of a positive religion with bases no better than is afforded by principles positively unintelligible. Unintelligibility seems a queer foundation on which to build an intelligible system. Now, the fact is that no religion, as such, can be intelligible.

Its ‘ central belief ’ is sham, not real. We are told, indeed, that Divine perfection is the *rationale* of human virtue; but where are the teachers to teach in what ‘ Divine perfection’ consists? If promoters of the ‘ Three Years Mission’ can tell us the meaning of ‘ Divine perfection,’ then their three years’ mission may be accomplished in three days; but if they can’t, three centuries will not suffice for its accomplishment. Satisfied of human incompetency to explain or in any sens ender intelligible any one ‘ religious principle,’ it seems to me that ‘ attempting the removal of Christianity,’ until we know what Christianity is being a hopeless task Mr. Holyoake played Grant’s game in committing himself to its performance. The ‘ rising young minister’ not being pushed for a definition of his nominal creed warily kept any such definition to himself. At one part of the debate he seemed to be growing reckless, and so far laid aside prudence as to lecture Mr. Holyoake on the inexpediency of wasting our breath in talking of things with respect to which we have no idea. Ah ! friend Grant, that was the height of imprudence on your part, for had your opponent been so minded he might have retorted that all talk concerning supernaturals — yea, all talk concerning the God of your idolatry is talk of nothing, and therefore means nothing—and meaning nothing, is breath wasted. Methinks the ‘ rising young minister’ would have found it hard to reconcile a profession of faith in Christianity with his dogma concerning the expediency of ceasing to assert when we cease to have ideas. That any finite being can have any ideas of an ‘ infinite’ God it would be ridiculous to suppose. We cannot think of more than the natural, and *according to Mr. Grant’s own showing*, ought never to speak of more than the natural. Because religion is quite other than science any approach to positivism in religion is to be deprecated. Instead of undertaking to ‘ remove Christianity’ Mr. Holyoake could, with great propriety and effect, have demanded that Christianity should be rendered intelligible. He ought to have put Grant on the defensive, and forced from him a recognition of the grand truth that though belief in the utterly incomprehensible may be professed, may be preached up and about as the ‘ central belief ’

of every ‘ religious system,’ no such belief is possible to man, who can only believe what in some way or other operates upon his organs of sense. They who imagine a confessedly incomprehensible God can be *thought* as well as *spoken* of are well refuted by Dr. Benson. *To assent, without comprehending*, observes the Doctor, *is to assent without ideas, to assent without ideas is to assent to nothing, and to assent to nothing is as good as not to assent at all.*

It is precisely because Secularism ‘ implies’ positivism in religion that the Secularist disputant must defend his own ‘ system,’ instead of demolishing the ‘ system’ of his adversary, and plead for principle like a criminal in the dock rather than pronounce upon principle like a judge on the bench. A controversialist without ‘ system’ could not have been called upon, as Mr. Holyoake was, to defend his ‘ system,’ by proving the benefits of Secularism were really such that they were the logical results of his principles, and were ‘ retarded by Christianity.’ The weak side of a doctrine is its positive side. In all contests with the *parti-prêtre* concerning ‘ spiritual things,’ we should decline being dragged into the defence of any positive principles but insist upon those who positively assert furnishing positive evidence in support of their assertions. The only positive declaration that a wary tactician will commit himself to is the declaration that positive truth concerning more than natural Being or Power is positively unattainable, and that they who affect acquaintance with such positive truth are dogmatic errorists, whose ‘ system,’ being founded upon positive assumption and *nothing else* crumbles to dust before the faintest blow of reason.

These views were undesignedly, but with great effect, illustrated in the Cowper Street controversy. Every argument urged, whether by Christian or Secularist, was confirmatory of the opinion, enforced in my ‘ Impossibility of Atheism Demonstrated’ and *other* Fourpenny Wilderness, that *they who pretend to teach religion show themselves ignorant of its source and essence.*

There is one matter with respect to which both disputants agreed, and with respect to which I am with both disputants at issue. This single point of contact—this sole ground of a com-

mon conclusion, as between our controversialists, being vastly important, and involving inconsistency on the part of Mr. Holyoake, may as well be disposed of before I pass to a consideration of arguments mainly relied upon by Grant in the advocacy of his supernatural system.

Both talked much concerning 'virtue,' though in what virtue consists, or in what particular sense (if any) they used the term, was not quite clear. Possibly the virtuous man of Mr. Grant might be a quite different sort of animal to the virtuous man of Mr. Holyoake. Voltaire, in his critique or prophecy of *La Nouvelle Heloise*, quizzes the author of that marvellous work for making St. Preux and his mistress talk so much of philosophy and virtue, that 'nobody shall know what philosophy and virtue are.' I design not to quiz the Cowper Street 'gladiators,' but certainly their contest, though prolific of fine phrases concerning virtue, left us to determine for ourselves in what virtue consists, and left *me* under the disagreeable impression that a good time is fast coming when 'nobody shall know what virtue is.' However, let us be thankful to Messrs. Grant and Holyoake for distinctly proving 'there is nothing so virtuous as virtue,' though we be left in the dark in respect to the *meaning* of 'virtuous' and 'virtue.'

But in whatever sense our disputants used the word virtue, they agreed in considering a virtuous course in this life ought favourably to influence our destiny in another. Grant contends for faith as well as works. Holyoake that good works without faith will surely be sufficient. The Secularist leader despises a theory which condemns a man to eternal torments on account of his misbelief, while tacitly accepting a theory which implies the punishment of man in eternity for his misconduct in time. Strange that any one should be a necessitarian, and fail to perceive that conduct is as much necessitated as belief! Strange that a reasoner who tells us 'sinfulness is inherited or acquired,' that 'if inherited, it is our misfortune and not our fault,' should also tell us his 'serious objection' to the Christian plan of salvation is that 'it made salvation' to depend on a 'special faith and not on works!' Strange that he should declare 'faith is not in itself a

virtue,' and immediately after say 'therefore it would be much more useful to have made salvation depend on works which are more or less at the command of all men!'

The doctrine of necessity is no less incompatible with the notion of eternal salvation through works than eternal salvation through faith. A consistent necessitarian necessarily concludes that an Omnipotent, Prescient, Wise, and Perfectly Just God, who created ALL, could not, without the grossest absurdity as well as most monstrous violation of justice, punish ANY. Amongst men the distinction between faith and works—between error in thought and error in action—is admissible. We are obliged sometimes to reward—sometimes to punish. Even praise is a sort of reward, just as blame is (with exceptions doubtless) a real, often a severe, punishment. Reward and punishment are useful circumstances. I see not how, without them, society would be possible. Crimes *against* society must be avenged *by* society although legislators may believe, with Lady Morgan, that crimes are committed in pre-assignable proportions, and that it is possible to predict the next year's crop of criminals with a closer approximation to absolute accuracy than the next year's crop of oats. When Mr. Holyoake says, 'If works do not save us, they ought,' he forgets that a man can no more help working than he can help thinking, and therefore 'God' might as justly praise us on account of opinions as on account of actions. To deny our responsibility for belief, while admitting our responsibility for conduct, is illogical and absurd. Neither by action nor opinion can we disturb Almighty wisdom. Mr. Holyoake lost sight of that important truth when he talked of the virtuous having 'nothing to fear from God.' Mr. Grant, who does not appear ever to have had a glimpse of it, so far confounded the relations of man to man with his relations to a supposed Creator as to institute a comparison between Jehovah and Lord Campbell, justifying our condemnation in the Court of Heaven by reference to the condemnation of culprits in the Court of Queen's Bench. '*Lord Campbell had recently passed a sentence because it was his painful duty to pass it; not, however, out of any feeling of revenge to the criminal, but for the good of society.*' It did not occur to Mr. Grant that an earthly judge has

no hand in creating the culprit he condemns. Did Lord Campbell pass sentence on criminals of his own making—criminals his own legislation rendered criminals—the cases of human and divine justice would be parallel. God, we are told, created the sinners whom it becomes his 'painful duty' to eternally punish. And surely there is something rather absurd in the supposition that any duty can be 'painful' to a passionless God. If the duty *were* painful would God perform it? Allowing that Lord Campbell sits in judgment upon criminals 'for the good of society,' it followeth not that society can in any way be benefited by the eternal punishment of sinners. What his lordship will think of being compared to Almighty God I presume not to say. A comet appearing just as Cardinal Mazarine was about to die, some of his flatterers assured him that the comet appeared in pure respect for so extraordinary a personage. '*Gentlemen*,' said Mazarine, '*the comet does me too much honor*.' Probably Lord Campbell may be of opinion that our 'rising young minister' does him *too much honor* in reducing Almighty God to the dimensions of a Chief Justice even though said Chief Justice presides in the Court of Queen's Bench.

Mr. Holyoake, who can say, after Cicero, '*Postpono famæ pecuniam*' (I postpone money to fame), might have been expected publicly and at once to have strangled this most flagrant of all the sophisms hazarded by his wily and unwise opponent. But although noticed, comparatively little good use was made of it. The Secularist leader having committed himself (so far as words went) to the fallacious hypothesis that for our actions though not for our opinions we can justly be amenable to 'Divine judgment,' had no firm place on which to plant his foot, and under blows rained upon him by a fast hitting antagonist, rolled to and fro, as we are told the earth *will* do 'when the frame of things disjoints.'

I have said Grant is a brave disputant, and unquestionably he merits praise to that extent; for after likening the Creator of Heaven and Earth to a Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench—after elaborately *proving* that Lord Campbell is as well able to prevent the commission of crime as Almighty God—that justice in Heaven will be administered by the Lord Chief Justice

there with the same painful feelings, but same sense of necessity that our Queen's Bench Lord Chief Justice administers it *here* — our 'rising young minister' illustrated his notion of Biblical History by comparing much of said history to 'Police Reports in the *Times* newspaper.' Yes, according to Mr. Grant, 'God's oracles' are made up in part of 'God's Police Reports!'

Holyoake having referred to passages in the Old Testament as 'unfit for reading upon certain occasions,' Grant said there appeared in the *Times* 'Police Reports which would not do for common reading, but which nevertheless could not be charged upon the editor as the principles of the leading articles. Now God has his police reports in the Scripture—reports of evil actions that are condemned.' Obviously then Jehovah is not only a supernatural Lord Chief Justice but also a Director General of Police who does for the Universe what M. de Maupas does for France. In addition to functions performed by earthly functionaries so important, God did edit the Bible just as Stirling or Barnes edited the *Times* newspaper, and like them he will only be held responsible for 'principles laid down in the leading articles,' the rest not being editorial but merely 'a parcel of police reports,' which being part of Holy Writ are certainly divine but 'would not do for common reading!!!'

Is it true that Scripture police reports are precisely what Mr. Grant describes them to be? I think not. I do not find that the evil actions reported in Scripture are *always* condemned by Scripture. Where is Lot condemned for incestuous intercourse with his own daughters? Where Noah for getting dead drunk, exposing most shamefully his person, and denouncing the curse of curses—the curse of bondage—upon Canaan? Where Jacob for defrauding Esau of his birthright? Where Judith for barbarously murdering Holofernes? Relying upon God's police reports I conclude that Jehovah had a particular affection for criminals inasmuch as with scarcely an exception his greatest favourites were the greatest scoundrels.

And will any one seriously affirm that *all* evil actions reported in Scripture are 'condemned by Scripture,' when even Sunday School teachers know that Scripture nowhere condemns the

Midianite massacre—a massacre of atrocity unparalled—a massacre involving atrocities so hideous that compared therewith the blood-chilling horrors of a Sicilian Vesper or a St. Bartholomew are pleasant to recall? Grant sadly damaged his cause by reducing the Christian God to a level with Lord Campbell, but still more serious was the damage he inflicted upon that cause by the shallow flippancy with which he likened a large portion of Bible history to 'police reports in the *Times* newspaper,' and disturbed the pious ignorance as well as faith of even Sunday School teachers by making it appear there are supernatural penny-a-liners of whose services God Almighty availeth himself for the purpose of reporting evil actions which in very many cases are not *condemned* but *applauded* in Scripture. Grant having thought proper to make God a minister of police and *redacteur en chef* of the Hebrew *Times* as well as Lord Chief Justice, it was expected that the Secularist leader would have laid bare the sophistry of an opponent who seemed to court exposure by going out of his way to talk nonsense. He did no such thing however, and Grant, who spares no one, was himself spared. Holyoake's theory of non-disparagement precludes all who hold it from giving opponents a sound drubbing, and without doubt Grant has abundant reason to rejoice at non-disparagement in his own case.

That theory was much talked of by both speakers. Mr. Holyoake *would* ventilate it. He wasted a vast deal of his time in denouncing denunciation. His notion seems to be, that though a spade may be called a spade, to call a scoundrel a scoundrel is forbidden by the law of politeness, and proves nothing but the dominance of shocking bad taste. No, the Secularist leader so much dislikes denunciation that he cannot but associate therewith pettiness of aim and vulgarity of thought. According to his theory men of genius are always polite. While discussing the character of Christ Mr. Holyoake took Christians roundly to task for supposing that because Jesus 'spoke out against those whom he considered hypocrites they might do the same.' Not at all moved by the fact made sufficiently prominent that he was himself in no way over scrupulous as to the epithets he fas-

tened on others our denouncer of denunciation stuck to his theory, of which he is as fond as a patentee of his everlastingly-expensive patent, or a doting father of his everlastingly-erring and scapegrace son.

A desire 'to dwell in decencies for ever' is an amiable weakness on the part of Holyoake which Grant cleverly turned to account. He saw his advantage, and made the most of it. While explaining the double nature of Christ Mr. Holyoake said many fine things, but he also said many foolish ones. His praise of Christ the gentle was admirable. But why should he dispraise Christ the severe? Severity to those whom gentleness will not profit is good. And Mr. Grant wanted to know why Christ should be blamed for calling certain people 'fools and hypocrites' if he really thought them so? No satisfactory answer was given to that question. What Mr. Holyoake affirmed concerning genius being incompatible with the spirit and practice of denunciation is disproved by all history. Was Demosthenes no genius? And did Cicero lack abilities of the highest order? That they protested against corruption and denounced the enemies of liberty in language highly 'offensive,' there can be no doubt. But because they denounced, as never men had denounced before, are they to be held wanting in genius, or deficient in any one element of the noblest intellectual power? Before Mr. Holyoake again stigmatises severity of language as peculiar to people of vulgar intellect he should revel in the dainties served up by Thomas Carlyle, that master of invective—at once the most epithetical and influential of living writers—and then run through the speeches of modern as well as ancient orators. Let him read with attention the speeches of Pym, Elliot, Russell, Sidney, Pulteney, Chatham, Burke, Sheridan, Fox, Curran, Grattan, Canning, Plunkett, and Brougham, before trusting himself again to the perilous work of denouncing denouncers as wanting in genius and vulgar in intellect.

It is remarkable that immediately after associating the outspokenness contended for by Grant with everything abominable Holyoake alluded to Paine (one of the most outspoken denouncers of modern times) as having done more to bring

about American independence by his *pen* than ever Washington had by his *sword*. The fact is this pet theory must be given up if Secularists mean mischief to Christianity or good to Secularism. Grant knew well what the theory of non-disparagement was worth and set it at defiance. I, for one, admire the denunciatory portion of *his* speeches. They were shrewd, clever, apt, and telling. I like a merciless opponent: one who will not spare and asks not to be spared. Such an opponent is Grant. He believes that they who profess to be sincere either in controverting opinions or exposing persons should pronounce 'liars and hypocrites' those who notoriously are both. It is true that the 'rising young minister' made a very free use of disagreeable epithets, but I see no objection to his using the liberty with which Christ hath made him free. He spoke of Holyoake as a rattle-snake who was none the less dangerous because he had laid aside his rattle and crept into the grass. Well, where's the harm of all that? If the Secularist leader is rattlesnakish without the rattle but quite as dangerous as if with it, why should Grant be denounced for saying so? Nothing more ridiculous than the complaints of those who combat the style and taste instead of the principles and arguments of antagonists. I concede at once that in private life outspokenness hath its inconveniences. If we would be at peace dissimulation is indispensable. I perfectly appreciate the saying—'*Qui nummos non gestat in bursa, mel saltem habeat in bucca* (He who has no money in his purse ought at least to have honey in his mouth.) But the leader of a party whose aim is the destruction of superstition, and the establishment on a basis purely secular of 'a scheme of society in which there shall be no vice,' must lay his account with giving offence to the many 'fools and hypocrites' whose folly or hypocrisy, or both, he will be forced to confront and expose. Objecting to Christianity because its reputed founder called 'fools and hypocrites' those who really were so is sorry work. I confess myself quite as much an admirer of the severe as the gentle Jesus, who did no wrong in exposing Pharisees, though perhaps open to the charge of physical force Chartism inas much as not content with hard words which proverbially break no bones, he took a whip of small cords and whipped out of the

Temple certain money-changers and people who 'sold doves.' It is because Christianity is superstition *not* because Christ denounced a pack of scoundrels that we have cause to complain, and Holyoake should rather have employed himself in exposing the hollowness of that scheme of supernaturalism with which Christ must ever be associated than in denouncing the denouncer of 'fools and hypocrites.'

To point out the vulnerable parts of Christianity Mr. Holyoake was in the course of this controversy challenged more than once. The challenge passed unheeded by; and yet it might have been shown that Christianity is vulnerable in *fundamentals*—that the belief of which we hear so much, the 'central belief,' *is no belief at all.* The Secularist leader did not expend five sentences upon that all-important topic. Exploding what Christians allow to be the basis of their 'scheme' formed no part of his tactics. Matters were so managed that while Grant might deal with Secularism as he thought proper Holyoake was pledged not to shock the feelings of good Christian people by assaulting their impossible belief. Grant boasted at Walthamstow that he had 'handcuffed' his opponent, a boast perfectly well founded but the terms of which should have been different. Instead of saying he had put a *cuff* upon the *hand* of Mr. Holyoake he should have said 'I contrived to put a *padlock* on his *mouth*,' as the Secularist leader was called upon to furnish securities for good behaviour during the controversy before Grant and his friends would consent to its taking place. One condition insisted upon by these cunning people was that no attempt should be made to disturb the fiction fundamental and therefore essential to all the thousand and one schemes of positive nonsense called positive religion.

In my 'Second Fourpenny Wilderness' I have shown that belief cannot operate upon unintelligibility. Now, there is no one dogma of the Christian scheme which can be pronounced intelligible. Its fundamental, or, if Mr. Holyoake pleases, its 'central' dogma is absolutely meaningless. Dissenters laugh at that article of the Athanasian creed which informs us God the Father is incomprehensible, God the Son is incomprehensible, God the Holy Ghost is incomprehensible; and yet they are not three incompre-

hensibles, but one incomprehensible. I tell Dissenters that they no more believe in the God they say they believe in than Church of England priests believe in the Triune Incomprehensible of St. Athanasius. Had Holyoake thought it politic to take the line here indicated he might have utterly ruined the priest party, for their 'scheme' rests on the hypotheses that we do or may believe in unintelligible propositions. Probably Mr. Holyoake thought no good could come of agitating the God question. But whatever he thought concerning that question, every one present at the discussion knows little if anything was said respecting it. Mr. Holyoake objected to Christianity on many grounds, and so far as they went his arguments were for the most part effective. But the best of those arguments fell short of what the occasion required. They were put with immense ability but in no instance did an argument urged by the Secularist leader disturb popular belief in the possibility of believing in that of which we cannot have ideas. Exclusive attention to the affairs of this life was recommended by Mr. Holyoake as something eminently secularistic, but throughout the controversy he was silent as to the fundamental fallacy of the Christian scheme of salvation and said little concerning those rationalistic principles which fairly enunciated do fairly prove that the affairs of this life are the *only* affairs to which we *can* attend.

When Grant said a belief in the life to come 'led to no indifference to whatever in a proper sense belonged to the present life' he might most effectually have been met by a plump denial that any one really believed in 'the life to come,' understanding by the phrase 'life to come' a state of more than natural existence. When he said 'an earthly duty could not be named to the performance of which Christianity presented the slightest obstacle' his career of assertion might have been cut short by the 'offensive' but true statement that Christianity resting on unintelligibilities is itself meaningless, and being meaningless no one can tell *what* it means. When 'the rising young minister' had astonished his hearers and exhausted himself in attempts to exhibit the 'Secular Aspects of Christianity' he might in the politest imaginable manner have been brought to

book by insisting upon a distinction being drawn between the religion of Christianity and the secularism of science; for if the secularism of Christianity or any other scheme of religion is science, then to science it belongs. Religion can no more be secularized or exhibit 'secular aspects' than nothing can metamorphosize into something or exhibit the aspects of a goose or a butterfly. Secularism is science because it relates to the known. Christianity is mystery because it relates to the unknown. Secularism is superior to Christianity because knowledge is superior to ignorance. Grant argued that Christianity supplied motives to virtuous conduct over and above those supplied by Secularism. On that argument he laid great stress. He produced and more than once reproduced it during the debate. In reference thereto I say the assumption of a more than natural potency in what some call religion and others superstition to make men virtuous is not new. Even reputed 'infidels,' aye and 'infidels' of mark too, have subscribed to that article of every genuine superstitionists' faith. Rousseau declared *Morality could do nothing that religion could not do better, and religion does many things that morality cannot do at all.* Holyoake explained with much force and eloquence what he understood by the term Secularism but allowed Grant to escape the consequences sure to follow any attempt to explain Christianity. If Grant had been *worried* into an explanation of that religion or scheme of salvation whose wonder working and truly miraculous efficacy in 'taming the devil' within us he so much vaunted, it would at once have been seen that 'the rising young minister' having nothing but unintelligibilities to explain could explain nothing intelligibly, and that notwithstanding all his mother wit and native shrewdness he is after all nothing more than a disciple of the school described by a witty Frenchman as the school of clever persons who *deny what is and explain what is not.*

It will be time enough to consider the influence of 'belief in God on the character of man' and the influence of 'belief in the life to come' on our actions in the life present, when these or other so called supernatural beliefs are shown to be possible. I deny that man can think without ideas, and I deny that man has or

can have any relation *to* or derive any ideas *from* the supernatural. Our instincts, affections, and powers of thought (such as they are) transcend not nature however nobly they be developed. The hypothesis that there is something supernatural though dogmatically assumed never can lose its hypothetic character. 'There may be another and a better world,' observes the Christian when lashed into humility or driven into a corner. He is right too when thus undogmatic. But my good Christian logomachist although there may be another and a better world, on the contrary there may not. Possibly some who profess belief in the unintelligible may after taking their final adieu of this world—their fearfully imaginative 'leap in the dark'—find another and a *worse* world than the one we inhabit and with which they take so much pains to put us out of conceit. When positive religion takes refuge in *maybeism* how pitiable is the condition of its preachers. And yet knowledge of more than nature being unattainable by man, and priests being human (sometimes barely that) their language is either void of meaning or suggestive of ideas which contradicting destroy each other. Even the God whose will they profess infallibly to deliver through fallible lips; that God of whom with measureless effrontery they claim to be deemed the 'humble' vicegerents; that Immense Phantasm they with unfathomable hypocrisy profess to love; is according to their own account a Being with whom we have nothing in common—a Being unlike and distinct from all we know or can conceive—a Being who was before the Universe—a Being self-existent, alone, unapproachable, and eternal—a Being with whom all things are possible no one thing intelligible, higher than heaven which hath no top lower than hell which hath no bottom. Much sham belief in this Immense Phantasm we have, real belief *none*. And therefore I say Christianity is not a 'system' but a delusion. I say moreover that if there *is* a life to come we know nothing of it—if there *is* truth in Christianity the truth cannot be discovered by mortal eyes—if that 'pure religion' *hath* 'secular aspects' they belong to science with which religion has nothing to do—if the Immense Phantasm to whom or which Christians have given names many, opinions, passions, and even sex, though denying

his materiality, *did* create and *does* now rule the Universe, belief in Him must be belief without ideas, a kind of belief equal to no belief at all.

Now, had Holyoake applied himself in earnest and perseveringly to the great work of showing that Christianity rests on belief in God and that belief in God is belief without ideas, I know he would have offended many, but I also know he would have pierced to the very marrow of his opponent's bones and sounded the death knell of that disgusting superstition whose loathsome 'aspects' are so studiously concealed.

Grant made an elaborate attempt to prove that barbarism prevailed over the whole earth before 'a voice went forth from the carpenter's shop;' that though religious Jews, artistic Greeks, and voluptuous Romans had clubbed their wits, civilization eventuated in little but corruption until Christian light dawned upon the world. To eke out his argument our 'rising young minister' laid Hume under contribution. He quoted the 'infidel' historian as excellent authority on this matter, and Hume had said that in the old Pagan times a man might be a murderer, an adulterer, a perjurer, any or all of these, and yet have statues erected to his memory. Be it so. I accept the fact but deny the Christian inference. It is at least probable that Romans and others did in some instances raise statues to the memory of many great scoundrels. But are we not open to the charge of doing the like? Have no statues been raised to murderers, and adulterers, and perjurers since 'a voice went forth from the carpenter's shop?' Ages hence when Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand shall stand upon the broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, that traveller will find many an 'infidel' historian testifying to the fact that in Christian England and during the nineteenth century of the Christian era statues in honour of pre-eminently great scoundrels might be found. So little hath Christianity done towards really civilizing us that we still do reverence to successful workers of iniquity. Statues erected to the memory of scoundrels indeed! Why erecting statues to murderers, perjurers, and parricides is quite a 'feature' in the beautiful face of modern civilization. Where has Grant been

living? What books does he read? How contrives he to remain so marvellously ignorant? Has he never heard of Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias? Of George IV., once the first *blackguard* in England? Of Napoleon I., or his hopeful nephew Napoleon III.? Is he unaware that statues have been raised in honor of these heroes, and by Christian hands too? Not a single country of modern Europe is unpolluted by statues of the murderer, the parricide, and the perjurer. Erecting statues in memory of such is therefore chargeable as well on Christianity as Paganism, and Grant's argument based upon the assumption that criminal folly of that kind was put an end to by 'a voice from the carpenter's shop' falls to the ground. Allowing that the nations have improved since a 'voice went forth from the carpenter's shop;' allowing that the masses of modern Europe are more civilized than the masses of ancient Rome; allowing that in Christian communities there have been rulers wiser than Trajan, orators greater than Cicero, patriots nobler than Cato; allowing (surely the allowance is large and liberal) that Christian priests are more self-denying or less hypocritical than they who ministered at Pagan altars, still we may be permitted to doubt that the superior civilization we boast is due to Christianity. Nothing more childish than ascribing to a superstition the civilization it was unable to prevent *except* the childishness which attempts to imagine a supernatural cause for results naturally brought about. In Christianity I see a 'scheme' admirably calculated to enable the crafty to alarm and give law to the credulous, a scheme hostile to all 'new developments' except they be such as are compatible with old fictions, a scheme so hideous that a history of *its* developments is little else than one long and gloomy detail of the worst crimes committed by the worst men who for more than thirteen centuries treated science as no Goth or Vandal ever did, made war quite Palafoxian upon its professors, brought into constant requisition racks, thumbscrews, and gibbets, treated themselves occasionally with an *auto da fe* (*act of faith*), which consisted in burning alive Jews or each other, made of Europe a human shamble, all the while professing to love science, to adore its teachers, to hate persecution, to loathe cruelty, and to seek

nothing but the glory of God and speedy establishment of his kingdom. Well might Holyoake say civilization did not advance in *consequence* but in *spite* of Christianity, for history, not as written by Hume the 'infidel' but Mosheim the 'Christian' historian, teems with evidence of the noteworthy fact that from first to last Christian schemers have hated science and persecuted unto death the noblest of its votaries.

Mr. Holyoake talked much, always with power and often only as a man of genius could talk, of *the Nature of Secularism—the General advantages of Secularism—the Death of Jesus Christ, its policy and its example—the Eclecticism of the Apostolical Writings*—and other subjects; but comparatively useless were his efforts. Much of what he uttered might as well have been unsaid. All that part of the debate which arose out of the pretty but obscure phrases '*spiritual dependence leads to material destruction*' was worse than useless. All that part of the debate which professedly explains the nature of Secularism might have been spared with advantage to Secularists. Nor was it wise to volunteer dissertations however beautiful upon *Science the Providence of man.* Holyoake, I again venture to say, should have *forced his opponent into a defensive position.* When the struggle was drawing to a close he said, 'Mr. Grant instead of defining and defending Christianity has betaken himself to fault-finding.' Good policy too, friend Holyoake. But it was not good policy to permit the adoption of such policy. Tact is talent. Grant is an excellent tactician. He had himself laid down the maxim that time should not be wasted in talk concerning things of which we have no idea, and was little disposed to define or defend a system whose 'central belief' and 'corner stone' is belief *without* ideas. He found it infinitely more convenient to *demand* explanations than to *give* them. Instead of pledging Secularists 'to preserve and augment whatever was good in Christianity,' Mr. Holyoake might have goaded or shamed his opponent into such a defining and defending of Christianity as would have put Christians to the blush for the impertinencies of a scheme which has no real hold either on judgment or affection. Instead of admitting that Christianity 'taught two sets of duties

—duties to God and to man,' Mr. Holyoake might have denied the fact, and instead of allowing Grant to ride off upon 'spiritual dependence' or some other convenient absurdity, have put and kept him to the work of proving that there *are* 'two sets of duties.' Here is a fact which implying the reality of Theism commits every Secularist to the difficulties and irrationalities of that impossible 'system.' But Theism is *not* real. Based on fiction it never can have more than fictional value. Avowedly supernatural it never can operate upon, or be operated upon by, merely natural intellect. The duties of man to man may be rendered clear and intelligible—not so unimaginable duties of man to more than man.

In no part of this memorable controversy did Grant appear to more advantage as a logomachist than where he turned to *long* account those pretty but obscure phrases concerning 'spiritual dependence' and 'material destruction' I have already alluded to and condemned as worse than useless. They *were* worse than useless to Secularists, but for purposes of mystification the 'rising young minister' found them excellent stock in trade. His attempt to annihilate material dependence by declaring that in dealing with material objects we have nothing to depend upon but what is spiritual, and to resolve 'matter itself' into a 'spiritual suggestion,' struck me as subtle, and clever, and learned, but rather dangerous to the system called Christian.

Mr. Holyoake had said '*spiritual dependence might lead to material destruction.*' What he meant by 'material destruction' everybody understood, but it may be doubted whether any person who sat out the six nights' controversy in Cowper Street knew exactly what he meant by 'spiritual dependence.' There really is no such thing. All dependence must be physical. A license of speech recognised by custom permits us to talk of moral, and mental, and other kinds of dependence, but the only real dependence is physical just as certainly as the only real existence is physical. Grant hazarded his bold sophism either in utter ignorance of what manner of creature man is, or in utter contempt of an audience whom he assumed to be completely imposed upon by the jargon of spiritualising priests whose 'spiritual manifesta-

tions' have been well defined as *wrappings for imposture.* Christians would do well to consider that any argument effectually disturbant of faith in the material universe must peril faith in an immaterial Creator; for if the reality of matter cannot be proved —if Grant or anybody else make out the transcendental proposition that matter itself is not a material thing but a 'spiritual suggestion'—matter never was created, and if never created could not have a Creator. They who deny the reality of matter do in effect deny the reality of Him who is said to have created it. Expelling matter out of nature may be 'a free and easy way of dealing with materialists,' but it is every whit as free and easy a way of dealing with immaterialists. Their 'central principle' vanishes—their 'corner stone' is knocked away the moment they by spiritualizing matter reduce it to a nonentity. Our 'rising young minister' outraged by dependence on material things, while with swallow unimpaired he greedily 'puts away' dependence on spiritual things, reminded me of the giant who after taking down his capacious throat and absolutely digesting huge windmills, iron gates, or the like, was choked in the attempt to swallow a pound of melted butter.

Existence is known by its attributes. Whatever exists hath attributes of which our organs of sense take cognizance. To strip existence (were the feat possible) of attributes would be to annihilate it. Take from a table, for example, length, breadth, form, color, and the table vanishes. Therein lies a difficulty for materialists. Their eternal matter amounts to no more than a given number of attributes, and attributes being unreal the thorough sceptic challenges them to prove the reality of eternal matter. He argues that as attributes are not things, and attributes so far as our senses are concerned make up all we know of matter, there is no such thing as matter. In bar of such an unsatisfactory conclusion the best we can do is to plead the constitution of man. Apart from such plea there is no help for Materialism. Apart from that plea there is no help for Immaterialism. The argument against material dependence may be turned against dependence of *any* kind. Let Christians beware lest their 'new light' prove a will o' the wisp, tempting poor souls

towards bogs, quagmires, and bottomless abysses. Believe me, Christian reader, this argument against dependence on material things leads direct—by the shortest possible cut—to thorough going out and out scepticism such as Phyrro taught. No logic, not even the logic of a very clever Christian, can answer that. In the battle of ontological speculation ultra scepticism must prevail, but, as remarked by Hume, although such scepticism admits of no answer *it produces no conviction.*

If Grant, and other preachers of a new crusade against 'infidels,' can make it out that 'no reliance should be placed upon material things,' they are cleverer people than I take them for. Were the age of miracles *not* passed, and they miracle workers, success might crown their efforts. But, as things stand, any attempt to destroy 'dependence on material things,' is big with the fate of Christianity, and may bring that divine system down about their ears; for man is so constituted that he must believe in, and depend upon, material things. If the new crusaders deny material things they will be expected to give some account of immaterial things. Now, to explain or account for a material thing is difficult—vastly more difficult than it at first sight appears. But who shall explain or account for an immaterial thing? Material things act upon our sensual organs so as to beget ideas yclept 'spiritual suggestions.' Immaterial things have no relation to, nothing in common with, organs of any kind, and therefore cannot beget ideas. Materialism is a word which at least means *something*, whereas immaterialism is a word denoting simply the *absence of signification.* They who profess immaterialism are dealers in 'words without knowledge,' whose speculations like themselves are unstable as water—shifty as wind. Their everlasting explanations of the immaterial need to be everlastingly explained because it *is not*, and what *is not* no words can render intelligible. A material man we so far comprehend as to have ideas of him. An immaterial man (if real) would be totally incomprehensible, inasmuch as immateriality implies absence of body, therefore absence of organs, therefore absence of everything. Rare old doctrine this doctrine of immateriality! Its preachers cannot tell what it means, and be thankful if they

condescend to say what it does not mean. Admirably qualified are these blind guides for the pious work of leading fools to that ditch in which they precipitate others but are wary of tumbling into themselves. Inspired by this motley host of dullards and cheats who explain the immaterial *which is not* and deny the material *which is*, poor weak 'souls' imagine that they really have 'souls.' Now, in one sense every living creature hath a 'soul,' and as the simplest possible exposition of the only sense in which any things or beings can have 'souls' may enlighten even Sunday School Teachers of the Unknown and certainly will form a complete answer to Grant's sophistry concerning the dangerousness of relying upon material things, I will attempt such exposition. The fact that Mr. Holyoake put in no protest against such part of the reasoning of his subtle opponent as reduced matter to a 'spiritual suggestion' and was meant to show 'dependence itself was a spiritual act,' but dismissed it contemptuously as 'the kind of opposition he saw no objection to,' is another of the many circumstances potent in moving me to an exposition which Grant and other crusaders with Three Years at disposal may show the folly or falsehood of if they can.

In a Portuguese manuscript many years ago translated and published by a friend of mine there is a long but remarkably pleasant account (fabulous to be sure, but none the worse for *that)* of certain bees amongst whom had contrived to live largely and luxuriously some cunning bees who doing little else than deny *what was* and explain *what was not* were called Learned Drones. These Learned Drones contrived to persuade the working bees that though the entire race of bees was doomed to die—'passing through nature to eternity'—in consequence of an offence given to the maker of all bees by the first bees that ever were made, still (thanks to Mediation and an Atonement made by the only begotten son of the Immense Creator of bees) every bee who died in the faith, that is who died believing or saying he believed whatever the Learned Drones told him to believe, would go to a Heaven expressly prepared for good bees, and from which bad or misbelieving bees would be for ever excluded, another place being provided for *them* where they suffer unheard of tor-

ments after the manner of bees. The Learned Drones taught that the only perishable part of the bee was his body, the 'soul' or *buzzing part* was to live for ever. Their theory distinguished between the Buzz of the bee and the bee himself. By learned dissertations (frequently repeated) on the immortality of the Buzz and perishability as well as utter worthlessness of the body of every bee, they contrived to make all save a few 'infidel' bees believe that the Buzz of a bee was an entity, something entirely distinct from the bee himself. Enlightened bees of the 'working class' saw through this scheme of salvation for bees, and protested against it as only bees could. But the Learned Drones persisted, and it is said do to this very hour persist, that their whole scheme is divine, and declare with more than former vehemency the fact that though every bee will die every bee's Buzz will live for ever.

Such in substance is the fable done into English and published for Christian edification by my facetious friend. This fable may help the reader to see 'soul' from the same point of view that I see. I consider that the Learned Drones who taught that the Buzz of a bee was something distinct from the bee were quite as wise and perhaps no less honest than our learned priests who teach that the soul of a man is something distinct from the body of a man. I suppose that as bees buzzed because they were so organised as to buzz in like manner men think because they are so organised as to think. A bee could not buzz without a body to buzz with, neither could a man think without a body to think with. I suppose it no less absurd to say a man can think without anything to think with than to declare as Learned Drones did that bees could buzz without anything to buzz with. The Buzz of a bee, is a 'spiritual manifestation' of that bee—the language embodied sensibility of a man is the 'spiritual manifestation' of that man. Buzzing is an action, so is thinking—even when not made manifest by audible sounds, and soul being nothing but the sum of all the sensibilities enjoyed or suffered by individuals organised to enjoy or suffer, the argument of Mr. Grant, which leads to 'dependence on spiritual things,' and ascribes to unknown spirit a reality denied to known body, is an argument which will not bear rough handling or at all likely to

survive the three years of controversy and preachment we are promised but are not likely to get.

The fallacy of hypotheses which confound attributes with existence, and sneakingly suggest rather than openly declare the non-existence of matter by reducing it to a 'spiritual suggestion,' deserves and would repay more than the cost of a public exposure. All that part of Mr. Grant's argument was put with considerable ability and much effect. His friends were delighted to find in their 'rising young minister' a man who could so cleverly attack materialists on their own ground. Nothing he did pleased them more, except perhaps his personal abuse of Mr. Holyoake.

In his eagerness to immaterialise matter by converting it into a 'spiritual suggestion,' Grant damaged himself by parading as true science what many schoolboys could tell him is scientific untruth. 'Astronomy,' said he, 'was not learned from the senses. We believe that the world goes round—not because the sun rises, but because we trust to the spiritual arguments of the philosophers whose reasoning contradicted our senses.' While our 'rising young minister' spoke thus scientifically untrue I felt almost reconciled to the opinion that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. His spiritualising argument relies upon an exploded and double fallacy—the fallacy that without senses it is possible to learn astronomy or anything else, and that senses deceive us. Senses are sensibilities which imply material organs. All mental operations are sensual. Reasoning is as much a sensual operation as tasting or hearing. One might as wisely talk of spiritual puddings as spiritual arguments. What Grant *calls* spiritual arguments are but outward and visible signs of material processes. Nor do spiritual arguments, so-called, contradict the evidence of our senses though people with a little knowledge imagine so. Senses often seem to contradict senses but never really do so. We believe the world goes round because reflection upon the analogies of things hath led up to that grand truth. But what is reflection? A mental process, exclaims the half-informed Christian. Well, it *is* a mental process, and the senses are concerned in all mental processes. Apart from the

senses there can be no mental processes; and strange though the thing appear it is true that sense deceptions are self-deceptions; that reflection which enables us to correct what are ignorantly called errors of the senses is sensual *not* spiritual; that pure reasoning never can contradict the senses, for to say that pure reasoning contradicts the senses is equal to saying the senses contradict the senses, whereas we know the senses never contradict the senses though to the ill instructed they appear to do. A straight stick when thrust into the water appears crooked, and because it does the senses are said to deceive us. Not so, however. There is no deception no illusion in the case. The stick ought, under the circumstances, to appear crooked. Its crooked appearance *in* the water is as completely in harmony with general laws appertaining to light, water, &c.—laws familiar to every tolerably taught schoolboy—as its straight appearance *out* of the water is in harmony with said laws. Our belief that the world goes round, like every other belief, rests upon experience, and experience means simply the evidence of our senses. That evidence may appear contradictory, but, I repeat, never is so. An argument which implies senseless reasoning Grant is very welcome to. In sober earnestness I say no argument will enable him to make a spiritual suggestion of a material existence. His elaborate reasoning on that head was elaborate quackery. Holyoake, thinking so much of his opponent's reasoning unobjectionable, of course did not object to it.

The part of this controversy least instructive and most amusing, was the part intended by Grant to illustrate his notion of providence. He complained of 'the doctrine of providence which Mr. Holyoake had dressed up in harlequin fashion to divert the audience,' and said 'a proper view of providence would show how evils were turned to account.' Mr. Grant thinks that however individuals may suffer, all is for the best—if they did but know it. Disdaining the 'short-sighted and very special providence' of Mr. Holyoake, he finds good in the worst calamities, always, I suppose, excepting calamities which befal himself. His special-pleading for general providence smacked much of the ironical; and, in its way, equalled the cool sophistication of that preacher

who, having during a sermon declared that God had devised the best possible of schemes for the government of men, and made everything perfect after its kind, was asked by one of his hearers, who happened to be hunchbacked, whether *he* was perfect after his kind? With admirable coolness the holy man replied, '*Yes, a perfect hunchback to be sure.*' Grant's argument is, that God having set the Universe a going, it goes in the best possible manner; that all things are good after their kind—even calamities; that 'if God constantly interfered nothing would be certain,' and 'the regular miracle of nature would be confused by irregular miracles' performed by Mr. Holyoake's 'short-sighted and very special providence.' This sort of providential logic is contemptible, and will surely bring into contempt the cause it was intended to bolster up. It amounts to a plagiarism on the preacher who preached the perfection of hunchbackism, and leads me to suspect that Grant is the wiseacre who reporting for certain newspapers the death of a poor fellow tumbled by general providence from top to bottom of a house while looking eagerly at the funeral-procession of a certain Iron Duke said 'the poor man died a few minutes after his fall but *providentially* did not tumble upon and kill anybody else.'

Dependence on God or general providence Grant calls spiritual dependence. This kind of dependence he passionately recommended, and more than once defied Mr. Holyoake to adduce a single instance in which it led to material destruction. The instance demanded was not forthcoming, and yet history teems with instances of spiritual dependence leading by the shortest possible cut to material destruction. What became of five million or more Crusaders who maddened into spiritual dependence upon supernatural nonentities by Peter the Hermit sought by fire and sword to purge the Holy Land of infidels? The Amazon was referred to by both disputants. Grant said it was not spiritual dependence which led to the material destruction of that vessel. He may be right in so saying, and yet the argument which condemns spiritual dependence on prayer and providence instead of natural dependence on our own right arm is sound. Let Christians study the very ancient and wonderfully wise fable

concerning a certain waggoner who got his team into a hole. They will find the waggoner praying Hercules for help, but Hercules teaches him that the Gods help those who help themselves, and not by spiritual dependence on prayer and providence, but dependence on a right application of his material shoulder to the equally material wheel could he hope to lift it from the deep rut in which ignorantly spiritual dependence had stuck it fast. Of course Grant contends for enlightened spiritual dependence, but then what he calls enlightened spiritual dependence is dependence on *we know not what* which I call ignorant dependence. Did we depend more on science and less on supernaturalism there would be fewer shipwrecks, fewer disasters of every kind. Such accidents as the burning of the Amazon almost always result either from want of knowledge or want of caution. The spiritual dependence contended for by Grant is incompatible with that enlightened, far-seeing self-dependence contended for by Secularists. Every one remembers the loss of the Pegasus. Poor Elton was in her when she went down. Before she did so all on board went to prayers and supplicated providence—according to custom on such terrible occasions. The mate and two others while praying bethought them that work under the circumstances might be the best worship. Helping themselves they *were* helped by providence, for while all the rest perished they escaped a watery grave solely through 'spiritual dependence on material things.'

The general providence contended for by Grant is so very general as to exclude all special interposition by Deity in human or other affairs. He 'saw no necessity for replying to Mr. Holyoake's arguments about prayer and providence as they were manifest perversions.' How marvellously do doctors disagree! The Secularist leader contended that 'a special providence was the corner stone of Christianity,' and argued that 'to teach people to believe in a special providence interposing in all the minute as well as great affairs of life was to discourage human exertion.' His opponent scouts special providence, which according to him is not 'the corner stone of Christianity,' but an invention of anti-Christ, and therefore argument founded

thereon is ' manifest perversion.' I confess myself unable to discover what can be gained for Christianity by denying special providenceism. If the Universe was created and is governed by the Being who created it, of what consequence can it be so far as the truth or falsehood of Christianity is concerned whether He govern through an infinite number of special interpositions or through general laws. Grave disputes on such frivolities never can affect the essentials of any theological scheme, and are not a whit less absurd than monkish disputes as to the number of angels who can stand upon the point of a needle, or the disputes of certain rather uncertain Lilliputians as to the right end at which to break an egg. What we have to determine is the *reality* of a Great First Cause. It will be time enough to consider whether it acts by ' partial or by general laws' when a Great First Cause shall be proved more than the dream of a shadow. If there is an Eternal Providence I am bound to say that Christians are wretched apologists of his government. The Rev. Mr. Hinton, who sat in the umpire's chair during the controversy under consideration, hath just published a Lecture in which we are assured ' Man's doom to endless perdition (supposing it for the moment to be a fact) is not pronounced by Christianity but by the moral government of God.' Pleasant logic truly! If our doom be endless perdition we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that the doom is not pronounced by Christianity but the moral government of God. Grant made no attempt to prove the divine origin of Scripture although his umpire hath declared and truly, *the real question is the divine origin of the Bible.* Instead of settling Secularism and Secularists, converting the latter by platoons while giving to their scheme its logical quietus, he quoted many passages from the *Reasoner* with a view to convict Mr. Holyoake of inconsistency and self-contradiction. While thus employed he was cheered on by his friends who mightily enjoyed whatever they thought damaging to the character of Mr. Holyoake. But calmer people had a notion that Grant would have been better employed in answering his opponent's arguments than in villifying his character. Whether Mr. Holyoake is or is not ' consistent,' whether he has or not ' contradicted' himself in print

or on the platform, the audience assembled at Cowper Street (always excepting the *practically* Christian portion of them) care little to know. What they really needed was a sufficient reason for belief in the supernatural; together with a sufficient reason for belief in Christianity as that particular scheme of supernaturalism essential to morality here and to salvation hereafter. Picking out texts (often without explanatory contexts) from the *Reasoner* for no better purpose than to fling them in the face of Mr. Holyoake seemed to me a cunning but discreditable manœuvre. Grant quoting the *Reasoner* against Holyoake reminded me of Ferrand quoting Hansard against the late Sir Robert Peel. A cunning manœuvre it undoubtedly was for had not some three-fifths of the time been consumed in criminations or recriminations purely personal our 'rising young minister' might have exhausted the patience and provoked the contempt of his audience.

More than once Mr. Grant alluded to divisions in the Secularist camp. He said Secularists could not agree among themselves. The *tu quoque* argument is seldom to my taste, but I am tempted to ask Mr. Grant whether Christians agree among themselves? If they who are infallible interpreters of an infallible book; if they who have God on their side and all the angels—cannot agree, why are Secularists to be taunted for occasional disagreements amongst themselves? Besides, agreement in matters purely speculatives is by no means desirable. Wise men seek harmony in liberty not spiritual unity. If Secularists agree to differ on a considerable number of unessential topics so much the better for Secularism and so much the worse for Christianity. Poor is the scheme which reduces to one dead level every mind. Imbecile are the schemers who aim at nothing higher or nobler than a new development of old bigotry. Labouring to make all men think alike is as vain, foolish, and mischievous as would be one grand systematic effort to make men look, or walk, or talk alike. The Secularist who would render imperative upon Secularists uniformity of speculative opinion may fancy himself a philosopher but is really a bigotted sectarian. I do think, am happy to think, the wise people of this age are heartily sick of sectarianism,

and far from hankering after new sects would like to dispose *summarily* of some old ones.

No other argument or statement advanced by Mr. Grant calls for special notice. The arguments urged with most vehemency, and on which he laid most stress, I have brought under review. As to their value, let others now judge. I am unconscious of having misrepresented him in a single article; indeed, there can be no earthly reason to misrepresent an opponent who is quite a master in the art of self-stultification. I have ungrudgingly extolled his abilities, such as they are; but no ability, however great, will suffice for the defence of a scheme whose fundamental assumption takes for granted the possibility of an impossible belief. Though in mere wordmongery proficient, he failed to make out a case for supernaturalism. A sufficient reason for such failure is to be found in the circumstance that no such can be made out. Wit, eloquence, and learning, however much, avail nothing in the way of proving incomprehensible propositions. What supernaturalists need is a basis of belief. They seek, and will perhaps for ever seek it; but in vain. The 'Three Years Mission' with Grant for its 'terrible hero' cannot conquer a basis of belief in supernaturals. The fact that Miall, of nonconforming celebrity, thinks it necessary to publish a *Basis of Belief*, indicates an alarming ignorance as to what *is* a basis of belief. Surely *the* basis of belief ought long ago to have been settled—made plain as a pikestaff. But no; so dense is Christian ignorance with respect to the basis of belief that celebrity aforementioned shuts himself up heaven only knows how many months for the purpose of inditing a rational explanation of the basis of a supernatural belief. But—*there's nothing in it.* All explanations of that sort need another explanation, which, alas! no mere mortal can give. If Grant accept my challenge to a public controversy, and during that controversy produce an intelligible basis of belief I will thank him, and, if permitted, at once join the 'Three Years' Mission.' In the controversy at Cowper Street a basis of supernatural belief was not demanded, and certainly neither its positive nor its negative side 'turned up.' A Miall or a Grant might by any number of sermons in the chapel

of friend Ebenezer blow down the great wall of China, just as certain clever Israelites with the aid of rams' horns blew down the walls of Jericho, but neither Miall nor Grant, nor a preacher, if such can be found, ten thousand times more potent in speech than either of these can oblige us with an intelligible basis of supernatural belief. On this fundamental topic there is no difference of opinion between myself and Holyoake. We agree in repudiating supernaturalism. We differ as to the mode of dealing with it. The Christian scheme is no more acceptable to George Jacob Holyoake than to Charles Southwell. But he seems to recognise in that scheme some truth and some utility. He argued throughout as if prepared to accept Christianity in part—as if Christians could believe their own theory—as if supernaturalism might be something more than assent without ideas, and as if the scheme of his opponent might be overthrown without disturbing its fundamental assumptions. The Secularist leader cared little to attack, his object was rather to defend. An opportunity for assailing the superstructure and tearing up the very foundations of superstition, such as no other opponent of superstition ever had, was scarcely at all turned to account. Holyoake had taken a leaf from the book of his friend Owen, and throughout this controversy lectured rather than debated. He was evidently more intent upon explaining his own 'system' than demolishing the 'system' of his antagonist. Challenged to point out the vulnerable parts of Christianity he declined to waste breath on matters so 'impracticable,' and proceeded to discourse (with much eloquence I admit) on *the Nature of Secularism*, or *Science the Providence of Man*, or *the Secularism of the Apostolical*, or *the General Advantages of Secularism*, or some other subject equally general and equally *mal apropos*. His tactics denoted a foregone conclusion that to explain and defend Secularism not to expose and denounce Christianity was his proper business.

Spectators are said to see more than they who play the game. That saying hath risen almost to the dignity of a maxim, and a pleasant maxim it is so far as lookers on are concerned. But perhaps in many cases the looker on who fancies he sees a great

deal more really sees considerably less than the gamester whose play he condemns. I was a spectator at this clever game of disputation with which some fault has been found, but my mode of playing such a game might be by no means an improvement upon the mode pursued by Mr. Holyoake. This is not said in compliment to him but rather as a something due unto myself. I have publicly challenged Grant or any other accredited defender of Christianity to a discussion of that 'system,' not however in the hope of taking a line with which no one could fairly find fault. Should my challenge be accepted the sharp-eyed critic on the look out for flaws would perhaps find in me a debater able to furnish a vast supply. What then? Let the flaws be discovered and pointed out by whomsoever will take the trouble to do it. In matters of criticism I act towards others just as I would have others act towards me. Honest criticism is often false, but in these days of free discussion we much need honest criticism. Its general tendency is to improve intellect and through intellect 'make the earth wholesome.' I recognize truth in the words '*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*,' but that truth affects not me; for the sentiments just expressed are not penned as an excuse but simply to make apparent the feeling which animates me. I honor genius but spare no error. My antagonism to the 'supernatural' is *thorough*. In the fervid and fevered eloquence of the priest I see matter for compassion or contempt. A priest party, *as such*, I hold to be mere janizaries well drilled and appointed, whose sympathies, like the sympathies of hirelings all our world over, are with the despotism they are employed to defend, and from which they draw their life blood. In parliamentary or other churches supported by involuntary as well as voluntary contributions I see the machinery which enables an ecclesiastical 'swell mob' to rob the poor they affect to love, and with impunity violate that injunction which forbids theft. My bones will have returned to kindred dust ere the doctrine here laid down as fundamental to every pure thought concerning religion—that doctrine on which the Cowper Street controversy threw a flood of light—can become popular, or powerful in the work of pulling down superstitious strongholds. Woe to a doctrine which has nothing but truth to recommend it!

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HOLYOAKE # TRIAL OF THEISM

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THE

Trial of Theism.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

'What I find to be Truth shall be welcome to me, let it sound as it may. I will *know*; and should this be impossible, this much at least I will know, that it is not possible.'—FICHTE.

PREFACE.

An origin of Nature is inconceivable, the existence of Nature is evident. The manifestations of Nature can be observed—the ultimate causes of those manifestations are yet untraced. The students of a 'First Cause' have as yet announced no indisputable result. The Theological Alchemists have been at work in the Laboratories of the Churches for ages—they are engaged in their incantations and compoundings still. Every seventh day the crucibles are held over the fires of a hundred thousand altars; but the Philosopher's Stone of Creation has not yet been produced.

This is the statement of Atheism. It is questioned and confronted in these pages with the counter statements of Theism. The reader will soon comprehend this; all we beg of him is, not to confound Atheism with 'Secularism,' which is an entirely different question, requiring to be treated in a separate volume. It is not necessary to Secularism to say—'God does not exist;' nor to question the alleged proofs of such existence. The sphere of Secularism is irrespective of Theism or Atheism, or the Bible. Its province is the ethics of Nature. It does not declare why Nature exists, or how it exists. Nature is. Secularism commences with this ample, indisputable, and infinite fact of wonder, study, and progress.

If anything written on the following pages give any Theist the impression that his views, devoutly held, are treated with dogmatism or contempt, the writer retracts the offending phrases. Theological opinion is now so diversified, that he has long insisted on the propriety of classifying, in controversy, the schools of thought, and identifying the particular type of each person—so that any remarks applied to him alone, shall not be found 'at large' reflecting upon those to whom they were never intended to apply. If just cause of offence is found in this book, it will be through some inadvertent neglect of this rule.

The doctrine is quite just, that crude or incomplete works ought to

be withheld from publication; and the author reluctantly prints so much as is here presented. If this book be regarded, as it might with some truth, as a species of despatch from the field of battle, the reader will tolerate the absence of art and arrangement in it. The plan contemplated —that of taking the authors on the side of Theism, who represented chronological phases of thought, required more time than the writer could command. From these pages, as they stand, some unfamiliar with the present state of Theistical discussion, may obtain partial direction in untrodden paths. Hope of leisure, in which to complete anything systematic, has long delayed the appearance of this book after the writer had seen that many might be served even by so slender a performance. At length he confesses, in a literary sense (if he may so use words which bear a spiritual meaning)—

> 'Time was he shrank from what was right,
> From fear of what was wrong:
> He would not brave the sacred fight,
> Because the foe was strong.
>
> 'But now he casts that finer sense
> And sorer shame aside;
> Such dread of sin was indolence,
> Such aim at Heaven was pride.'*

Though these pages do not pretend to fulfil metaphysical conditions, yet it may be possible to make in them some practical contribution to popular speculation. Indeed, metaphysics is not yet in so clear a state as to be able to command a writer to pause, until he has won its warranty. 'To abstract speculation, or close logical reasoning, Addison had no pretensions. The structure of his mind, not less than the character of his taste, excluded him from the region of metaphysics,'† nevertheless, he left many pages of literature, which a second generation perused. The present writer will count himself sufficiently fortunate if this generation cares to peruse these.

G. J. H.

147, Fleet Street, London, E.C.
June, 1858.

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* Dr. John Henry Newman—'Activity.' *Lyra Apostolica.*

† *Hogg's Weekly Instructor.* No. 46, p. 306.

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THE TRIAL OF THEISM.

CHAPTER I.

THEISTICAL WITNESSES.

If thought passes slowly and solemnly from the marvels and mysteries of Nature, and endeavours to realise the conception of an Infinite Personality over all, an awe, tremulous in speech, is the permanent feeling which results: criticism seems an impertinence, and confident assertion impious. Even if unconvinced of the existence of Deity, a meditative spectator, with any capacity for reverence, will form an idea of the reserve and respect with which the conception should be treated, and he will be disposed to defend it against the familiarities, grossness, and presumption professed believers so commonly display. This is the key to the criticism of this book. It is not the Supreme subject of belief itself, but the inadequate belief of believers about it, which is criticised. Very few adverse readers will understand this, or remember it if they do. Very few Theists appear to have discerned that the principal sceptical criticism extant has proceeded from a jealousy of opinions which are totally misleading if God does not exist, and derogatory to Him if He does. This, I do not expect, will be believed, but the proof of it is ample.

'If God has spoken, why is not the Universe convinced?' If He has not spoken, does the Theist think that by putting Nature on the rack of theology, he will be able to extort the secret God has hidden? Will he trick Omnipotence by the evolutions of design, or pluck forth the hidden mystery with the pincers of a syllogism? It is legitimate to review these attempts. There is an impertinence that pines after God, as well as a self-sufficiency which contemns Him. Some men seek God that they may honour Him—more that they may quote Him as an authority on their side, to grace their wrong, or supplement their weakness.

The reader will find in these pages some exposition of views ascribed to us, free from the distortions with which quoting opponents and imaginative rumour have so often endowed them—perhaps more carefully expressed than the haste of periodical writing permits. Written however as they are in the scant intervals of many duties, incompleteness and faults will be found; yet as proper leisure is impossible, it seems useful, under all disadvantages, to offer a few chapters on topics where wide misunderstanding is an impediment to the acceptance of more Secular work to which attention is due.

These words truly describe the object of this book. In its execution, the writer will think himself very happy should he win but a portion of that praise which Sir James Mackintosh gives to Luther; the praise of having 'little of the temerity of those intellectual adventurers who, often at the expense of truth, and almost always at the

cost of immediate usefulness, affect singularity in all things, and are more solicitous to appear original, than to make certain additions to the stock of knowledge and well being.'*

The most dispassionate form in which opinion can be tested, is the judicial. In listening to the depositions of Theists, the hearer hearkens to evidence, which, if conclusive, amounts to a revelation of the secret of nature. The safest spirit in which inquiry can be conducted is, perhaps, that of anxiety to learn the truth, and a determination not to be imposed upon by its counterfeit. A resolution to own what *appears*, not to find what we *wish*, is indispensable, if we would neither mislead nor be misled. On questions deeply moving the feelings, as Theism does, an inquirer is much more likely to err from the bias of prepossession, than from defect of judgment. On this ground the phrase '*Trial* of Theism' has been adopted in the title of these pages, to keep both before writer and reader the mental disposition in which the subject may be usefully pursued.

We do not often hear of conversions from Scepticism to Christianism. The cases given by the Religious Tract Society and by preachers are mostly spurious, imaginary, or ambiguous. An atheistical tinker, whom nobody ever heard of before, is suddenly converted by a minister, whom nobody has heard of since. Now and then, some worn out debauchee, ending a disgraceful life, has ascribed to 'Freethought' all that profligacy which was due to his unbridled passions; profligacy which many, who would resent as an insult the imputation of 'Freethinking,' have frightfully exhibited. Sir John Dean Paul, William Palmer, Hugh Innes Cameron, and others, are examples. Men who have spent their lives immorally, are often held up by the clergy as 'reclaimed,' because in their crowning act they have tried to transfer the weight of their infamy to the critics of the Church. Many reputed conversions are unreal. Again, that social persecution, that insulting denial of civil equality and public respect, which Sir James Stephens has honourably denounced, and which meet all who reject the errors of Christianism, force many into hypocrisy. So long as a public opinion exists, in which hypocrisy is more readily pardoned than heresy, it will act as a premium to dissimulation, and place every convert to the popular faith under *suspicion* of having been influenced by interest rather than by truth. A real convert undergoes a second martyrdom to conscience. He has long expiatory years to pass in zeal which will be suspected, and in sacrifices which will be disallowed, before he can take an equal place amid men who never knew the dignity of doubt nor the courage of dissent, and who therefore know not how to forgive a fault they never had the grace to commit. The truth also is, that the mind of one, once trained in Freethought, grows taller than that of the superstitious, and its stature is always obvious.

* History of England, vol. ii., p. 141, Lard. Cab. Cyclop.

The foot of the Chinese girl, accidentally released from the cramping shoe of custom, betrays ever after the expansion of nature, and is detected among ten thousand whenever she steps amid the cramped-footed faithful.

When a fact is deposed to, the point usually first looked to is the credibility of the witness. With respect to the witnesses on behalf of Theism, it is to be assumed that they are always credible, but not always capable; that they testify truly, as far they know, but that they do not always know what they do testify. The power of seeing accurately and reporting strictly and truly is not common, and Theists are less likely than Ne-theists to possess it; because they are taught to examine one side only. Men who hold doubt to be guilt will never dare to inquire boldy, and men who never inquire boldly, will often be imposed upon by appearances. Dr. Watts, and since his day many eminent divines, have admitted and deplored that multitudes of believers have no better reason for their opinions than that their parents held them, and, in this respect, the majority of preachers are not much before the people.

It was said by Voltaire, if God did not exist, we should have to invent him.* It may as truly be said, that if Scepticism did not exist, we ought to invent it as a means of quickening proof, and stimulating independent thought. Paley's University experience taught him that his students never felt the force of a solution until he had pressed them with difficulties which no other explanation would remove. If Theism be true, sceptical questioning will develop its proofs. Believers need not frown on legitimate doubt. If Scepticism were not a fact, it might be a policy. Professor Newman has somewhere remarked that 'Socrates had a peculiarity (a very disagreeable one) of always asking questions, and never answering: for when, after he had brought objections to another, he was asked what he thought himself, he always pleaded ignorance.' There are too many persons who imitate Socrates in this objectionable respect. It is better to incur any amount of obloquy for frankly avowing what one thinks, than the contempt all men feel for those who, from fear or finesse, keep back an honest and relevant expression of their own thoughts.

The witnesses most likely to be capable are those who have once been sceptics, who have, therefore, known both sides. When one who has been honest leaves the side of Freethought, he should be credited at least by his former colleagues with that veracity to which his character has entitled him. It is a fact worth noticing, that a man who has done good service to the people in a particular way, and for any reason ceases to work, or changes his mode of working, often gets worse treated than those who never did, and never mean to do anything. This is surely wrong. Many persons are induced, by witnessing this treatment, to avoid altogether

* This has been variously ascribed to Voltaire, to Robespierre, and Talleyrand. I have never traced it. It is most likely to have been a saying of Voltaire; it bears the mark of his sharp and impertinent penetration.

identification with progressionists. Regret, if you please, that a known publicist retires, but honour him frankly and liberally for what *he has done*. Let him always feel that he is remembered with regard for past services, and he will be pleased to reflect on his alliance with his former party, and to be ready at least to give it his good word if he can no longer render it personal help. Whereas if a man be assailed with harsh reproaches, because he withdraws from active labour for his principles; if he be treated with more disrespect, and censured, and pointed at with an acrimony from which he would have been exempt had he never joined the cause or avowed himself on its behalf, he will regret that he ever did so, and warn all his friends against committing themselves in the same way. No man of sense and self-respect will join any orthodox church, well knowing that if his views should change, he will be cried down as an apostate, a hypocrite, or a back-slider. True Freethinkers offer better inducements to adherents. They will honour those who stand by Freethought principles, and reason with those who relinquish them—but they will never persecute, even by epithets, those who change, nor reproach those who retire. They will have too much gratitude to forget those who have served them, too much pride to supplicate adhesion, too much dignity to resent defection, and too much justice to brand honest change of opinion.*

If a knave stand on the side of truth, every partisan is relieved when he is gone. An undecided ally is company, but no one can rely upon him; but an earnest coadjutor all should honour and serve. If he retires, regret him and respect him. Assume that he intends to give his name and influence to the new party he has seen fit to join, and treat him as an honest and earnest man, too wise for caprice, too serious to dissemble, and too brave to act the part of a hanger-on. If a cause be just, it is a man's duty not to hang on, but to help on its renown. Accordingly, a manly party is quite ready to publish the choice a former colleague has made. Respecting his own cause, a true man will still stand by it. He can stand by it if need be alone, and he is far too proud in his duty to *supplicate* any man to stand with him. His conviction is in no way disturbed by another's defection. The frankest honour is due to every earnest colleague, but a high cause should know how to command, never implore support. It is in this spirit that we shall endeavour to estimate the conduct of those who have ceased to belong to us. And first among these, we will allude to the recent secession of Mr. Thomas Cooper, the author of the 'Purgatory of Suicides.'

CHAPTER II.

THE CONVERSION OF THOMAS COOPER.

If your enemy does you an injury, it is not worth while being angry about it. First, because anger is a waste of time: Second, because it gives your enemy opportunity to which he is not entitled, which is bad taste and bad strategy. But Thomas Cooper is not an enemy of the truth, and therefore we need not be angry with him in any sense.

Three years ago Mr. Thomas Cooper avowed himself on the side of Secularism, in a manner that implied that he understood it. Secularism being that which takes the affirmative ground of nature, and bases duty on considerations purely human, without denying the right of those who think differently to base duty on what they term 'higher considerations.' Mr. Cooper (on the occasion alluded to) professed 'to accord' with myself 'very nearly on what is called theology.'* In the course of lectures which he has since delivered, it is clear that his views *have* undergone considerable change. He now declares himself not only a Theist, but as one who thinks himself under obligations of conscience to preach the truth and consolations of Theism, as the *sole* ground of duty. A man who thinks so is no longer a Secularist. Secularism, if not the discovery, is the assertion of *another* ground of duty and consolation, besides that of Theology. The Theist believes that man can only be guided and sustained by Spiritualism. The Secularist holds that he may be guided and sustained by Naturalism. He believes in 'human duties commencing from Man,' and believes them to be sufficient for life, for progress, and for conscience—sufficient for this world if there be no other—and a safe preparation for another if there be one.

Man has to learn that *material conditions* are the only conditions of progress of which he can be *sure*, and to conquer this certainty is his security for himself and his duty to others. *Deliverance*, and not *Consolation*, is the true mercy. Creeds have all the force of guidance for millions, but Naturalism also has its place for others, with whom it satisfies the demands of nature, of reason, and conscience. Such is

* At the Freemason's Tavern in May, 1853, addressing Mr. Thornton Hunt, the chairman, who had distinguished between his friendship for the present writer and agreement with his theological opinion), Mr. Cooper said—'I ought, indeed, to be the very last man to object to the term "Secular," for you must own I am extremely Secular as a teacher—more so than any of your teachers, if you will allow me to say so. I seldom trouble you with my notions on theology; but choose history, or some "Secular" theme, some every-day story, some belonging-to-this world subject for the staple of my plain talk. I will be consistent then, and *join the Seculars*. And while on this subject I may say that I am in a different case to yourself, sir (Mr. Thornton Hunt). You expressed your divergence from the views of my friend Mr. Holyoake on religious matters. I must make *a contrary vowal. My friend Mr. Holyoake and myself accord very nearly on what is called theology.* I make this avowal openly, for I do not know why I should conceal it; and I am sure, sir, you felt *the same convictions* you would make the avowal as openly and unreservedly as I do.'

Secularism, and if any man, once accepting it, tells us he no longer abides by it, we listen readily to his reasons. If we cannot accept them, he shall find that we reject them without bigotry, and regard him without intolerance. When Mr. Thomas Cooper says his views are really changed, he is to be believed as one incapable of deliberate insincerity. He is impulsive—he is irritable*—he is sometimes unjust, but he is always earnest. Who among us has given greater proof of dauntless honesty than he? In the 'evil days,' when the Government hunted insurrectionary poverty and despair to penal lands, Thomas Cooper was true to his order. In the Stafford Court he stood ten days at bay, and defended himself as a working-man never did before or since. He behaved with as much courage as Hone, and held out six days longer. Two years of imprisonment did not subdue him, and the moment he was at liberty he wrote on the title-page of his memorable Poem, 'The Purgatory of Suicides, by Thomas Cooper, *the Chartist*;' and the words went forth, the seal of his manliness, into the cottage of the poor, and as his gage of defiance into the halls of the rich.†

Not only is Thomas Cooper to be believed, but whatever his opinions may be now, he is to be respected. The working-class have to be proud of Thomas Cooper. He has done more than any other contemporary working-man to win respect for his order. The shoemaker of Lincoln has won himself a place in the Republic of literature, where distinction is only awarded to genius. As poet, as novelist,‡ as orator, as political writer, he has placed his name where it will not soon die out. Had he had a hireling tongue, or a saleable conscience, he might now be a wealthy man. A poor man with his talents can have his choice in this world—he may keep a conscience or may keep a carriage. Thomas Cooper has preferred to keep a conscience. He has always eaten precarious bread, and looks back with proud satisfaction on an incorruptible life. The author may look back from the platform through his chequered career, and find more than the world knows of to love and reverence. The working-class can point to Thomas Cooper, and say—what cannot be said of all—'Hear him—read his works—follow him home. He is one of us. *He* has nothing to conceal; *we* have nothing to fear.' The man whose career exalts the people, should be respected by the people—and as one of the people, I am proud of Thomas Cooper, of his genius, and his reputation.

Yet I am no adulator. I who speak thus have reason to complain

* If however a man is disqualified for regard because of irritability, the world will have to give up many noble affections of long standing. 'There seems good proof that Socrates was by natural temper violently irascible—a defect which he generally kept under severe control, but which occasionally betrayed him into great improprieties of language and demeanour.'—*Grote: Vol. viii. Hist. Greece.*

† The principles of the 'Charter' are not necessarily a gage of defiance to the rich, but at that time they were so, because Mr. Cooper had been imprisoned as one who sought spoliation through politics. It was false, but the Government believed it then of nearly all Chartists.

‡ *Vide* his 'Alderman Ralph,' 'Family Feud,' etc.

of his injustice. It is not pretended that Thomas Cooper is faultless; but it is our duty not to judge a public man solely from the points of personal annoyance, or even injury to ourselves. We are bound to judge of his *whole* character and his *whole* services. One does not like the metaphysical dreaminess of Gladstone; but where have we another statesman of whom we are so sure that he has a conscience? On some points Mr. Cobden is as impracticable as a Communist of the old schools, but there is a quality of stubborn honesty in him we are all sorry to miss from Parliament. Mr. Bright's doctrine of Peace-at-any-price (which he has not, like Mr. Cobden, repudiated) is altogether to be deplored; but who in the House of Commons exceeded him in the will, the courage, or the power to rebuke an aristocracy in its fits of insolence? It is not the thing a practical politician admires to see Mr. Roebuck so prompt to punish official incompetence, so careful to avoid himself official responsibility. Yet where have the people a tribune of the same knowledge, spirit, and vigilance? In judging Thomas Cooper, you have, as in these cases, to take into consideration genius, services, and character, as well as special conduct. He who insists upon perfection in others, is very far from perfection himself in judgment, or experience. He who has no generous appreciation except for *him* who is a monotonous echo of his own ideal virtues, will all always be (and deserves to be) in a party of *one*.

But whatever personal respect we may entertain for Mr. Cooper, it is no less a duty to examine strictly the grounds of his new opinions. From the manner in which he speaks of them, and from the *nature* of them, it appears to me that he arrives at them more through his feelings than his reason. There have occurred several conversions that appear to me to resemble his. When a man of highly sensitive and poetic nature has during the ardour of youth and the prime of manhood struggled with the world and found no resting place, he grows sad, and sometimes reacts. The life of an honest publicist is a perpetual hazard. He is a kind of moral gamester, who plays against the world, and finds himself opposed to a very unscrupulous antagonist. Assailed by the press, and poorly supported by those whom he served, Mr. Cooper gave the morning of his life to Chartism. Care and duty, and a scant table, were his daily lot. Then came that unfriended struggle at his trial, and the dreary years of prison life. Since those days the 'battle of life' has gone on with him in the old way. Bound himself by honour and conscience, his chances have been few. In the narrow way of duty you meet oftener with Care than with a friend. Those who stand aloof and criticise, are more looked up to than those who do the work. He who follows the beaten road of trade and fortune, and gives £5 a-year from his gains, attains to honour without responsibility, and wins more distinction than he who dies at the outpost of public duty. The people hold *you responsible to them* to stand by your professions, and maintain consistency to your principles, *but never hold themselves responsible to you that your family shall have shelter and your table shall be spread.* If you seem

anxious about these things you appear selfish, and if you are not anxious you die; or, what is worse, you incur pecuniary obligations you know you cannot meet. For long years you are too proud to own it. Perhaps few would believe it, and few heed it, if you told it. At last a sensitive spirit gives way. It turns to the idea of God, who is said to watch the silent struggle, and at last reward the solitary devotee of duty. To such a one it becomes a consolation to repose on the consciousness of God, and to believe that the struggles the world will never know, are not hidden from His eyes. The poetic nature, which is at once tender and true, *must* have sympathy. Men like Ebenezer Elliott, who had a spirit like the iron in which he dealt, at last exclaimed:—

He does well who does his best;
Is he weary? let him rest:
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary—let me rest.
After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain;
Let me rest.....
Tired and thankful, let me rest
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

Men like the poet Thom, of Inverury, will, as he did, suffer the heart to break and make no sign; but other men act like a human ostrich, bury their heads in the clouds of the Church, without the courage to look on the storm they have no longer the strength to breast. This is the kind of experience which I take it accounts for Thomas Cooper's conversion; and I own I have no words of scorn for such an experience. I can commiserate over the struggle which has bowed so true a spirit. But though I sympathise with, I do not share the conclusions to which Mr. Cooper has come. Truth is a contest, and unless the combatants enter into it in the spirit described by a modern poet, they can never be relied upon:—

Reckless of danger, loss, and shame,
In the free, fearless faith of youth,
I hope through good and evil fame
To battle in the cause of Truth.

I hope to bear, through toil and pain,
Her standard on to victory,
And from the very strife to gain
*Strength to dispense with sympathy.**
Truth must prevail. Meanwhile endure.
Of worldly peace let worldlings boast.
Amid the storms of life, be sure,
The loftiest spirits suffer most.†

* As the author has elsewhere written these lines.

† *Vide* 'Shadows of the Past,' by Lionel H. Holdreth.

CHAPTER III.

THE PALEYAN SCHOOL.

The Theist who was the subject of the last chapter rested, in the Discourses to which the writer listened, his Theism upon the Argument of Design. As this is the great resource of the popular thinker, Paley, the great type of this school, is a proper subject of examination. As this argument is universal, and references to Thomas Cooper personally will seldom be necessary, this is the proper place to remark that since the observations contained in the preceding chapter were first made (now a year ago), Thomas Cooper has receded into far-gone Evangelical views, judging from letters in circulation among his friends. This implies a greater deflection from the views he previously avowed than the present writer expected; but it in no way alters the estimate he has made of Thomas Cooper's personal character.* As this sheet is passing through the press, a letter reaches me from Captain Mackenzie, of India, enclosing a communication here printed *verbatim* from the *Hindoo Patriot* of April the 2nd, 1857, in which it appears. It is pertinent to the subject of 'conversions':—

'A Renunciation.—To the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot.* Sir,—Hitherto I was a follower of the religion of Jesus Christ. My conversion into this faith did take place on the 25th of March, 1855, when I was about sixteen years of age. But deep and candid inquiry leads me to the belief of its utter worthlessness to satisfy the religious cravings of mankind. I have also been convinced, that its fundamental doctrines are not reconcileable with the rational dictates of reason and of moral justice. Consequently, I have come to the conclusion that such a religion, containing, as it does, a great many absurd theories, such as the Trinity, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, could not have come from God—the immaterial and common Father of the Universe. I therefore publicly renounce Christianity through the medium of your journal. I beg you will be good enough to insert the above declaration in your to-morrow's issue, and oblige yours truly, Shamaprosad Chatterjee. Bhowanipore, April 1st, 1857.'

This frankness is not unusual with 'Young India':—But this detains us from the Paleyan reasoners.

It is evident on reflection,' says a competent writer, 'that there can be no more than two ways of proving the Being of a God, if it be possible to establish his existence at all.

'I. It is impossible to prove either merely that *he is*;

'II. Or, that besides being, he *must be*.'†

* In technical strictness, the reference to 'Lincoln' (page 6), should have been to *Gainsbro'*; and 'morning' (page 7) should have been *noon*. 'All' before 'always' (same page) is an obvious interpolation.

† *Vide* The Necessary Existence of God. By W. Gillespie. Chap. I.

The mode of proving that Deity *is*, is called the *à posteriori* method—*i.e.*, reasoning from effects to causes.

The mode of proving that Deity *must be*, is called the *à priori* method—*i.e.*, reasoning from cause to effect.

These two methods have given rise to two great schools of Theologians.

The *à priori* divines have asserted that Deity can never be proved by the *à posteriori* method.

The *à posteriori* theologians have held that everybody has failed to prove Deity by the *à priori* method.

These conflicting opinions have given rise, of late years, to a third school* of theologists, who declare that *both* methods must be employed at once, and then the proof comes right.

Which leads impartial spectators to remark that they do not see how it is, when neither of two roads leads to Deity, in what way going down *both* at once can bring you there!

Mr. Pearson's significant words are—'Too exclusive an importance has been attached to each of these celebrated forms of proof, as if the one were absolutely independent of the other. The two in a great measure go hand-in-hand, and conduct us to the position that there is a God.' If two proofs fail singly, it is difficult to divine how they can succeed by combination.

As two blacks cannot make one white, as two noes cannot make one yes, as two contradictions cannot make one agreement, so two failures do not make one success; nor does the discovery of two insurmountable barriers in our path facilitate our arrival at the desired goal.†

The universe is a mystery. The Positivist also wishes it cleared up. Life is dark—he also will be glad of light. The secret of the universe seems hidden in the haze of Infinity. You can only penetrate it by an inference or a fact. Natural Theologians have no positive fact, and their inferences are dim. Hereupon Paley arises, and exclaims—'Sceptics are wilfully blind, and the Preachers are timid. Wait awhile, and I will construct you a key with which any man may pick at will the lock of all this mystery.'‡

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* *Vide* Prize Essay of the Evangelical Alliance, on Infidelity, by the Rev. T. Pearson, ch. i.

† An objector, seizing upon a chemical instead of the moral sense, might allege that a chemist might develop a white out of two blacks. True; but he must first *decompose* them. And if a white reason is to come out of two black arguments, they must be *re-constructed*, and then they become *other* arguments. In their black state they cannot be held to be white, and that is the point. If A and B both contradict C's calculation of an eclipse, it may be said that their joint contradictions 'make one agreement' to do so. True; but their agreement to contradict a calculation does not prove an agreement *in* it, or *with* it, and this is the point. Failures are with some men but 'stepping-stones to success.' Hence a case may be quoted in which double failure had led to success, but the 'two failures' did not make 'one success,' but the subsequent steps which the two failures prompted. Two failures in argument may lead to a *new* attempt, which shall be more fortunate; but the failures themselves are not a success, and that is the point.

‡ The reader may find in a little work entitled 'Paley Refuted in His own Words,' the argument and terms employed by the Doctor systematically estimated. The following pages deal with supplementary controversy.

Character of Paley's proof. The answer founded on the same premises.

Dr. Paley—and it is essential to notice this—proposes to *satisfy the understanding*. His object is not to furnish ingenious theories for poetic dreamers, but to meet the requirements of hard reason. He professes to dare the judgment, to satisfy the logician, to compel conviction. His pretension is, that he leaves the Sceptic without excuse, and puts him in that dilemma in which he has no choice but to own himself a believer or a fool.

Paley marches to his encounter with confidence. He fights with two weapons. He points to 'contrivance,' and he appeals to 'experience.' *He* is no German idealist — he cares nothing for the 'subjective' or 'objective'— he despises 'intuitions'— he dispenses even with God's grace—he can carry his point with popular forces. With *him* Divinity is reduced to Mechanism—he regards the pulpit as an anvil—he blows his own bellows, and strikes like a blacksmith.

He at once hammers out this process of the Design Argument:—

The world exhibits marks of design:

That design must have had a Designer:

That Designer must be a person:

That Person is God.

But it does not appear that this Person *is* God. Because the God of the Universe must be the sole Supreme, whereas the 'Person' of the Design Argument is the least of an Infinite series of Gods.

Design implies a Designer—a Designer implies a Person. This Paley grants, and this Person, Paley says, is God; but he ignores that a Person implies organisation, and organisation implies contrivance, and this contrivance a contriver, and that contriver another contriver, which leads not to the sole God, but to an endless rank and file of Deities.

The justification of this view is obvious.

We ask *why* does design imply a Designer?

Paley answers, 'Experience tells you so.'

Why does a Designer imply a Person?

Paley answers, 'Experience tells you so.'

Why does a Person imply organisation? Nature gives the same reply, 'Experience tells you so.'

The Natural Theologian asserts that the Designer of Nature must be a Person, because, as he observes, we never knew Design proceed except from a Person. To which it may be added, 'that we never knew a Person unassociated with organisation.'

Natural Theologians depose that a Person need not have an organisation. To which the reply is, '*Then the Designer of Nature need not be a Person*.'

The principle on which this answer is based, has been admitted by Hume, Shelley, Gillespie, and others.

Whoever alleges that the Designer must be a Person, must appeal in proof to *universal experience*.

Whoever answers that a Person must have organisation, can equally appeal in proof to *universal experience*.

The appeal is the same in both cases, and he who denies the appea to the Sceptic must deny it to Paley.

Whoever says a Person may exist without organisation, *contrary t experience*, is saying at the same time that *Design may exist without Designer, contrary to experience.* And this is conceding the whol question to the Sceptic.

The world exhibits marks of Design:

That Design must have had a Designer:

That Designer must have been a Person:

That Person must have an organisation:

That organisation must have exhibited marks of contrivance:

That contrivance must have had a contriver:

Therefore the God of the Design Argument was himself contrive by a higher God, and so on, and so on, for ever; and to us who waite to catch the image of the Infinite Deity, is shown a tumultuou series of huge Beings, definite and material, disporting in bewilderin gradations one above another, and this hideous vision is the sol reward of our attention, our patience, and our teachableness! An this exquisite mockery is called demonstrating the footprints of Deity in the field of Creation.

There is another view of this case, briefer and perhaps clearer.

The question is continually put—'Whence comes man?'

The Sceptic replies, for all we know to the contrary, he has pro ceeded according to some primeval law of development.

The Theist answers 'No; man capable of high intelligence, curiously and wonderfully made, could not exist without Design.'

Then the reply is again obvious. If man may not exist withou *design*, neither may Deity—a being of far more wonderful power than man—exist without design. But if Deity may exist without th action of a Pre-purposer, the world may exist without the action of Pre-purposer. All the wonders of the Universe, human, animal, an inorganic, may exist without a Pre-purposer; for all taken togethe are a less miracle than the Existence of God—*i.e.*, a Being who begar to be before there was Time for anything *to be;* who was omnipresen —*i.e.*, everywhere, before there was *anywhere to occupy.*

At this point it is pretty clear that we are lost in our inquiries. Th Sceptic of Theology considers it honesty if not piety to say so, an endeavours to find his way back to Nature. The Theist maintain his argument, though he has lost his ground.

We therefore, for a third time, endeavour to ascertain his views.

The primary question is, 'if designed, *who* is the Designer o Nature?

The Theist reiterates, 'a Person,' and declares that we do no understand the 'scholastic,' or literary sense of the term Person.*

* 'The word [Person] is of *generic* import, and is used to express either an organise human being, or an *unorganised Divine Being*..... It sometimes means an immateria being.' *Rev. H. Townley. Discussion with G. J. Holyoake. pp.* 39-40. It is to be observe that a Paleyan cannot use the term person to signify an 'unorganised Divine Being,' excep in violation of his own analogy, to which his own citation of Experience leads.

A *Person* signifies one of two things, mind animating an organised frame, or mind existing unorganised, as an element is conceived to exist. Either hypothesis fails the cause of the Theist. If a 'Person' be an organised frame, it is a contrived frame, and had a contriver; such a Person Anti-Theists have shown cannot be God. And if the Designing Person be not, and need *not*, be an 'organised frame,' but 'an immaterial being,' or essence, some independent, undefined element, then the Designing Principle may be 'something' *not organised*, and it may be *Nature*, which is what the Sceptic conjectures.

Paley carries his point by audacity. He is the Danton of Divines. 'There,' he exclaims, throwing down his argument before you, 'answer that if you can.' He does not tell you that it is only half an argument, with the beginning so smothered in illustrations, that you do not see that it has no end, and you mistake the heap for the conclusion. Paley gives you an idea of intelligent action, as the source of Design, but gives you no *conception* of the actor, and shuts his book the moment you open your mouth to ask him for it. Now, conception of the actor is necessary to the *identification* of the actor. The actor may be Nature instead of God; we can never know which, except we identify the *cause* of the action. Without identification, the inquirer is put off—he is not satisfied. The argument of Natural Theology is one great popular put-off.

It is of no use proving that *something* exists. Something is anything, and 'anything' is Atheistic: it may as well be matter as spirit. It is urged, that provided we prove that a Supreme Being exists, it matters little whether we know the *manner* of such existence. We answer, it matters much. *Manner of existence* is essential to be known with respect to *hidden* existences. It is only through the 'manner' of Being that we can arrive at the *nature* of the Being, and until we know the *nature* we know not *what* it is that we call God.* Without identification there is no scientific knowledge; our Theology is reckless, and our reverence random.

An analogy is to be distinguished from an illustration, which is a resemblance in one particular. An 'analogy is a resemblance of relations.'† As an example of an illustration, take this from the storehouse of them, wonderfully furnished by Archbishop Whately:—

'A knave's own heart limits his knowledge of human nature to those below him. He can form no notion of a nobler nature than his own. He is like the goats in Robinson Crusoe's island, who saw clearly everything *below* them, but very imperfectly what was above them, so that Robinson Crusoe could never get at them from the valleys, but when he came upon them from the hill-top, took them quite by surprise.' Here the comparison is perfect, and full of light. The dark part of the subject treated, is illuminated by it.

Analogy does not mean the similarity of two *things*, but the simi-

* 'When we know not the character of the agency of the alleged First Cause, how have we accounted for anything?' Professor Newman.—'The Soul.'

† Archbishop Whately.—'Logic,' Book 4, chap. v.

What is analogy. It amounts merely to presumption—never to proof.

larity of two *relations*. There must be more than two things to give rise to two *relations:* there must be at least three; and in most cases four. Thus A may be like B, but there is no *analogy* between A and B: it is an abuse of the word to speak so, and it leads to much confusion of thought. If A has the same relation to B, which C has to D, then there is an analogy.*

'The fact that from birth different persons have different bodily constitutions, in respect of complexion, stature, strength, shape, liability to particular disorders, etc., which constitutions, however, are capable of being, to a certain degree, modified by regimen, medicine, etc., affords an analogy, by which we way form a *presumption* that the like takes place in respect of mental qualities also: though it is plain that there can be no direct resemblance, either between body and mind, or their respective attributes.'†

In analogies it is the rule 'not to presume that because the relation is the same, or similar in one or two points, therefore it is the same, or similar in all;' and it matters little how much of an analogy be irrelevant, if the points insisted on be pertinent.

But in these cases the analogy merely *illustrates* your argument. In Natural Theology it is the *argument itself*, and must be wholly true, or the argument will be in part false, or incomplete, or unreliable. If Paley had said because the watch had a designer, it is *probable* that the man himself had a designer, but *what* that designer is we cannot tell; there is the 'presumption' of its being similar to humanity, but of what nature we have no certainty. This is what the Atheist would agree to, and this is as far as Paley was warranted in going. But when Paley says—As the watch was made by a watchmaker, so man was made by a man-maker—he assumes *identity of analogy all through*. He drags in human intelligence, and arbitrarily excludes organisation, an equally relevant relation. If one did not think that Paley was self-deceived, his argument might be said to be audacity carried to mendacity.

Expositions of Theism, after the manner of Paley, have the quality Mr. O'Connell once pointed out in the arguments of an adversary, who was always unanswerable, because all his reasonings were so wide of the mark that no reply could overtake him. There never can be a battle between two persons, if one of the combatants never comes up. The Paleyan proposes by examination of the wonders of creation to illustrate and establish the design argument. But if your first principles are wrong, no illustrations will make them right.

If any one will insist that three and four are eight, he may go on adding three and four together for ever, but all his eights will be wrong. No argument from design does *prove* what it is employed to prove; and no repetition of an error can make it a truth. If two and two make four, no repetition nor addition of all the numerals of arithmetic can add to the force of the proof. If design prove a

* Copleston quoted.—Whately's 'Rhetoric.' Appendix E, p. 292.

† Whately's 'Rhetoric.' Part 1, chap. ii. 7.

Designer in the Paleyan sense, the proof is as clear from the finger nail as from the anatomical structure of the whole body. If a blade of grass does not carry conviction, the universe cannot do it to a logical mind. All the elaborate instances of the Bridgewater Treatises only confirm the remark of Mr. Ruskin, where he derides 'That well-known weakness of the popular mind, which renders a statement credible in proportion to the multitude of local and circumstantial details which accompany it.'

With respect to design, the Theologian entraps you into the admission and admiration of it by the use of the same logical arts which carried him captive. If the Sceptic fail to see absolute design in 'this or that,' the Theist exclaims, 'Presumptuous mortal, dost thou pretend to be wiser than Omnipotence?' And the Theist, on his own ground, is right. If God be assumed as all-good and all-wise, every thing he has made must be exactly the thing. It is ingratitude to question, and blindness not to admire—you cannot criticise without blasphemy.

The Natural Theologian praises the divine contrivance which has given man *two eyes*. They would have been equally rapturous had he had four, so that he could have looked east, west, north, and south at the same time; and successive Paleys would have celebrated the providential arrangement which enabled policemen and sentinels to conduct four-fold observations without turning their heads. Again, if man, like Polyphemus, had had but *one* eye given him, the Dr. Paley would have proved it impossible that he could ever have seen at all with two: or if he had, that he would see double. Since the invention of the stereoscope, there has been a long discussion as to how it is that a man can see one object with two eyes; and *vice versâ* how *two* objects come to appear as *one*.

Had man only *one* arm, no Natural Theologian would have missed the other; had he three they would find reason to praise the Trinitarian arrangement, and no doubt declare it to be a mystic symbol for the confutation of Unitarians.

Yet we must do Theists the justice to own that to refute the Argument of Design is not to refute Theism; it is merely to disprove their most popular method of supporting it.

There are other totally different replies to Paley, and quite as conclusive as the one here examined, but their force is only perceived by closer thinking. Carlyle said of Gilfillan, 'he thought he was a great painter, because he used a big brush.' Paley was under some such impression. When he painted the Design Argument for the people, 'he painted with a big brush,' and if the reply is to be understood by the people, it must be painted with a big brush too. An efficient answer to Paley must be as broad and as wide as his argument. The respondent must borrow his pencil, and make outlines as broad as those of an Archdeacon.

The growing distrust of these tiresome speculations arises here—they never satisfy the understanding. Preachers give you no unanswerable

word to speak. You cannot dare judgment with their arguments. Their own reasons always subside into Dr. Fellism. Their final story of Theism is this :—

Much I like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
Much I like thee, Dr. Fell.

We may say to the Theist, You do not know the mystery of things we do not know. Yet some advantage is ours. We know that *you do not* know; we also know that *we* do not know, whereas you do not know that you do not know. Socrates once said, 'Men call me wise. Certainly I know little. I will inquire.' He then questioned many people, and indeed found that they knew little, but then they thought that little much. 'In fact,' said Socrates at length, 'though I know as little, yet in one thing I *am* their superior. I know how little that little is, whereas they are ignorant how ignorant they are.'

It is no matter of exultation to an inquiring mind to find that nothing is known on the most interesting of all speculative problems. But the truth-seeker consoles himself with the memorable words of Grote, in his Preface to his great 'History of Greece':—

'I shall hope, when I come to the lives of Socrates and Plato, to illustrate one of the *most valuable* of their principles, *that conscious and confessed ignorance is a better state of mind, than the fancy, without the reality, of knowledge.*'

CHAPTER IV.

TESTIMONIES AGAINST THE ARGUMENT OF DESIGN.

Nearly every page of Mr. Pearson's chapter on Atheism, in his Prize Essay, written for the Evangelical Alliance, abounds in the most obvious contradictions. We scarcely need look elsewhere for testimonies against the whole Design Argument. 'In one place,'* he says, 'Design proves a Designer, but it does not prove that the Designer is God.' Is not this the precise admission for which the Sceptic contends? Again: 'The idea of a great First Cause is *not derived originally* from the phenomena of nature around us, but *assumed* in our investigations into these phenomena.'† If 'assumed,' why so much Theistical wrath at the Sceptic for saying so? If 'the idea of a great First Cause' be 'not derived from nature,' in what respect does the Sceptic err who points out that it is *not* so derived?

We have lately heard the assertion that 'Paley has nowhere, nor at any time, been answered; but he has been *given up*, and given up by his own side, which he never would have been had he not been answered over and over again beyond hope of redemption.

* Page 26. Large Edition. † P. 22. Idem.

We turn to the corroborative testimony of Mr. William Gillespie, who does not willingly create arguments which may favour the Anti-Theist, since he gives it as his opinion that an 'Atheistic Propagandist' (who is one who warns others of the unsatisfactory nature of Theistic assertions) 'seems a nondescript monster created by nature in a moment of madness.'*

From this writer we take eight (from twenty-four) 'defects of *à posteriori* arguments,' alleged by him, in substance, as follows:—

I. The *à posteriori* argument reaches only *a little way*. If we confine ourselves merely to *its* evidence, we shall inevitably find ourselves surrounded by many serious difficulties.

II. This argument can never make it appear that *infinity* belongs in any way to God: for by no rule in philosophy can we deduce an infinite existence from a finite effect. All marks of design *we* can discover must be finite in extent.†

III. What then becomes of the Omnipresence of Deity?

IV. His *wisdom* and *power* cannot be shown to be more than *finite*, and he can never be proved to be a *free agent*.

V. If we cannot prove God to have a particular infinite attribute, we can never show that *infinity of any kind* belongs to him.

VI. The argument *à posteriori* cannot prove that God is of infinite goodness and justice, or has other infinite moral perfections.

VII. But whether there be one God or many Gods, the argument from experience doth by no means make clear; whether the cause of the phenomena be one God or many Gods, it pretends not to determine past all doubt.

VIII. Besides, to insist on no other topic, if we cannot prove the *eternity* of God, it is not possible that we can prove the *Unity* of God. To say that, for anything we know to the contrary, God may not have existed from all eternity, is much the same thing as saying, that, for anything we know to the contrary, there may be another God, or many Gods, besides.

Valuable additions to the discussion of the Design Argument have lately been made in the 'Theological Papers' of Mr. De P. O'Kelly, all the more to the purpose of citation here as the author is himself a Theist. He has explained that there are 'steps which *precede* Design.' He asks, 'Why should Paley select a watch as his instance? Why not take *mind* as an example of Design? The structure of mind is as wonderful as the structure of a watch. The laws of thought are full as striking as the principles of mechanism:' which leads the Anti-Theist to observe, that if the human mind is replete with evidence of Design, we step quickly and irresistibly to the conclusion that the alleged Designing Mind of Nature was itself designed. Paley ought to have told us more or told us less.

Professor Newman, whose views are in another place treated, argues

* 'Necessary Existence of God.' Preface, p. x. In the quotation from this author (p. 8), the word 'impossible' should have been printed *possible*.

† This is Hume's objection.

thus:—'We discern Design in the world. *Fitnesses* are the clue by which we track it out.' He admits at the same time that there are 'antagonist fitnesses. Two mouths want the same loaf, and it cannot have been intended for both.' Mr. Newman indeed holds that 'a Universal Mind in nature is evident to all but almost brutal insensibility,' but his reasons for saying so are not Paley's. His memorable words are these:—'Design represented as a search after causes, until we come to a first cause, and there stop, is an argument, I confess, which in itself brings me *no satisfaction*.'

It is admitted by many other Theists, that the argument of Design can prove nothing as to the attributes of God. Not only may good and evil be a Manichean war, it may be more than a war between two principles, it may be a war between a dozen personal and contending Beings.*

The analogy between a watchmaker and a world-maker only proves that both work on pre-existing materials; it proves at least two Deities exist, a *material* and a *spiritual* one.

Even the Evangelical Prize Essay, by the late Mr. Pearson, confesses that the Design Argument does not prove a God, it only 'points the way thither.' But it does not point the way thither; it points a thousand ways, and no one way the way to Deity.

A. C. G. Jobert, a somewhat distinguished member of the French Geological Society, has passed deliberate judgment upon Paley's argument. When fortified by all the ingenuity of Lord Brougham, M. Jobert pronounces it 'one *continued* sophism.'

Baron Humboldt, the most eminent name in science, has given his weighty verdict against the great argument of Natural Theologians. 'Assuredly,' says he, 'the evidences of design in the creation require a previous idea in the mind that perceives them. Were not man a designer they never would be perceived; and man therefore uses nature as a mirror, wherein are reflected the properties of his own being.'†

Thomas Carlyle, a believer in Deity himself, for reasons of his own, dismisses the argument of Design from the category of Theistical logic. His words are these:—

'The whole current hypothesis of the universe being a machine, and then of an Architect, who constructed it, sitting, as it were, apart, and guiding it, and *seeing* it go, may turn out an inanity and non-entity, not much longer tenable; with which result we shall, in the quietest manner, reconcile ourselves. Our natural theologies may, in reference to the strange season they appear in, have a certain value, and be worth printing and re-printing; only let us understand for whom, and how, they are valuable; and be in no wise wroth with the Atheist, whom they have not convinced, and could not and should not convince.'‡

* The Rev. Hugh McNeile has put this conviction in emphatic words. *Vide* 'Last Trial by Jury.' p. 43.

† Topic No. 12.

‡ Mis., p. 321, vol. iv. Art. Diderot.

The problems of life and nature incapable of absolute solution.

In all our speculations we have never yet passed beyond phenomena in our knowledge. At best we can but know what *is*, we cannot tell *why* it is. Yet we are not without guidance in that which is of the most importance—the work of to-day. Duty may be clear though destiny be unknown; all we need pray for is, that we may pass safely through the confusions of the theologies.

The life of man and the course of Nature are both problems, of which no exercise of thought appears to afford a solution. The result of the clearest speculation does no more than present definitely the difficulty. If a man declare his will not to be free, the unconscious impulse of his own thoughts appears to belie his assertion. If he declare the human will to be free, his practice towards others, when he attempts their persuasion, contradicts his theory.

The fitness of the lungs for breathing, and the telescopic relation of the eye to light, are ostensibly identical with the efforts of human design. If we admit, then, the existence of design in the human structure, and in the floral and solar fields of nature, the question arises, *What causes this design?* If we ascribe it to an external Being, we are quite unable to conceive of such a Being as self-originated. The idea of Deity connotes prior causation, as irresistibly as does the universe itself. If we say nature is self-designing, design implies intelligence and consciousness. If we assume the whole to be intelligent, we cannot show that the parts are, and the theory of Pantheism ends in an act of imagination, which leaves us silent before every flippant questioner, and without the power of producing intelligent conviction in the serious. Theism, or Pantheism, resolves itself into a feeling which trusts it knows not what, hopes without proof, and worships without knowledge. Atheism, seeking satisfaction for the understanding, utters its reluctant negation of Theistic dogmatism and Pantheistic visions, studies the laws of Nature in the fields of its marvels, and yields to mankind the sympathies disengaged from creeds.

CHAPTER V.

CLEARNESS THE CRITERION OF TRUTH.

Illuminism, the name which in Germany stands for that philosophy which, under so many forms throughout Europe, has combated for humanity, on behalf of reason, takes for its primary maxim, 'Clearness is the criterion of truth.'* We accept the principle.

An objector, whose arguments fail to effect all he intends, sometimes demands of the sceptic, 'What amount of evidence will satisfy him?' The physician might as well inquire of his patient, 'What amount of medicine will cure him?' When a sufficient amount of evidence appears, the effect will show the fact. The proof that sufficient evidence is present, is the formation of conviction. Sufficient evidence is its own sign.

* Dr. Kahnis's 'History of German Protestantism.'

When a man is asked to admit that God exists, he has the right to demand explicit information as to what is meant by the term God. He must know, or his assent is ignorant; he must know, or he may be misled; he must know, or he may miss the true object of reverence, he can have no proper conviction, his worship cannot be intelligent.

One, who bore no willing testimony on behalf of the people, yet counselled men to hold fast by reason, said:—'We are indebted for all our miseries to our distrust of that guide which Providence thought sufficient for our condition, our own *natural reason*, which rejecting both in human and divine things, we have given our necks to the yoke of political and theological slavery.'*

A great authority on Protestantism has told us that reason must be the test of revelation and Christianity:—'Revelation reveals truth, but does not make truth; that truth must be true in itself; now if true in itself, revealed truth must be intelligible to reason. Either Christianity is true, or it is not true; Christ either spoke the truth, or he did not speak it. Now, if Christianity be not true, what authority in the world can make it true? But if it be true, it is true because true in itself, and wants no authority whatever to make it true. Scripture to be believed true with a full conviction, must be at one—consonant—with reason.'†

But whatever is true in itself, is intelligible in itself, else how do we know that it *is* true?

'Upon points on which philosophers know nothing, philosophers should say nothing. That is a beautiful school of philosophy which teaches man to say of most things—'It may be so, and it may be otherwise. It is a point on which I only know that I do not know.'‡

To be able to distinguish what we know from what we think we know, is the beginning of security; to carefully limit our speech to our knowledge, is the beginning of verbal honesty.

Sects are religious telescopes, and a wise man prefers that which has the most powerful lens. The Pope is no optician in theology: he thinks the less men see the more they will believe. Rome keeps a kind of peep show, where you look through a dark hole down into hell, and through another aperture up to the Virgin. Luther was the inventor of the theological telescope which rendered many new objects visible to the Churches. After him, Protestant glasses became very popular. The Dissenters got hold of them, altered the focus, and increased the power; they made some new discoveries, but they make much ado if they catch any one else using the same instrument, and taking the same liberty. Dr. Priestley constructed an Unitarian telescope with a new and powerful lens, with which he swept the field of material nature, and resolved the cluster of the Trinity into one central Deity. His successors seem about to return to the use of the

* Burke.

† 'Hypolytus and his Age.' By Chevalier Bunsen.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1852. Art. Genius and Writings of Descartes

old instruments. The students of Realities, who occupy the Secular field of thought, fearlessly employ every improvement in the optics of investigation that ingenuity may invent, or daring use.

A number of people exist who must account for everything, and so impatient are they for a theory of everything, that they will adopt a contradiction rather than put up with a mystery. The desire of attaining to final causes is a very natural and a very useful curiosity, but they who are determined to have a final cause, will often put up with a false one. Upon some subjects mankind must be content to remain in ignorance. Many things excited the curiosity of our forefathers, of which no adequate explanations were given till ages after, and we are perfectly sensible that a modest ignorance became them better than a presumptuous knowledge. To be without doubts or uncertainties of any kind is a desirable and agreeable condition, as desirable and agreeable as it is for the senses to be gratified, and the person placed in security. There is a competence of intellect as well as a competence of fortune, but he who is resolved of attaining to perfect sensational enjoyment will often be found preferring pleasure to duty. In the same manner, he who *will* have intellectual satisfaction will sometimes accept it in error when he cannot find it in truth.

'It is not sufficient to speak the truth, it is necessary to know that we do so. He who should affirm that the grains of sand on the shore form an even number might be right, but he would still be chargeable with rashness. And they, also, are rash who, at a period when nothing is admitted before inquiry and proof, assert: "God exists; virtue is his law, and this law is obligatory on all free and intelligent beings."' *

To apply the remarks of a distinguished modern writer, 'Theology resembles a French dinner, of which we know neither the ingredients nor the manner in which they have been compounded, nor the hands through which they have passed, but are content to take and eat it as it is served up to us. "Theological systems are too often," says Jortin, "as temples dedicated to implicit faith, and he who enters to worship in them, instead of leaving his shoes, after the eastern manner, must leave his understanding at the door, and it will be well if he find it when he comes out again."' *

Every man prefers that religion of which he can understand the most. Men found their rejection of Paganism, or Buddhism, or Mahomedanism, or Catholicism, or Methodism, on the ground that it outrages or does not satisfy the understanding. Every Christian founds his choice of the sect whose communion he accepts upon its apparent reasonableness to him. This must be true of all who reflect, for if a man takes no care to understand his religion, why should he not accept anything offered to him? All men feel in reality that the understanding is the surest test by which we can try false religions, and is the only security we possess against superstitions being imposed

* De Potter's 'Social Studies.' † R. W. Mackay.

upon us. If we decided by Intuition, or custom, we should find that Intuition would lead us anywhere—Pagan-ward as soon as Christian-ward—and Habit would reconcile us to anything.

Why any one is an Atheist is therefore evident. Partly because he fails to understand what is meant by the term God, in which he is desired to believe.

But we are told men believe in many things which they do not understand—then why not in God?

Possibly men do believe in that which they do not well understand, but in such cases their belief is not of a very confident nature, and it relates to matters of opinion rather than to grounds of action. And propositions so believed in are commonly warranted by some probabilities of human experience. In any case in which a man was called upon to believe what he did not understand, and to risk great interests on such belief, he would regard it as a calamity to be compelled to act without understanding all about it.

In the Prize Essay against Infidelity of the Evangelical Alliance, the reverend author invokes, at a critical point, the help of Mr. Rogers, an evangelical writer who continually furnishes arguments against Christianity which its opponents would not dare to invent. From this source Mr. Pearson quotes the following assumed-to-be-unanswerable argument:—

'Nor do we well know what multitudes, who neglect religion on account of the alleged uncertainty of its evidence, could reply, if God were to say to them, "And yet, on *such* evidence, and that far inferior in degree, you have never hesitated to *act* when your own temporal interests were concerned. You never feared to commit the bark of your worldly fortunes to that fluctuating element. In many cases you believed, on the testimony of others, what seemed even to contradict your own senses. Why were you so much more scrupulous in relation to ME?"'

What could we answer Mr. Rogers? The answer is obvious. In human affairs, when we act on partial evidence, it is either from caprice or necessity. When from caprice it is a fault—when from necessity it is a misfortune. In the case of God it is a tribute to him to pause. Where so many incompetent sects, in narrow knowledge and distracted voices—affluent in imputation, and bitter in tone—each claims to have discovered God, and to know his will, it is humility to hesitate, and reverence to doubt.

The general ground on which Theism is objected to is its unreasonableness. By what standard is it judged? This depends much upon the education of the individual. Theism, which does not lean on revelation, but seeks to justify itself by philosophy, is not more uniform in *its* standards than anti-Theism. When the Theist speaks, the main and general want the hearer experiences is want of original light—manly clearness. To profess to clear up one difficulty by substituting another is simply an adjournment of the problem, not a solution of it.

Actual knowledge the measure of actual power.

The constant complaint that the theory of Atheism robs man of cherished expectations, and consigns him to sadness and disappointment, is not well founded. He who reposes on baseless expectations, may be pained by being undeceived, but he is served by the truth.

Nobody likes the restriction or discipline which higher knowledge imparts. We know this very well. The rustic dancer, who is the admiration of the village green, will not take a step in the presence of a dancing-master. The confident instructor of the private class falters in the presence of the professed grammarian. The singer, who is rapturously applauded at the evening party, cannot be prevailed upon to utter a note at a public concert The provincial actor, who nightly 'brought down the house' in Richard III., is timorous in a rehearsal before Macready, Phelps, or Wigan. The orator, who sets the counties on fire, stammers in the House of Commons; as Canning said, 'He finds that the atmosphere in which the demagogue shrinks into his natural dimensions.' These persons, once brought out into higher society, are in that light where defects can be seen, and, what is more to the purpose, where they *cannot be hidden*. The single step which is right, the single sentence which is correct, the single note which is perfect, the single passage rendered by the actor with cultivated success, the shortest speech which has the grace of close sense and pure intonation, is a source of more confidence to the individual, and gives him more power to *command* the applause of all whose applause is worth having, than all the display, screaming, gabble, gesticulation, and declamation, which make up the bulky acquisitions of the novice, the pretender, or the quack. The moment we step into the circle of the better informed than ourselves, we feel our deficiencies, and are suddenly *contracted* down to the little that we really know. A man may deceive those who know *less* than himself, or the *same* as himself, but he can never deceive those who *know more*. Knowledge pierces instantly through the thickest covering ingenious ignorance can put on. Our actual knowledge, whatever it is, is the measure of our actual power. This is felt to be true everywhere, except in Theism. There men seek strength in professions, instead of in facts. Men who would not face their dancing-masters with a false step, nor their classical professors with a false quantity, will face Heaven with a *false proposition*. The student who dare not take up to his mathematical tutor a problem he does not understand, will take up to God a creed he never did understand, and never expects to understand. The believer who cannot impose on his professor, thinks to escape the detection of Deity.

There is no pride, except in exactness; no strength, but in truth. There is no more heroic thought than that of Mark Antony—

> 'Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
> I hear him as he flattered.'

There is no universal argument on Atheism which will correct all errors, any more than there is a universal medicine which will cure all diseases. Only quacks in logic ever pretend to cure all mistakes of the understanding by a single pill. The mind, like the body, is

Coups d'etat in arguments the dream of quacks in logic..

subject to a variety of maladies, and requires studious and diverse treatment, and oftentimes an intimate personal knowledge of the patient. Men believe in Theism as they fall in love in their youth. Some marry a dimple, some raven locks, some laughing lips, and some laughing eyes. One man is attracted by graceful carriage, another by graceful dress. A splendid shawl, an ancient family, a desirable fortune, are the stars that lure many to the hymeneal altar. Some marry from antagonism, wedding some lady they do not want, in order to spite some lady whom they do want. But in time the dimple disappears, and the raven locks turn grey, the laughing lips are silent, and the laughing eyes are sad, the graceful carriage disappears, and the graceful dress is worn out, the splendid cashmere fades, the ancient family will not own you, the desirable fortune is spent, but the attachment is continued from *habit*, though it probably began in defective taste.

Something analogous to this occurs in conversions to Theism. Some men are won over by miracles, others are astonished out of their reason by prophecies. The doctrine of inspiration seduces many. Great names, paraded on the side of Christianism, attract numbers. The antiquity of a creed, the reputation of a preacher, the fashionableness of a congregation, draw others into the fold. Arguments, *à priori*, *à posteriori*, philological, critical, metaphysical, and consolatory, have charms for the intellectual or the sorrowing. Some attach themselves to Theism because they dislike Atheists, and others because they would rather account for the mystery of life badly, than not account for it at all.

At length moments of reflection occur, and free inquiry leads to doubt. Miracles seem the arguments of the ignorant; prophecy seems beside the question, and no proof of moral truth. Inspiration is proved to be defective. Great names are found on every side which has any historic tradition. Antiquity is discovered not to belong to Christianity only; fashionableness of society is but a poor argument for a profession of opinion that ought to be built upon the conscience. Arguments are seen to have two sides, and require the honest intellect to watch the balance of probabilities, in which all speculative problems have to be weighed. It is felt that true consolation comes from action, and not from creeds. But he who has once committed himself to error, finds himself bound by a thousand ties it is hard to unloose, and he continues to profess, from convenience, the faith he adopted from ignorance, from indolence, from caprice, from impatience, or from fear.

Men ought to act in religion as they ought to act in love. Their object ought to be to marry WORTH, and worship TRUTH. Then beauty might fade, and fortune vanish, but affection would remain till death. Then false creeds might change, and erroneous reasons might be abandoned, but the star of TRUTH would shine before us for ever—light to the wandering, guidance to the brave, and hope to the weak.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDERSTANDING A CONDITION OF BELIEF.*

When one said to Dr. Parr, that 'he would believe in nothing that he did not understand,' the Doctor is said to have replied, 'Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know.' Yet what harm is there in being as this young man? Better to have a short creed which you *do understand*, than a long one which you *do not*. The world has no time to discover what men really know, and so it is easily imposed upon by large pretensions of knowing. Neither the individual nor society is served by this. Is it not Bacon who says, that if there were let out of most men's minds all fancies, conjectures, and rumours, the residue of pure knowledge would be very small? If Bacon's experiment were tried, it would be like pricking a balloon, the collapse would be so obvious. It is true, all time over, that the frogs wish to be as large as the oxen; but, as Æsop warns us, all vain puffing out is not merely ridiculous, it is dangerous. 'Whatever knowledge,' says Bacon, 'men cannot at all work upon and convert, is a mere intoxication, and ends in the dissolution of the mind and understanding.'

If we believe in matter which we cannot understand, that is no reason why we should also believe in spirit which the Theist cannot understand. But do we believe in what we do not understand, except in cases in which we believe upon authority? In philosophic inquiry, however, belief is supposed to rest, not upon *authority*, but upon *evidence*. This form of objection is put:—It is urged that 'we do believe that grass grows, though we do not know *why* it grows. Yet since we believe in its growth, it is clear that we do believe in what we do not understand.' The answer is this:—'Our belief is limited to the fact that grass *does* grow, and does not include *why* it grows.' When some one told Pascal that Sunday was a day of rest, it occurred to him to ascertain whether nature rested on that day; and being a mathematician, he went out in the evening of Saturday, and measured certain blades of grass in a field, and on Monday morning he measured them again, when he found that the grass *had* grown during the time, and that Nature (and, according to the Theist, the God of Nature) had been Sabbath-breaking. Now Pascal knew that grass grew, he had evidence of it; he therefore rationally believed that grass did grow; but this belief that grass *did* grow, in no way included a belief as to *why* it grew. The *fact* was clear, the *cause* was as much hidden as before. Now, all rational belief is of this restricted nature. The belief relates to processes, and not to causes—to operations, and not to

* This chapter is virtually a continuation of the preceding one, but placed under this title as bringing further out the purport of both.

essences. Men believe that the sun shines, but do not believe *why* it shines; for no one has explained why. Men believe in the laws of light. They believe there *is* light, but do not believe in the *nature* of light; for no one has laid satisfactory evidence before the world on the subject. Physical philosophers do not believe *why* the sun shines, because they do not understand why. Faraday does not believe in the essential nature of the principle of light, because he does not understand what it is. His wise and cautious beliefs (in matters of science) are limited to processes and conditions which he can understand.*

The limited part man can but play in the great field of nature, either in act or understanding, has been put in a striking way by James Mill, in the opening of his 'Elements of Political Economy.' 'It is found,' he writes, 'that the agency of man can be traced to very simple elements. He does nothing but produce motion. He can move things towards one another, and he can separate them from one another. The properties of matter perform the rest. He moves ignited iron to a portion of gunpowder, and an explosion takes place. He moves the seed to the ground, and vegetation commences. He separates the plant from the ground, and vegetation ceases. Why, or how, these effects take place, he is ignorant. He has only ascertained, by experience, that if he perform such and such motions, such and such events are the consequence. In strictness of speech, it is matter itself which produces the effects. All that men can do, is to place the objects of nature in a certain position. The tailor, when he makes a coat, the farmer, when he produces corn, do but the same thing. Each performs a set of motions; the properties of matter accomplish the rest. It would be absurd to ask, to which of any two effects the properties of matter contribute the most; seeing they contribute everything, after certain portions of matter are placed in a certain position.' One of the off-hand arguments of modern invention is this:—

'What is life?

'You do not know—nor do I.

'God, therefore, is the source of life.'†

This affects to meet the difficulty; but it does not remove it. As an argument it stands thus:—

What is life?

I do not know.

You do not know.

Therefore we *both* know—that is, we both know that God is its source.

The safer way of reasoning is, 'where you know nothing, to say nothing.' Thoughtful men require that the difficulties that have 'accumulated on their course of religious faith be removed, and that

* In matters of theology he repudiates the prudence of science. *Vide* his 'Observations on Mental Education.'

† Thomas Cooper.

not by the dishonest process of shutting their eyes to them, but by the manly and candid one of thinking more deeply.'* The Atheist is one not unwilling to believe, he is simply unable. His position is, that he does not see sufficient evidence in proof of Theism, and he endeavours to limit his affirmations to what he can explain or prove. His language is proportioned (as it should be with all men who do not mean to deceive) to what he knows. And there is grave reason for the rule. 'The constant presence of words in the mind slackens its curiosity by leading it to believe that, in fact, it knows what it does not know.'†

Without understanding, worship is a risk. Men know not whether they worship the right Being or not. Manner of existence, we repeat, is the only clue to the identity of a hidden existence. But of what are we sure, when Sir Isaac Newton tells us that 'God exists to us in a manner *altogether unknown*?'‡ The Rev. W. Wollaston very clearly owns that comprehension will form but a small part of Theistical credence:—'The manner of God's existence is above all conception; neither infinite space, nor infinite duration, nor matter infinitely extended, nor externally existing, nor any nor all of these taken together, can be God.'§

All men disbelieve in the idea of God at various periods of reflective life, and would continue to do so, in many cases, were they not indolent or cowardly—indolent in not seeking the path of Nature when the path of Theology is closed; cowardly in not daring to risk all upon the issue of the understanding.‖ The only purpose of controversy is to satisfy the understanding. The Theist who makes a dark problem plain, carries him who observes it captive. Give me a case with which I can dare the judgment of others, and I thank you—give me the unanswerable word, and I shall be proud to speak it. But should I willingly propose to others a case I cannot defend, or pronounce a word I cannot explain?

A practical toleration has however been established, through sceptical criticism. So little is really known, as Christians now discover, concerning Deity, that when men are pressed to declare their knowledge, they are afraid of exposing that little—and any man who chooses to employ the name of God in a newspaper article, or a vestry speech, and takes an oath as though conscience was a caprice, passes in any society. He may hold any office, or be received in any company, provided he keeps clear of association with suspected sects. What he means by 'God' few will ask him: and if any do, any pretension is admitted—any evasion is accepted. You may call

* *North British Review*, No. 43, p. 114.

† Taylor's 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' p. 150. Quoted in 'Familiar Words,' p. 147.

‡ Brucker: Chalmers' Biog. Diction. Art. Newton.

§ 'Religion of Nature Delineated.'

‖ It does not appear, from any true history or experience of the mind's progress, that any man, by formal deductions of his discursive power, ever reasoned himself into the belief of a God.—*En. Brit.*, p. 305. Art. Moral Philosophy.

The pre-Lutheran doctrine of ignorance being the source of reverence, still extant.

God Mind, or Power, or Will,* or Spirit, or Love, or Law, or Life, or Light, or Intellect—anything—and anything will do; or you may fall back on consciousness, that new retreat of the bewildered, and confess you do not know, but you *feel*. If you neither *know*, nor *see*, nor *apprehend*, you may profess to *feel*—*feeling* will do—no man can deny *that*, and no man can challenge it. If you assert without proof that which defies proof, it will be accepted for proof. If you, however, confess to having a conscience—to employing serious thought upon so great a subject—to be desirous of defining what you believe, and of believing only in that for which you find rational and sufficient evidence—if you make your words the honest measure of all you really know (little or much), then indeed you run the risk of being driven from the Court of Law, and distrusted in society. All this is the demoralisation of determined understanding and fearless veracity, which are the true glory and strength of man.

The doctrine of the pre-Lutheran days still holds its ground among us under new forms—namely, that blind faith is the sure source of reverence. In his 'Study of Words,' Dean Trench has some remarks which are an answer to this latent error, and which are an honour to the pen of a priest:—'We indeed hear it not seldom said that ignorance is the mother of admiration. No falser word was ever spoken, and hardly a more mischievous one; implying, as it does, that this healthiest exercise of the mind rests, for the most part, on a deceit and a delusion, and that with better knowledge it would cease; while, in truth, for once that ignorance leads us to admire that which with fuller insight we should perceive to be a common thing, and one demanding therefore no such tribute; a hundred, nay a thousand times, it prevents us from admiring that which is admirable indeed. And this is so, whether we are moving in the region of God's wonders, or in the region of art, which is the region of man's wonders.'

Beware of those who deride understanding as the test of belief. Only forgetful people or weak people make this objection. A true thinker knows that men cannot understand too much. A pure Superstition is that worship in which men understand nothing. A pure Rationalism is that system in which men understand everything. When you lay down the proposition that men ought not to believe what they do not understand, narrow people take alarm at once—for all they know, you may call upon them to explain how much they understand, and this would never do. So they stand up stoutly for the right of believing what you *want*, and understanding what you *can*.

The Theologian is rather an obstructer than an instructor. He is not a Path-finder, he rather blocks new paths up. He seeks to pacify, not to gratify, the inquirer. Suppose that Euclid, instead of explain-

* 'My faith is this:—God is the Absolute Will: it is his Name and the meaning of it.'—Coleridge's Table Talk, June 23, 1834. Also Liter. Remains, Vol. III.

ing and demonstrating the properties of lines and angles, had called upon men to reverence the mystery of Mathematics; we should now have a creed of geometry, instead of a science of geometry; and our architects would have been priests, believing in houses and bridges, instead of building them. Thus priests have acted with regard to the properties of nature. They have deified what they should have studied, and they conceal their timidity, their incompetence, or their indolence, under the guise of reverence. One is tempted to say that if Deity cared for reverence at all, he would provide himself with better worshippers.

The conquest the clergy should promote is the conquest made by intellect. The faculties to be called forth are those which Basil Montague ascribed to Lord Bacon. There never lived a man, except Aristotle, to whom the same terms could be applied. The perfection of the human power was never so happily described before:—'His noblest faculty was the understanding: it was sublime, clear, and aspiring.....His discourse was almost as quick as intuition; he was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; he could sooner determine than we can dispute. Like the sun, his mind had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find, as *make* things intelligible .....He came into the world a philosopher. He could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes; his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents; his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction; it rested in the notion without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, his resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *Eureka!* an *Eureka!* the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. There was with him no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations.'*

There is no place for these faculties in theology, where Faith is higher than Conduct, where all but one-sided inquiry is prohibited, and Doubt is regarded as a crime.

* These words are borrowed by Montague, from one of Dr. South's Sermons, where he describes the genius of Adam before his fall.

Intellectual histories of converted Sceptics a deficiency in polemics.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM OF EVIL.

The author of a very suggestive volume, entitled 'Guesses at Truth,' advises men to acquire the habit of writing or speaking as well as they can, and to let that pass: not to go back and mend it, and ptch it up, but to go right on. He says we should act upon the spontaneity of our thoughts, and believe in the efficiency of present expression. We fall into negligency of thought unless we do this. We are not careful to do the best we can at the moment, thinking we can go back afterwards and correct errors. If we suffer ourselves to fall into such a habit, we lose the faculty of putting forth all our powers and best attention at once. We are never ready for the highest impromptu action. Our powers become second-hand, and are always lying behind the occasion. Circumstances force upon the writer this impromptu exercise, and he prays the reader to accept the explanation as accounting for rugged passages which have had no revision, and want it.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to the profession of Job. Might he not have been a controversialist lecturer, or would he have exclaimed, 'O that mine enemy would write a book?' The pen is so much more reliable than the tongue. Rousseau, with all his caprices, set a valuable example in writing his 'Confessions.' If all the clergy who have condemned Rousseau had gone and done likewise, we should now be in possession of valuable data on which to found theological criticism. It is to be hoped that Thomas Cooper will do himself the justice, and us the service, of writing a history of his religious opinions. The history of every mind would not be worth reading, for some people never think at all, or think foolishly; but an expository record of the changes of conviction in any thoughtful, capable, and converted Sceptic, would possess instruction. The want of such personal narratives have enabled the clergy to assume conversions to have taken place in the case of many who were never Sceptics at all. It is time that some arrangement existed among Sceptics for ascertaining not only *what* opinions are held, but *why* they are held. Those who come after us will probably see all sects ranging themselves under two great banners—those of Catholicism and of Rationalism. Puseyism is drifting to Catholicism, and Evangelicalism is drifting to Puseyism, and sooner or later Catholicism must be the logical end of all who accept the Bible as the basis of a Church. And it is time that the great party of Freethought, which has now the right to think as it pleases, should please to declare *what* it does think, and *why* it thinks what it does. We shall then know how to judge conversions when they are reputed to occur.

That Thomas Cooper's conversion, for instance, to which reference

has been made, is a matter of feeling* rather than logic, is corroborated by the attempts made by him to reconcile physical and social evil among animals and men, with the existence, wisdom, and goodness of God. Upon the theory that his new views have come to him, by way of the understanding, it is difficult to tell what particular argument has had most weight with him. He appears to have been converted by everything at once. The argument of Design, the Immortality of the Soul, the doctrine of a Moral Governor of the universe, the Existence and Attributes of Deity, are but a few of the positions he undertakes to defend. Indeed, upon becoming a Theist, he appears, if one may use a profane simile, to have taken to the whole stock in trade, lease and fixtures, of all the Theologians. It will however appear, upon examination, that he has purchased a great many worthless articles; that he has been greatly imposed upon, since the logical value of his principal goods in the market of reason is much lower than he has been led to believe.

He assigns three causes of 'Infidelity,' which we are left to suppose had formerly influenced himself:—

I. The bad example of many religious professors, which led many to give up religion as dishonest.

II. The repression of free inquiry by Christians, which led many to give up Christianity as timid.

III. The existence of oppression, contemporaneously with religion, which led many to distrust it as impotent.

The bad example of reputedly pious men may lead men to doubt the moral efficacy of creeds; but it can never affect the facts—if any—upon which the creeds themselves may be founded. Certainly many Christians are better than their creeds. The second cause assigned has force in it. The repression of inquiry, where attempted, no doubt does, and ought to, create distrust of Christianism.

Very naturally oppression irritates men and makes them antagonistic. But every educated Freethinker is taught to watch against mere antagonism as misleading, and to found his disbelief on dispassionate and independent reasons. The universal cause of Scepticism, and reason of its permanence, is the discovery of the insufficient evidence offered on the side of Theism.

Mr. Cooper exclaimed, 'God *does* hear the cry of the oppressed.' Would that it were true! One can only say very sorrowfully, that looking at the state of France, Italy, and Hungary, it would seem that if the cry be heard, it is *not attended to.* And it only does mischief to hold out the hope where there is no realisation.†

How are we to get at the moral or intellectual character of Deity by the methods of natural theology?

* On the subject of 'Theism of the Heart,' we may in this place refer the reader to a paper by L. H. Holdreth, in *Reasoner* No. 573.

† Answers to several theological points, not noticed in these pages, may be seen in 'A Reply to Thomas Cooper's Recent Lectures.' By Robert Cooper. 1856.

The conclusions of Theism more disquieting than those of Atheism.

Suppose we grant that *everything* is designed. 'Has every pebble washed up by the sea, has every bone imbedded in the mud,' a definite mission 'to lie where it lies?' 'To become,' says Mr. Newman, 'an agent of cruelty in tormenting a martyr, would be a crime: yet if nothing but the immediate will of God, exerted as directly as by the torturer, makes the scourge to cut, and the flesh to feel, then God is an accomplice in the crime.' The Theist says 'No; God has not designed these enormities.' Then we remind the objector that if God has not designed them, He permits them; and we recur to the lines of Darwen—

'He who allows oppression shares the crime.'

Talk of Atheism revolting the moral sense! Is not this Theology revolting? It is surely far more reverential in Atheism to say humbly, 'I know not how these things are,' than for an impatient and reckless Theism to suggest these tumultuous perplexities to men?

Where next does the Theist retreat? He confesses God does not design all things in detail. He acts by general laws. But you never can discover the attributes of God in general laws. Mr. Newman admits you can no more detect God's moral thoughts, in the detailed actions of material objects, than you can detect the affections of a watchmaker by inspecting his watch.* The same time-piece that warns the victim when to escape, instructs the murderer when to strike. The same fire that warms the lost and torpid traveller, makes the flesh of the martyr to quiver in the flames. All the Theist can do is to re-urge, 'God governs by general laws.' Then where do the exceptions come from? We die through the misapplication, or misunderstanding of general laws. How do the misapplications and misunderstandings come about? If God does not design them, nor permit them, *who* does, or *what* does? The Theist does not know, and yet it is the Theist who complains that Atheism accounts for so little, and adopts Theism because it explains so much!—that Theism which cannot explain the most tremendous and obvious difficulties that lie at the door of humanity. It is far better to die in quiet and confessed ignorance, than to be tormented by this terrible and pretended knowledge.

In the universe, the Theist remarks (what none deny) magnificent evidences of order. He cannot believe that this 'could exist without there being a purpose in it.' Granting that there is general order, the question is, whence does it arise? Is it inherent in Nature, or is it impressed upon Nature by a Power *outside* of Nature? Our answer is, that order appears to be 'inherent' in Nature. All effects proceed from causes. But the universe is not an effect: we say so, because it is impossible to conceive of causes which could have produced it. At least we ought not to affirm it was *created*, until we can conceive how something could be produced out of nothing.

* *Vide* 'Soul,' p. 37. 2nd Ed.

'Something' is self-existent, by its very nature. What is that something? We answer, that which is indestructible is that which was uncreated. Matter is indestructible, and, no doubt, is the uncreated eternal self-existence. The only great cause conceivable is Nature.

Assuming that order exists, what is its nature? It is not perfect order, because painful proofs of disorder exist. Is the purpose of order, such as it is, the happiness of man? All we are justified in saying is, that this order is compatible with happiness, and is, indeed, a basis of it. More no man can declare, without assuming himself capable of penetrating the inscrutable issues of the universe.

It is said that there are arrangements in the universe which answer, on a large scale, all the purposes of benevolence. This may be granted; yet it has to be observed that there are arrangements also which end in misery. If we are to judge from merely human reason, it is impossible that these double arrangements would proceed from a Being all-Good, all-Wise, and all-Powerful. If we are not to judge these things from mere human reason, then Theism cannot be proved agreeable to human reason, for you cannot at the same time appeal to human reason, and disown it. 'Why does a system of prey exist in the animal and social worlds?' It is said races of animals would else overstock the earth. But why should animals be created in excess; only that the required portion should live in terror, and the excess die in convulsive agony? Why should the poor fly live in terror of the spider's web? Why should the shoal fish dread the jaws of the shark? Why should the pigeon dart in alarm from the hawk, or the timid hare from the fangs of the dog? Why should the negro perish under the hands of the white? Why should so many poor men be the hopeless prey of destitution? It is of no use to allege that it is a law of nature that the weak shall fall before the strong. *Why are there any weak, and why are the strong made savage?* It is not I who raise these painful questions, it is the Theist. The anti-Theist allows it to be as absurd as it is useless, for a man to commence objecting to the world in which he finds himself. He does not dictate to God; nor obtrude himself forward as the mouth-piece of God; nor, with incredible presumption, attempt to justify the ways of God to man; nor does he profess to discover the designs of God. He neither criticises nor complains. He criticises Theism; and it is very different from criticising the confessed actuality of God, to criticising what one regards as wholly misleading accounts of a hidden existence.

Some, unable to account for the presence of evil in the world, persuade themselves there is a use for it. To such the reply is brief. Do you tell us that evil is necessary discipline, and is the condition of good? Then we ask, why do you not take steps to increase evil, that discipline may abound, and good be universal? If this doctrine be true, the hospital is an heretical institution, and medicine is a blasphemous profession. The gout is a stimulus to Heaven, and the

toothe-ache an unappreciated blessing. It does not matter what a theorist says. We know what he secretly feels by his practice. Do we not all combat evil? Do we not count it the triumph of humanity when we conquer misery? Does not the Idealist dream of perfection? Does not the Philanthropist toil for it? Does not the Poet paint the golden age? Does not the heart of the world yearn for the Millennium? We believe, then, the absence of evil to be possible, and know it to be desirable. Since, then, we believe universal Happiness to be possible, how dare Theism say God could not make good without evil? And since we feel the abolition of misery to be the passion of all good men, how dare Theism say that a good God has designed the suffering which makes the breast to sigh, and the earth to seem sad? There is far more reason in Atheism which confesses, 'all this is not to be understood;' and far more reverence in Atheism which refuses to ascribe suffering to God; and far more modesty in Atheism which prefers to maintain silence where speech is a contradiction of itself, or an imputation upon Deity.

We no longer live in a state of society, where the strong man knocks with impunity the weak man on the head; but we do live in a state where Capital is selfishly despotic, and Knowledge a monopoly. In every English town, thousands hold their lives at the caprices of commerce, or are liable to be thrown out of employment by the accident of a new invention. Homes are broken up, household gods are sold off, and penniless and despairing families march away, to struggle for precarious bread at the diggings of Australia; or to perish in cultivating the swamps of the Mississippi. Wisdom is the perquisite of the rich. Education makes the few giants, and ignorance keeps the many dwarfs. The instructed talk in tongues the people cannot communicate in; they live in realms of thought the people can never enter; they create and control influences the people can never counteract. Wealth and Intellect will indeed bring blessings to all in due time; but who will save those who perish while the blessing is coming? No man's heart can tell him so clearly that God exists, as every man's heart tells him that all human misery should be averted. We appeal to all who have felt the sharp pang of inevitable horror, and fruitless hate. What is the lot of the poor but to suffer and be impotent, and die like quarry slaves in the heart of civilisation? Living, men give up in despair, and accept the coward's consolation of Theism. They may accept it who can. We prefer to strive. Let whoever believes in God, believe that misery exists *in spite* of Him; and continues to fight against wrong and suffering, believing, that if God exists, he stands on His side in doing so. Suffering should not teach men dependence; it should teach men to combat. There are many precepts, but there is but one virtue, and that is, *to work;* there are many Finger-posts, but there is only one Path, the path *to truth;* there are many Theologies, but there is but one philosophy, and its name is FORTITUDE.*

* *Vide* last words of the last note to the 'Last Days of Pompeii.'

CHAPTER VIII.

PHASES OF THEISM.

THEISM is not old, it is new. It is not of primeval origin, but a comparatively modern growth. It came by elaboration, not by revelation. The disproof of the alleged innate idea of Deity has been expressed in decisive language, by a recent writer:—

'No doubt there existed in the human mind from the very beginning something, whether we call it a suspicion, an innate idea, an intuition, or a sense of the Divine power. What distinguishes man from the rest of the animal creation is chiefly that ineradicable feeling of dependence and reliance upon some higher power [the power of Nature], a consciousness of bondage from which the very name of "religion" was derived. The presence of that power was felt everywhere, and nowhere more clearly and strongly than in the rising and setting of the sun, in the change of day and night, of spring and winter, of birth and death. But, although the Divine presence [of Nature] was felt everywhere, it was impossible in that early period of thought, and with a language incapable as yet of expressing anything but material objects, to conceive the idea of God in its purity and fulness, or to assign to it an adequate and worthy expression. Children cannot think the thoughts of men, and the poets of the Veda could not speak the language of Aristotle. It was by a slow process that the human mind elaborated the idea of one absolute and supreme Godhead [it is not yet elaborated]; and by a still slower process that the human language matured a word to express that idea. A period of growth was inevitable, and those who, from a mere guess of their own, do not hesitate to speak authoritatively of a primeval revelation which imparted to the pagan world the idea of the Godhead in all its purity, forget that, however pure, and sublime, and spiritual that revelation might have been, there was no *language* capable as yet of expressing the high and immaterial conceptions of that Heaven-sent message. The real history of religion during the earliest mythological period, represents to us a slow process of fermentation in thought and language, with its various interruptions, its overflowings, its coolings, its deposits, and its gradual clearing from all extraneous and foreign admixture. This is not only the case in India, in Greece, and in Germany. In Peru, and wherever the primitive formations of the intellectual world crop out, the process is exactly the same. "The religion of the sun," as it has been boldly said by the author of the "Spanish Conquest in America," "was inevitable." It was like a deep furrow which that heavenly luminary drew, in its silent procession from east to west, over the fallow mind of the gazing multitude, and in the impression left there by the first rising and setting of the sun,

there lay the dark seed of a faith in a more than human being, the first intimation of a life without beginning, of a world without end. Manifold seed fell afterwards into the soil once broken. Something divine was discovered in everything that moved and lived. Names were stammered forth in anxious haste [it is still the case], and no single name could fully express what lay hidden in the human mind and wanted expression, the idea of an absolute, and perfect, and supreme, and immortal Being.'* [This is still the problem of Theism.]

Muscatel, a little boy, once asked, why a new cat ran away from him when he stroked it? He was told, that she was strange; and that when she became used to us, she would stop and purr. Shortly after, a new Parisian lamp was introduced into the house; but the first efforts to light it proving unsuccessful—'Father,' exclaimed Muscatel, 'will the lamp burn when it is used to us?' Muscatel believed in the Personality of the lamp; and, with a very little persuasion, he would have believed in its Divinity too.† Such has been the origin of Gods in the infantine ages of the human race.

The beginning of religion was Fetichism. 'In its simplest form, Fetichism ascribes divine virtue to some common object; to a stone, a beast, a tree, or a scrap of writing. Any of these may be made a god, an amulet, or talisman; or may vary from the one character to the other.'‡

Dr. Reid remarks:—'When we turn our attention to external objects, we find either the objects must have life and active power, as we have, or they must be moved or changed by something that has life or active power..... Our first thoughts seem to be that the objects in which we perceive such motion, have understanding and active power as we have. "Savages," says the Abbé Raynal, "wherever they see motion which they cannot account for, there they suppose a soul. All men may be considered as savages in this respect, until they are capable of instruction, and of using their faculties in a more perfect manner than savages do." The Abbé Raynal's observation is sufficiently confirmed, both from fact, and from the structure of all languages. Rude nations do really believe sun, moon, and stars, earth, sea, and air, fountains and lakes, to have understanding and active power. To pay homage to them, and to implore their favour, is a kind of idolatry natural to savages..... We still say the sun rises and sets, and comes to the meridian, the moon changes, the sea ebbs and flows, the winds blow. Languages were formed by men, who believed these objects to have life and active power in themselves.'§

It will be said in reply, if such be the case, why has it not been more universally evident to man? The answer is, time and cultivation are required to make the clearest truths universally evident. Men

* *Times*, April 17th, 1857. Art. 'Buddhist Pilgrims.'

† Especially if his young understanding had been imposed upon, as Beattie imposed upon his son, in his garden.—*Vide* Beattie's 'Life.'

‡ Professor Newman. 'The Soul,' chap. i., § I. And Grote's 'Hist. of Greece,' vol. i., p. 464.

§ *Vide* J. S. Mill's 'System of Logic.' Vol. I., pp. 364—5. 3rd edition.

not only believe what they fancy ought to be true, but they come to believe it to be true in the absence of all evidence whatever.

Humboldt has remarked, that 'long before the discovery of the New World, it was thought land could be seen in the west, from the Canaries and the Azores. They were phantasms not produced by any extraordinary refraction of the rays of light; but merely by a longing for the distant, for that which lies beyond the present.'*

There is a law of the human mind, in its uncultured state, which leads to these aberrations, and which accounts for the origin of superstitions, and for their long life. 'Error,' as W. J. Fox once said, 'always dies game.' This law of error has been ascertained now. It is stated thus by Mr. J. Stuart Mill, in his great work, which has become an acknowledged authority on laws of thought: — 'There is, then, a spontaneous tendency of the intellect to account to itself for all cases of causation, by assimilating them to the intentional acts of voluntary agents like itself. This is the instinctive philosophy of the human mind in its earliest stage, before it has become familiar with any other invariable sequences than those between its own volitions and its voluntary acts. As the notion of fixed laws of succession among external phenomena gradually establishes itself, the propensity to refer all phenomena to voluntary agency, slowly gives way before it. The suggestions, however, of daily life, continuing to be more powerful than those of scientific thought, the original instinctive philosophy maintains its ground in the mind underneath the growths obtained by cultivation, and keeps up a constant resistance to their throwing their deep roots into the soil.'†

The Theism of this day is as yet little more than a sublimated and disguised Fetichism. The Pantheist does not worship the several parts, but he worships the *whole* of Nature. Just as Franklin suggested, that grace should be said over the entire harvest, instead of over each repast; so the Pantheist, by one compendious act of praise, economises his spiritual duties. The mere orthodox Theist is more idle and disrespectful still. He has neither prayer nor praise for Nature. He has no wonder for its mysteries, nor reverence for its power. He regards all its properties as derived and second-hand. Its eternity, its self-subsistence, its self-action, excite in him no awe. He has no penetration to discern, and no wish to understand, more than certain Jewish fishermen happened to communicate eighteen centuries ago. He sees in Nature nothing but blind matter, which goes drudging along, under the surveillance of an External Taskmaster. This glorious universe is, in the Theist's eyes, nothing but an automaton, whose strings are pulled in another sphere; and he believes that one day the strings will be let go, and then we shall have the 'wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,'

* The Rev. Baden Powell's 'Unity of Worlds,' p. 11.

† 'System of Logic.' Vol 1, pp. 365—6.

and Calvin, Knox, and the Wesleyan Conference, the editor of the *British Standard* and the author of the 'Eclipse of Faith,' Canon Stowell and Mr. Spurgeon, will be caught up in the air with the sheep, and everybody else will disappear with the goats. Such at least are the characteristics of the prevailing faiths. The orthodox Theist despises Nature, and the pure Theist ignores it. Instead of putting themselves in patient and studious relations to it, they subordinate Nature, and escape from humanity, and seek to propitiate by creeds and words the God they invent; instead of serving by life and works the Nature they find.

If it were useful to form theories without reference to facts or experience, Pantheism might be converted into the most attractive of creeds. If Nature be God, let the fancy regard it as being propitiated by Science. The stars shall sing as they shine, and we will have the music of the spheres not merely in poetry, but in fact. Everything shall speak with an audible voice. In the ring of the bell shall be heard the exclamation of Nature on being struck, and in the rumbling of the earth as the waggon moves over it, its groaning under the weight of its oppression. The roar of the waters shall be the expression of their grand reluctance to rise from their fathomless beds, the thunder peal shall be a sublime protest against being dragged from its dreadful lair, and the flashing lightning shall be the evidence of the hot indignation of the offended elements. Viewing the ever-beautiful world, we will exclaim, with Wordsworth :—

> 'So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive;
> Would that the little flowers were born to live
> Conscious of half the pleasure which they give.
> That to this mountain daisy's self were known
> The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown
> On the smooth surface of this naked stone.'

Orthodoxy has dreams more groundless than these. But the office of man is not to dream dreams, or have visions, but to trace facts, find out the truth, and walk close to his great Teacher, Experience, and Protector, Science.

Theism has three possible sources :—

1. Facts.
2. Inferences.
3. Consciousness.

Physical facts in favour of Theism there are none. Apart from revelation, no one pretends that there ever was proof by facts of the existence of Deity. Inferences unbased on facts are, at best, but probable. All human reasonings can be but from the finite to the infinite, and the small part we do see is inadequate to inform us of the universe which we do not see. Our consciousness is but the echo of human realities and personal experiences; and we continually have to employ facts and logic to correct our deepest impressions. A man who shuts out and disuses experience and reason, and gives himself up to unchecked consciousness, becomes a Theist of the Heart. He

is not only *one* sided, he is *one-third* sided. He in whom experience, logic, and feeling are at the same time operative and unbiassed, can find freedom for growth and development in Naturalism alone.

CHAPTER IX.

DIFFICULTIES OF THEISM.

The real difficulty of comprehending 'God,'* of reducing that conception to an intelligible formula—the dislike of thinking men to affect to account for the existence of phenomena by a Term instead of by a Fact, and the repugnance of honest men to use a word which they could not explain, has lain at the foundation of Atheism in all time. Had there not been some intellectual conviction at the bottom of it recurring to each generation, Atheism had not lived on from age to age.

'Can God be known by man? If a negative answer must be returned to this question, our deepest feelings are, it seems, founded on illusion, and human regard should be contracted within the limits of this earthly life. Religious belief cannot be originated when its nominal object is wholly unknown; and all the words which express what is called theological knowledge, should be excluded from language as unmeaning sound. We cannot obtain such knowledge either naturally or supernaturally. Can a being, in any sense, be "revealed" who is absolutely incognisable? Is not the revelation impossible, or, at least, incapable of being attested by evidence? But if this result is at variance with our moral aspirations, and even with the necessities of reason, an affirmative reply seems, on the other hand, involved in inextricable intellectual difficulties. How can the infinite God be in any way an object of our thoughts? To conceive an object is, in some sense, to define it. Definition implies limitation, and an infinite object cannot be limited. Moreover, the unlimited Being is not only an inconceivable Being. His very existence does not logically consist with the existence of any other being besides. In every act of knowledge, I must distinguish myself from the object known by me. Every object that exists must, therefore, be either limited by the subtraction from it of my finite being; or, as infinite, must absorb me and all the universe into itself. An infinite Being existing in plurality—as one among many—seems an express contradiction, while the only logical solution of the difficulty lands us in the doctrine of Spinoza. Atheism or Pantheism are thus the only alternatives when the response to our question is logically weighed.'†

We must honour the candour and perspicacity of the great Scottish organ of religious criticism, that states the case of the Atheist with so much fairness and penetration.

* 'There is hardly anything more inconceivable than how a thing should be of itself as God is!'—*Tillotson*: Sermon.

† *North Brit. Rev.*, No. 43, pp. 113—14.

The essential condition of definition never complied with by Theists.

'A difficulty was evidently felt by the poets of antiquity in framing their preternatural stories. They found it easy enough to describe men in a certain constitutional subjection to the Deities, and those Deities themselves in various degrees of subordination, till they arrived at Jupiter, the father of Gods and of men. But then came the hitch. He was the son of Saturn, but how, and by what reaction of effects upon causes, the son came to be master of a still existing father, was a matter so difficult to be explained, that the explanations are many and various. Then, who was the father of Saturn, and so on? But, when the genealogists had gone back as far as they could carry the patience of their readers, there arose a far more serious question than all, which continually creeps out even in the popular mythology of Homer. Who governed the Gods? Who imposed the laws, the objects, the bounds, and the goal of their dominions? Who made them what they were? Hence the convenient fiction of the Fates who governed gods and men, and whom Jupiter was supposed to consult and obey so assiduously, that in some instances he assumes the character of the "wise man" of popular magic, who merely interprets a superior will. But, then, who made the Fates? Did they make events, or were events self-made, and the Fates an abstraction, representing the order of events? In this way history, religion, poetry, and thought itself, were lost in the interminable search for the first great cause, the real governor of the world, the ordainer of events, and the author of laws.' *

Men can ill comprise Nature in a definition; how, then, can they hope to define Deity, a something which they set above Nature? We will borrow light upon this point from the law of definition laid down by Mr. Mill:—'It is not to be expected that there should be agreement about the definition of a thing, until there is agreement about the thing itself. To define a thing, is to select from among the whole of its properties those which shall be understood to be designated and declared by its name; and the properties must be well known to us before we can be competent to determine which of them are fittest to be chosen for this purpose.'†

Have men 'agreed about the thing' called Deity—are the 'properties' of Deity 'well known?' There is no Babel jargon so loud, no contradictions anywhere in the world so direct, as upon these very points. We are sure, therefore, nothing is yet known on the subject, and Atheism, in giving its denial, in the face of this mighty and incoherent clamour, is merely pronouncing a negation of that which is rudeness to Nature and distraction to mankind.

It is said, that in mathematics we have an illustration of the immateriality of Theistical Beings. Mathematical lines have no break, and mathematical points no magnitude; and yet these definitions lie at the basis of the most definite and certain science in the world. The answer to this, in the words of one‡ who is an authority upon the subject, is this:—'This assumption, in the case of the definitions of

* *Times*, April 22, 1853. † A System of Logic, p. i. ‡ John Stuart Mill.

geometry, is false: there exist no real things exactly conformable to the definitions. There exist no points without magnitude, no lines without breadth,* nor perfectly straight; no circles with all their radii exactly equal, nor squares with all their angles perfectly right. It will, perhaps, be said that the assumption does not extend to the actual, but only to the possible existence of such things. I answer that according to any test we have of possibility, they are not even possible.....The points, lines, circles, and squares, which any one has in his mind, are (I apprehend) simple copies of the points, lines, circles, and squares which he has known in his experience.....Our idea of a point I apprehend to be simply our idea of.....the smallest portion of surface which we can see.....We cannot conceive a line without breadth; we can form no mental picture of such a line: all the lines which we have in our minds are lines possessing breadth. If any one doubts this, we may refer him to his own experience.'†

If the most abstract science ever conquered by man—the parent science of all refinements in speculative thought in the world—must thus bow to the omnipresence of material conditions, we must own that Materialism is the universal link which connects humanity and intellect to Nature. The idea of spirit, or mind, is that it is immaterial, has no qualities by which it becomes evident to the senses, that it is not subject to the conditions of matter, that it is self-acting, and originates motion; that it has consciousness without a sensorium, that it has thought without culture, and intellect without brain. The great controlling mind is that which does not inhere in Nature, and is no part of it. It gives law, but is itself above law. Now spirit, taken as God above Nature, or as an element pervading Nature, is alike unfruitful for study and unstable for trust. If we conceive of God as possessing a definite intellectual constitution, His mind is subject to law also, and that which is subject to law is part of a greater whole than itself. Such a God is, therefore, not God in the strict Theistical sense. A God who is bound by consistent attributes of justice, goodness, and wisdom, is under the same laws as humanity. Such a Deity is not distinct from Nature. He is simply an extension of Nature, cut off from all the planets by a few clouds and a gulf of thin space. If it is said that Deity is clearly above law, and wholly independent of law, we can learn nothing by the study of Him. We cannot allure him by any praise, nor move him by any prayer. We cannot tell *why* or *when* to trust Him. Existing without definite attributes, and acting without rules, he affords neither instruction nor support.

'Our minds cannot be satisfied,' remarks Professor Whewell, 'with a series of successive, dependent causes and effects, without something first and independent. We pass from effect to cause, and from that to a higher cause, in search of something on which the mind can rest; but if we can do nothing but repeat this process, there is no use in it. We move our limbs, but make no advance. Our

* On p. 40, line 5 from bottom, for 'break' read *breadth*.

† System of Logic, vol. i., Book ii., chap. v., pp. 251-2.

question is not answered, but evaded. The mind cannot acquiesce in the destiny thus presented to it, of being referred from event to event, from object to object, along an interminable vista of causation and time. Now, this mode of stating the reply—to say that the mind cannot thus be satisfied, appears to be equivalent to saying that the mind is conscious of a principle, in virtue of which such a view as this must be rejected—the mind takes refuge in the assumption of a First Cause, from an employment inconsistent with its own nature.'

A conclusion is denied to the Atheist, who says so, and submits. The Theist refuses to acknowledge the law which protects God's secret from him, and assumes the secret.* The Atheist recognises the phenomenon of human intelligence, which he considers an attribute of organisation; he also recognises in Nature manifestations greatly transcending the effects of human intelligence, but apparently of a different essence, as he fails to detect in them that personal consciousness inseparable from human intelligence. Nature seems adequate to produce man as she produces the flower and the star, which are as wonderful as man, at least more wonderful than the works man ever performs. But to say, therefore, that Nature is intelligent, as we are, would lead us beyond our knowledge. If we call Nature intelligent, we endow it with consciousness; and though Nature acts wonderfully, it does not appear to feel. The phenomena observed in Nature, the Atheist regards as the attributes of matter, as they appear (when traced somewhat) to be To call these powers God, is to describe God as an attribute of matter. To evade this difficulty, others say God is a Spirit; but when pressed to define what they mean by Spirit (as distinct from the attributes of matter), it always comes out that the Theist does not know *what* it is. Then, how does he know that the Atheist is wrong in calling Nature the only Infinite and Eternal Existence? To call Nature God is no gain in exposition, for God is taken to be the name of that Being which is *not* Nature, but the Being who preceded Nature—the Cause of Nature, the Ruler over Nature. To make God co-eternal with Nature, is to concede to Nature the power of existing independently of God, in which case God is not the Chief Existence, nor Almighty, nor Infinite. To make God co-diffused with Nature, as the Pantheist does, or as Pope does when he represents God as present in every star, and stone, and tree, is to identify God with Nature: he is no longer the Being prior to Nature, he is no longer the Infinite independent of Nature. If Nature be God's mode of manifestation, the God whom we seek is the Nature which we know. To say some Independent Being controls and animates Nature, such a Being must be self-existent and supreme, distinct from the Universe, and more powerful than it—a second self-existence governing the first. This is not a doctrine that clears up difficulties.

* The doctrine of an 'Infinite Series,' analogous to the difficulty put by Dr. Whewell, will be found discussed by 'Aliquis' (whom one not given to praise Secularists—the Rev. B. Grant—denominates one of their 'cleverest writers') in his controversial papers in reply to William Gillespie.

The two aspects of Nature—unheeding those who Pray, teaching those who Study.

The existence of Nature all men own. It is the first fact of consciousness. Man tries his powers upon it. He finds it boundless. When he reaches what he fancies to be the confines of space, he instantly imagines something beyond. In every direction the telescope reveals what appears as limitless phenomena. Acknowledging its extent, man comes to inquire into its age. When did it originate? It could not have been created. Whence could it have come? From nothing? That is impossible—at least, our powers cannot conceive the operation. Did it come from something? Then it was not created, but produced from pre-existing materials. We recommence our inquiry at this point. Whence came these materials? We can no more conceive how pre-existing materials could come from nothing, any more than present matter. Then did God create them? But what is this new existence which we have introduced under the name of God? Not matter, for then we must suppose that God and Nature are one. If God, to whom we refer, be not matter, what is he? We have no power to conceive of an existence utterly devoid of material attributes. We then refer the origin of Nature to a Being whom it is impossible to conceive, who creates matter by a process which we cannot understand. This is hardly making the confessed mystery of things plainer. And if any persist in representing God as a Being, whether we understand him or not, who created all things, we have a right to ask —where was God before anything existed? Was there a time when the God over all was God over nothing? Can we believe that a God over nothing began to be out of nothing, and to create all things when there was nothing? Is it not easier to believe that this stupendous and mighty frame of Nature always was, and that what seems to be infinite was also eternal? He, however, who adopts this opinion explains nothing absolutely. He does not explain how matter came always to be, nor can any man. Nature no man can fathom. We can only suppose, and all that is given to us is not to suppose contradictions. Suppose what we will, we shall still stand like children on the shores of Eternity, who must look forward with wistful and unsatisfied curiosity. But let the profound sense of our littleness, which here creeps over us, check the dogmatic spirit, and arrest the presumptuous word. We stand in the great presence of Nature, whose inspiration should be that of modesty, humility, and love. To accept Nature as the great cause of all things, is that theory which involves the most coherent consequences, and it binds us to attempt explanations of mysteries by laws of science and philosophy. These methods may not lead us far, but they will not lead us wrong, and they will keep us modest by enforcing some proportion between what we declare and what we know.

It is not Atheism that makes the world without God: it finds the world without determinate knowledge of such an existence. Science has shown that we are under the dominion of general laws, that there is no Special Providence, that Prayer is useless, that propitiation is vain; that if Nature be God, it is the God of the iron path that passes on without heeding, without feeling, without resting. In one aspect

of Nature, it acts with a fearful uniformity; stern as Fate, absolute as Tyranny, merciless as Death. It is too vast to praise, too inexplicable to worship, too inexorable to propitiate. It has no ear for prayer, no heart for sympathy, no arm to save. We reap from it neither special help nor special knowledge. It protects itself from our curiosity by giving us only finite powers. Its silence is profound, and when we ask its secret, it points to Death. Yet if we are wise to learn, this great Teacher, before whose presence priestly creeds are shattered and dogmas cancelled, is a monitor who instructs humanity by a single lesson, whose beneficence is universal, and who blesses all who study, and protects all who obey. But men, vainly preferring Theology to Science, babble of the future with profane presumption; they dazzle themselves with an ideal world they have never seen, and with images founded on unreality. Allured by the ideal, they cheat themselves of the real, and are betrayed by false dependence to their own destruction. But Nature refers us to science for help, and to humanity for sympathy. Love to the lowly is our only homage, study our only praise, quiet submission to the inevitable our duty, work our only worship.

God cannot be a First Cause—all cause is bifold. God cannot be a Power—that is an attribute of matter, and never impersonal. It cannot be a Spirit—that is the negation of matter, the negation of all we know. It cannot be Light—light is subject to law. It cannot be Intelligence—that grows, and has conditions of development. It cannot be Consciousness—that is human. It cannot be Love—that is a personal attribute called forth by external and relative objects. It cannot be a Principle—that is either a material force or a logical rule. God is the eternal unanswered *Why?* to which no man has replied. It presses upon us as the universal question to which there is no answer in life. It met the first man—it seems likely to perplex the last. It is the Infinite Enigma which no Sphynx has solved; the solemn and sublime Mystery which we die to find out.

CHAPTER X.

THEISTICAL NEGATIONS.

Whenever Dr. Spencer T. Hall, a poetic and passionate Theist, meets the present writer, he remarks, 'Ah, my friend, art thou still trying to establish negations?' Dr. Hall, who is a Christian, forgets that the apostles spent their lives in propagating a negation of the 30,000 gods of Greece, in favour of three Jewish Deities on whose behalf they are now understood to have appeared; and unless the early Christians had devoted the first three centuries to this negative work,* Dr. Hall would be a Polytheist at this day. Never was there a more dreary and barren negation set up in this world than that of Christianity by

* *Vide* 'Neander's Church History,' vol. i., p. 382.

the side of Polytheism—opulent, graceful, and gorgeous. When some one made a remark upon the present author to Pierre Leroux, the witty Frenchman answered ,' Yes—Mr. Holyoake is a great affirmer of negatives.' The philosopher of Socialism overlooked that all negatives are half affirmations. The broadest half of Pierre Leroux's Socialistic affirmatives are but brilliant negatives of Competition. The questioning of Theism is the negative side of Atheism. On the positive side, we find the assertion of the principles of Naturalism. The Archbishop of Dublin urges it is a significant objection to us, that we account for nothing—we always choose the position of assailants. This shows that the Archbishop fails to perceive the consciousness of positive truth, which underlies all assault, and creates the assailant.

Suppose Atheism were merely negative—what then? If it be true, it will still be of service. Negative truth is better than positive error. If a vessel is being steered in a wrong direction, it is better the captain should know it, although he who discovers the error cannot tell the true course. It is of no use that the traveller goes down the wrong road, even if the person who warns him is not aware of the right one. A sick man had better take no medicine than swallow that not prescribed for him. There is the chance that Nature, unaided, may carry him through the malady he has, but the wrong medicine will very likely carry him off. But the argument of the Theist is: better steer anywhere than nowhere, better go down the wrong road than not keep walking, better swallow the wrong medicine than swallow none. The ordinary theologian reasons as though he would rather go to a positive Devil than be saved by a negative salvation.

Many who stand aloof from us do it solely because they have taken up the assumption that Atheism is a mere negation. They say there is nothing in it which calls forth the great faculties or enthusiasm of men—that there is no element of inspiration in it. To these we say—is not Secular truth an inspiration? Will not reality awaken power and interest of the highest order? Is it an established proposition that men have always been, and always must be, best moved by an imaginary class of incentives? We think not. There is no lasting enthusiasm like that born of realities, no interest so deep and permanent as that inspired by an intelligent perception of vital interests, or by comprehensible ideals of development. It would require a long chapter to give proof of this assertion from the history of science, but it may be useful to assert in this place that the proof is ample, that the martyrs of science are more numerous and far more illustrious in modern times than the martyrs of the Church. When the literature of Secular devotion shall be enlarged, it will be found that positive philosophy is fertile with the noblest affirmations, and that theology is replete with negations of nature, of humanity, and of vital truth. The absolute belief in Nature is considered atheism to God. But is it not true that the theory of Deity is atheism to Nature? The orthodox who believe themselves the affirmers of 'saving truths,' are, in

fact, the deniers of natural morality, of inherent human goodness, of the purifying influences of wise material conditions, of freedom of thought, of the eternity, the self-existence, the infinity of Nature; in fine, the Churches affirm the fictions of theology, but blaspheme humanity, and abound in the most dismal negations which ever repressed hope or misdirected human endeavour.

CHAPTER XI.

PRIMITIVE DEITIES AND POPULAR DEFENCES.

In his inestimable volume on 'Catholic Union,' Mr. Newman remarks upon the many kinds of inspiration that hold men together. Men will face death for the honour of two figures as the '77th,' the number of the regiment. It seems absurd to say, therefore, that men will never act upon the inspiration of clearly defined, vital, human ideals and principles. When it is argued that we must retain the idea of God, whether philosophically demonstrable or not, as a moral incentive to races, it is sufficient to recal a remarkable passage occurring in the first volume of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece.' The chief part of the extract will be found in a note to p. 463, and the italics are the historian's. The passage shows the strange materials of which gods have been made. A mountain or a river is, certainly, a very unexpected 'bond of union':—

'The great Olympic gods were, in fact.....identified with each river, mountain, cape, town, village, or known circumscription of territory.....There cannot be a better illustration of this feeling than what is told of the New Zealanders at the present time. The chief Heu-Heu appeals to his ancestor, the great mountain Tonga Riro: "I am the Heu-Heu, and rule over you all, just as my ancestor Tonga Riro, the mountain of snow, stands above all this land."* Heu-Heu refused permission to any one to ascend the mountain, on the ground that it was his *tipuna* or ancestor: "he constantly identified himself with the mountain, and called it his sacred ancestor" (vol. ii., c. 4, p. 113). The mountains in New Zealand are accounted by the natives masculine and feminine: Tonga Riro, and Taranaki, two male mountains, quarrelled about the affections of a small volcanic female mountain in the neighbourhood.†

'The religious imagination of the Hindoos also (as described by Colonel Sleeman in his excellent work, Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official), affords a remarkable parallel to that of the early Greeks. Colonel Sleeman says:—

'"I asked some of the Hindoos about us why they called the river Mother Nerbudda, if she was really never married. Her Majesty (said they with great respect) would really never consent to be mar-

* E. J. Wakefield: 'Adventures in New Zealand,' vol. i., c. 17, p. 465.
† *Ibid.* ii., c. 4, p. 97.

ied after the indignity she suffered from her affianced bridegroom the Sohun: and we call her *mother* because she blesses us all, and we are anxious to accost her by the name which we consider to be the most respectful and endearing.

"Any Englishman can easily conceive a poet in his highest calenture of the brain, addressing the Ocean as a steed that knows his rider, and patting the crested billow as his flowing mane. But he must come to India to understand how every individual of a *whole community of many millions can address a fine river as a living being—a sovereign princess, who hears and understands all they say, and exercises a kind of local superintendence over their affairs*, without a single temple in which her image is worshipped, or a single priest to profit by the delusion. As in the case of the Ganges, *it is the river itself to whom they address themselves, and not to any deity residing in it, or presiding over it*—the stream itself is the deity which fills their imaginations, and receives their homage."* Compare also the remarks in the same work on the sanctity of *Mother Nerbudda* (chapter xxvii., p. 261); also of the holy personality of the earth—"The land is considered as the MOTHER of the prince or chief who holds it, the great parent from whom he derives all that maintains him, his family, and his establishments. If well treated, she yields this in abundance to her son; but if he presumes to look upon her with the eye of *desire*, she ceases to be fruitful; or the Deity sends down hail or blight to destroy all that she yields. The measuring the surface of the fields, and the frequently inspecting the crops by the chief himself or his immediate agents, were considered by the people in this light—either it should not be done at all, or the duty should be delegated to inferior agents, whose close inspection of the *great parent* could not be so displeasing to the Deity."†

The difficulties in which the Theist lands himself are precisely those which he thinks he discerns in Atheism. Question every other person you meet in a walk, and the dialogue might fall in the following form:—

ATHEIST.—Why do you believe in the existence of God?

THEIST.—There must have been a God to have made the world.

A.—Why?

T.—Because the world could not have made itself. Things do not come by chance.

A.—There we are agreed: then how do they come?

T.—God made them.

A.—You think, then, that everything must have had a maker? Which is but a covert way of saying that God must have had a maker.

T.—No. God was self-made.

A. Then why may not Nature be self-made?

T.—It does not follow. God has existed from everlasting.

A.—Then may not Nature have existed from everlasting? If I say

* 'Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official,' c. iii., p. 20.

† Ch. xxvii., p. 248.

Nature was not made, you count that equivalent to saying it came by chance. Yet if you say God was not made, is not that equivalent to saying God came by chance? If God made the world, out of what did he make it? If out of pre-existing materials, then something existed before Deity. If you say God made Nature out of nothing, is that an explanation? Is it not a supposition, for which no reason can be given? It does not appear that the world was made. Nature appears to have been self-existent. Self-existence is not chance. If a man say Nature is self existent, he says the same as the Theist when he declares God to be self-existent. If a man say Nature may exist without a maker, he but says the same as the Theist, who affirms that God exists without a maker. If a man affirm Nature to be self-existent, he cannot explain the point. If a Theist say God is self-subsisting, he cannot explain his assertion. Each believes what neither well understands. Where, then, is the distinction? It is first as to manner. The Atheist speaks diffidently, not dogmatically. It is second as to fact of consciousness. We may conceive of God as non-existent. We cannot conceive of Nature as being non-existent. It is more reasonable, therefore, to hold that Nature is the something which must exist, which has always existed, which does exist, which will ever exist.

CHAPTER XII.

COSMISM THE AFFIRMATIVE COMPLEMENT OF ATHEISM.

Cosmism is the perception of the order of Nature—order, not in the sense of beauty merely, but, in respect of definite, calculable, and, therefore, reliable procedure. If I attempted to define an idea of God, I should speak of it as the Eternal Process, Ever-Present and Ever-Acting. The discernment of Nature is the truth which men seek for guidance. Error is, when men are deluded by the counterfeit of Nature; disaster when they miss their way to it. The *knowledge* of Nature, in phenomena and in society, is the universal wisdom mankind desire in their glorious dream of Perfection. All intelligent life is a search for the real; all philosophy is the interpretation of it; all science is the mastery of it; all art the presentment of it; all progress the possession of it.

A Cosmist* is one who believes in Nature, and studies the order in Nature. He endeavours to master what is, and out of that mastery alone hopes to discover why it is. He considers that Nature is self-existent, self-subsistent, self-active, the Eternal,† the Infinite, and Material. The Theist denies this. He is the sceptic, the negationist, the Atheist. Theism is Atheism to Nature. The tyro in Atheism

* The fabric of the external universe first received the title from the Greeks, of Cosmos or beautiful order. The word is ascribed to Pythagoras, B.C. 570.—*Trench*: 'Study of Words,' pp. 97-8, and Humboldt's 'Cosmos.'

† Ocellus Lucanus, who is supposed to have lived B.C. 500, is considered to have been the first, or one of the earliest, who maintained the eternity of the world.—*Thomas Taylor's* 'Intro. to Ocellus Lucanus,' pp. ix-x.

regards the mere controversial confutation of Theism as his sole profession; but only the unthinking, or unreflective, or untaught, do so. Unconscious of his own inspiration, which he owes to realism, unconscious of the principles of Nature which prompt him to protest against a misleading Theism, he has, perhaps, paid small attention to Cosmism, which term may be used to express the principles of naturalism, which he has deferred to study and neglected to affirm. The sceptics of Theism are considered by the orthodox very wicked, and by the reflective, in a worldly sense, as very impracticable people. Such designate us 'negationists.' Even if we were so, if we did only deny what is wrong, we might be useful in our way. But there are many persons who consider that in some states of society fixed error is better than unsettled truth. This party, to whom our statesmen belong, are very influential, and we are bound to satisfy them as well as the philosophical Christian, that we do *affirm* something, that we have positive and practical views, if we can but make them plain.

Nature, as Paley observes, is a collective name; it stands, as Coleridge expresses it, for the sum-total of things as far as they are objects of our senses. To the Theist, it is merely an unintelligent instrument —clay in the hands of a potter. To the Cosmist, it seems to possess the attributes of self-existence,* eternity, and self-direction. The Atheist taking this view is yet charged by the Theist with being the advocate of a negation. This is said by the Theist who is himself the advocate of the existence of a Great Spirit—a Spirit which is the negation of all the attributes of matter. Theism takes us from, Cosmism brings us close to Realism, and if we must worship, it gives us the best reason for it—it shows us Nature, it discovers to us the actual, and educates the judgment. An opponent† in one of the few thoughtful passages delivered against us, remarked:—'I cannot make out to the satisfaction of my own reason the theory of life, on what its force depends, or what it is, or why it is nourished by certain material conditions; and no one has ever yet made it out; still we know that we are nourished by our food. Any one who will afford me a metaphysical satisfaction as to the growth of a tree, why a seed draws from the elements its proper nourishment, and on what forces it is marshalled into growth, will afford me more light than all the books of science. To say it is done "by the laws of nature," is to feed my reason with the garbage of mysticism.' And to say it is done by Deity (a term, under the circumstances, which only hides our ignorance) is, to employ for a moment the same language, to feed our reason on the garbage of superstition.

The Cosmist, seeing nothing and knowing nothing beyond Nature, is yet willing to discern more and learn more. Dissent from Theism, where it occurs, arises from dissatisfaction with the reasons given by Theists touching the origin and government of the world. Many intelligent men, following an unbiassed judgment, are Cosmists. 'The

* Self-existence includes all.—Milner's 'End of Controversy.'

† The Rev. Brewin Grant: Cowper Street Discussion. 1853.

principles, the sources, and the modes of motion—that is, the tendencies and appurtenencies of every form of matter are the proper field of philosophy.'* We can only learn processes, not penetrate essences. Nor is the Cosmical view of Nature deficient in the element of reverence. 'Let us try for a moment to abstract from a mass of earth or stone, its form, colour, extension, and gravity, which are only modes of our sensation, and depend on the structure of our organs, and our utter inability to form the least notion of what remains may read us a lesson of caution as to how we speak of it. Or, again, if we think how it came to be. Either it was created out of nothing by Almighty God, or it is eternal. And it is hard to say which alternative is the more awful.'†

Here the Theist steps in, declaring there is higher light than Nature affords, and deeper secrets than Science can penetrate.

The Cosmist says:—'Sir, I thank you for the information; show me these discoveries?'

The Theist borrows from Voltaire, whom he traduces, his reply. Voltaire being asked how he would demonstrate the existence of God? answered, '*Mais en ouvrant les yeux*' (by opening the eyes). 'If you do not see,' continues our Theist, 'all I can say is, you are deficient in a sense.'

The Cosmist answers:—'Sir, I make a note of your communication as to my loss of a sense. I apologise for my deficiency, but undertake, with such residue of powers as you may feel justified in allowing me, to show that your own explanations are untenable, inadequate, perverse, or self-contradictory.'

If the Cosmist cannot account for the origin of man, it does not follow that the Biblical theory is correct. If man does not come by law of development, it does not follow that he came of the dust of the ground. Moses is no more to be trusted than the author of the 'Vestiges.' If Lamarck be untenable, it is not a scientific inference that Miller must be. We must wait till science finds out the cause, identifies it, and exhibits it. Conjectures do not settle truth—we must wait for proof. Because Plato did not know the cause of the rainbow, it did not follow that Noah's account was the true one. The world had to wait for the true theory until Newton arose.

One who has won for himself a distinguished place among modern thinkers, relates:—'In a debate upon the development hypothesis, lately narrated to me by a friend, one of the disputants was described as arguing that, as in all our experience we know of no such phenomenon as the transmutation of species, it is unphilosophical to assume that transmutation of species ever takes place. Had I been present, I think that, passing over this assertion, which is open to criticism, I should have replied that, as in all our experience we have never known a species *created*, it was, by his own showing, unphilosophical to assume that any species ever had been created. Those who cavalierly reject

* Bacon.

† *Fraser*, No. CCLVI., p. 429. Art. ascribed to J. A. Froude.

the theory of Lamarck and his followers, as not adequately supported by facts, seem quite to forget that their own theory is supported by no facts at all. Like the majority of men who are born to a given belief, they demand a more rigorous proof of any adverse doctrine, but assume that their own doctrine needs none. Here we find scattered over the globe vegetable and animal organisms numbering, of the one kind (according to Humboldt), some 320,000 species, and of the other, if we include insects, some two millions of species (see Carpenter); and if to these we add the numbers of animal and vegetable species that have become extinct (bearing in mind how geological records prove that, from the earliest appearance of life down to the present time, different species have been successively replacing each other, so that the world's Flora and Fauna have completely changed many times over), we may safely estimate the number of species that have existed, and are existing on the earth, at not less than ten millions. Well, which is the most rational theory about these ten millions of species? Is it most likely that there have been ten millions of special creations? or is it most likely that by continual modifications, due to change of circumstances, ten millions of varieties may have been produced, as varieties are being produced still? One of the two theories must be adopted. Which is most countenanced by facts?'*

Theism does not clear up the problems of life. There is no natural theology—there is a presumptuous theology, which attempts everything, outrages everything, and explains nothing. Why, in every age, have men clung to the idea of a revelation?—because they were too impatient to study Nature, and too ill trained to submit to the discipline of facts. Unable to answer the plain questions of independent inquirers, Theists have availed themselves of revelation to put down, by authority, the doubts they could not solve by reason. Now, however, criticism has checked the pretensions of book revelation. Theists have returned to the field of Nature, and there the combat may be expected to end, since there, for the first time, the combatants are on equal ground. Lord Mansfield's oft-quoted advice to a certain impromtu governor of a colony was, to give his decisions boldly, for they would almost always be right, but never to give any reasons for them, as they would almost always be wrong. But right or wrong, the Cosmist must give his reasons. He may err, but he must answer; he may not succeed, but he must attempt explanation of the views he holds; he is candid, if not clear; he confesses frankly his inability to know where he cannot command information The mere Spiritualist can retreat to mere consciousness. He can be indolent, silent, or dogmatic: he may believe without external evidence, he may assent without giving reasons. But the Rationalist chooses a manlier part. He must examine, he must judge, and he must justify his judgment.

What is Nature? The aggregate of matter.

What is matter? That which is material.

What is material? That which is calculable.

* Herbert Spencer: 'Haythorne Papers.' *Vide Leader.*

What is calculable? That which manifests itself under law.

What is a law of Nature? The name we give to a uniform process which we observe.

'A Being is that which excites feelings, and which possesses attributes. Extension, colour, wisdom, virtue, are not beings. Some of the ancients held that the cardinal virtues were animals. The Platonic school held the doctrine of self-existent Ideas. The followers of Epicurus held that Sensible Forms detach themselves from bodies in every direction, and, by coming in contact with our organs, cause our perceptions.'*

The writer, whose remarks we are here quoting, observes:—'In the present state of the discussion on these topics, it is almost universally allowed that the existence of matter or of spirit, of space or of time, is, in its nature, unsusceptible of being *proved;* and that if anything is known of them, it must be by immediate intuition.' This difficulty should check dogmatism on both sides.

How little men can penetrate essences, we learn from the definition of matter and spirit given by the same writer. 'Of bodies and minds, philosophers have at length provided us with a definition, which seems unexceptionable.'

What *is* Matter—what *is* Mind? The nearest answers ever given are these:—

'A body, according to the received doctrine of modern metaphysicians, may be defined, the external cause to which we ascribe our sensations. When I see and touch a piece of gold, I am conscious of a sensation of yellow colour, and sensations of hardness and weight; and, by varying the mode of handling, I may add to these sensations many others completely distinct from them. The sensations are all of which I am directly conscious; but I consider them as produced by something not only existing independently of my will, but external to my bodily organs and to my mind. This external something I call body..... Body having been defined as the external cause, and (according to the more reasonable opinion) the hidden external cause to which we refer our sensations, it remains to frame a definition of mind. For, as our conception of a body is that of an unknown existing cause of sensations, so our conception of a mind is that of an unknown recipient or percipient of them; and not of them alone, but of all our other feelings. As body is the mysterious something which excites the mind to feel, so mind is the mysterious something which feels and thinks..... It is necessary to remark, that on the inmost nature of the thinking principle, as well as on the inmost nature of matter, we are, and with our faculties must always remain, entirely in the dark. All that we are aware of, even in our own minds, is a certain thread of consciousness. ..... Thus, then, as body is the unsentient cause to which we are naturally prompted to refer a certain portion of our feelings, so mind may be described as the sentient subject (in the German sense of the term) of all feelings. But of the nature of either body or mind, further

* *Vide* 'System of Logic,' vol. i., p. 52.

The Priest construes the rejection of his errors as the rejection of truth and justice.

than the feelings which the former excites and the latter experiences, we do not, according to the best existing doctrine, know anything.'

Here we have one of the highest and most reliable statements on record of the 'nature' of matter and spirit, so far as that nature can be delineated. Body is an independent existence, and the material seems the only independent existence. Mind is dependent on body. All we can, with certainty, declare is that inorganic body acting on inorganic body effects physical change, that organic body acting on the greater susceptibility of organic body effects mental change. Throughout life and nature there is one thread of material action.

Since the knowledge of Nature possessed by man is so limited, it would appear that Theism was born in impatience, in despair, in presumption, or in some dream of untutored and wild speculation. To the great mystery of Nature man has wantonly added the greater mystery of a Being above Nature. Whoever sees in Atheism simply the development of a *negation* sees but half the truth. Even in this respect (supposing existing theological systems to be erroneous) Atheism has the merit of clearing the way for pure moralism. To resolve religion into dependence,* is canonising human weakness; whereas man rather needs that which shall develop his strength. Is this salutary teaching? Life should be self-reliant. The light of Nature and the experience of man are anterior to clerical dogmas, and are the sources whence guidance and duty independently spring. The Priest breaks in upon the integrity of life, and diverts its course. His assumption is, that he makes an addition to our knowledge. But does he do so? He professes to show us the hidden things of the future: we fail to see them. He simply encumbers us, and we pray him to stand aside. The responsibility of our course is our own, and not his; and we have a right to be left free when we demand exemption from his mistaken interference. Rejecting (as in self-defence we are bound to do) the irrelevant advices of the Priest, he goes and proclaims that we reject truth, honour, justice, love. Whereas the fact is, we merely reject him. His denunciation of us is his error, or the retaliation of his disappointment. We appeal, therefore, to the informed, the impartial, and the candid, to judge between us. We respect theology, inasmuch as it professes to explain man's destiny, and regret that it bears no fruit for us; but this is not our fault, and we therefore attempt to solve the problem of the Present and the Future for ourselves.

If the Atheist be unable to believe in a God, it is demanded, in what does he believe? We answer, though he may not be able to explain the origin of all things, he may yet believe in the things themselves; though he may not be able to account for Nature, it does not follow that he disbelieves the existence of Nature. Without powers to penetrate the secret of Nature; without the intuition which guesses it; without the facts which explain it; without being convinced by any theories extant upon the subject;

* *Vide* Theodore Parker's theory.

without being able to learn of the existence of one spot of land on the wide sea of theological conjecture; warned by the wrecks floating in sight, of those who have perished in ancient times, and the tossing to and fro of those still upon that fathomless deep of speculation, which we have no vessels adequate to navigate, nor compass nor chart to guide; from which no spiritual Columbus has ever yet returned, bringing report of the new world; the Atheist keeps by the shore, the broad and pleasant shore of humanity, relinquishing the fabulous legends which superstitious cupidity, or unrest, or fancy, have originated, and reposes in the more useful, but less ambitious, belief of growth and development, of science and art, of trust and truth, of service and endurance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEODORE PARKER.

Mr. Theodore Parker has contributed to the world so many noble discourses and brilliant criticisms, and speaks such hearty and fearless words for humanity, that one is reluctant to take decided exception to his views, as stated in one of his most confident books, 'Atheism, Theism, and the Popular Theology.' When, in this work, he speaks of Atheism, he speaks from feeling, and very turbid feeling too. He sees nothing deeper in Atheism than antagonism. 'Had the Church granted full freedom, there would have been no Atheism.' This is the orthodox mistake. Mr. Parker, however, bears frank testimony to certain merits in Atheism, that an orthodox writer would withhold. His words are:—'The Christian world has something to learn at this day, even from the Atheist; for he asks entire freedom for human nature; freedom to think, freedom to will, freedom to love, freedom to worship, if he may—not to worship, if he will not.'

The Atheistic view of life is a cheerful and trustful view. The Christian view is one of distrust of humanity. That Atheistic confidence in mankind is no theoretical admiration, but a brave reliance, is proved from the fact that the Atheist is prepared to see society based on the 'entire freedom of human nature.' This noble preacher has no stone to hurl at his brother because he does not belong to his Church. He remembers that Christianity was at first but a new 'superstition.' 'It was the religion of a "blasphemer," who had got crucified between "two others, malefactors." Christianity was then the "latest form of infidelity."' Mr. Parker makes some admissions, which equal in liberality those made by Coleridge. 'Atheists,' says Mr. Parker, 'are not always bigoted, but philosophical. A few of them are in America founding schools and sects of their way of thinking. Some of them are men of quite superior ability, men of very large intellectual culture. They seem to be truth-loving and sincere persons, conscientious, just, humane, philanthropic, and modest men. They are men who aim to be faithful to their nature, and to

The coward and the murderess equally condemned by Atheism as by Theism.

their whole nature. I am acquainted with some of them; they are commonly on the side of man, as opposed to the enemies of man; on the side of the people, as against a tyrant; they are, or mean to be, on the side of truth, of justice, and of love. I shall not throw stones at these men; I shall devise no hard names against them; they will get abuse enough without my giving them any at all. I feel great tenderness towards them, and very great compassion, which, I suppose, they would not thank me for. Some of them I know personally, others by their reputation; some by their writings. I think they are much higher in their moral and religious growth than a great many men, who are always saying to God, "I go, sir," and yet never stir. These are men who have made sacrifices even to be faithful; and, without knowing it, they have a good deal of practical religiousness of character, both in its subjective form of piety, and in its objective form of personal and social morality.'

Yet Atheism, as it is described by Mr. Parker, is certainly the saddest of life philosophies imaginable. He tells us that when the war trump is blown, one brother goes out and fights, and comes home to die, covered with heroism and gashes. Another brother, in that time of peril, is a coward, and creeps into the oven. When the war is over, the oven brother comes out with a whole skin, and says, 'What a fool his soldier brother was to lay down his life for him, and get nothing for it.' The Atheist, says Mr. Parker, 'declares the coward brother to be right.' On the contrary, the Atheist declares the coward brother ought to be kicked. Is it true that brave men get nothing by their struggles? Do they not resist tyranny, give security to their country, win dignity and self-respect? The noblest course is best for those who fail. In an inevitable struggle, the noblest course is better than the vilest for those even who perish. Mr. Parker argues as though most men might get into ovens if they pleased. He forgets that if they did, the bayonet would make contemptuous thrusts at the miserable posteriors there exposed. Therefore, if there were no dignity in duty, no grandeur in courage, it would still be worth while not to get in the oven very extensively. One mother, says Mr. Parker, whose self-denial leads her to cherish her sickly child, dies at last, and there is an end of her. Another mother abandons her dying child, and lives forty years of wantonness, and when she dies, it is to the same end as the other. It may be so, but no Atheist says it *ought* to be so. But if apparently so in death, is it the same in life? Bad as the world is, is forty years of wantonness what every heartless mother may reckon upon as her reward here? And is there nothing in the pure and sublime joy of tenderness, which the self-sacrificing mother bestows on her child? Is this world so constituted by the Deity you proclaim, Mr. Parker, that the murderess and the merciful may be equally happy?

The moral of all Mr. Parker's Theism is, 'What shall I get hereafter by it? Save me from Atheism—it gives nothing.' Negro-holders stand by slavery on the same principle. Liberty 'gives nothing' which they care for. The Theist opposes slavery because he

shall get more from God in reward of his forbearance. Mr. Parker's Theist is only a sharper kind of Yankee. May Mr. Parker pardon the remark, but he seems to me to own a sad whining Theism. We have much English and Scotch orthodoxy more self-reliant. Professor Newman, in England, is as distinguished as Mr. Parker for an intense Theism, but Mr. Newman is an utter contrast in respect of the logical and manly spirit in which he holds his principles. With Mr. Newman, Theism is a light by which he walks; with Mr. Parker, it is a crutch. Mr. Newman can walk alone, Mr. Parker cannot stir. The idea of immortality is not essential to Mr. Newman. His unfaltering trust in duty sustains him. Mr. Parker never moves without a sedan chair, a lantern, and an amulet. 'I am not,' says he 'a cowardly man; but if I were convinced that there was no God, my courage would drop as water, and be no more..... I am not a sad man, but take away my consciousness of God; let me believe there is no infinite mind, conscience, and affection.....that the sad people of Europe, Africa, America, have no guardian, all the joy I have in the daily business of the world, in literature, science, and art, in the friendships and wide philanthropies of the time, would perish at once.....Yes, I should die in uncontrollable anguish and grief.' To one who thinks thus, the *truth* of religion is unnecessary. He does not want conviction; his need is consolation, and a superstition will do for him as well as a rationalism; in fact, it would do better, as he would be less likely to be disturbed by any misgiving or doubt. When Mr. Parker departs from this strain, it is only to talk confusion. 'If a man confesses that he has a natural and absolute obligation to think true, to do right, to feel kind,.....it is of little consequence whether he says he derives the obligation from Nature or God, because, in such a case, he means by the word Nature what another means by the word God.' This is absurd. What has Mr. Parker just said about the Infinite Mind thinking for him, the Infinite Conscience feeling for him, the Infinite Affection guarding him, etc.? This personal dependence of Theism is not involved in the independent idea of Nature. Secular morals are derived from uniform action in Nature, Theistic morals from personal intention and Providence in the author of Nature.

Theism is paternal, and like paternal government it takes a pound from you by force and gives you sixpence back by charity. Theism makes the world into a schoolroom, and keeps men always at the desk. Theism plays at an everlasting game of Family, and keeps men always children, and always dependent on the governor. It is a state of things neither good for the children nor the governor. Atheism acknowledges the manhood of men, sends them out into the world, teaches them self-reliance. Looking at the character this kind of Theism gives to Deity, one can have no wish to be connected with it; looking at the kind of worship thus prescribed, one can have no wish to join in the irreverence; and Atheism is a manly refuge from this slavery and grossness of sentiment. A glance at the state of the continent will show us the impotence of Theism for redress. We are

told it is the friend of liberty. What does it do for Poland, for Hungary, for Italy, for France? We are told it is the friend of good feeling, good morals, and good faith. What influence has it over the dungeons of Austria, over society in Naples, or over the consciences of Emperors in Paris? The peoples of the continent crouch in chains and blood, Despotism sits erect in insolent security. Imperial perjury flourishes in France. In the old days, Providence was said to help the poor: now it helps kings—it bends the bayonet of Milano, it diverts the bullets of Pianori, it preserves the life of gaolers and takes the life of prisoners, it holds up tyrants who bow down nations. Where is the influence of Theism in all these scenes? Theism is said to abhor a lie and to be the friend of humanity. Its voice is dumb, its arm is impotent; it makes no vindication of the honest who are aspersed, it makes no effort for the relief of the poor who are oppressed. It is worse than impotent—it is treacherous. It is the apologist of might. It cringes round the throne, it gives its voice against the people In the old time, Religion pretended to be deliverance, in recent times it has pretended to be consolation. It is neither consolation nor deliverance. It is a traitor. It binds the spirit that Despotism may better bind the hands—it has no help for those who cry to it, it betrays those who trust it. The honest poet exclaimed—

> 'When wilt thou save the People,
> O God of mercy, when?
> Not thrones or priests—but nations,
> Not Kings or Lords—but men.'*

It is time the people understood that they must fight their own battles by wisdom and sacrifice, strength and courage. The god of battles is no longer on the side of right, but of might. He is on the side of the strongest battalion, of the heaviest gun, and of the minié rifle. If the contest be between brain and brain, the victory is with the largest knowledge, the deepest sagacity, with the men who have mutual trust, a practical aim, and unresting activity.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

In 1849 a volume appeared, entitled 'The Soul, Her Sorrows and Her Aspirations.' The author was Francis William Newman, the brother of John Henry Newman, known now as 'Father Newman,' who represents the Catholic; Professor Newman, the author of the work here considered, the Rationalistic, side of religion.

The Church of England seldom gives you the impression of being

* Ebenezer Elliott.

in earnest. Its hierarchy seems maintained for show. You must visit the ranks of Evangelicalism for religion in activity. The Church bears the sword of the State—Evangelicalism the sword of the spirit: both cut disagreeably, one the body, the other the soul. Religion is altogether repulsive, until it wears the robe of Rationalism.

The casual observer of religious sects must be aware of the variety of types extant. There are the low, the intermediate, and the high. Mr. Newman represents the highest type. We know very well that many people profess the lower forms of the Christian faith who would not do so were they acquainted with a higher, delineated by the hand of one whose piety cannot be called in question. We make here an abstract of Mr. Newman's views. They may thus be brought under the notice of many Christians who never heard of Mr. Newman's work, and who could not buy it if they would, and (to tell the whole truth) would not buy it if they could, till some one has shown to them its safety. This book has instruction also for Freethinkers, who, anxious for the realisation of Christianity, take an interest in all that approximates to what they think the truth.

Those who make it a rule to pass over the preface of a book as not relating to it, will profit in this case by returning to the good old practice of reading it. Nowhere does Mr. Newman appear to write unless he has something distinctive to say, and whatever he sees well to say is worthy the reader's consideration. It is in the preface to the 'Soul' that Mr. Newman remarks, that 'a long period passed in the history of mankind when the morality of every great national system was supposed to depend entirely on the external authority which promulgated it; but in later stages of mental culture.....the authoritative sanction which is superadded to moral precepts became valued, not as that which is essential to guarantee their truth to a cultivated moral nature, but as that which (like parental command) enforces action while the moral sense is in its infancy.' In this respect Mr. Newman agrees with Sir James Mackintosh, that morals are intrinsically independent—that theology may add a sanction to them, but does not *create* them. One great charm of Mr. Newman's book is its *directness* of language. Whether there are any subjects upon which the author would be reserved or mystical I know not, but it seems that he does not write on any subject upon which he does not choose to be explicit. Emerson is an oracle often admitting of a double interpretation—Carlyle is a riddle by the wayside, puzzling all passers by—but Newman discourses in language which is the servant of his thought.

It seems a light matter to say that each page is reliable. When Mr. Newman describes Fetishism, it is an addition to our knowledge which we can quote. The reader can trust all instances—and such an assurance is a boundless satisfaction to one who desires to learn as he reads. Of large historical knowledge, knowing the most important languages, able in mathematics, versed in practical science, quick to comprehend, and, more than all, conscientious to report, Mr. Newman

fulfils all the requirements of the reader, who feels that what the author states he has verified, and that he speaks on matters of fact with the authority of nature. It is difficult for the well-favoured reader to estimate the value of such an author to the ill-favoured learner—the poor student belonging to the working classes, whose every day is engrossed beyond his strength in the battle for the supply of animal wants, and who is turned at night, wearied (like a jaded horse into a barren field), to browse on the casualties of literature—the cheap periodicals; so often got up without adequate means, and oftener without conscience; where that which is original is poor, and that which is borrowed is uncertain—inferior food, of which no quantity yields any strength. To children of the people, to whom scholastic guidance is never vouchsafed, beguiled by a show of popular learning which seduces them and abandons them to mediocrity, such a book as this—profound in thought, affectionate in spirit, trusty in report, accurate in speech—is an epoch in personal history, disciplining the understanding, and giving a new tone to character.

The modest object of this work is that of making a contribution towards a Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of theology. What may be accomplished in this direction in the way of scientific proof is not quite clear, but that this is the right way of procedure we have no doubt. Presumptive evidence of the existence of Deity, founded on the analysis of human feeling, has long appeared to be the only ground on which the believer could ever win the ear of the world; and it was with curiosity I learned that the first part of this ground had been occupied by Mr. Newman. He has furnished an entirely new statement of theology: a statement we know to be *new* because it presents an old subject without once reviving those sensations, utter and profitless weariness, of which once-believers dread the repetition.

Modern books which have attained celebrity in defence of popular Christianity, differ little from older ones except in amplification of former arguments, now urged with more decorousness than was formerly the case; but there is no more feeling displayed in the efforts than before. The critical surgeon has removed the diseased part, or perhaps amputated the limb very cleverly, and taken his fee of public applause as a skilful operator; but he has displayed no personal sympathy with his patient. In Mr. Newman's case it is altogether different. He never forgets that his patient is his brother. You may feel pain under his hand, but you are persuaded his is the hand under which you will suffer least, and that his affection and intelligence will save you all he can. He is the friend, and never the opponent. He does not offend you by spiritual superciliousness. There is no tone of pride about him. There is no lie for the glory of God in him: he does not recognise that God can be glorified by any word of deceit. To disparage, to mortify, to obtain a victory over you, are pettinesses of controversy which he despises. He is never angry, petulant, or harsh. He never plays the priest—soft and gracious when his argument

opens, menacing, imperious, and contemptuous when it closes without being accepted. His profound respect for others, for their sincerity and well meaning, is uninterrupted. Yet in all this courtesy there mingles no weakness. Every affectionate word is animated by a masculine strength of will, and in this union of both qualities a great lesson in intellectual and moral strength is afforded. No man, whether believer or Atheist, can read this book without great improvement, unless he be very good indeed, or entirely incapable of moral appreciation.

I do not suppose that the Christian world will be thankful for this work. They rarely discriminate their true friends, and are seldom grateful to them. To some sour effusion of Evangelicalism which contradicts Christianity's capacity for charity—to some adroit treatise which confounds but does not convince, they would give an exuberant welcome; but for a book conceived in the highest genius of proselytism, which must *command* respect for the religious sentiment wherever it is read, they have had no word of thankfulness. That which strikes me as the quality of its proselytising power is its absolute candour. Most religious books of polemical purport seem to be *fencing* with the reader. They never trust him or trust themselves. There is nothing out-spoken, frank, and chivalrous about them: all seems to be cautious, giving one the idea there is something to conceal. Mr. Newman's book is marked by the utter absence of this tone. Knowing that no earnest men are wholly in the wrong in matters of humanity, he does not fear to admit what is right on his opponent's side, which certainly does not indispose an opponent to admit what is right on his. He thus inspires you with confidence and respect, and this is the foundation of all healthy concurrence. This predisposing element to uniformity Mr. Newman's book has eminently. If one does not concur in it, it is because of the presence of intellectual error—no prejudice stands between the reader and the author. Others, besides Christians, who study its ability, may learn of its wisdom of manner, in the written and oral advocacy of their views. All accounts of its daringness, of its strong rejection of so much to which the mass of believers cling in indiscriminating adoration, refer only to that which constitutes the framework of the book, without its life—indeed less than that, for such rejection is merely the clearing of the ground in order to occupy it by a new superstructure.

'All human knowledge, like human power, is bounded; and it is then most accurate when we can sharply draw the line which shows where ignorance begins' (p. 1.) With this remark, so pregnant with purpose, Mr. Newman opens his inquiry into what we know, that shall, when distinctly defined, justify a programme of religious belief. He accurately observes, that 'It is a condition of human existence to be surrounded with but a moderately diffused light that instructs the understanding, and illimitable haziness that excites the imagination' (p. 1.) The foundation of Mr. Newman's system, he frankly permits us to perceive, lies in the fact that this '*obscurity*' without us is cal-

culated to call forth religious sentiments. 'The region of dimness is not wholly without relations to our moral state.' The great theological problem he proposes to solve was never so usefully expressed before—viz., how 'to reconcile Passion, Prudence, Duty, Freethought, and Reverence' (p. 4.)

In the relation of the child to the parent, Mr. Newman sees the model of human life throughout its entire extent. In the 'loving reverence, sure trust, and unreflecting joy which a child may exercise towards a parent, whose wisdom and goodness appear to him illimitable,' Mr. Newman beholds 'a source of moral perfection' desirable for men 'whose understandings have opened wide enough to see that all human minds are limited, all human hearts shallow, and that no object worthy of absolute reverence comes within the reach of sense' (p. 3.) It is this 'absolute object' which Mr. Newman seeks. In his search he takes for his guide a new definition of the Soul, which he names 'that side of our nature by which we are in contact with the Infinite.' Religion he regards as the cultivation of this side of our nature, by bringing it into contact with an object of absolute perfection and goodness, which shall inspire us with aspirations after purity, and cheer us by rational hope. There is a freshness in these conceptions which, after the hard, acid, and incongruous theology of the pulpits, comes over the feelings like a charm. The fruits of this religion which Mr. Newman eliminates are, he tells us, 'Meekness, thankfulness, love, contentment, compassion, humility, patience, resignation, disinterestedness, purity, aspiration, devoutness' (p. 21.)

By an analysis of human sentiments Mr. Newman delineates the 'Sense of the Infinite.' The processes are these :—

1. Awe, that feeling with which darkness inspires us, of which we are sensible in a walk alone by night under thick trees, when a sense of the unknown pierces through and unmans all but innocence. The moral effect of Awe is a pervading sense of our littleness in the presence of immensity (p. 11.)

2. Wonder, that feeling which is excited by the sublime and astonishing scenes of Nature when Awe has somewhat subsided. Its moral attribute is an aspiration after fuller knowledge of that '*power, principle, or person*, out of which all that we see has proceeded' (p. 13.)

3. Admiration is the perception of natural Beauty, whose appropriate function is 'to call forth the heart into admiration *and prepare it for love*.' 'As a glimpse of life beyond the grave, and a glance of the eye into the depths of space, are adapted to calm stormy passions, so a tranquil resting of the soul, on whatever form of beauty, tends to impart cheerfulness, elasticity of spirits, and mute thankfulness, towards—perhaps we know not *whom*' (p. 19.)

Mr. Newman's conception of the functions of these sentiments is as lofty as it is healthy. Awe, Wonder, Admiration, he regards as fitting man to discharge his duty in that perilous hour when Duty clashes with Interest. Enthusiasm, that passionate love for some

idea which, whatever form it may take, is capable of animating man to every sacrifice of Self, Mr. Newman regards as the Life of Morality and the one universal enthusiasm he thinks is that 'called out by a sense of the Infinite, wherein we feel Self to be swallowed up. All the *generous* side of human nature is nurtured and expanded by the contemplation of the Infinite' (p. 26.)

4. A 'Sense of Order' Mr. Newman traces from the operations of nature. Order is the type of Unchangeableness, and 'the recognition of unchangeableness is the turning point and passage from barbarism to cultivated religion.' The perception of Universal Order involves the refutation of Polytheism. The One who is regarded as the Supreme (source of order) is considered to have ruled upon the same principles in every conceivable age, and here an idea of his Eternity comes in. At this point, and after, a man's religion falls under the control of his understanding: 'henceforth contemplations and imaginations concerning the Infinite put on the coherent form of Thought and Speculation.' 'A new element has been admitted which will either dissolve all the rest, or by blending with them happily will give to the religion definiteness of form, consistency, and notions which can abide the criticism of acute incredulity' (pp. 28, 29.)

5. Sense of Design. To those who fail to recognise an active Will in the universe, Mr. Newman addresses the consideration of design. Without antagonistic argument or intrusion of human artifice, he takes things fresh from nature. Lungs are fitted to breathe and eyes to see, and in this Fitness he sees Design. 'No syllogism is pretended that *proves* that a lung was made to breathe, but we see it,' he says, 'by what some call Common Sense, and some Intuition' (p. 32.) And 'when the whole human world is pervaded by similar instances of fitnesses, not to see a Universal Mind in nature appears almost a brutal insensibility; and if any one intelligently profess Atheism, the more acute he is the more distinctly we perceive that he is deficient in the Religious Faculty. Possibly some day, by a new development of his character or by the contagion of sympathy, he may acquire Religious Insight; but for the present, we lament that he has it not, and hereby is cut off from the profoundest influences of humanity' (p. 33.) Holding that 'such Fitnesses as meet our view on all sides bring a reasonable conviction that Design lies beneath them,' Mr. Newman considers the doctrine of an intelligent Creator justified. Adding now the conclusions drawn from the order of the universe, he avers that 'we have testimony adapted to the cultivated judgment that there is a Boundless, Eternal, Unchangeable, Designing Mind, not without whom this system of things coheres: and this Mind we call God' (p. 34.)

6. Sense of Goodness. Mr. Newman next arrives at the conception of the goodness of God. 'God is too great to be moved by petty passions; he cannot have pleasure in our misery.' We 'attribute to him boundlessness of every kind of which we can conceive,' and a pure, final, and consolatory idea of God's goodness Mr. Newman expresses in these words:—'*All the possible perfectness of man's spirit must be a mere faint shadow of the divine perfection*' (p. 41.)

The conscience competent to decide religious questions

7. The sense of Wisdom differs from Goodness in this, that 'Goodness is seen in the choice of ends, Wisdom in the direction of the means.' The antagonist Divine wisdom has to overcome consists of human will, which Mr. Newman regards as independent.

8. The sense of Reverence is that which follows the discernment of a mighty and inscrutable Being in the Universe. 'Reverence is the beginning of true religion. He who reverences God is a religious man, and whatever his other defects, is an accepted worshipper.' The source of reverence Mr. Newman seems to place in the perception that the great power who presides over Nature must needs possess Moral qualities similar to our own, though every way more perfect. It is this feature that raises what was Paganism into Rational *Religion*. In such a portraiture of God as this, so consonant to the moral sense, commending him to the affections by its sweetness and to the intellect by its purity, how gentle and yet how effectual is the refutation of the gloomy picture of the avenging Deity whom our popular theology preaches to us!

'The most decisive moral effects produced by the devotional posture of the soul,' expressed by the term reverence, are explained (p. 50) to 'depend on consciousness that it has met the eye of God.' To ensure this sentiment pure, lofty, and progressive, Mr. Newman hesitates not to warn the reader that even the Bible is not to be regarded as an Ideal, unless the conscience is too dull to rise above the Bible—that in no case must the conscience be *depressed* to any standard, not even to the Biblical standard (p. 62.) Mr. Newman gives this salutary piece of instruction, by which the entire Christian world might largely profit. 'All Christian apostles and missionaries,' says he, 'like the Hebrew prophets, have always refuted Paganism by direct attacks on its *immoral* doctrines, and have appealed to the *consciences* of heathens as competent to decide the controversy' (p. 59.) 'The same boldness of simple and true faith, by which the born votary of Paganism breaks away from the errors of his national creed to follow [what he is told are] the revelations of God in his soul, will also authorise and require the Romanist to reject the Authority of his Church, and the Protestant that of his Bible, whenever the one or the other inculcates upon him as divine that which falls beneath the highest Ideal of his soul' (p. 57.)

This treatise on the Soul, in relation to that spiritual religion which is so distasteful to the world when dispensed from the pulpits by men of crude knowledge and vulgar nature, is the 'Philosophy of Evangelical Piety.' Mr. Newman throws a new light on Sin—a subject so treated that no new light was deemed possible; so badly treated, indeed, that no new light was felt to be wanted. When it comes to be 'distinctly conceived that the God of Nature is the God of our consciences, and that all *wrong* doing is frowned on by Him, the two new terms, Holiness and Sin, are needed' (p. 65.) To perceive, as even old Herodotus did, 'that the Gods hate and punish the desire of sin,

as itself a sin, is the germ of all spirituality' (p. 66.) We get more light than comes from many sermons in a single definition; as that of Remorse, for instance, which is explained as 'the convulsion of the Soul, as it consciously stands under the eye of God' (p. 69.)

The purposes of religion, the condition of its purity and test of its perfection, are thus described—'The moral uses of religion are to enliven man's conscience, strengthen his will, elevate his aspirations, content him with small supplies to his lower wants, rouse all his generous tendencies, and hereby ennoble him altogether; but it can do none of these things effectually, except when it keeps him steadily looking into the face of the Infinite and Infinitely Pure One' (p. 70.) '*Guilelessness* is the whole secret of divine peace' (p. 74.) 'A conscious uprightness is obviously necessary to any spiritual peace, nor does the heart need any other testimony than its own to the fact of its uprightness' (p. 89.)

Mr. Newman points out that what is popularly termed 'the total depravity of human nature,' is more correctly the imperfection of nature. 'In order to be morally perfect we should need at once infinite wisdom and affections of infinite power; and these are incommunicable prerogatives of God' (p. 84.) The necessary imperfection of our constitution cannot be appropriated to us as sin. This rational sense of sin does not, however, degenerate into contentment with imperfection, for the Soul is taught to aspire daily to higher and higher perfection. To distinguish between the testimony of a Good Conscience and the dangerous complacency of Self-righteousness, Mr. Newman observes, that 'the moment we begin to admire ourselves, we are satisfied with the state of goodness already attained, and cease (for so long) to aspire after anything higher: thus the life-blood of the soul is arrested, and putrefying stagnation is to be feared' (p. 92.)

In treating of the sense of Personal Relation to God, Mr. Newman no longer appeals to reason to the same extent as in the preceding portions of his work. We therefore take his descriptions of this phenomenon. 'The man,' says he, 'who at the same moment that he adores perceives that his adoration is perceived and is accepted, has already begun an intercourse with God' (p. 123.) Mr. Newman's theory is, however, consistent with itself in all attractiveness of worship. He tells us that 'God does not act towards us (spiritually) by generalisations, which may omit our individual case—his perfection consists in dealing with each case by itself as if there were no other' (p. 126.)

Spiritual progress Mr. Newman does not hold to consist merely in suppressing some worse and lower tendency, very necessary and desirable, from which a comfortable mediocrity is all that will result. The moral perceptions must keep rising (p. 169)—the better part which we choose must keep elevating.

The views of a future life developed in this work are new, modest, and pure. The author considers that there are no arguments either

of Scripture or of Reason appreciable by the un-spiritual consciousness proving the immortality of the soul. Future existence seems not to him necessary, either to soften sorrow or animate hope. Pure love to God simply requires that nearness of spirit which is obedience and purity. Trustful aspiration seems to be the condition of the soul with respect to eternity—and whatever assurance can be had of everlasting life, comes best from the spiritual conviction that from being a child of God we shall be *heirs* of God—of his kingdom, the kingdom of the Prophets and the Messiah. (*Vide* chap. v.)

In a passage, which must command the respect of philosophy, and which gives us the author's key to the True Religion, he observes:—'The immense progress of pure intellect must show every thoughtful man the impossibility (not to say wickedness) of sacrificing the Intellect to the Soul, and wherever there is true Faith, there is an unhesitating conviction that there cannot possibly be any real collision between these two parts of human nature' (pp. 179, 180). 'To sacrifice Imagination and Intellect, and to sacrifice Domestic Affection, are about on a par. It seems to be quite an axiom of thought that the human mind was meant to labour for the Useful, to contemplate the Beautiful, to possess itself of the True, and to contend for the Right, as well as to worship the Holy, or imitate the Bountiful One' (p. 190).

He who attempts to render the work of another should, as far as possible, render it in the spirit in which it is written. This I have endeavoured to do, placing myself, as well as I was able, in the author's place, endeavouring to think his thoughts, and to forget that my own views differed from his. In 'Childe Harold' Byron asks—

> Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
> Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
> For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
> Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
> *Who* from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

The author of 'The Soul, her Sorrows and her Apirations,' has higher pretensions to have answered this question than any other religious writer of our times whose works have come under my notice.

Religious persons have often remarked to me, 'You will find the same genial utterances of piety in the writings of many other divines as in Mr. Newman's.' In one sense this is true; there are passages of generous inspiration in the works of many eminent preachers, but expressed with less explicitness, and besides, followed by a certain equivocation which leaves you in doubt whether you may trust them. With Mr. Newman there is an unmistakableness which you feel to be at once reliable. There are no subtle texts of Scripture coming in to dilute his meaning—there are no theories of divinity crushing the vitality out of every generous affirmation. What he says once he says all through—not in one or two passages, but on every page. His speech is constantly gentle—one tone pervades all—he sweeps away all that contradicts genial utterance. It is this *wholeness*, this *permanence* of spirit, that makes him unlike other religious writers.

The transmutation of attributes into entities one of the habits of Theists.

The advantage of a book of this character to all who desire the rationalisation of religion is incalculable. It constitutes a standard by which to try the low types of the Christian faith. Any who hold the popular and degrading forms of Christianity, we may point to the teachings of this book, and thus hope to elevate them. To Free-thinkers it has the great value of showing us the ablest things that can be urged by a man of candour and genius, and in what is excellent in such delineation we see what we have to equal or surpass, if we are compelled to reject that set forth by our opponent. A book so consummate as the Natural History of the Soul, is a standard, therefore, by which to try others and ourselves. And opponents learning what we object to in this, will take warning and not demand our assent to anything inferior.

Yet is this not a hard book to answer from our point of sight—the difficulty is in refuting the argumentative foundation it has without giving the impression that we undervalue its moral developments.

Mr. Newman sees in the Soul and the Conscience specific senses. But the recurrence to us in action of our ideal of justice or duty is all that we mean when we speak of Conscience. The frequent query to the unjust or supine man—'Have you no conscience?' means, have you no sense of justice or duty? We have seen the Soul defined as 'that part of our nature by which we are in contact with the Infinite.' But the Soul, like the Conscience, is an attribute, not an entity. From the observation of the near we pass to the contemplation of extended phenomena. The illimitableness of the unknown has a deep influence over us. Doubtless we desire to discover our relation, if any, to it. The sense of the Infinitude around us is an extension of our Consciousness or Soul. All reflections on nature amplify our conscious life without making consciousness an independent existence. To refer each class of functions to separate moral senses is convenient and distinctive, but we must beware of the transmutation of these terms into entities by this specious and frequent use. From speaking of infinite phenomena we come to abridge it into 'the Infinite:' the unknown parts of nature come to be spoken of by Goethe as 'the Unknown.' The Infinite and the Unknown, by the aid of isolation and capital letters, assume the rhetorical force of personalities, and the attribute insensibly glides into an Entity. It appears to me that the logical force of this book upon believers lies in the unnoticed metamorphoses which such leading words undergo.

The Atheist sees also with Mr. Newman, that all human knowledge is bounded; and he, too, seeks to draw the line where our knowledge ends and our conjectures begin: but the 'illimitable haziness' surrounding our existence, of which he also is sensible, fails to enable him to draw up a confession of religious belief—it indeed excites his 'imagination,' but fails to guide his 'understanding.' The 'region of dimness is not without relation to his moral state,' but the relation is not that which shapes itself into definite propositions.

The Infinite is open to us as well as to the Theist, and therefore the

'generous side' of the nature of the moralist may be nurtured and expanded by its contemplation. Every aspect of nature has its lesson for reflective man. The boundlessness of the starry region impresses us with the littleness of all strife. In the presence of such immensity we are taught humility and love. We cannot look on Nature *at peace* without inspiring gentleness and tranquillity. The same forms of moral loveliness our author delineates with a master's hand, seem equally discernible and equally to belong to the student of nature.

Mr. Newman unites a Catholic explicitness to Evangelical doctrine, so opposite to the evasiveness of many rational religionists. Mr. Newman does not pretend to *compete* with logic. He is too much of the scholar to deprecate it. He concedes its great claims as the security of intelligence, but he erects a system independently of it, openly, respectfully, but daringly without it.

The affections of Awe, Wonder, Admiration, do not denote any necessary belief in a Personal Deity (p. 49). Order, Design, Goodness, and Wisdom are the attributes of nature which are held to bring in a personal Deity. But with respect to Order in the universe, we do not learn from any observation that it must necessarily have an *external* origin. Mr. Newman does not seem to discover in nature proof that it has a Ruler over it. He says that if a man believe that in the human mind an originating Will exists, he will believe that the same species of Will has been exercised on nature. But if he discern within himself no first principle of movement, he of course needs none out of himself. If in his own actions he see no marks of (what others call) Will, why should he see them in Nature? (pp. 29, 30) This is precisely the case with the Atheist. Law (which is the name given to the uniformity of operations, to the calculable forces of Nature) seems to him also to pervade mind. Intelligence seems no more exempt from law than inorganic matter. Will is merely desire, intellectual or sensuous, excited by external influence.

The Atheist therefore has little to answer: his case remains intact. He knows that no opinion will finally prevail but that which is founded on or coincident with logic. With respect to the argument of Design, Mr. Newman fails to establish any case which affects the position of the Atheist. The line of reasoning adopted by Paley, followed by Chalmers, and illustrated by Brougham, Mr. Newman gives up as untenable, and proposes a new statement of the argument. Thus:—

'To believe in a divine architect, because I cannot otherwise understand by what train of causation an Eye could have been made, is one thing: (does the Theist any the more comprehend?) But to believe in a Designer, because I see the Eye to be suited to Light, is another thing (p. 33). This latter view rests on the intuitive perceptions of the Soul; the former on the accuracy of strict logical deduction—which can easily be shown to be inconclusive. Such Fitnesses as meet our view on all sides bring a reasonable conviction that Design lies beneath them; and to confess this, is to confess the doctrine of an *intelligent* Creator' (p. 34).

But this goes no farther than to furnish a superficial, popular justification of the ascription of mind and personality to the power which is in Nature. But to what end do we trouble at all about this matter unless to get intellectual satisfaction out of it? and this Mr. Newman's argument cannot afford us. He himself says it does not in itself carry us up to a First Cause.* Then how can we rely on that course of reasoning which brings with it no test of its authenticity? How, as we have before remarked, can we know that the road we have set out upon is the right one, if it be a road that cannot bring us to the end of our journey? Mr. Newman himself alleges that 'injustice is done to the train of thought which suggests Design when it is represented as a *search after Causes* until we come to a *First Cause*, and there stop.'

But if this be not its purpose, of what value is it? Mr. Newman continues, in language we record *verbatim*, because it has become memorable :—

'As an argument, this, I confess, in itself brings me no satisfaction. It is not pretended that we understand the First Cause any more than the original phenomena. When we know not the character of His agency, how have we *accounted* for anything? or how have we even simplified the problem? A *God* uncaused and existing from eternity is to the full as incomprehensible as a *world* uncaused and existing from eternity' (p. 36).

It would not be possible to express more forcibly the difficulties which the Atheist seeks to clear up. Yet upon these Mr. Newman has and professes to have no light to throw. If, therefore, we regard the position of the Atheist logically, as it should be regarded, as arising in an attempt to satisfy the human understanding respecting the fundamentals of Theology, Mr. Newman gives up the whole case to him.

'It is right however here,' our author observes, 'to enter a protest against being thought to have any accurate and scientific knowledge of God. *We have none.* Our knowledge is essentially crude, and only *approximate;* and to affect the rigour of human science is mere delusion' (p. 34); and he adds, without the fear of the philosophers before his eyes, and most certainly sufficiently in defiance of them—'Syllogistic proof of an outer world will never be gained, nor yet syllogistic proof that a God exists or listens to prayer' (p. 92). And we 'can no more *prove* that Will is not mere Desire, than I can prove that it is God's influence and not my own which I feel within.'

If, however, the argument of design were established, it would have no practical value unless we could discover the *will* of God. But here again logical inference affords us no help. 'For, in material nature Law alone rules, and *moral* considerations are, as far as we know, uniformly overborne by mechanical ones' (p. 38.) Mr. Newman

* A celebrated literary divine, of the Church of England, favoured me, in 1851, with an answer to the 'Logic of Death,' an answer founded upon a masterly restatement of the design argument. As he marked his letter 'private,' and has declined, at my request, to remove the restriction, I of course cannot quote it. But these passages are equally a reply to it; and I take this occasion of saying that I wish him to accept them as such.

properly concludes, as we have before related, that 'God's moral thoughts can no more be detected in the detailed actions of material objects, than the affections of the watchmaker by inspecting a watch' (p. 37). Thus what is called the design argument rests upon the intuitive perception of fitnesses, which indicate, but do not logically prove, design —and thus the intellect must doubt while the soul may believe.

For Mr. Newman to represent us as being of defective nature, or as suffering intellectual privation, in wanting the Religious sense, is a less serious allegation than at first sight it appears; it is not a privation not to see as Mr. Newman sees, unless he sees something important which we cannot. 'Having knowledge, to apply it; not having knowledge, to confess your ignorance—this is true knowledge.'*

An octogenarian atheist, Mr. Francis Place, to whom I mentioned Mr. Newman's accusation that we were deprived of a sense, answered, 'Ah, and he is right, too. Faith *is* another sense. There is no mistake about it. Faith is that sense which enables a man to see what is not.'

Mr. Newman rests his entire theory of religion, not upon any logical proof, but upon the popular—and, as he calls it, instinctive—belief in a self-determining Will, which, except we adopt, we cannot act wisely or well (p. 122). 'If there be no such will in us, it is still useful for practice to believe that there is, and the man who most knows the truth is then most likely to act foolishly. This is so intense a paradox as to confirm most people in their conviction that there is a self-moving will in us' (p. 112).

Is this so? It is not clear that innumerable people do act wisely and well without any practical belief in a self-moving will. The judge before he tries a case, and the jury before they hear it, have no will upon the subject. Both wait for evidence, and the verdict and the sentence are determined alone by evidence and by law. Those who take this view of the human will, Mr. Newman says, ought logically to be Atheists. Atheism, therefore, erected on necessarian ground, *is* a logical system.

On this subject my own feelings and convictions are in strange contrast with those of Mr. Newman. He is able to recognise the presence of a Supreme Ruling Mind only through the existence of Free Will. The presence of government in intelligence, of law in mind, is to him the symbol of atheism and moral anarchy. While to me Free Will seems the synonym of chaos in nature, of disorder in ethics, of confusion in life. I see the influence men can exert on society, and that life is a calculable process. But *why* is it so? *There* my curiosity is baffled, and my knowledge ends. In vain I look back, hoping to unravel that mysterious destiny with which we are all so darkly bound. That is the channel through which all my consciousness seems to pass out into a sea of wonder, and if ever the orient light of Deity breaks in on me, it will, I think, come in that direction. The presence of law in mind, is to me the greatest fact in nature. But no

* Confucius.

gleam of explanation ever comes through the churches. All churches unite to deny the truth or contradict it. I am afraid the explanation is in the grave.

The most important objection to this theory of Necessity is that Mr. Newman regards it as being fatal to morals as well as religion. But morality, in its every possible development, recognises, as he himself explains it (p. 25), 'both interest and duty as leading ends of action;' and the necessarian is more likely to discern, calculate, and follow out these ends than the man of free will, who is bound to disregard consequences upon the principle of his assumed mental constitution.

It is not necessary, after these results are arrived at, to debate with Mr. Newman his doctrine of goodness in connection with the question of the Origin of Evil, or his theory of Wisdom and Reverence, except to say, with respect to the last, that we hope it may be allowed that reverence for Virtue and Genius may exist in those who are not able to find an object external to nature on whom to exercise that sentiment.

Involved in a struggle for life and liberty, partisans of the Atheistic theory have had few opportunities of dwelling upon the discipline of the affections which they seek to cherish. Whatever pertains to purity and elevation of character, they value as deeply as the Theist. We fully agree with what Mr. Newman so excellently says upon these heads. We do not differ on these points, except as to the mode of carrying them out. Even the sense of sin has with us its defined place. Excess is sin, and, therefore, all deviation from intellectual or physical temperance is an offence. All omissions of duty, or of love, are offences; which, if they do not involve remorse, involve contrition —that contrition which is to be expressed by all possible reparation— stricter watchfulness and contingent amendment.

What sense of personal relation to God can any one have whose understanding is baffled in every instance in which comprehension of the divine existence is attempted? Plainly none. Yet to understanding we must come, as we have no other protector than that against the extravagance of superstition. Why religious persons themselves have so often become degenerate, has been that *will* has not purified them. And men have not seen how the improvement of human nature is dependent on circumstance.

We lose little, if anything, by the theory of Pure Moralism (*mere* Moralism Mr. Newman, I fear, would call it): we gain little by that theory of religion which he propounds. He is too farsighted not to see, and too frank to withhold the admission of the fact, 'that in these days at least no miracles are worked for our welfare,' and there is nothing God can grant us except the ideal boon that 'the Soul may never break away from His love' (p. 148). Except in things spiritual, Mr. Newman does not pretend that there exists any special providence interfering to save us or to guide us. Atheism does not leave us more without God in the world than this representation; and it at least has this merit, that it forewarns us by its absolute teachings, and thus

'We must not buy the patience of the poor by propagating delusion.'

forearms us against despair. Mr. Newman gives this theory of fear and hope of the future:—

'Among ourselves also, beyond a doubt, crime is repressed in bold and wicked men, only by fear of the visible and present judge. Whether hell be in theory believed or disbelieved, it has no practical power, except over the less hardened. But the attempt to turn Religion into a system of State Police, is an impiety, which inevitably defeats its own end. Nor less does it desecrate divine Hope, to apply it as a means of softening the sorrows of the unspiritual. Natural sympathy is far more effective for consolation than any of the conventional topics poured forth professionally on an uncongenial mind. If Hope is to comfort them in their darker, it must live with them in their brighter hours; it must gush up out of an inward fountain. I know it is said, that the poor are made more patient by the notion so current among them, that in another life they will get compensation for the hardships which they endure in the present; but this is to buy patience by propagating delusion' (pp. 231, 232).

We therefore find that our human lot is to wait on death with that quiet resignation which flows from innocence and fortitude, and with that unpresumptuous expectancy which true humility teaches. The admission of Philosophical Religion is here the same as the teaching of Atheism.

The loss which Mr. Newman represents those to sustain who have no sense of personal relation to God is less than he supposes. He thinks that to see in God a person is the most energetic mode of realising our highest ideal of moral excellence, and in clearing the moral sight so that the ideal may keep rising; and other things being equal, a spiritual man will hold a higher and purer morality than a mere moralist (p. 157). But what he thus gains in sublimity he is in danger of losing in practical usefulness. Is not the love of humanity a more energetic excitement of the affections than the vague ideal of Deity, which has no hold upon the understanding? Nothing so tends to clear the moral sight as a fraternal yet resolute vindication of the Right among living men; and we are sure that our ideal of excellence will always keep rising, as it will grow with our experience and expand with our knowledge—and hence will become a pure enthusiasm overspreading the whole of life. If the ideal we are to take for our guide be gathered from humanity, the Atheist and the Theist stand on the same level, and derive their inspiration of perfection from the same source; and in the respect in which the Theist affects to elevate his ideal to the skies, he loses in definiteness and verity what he gains by such abstract exaltation. To tell us that the ideal which is to purify us must be imaginary and abstract, is surely not defensible. What is infinite is beside mortals. A very few words spent in distinguishing for adoption a leading moral principle will furnish a man with a guide which will determine his character, employ his life to realise, and conduct him to indefinite nobleness through the infinite steps of the diversified realisations which prolonged years afford.

How can the affections manifest themselves, or prove their genuineness, except by service of our species? We may distrust all spirituality which refuses this proof of its worth. Service and endurance are the two attributes of cultivated and refined moralism—service, by which love is proved, endurance, by which it is tried.

In lieu of creeds we have the love of Humanity and the study of Nature. We rely on the cultivation of intelligence and the efforts of industry—our security is in the integrity of intention and the kindness of endeavour. True pleasure is in the reverence we offer, consolation is in the help we render to inferior natures. *Laborare est orare*—work is worship.

Many who comprehend no medium between independence of opinion and rudeness of retort, will be at a loss to account for the approval of the 'Soul' expressed in the early part of this review. With many any agreement whatever is considered as a coincidence throughout. To consult the temper of such readers would condemn a reviewer to wholesale hostility to all to whom he was opposed. These people would leave to no critic the merit of discrimination. Not to distinguish and acknowledge an honourable, able, and manly opponent from the disingenuous, mediocre, and cowardly tribe who daily assault us, is to deserve condemnation for ever to the lowest order of opposition. As respects the Crown, I am accustomed to urge that we have no right to invoke public opinion upon its injustice, unless we are prompt to acknowledge what is generous in tendency, which now and then it betrays. So with controversy—as I hate keenly and heartily what I think erroneous, I endeavour to preserve my right to enter the distinctest protest against it that I am able to put on record, by preserving the temper which shall make the fairest acknowledgments to opponents—of that sincerity which I have no right to question, and of that ability which it were want of capacity not to see, want of culture not to feel, want of candour not to own.

CHAPTER XV.

JOHN FOSTER.

It *was* a dreadful time when gas lighting was first put in practice. We wonder how our forefathers got through it. We can but faintly recall their terrors. We can, however, profoundly honour their courage: it is all that is left for us to do. What mad head, what hare-brain, what reckless incendiary, first proposed to light the streets with gas! We have heard of the anxieties and dire exigencies of those 'evil times' from one who looks back on that period, as having survived the scientific 'Reign of Terror.' Consternation seized every mind when the first gas-pipe appeared in the streets. Whence came the Satanic invention? From some French Revolutionist meditating the termination of society, or from some Atheist precipitating the end of the world? It must be from one or the other. There was no doubt of it: no other supposition could be entertained. The plan comprised laying down a stream of liquid fire throughout the city. The town was to be undermined with it. Conservative gentlemen and quiet ladies stood aghast. A hundred thousand streams of flame introduced into our streets! What less could be expected than a universal conflagration? 'What!' exclaimed the newspapers—'open currents of fire in every house? Who can answer for the thoughtlessness of children—for the recklessness of servants—for acts of forgetfulness and insanity! Never, in the history of the world, was such a facile and universal instrument of destruction ever proposed to be put at the mercy of the ignorant and vicious.' Yet gas was to be introduced into mill and church, shop and theatre, cottage and court, oil merchants' premises, paper-makers', and banks. All parts of society were struck at once. Should the fatal delusion spread, high and low, professions and piety, churches and stocks, would undergo one immolation. The very subject was inflammable. Men's imaginations were excited. They were consumed by fear before the fire began. Then those who could fled to the barges on the Thames. Every vessel was converted into a lodging-house. Those forced to remain in the city carried water-tubs into garrets. Elderly ladies slept on fire-proof bedsteads. Towns were deserted by the rich. All who could travel went to live near the sea. Sailors were envied above all men, and looked upon as the future Noahs who would survive the world burnt up. Not alone the weak, but the strong, yielded to the terror. Learning as well as ignorance was alarmed. Sir Walter Scott came out. He took the chair at public meetings to denounce the impending igneous anarchy. It was the privilege of terror to *warn* if it could not *save*. Nor were the resources of religion wanting to swell the chorus of consternation. The first explosion—and many happened in making the first experiments with gas—sounded like a

convulsion of nature, or the first trump of the Archangel. The end of the world was come. The first of the Seven Vials was gas! The secret was discovered. The world was about to be burnt up. The Dr. Cummings of that day turned up the mystical 666, and the hour was fixed to a minute!

All this seems very absurd now, because science speedily settled the question by quiet demonstration. But in the world of Theology this dreadful pother is for ever kept up by priests, who alarm the unthinking and unwary by predicting what calamities must happen if the light of reason should once be universally introduced. Let the world bear up as well as it can, reason, like gas, will come to prevail, and humanity will see its way clearer than by the 'dim religious' light diffused by pulpits. Moral and intellectual revolutions are not so rapid in their proofs as scientific changes, but the day of proof will come, and Experience, the great teacher, will triumph. The candour of history every day confutes the clerical prophets, and the still small voice of argument restores the public confidence in the truth.

Everybody has been told that the excesses of the French Revolution were brought about by the *Atheistic* actors in it. It may be worth while noting, by the way, that these excesses were moderation itself compared with the ordinary course of despotisms which pervade the continent to this day, and whose tyrannous bloodshed, with equal reason, might be ascribed to the Christian actors and Christian Emperors who, by the 'grace of God,' move therein. But the point to be regarded is, that Rousseau, Voltaire, Robespierre, and Paine—forerunners, actors, legislatorial and literary assistants of the French Revolution—were believers in God, were authors of more original arguments on the side of Theism, and even of Christianity, than the whole of the Christian priesthood of that period. He who listens much to English preachers, will not listen long before he hears them adduce and rely upon—for the defence of their theistical principles—the very arguments of Voltaire, Rousseau, Robespierre, Paine, and others, in the same breath or same discourse in which these authors are described as Atheists, and defamed as men.

The first noticeable argument which any Christian minister produced after these remarkable thinkers had passed away—and the only one which has lived in a distinct form in literature—is one by John Foster. A necromancer in the use of words, Foster seized upon an illegitimate principle, that of the *knowledge* of God, and concealing the fallacy under a subtily-woven veil of rhetoric, argued that the sceptic must *know* all things who declared as unproven the cardinal hypothesis of Theism—that a man must have infinite information who denied the existence of Deity. A superficial proposition so plausible, stated with exhaustive art, could not fail to win the suffrage of the large number who hold that general prepossession is the prescience of truth. Foster's argument is constantly reproduced. The Churchman accepts the Dissenter's invention, and the Unitarian acquiesces in

the orthodox logic. The Rev. H. W. Crosskey quoted it in his 'Defence of Religion.' Mr. Pearson parades it in his 'Prize Essay,' rewarded by the Evangelical Alliance; but on its first production it crossed the Tweed, and Chalmers elaborated it with ponderous and imposing eloquence. We quote Foster's argument as given by Pearson:—

'The wonder then turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence which can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for *this* attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be God. If he does not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, precludes all other divine existence by being Deity himself, he cannot know that the Being, whose existence he rejects, does not exist. But he must *know* that he does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection and acts accordingly.'

Two points are to be noticed. Foster puts a strict, an arbitrary, and an absolute sense upon the word '*denial*.' Next, that he introduces a false element into the argument, that of *personal knowledge*, which is forbidden to the Atheist when he introduces it into reasoning. A single remark will show the fallacy of this assumption. It is quite true that we do not 'know' that God does *not* exist: it is also true that no Theist knows that he *does* exist.

If I ask a Theist the question, Have you any actual knowledge through the senses that God exists? He will probably tell me that I am both ignorant and presumptuous. He will remind me that 'no man hath seen God at any time.' He will tell me that the existence of Deity is not a *fact of the senses*—that it is not a matter of *knowledge*, but a matter of revelation or an argument from analogy—a logical inference—or an intuition—or a feeling—or a question of probability when we reason inductively from causes to effects—or a 'necessity of the intellect' when speculation tires on the wing, and thought has exhausted its utmost force. If, therefore, the Theist is without the knowledge that God *does* exist, why should Foster demand of the Atheist the knowledge that God does *not* exist? If the Theist refuses the test of eyesight for his affirmation, why does he demand it of the Atheist for his 'denial?' If the Theist may use argument, why may

not the Atheist? If the Theist may reason, and can reason only on the evidence of the intellect, why do Foster, Chalmers, and all divines demand from the Atheist evidence of the senses?

The case fairly stated stands thus:—

The Theist says: all things considered—all present argument weighed—it is clear to me that God exists.

The Atheist says: all things considered—all present argument weighed—it appears to me that the infinite secret is beyond our finite powers to penetrate.

Foster cannot be said to recognise this fact. He refutes our position by evading it: and those who do not know, or do not care to discern what it is, assume a question settled which indeed is not truly touched. The proper reply to Foster is in his own words. By what rule or by what presumption does the Theist declare that there is a God? The terms of our interrogation may take Foster's forms:—

The wonder turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence which can *know* that there *is* a God. What powers, what lights are requisite for THIS attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, which must therefore be possessed by the Theist while they are pretended to be sought. For unless this man is omnipresent—unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be, in some place, manifestations of Nature independent of Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be the Eternal Source of all Life. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know that God is so—that which is so may be the Eternal and Independent Element which animates Nature. If the Theist is not in absolute possession of all the propositions which constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that Nature is the Primordial and Sole Existence. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be Nature. If he does not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by Nature. Thus, unless the Theist knows all things—that is, precludes all other independent existence by being the infinite existence himself, he does not know that the Nature whose supremacy he rejects, does not self-subsist, and act on its own eternal essence. The Theist must *know* that it does not do so, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection and acts accordingly.

Thus it may be shown that the most celebrated argument in favour of Theism is clear and strong against it.

Atheism strictly, and without priestly associations of moral guiltiness, is the dispassionate inquiry into the problem of nature and destiny, seeking the solution which Theology assumes to have found. Atheism is reason putting questions to theology. This Fosterian answer proposes to satisfy the understanding. It does no such thing. It fills the ears with verbiage, and mocks inquiry by solemn artistic evasions.

Theology, considered as the logic of inferences, may have other arguments which will satisfy the understanding. Foster's is not such a one. Whoever finds such arguments will know them by this test:—They will be those with which he feels he can dare the judgment of others in a fair field of discussion. How many priests have found such?

CHAPTER XVI.

THOMAS PEARSON.

Prize Essays are not thought much of by the public. Their failure is almost proverbial; nor until the system on which they are produced is changed are they likely to attain intrinsic reputation. We have seen £1,800 paid for one of the Burnett Prize Essays, the one entitled 'Christian Theism.' It was refuted in two columns of the *Athenæum* the week of its publication. The plan of its origin was this:—It was made known that £1,800 were to be awarded for the best essay upon a given question. Few thinkers would become competitors, except such as were so poor as to be lured by the prospect of the prize. A man, whose property placed him above the necessity of seeking such a sum, would not be likely to engage in a laborious competition where the result was a lottery. A man whose talents could bring him equal remuneration by legitimate employment, would not turn aside for this chance work; and a man of commanding talent, calculated to produce a celebrated book, such as a great prize essay is designed to be, can generally find some certain occupation for his powers. The competitors, therefore, for the prize would probably be needy and second-rate men. Some colour of likelihood is lent to this theory, by the fact that prize essay productions are commonly second-rate in character. Let us have regard for a moment to the condition of the competitors actually at work. No book likely to live, of the dimensions of the Burnett Essay, could be produced in less than a year. Two years would be well spent upon it. Say it could be written in one year. The year's work of a literary man of considerable talent would be worth £500; if a man of conspicuous talent, at least £1,000. Each competitor, therefore, must be prepared to risk £500 or £1,000 in qualifying himself to take part in the competition for the prize. Very few literary men could or would do this. The essays, therefore, would be produced in the cheap and accidental way, as opportunity offered, or means afforded. An honest book, the result of adequate preparation, leisure, and labour, is rarely produced as a prize essay. All who offer prizes proceed upon the supposition that ambition to be distinguished will lead somebody to put themselves to great expense in order to become competitors, which is an appeal to vanity rather than to genius; or the offerers of prizes assume that books of merit can be produced at random, or ideas shaken up in a dice-box fashion. The prize essay plan at present followed is a species of intellectual lottery. There

will generally be people attracted by the proposed reward, and some who, for the sake of seeming good to be done, will join in these contests at considerable cost to themselves, and many serviceable books have been produced in this way; but the theory on which the prize is proposed, certainly does not include a reasonable chance of obtaining the highest results.

The £100 given by the Evangelical Alliance for their essay on 'Infidelity,' would not pay for the works the author professed to consult, or was bound to consult. When an adequate sum is proposed —£1,800, as in the case of the Burnett Essay—some such plan as the following would afford a prospect of an effective book being produced:—

1. Let an invitation be given to all qualified persons willing to join in the competition, to send in their names with such particulars as would enable a committee to select twelve persons from them, who should be considered conditional competitors.

2. The twelve persons so selected should then be invited to send in a programme of the proposed work, each person to receive £50 for the programme he furnished, which would enable a week or fortnight's real work to be bestowed upon it.

3. The author of the programme likely, in the opinion of the committee, to produce the ablest book, to be commissioned forthwith to write it, ample time being given him to write it in, ensured the remaining £1,200, and left free to write for the public, in place of two or three capricious umpires.

In this way able men might be reached, and the chance element, so fatal to prize essays, be eliminated, and the pecuniary condition of originating a book of ability, contemplated in the theory of a prize, be really furnished. Some such arrangement would convert the prize essay plan into an honest experiment, instead of being an intellectual gambling speculation, inflicting loss of time and disappointment on all seduced into it, and beating in the dark for a man of genius.

When a competition for designs in art is proposed, only the preliminary sketch, or statuette, is requested, and the author of the design most approved has a commission to execute it. Only the design (and estimate in some cases) is asked for gratuitously, and these ought to be paid for where funds permitted; but no one is asked to execute his design in stone or marble, upon the chance of its being the best. Yet this is done with respect to books—the competitor is asked to design and finish his work, with all chances save one against its being unaccepted.

This volume is intended to include, in addition to original papers, such revised papers as have been subjects of comment in pulpits, or subjects of published replies; because in many cases criticisms extant in volumes that may long live, refer to outsides or tracts 'out of print.' Of revised papers in reply to works of pretension, written against Atheistical and kindred views, we may include one upon the Pearson Prize Essay. We have given reasons why a prize essay is

Evangelical ministers enter into a controversy after a century of protests against it.

not to be regarded as necessarily the highest in ability; but an essay put forward with the approval of the Evangelical Alliance, numbering one knows not how many thousand ministers of different sects, may be regarded as an accredited type of the Evangelical mind. Its history is as instructive as curious. The appearance of the essay is a landmark in the progress of criticism; it is a triumph of sceptical logic to have influenced orthodoxy in the way and to the extent this essay gives indications.

When the Pearson 'Prize Essay of the Evangelical Alliance on Infidelity' appeared, it was published at 10s. 6d., and we suggested that such a price placed it out of the reach of persons for whom it professed to be designed—observing, that in the cases of workmen of small wages, unless such persons could afford to put by 6d. or 1s. weekly, to invest in this half-guinea essay, they could only be converted quarterly or half-yearly. There appeared to the Alliance some force in the suggestion, and it has been avowedly acted upon, as it appears from the preface of a 'People's Edition,' which has been issued at 1s. 6d., and in considerable quantities at 1s. Mr. Farmer himself subscribed for 1000 copies. We have been the cause of several hundred copies being sold. Both in articles and lectures we have advised the purchase of the book. Our first object was to fulfil the duty we owe to the truth—the duty of studying both sides. Another object was to show that our profession of esteem for debate has been real. The conflict of opinion we hold to be a source of light. The Evangelical Ministry have entered the lists of Discussion, and, taking us at our word, were entitled to our attention. After a century of disparagement of debate, *they* join in it—a testimony to the legitimacy of discussion that will have weight with the public. The Evangelical world sees discussion to have moral value, or they would not adopt it.

We may illustratively quote a brief passage from the 'Introduction' to the People's Edition, by Mr. Jordan, of Enstone, for the history of this book is curious, and deserves to be better known. Mr. Jordan says:—'A critic in the *Reasoner* observes respecting it:—"We might describe this Essay as a book of relevant quotations, to which, however, as such, we attach considerable merit. The author has gathered an anti-Freethinking bouquet, but the string that ties it is his own .....Mr. Pearson (whose name is new to us) reviews an extensive field of inquiry, in a semi-genial spirit, and with an evident disposition to do justice to the subjects of his criticisms. What he has read he writes about with more impartiality than we are accustomed to in Evangelical animadversion; but what he takes from report he judges like his brethren..... We trust that the Evangelical Alliance will oblige our working readers with a cheap edition."' Mr. Jordan continues—'This is high commendation, indeed, for what can be more so than to propound, that a work is composed in a spirit of unbiassed feeling, impartiality, and truthfulness? Such an admission, joined with the desire for an edition that the working man can possess himself of, gives every hope and assu-

rance that it will be received and read by him in the same spirit of candour in which it was written. This is all that truth asks—free and fair discussion. Britons were never so appealed to in vain.'

Do we really read these words—'Free and fair discussion, free and fair inquiry?' Why, this is the ancient, the actual Freethinking formula, and 'Britons' are appealed to to carry it out. We could say no more. Let the reader bear witness how often we have been abused for saying less.

We had yet another reason for commending the work to circulation, which we now avow. Hundreds of thousands of pulpit-taught people exist, who believe that Freethought has no names on its side except Voltaire, Paine, and Owen. Hardly another name is mentioned to them, and all with ribald or disrespectful associations. Judge their wonder, then, to find Mr. Pearson industriously parading the most illustrious names of literature and science on the side of Infidelity. He explores the continent—he exhibits the grand class of German thinkers; he crosses the Atlantic, and quotes the magical names of the New World as partizans and expounders of Anti-Christian opinion. The uninformed believer reads all this with wonder, astonishment, and instruction. And not only does Mr. Pearson quote names hitherto unknown to the Evangelical world—he does better yet; he quotes their ideas, and we will do him the justice to say, that he quotes them with considerable fairness. Thus he brings high and suggestive, and previously unknown thoughts, before the Dissenting churches. The young Theist, who expects a miserable parade of a few well-abused names, finds a galaxy of names of honour, and which the world honours; the young Christian who expected to hear, as he has been told to expect, ribald words of blatancy and blasphemy, and French Revolutions, pour from tipsy lips, is amazed to find poets, philosophers, and men of pure morals and acknowledged genius, discourse noble and deep thoughts. Instead of the carnal mind at enmity with God, he finds lofty efforts to solve the mysteries of existence and problems of duty: he finds sentiments so graceful and moving, that Mr. Pearson's condemnation of them seems to the Christian, as it will to others, to be singularly feeble beside them. Take an instance—men are deterred from exalting and trusting morality, faith in Christ being declared the sole qualification for heavenly acceptance. Mr. Pearson encourages this false sentiment, and in doing so tells us Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' went much too far, when he said—

> 'He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast;
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small:
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.'

This noble sentiment of Coleridge's, in which the pathos is equal to the purity of the thought, is not 'going too far.' On the contrary,

the farther a man goes in this direction the better—the better for mercy, for progress, and for love. 'But,' continues Mr. Pearson, 'Mr. Emerson and his school go much farther—"As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg, he will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer, kneeling in his field to weed it; the prayer of the rower, bending with the stroke of the oar, are true prayers, heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends." Mr. Theodore Parker,' continues Mr. Pearson..... 'discourses in a similar way. Speaking of what he calls the happy condition of the religious man, he tells us that his "religion demands no particular actions, forms, or modes of thought; the man's ploughing is as holy as his prayer; his daily bread, as the smoke of his sacrifice; his home, sacred as his temple; his work-day and his Sabbath are alike God's days; his priest is the holy spirit within him." And,' adds Mr. Pearson, 'if Mr. Carlyle does not mean to countenance this Pantheistic dogma, why, in "The Modern Worker," does he so frequently talk thus:—"Work is of a religious nature.....All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven; sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms—up to that agony and bloody sweat, which all men have called divine! O! brother, if this is not worship, then I say the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."' If these sentiments are wrong, we deem it more consonant to the moral sense, and more useful to society, to err with Emerson, and Carlyle, and Parker, than to be in the right with Mr. Pearson, or the Evangelical Alliance, and so will thousands who read the sentiments so thoughtlessly condemned.

The moral tone of Theistical thinkers of the orthodox class is well illustrated by this representative book, which entitles it in this place to special attention.

A committee of ministers and gentlemen, among whom are the Earl of Cavan and Rear-Admiral Harcourt, issued a prospectus of a People's Edition of this Essay. We quote two remarkable passages from it. The italics are our own:—The disciples of Infidelity have gathered up the experience of their conquered predecessors in this painful battle, and under a new and plausible terminology, and with unceasing enterprise, energy, and tact, are sowing the old and virulent Atheistic poison broadcast throughout the land. The cheap press is one of their strongholds; Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Strauss, Hegel, Parker, Combe, and others of the same stamp, are now the earliest and cheapest handbooks recommended by the itinerant Infidel lecturer, and eagerly purchased, read, and mentally mastered, by the masses of our working men and women. *Vulgar and ignorant Infidelity has almost disappeared:* but its place is supplied by various shades of metaphysical Atheism, thoroughly fortified by the study of some or all of the authors

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already mentioned, and garnished by the subtleties of a modern apostle of what is artfully called SECULARISM. To meet this state of things it has been proposed to publish an edition of Mr. Pearson's work on Infidelity at such a price as would place it within the reach of the humblest artizan.....Able treatises have, from time to time, appeared, devoted to certain portions of the Infidel controversy, such as Atheism, Deism, Socialism, etc. Some few authors have described the whole field of discussion, but have contented themselves with an accurate picture, doing little or nothing to expose and refute the enemy in detail; others have attempted this task, but have fought the battle on a platform of pure reason or metaphysics: others, again, have used the Word of God, but have used it *deceitfully*, and mixed it with tradition or human authority, as the Romanist and Unitarian writers; but here we have an author whose stand-point is catholic and evangelical, and who not only thoroughly investigates and exhausts the subject, but whose weapons throughout the entire conflict are the principles contained in the Word of God, used by an enlightened and accomplished Christian philosopher. Mr. Pearson gives a full-sized view of each phase or system of Infidelity, from its own *recognised writers, generally in their own words;* and the thoughtful working man will at once pay deference to him, not only as a thorough master of his subject, but as a candid controversialist.'*

This passage expresses precisely the truth, and very curious truth it is, coming from such a quarter. Mr. Pearson makes so comprehensive a sketch of Freethinking opinions, that his work is no less instructive to Atheists than to Theists. We had long desired a brief, readable, and reliable summary of Freethought principles—an intelligent classification of the various schools of Freethinkers, which might be put into the hands of a new inquirer to inform him and direct him. We had neither time nor means to attempt it. The books lie wide apart, and are expensive to collect together. The thoughtful Evangelical Alliance offered a prize to have this done for us, and Mr. Pearson has very creditably accomplished the task.. His classification comprises:—

I. Atheism; or the denial of the Divine Existence.
II. Pantheism; or the denial of the Divine Personality.
III. Naturalism; or the denial of the Divine Providential Government.
IV. Spiritualism; or the denial of the Bible Redemption.
V. Indifferentism; or the denial of Man's Responsibility.
VI. Formalism; or the denial of the Power of Godliness.

The title of this book, 'Infidelity,' is an offence in logic, because it is made to include Atheism, which is larger than Infidelity. To Mr. Pearson, however, belongs the praise of discrimination. Though belonging to the feeble and fearful school of Evangelical thinkers, he admits an intellectual force in the objections of Rationalists, which his predecessors have denied.

Whoever represents Freethought with fairness, or tolerable fair-

* As a striking illustration, we beg the reader to peruse the critique (p. 12), from Mr. Holyoake's *Reasoner.—Note by the author of the Prospectus.*

ness, must serve it. Mr. Pearson has done this, and so far has served Freethought;* and we are bound to own that we have a higher esteem for the gentlemen of the Evangelical Alliance, who have publicly put their hand and seal to representations of Freethought, so much more impartial and argumentative than any with which the world has before been favoured from orthodox opponents. If any fail to understand this statement, we bid him compare Mr. Pearson's Prize Essay with Watson's 'Apology for the Bible,' or other equally infamous books, popular with the Evangelical world fifty years ago.

This Essay is an agreeable hand-book of Freethought, calculated to be of public service. An incredible number of Christians exist everywhere, who know nothing of sceptical principles or writers (by sceptic is always to be understood one who is sceptical of theology, not of morality, honour, duty, and truth.) The sceptic had no machinery adequate to reach the Christians; and could he reach them, they would, probably, distrust his word. It would be in vain he should tell them, as Mr. Pearson tells them, of the array of men of genius, esteemed throughout the republic of literature, standing more or less on the sceptic's side. His word, on such unrecognised facts, would scarcely be credited. Judge, then, his gratification at finding the Evangelical Alliance supplying the information, and carrying it, free of cost to us, into every nook and corner of the land. They give a prize to the author of the unexpected statement; they guarantee its correctness; reduce its price to meet the sceptic's convenience, and circulate it with marvellous ardour. Messrs. Partridge and Oakey issue 20,000 copies of the work, and in language that deserves to be preserved, they thus invoke the aid of all good Christian people:—

'1. Transmit immediately your recommendation of the scheme. We are anxious to publish a large list of recommendations.

'2. Clergymen and ministers will greatly help by pulpit announcement and recommendation, wherever they feel at liberty to do so.

'3. Presbyteries, Deacons' Courts, Class Meetings, or Congregations might purchase in quantities of from ten to a hundred, according to their numbers and means of distribution; and individual Christians, by the outlay of twenty shillings, might materially assist in this important work. The same benevolent friend who purchased 1,000 copies of Wylie's "Essay on the Papacy," for gratuitous distribution, has also purchased 1,000 copies of the 10s. 6d. edition of this Essay, for a similar wise and benevolent purpose. Surely it is not too much to expect that wherever a Synod or Deacon's Court receives this gift in the person of its pastor, it will emulate the example of the giver, by the purchase and distribution of at least fifty or one hundred copies of this shilling edition throughout their respective congregations.

'4. The Committees of Benevolent, Tract, and Book Societies may

* While reading the original proof of this article, we received the Edinburgh *Daily Press* containing this notice, which we were very sorry to read:—'The Rev. Thomas Pearson, of the United Presbyterian Church, Eyemouth (author of the Prize Essay on Infidelity), died on Thursday evening at Rothesay, whither he had repaired some weeks ago for the benefit of his health.'

Argumentative and speculative minds, it is admitted, are attracted by scepticism.

well assist in this distribution; and members of such Committees will help us by suggesting this course.

'5. Sunday-schools will, perhaps, be the most legitimate and effective field for this distribution, especially those in manufacturing districts. The infidel father can often be reached through the little *Sunday-school child*, and the elder scholars should be urged to purchase and read for themselves. Ministers, Superintendents, and Teachers can greatly help us.

'6. Manufacturers, and those who employ large numbers of artisans, should purchase large quantities for gratuitous distribution. Clergymen and Ministers can help us by suggesting this. One hundred copies can be had for five pounds; one thousand for fifty pounds, and so on.

'7. Public Readings of this Essay (the large edition) to working men, might be got up in connection with Christian churches, with a view to counteract the efforts of itinerant infidel lecturers; and at these readings the shilling edition might be sold to the audience, who could then follow the reader, and thus obtain improvement as well as instruction.

'8. Christians generally, who wish to make a cheap and valuable present to the careless and sceptical with whom they are brought into contact, should keep a supply of these Essays in their houses, or at their place of business. Clergymen and Ministers can help us by suggesting this. Christians in business often feel a difficulty (from want of time and other causes) in speaking to their business acquaintances upon religious topics. There could be no difficulty in presenting this volume to the most fastidious, and who can tell the result of distributing only one hundred copies in twelve months?'

The friends of Freethought quite agreed (of course on different grounds) with Messrs. Partridge and Oakey. A complete pamphlet, of sixteen pages, was next devoted to the prospectus of the new people's edition, and all this was done expressly 'under the authority of the Evangelical Alliance.' The 'benevolent friend' who subscribed for 1,000 copies at 10s. 6d., also subscribed for 1,000 of the shilling edition. This is Mr. Thomas Farmer, of Gunnersbury, a Wesleyan gentleman. The Religious Tract Society took 2,000. Even the Rev. John Jordan, Vicar of Enstone, Oxfordshire (the church is commonly more astute), was drawn into specially commending the project. He remarks:—'It is one of the fearful influences of Infidelity to attract and enchain *argumentative* and *speculative* minds with a show of reason and an appearance of hope; and thus to give them a kind of education, which may best be described as *rationalistic*. This is the case not merely in the manufacturing districts, where the sharp conflict of many and acute minds sharpens minds, and confirms them in their ill-founded and unsubstantial logic, but even in the agricultural districts; and, however much some may be disposed to think that a work so learned and logical as Mr. Pearson's, would be either unsuited or unacceptable to what are called the uneducated classes (but are not uncultivated), it is just the very kind of work adapted to them.'

The tone of this is gentlemanly toward the 'uneducated but not uncultivated.' Dr. Campbell, of the *British Banner* (now of the *British Standard*), who does nothing by halves, has his say on this subject. As a bellows-blower, the worthy Doctor has no equal. Listen to this tremendous blast blown into the Evangelical organ :—

Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., have conceived the noble project of issuing the Prize Essay at a price cheap beyond example. They have brought it out in a handsome form, in good type, sufficiently large even for persons advanced in years, and sell it at the price of one shilling. One shilling for considerably upwards of 300 large pages of solid letter-press! This surpasses everything of the kind heretofore attempted. The publishers contemplate issuing a flood of no less than 100,000 copies! All honour to brave hearts! This is a conception worthy of the book, of the cause, of the country, and the age. The project, we perceive, is taking a deep hold on the hearts of generous and zealous men, one of whom—Thomas Farmer, Esq., a Wesleyan gentleman of opulence, and forward to every good work—has set the noble example of subscribing for 1,000 copies! This is worthy of Wesleyanism in its best days; and the great Patriarch of the community would have smiled upon his liberal son, and perhaps have thanked God for the heart given him. Fifty more gentlemen imitating the example of Mr. Farmer, will carry the project to the top of the hill; and its path will afterwards be easy. We find ministers of various communities, and of the highest influence, hailing the project as one of great promise. We also see other gentlemen subscribing for their 100 or 200 copies. We scarcely know how men of means can better lay out a portion of their Master's money than by joining in this great Christian enterprise.'

We think so too. And that we have thought so, we may appeal to Partridge and Oakey's subscription list. Alderman Heywood, of Manchester, is among the subscribers. Mr. E. A. Scholey, of Walsall, is another name known to us. In every part of the country the work has been circulated by Freethinking booksellers. We personally advised Mr. Councillor Cooke, of Bradford, the principal newsagent there, to take a quantity. He did so, and his name appears in Messrs. Partridge and Oakey's List (May, 1854), printed the '*Rev.* W. Cooke, Bradford.' Here is an old friend with a new face. We sent down to congratulate our Reverend colleague on his ordination by those celebrated Paternoster Row divines—Partridge and Oakey.

The Rev. J. A. James says the book 'ought to sell by *myriads*.' Dr. Urwick, of Dublin, is of opinion that 'The noble project of Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., to issue an edition of Pearson's book on Infidelity at *one* shilling* a copy, deserves every support from the friends of Revelation and of man. The essay itself is comprehensive and masterly of its kind. If it can be got into the hands of the masses, of which the review of it in the *Reasoner* affords good

* The price for *single* copies is 1s. 6d.

promise, there is little doubt that, under God's blessing, it will aid in counterworking the scepticism which has of late years been spreading so fearfully among them.'

We re-quote our own words, as printed by Messrs. Partridge and Oakey in their prospectus, and referred to by the Rev. John Jordan and Dr. Urwick, in order to show that we in no way misled these gentlemen:—'We might describe this Essay as a book of relevant quotations; to which, however, as such we attach considerable merit. The author has gathered an anti-freethinking bouquet, but the string that ties it *is* his own. Less harsh in invective than Robert Hall, less denunciatory than Angell James, less scornful than Vaughan, less contemptuous than Rogers, Mr. Pearson (whose name is new to us) reviews an extensive field of inquiry in a semi-genial spirit, and with an evident disposition to do justice to the subjects of his criticisms.'

We remain of the same opinion still: and we justify our opinion, and the interest we take in the circulation of the book, by examining some of its representations.

Mr. Pearson undeceives the Christian reader, who has been taught to believe that none but the demented or the wicked stand on the sceptical side. Freethought and Christianism, Mr. Pearson admits, are more equally matched. On page 3 he says:—'There are giants in these days, both in one encampment and in the other'—from which we learn that Freethought is not espoused by the weak alone.* We will first take the dark side of Mr. Pearson's book; we mean the repulsive side of Evangelical imputation. Professor Garbett has been pleased to say—'Nothing can be more *contemptible* than the argumentative resources of modern Infidelity.' Mr. Pearson adds, 'This witness is true' (p. 173). One is disposed to think that the Evangelical Alliance had little serious work on hand when they offered 100 guineas for a refutation of the most contemptible class of arguments, and they must be considered to have set Mr. Pearson an easy task to answer them.

The public are much agreed as to the general inefficiency of refutations in dialogue, chiefly owing to the author of the dialogue drawing upon his own invention for the arguments of his opponents, and commonly producing exactly those which his opponent never did employ, never would employ, and would reject the moment he noticed them. It requires not only a master in one department in thought, but a master among men, to devise commanding dialogue. Shakspere may speak for the sceptic. He, as W. J. Birch has shown,† not only discerned the most opposite aspects of character, but had sounded notable schools of philosophy. In the memorable soliloquy of Hamlet he has stated the case of the sceptic as only one who has *felt* scepticism

* In all our extracts from this Prize Essay we observe, once for all, that the quotations are given *verbatim*, or with Mr. Pearson's qualifications abridged, or implied. To give all in full would be to quote a great part of the entire volume. But the integrity of the quotations are vouched to be neither strained nor garbled.

† Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere.

could. Advocates who have not this manysidedness, should seek to compass by art what is denied to their ubiquity of capacity. This may be done by letting the opponent side be an actual statement by a competent and accredited representative. For this purpose a most unquestionable one is at hand, this Evangelical Alliance. By its imputations no less than its admissions, are the deficiencies of Theism confessed, and the strength of sceptical objections (negative and affirmative) suggested. The major imputation of this writer is branded upon his title-page—'Infidelity.' A Christian who uses this term by habit, and without malignity, will tell you that he uses it merely to describe a certain negation of what he regards as Christian truth. In this arbitrary sense the term is unobjectionable. When a man thus using it tells me that he means no harm by the term Infidelity, I reply, then why not use a term which expresses none? If the term is intended to express no harm, there can be no harm in using another. The objection to Mr. Prize-Pearson is that, while he professes the charity which thinketh no evil, he places foremost on a title-page the language which most means it. Infidelity is used by the churches to denote organised wickedness—a systematic treachery to truth—a badness of heart justifying itself by appearances of philosophy. There needs no refutation of an essay bearing a name of this import on its front. Infidelity, instead of being the first word of the book, should be its last—and a just logician would have made it so. Unproved it is a libel—established it is a sentence. That Mr. Pearson used it in the sense indicated, by the imputations cited will be seen:—'The reluctance to think of God as a living person, holy, just, and good, and with whom we have to do, is greater than the incapacity. It is in the delirium of self-adoration, in the swellings of a pride-intoxicated heart, that men break loose from a sense of responsibility..... No one can read the rhapsodies of such a man as Emerson, without perceiving that the state of the heart—a heart puffed up with the delusive notion of its own divinity—lies at the bottom of his unbelief' (p. 175).

This is so unfair and so offensive, so arrogant and so weak, that persons of cultivated judgments turn from it with aversion. We have just as much right to describe Mr. Pearson's contempt for nature and reason in the same language as he has employed to express our rejection of what we regard as Christian error. Take a second instance:—'For a man to renounce the affirmative proposition that God is—a proposition so well substantiated, and for which there is an intellectual necessity—indicates very plainly the leanings of the heart' (p. 174).

All this is very poor, and suggests the thought, that a Christian, confident of his own truth, would rather suspect his own capacity to explain it, than impute its want of cogency to demoralisation of the heart. Our accredited author charges Atheists with a 'strong determination to withstand everything in the shape of reasonable evidence' (p. 173). Again, if we do not assent, it is suggested to be owing to the 'cavils of a strongly prejudiced unbelief' (p. 173). Further, it is

said, 'man can befool himself' who does not believe, and it is suggested that he does (p. 173). In all forms of unbelief, it is reiterated, 'the will has much to do with it' (p. 173). This perseverance of imputation denotes, not only poorness of argument, but a cause in a vicious state. Divines are always pleading, in excuse of their failures, the obstinacy of the will, thereby concealing from others, and hiding from themselves, the defects of their logic. In science, no professor presumes to charge the dissent of his audience to their perversity. He suspects himself—he amends his arguments—he re-states his case—he multiplies his facts, and carries conviction by force of proof. In a university of intellect, no great teacher accounts for his non-success by accusing his students of badness of heart. Augustus de Morgan, with royal confidence in scientific truth, will declare that the deficiency of the pupil is to be traced to the deficiency of the teacher; but the theological college has no manly suspicion of its want of competency, or of its poverty of proof. Thus the imputations of which we have quoted samples—official, accredited, and current at this hour—are not more unfair and offensive to us than they are a fatal reproach to the cause which employs them. Divinity will always drivel, while thousands of young preachers are trained in theological colleges without either true confidence or intellectual daring, and are taught and suffered to go forth to the world with superficial power, and encouraged to vindicate their inaptness by outrages upon the honesty and sincerity of others. Opposition to 'Christian Theism' is confirmed by this discovery, and it is a fact entitled to weight.

High is the tone, and contemptuous the glance, with which orthodoxy comports itself towards Theism. All know with what presumption it parades the conclusiveness of its Theism. Listen to it in its pulpits, and it will tell you that its proofs are complete, and scepticism is unpardonable. When resident in Gloucester, I was supplied with volumes in which a celebrated divine undertook to *demonstrate* the existence of God. Judging from the tone in which our belief is condemned, you would think every preacher was a theological Euclid, but orthodoxy in modern controversy has learned to abate these extravagant pretensions. Mr. Pearson adopts the remark of Dr. Arnold, that '*entire* satisfaction to the intellect is, and can be obtained by neither' believer nor unbeliever (p. 174). This is what we have said, and the clergy have till lately denied. Quoting 'Smith's Relations of Faith and Philosophy' (p. 13), Mr. Pearson tells us 'that it is a mere assumption to assert, that personality is in its nature finite—since it is the finiteness of man's attributes, and that alone, which gives the finiteness to his personality' (p. 175). This is but another way of giving up the argument. For if an Infinite Being may be a Person, why may not Nature be the Person which originates all phenomena? Our authority remarks:—'The argument from design is one of great power, and though it does not of itself lead us to the High and Holy One, it points us very clearly thither. But the ground is by no means free from difficulties' (p. 173).

The position taken in the work entitled 'Paley Refuted' is, that the design argument does not *lead* to God. We differ as to the 'clearness' of the 'pointing' thereto. Mr. Pearson thinks the amount of clear evidence immensely overbalances the difficulties—but he admits there are 'difficulties.' We think them insuperable. Again we may ask, how can a man tell that an argument points to Deity, unless he has discovered Deity? How can you tell what a finger-post points to, unless you have been to see? 'The personality of the Divine Being,' says Mr. Pearson, 'does not admit, however, of strict demonstration.' (p. 174). There is, therefore, room for doubt and difference of opinion here. 'But the doctrine of the divine providential government does not admit of demonstrative certainty..... The evidence is sufficient to justify our faith, but it is not irresistible' (p. 176). It has been said to be irresistible to all rightly-constituted minds. Only obstinacy of will would reject it, so overpowering was it declared to be. 'The evidence that attests the truth of Christianity .....is not, however, irresistible. No man is warranted to expect it to be so' (p. 176). We never did expect it was. But we always have been abused for declaring that it was insufficient to coerce conviction. We are now quietly told 'no man ought to expect it.' 'It could never be a man's duty to believe in a revelation claiming to itself the authority of heaven, unless that revelation bore, legibly on its front, heaven's signature, or was in some way attended with heaven's evidencing power' (p. 176). This would seem to justify us who do not see in the Bible either this signature or this power. That cannot be the signature of heaven which is so enigmatical that a hundred sects read it differently—and miracles, the consternation of the vulgar, cannot be the evidence of heaven. Origen is cited by our author as saying that 'in the difficulties of Bible revelation there are stimulants to faith, and occasions for unbelief' (p. 177). 'Occasions for unbelief!' Then it can no longer be said that a criminal and cavilling unbelief makes difficulties in the Bible. The cause of doubts is there —it is put there.

To follow this work farther would demand more space than the present plan of this volume leaves at our disposal, and would take us out of our record, which restricts us to the trial of Theistical witnesses. The incidental allusions to Christianism which we have ventured to notice for the purpose of elucidating the intellectual defects of the Evangelical mind, serve to throw light upon the temper with which Atheism, however pure and honest, is regarded, and on this ground the apparent digressions may be pardoned. We therefore conclude by a final extract (the Pearson Prize Essay abounds in similar illustrations) exhibiting the extent of orthodox distrust of the power of evidence. Mr. Pearson tells us that 'All moral evidence is cumulative; but however strong it may be, it is never irresistible. An indocile reason can ward it off' (p. 173). If not in the nature of moral evidence to be irresistible, then it is open to intelligent doubt, and theologians ought not to be too confident. 'The heart can repel

all this proof' of the personality of God (p. 175). This is the form to which I have adverted, in which Mr. Pearson, and Christians in general, make their apology for the incapacity of their Theism. It is interjected continually. Surely a Prize Essay of proof is wasted when it may be blown away by the will!

In treating this Essay we have thought it right to describe the extraordinary means employed to circulate it, which show the value attached to its arguments by the Evangelical Alliance. The said recital further satisfies the reader of the actuality of the reasonings to which in previous places, as well as in this, and in the next chapter also, we reply. We thus prevent the possibility of the suspicion which attaches to so many polemics, of inventing the cases of our opponents. We do not imagine their arguments, we quote them.

We are sorry to record that the Pearson Essay appears to be withdrawn from circulation. We never see it advertised. Mr. Farmer buys no more copies; the Vicar of Enstone no more commends it; Dr. Campbell has laid his trumpet aside. We had hoped to see it stereotyped by the Religious Tract Society. We are afraid that we damaged its fortunes by praising it. There are those who say that were we to very heartily recommend the Bible, it would be withdrawn from circulation.

CHAPTER XVII.

HENRY ROGERS.

In another volume the gentleman whose name appears above will find a place and ampler consideration than is here intended. His particular works, like those of Father Spencer, represent a school of Theism, to which here but a passing notice is given. What they do say is distinctive and acute, but the way in which it is said is more to our present purpose. In these pages we have in view to try the spirit of Theism as well as its arguments. By nine-tenths of Theists, Atheism is judged not by what it means, which is scarcely ever studied, not by what it says, which is scarcely ever considered, but by its attitude towards its opponents—the attitude, be it remembered, of a minority towards a generally insolent and vindictive majority. It is, therefore, right and necessary in these pages to pass briefly in review the spirit, temper, and taste of Evangelical Theists, so eminent as to represent a large class, and of education sufficient to set the right example, if rightness of feeling can co-exist with their wrong and deep-seated dogmas.

An example or two of Professor Rogers's confident tone of argument shall first be cited, especially as Mr. Pearson calls him to his aid. It is from Mr. Rogers that Mr. Pearson quotes the following assumed-to-be-unanswerable argument:—'Nor do we well know what multitudes, who neglect religion on account of the alleged uncertainty

of its evidence, could reply, if God were to say to them, "And yet, on such evidence, and that far inferior in degree, you have never hesitated to act, when your own temporal interests were concerned. You never feared to commit the bark of your worldly fortunes to that fluctuating element. In many cases you believed, on the testimony of others, what seemed even to contradict your own senses. Why were you so much more scrupulous in relation to ME?"'

What could we answer Mr. Rogers? The answer is obvious. In human affairs, when we act on partial evidence, it is either from caprice or necessity. When from caprice it is a fault—when from necessity it is a misfortune. In the case of God it is a tribute to him to pause. Where so many incompetent sects, in narrow knowledge and distracted voices—affluent in imputation, and bitter in tone—each claims to have discovered God, and to know his will, it is humility to hesitate, and reverence to doubt.

But the intellectual confidence of this writer can only be accounted for on his own theory of rational direction. He confesses to following two guides, one of which cannot hear and the other cannot see. In the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 182, in an article on 'Reason and Faith: their Claims and Conflicts,' he Bunyanises thus:—'Reason and Faith are twin-born beings—the one, in form and feature the image of manly beauty—the other, of feminine grace and gentleness; but to each of whom, alas! was allotted a sad privation. While the bright eyes of Reason are full of piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while Faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sightless orbs, as she lifts them towards heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand in hand the brother and sister, in all mutual love, pursue their way, through a world on which, like ours, day breaks and night falls alternate; by day the eyes of Reason are the guide of Faith, and by night the ear of Faith is the guide of Reason. As is wont with those who labour under these privations respectively, Reason is apt to be eager, impetuous, impatient of that instruction which his infirmity will not permit him readily to apprehend; while Faith, gentle and docile, is ever willing to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her.'

Now it happens that Faith being only able to hear—being 'sightless,' takes every sound for that of the truth. Buddhist, Pagan, Catholic, Protestant, Ranter utterances, are to her credulous ears equally divine. Faith has believed in them all. Nothing, therefore, can more urgently admonish us of the necessity of keeping Reason ever vigilant to scrutinise the reports of Faith. In the Night of human experience Faith, which always walks in darkness, may find its way about, and have acuter powers of hearing; but she wanders she knows not where, and hears she knows not what. Reason, who is not deaf, except in Mr. Rogers's allegory, can both hear as well as see, and can afford by night or day the only reliable direction; and when the darkness is quite impenetrable, it is safer to bivouac until morning.

We shall have to cite the testimony borne by the press against

certain attributes of Theistical writers, and against modern Theistical efforts, and shall, therefore, give the estimate of Professor Rogers made by the *Saturday Review*—a wilful journal truly, but conducted by gentlemen as high in social station as Professor Rogers, and of higher competence to speak in the name of classic Theism. While doing justice to the ability of Mr. Rogers, they thus speak of his last work, 'Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq.' (Mr. Greyson being Mr. Rogers) :—

'A bad book is always a bad thing; but a weak defence of a good cause is a misfortune, and it is a double misfortune if it combines bad temper and bad taste with logical deficiency..... Mr. Greyson's arguments are all dilemmas, and most of the machinery is comic. The misfortune is that the dilemmas are, for the most part, one-horned. Mr. Greyson gets into an argument with a gentleman who contends that the command given to Adam in the Garden of Eden was "unmoral." Mr. Greyson replies that any commands given to a person in such circumstances must necessarily be so, and he illustrates his thesis as follows :—

'"I remember hearing of an Irish lecturer,* who supposed these commands addressed by an angel to an Irish Adam. The answers were given, I was told, in a truly Irish manner; yet I think very naturally. As I did not hear the lecturer myself, I cannot precisely report the Irish Adam's answers, nor can I imitate the true Paradisaic brogue; but I believe they would very reasonably run something like this :—

'"Thou shalt have no other Gods before me."

'"Arrah, thin, your honour; I never as much as heard of any other at all at all."

'"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," &c.

'"Why, thin, plase your honour's glory, I cannot say I ever felt the laste taste of a temptation in life for that same. Do ye think I'd be afther making a brute baste of myself?"

'"Thou shalt not take the name," &c.

'"And wouldn't it be mighty *quare* if I did, your honour?"

'"Thou shalt honour," &c.

'"By the powers, did ye never know that my father and mother are not yet born? and how thin would I *dis*honour them?"

'"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

'"Sure it would be sthrange if I committed adultery with my own wife; for sorra another woman do I see here; and she's enough, any way." (N.B.—Too much, in one sense, Adam soon found her).'

'If this is not grossly and monstrously profane,' remarks the *Saturday Review*, 'words have no meaning. When we think how the Commandments were given, and what is meant, or usually held to be meant, in the Old Testament by "angels," there is something astounding in the fact that a well-meaning and able man, writing in defence of Christianity against gainsayers, should

* Mr. Rogers says that he did not himself hear this 'Irish lecturer.' We doubt if any one ever did.

think that he really advanced his cause by making a man say "Arrah," "Your honour's glory," "sorra," and "By the powers," to his Maker. Such rubbish might perhaps not be out of place in the police reports of some obscure country newspaper; but it is ominous to find that a man should think its employment serviceable to Christianity..... Much might be said upon the precedents of Voltaire and Pascal, but their example does not apply to books like Mr. Greyson's "Letters." They were men with unrivalled powers of ridicule, but we must descend below Paine, and probably below Richard Carlile, before we can find a parallel on the infidel side of the controversy to such ribaldry as this. Voltaire might, from his position, say much in defence of "La Pucelle," or Pascal, from his, on behalf of the "Provincial Letters;" but how can any man suppose that he either advances his argument, humiliates his antagonist, enlivens his book, or answers any other purpose than that of degrading himself, by writing "*thin*" for "then," "*quare*" (and in italics, too) for "queer," and "*sthrange*" for "strange," in a conversation between Adam and his Maker? This is not an isolated instance, but a fair example of Mr. Greyson's wit. Here is another specimen:—"It is hard to say which" (Balaam or his ass), "on this occasion, *was* the ass—the ass or the ass's master; or, rather, it is easy, for it is very certain that Balaam was far the greater ass of the two." Paradise, however, is the particular object of this gentleman's wit. Here is a specimen of quite a long passage about it:—"One wonders what would have been the condition of the world if *little* Eve had eaten, and Adam had not: if he had politely handed her ladyship to the side door in the wall of Paradise; told her that 'separate maintenance' would be her lot on the other side, 'amongst the thorns and thistles,' and so fairly turned the key upon her?" It would be intelligible, though strange, that a man wishing to attack the authority of the Bible, should suppose that he had made it ridiculous by such silly flippancy as this; but Mr. Greyson has not even the poor excuse which intentional profanity would supply. He thinks this a sort of friendly familiarity, which shows on what good terms he stands with Christianity. If you mean to insult a man, it is conceivable that you should spit in his face; but what should we think of such a proceeding taken as a mark of intimacy? Deplorable as this kind of folly is, we do not know that the tone of savage and bitter contempt which the author expresses for those whose difficulties he does not happen to feel is not even more offensive. There is a hectoring, bullying tone in all that he says which excites the strongest prejudice against the opinions he wishes to inculcate.

'What Atheism is, we know well enough, and we quite appreciate the objections to it; but Mr. Greyson leaves us entirely in the dark as to what he means by Christianity. In one place, indeed, he devotes just four-and-a-half lines to the subject. You must, it appears, either be an Atheist, or believe, "under some or other modifications," "the supernatural narratives of the New Testament, and these doctrines at

least—the pre-existence of Christ, the union of two natures in Him, and the atonement for sin by his death." You may therefore throw overboard two of the three creeds, you may fall under the anathema of all the most ancient and numerous Christian bodies, you may deny the Trinity, you may be an Antinomian, a Nestorian, or a member of the Greek Church—you may go a certain distance in denying Biblical inspiration, and amongst other things you may disbelieve the whole of the Old Testament—but there Mr. Greyson draws the line. Go in any direction one step beyond it, and the utmost orthodoxy will not save you. Extend to a single chapter of St. Matthew the scepticism which you may freely indulge as to every book from Genesis to Malachi, and though you have an unshaken belief in all the articles of faith which a vast majority of Christians consider vital and fundamental, you are farther from the truth than most Unitarians; for between them and Atheism there is a standing ground, and between you and Atheism there is none. Mr. Greyson's dilemma really is little more than this—You must either be an Atheist or something else; and such a discovery hardly gives him the right to vilify and ridicule all those from whom he differs.' *

A case has recently occurred in which a poor, honest, but wilful man, one Thomas Pooley, of Liskeard, in Cornwall, has been sentenced, by Mr. Justice Coleridge, to one year and nine months' imprisonment for having written words, alleged to be blasphemous, on a field gate belonging to the Rev. Paul Bush, of Duloe, and of replying under irritation in a similar strain to a policeman, after he was in custody, and of jesting upon the Biblical cure of the potatoe rot. If an unlettered labourer deserves twenty-one months for these offences, Professor Rogers, enjoying all the advantages of education and professional position, deserves twenty-one years for the above 'grossly and monstrously profane words.'

The book of most note of Professor Rogers is the 'Eclipse of Faith.' A few words from Professor Newman's 'Reply' to it will serve to show the spirit in which the purest Theists are attacked when they overstep the narrowness of Evangelical orthodoxy. If the author of 'The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations,' escape not, what may not the Atheist expect? Mr. Newman says†:—'The second title of the book is, "A Visit to a Religious Sceptic;" this is, a Mr. Harrington, who is his principal talker. Into his mouth the author puts all the free and easy language which, for some reason or other, he is unwilling to say in his own name. I think this exceedingly unjust to genuine and honest men. I am acquainted with several decided sceptics, and two avowed Atheists. I know them to have read my book on the Soul, and they do not agree with it: but they behave to me with modesty, respect, and kindness. The very opposite tone pervading this book, I feel to come, not from any actual Mr. Harrington, but from the Christian (?) controversialist behind

* Saturday Review, August 22, 1857. † Phases of Faith; late edition, pp. 179, 180.

him. I am willing to meet a sincere sceptic, and teach him or learn from him. All sincere and conscientious men can teach us something: God forbid that I should feel towards such either pride or unkindness: indeed, I find that true sceptics do not scoff at the sincere, but only at the hypocritical. And as this dialogue is fundamentally fictitious, I do not see what else but the author's own heart can have suggested the profane insults which abound in it, and against which I protest as a slanderous representation of honest sceptics. After all, why must this author step in to reinforce their argument? are they not generally acute enough to conduct it without a Christian's aid? and why must I fight against a sham adversary? It suffices for me to combat honest and real hearts, from whom I do not shrink: but I confess, I do shrink with a most painful repugnance from one who, by discarding his personality, thinks to get free from moral responsibility.'

We shall present one other passage from Mr. Newman's pen, furnishing further light by which to judge modern Theism as expressed by its representative Evangelical advocate, Professor Rogers, and because the passage also indicates the ethical ground held by the writer of these pages. In the passage we now proceed to quote, Professor Newman makes reference to the original appearance of the paper on the Soul, which the reader has seen in a revised form in a previous chapter of this work. We value the recognition of the principle and expression of it made by Mr. Newman, whose lightest word of approval is praise. 'I proceed,' says Mr. Newman,* 'to the second topic,—viz., the danger, or rather the certainty, that my principles will force the sceptical Mr. Harrington to become an Atheist. Now this prospect does not terrify me; since I think it might be an improvement to Mr. Harrington; a first step towards truth. I hold *Morality* as my religious basis; and on it I build, that *God is essentially moral.* A serious Atheist, like Mr. G. J. Holyoake, holds *Morality*, as I do, to be a fixed certainty, but doubts whether there is any personal God. But Mr. Harrington is unsettled on both points. With him Morality has no fixedness—indeed he is insolent with me because I treat it as an immovable foundation, which I will not allow to be tampered with by any pretence of miracle; and he is equally uncertain whether there is any good God. Thus of my two principles the real Atheist Mr. Holyoake holds one, and the more fundamental; while Mr. Harrington holds neither. Mr. Holyoake has lectured *on* and *against* my book on the Soul, and has behaved with fairness, courtesy, and generosity. *He* has not garbled nor ridiculed me: he leaves it to one who calls himself Christian, to scoff at sentiments which I have learned from Christianity.'

* Phases of Faith; late edition, pp. 191, 192.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SANDARS J. CHEW.

A LONG time ago, the Rev. Sandars J. Chew, who has ceased to officiate as a Dissenting Minister, or to use the prefix of Reverend, published a series of tracts, entitled 'Mr. Holyoake Refuted in his own Words.' They opened by remarks of some fairness and not ill-feeling. Very soon, however, Mr. Chew suffered his pen to degenerate into mere imputation and revilings, and, since that time, except these tracts, I have not read, and do not care to read, what he has written. These tracts I promised to reply to in his own town—Leicester; but the halls of Leicester, being in the hands of religious people, have been constantly refused. So, after waiting years in vain for the opportunity of fulfilling my promise, I subjoin below as much as it is worth while saying in reference to what Mr. Chew has written.

It is one of the penalties of actively opposing popular error and interests, that he who does so must be content to incur misapprehension, and live under misrepresentation, often flagrant and injurious. A critic in the *Christian News*, otherwise able and fair (the allusion is not to Samuel Hirst, B.A., who is neither fair nor able), has assumed that the allegations and contradictions manufactured in the Grant and Chew school were well founded, because unnoticed. In so able a literary journal as *Tait*, a critic has done the same. Not one imputation in twelve made by the Rev. Brewin Grant has any foundation in truth. And because passed by, it seems that some persons assume their truth. There is very little of the judicial spirit in religious criticism. Very good men will come to a decision after reading one side, and never ask for the *other*. While this custom continues, it is put in the power of any man who chooses to calumniate actively, to get believed. There is no remedy for this except by abandoning all exposition, and devoting all your time to the intolerable egotism of personal justification. That I have not quite made up my mind to this, is evident from the little here offered in reply to Mr. Chew after a silence of years, and that little is conceded solely in obedience to a promise to notice his tracts some time.

The professed object of Mr. Chew's book is to show 'Whether or not the present writer is worthy of public confidence' (p. 3). It may be useful to remark, that we do not ask for confidence as publicists—but for attention for our views. Our object is not to set up ourselves, but our principles. We labour to bring about that state of public intelligence in which ideas will rule, not persons. Just men, we hope, will be ever reverenced; but principles will govern. Leadership will no longer be based upon authority, but upon service. Usefulness will be the sole influence, and some small share of usefulness is the limit of our ambition.

Is the existence of Deity a question of probability? It is admitted that (so far back as *Oracle of Reason*, vol. i., p. 186) we explained that the question of the existence of Deity was one of relative 'probability'—but that in the Townley Debate, 'certainty' was demanded. Now, in that debate certainty was not demanded *per se*, but, as a relative issue, it was held that the object of man's earnest attempt to solve the problem of Deity was to attain to 'certainty,' and that if the Rev. Mr. Townley had no 'certainty' to offer, the orbit of his theology lay in the same plane as our own reasonings—that theologians had given up their long-proclaimed pretensions to 'certainty'—that they accept our own theory of probability, and in that case we had better rest in our probability than in theirs—since Nature is a more probable Supreme Existence than the Deity of hypothetical theology (*vide Reasoner*, No. 343, pp. 444, 445). Mr. Chew is good enough to say, that when we adhere to early opinions 'he alike approves of the logic and the honesty' (p. 6). On this point our opinions have never changed. Theologians are themselves now abandoning their dogmatic pretension of certainty, and scolding us for regarding them as having maintained it.

Non-denial of Theism is not neutrality. Mr. Holyoake is 'an Atheist—a Theist—and not an Atheist nor a Theist,' are three propositions Mr. Chew affirms; but his proof is very defective. He seeks to prove the writer a Theist, because in the process of the argument entitled 'Paley Refuted' he assumed the existence of Deity—Mr. Chew forgetting that the book was written to show that the author did not admit it. The other proofs given by Mr. Chew are cases in which we describe or state religious argument in the language of religious men, without obtruding every time our dissent from their Theism, which however is nowhere pretended to be accepted. Mr. Chew seeks to prove that a man is not an Atheist nor a Theist if he do not deny the existence of Deity—yet to deny would strictly imply that certainty of knowledge is attainable with respect to Deity, which would be inconsistent with the teaching that the question is one of probability. Because it is said that nothing can be known as to the existence of Deity, that does not exclude the logical possibility of disbelief, which is the side we take.

Mr. Chew has not found in our writings what he considers 'many strong reasons for Atheism.' He does not notice our permanent conviction that there are 'many strong reasons for Atheism' in the exhibition of the weakness of the reasons for Theism. Take the instance of the argument from Pain and Power. 'The existence of misery and pain is proof positive that there is no God.' This Mr. Chew cites (p. 7) as an absolute assertion, withholding the context expressed, that the reference is to 'a God of boundless power and goodness'—the argument which Origen Bacheler called the strongest in favour of Atheism. Because there are misery and pain in Nature, Mr. Chew says we ought to hold that Nature does not exist. Whereas all we need hold is, that Nature does not exist with the attributes of Infinite

Tenderness—wishing pain non-existent, and possessed of Infinite power to abolish it.

The supposed reply by Mr. Chew to 'Paley Refuted,' is the most transparent failure that has been submitted to the public. The position taken is that Paley's argument breaks down as an argument from experience, because it professes to establish that Deity is a person, who, as a person, must be organised—and we have no experience of an unorganised person. Mr. Chew himself says, 'It is quite true that we have no such experience' (p. 21). Then the answer to Paley remains perfectly valid. Mr. Chew says we assume that an unorganised person cannot exist. We assume no such thing. We only assume that we have no experience that such a person does exist, and that is the point in question. If you say an unorganised person may exist, why may not Nature be that existence, and the Pantheist be right?

If there is one thing more than another, which is an offence against truth, against good sense, and good taste, it is that of assuming that a writer, who agrees with you in one point, does so in all. This fault has tended very much to keep up antagonism among opponents. It is a candid and honourable thing in a man to admit all the truth he can on the side of his opponent—but, if the consequence of this frankness is to be, that the same person is to be charged with adopting all the views of his opponent, and to be dragged over as a wholesale authority on the opposite side, this frankness of partial admissions will be of rare occurrence.*

In 1852, Mr. Ebenezer Syme drew our attention to an article on the 'Genius and Writings of Descartes,' in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, as containing a sentence which might stand as a motto for us. Upon examining it, its relevance to us induced its adoption. The passage was this: 'Upon points on which philosophers know nothing, philosophers should say nothing. That is a beautiful school of philosophy, which teaches men to say of most things: "It may be so, and it may be otherwise. It is a point on which I only know that I do not know."' Afterwards we published a paper showing the application of this 'rule' of reasoning to our own teachings, but Mr. Chew asserts, that we represented the reviewer as approving of our principles. Mr. Chew calls it 'a bold and glaring misrepresentation' (p. 69); 'a wilful perversion' (p. 73); 'a passage dishonestly wrested' (p. 70); and intimates that 'charity can do no more than listen to the best defence we can give' (p. 73). We will not detain charity long—the 'defence' is an unqualified denial. We never pretended, directly nor indirectly, that the *Edinburgh Review* approved our opinions. We said, our views, 'as respects the rule of belief and avowal of opinion relating to a future life, and Beings independent of nature, has been strikingly expressed and approved by an authority adverse to us.' The plain meaning of this is, that the

* *Vide Reasoner*, vol. xv., p. 309, in reference to the Rev. Brooke Herford.

'rule of belief and avowal of opinion which we followed had been approved by one, not of our way of thinking, but by one adverse to us.' A second time in the same short article, we distinguished that the reviewers were far from approving our opinions, in these words:—'We use it [the motto] as indicating, in the language of eminent opponents, the value of that teaching which we.....labour to enforce.' The purport of the motto we took, is applause of teaching only that on which the teachers know something—viz., the things of observation and experience; and we said 'the propriety of this species of teaching has been incidentally acknowledged in an unexpected quarter.' It was in no way pretended that our views were adopted only, that our 'species of teaching' was approved.

The moral judgments Mr. Chew expresses are instructive as warnings. The editor of the *Leader*, in answering an objection by Mr. Grant, said, 'that I certainly had written loyal tributes of appreciation of many ministers with whom I had debated.' Mr. Chew adds, 'I have also paid tributes of *dis*-appreciation and *dis*-respect, showing that I can at one time be courteous, at another rude' (p. 61); but this is to forbid all discrimination, and oblige you to praise everything, or object to everything; which can only bring about a feeble or an offensive state of mind. In Mr. Chew's criticisms the worst construction is put upon all things. Whatever fault we may have, I trust we shall never get confirmed in this. In a public letter in reply to Mr. Chew, I pointed out the harshness of judgment and injustice of construction to which he had recourse, and I admitted frankly that we made no pretension to perfection. We aimed at fairness, and succeeded, perhaps, as often as our opponents. This Mr. Chew designates crying *peccavi*. But if this offensive construction is to be put upon those admissions which every candid person, not infallible, will have to make on reviewing the controversies of ten years, you put barriers in the way of frankness and friendly feeling, and turn controversy into mere fencing. For my part, notwithstanding Mr. Chew's disparaging opinion of myself, I will not hesitate to admit that his performance is carefully, and, in literary respects, creditably executed. He has often quoted with painstaking fairness, and frequently commented with acuteness, and some of his pages I have perused with profit. I do not despise his opinion, yet I will not solicit his more favourable judgment; but I put it to his conscience whether, if he had looked into my pages to find what was usefully intended, with half as much eagerness as he has to find fault, he would not have had to render a different verdict? I put it to his intelligence whether, if he had brought forward, half as carefully, all the opposite instances of studied fairness and public admissions made by our adversaries of our forbearance to them, strewed up and down our works, which he has shut his eyes against and kept back, whether the public would not come to a very different conclusion to that which his one-sided tracts bespeak?

The tone of modern journalism negative and iconoclastic.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROBERT ANCHOR THOMPSON AND JOHN TULLOCH.

THE two Prize volumes on Theism, by which these authors are best known, have been reviewed in conjunction by the *Athenæum*, whose able paper we intend to quote, in proof of an assertion made in a previous chapter, that the chief book of the two, 'Christian Theism,' was refuted by the leading literary journal in the week of its appearance. The Rev. Dr. Tulloch's book bears the title of 'Theism: the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator.' The Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, M.A., entitles his work 'Christian Theism: the Testimony of Reason and Revelation to the Existence and Character of the Supreme Being.' It is because the review, which we purpose to introduce, is inseparable without loss of force, that we conjoin the names of both authors at the head of this chapter.

A significant form of critical progress is now manifested in the altered tone of newspapers touching Christianity. The rule is to ignore theology as a dangerous topic, and honest treatment of it as perilous. It is considered that the only safe thing is to say nothing. But this 'saying nothing' is a good sign. Formerly a newspaper could always recommend itself by saying something on religious topics, and the coarser it was said the better. Now, the timid discretion of omission is universally recognised as the better part of newspaper valour. The result of this is, that the sects have to make shift without newspaper advocacy, and the sceptic gets off without newspaper abuse. Another curious fact in journalism is this. No religious book ever meets with essential approval in the higher class newspapers or reviews. Critics have grown so fastidious that nothing suits them. What they want you never can tell; all you are sure of is, that they do not want what they get. We need not reply to anybody. We have only to look in the journals and find it already done. The *Spectator* refutes Archbishop Whately; the *Athenæum* replies to the Burnett Prize Essays; the *Times* answers both Church and Dissenters. An abler Sceptical serial might be extracted weekly from the press, than Freethinkers have yet had the means to create themselves. All this shows the deep unrest of the highest minds on the question of religion. The critic of the day does not tell you what religion he wishes—but he shows his dissatisfaction on the subject by confuting every religion put before him. The whole tone of journalism is negative and iconoclastic.

The argument of both the Burnett Essays is that of Design; they trace a mind in nature, they endeavour to classify the characteristics of its working, and thus they essay to reach—first, a proof of the divine existence; and, next, an indication of the divine attributes. Of

the Bridgewater Treatises, which embody this argument, a writer in the *Westminster Review* of 1855, remarks:—'With regard to these, we believe we are but speaking the general impression in saying that, so far as their specific purpose was concerned, they were a failure. They did not win a single convert from the negative to the affirmative. They did not, by a hair's breadth, approach the solution of the awful difficulties environing the theme, for a single mind and heart on which these difficulties were weighing. They did not confirm, in a single soul already resting therein, the living faith, the loving trust in a Father-God. We question whether, by their logical weaknesses and their meagreness of conclusion, they did not suggest in many a mind doubts and perplexities that might have been otherwise escaped. Yet it is doubtful if greater ability on the whole could have been brought to bear upon their several subjects; and as scientific expositions, one or two of them will probably live as standards in English literature.'

This is the judgment of a *Review*, which may be regarded as writing on the side of independent philosophy rather than religion. The *Daily Scotsman* may however be taken as representing the journalistic view of a nation, famous for theological criticism of the most intense and orthodox quality. The Rev. John H. McMahon, M.A., lately published a literal translation of the 'Metaphysics of Aristotle.' The *Scotsman* at once passed upon his performance the salient criticism we shall here cite:—

'Our suspicions were aroused by the first paragraph of his preface, and they were only confirmed by a perusal of the volume. In that first paragraph, after a variety of absurdly mixed metaphors, he "reminds" the student of what he is only going to attend to for the first time—namely, that in this treatise of Aristotle he will "find an able Review of the Greek Philosophy; a Refutation, most complete and elaborate, of Scepticism; a Demonstration, *à priori* and *à posteriori*, of God's existence; an Examination into the relation of Metaphysics to the other Sciences; an Overthrow of the Ideal Hypothesis of Plato, as well as of the Theory of Pythagoras; an Elucidation of the nature of the Infinite; and an investigation into Truth, in relation to man's faculties for the attainment of it." This translator undertakes more for Aristotle than Aristotle has undertaken for himself, and that, too, regardless of the failure of all the philosophers since Aristotle to do much of what Aristotle is there said to have done. A "complete refutation of scepticism" will never be given so long as, in this state of being, the wisest can but "see through a glass darkly." Hitherto the custom has been for the dogmatist to step up to the sceptic standing in his "calm though obscure region," serenely but resolutely declaring "I doubt; I am sure of nothing," and stamp his dogmatic foot, shake his eloquent fists, and call out in a loud voice, "I believe! I believe! I am confident of a great deal, and in particular that you are quite wrong, and a great fool, if not worse;" and this sort of utterance, when printed in a big volume, and called

The *Scotsman* on Dr. Beattie's 'dead cats.'

by some suitable name, is understood to be a polite refutation of scepticism. Dr. Reid, the dogmatist, stepped up to David Hume, the sceptic, in this way; and although the Doctor was neither very rude nor vehement, but showed good common sense, yet he told the sceptic nothing new—nothing which the sceptic had not only known but printed in those books of his, which are oftener abused than read. Dr. Beattie, again, who had not much common sense to show, and led the anti-philosophic mob, armed himself for his encounter with Hume with a quantity of dead cats, the smell of which ruffled the temper of the "good David" a little, and has stuck to the philosophical character of Beattie ever since. Kant and Sir William Hamilton, the truly great thinkers who have met Hume on philosophical ground, in the main agree with him, and are ready to declare, in concert with him and Socrates and the Delphic oracle of old, "All that we know is, nothing can be known." That is, of course, apart from special revelation. To talk of a "complete refutation of scepticism" is conclusive as to the talker's speculative capacity, even were it unaccompanied by an averment of another accomplished impossibility, an elucidation of the nature of the Infinite. However, this elucidation was evidently claimed for Aristotle in forgetfulness of what Aristotle had written, and of a foot-note in which the translator says:—"It must be acknowledged that upon the whole Aristotle does not express himself on the subject of the Infinite as fully or as determinately as we might have expected. His definition of it is almost entirely made up of negations." In the preceding note he says:—"The subject of the Infinite is most important. The best modern author on this point is the late Sir William Hamilton, in his review of Cousin's doctrine of the Infinito-absolute." Now this praise of Sir William Hamilton (which, however, is well deserved) is remarkable on the same page with this censure of Aristotle; for Sir William's account of the Infinite is not "almost," but altogether made up of negations. His doctrine amounts to this: that all we can ever know about the Infinite is that it is *not* the Finite; in other words, that our knowledge of it must be negative, and never by any possibility can be positive. A young gentleman of the name of Calderwood, whose book is referred to in this foot-note, modestly thought that he could enlighten Sir William on the subject of the Infinite; and it is guessed by those who have tried to read his book that he aspires to a positive knowledge of the Infinite. But even a positive knowledge is not an "elucidation of the nature;" and to "expect" such an "elucidation" diminished our expectations very considerably in reference to this worthy translator of Aristotle.'*

We could not pretend to speak with anything like the authority of this, the first of Scotch newspapers, and few Freethought writers could speak more forcibly, and no defender of the great sceptics of the past could speak more usefully or more generously.

* Supplement to the *Daily Scotsman*, Oct. 30, 1857.

A gentlemanly tone pervades 'Christian Theism,' to which we must now advert. It is a manifest improvement in tone upon the Prize Essay of the Evangelical Alliance. The spirit of 'Christian Theism,' indeed the very title, is fairer than the volume on 'Infidelity' which we have noticed. 'Christian Theism' is a competent but not a great book. If an evidence of the acutest writing power which £1,800 can elicit on the side of theology, these are not its ablest days. The Rev. Robert Anchor Thompson, the author of the aforesaid volume, following in the scornful footsteps of Tillotson, gives it as his opinion that the rejection of Theism is founded on manifest fatuity. If, however, it be true that all opposing theories are so irretrievably absurd, what necessity is there to give £1,800 to refute them? Why, if we saw a given class of views in the same light, we would refute them for half the money. We now give the perfectly gratuitous refutation of the *Athenæum* to which we have referred :—

'Our readers scarcely need being reminded as to the nature of the Burnett Prize Treatises. Our pages contained for a long time reiterated announcements that literary men were invited to send to Aberdeen by the 1st of January, 1854, essays on the "existence of a Being, all-powerful, wise, and good," with a special regard to the obviation of difficulties respecting the wisdom and goodness of the Deity—and this, in the first place, from considerations independent of written Revelation—and in the second place, from such Revelation. By the stipulated day two hundred and eight Treatises were sent in; and on the 20th of January, 1855, the appointed judges—Prof. Baden Powell, Mr. Henry Rogers, and Mr. Isaac Taylor—assigned the first premium of £1,800 to Mr. Thompson, a clergyman of the Church of England; and the second of £600 to Dr. Tulloch, Principal of St. Andrews. The works thus distinguished are now published under the titles indicated above. Mr. Burnett's design was one of the best intention. Nothing can be wiser than to review from time to time the additions made to theological knowledge, and to consider the new forms taken by the objections which are sure to arise in the minds of men of philosophical and sceptical turn. It is a good thing, also, that an opportunity should be offered for any new Paley to put forth his strength, bringing out fresh arguments for the existence of a great intelligent First Cause from recent discoveries and advances of physical science. Up to the present time, we fear these anticipated advantages can scarcely be said to have been realised. The former Treatises, by Principal Brown and the present Archbishop of Canterbury, were of comparatively slight merit—and the present, although in many respects able books, will tend, we apprehend, but little to advance the good intentions of the founder of the prizes. These books are different in style and in merit. Neither is conclusive, neither is startling. One evades, the other begs, the question. Mr. Thompson treats the sceptic too frequently with something approaching to disdain—in a way that does not seem very candid, he picks out the weak points of his arguments, and overthrows them with an air

of triumph—he is dogmatic and positive—and although often intolerant to the assumptions of others, he assumes freely on his own side. Dr. Tulloch, on the contrary, is an example of the Scotch metaphysician; he is certainly not so cold and lifeless as his predecessors of the last century, but his work is precisely of the same class—skilful in minute distinctions, and happy in devising arguments to prove the indisputable. Mr. Thompson's work—as we have said—evades the question. The subject of the first inquiry set before the essayists by Mr. Burnett, is stated to be "the evidence that there is a Being all-powerful, wise, and good, by whom everything exists." These words construed in a wide and liberal sense comprehend the whole question between the Theist and the Atheist:—Is there a Deity, or can the phenomena of the universe be otherwise accounted for? The essayist, as it seems to us, was bound to answer this question. Mr. Thompson *shirks* it:—"The nature of our inquiry does not lead us to speak of the existence of the Supreme Being as a truth which can reasonably be called in question. It is a truth as natural to the mind as the existence of itself or of an outward world, and cannot be represented as doubtful, but by the same [?] audacity of scepticism. We are to inquire, then, how do we come by the knowledge of him, which we believe ourselves to have, and how can we be reflectively assured of its validity?" The existence of a Deity, it will be seen, is taken for granted, and doubters are branded at once as audacious and unreasonable sceptics. Assuredly this was not the meaning of Mr. Burnett. Certainly he would not have fixed a prefatory stigma upon those whose ignorance or mental peculiarities lead them into the position of doubters. His object was to satisfy the minds of such persons—to address them in kind words of soberness and wisdom, which should have the effect of leading them into what he would esteem a better state of thought. Mr. Thompson, it will be seen, at once takes for granted the very point that may be in dispute, and denounces all who differ from him. Having done this—and consequently repelled from the consideration of his book the persons whom it was desired to benefit—he proceeds to inquire into the evidence. And the evidence, let it be remarked, of what? The evidence of a truth—our conviction of which, he tells us, is not dependent upon the arguments of natural theology, the conclusions of reason, or the assurances of revelation—but is innate and spontaneous, as clear to the mind as the existence of itself or of the outer world. This, we must think, is a very erroneous mode of treating the matter. Inquiry is pronounced needless—the thing in question is declared indisputable—doubters are sentenced as audacious sceptics—but Mr. Burnett has offered a prize, and therefore we will inquire. A book written on such a system should have been rejected by the judges as standing outside the pale of competition.

'Dr. Tulloch *begs* the question. He builds upon the old argument from design, but presents it in a new form, which he expresses syllogistically as follows:—

'Order universally proves Mind;
'The works of Nature discover Order;
'The works of Nature prove Mind.

"Mind," as he elsewhere expresses himself, "is everywhere the only valid explanation of order—its necessary correlate." Dr. Tulloch thinks that, in presenting the familiar Paley argument in this new form, he gets rid of exceptions which have been formerly taken in consequence of the use of ambiguous words. We greatly doubt whether this will be the case. "Order" and "Mind" are terms which may occasion as much dispute as any of the others which have been previously employed. Proceeding to consider the doctrine of causation, Dr. Tulloch concludes "a cause" to be, not simply "an antecedent," but "a power"—an efficient agent, and, therefore, a being possessed of a rational will. Building on this position, he traces the Order of Cause and Effect, and, consequently, the presence of an Intelligent Agent, throughout all Nature. The universe in all its arrangements —the heavens, earth, and man, with all the faculties of his intellectual and moral being—present innumerable evidences of the Order which is sought after, and force home upon the inquirer the conviction of the existence of an intelligent designer, with a power which to ordinary inquirers is irresistible. But this argument depends on the assumed existence of mind as a substance apart from matter. But this is not to be assumed. The sceptic denies it, and it must be proved. Dr. Tulloch quietly begs the reader to grant him the very point at issue. He says:—"That it is so distinct has been assumed in the whole course of our preliminary reasoning, and quite warrantably so. For, to say the least, mind is as much entitled, apart from proof, to be held a distinct reality as matter. Nay, of the two, there cannot be any doubt to the genuine thinker which is the real, primary, and constitutive element of knowledge: and for the materialist, therefore, to demand a proof of the separate existence of mind, and for the philosopher or theologian to grant him the validity of this demand, is simply among the absurdities which have sprung out of the degradation both of philosophy and theology. The right of question, the burden of proof, lies plainly all the other way; matter *per se*, nature independently of mind, being, according to our whole reasoning, as well as according to all true philosophy, the simply inconceivable and inexplicable." Whether this assumption be right or wrong we do not mean to inquire; we only notice the circumstance that Dr. Tulloch has been paid for proving that which he has not proved.'*

* *Athenæum* No. 1448 July 28, 1855.

CHAPTER XX.

HENRY TOWNLEY.

THE incidental discussion in 1852, with the Rev. Henry Townley, occasioned a publicity in London to Theistic views, unexpected and influential. The debate itself is chiefly noticeable in these pages from the light it throws on the *platform* trial of Theism, and the tactics of theistical defendants of the mildest school.

At the discussions with Mr. John Bowes, Mr. David King (not noticed in this work) and the Rev. Mr. Townley, those gentlemen came prepared with written speeches. The avocations of their opponent did not permit that preparation, and as in no case was he apprised that separate publication of the debate was intended, no such precaution was available to him, had he thought it worth while to take it.

At considerable inconvenience to himself he read over such MS. report as Mr. Bowes sent him of his own speeches, in which he supplied no omissions of the reporter's, but simply connected the disjointed parts. Mr. Bowes afterwards advertised this discussion as 'revised by both speakers,' which gave the public to understand more than was true—because the publication was not of his opponent's devising, nor did he know whether what was being presented in the report as *his*, happened to be the parts related to the portions retained of Mr. Bowes's speeches.

Remembering that many were misled by Mr. Bowes's publication, caused the writer hereof to decline being a party to Mr. King's. Mr. King, however, went to the press, and nearly twelve months afterwards I found a copy of his published report in Manchester. That was the first time of becoming aware of its appearance.

Unwilling to disoblige Mr. Townley, who had been on the whole friendly in his manner, I consented to look over the report. He sent to the *Reasoner* office my part of it only, and even this part circumstances prevented me ever seeing.

At the discussion with Mr. Townley several reporters were observed, and on the second night I asked what journals they represented, supposing that they came on behalf of newspapers—but the person questioned did not satisfy me. My being asked to 'revise,' was the first information I had that the publication of my impromptu remarks was resolved upon. Had I been at *first* informed that that was the intention, I should not have held the debate at that time, nor on *that subject*. When Mr. Townley called upon me I told him my dislike to a merely negative topic; but he would take no other, and had he then betrayed to me his purpose of publishing the debate, and diffusing it among the religious press, as a discussion by which Atheistical prin-

ciples were to be judged, I should have refused altogether the question :—'Is there sufficient proof of the Existence of God?' the negative being a position which the public always have misunderstood.

Unconscious of Mr. Townley's intentions, the subject was accepted, and the whole debate regarded merely as an opportunity of indirectly explaining to new hearers ethical aspects of the question. Mr. Townley advertised the debate independently of the committee of arrangement. The number of religious persons present could not be accounted for. There was some foregone conclusion in the matter on Mr. Townley's part.

Newspapers and periodicals have the right of custom to publish a report of a public discussion, but no person has a moral right (nor possibly any legal one) to publish in a book, for separate sale, any discussion without authority. Mr. Townley may plead that as I ultimately consented to 'revise,' I did in fact consent to the step he has taken. True, I made no protest against this step. I acquiesced, but did not think the proceeding less irregular on that account. Had I demurred after the debate, it would have been said I was unwilling to trust my case before the public. It was, therefore, I acquiesced; but I submit I ought to have been consulted beforehand, not merely solicited afterwards, when the solicitation was too late to afford independent decision. Mr. Townley having published at his own risk, was free to dispose of the proceeds till his expenses were paid, and even his risks covered; but if any surplus above these demands arose, a moiety only was his.

He had the book prefaced by his friend Dr. Bennett, and added laborious notes to his own speeches—in fact, as the reviewer in the *Bradford Observer* remarks, Mr. Townley speaks twice to my once; and thus he turns what the public understand to be a joint and equal debate, into a party book. All the proceeds of such book, therefore, ought not to be devoted to the circulation of the book itself, which is to serve one party at the expense of another.

In the report itself there are errors that slight general knowledge on the reporter's part would have enabled him to correct or cancel. I quoted R. W. Mackay, author of the 'Progress of the Intellect.' The sentiment is put down to 'Guizot,' who could not possibly have been the author of it. Dryden's lines ascribed in the report to 'Carlile' are not at all likely to have been his, while the name of the writer in the *Times* ('Carolus'), whom I connected with the quotation, was very different in sound. These names must have been guessed; and, if one part of the report is suppository, why was not something intelligible supposed for me in other instances?

The longest speech in the report ascribed to me is utterly unintelligible. Were it not that my name is prefixed to it, I should hardly know it again. Now the commonest newspaper report of a speech always presents something readable, but this it is not possible to make out. Why I think it an imperfect report is, that the

audience showed, during its delivery, that it was on the whole understood, whereas to readers of this report it is an enigma. The only critics who have assumed to understand the report in general are persons who were either present at the debate, or had other means of knowing my opinions. Passages which I read are not rendered without errors. It is plain, therefore, that, on the whole, I was something more intelligible in the debate than in the report.

The usual course when a report is sent to the press is for the reporter to take care that what is sent is readable, and, if he has parts unreadable, to omit them. A reporter who should send into a newspaper office a report in the state in which my part of the debate is printed, would be dismissed. If a speaker does not revise his own speeches he has no right to expect accuracy, but he has a right to expect that the negligences of the reporter shall not be placed to his account. In this report there are some negations gratuitously put down to me, flatly contradicting my meaning; but of these I do not complain. A reporter's discretion could not be expected to be exercised on the argument. But for the general sense he was responsible. There is no reason to think that intentional variations have been made; but very unprofessional carelessness has been committed. An ordinary report gives the reader as fair a notion of what was said as the hearer received. This report fails to do this.

This report is not said to be untrustworthy because it contains many inaccuracies or omissions, but because it contains more disjointed and utterly unintelligible passages than would be found in the commonest newspaper report of the same debate. It is also untrustworthy in other senses. 1. Because it is prejudiced by the preface. 2. Because the subject was a forced one, and one that misrepresents us.

Touching the argument in the report of this discussion, several critics have pronounced Mr. Townley's case made out. None seem to notice that I did not profess to argue against Mr. Townley. He insisted on discussing a subject which I did not care about, and I pursued the course which, in like cases, I have pursued with others. As he would take a subject of no interest to me, I concluded he had not my improvement in view, but some end of his own to answer, and I left him to answer it as he pleased. Very distinctly he was told, on the first night, that to prove that something existed was, in my opinion, nothing to the purpose. That one aspect of the design argument made the fact of something existing 'distinct from nature' plausible, but a contrary fact was much more plausible. His argument did not lead to an Absolute and Supreme Being, and in no way touched the vital question of a Special Providence; and as his argument brought with it neither certainty nor relevance, it was beside the question which interested us. Still he went round and round his barren proposition. He even used the phrase 'a Being distinct from nature'—which every Christian understands to mean a *Supreme* Being—in the sense of a mere entity; and seeing this, I occupied my time, as my first speech gave Mr. Townley fair warning that I should,

in establishing our sympathy with more positive and practical questions.

The question for debate was, 'Is there sufficient proof of the existence of a *God*—that is, of a Being distinct from Nature?' This question Mr. Townley deserted at the outset, and betook himself to proving that *something* existed. But 'something' is not necessarily '*God*.' The argument of analogy, which he followed, only makes probable the existence of a Great Man, not Deity. If Mr. Townley's position is really recognised by the orthodox, then theology has turned round—has given up its pretensions to certainty as to the existence of God, and accepts our theory of probability; and if that is all, we had better rest in our own probability than theirs, for Nature—infinite, eternal, self-existent, and material—is a more magnificent truth than that of 'something' abstract, barren, relative, and limited, beyond nature, and which degrades Nature from a Supreme Existence into a mere Instrument

One advantage taken of my concession in debating Mr. Townley's proposition is, that he placed on the cover of the book the words '*Atheistic* Discussion,' and advertised it under this designation. It occasioned some surprise that Mr. Townley should seek to force upon us an opprobrious name which we disown unless accompanied by a definition clearing the term from moral guiltiness. Again, his advertisement of the debate in a religious Magazine has these two opinions of his own party appended :—

'We have seldom seen such utter trash as the infidel disputant dignifies with the name of reasoning. It is not the being of a God he wishes to get rid of, but the *responsibility* of man.'—*Edinburgh Witness.*

'There is nothing like an argument at all in Mr. Holyoake's flimsy attempt, by glib talking, to mystify the public ear. We have looked with great care at every sentence uttered by him, and we cannot find anything bordering on a single logical showing in defence of his deity, which he calls Nature. The utter feebleness of Atheism is only equalled by its *insolent* pretence.'—*Evangelical Magazine.*

The question that here arises is—does Mr. Townley believe these criticisms? If so, what was the meaning of his apparent civility to the end of the discussion? If he does not believe these allegations, on what ground does he offer them to the public to believe?

The propriety of my objection, expressed to Mr. Townley, to discuss the question of the existence of Deity, in the then temper of the religious world, is further established in a very marked manner by the Rev. Dr. Bennett in his 'Preface' to the discussion.* That 'Preface' occupies but twenty-four lines, long primer; yet in it *three* times the rev. writer represents me as bringing 'arguments against God,' though to argue 'against God' was never in my thoughts. I scarcely argued against Mr. Townley's inconclusive representations

* Published at 2s. Four editions have since appeared at two prices, at 1s. and at 6d., but omitting Dr. Bennett's preface and Mr. Townley's notes.

of Deity. How can I, unable but not unwilling to apprehend the inscrutable secret of God's existence, be said to argue against Him? Yet three times does the Rev. Dr. Bennett describe my part of the book as the bringing of 'arguments against God.' No sooner does the eye of the devout Christian fall on these words, than his mind is poisoned against my case on the threshold of the book. Mr. Townley appears, by implication, as some divine old gentleman, and myself as some reckless and sanguinary adventurer—a Moloch and Mephistopheles combined; or worse, some Satanic Proudhon, likely, as the Rev. J. A. James has elsewhere suggested, to promote an Anglo-Gallician massacre in London; for what wickedness is there the Christian does not believe possible of one who brings 'arguments against God?'

It may be that Dr. Bennett was hardly sensible of the injustice thus done to us—but it is an injustice nevertheless. We count on these things, however, for some time to come, and do not think it worth while to complain. That we are not in haste to notice them at all, is somewhat evident from the fact that we suffered this report to be circulated for four months, and a second edition to be advertised, before addressing the public on the subject.

The object of reciting these particulars is to show the reader that the evidence on the Atheistical side is not fairly or fully before the court of public criticism. The Rev. Mr. Townley's suavity was unbounded. From him, if from any one, frankness and fairness were to be expected. The substance of the narrative now placed before the reader was made public five years ago, but the reverend gentleman offered no explanation, nor did his committee, under whose notice the above facts doubtless came. In May last I received from Mr. Townley a volume, entitled 'The Sceptic Saved, or Memorials of [his brother] Dr. Townley.' I at once wrote to say 'that I knew not in what spirit to acknowledge it until he had given some expression of opinion as to the statements (here cited) which he had so long left unnoticed.' Mr. Townley replied, and on the second day after sent me the date (which he had omitted) to place upon his letter. This precaution looked as though our correspondence was meant to reach the public. My answer was this:—

'The papers I transmitted you set forth that you insisted on debating a question to which I was averse, for which you had provided and I had not. That you had specially prepared written speeches to deliver, and invited the religious party to hear your display, giving me no intimation of your intentions, that I might be equally prepared for the occasion. That you provided to publish the debate without my knowledge, brought your own reporters to that end, and did publish crude and most unreporter-like versions of my speeches without my consent. The report was untrustworthy, and its publication arbitrary. That you procured the Rev. Dr. Bennett to preface your report by remarks prejudicing the side of your opponent, and added notes to my speeches attempting the refutation you omitted to make in yours. The report became property to some one. Its price, 2s. the first edition, and four

cheap editions, must or ought to have produced a palpable surplus. Some time ago I was asked to buy the plates, etc.—to buy the copyright of a debate to which I had a joint right. I ask what your view of these transactions is, and you reply by offering me £1. If a converted person may act thus, what is the good of being converted? The unregenerate cannot, it seems to me, be more wrong.'

What Mr. Townley had to say for himself can only be gathered from the above conjecturally. He made no answer to the above letter. He was asked to consent to the publication of his letters, but he has never given it, and they are of necessity withheld here.

After the discussion with this Rev. Gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Campbell wrote in the *Christian Witness* this notable passage:—'Mr. Townley appears to have quite charmed Mr. Holyoake, who throughout manifested for him the utmost respect, and even took occasion, more than once, to pay a cordial tribute to his candour and politeness. There was rather too much of this to our taste. Compliments from antagonists are generally suspicious. We mean no disrespect; but, we think had the gripe of our friend, Mr. Townley, *possessed a little more of the boa constrictor*, perhaps more justice would have been done to the cause, and fewer compliments would have been distributed by the advocate of Atheism.' What a loss to the world it was that St. Paul had not Dr. Campbell at his elbow when he penned his famous chapter on Charity! Let us try Dr. Campbell by the Pauline standard of charity in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. We will make the additions Dr. Campbell would have suggested:—

'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up;' '*it has the gripe of a boa constrictor.*'

It 'Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked;' it '*gripes like a boa constrictor.*'

'It rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth,' and in '*the gripe of a boa constrictor.*'

It 'Beareth all things, it believeth all things, it endureth all things;' and '*it gripeth like a boa constrictor.*'

'Charity,' the apostle adds, '*never faileth;*' 'charity,' says Dr. Campbell, '*crushes like a serpent.*' The evangelist of the New Testament says the holy spirit descended in the form of a dove; the evangelist of the *Banner* tells us it descends in the form of a *boa constrictor*. Is the Campbelline an improvement on the Pauline scripture?

CHAPTER XXI.

SOPHIA DOBSON COLLET.

Cosmism, of which we have spoken in a previous chapter, is a search after the truths of nature, in order to act them out in life. With the priest-led world (as Mr. Dickens says in his story of 'The Boots'*) 'it's always either Yesterday or else To-morrow, and never To-day.' It would be all the better if the art of living to-day were more impressed upon society. The Cosmist stands on the side of Illuminism.† He makes clearness the criterion of truth. He is opposed to the mysteries of faith, and to the assumption that truth is revealed from without. Yet to borrow a phrase of Dr. Kahnis', he holds that 'opinion should not break in upon phenomena, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, but should be able to point out and bring to light' the grounds of its judgments. For some time to come the public may care very little whether we are clear or obscure; but since some, having claims on our best attention, wish explanations on some points, the present writer attempts to render them.

Reared myself a Bible-Theist, I believed because I was exhorted to do so, before I was able to question the reasons upon which the exhortation was founded, or measure the knowledge of those who gave it. The authority they used was the Bible, and the awe with which they regarded, and the prominence they gave to the menaces of eternal perdition on unbelievers, suppressed inquiry and terrified doubt. My Atheism may be held on insufficient reasons, but my Bible-Theism was held without *any*, worthy to be called free and rational. Where one pre-given conclusion must be come to under the coercion of perdition, reason is a needless and dangerous operation. My advisers, though not of the church, were of the school which exclaims:—

> 'Brothers! *spare reasoning*;—men have settled long
> That ye are out of date, and they are wise;
> Use their own weapons; let your words be strong,
> Your cry be loud, till each scared boaster flies;
> Thus the Apostles tamed the pagan breast,
> They *argued not*, but preached; and conscience did the rest.'‡

And, as a priest-formed conscience starts quickest at ideal terrors, logic was not needed to alarm me. God was to me a Fear. Of his being a God of Love, in the human sense of that term, the idea never occurred to me, and was never suggested by my teachers. To trust

* The only story Mr. Dickens is understood to have contributed to 'Holly Tree Inn.'

† 'Illuminism,' the name which, in Germany, stands for the whole of that philosophy which, under so many forms in Europe, has combatted against the church and for humanity, ever seeking the clear in thought as the safe in life.

‡ Dr. J. H. Newman—'Severity.' Lyra Apostolica.

God, in that sense which casteth out anxiety, was a feeling utterly unknown to me. The only trust in God which I knew was a mingled feeling of awe, terror, and hope. He was to me a judge who had ever on his lips a dread sentence, and whose leniency could only be obtained by abject faith, by an undefined submission of the spirit, and a confessed consciousness of natural guilt—perpetual, oppressive, painful, and humiliating.

In the Lord's Prayer I was, indeed, taught to say 'Our Father who art in heaven;' but I was never able to conceive of him other than as the Father spoken of by Solomon, who held a rod in his hand, and under the conviction that it was best not to spare it. Such was the God of Orthodox Dissenting Theology, in which I had the misfortune to be reared, in which I originally believed, but in which I have, since 1841, ceased to believe, and in which I have no wish to believe again.

Leigh Hunt, in the most courageous of his many valuable works, puts the Lord's Prayer as it is to be read by those who do not ignore one half of the second gospel while they pretend to believe and accept *all* of both:—'Now the New Testament bids us call God father, yet tells us, or seems to tell us, that if His children disobey Him, He will everlastingly burn them; will take them as a father might take his children in a room with a fire in it, and hold them in the fire for ever. The thing is so absurd as well as monstrous, that one is astonished how anybody, even out of a good intention, could ever have threatened it. But place it side by side with the paternal benevolence—interweave it with one of the child's loving and trusting speeches to the father—the Lord's Prayer, for instance—and see how it looks then: Our Father which art in heaven, *and which eternally burnest the children who disobey thee*, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, where we shall be as happy as we shall know *the others to be frantic with misery*. Thy will be done on earth, where thou biddest everybody to have pity, as it is in heaven, *where thy saints behold Dives burning and have no pity*.'*

Man's relation to Deity, as conceived by Mazzini as that of the source of the highest inspiration of duty—the relation to Deity as described by Professor Newman as one of aspiration, reverence, and instruction, is quite a different matter; but the relation of man to the God of Christianism is an essentially penal relation, one which can neither nurture the affections nor morals.

Had I been taught to conceive of Deity as either of the writers just named conceive of Him, I think it likely that I should never have ceased to hold Theism as true; and if it were not misleading to one's self to covet opinion, I could even wish to be able to share their convictions. But having once well parted from my early belief, I am free to inquire and resolute to know, and I seek for evidence which will not only satisfy my present judgment, but evidence with which I

* Leigh Hunt's 'Religion of the Heart.'

can defy the judgment of others. He who can supply me with this can command me.

We frequently meet with, in the writings of Theists, passages which express Netheism.* To us such passages are irreconcileable with the Theism of the writers, but to them such passages are in harmony with their general views. In their thoughts the reconcilement hidden from us is apparent. It would be gratuitous folly to charge such persons with having changed their opinions, because, on some points, we find them expressing others. Such instances of incidental agreement are no proofs of vital coincidence—they only show, what all should be glad to discover, that there is some common truth between opposing thinkers. The moment certain criticised passages the present writer has penned are viewed in this light, their supposed Theism vanishes.

An author is not always stating formal propositions. If his main business is the enforcement of some leading idea, he hastens on his way by ellipsis, and employs phrases of two interpretations, provided one of them in some salient way illustrates the matter in hand. But after him cometh the one-eyed critic, picking up all the latent, secondary, and unused meanings, which may possibly be found in his leading terms, and charges him with being the author of a theory of which he never dreamed, and of advocating the very opinions to which he is opposed.

Several critics have said that 'the last remnant of my religious belief was swept away by the imprisonment of a friend on account of his heresy,' because I used the expression that his persecution was 'the cradle of my doubts, and the grave of my religion,' and this has been interpreted into a confession of very premature Atheism; the interpreter overlooking the early part of the same sentence, in which I said I had ceased to be 'a believer in the humanising tendency of Christianity.' At this point I had merely given up Christianism, not Theism, and the language I employed said this clearly, and said no more.

Miss Collet begins a very eloquent passage with the anxious question, 'Is universal scepticism to supersede the worship of ages?' The question is old and vague, and the fear implied groundless. Atheism does not imply universal scepticism; but merely the scepticism of Theism. We all know that new ideas are ever superseding the old. The worship of pagan ages was overthrown by Christianity. The worship of Catholic ages was overthrown by Protestantism. The 'belief,' and 'balm,' and 'blessedness' of one period are at the mercy of new truths, which never fail to carry humanity cheerily on the path of progress. There is as much timidity

* 'Atheism expresses, not the denial, but the absence of God—*i.e.*, the absence of Him from our knowledge—or the absence of belief in God. Netheism, on the other hand, is the proper term for the negation of God—*i.e.*, the denial or disbelief of His existence. He who knows not God—who knows not, that is to say, whether or not God exist—may rightly be called an Atheist. He, on the other hand, who maintains that God does not exist, is, properly speaking, a Netheist. The distinction may be briefly expressed as that between privation and negation—between non-belief and disbelief.'—L. H. H.

in holding by old consolations as there is false conservatism in clinging to old errors.

In the Glasgow Discussion a passage (in which I see nothing to alter, and which certainly explains itself) ended with words to this effect:—If Nature, or the All, be conscious and moral, in this relative and ethical sense (not in the metaphysical or theological sense), Secularists 'might be considered religious. For if Secularism does not proceed upon the knowledge of a God Actual, it moves [in the ethical sense described] towards a God Possible.'

Certainly, I never shared that notion of Atheism so positive and dogmatic, as to declare that no other hypothesis of the universe is possible to be entertained. The ideas of the Infinite and the Universal can never be, or at least have never been, so sharply defined and permanently conceived, as to warrant us in declaring Theism, under any form, to be impossible. The difficulties of an absolute judgment here will be best understood by those who have passed from 'the fresh and blooming territory of life' to labour in 'the dark and misty land of abstractions.' So vast a subject as the Universe, with its countless aspects, perplexes the wisest, and defies the acutest, to bring its entire phenomena within the limits of one unassailable definition. An undogmatic Atheism, which I alone espouse, is one of Neutrality. In hours of meditation I confront with awe the great Mystery. I cannot utter the secret of Nature. Theism affects to explain it, but it never explains itself.

When pure Theists, as Mazzini and Professor Newman, explain their fine conception of God as the Deity of duty, or of moral aspiration, the imagination, borne on the golden wings of a reverence untinged by terror, soars into the radiant light of a possible God. But the Possible is not the Actual. Hope is not proof. Baffled speculation returns again to the Secular sphere, where, at least, this consolation awaits us, that we may learn how to live, though we may not know what to believe of the Universe. We may frame a Human Life, if not a Theological Creed.

If more is to be known, I will know it; but I will not pretend to know what is hidden, nor use terms which mean knowledge, but do not impart it. My confidence is in the truth, and my content is with the truth—however limited, however austere.

> 'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on!
> Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene—one step enough for me:'

provided that step be certain and progressive.

When the Theist speaks of the Personality of Nature, he is known to express a fact* of his creed. He conceives of Nature, as acting under the inspiration of God. The Atheist, however, who personifies Nature, merely uses the licence of the poet. It is known to be a

* Not a logical fact, but a Theo-logical fact. Very different species of facts these.

figure of speech, not a part of his theological belief. Thus Pope was no Pantheist, and had not in view to express Pantheism, in penning those lines, the most brilliant expression of Pantheism extant, commencing—

> 'All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.'

On one occasion I have said, 'Nature peoples space with glittering worlds, and fills land and sea with joyous life'—that from it 'we learn wisdom, order, and government.' On another occasion I remarked that 'light is given to us proportioned to our wants,' and that 'to reduce to practice what we know is the only means of attaining to a higher elevation.' These forms of expression Miss Collet has concluded to imply that Nature must be capable of 'purposing, willing, loving, and sustaining;' and, as the exercise of these qualities imply consciousness, that I virtually concede consciousness to Nature. This conclusion is a logical invention, not a legitimate inference. It is a conclusion from the literal interpretation of figurative expressions. To one interpreting terms thus arbitrarily, I should re-write the passages, which merely amount to this:—'Space is peopled with glittering planets. Land and sea are filled with joyous life. From the study of some of the operations of Nature we can learn wisdom, order, and government. In some respects light may be said to be proportioned to our wants. The practice of what we know reveals to us new realities and possibilities, and becomes the stepping-stones to higher elevation.' All these phenomena of life and experience are manifestations of Nature the material, the inscrutable, the inexplicable. At the bottom of all these—is there conscious action? That is the question and the secret—and that secret is not asserted—it is sought.

In another passage an assertion of Pantheism has been found, from which I had carefully excluded it. It would almost seem that meanings creep back again into my passages when my attention is turned from them. This is an instance:—I had said, 'One man believes God to be an abstract principle distinct from Nature—such I cannot understand. Another by God means Design—the mechanical God of Paley (or the artificer of William Howit), which philosophy itself has exploded. Others mean by God Light, or Life, or Law, or Love, or Truth. I believe in Light, and Life, and Law, and Love, and Truth; but I think it misleading to call either "God."' 'Yet,' exclaims one who is competent to weigh words, and candid to interpret them, 'what are Life and Love, when predicated of the Universe, but the attributes of a Pervading Consciousness?'* And this question is addressed to me, after I had just declared that I could call neither Life nor Love Deity—since to do so would be 'misleading'—that is, that it would be predicating them of the Universe.'

The same commentator next asks, 'Can he be justly called a

* Miss Collet's 'G. J. Holyoake and Modern Atheism,' p. 33.

Materialist who believes in Nature's Life? Is he an Atheist who believes in Nature's Love?' Yet I have expressly explained, when I used the phrase Bio-Cosmism in reply to Mr. Maccall, that I employed it in the limited sense of signifying Life *in* the Universe, not Life *of* the Universe; which is precisely the unascertained point which the Pantheist *assumes* and the Atheist *seeks*.

The *Christian Reformer* magazine, the *Christian Weekly News*, and other papers, have referred to Miss Collet's work as a satisfactory performance in criticising my opinions. Here let me notice that she herself says, 'It is the chief charge I have to bring against Mr. Holyoake's theological consistency, that he has left this point [the point just examined] in obscurity..... I think he is bound either to add a distinct acknowledgment of Nature's consciousness..... or to give an equally distinct explanation of the sense in which he attributes life, purpose, and love to the Universe, without supposing it to be aware that it lives, purposes, and loves.' All this is exactly what I have not done. It is this attributment against which I have guarded.

In order to make as clear as possible any meaning we may have to express, we present it in various lights, congruous but diverse. In return for this trouble we are charged with inconsistency by some writer, who, looking at the explanation of to-day, exclaims, 'Why, ten years ago you explained this matter in a different way;' and another, of more ancient memory, adds, 'Eighteen years since you used one word which you omit now.' Miss Collet is a critic of a very different description. She studies the spirit of what is said, and only errs when she misconceives it.

Our authoress has a theory of prayer, apart from physical efficiency, upon which she asks my opinion. I do not believe it, and do not dispute it. She says in a very happy phrase, 'Do you desire a physical good? you then must offer up a physical prayer.' This is a perfect Secular formula, and there is nothing practical to discuss after this is conceded.

In passing from Miss Collet's book my regret is lest, in having to object to some of its conclusions, I should lead the reader to suppose that I fail to appreciate its generous spirit and its fine ability. It is one of the most instructive professedly critical books, devoted to modern views of Atheism, which has been written. 'The Argument of Materialism' is particularly worthy the attention of readers. To many passages belongs the high praise, that they express essential thought, and express it so well that they will not need to be written again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TWO PROVIDENCES.

Science is the available Providence of Man. Absolute spiritual dependency in human affairs may involve material destruction. A general Providence is neutral in human affairs. Special Providence, if it ever acted, sleeps now. Science is the only Providence that acts. As there are two Christs in the New Testament, Christ the Gentle and Christ the Austere; so there are two Providences in theology, one who acts by general laws, and one who interposes in special cases. General Providence is the discovery of Philosophy. Special Providence is the ancient conception of superstition. This Special Providence, which has been by far the greatest power in popular religion, is rapidly retreating before the march of Science.

By science is understood those systems of rules and reasons for them, which direct the systematic operations of men. Science, in its broadest sense, includes art, which is its practical application. Science represents the available source of help to man, ever augmenting in proportion to his perspicacity, study, courage, and industry. We do not confound science with nature. Nature is the storehouse of riches, but when its spontaneous treasures are exhausted science enables us to renew them and to augment them. It is the well-devised method of using nature. It is in this sense that Science is the Providence of Man. It is not pretended that Science is a perfect dependence; on the contrary, it is admitted to be narrow and but partially developed; but though it should be represented as a limited dependence, we must not overlook the fact that it is the only special dependence that man has; and however infantine now, it is an ever-growing power.

The Theologian of this day will tell us that he, too, appreciates science; but between his estimate and that of the Cosmist there is a very marked difference. He places more dependence and a higher value upon it: the Theist regards it as inoperative without the Divine blessing; the Cosmist, on the contrary, considers its agency independent of every form of theological faith. If the natural philosopher judiciously compounds his chemicals he obtains a true result, whether he believes that the elements he experiments upon are self-existent or created. The arithmetician, whose divisor and dividend are both correct, is in a fair way of obtaining an exact quotient, although the calculator disbelieves all the Thirty-nine Articles. If a Mechanics' Institution is built after the working rules of Cubitt or Peto, it will stand as firmly as a church built by Pugin. The Crystal Palace, erected after the manner of Fox and Henderson, will not fall, though it be opened on a Sunday. The principles of science are independent of every theological creed. The laws of nature are not suspended by Collects or Conventicles; the same sun shines equally on the Theist and the Atheist.

The late Sidney Smith, the same who was Canon of St. Paul's, put on record this remarkable passage:—'The doctrine of the immediate and perpetual interference of Divine providence is not true. If two men travel the same road, the one to rob, the other to relieve a fellow-creature who is starving, will any but the most fanatic contend that they do not both run the same chance of falling over a stone and breaking their legs? And is it not matter of fact, that the robber often returns safe, and the just man sustains the injury? The man who places religion upon a false basis is the greatest enemy to religion. If victory is always to the just and good, how is the fortune of impious conquerors to be accounted for? Why do they erect dynasties and found families which last for centuries? The reflecting mind whom you have instructed in this manner, and for present effect only, naturally comes upon you hereafter with difficulties of this sort, and he finds that he has been deceived.' If, however, the impious tyrant succeeds, and bad men prosper, as we notice to be the case every day, we cannot ascribe this to Providence without discouraging all that virtue, which is built upon trust in Providence. If, then, the despot and the knave accomplish their end by a vigorous use of material appliances, it is clear that natural resources are independent of any form of religious faith, and the patriot and the honest man may hope to succeed by equal or greater vigour, whatever may be his speculative opinions. If it is contended that Providence does not interfere in human affairs in any way superseding human exertion, but nevertheless he does interfere—we ask, in what way does he interfere? at what instigation, and under what circumstances, does the operation commence? In one of those few metropolitan pulpits where sacredness of pretension does not protect any statement from searching inquiry, I once heard a distinguished metropolitan preacher* examine the statement made, I believe, by Judge Parke, that the arm of Oxford—the man who, about that time, attempted to shoot Her Majesty—had been diverted by Providence. The preacher said:—'Had the statement been made in the pulpit it might have passed; but being made in a law-court, where the speaker was supposed to confine himself to facts and to evidence, it was calculated to arouse curiosity; and he (the preacher) had carefully looked into the evidence given on the trial, but had not found any witness who deposed to the interference of Providence.' Did Providence bend the pistol barrel? Did Providence rust the lock, or damp the powder, or play false with the percussion cap? Did he palsy the arm of the would-be regicide, or cause a tremor of body, or a misgiving of mind, or a dimness of sight, that prevented the needful steadiness of aim? Did he cause the ground under the foot of the criminal to give way? Were the horses at that moment startled, and the royal party jerked out of the line of danger? Was the coachman forewarned of the approaching catastrophe? Did a presentiment seize the guards, so that timely precautions were adopted? What gunmaker, chemist, geologist, physician, or metaphysician,

* W. J. Fox, M.P., then of South Place Chapel, Finsbury.

veterinary surgeon, or bystander, detected any such interposition, and deposed to the fact? If none, the judge departed from legal custom, in making his declaration, and we must look to human contingencies alone to account for the fortunate result.

Scientific pursuits once authorised, scientific habits come to be cultivated; facts assume a guiding importance. The thinker acquires confidence and courage in the resources of science; he perceives the predominance of reason, and he learns to trust it throughout. He respects reason while it agrees with theological dogmas, and he respects it equally when it does not. If reason or science come into collision with Scripture, Scripture has to give way. The Theist makes the Bible the judge of reason; the Rationalist makes reason the judge of the Bible, and thus gives reason the preference over faith. Of the two Providences of which we hear from the pulpits—the Providence of nature and the Providence of man—the Providence of nature acts by general and not by special laws—he is practically the God *of* this world, and not God *in* this world. The Providence man needs, the Providence the old theologies gave him, was a personal Providence, an available help. Such a Providence is science. Now what advantage has this view? The answer is echoed from every corner of life. Who is not weary of the perpetual appeals to the God of Battles in the presence of the defeat of the most righteous causes? How is it that liberty is in chains all over Europe, if God be still interposing in human affairs? If the olden doctrine were true, if our brother's blood still cried to God from the ground, the patriot would be released from the dungeon, and the tyrant would descend from the throne he has polluted; if it were true, Poland would be a nation again, Mazzini would rule in Italy, and Napoleon III. would be again in exile.

When we first used the phrase 'Science is the providence of man,' it was counted a daring and an impious formula, but important Christian organs have since partially adopted it. The *London Quarterly Review* in its article on 'Secularism: its Logic and Appeals,' has this remarkable passage:—'Science does much for man..... It furnishes man directly with means for promoting his material well-being. Science, rightly applied, enables us to take care of our health, to ward off danger, and, not unfrequently, is instrumental in rescuing us from peril when involved in it. Every miner who carries with him a Davy's safety-lamp into the atmosphere of fire-damp where he labours; every life-boat that makes its way, like an angel of mercy, to the sinking ship, and rescues the crew from a watery grave; every railway passenger that carries in his pocket a life-insurance ticket; all such expedients as these are illustrations of the truth, that in science there is a providence for man. It was not left to our Secularists to discover this, nor is it a principle peculiar to their teaching. Every sick person who has sent for a physician, every householder who has taken the precaution to guard his dwelling against the lightning's stroke, has, in the sense of science supplying us with

means for securing material well-being, acted on the belief, that in science there is a Providence.'

'Not left for us to discover this!' Certainly the originators of the doctrine were those always charged by the Church with standing on the Freethinking side. It was left to them to discover it, and to us to say it.

There is hardly any feature in theology so seductive as the doctrine of a special Providence. All popular theological success depends upon telling all orders of people that there is One in heaven who cares for them, that every prayer will be answered, that every hair of their heads is numbered, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without their heavenly Father's knowledge, and are not they worth more than many sparrows? Have we not everywhere the amazing seduction of this doctrine, teaching in every part of the land this kind of spiritual dependence? But if this dependence be ideal, where are the consolations of religion? What help has the Theist which the Atheist has not also? In the hour of danger one has no advantage over the other. Yet theologians very generally maintain the delusion in their congregations, though obliged to abandon it in controversy.

By science is meant those methodised agencies which are at our command—that systematised knowledge which enables us to use the powers of nature for human benefit. Spiritual dependency implies application to heaven by prayer, expecting that help will thus come to us. The Rev. Newman Hall, at a late meeting of Congregational dissenters, declared that 'the efficacy of prayer was a fundamental principle of Indepedency.' Whoever holds that Providence interferes in human affairs, discourages human exertion. Hear what this doctrine of the efficacy of prayer amounts to in the language of the Rev. Sidney Smith: 'A belief that Providence interferes in all little actions, refers all merit and de-merit to bad and good fortune, and causes the successful man to be always considered as a good man, and the unhappy man as an object of divine vengeance. It furnishes ignorant and designing men with power which is sure to be abused. The cry of "a judgment! a judgment!" it is always easy to make, but not easy to resist. It encourages the grossest superstition; for if Deity rewards and punishes on every slight occasion, it is quite impossible but that such a helpless being as man will set himself to work and discover the intentions of heaven in the appearances of outward nature, and to apply all the phenomena of thunder and lightning, and wind, and every striking appearance to the regulation of his own conduct; just as the poor Methodist, when he rode into Piccadilly in a thunder-storm, imagined that all the uproar of the elements was a hint to him not to preach in Mr. Romaine's chapel. This doctrine of theocracy must place an excessive power in the hands of the clergy. It applies so instantly and so tremendously to men's hopes and fears, that it must make the priest omnipotent over the people, as it always has done where it has been established. It

has [mark these words] a great tendency to check human exertion and to prevent the employment of those secondary means of effecting an object which are at our disposal.'

Some of the solemnest words of the New Testament assure the humble believer that our heavenly Father watches over us, his creatures—an ever-present help in time of need. The deepest, the most personal consolation of Christianity consists in that fact; and yet if that doctrine of divine interference be not true, those consolations are no consolations at all. It is useless to hold that Providence does not interpose in the little actions of life—which little actions, remember, make up the sum of existence of the mass of mankind—for if Heaven do not vouchsafe special care for us in little things, we cannot be wrong in telling mankind to take care of themselves. Now it is not needful to contend that prayer never had any efficacy—it may have been the source of material advantage once, but the question is, will it bring material aid now? It is in vain that the miner descends into the earth with a prayer on his lips unless he carries a Davy lamp in his hand. A ship-load of clergymen would be in danger of perishing if you suffer the Amazon once to take fire. During the prevalence of a pestilence an hospital is of more value than a college of theologians. When the cholera visitation is near, the Physician, and not the Priest, is our best dependence; and those whom medical aid cannot save must inevitably die. Is it not, therefor, merciful to say, that science is the Providence of life? W. J. Birch, in his 'Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere,' recites an impressive passage between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Margaret. Queen Elizabeth, in her maternal anxiety for the welfare of her children, finds consolation in depending upon God, and exclaims:—

> 'Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
> And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
> When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?'

To this eloquent and passionate appeal, Margaret from her larger experience answers in words which crush all hope, and to which there is no answer, 'God has done it'—

> 'When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.'

This is, no doubt, at first sight a sad and desolating discovery to those who have been cradled in supernatural dependency; but how much more desolating is the delusion when the discovery of it first breaks upon us over the grave! Does any one ask what benefits would flow from the true doctrine? Why the place of the Religious Tract Society might be supplied by a Scientific Tract Society: it would be well with us were our Churches and Chapels converted into Temples of Science. One would think that he who is said to be the God of Nature could not be displeased that his creatures, even on the Sabbath-day, should be made acquainted with the works of nature. Prayers quite as holy might ascend from the Laboratory as ever

ascended from the Vestry. To make men wise and liberal, which is the tendency of all science, would surely be as sweet a tribute to the skies as to make them—as they often now are made—sour and exclusive by clerical ministration. We learn to judge from experience, and choose between Prayer and Science. The whole science of political economy is a scientific protest against the popular trust in Providence. The fact of a million of our Irish brethren lately perishing of famine, has exploded for ever the popular belief of Englishmen, that where God sends mouths he also sends meat. Of old there was a sublime dependence of the aged on Providence. How sweet was the trust of the young man who remembered his Creator in the days of his youth, that it might be well with him in the land! But how have our Poor-houses bitterly dissipated this delusion! Every church is now connected with an Assurance Office; and the whole race of Actuaries are active opponents of trust in Providence. Mr Neison does more to discountenance it in a single month than Dr. Cumming will be able to undo in his whole life. The estimate of Prayer among men of business answers to the description of it given in Pope's Homer. Prayer, which should precede us in order to save us, can only scream after the mischief is over:

> 'Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
> Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
> With humble mien and with dejected eyes,
> Constant they *follow* where injustice flies;
> Injustice swift, erect, and unconfined,
> Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind.'

The advantage of this doctrine is the advantage of being undeceived. Does any man say that the doctrine of providential interference is an agreeable one, and that he prefers to believe it? To such I have no message. Those who reason so are looking for comfort, and not for truth. He who on stepping into a leaky vessel that could not weather the storm, would rather not be told that inconvenient truth, is not a person entitled to be saved. But in the great voyage of life, if the theological vessel of special interposition will not keep out the water of danger, we say rather, let us know the truth, that we may seek the vessel of science that may do it. To speak what we suppose to be the truth in self-protection is not blasphemy—it is merely honest warning; it is not 'portentous heroism,'* but prudence. But it is said we are without God in the world; but remember if it be so, that it is not our fault. We would rather that the old theories were true, and that light could be had in darkness and help in the hour of danger. It better comports with human feebleness and harsh destiny that it should be so. But if the doctrine be not true, surely it is better that we know it. Could the doctrine of divine aid be reduced to intelligible conditions, religion would be reinstated in its ancien influence. For a reasonable certainty and an unfailing trust, men

* A phrase of John Foster's.

would fulfil any conditions possible to humanity. Faith no longer supplies implicit confidence, and the practical tone of our day is impatient of that teaching which keeps the word of promise to the ear and breaks it to the hope.

Could we keep before us the first sad view of life which breaks in upon the working man, whether he be a white slave or a black one, we should be able to see self-trust from a more advantageous point. We should learn at once sternness and moderation. Do we not find ourselves at once in an armed world where Might is God and Poverty is fettered? Every stick and stone, every blade of grass, every bird and flower, every penniless man, woman, and child, has an owner in this England of ours no less than in New Orleans. The bayonet or baton bristles round every altar, at the corner of every lane and every street. Effort, in its moral and energetic sense, is the only study worth a moment's attention by the workman or the slave. What weaknesses are mankind reduced to by the conventionalisms of opinion! Were men intellectually resolute, instead of mourning when disaster comes, they would watch with relentless vigilance the purport of that teaching which, however well intended, whispers in the ears of childhood those fatal lessons of spiritual dependence which end in all the treachery of material destruction. If Providence does not interfere in human affairs, why is it not said so openly and explicitly? and if once confessed, it would be a confession of the prudence and rightfulness of a strictly secular course. It has long seemed to me the most serious libel on the character of Deity to assume for one moment that he interferes in human exigencies. A mountain of desolating facts rises up to shame into silence the hazardous supposition. Was not the whole land convulsed with horror at the fate of the Amazon, when Eliot Warburton perished? There was not a wretch in the whole country, whose slumbering humanity would not have been aroused in the presence of that dismal catastrophe. Hardly a felon could have heard the story without sighing for power to render aid. The noble and impatient speech of Miranda to Prospero, when she saw a shipwreck of another kind, leaped at once to the nation's tongue:

> 'If by your art, my dearest Father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
> The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch
> But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
> Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
> With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
> Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
> Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
> Against my very heart! Poor Souls, they perished!
> Had I been any God of power I would
> Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
> It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
> The freighting souls within her.'

This is the natural thought of every onlooker under such circumstances. Nor do I see how any one, in the face of such facts, can hold that there is a special providence without proclaiming it to be of limited power or of limited humanity, or owning that the Divine administration of this world is conducted on principles inapplicable and inexplicable to humanity, and is at once beyond our criticism, and therefore incapable of affording us instruction.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSCIENTIOUS SCEPTICISM.

Ancient Freethinking, busied with the necessity of self-defence—combating implacable enemies, who denied it opportunity of assertion, had enough to do to maintain the truth of its propositions and the liberties of its defenders. In its emergency it forgot or neglected to notice that the advocate has not only to assert the truth, but to justify it. In the development of opinion you have three things to do, according to the quality of your opponents. *To the philosopher, you have to prove it to be true; to the statesman, to be useful; to the Christian, that it is safe.* This last case Freethought has somewhat neglected. Satisfied of the purity of its own intentions, it has not taken sufficient care to make these intentions clear to others. Man is not made up of reason alone, and it does not do to trust implicitly to the mere force of argument. However reasonable is the position you occupy, you must take adequate care to remove that fear which will prevent the force of reason from operating. It is in vain that you prove a given proposition is true to a man who considers it a *dangerous* thing to believe it. It will be in vain that you develop a new philosophy—none will draw near to examine it who think it a crime to adopt it. But once make it clear that all conscientious opinion is morally innocent, and you justify inquirers on the threshold; men will begin to examine where they are persuaded that honest conviction can involve no personal guilt. Logical propriety will only satisfy the highest order of minds; the ordinary believer asks, 'Will logic justify me in the sight of God?' The common orthodox conscience of the country seldom judges opinion upon its intrinsic ground. Before God every man is justified by sincerity alone. It is not faith but sincerity which really lies at the foundation of the Christian's satisfaction. The Mahomedan is quite as satisfied of his acceptance before God as any Evangelical Dissenter in England, or Presbyterian in Scotland. The Roman Catholic has as deep and as abiding an assurance of God's approbation as any Protestant, and probably the Jew has fewer misgivings than any one else. It is plainly not agreement in belief, but commonness of right intention; which gives that incommunicable peace to the conscientious, 'which passes all understanding.'

By sincerity we do not mean indifference, vagueness, or routine, or

common-place feeling, or conventional assent. Sincerity implies active consciousness—it implies intelligence, examination, seriousness, conscientiousness, and determined conviction. A sincere man is one who has looked at both sides of a question—who has given his best powers to discover the truth, and who consciously adopts the conclusion to which he has come, and seriously avows it for the possible good of others. If any man really thought there was a better way than the one he takes, he is not a sincere man in taking the one he does. For sincerity means the best, and does the best it can. A sincere man believes that the opinion he holds is the true one; for if any other opinion seems true to him, he is not sincere in holding the one he professes. The essence of sincerity is a certain sense of duty in the opinion held, the thought declared, or the course pursued. Sincerity is absolute, single-minded, and necessitated. It sees but one thing, and it adopts it. It sees but one course open, and it takes it. A sincere man is one who cannot but be what he is. He is one who means the truth, and is faithful to what he believes to be the truth. We say that God, if he exists, will accept the man who is sincere, let his fallibility be great as it may. Sincerity is the truest justification. Sincerity is not infallibility. A sincere opinion is not always a right opinion. But he who is sincerely in the wrong is an object, more of pity than scorn.* Sincerity, whether produced by organisation, by circumstance, or conviction, is the true principle of justification—is that sentiment which exonerates from moral guilt, and awakens esteem and respect in others.

Weigh well this question of sincerity, because there can be no foundation for good-will till that is settled. So long as the Theist labours under the impression that all who dissent from him have corrupt hearts and perverse intellects, he will distrust them or despise them. So long as he believes that Atheistical errors cannot be honest, or that they involve eternal punishment, he must regard such views with terror. All communion with Atheists will be hypocritical, suspicious, or impossible. For myself, I will not willingly listen to any man, be he Apostle or be he Minister, that regards me so; and, above all things, I would desire never to embrace that religion which would endow me with these terrible and hateful feelings towards my fellow-men. We want to found good feelings on higher grounds than that of *charity*. We decline to be accepted as co-workers on sufferance. We want to take a recognised and free place in the work of society. To this end, it is right we should show our fitness. As there must be a recognition of nationalities before a common federation of nations is possible, so there must be the recognition of the presumptive integrity of individuals, before public intercourse with them is possible. While our views are believed to be conceived in guilt, held in hypocrisy, and fraught with eternal danger, we shall be regarded with suspicion,

* Lord Raglan, by not pushing on to Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, sacrificed 10,000 lives. The nation pardoned his honest error. His sincere feebleness saved him from being regarded as a monster.

Persecution inevitable among all who do not recognise the sincerity of dissent.

treated with contempt, and shunned in private and in public. The doctrine which assumes moral guiltiness in difference of opinion, is the soul of persecution, and wherever this doctrine is held there will be persecution, whatever may be intended or said to the contrary. We know, therefore, that the recognition of the possible integrity of intelligent sceptics, is the first condition of federation, even on political and neutral questions.

Some Theists will admit—as the Rev. Dr. Ackworth, President of Horton College, once admitted to me in discussion in Bradford—that God will not hold a man guilty, provided his rejection of Theism be sincere; but they neutralise the value of this admission by holding, as Dr. Ackworth held, that no intelligent unbeliever *can* be sincere. Or if they allow, as the Rev. Mr. Pearson does in his Prize Essay on Infidelity, that Atheism possibly may be sincere, they ascribe it to some disease of the heart—to some wilful 'repression of the moral instincts.' The point, therefore, is—Is conscientious disbelief possible? and if possible, is it healthy and justifiable?

A man who has never been informed of any given opinions, of course, would stand excused before God for not believing in them. A man who is without capacity to understand any given opinion, can hardly be held responsible because he has not adopted it. Absolute ignorance, or hopeless dulness, absolves a man from guilt. If such do not believe, it is more their misfortune than their fault. But we may be told that ignorance may be wilful, and incapacity may be the result of want of application. We are aware of it. Some do not care to know, and some do not care to exert themselves to understand. Such we do not defend. Let us not embarrass our argument by the cases of the wilful or the perverse. These we abandon. Scold them as you please, and scold them if you can into action and good sense, and we will rejoice in your success. Our concern is with the sincere —with those who have earnestness and intelligence, but who disbelieve because they are not satisfied with the weight of evidence on the side of Theism.

That such sincere disbelief is possible, we prove in three ways:— By the evidence of martyrdom, by the evidence of philosophy, and by the assumption of preachers. We owe to the courage and contumacy of Luther the establishment of the suspicion that difference of religious opinion might be a matter of conviction. The noble army of Protestants who died on his side, wrote in their blood, on the walls of Europe, the declaration that individual judgment is the attribute of freemen. After him the unyielding martyrs of Dissent taught the public, some by the purity of their lives, others by their manfulness in suffering, that divers forms of disagreement on religious points might be held with integrity, and maintained with honour. The sectarian prejudices and religious eccentricities of John Bunyan were indeed calculated to bring the right of private judgment itself into contempt, but few could doubt the sincerity of the man who never gave way during twelve years' imprisonment. It is easy to see with

what dismay the friends of rational religion, who had just conquered the Roman Catholic despotism of ten centuries' growth, viewed the amazing vagaries of George Fox, and his utterly intractable followers. The Quakers must have done more to damage Protestantism, and create a reaction in favour of Catholicism, than all the followers of Loyola could accomplish. Yet, when men looked on their iron resolution and unswerving endurance, it was confessed that, if they were frantically wrong, they were manfully honest.

The early churches, conceiving themselves composed of the only spiritually-minded persons, naturally held that the rejection of Christian doctrine arose from 'a carnal mind, which is at enmity against God, (Rom. viii. 7), and, accustomed to trace all differences of opinion as to the soundness of their creeds to the suggestion of the devil, the early churches necessarily supposed that none but bad men could question, doubt, or reject established articles of faith. A theological disbeliever has in no age been respected as sincere. The saints have regarded honest scepticism as impossible. Even Unitarians have been condemned. Sincerity, pure, brave, and faithful unto death, has been counted as criminal obstinacy, or only as a worse form of the disease of doubt. Hence, the Roman Catholic Church has doomed the Protestant to eternal perdition, and the Protestant Church has pronounced the Dissenter 'damnable.' It has cost ages of suffering and rivers of blood to teach Europe the dim possibility of the religious reformer being honest. If the general truth is now admitted, the facts of the induction have been gathered at the stocks, the pillory, and the stake.

When conscience, blind but brave, had done its work, there was room for philosophy to demonstrate what was wanted to perfect the victory over the Church—viz., to demonstrate that conviction is governed by evidence, and that, since men differ naturally in capacity and knowledge, belief and disbelief must vary according to a man's power of conceiving the dogmas of the churches, or his opportunities of investigating the grounds on which they rest. When at length this was shown, it began to be perceived that belief, doubt, or disbelief, might be equally honourable, where they were equally conscientious. Difference of opinion being once recognised as a possible and innocent phenomenon, it became the subject of classification. The rule has been extended to Freethinkers, and few well-informed Theists are now guilty of the rudeness of designating men by the first negligent epithet which bigotry remembers, or antagonism invents.

When the proposition of belief in Theism is presented to a man, his rejection of it is found to depend upon the state of his feelings, knowledge, or capacity—upon the attractiveness of the subject, and the weight of evidence in its favour presented to him. The clergy do not admit this in words, but they do in practice, as may be seen in the careful selection of their arguments, and garniture of their themes when addressing different classes of people, which is a tacit admission that scepticism is not altogether a matter of wickedness or wilfulness,

but has somewhat of an intellectual origin. No intelligent preacher, engaged in the work of conversion, would address the same sermon to the Roman Catholic and the Unitarian, to the Swedenborgian and the Mormonite. But if all unbelief is mere matter of personal wilfulness and deliberate caprice, this consideration is utterly superfluous. If no honest and sincere intellectual differences are perceived, all intellectual adaptations are mere mistakes or hypocrisies. Every wise and earnest preacher assumes two things—that sectarianism is real, and that the will is amenable to the law of evidence; for if the people can disbelieve, of their free-will, whatever the preacher may say, it does not matter what he says. He may as well say one thing as another. Without descending into metaphysical mazes, it may be shown that there are clear laws of thought—plain and imperious. The healthy and open eye must see all objects plainly within the sphere of its vision. The perfect and listening ear cannot help but hear whatever audible utterances are made near it; and, in the same manner, the sound and attentive understanding cannot help but discern the relationship of evidence in a proposition which is clearly stated, clearly understood, and fairly proved; and if one side of the scale of proof is weighed down by facts, the judgment necessarily concludes that the greater weight of truth lies there also. To use the words of Emerson —if we hold up the facts of Nature in the order of nature, the mind which perceives them can never go back. With the open eye we cannot see what we will—we must see what is present; with the open ear we cannot, at caprice, change the sounds which are made; nor with the open understanding can we resist the evidence which is palpable. Evidence is a despot, which takes captive all judgments by its own force. All intellectual convictions are absolute—and what is absolute is sincere, and what is absolute is inevitable, and what is inevitable is not punishable. It may be erroneous, but it is not criminal; it may be a misfortune, but it is not a fault.

The next consideration is—Can theological truth vary in its impressibility on honest and intelligent inquirers? Can religious propositions present different degrees of evidence to different minds? May different convictions exist among sincere persons? We say, Yes. If not, how are we to account for the different religious sects which exist around us? Are they all hypocrites? If all are not hypocrites, which has the right to call itself sincere and others false? If sects can believe as they like, why do they not all agree together, and present us with what the world would be edified to see—the spectacle of a united Church subscribing to one creed, obeying one discipline, and worshipping in one manner? Is not the Roman Catholic as sincere as the Protestant, and the Unitarian as sincere as the Dissenter? If each sect declares the other to be insincere, why should the public believe the word of any of them? But if each asserts its convictions to be honest, why should the same claim be disallowed the Atheist? If one sect may sincerely differ from all other sects, why may not the Atheist differ from them all? And if God only respects uniformity

of faith, only one sect can be saved. But if each sect expects to be saved, it is because each sect secretly believes that God will prefer earnestness to sameness, and count sincerity as the true justification—which will include the Athiest as well as the Theist.

In stating the argument of the present chapter, it is of importance to keep it as narrow as possible. Where the admission sought is a very important one, the grounds for it ought to be wholly and entirely before the judgment of the reader, that he may be able to see all and test every thing, and be fully conscious of what he admits. To assault an inquirer in the darkest part of his mind, where he can ill discern the form or quality of the proposition which attacks him, is a species of logical assassination. To take a man's judgment unawares, or to silence him by confusing him, is fencing, not teaching. You may win a man by a trick, but you can only hold him by the truth—openly and frankly explained.

At the point at which we have arrived, many would admit that sceptical sincerity is posssible, and that sincerity is not punishable as such; but they are startled by being told that if no man ought to be punished on account of sincere disbelief, that the sincere thief and the sincere murderer ought to go free. We answer first, that they do go comparatively free; wherever it is shown that thieving and murder occur under hallucinations of there being some rightfulness or necessity in it, judges mitigate the punishment to mere detention. But there is another answer: thieves and murderers are not sincere, and therefore we need not trouble about them.

'How do we prove murderers and thieves not to be sincere?' When we find a thief who is willing to be robbed, and a murderer willing to be killed, we may conclude these gentlemen to be sincere. When any man directly injures another, you can soon tell whether it is sentiment run mad, or only villany exercising itself. In either case, if the act is opposed to the law, the law puts it down, and ought to put it down. The case here stated is that of opinion, not of conduct. Opinion is to be corrected by reason, conduct by the civil magistrate. If an action is wrong, let it be tried by the judge—if an opinion is wrong, let it be tried by facts. Those who have never thought, those who are not in earnest as to their unbelief, we have not considered, and do not defend. The men of no conscience, and of no serious opinions, are not included in this argument. The clergy may estimate them as they please, and censure them as they like. If the indifferent need defence, let them defend themselves—the necessity may lead them to adopt some fixed opinions. In this argument, we neither justify villains nor idlers, but the honest and the earnest. If you show that opinions are inevitable in certain states of knowledge and understanding, you show that they are innocently held. But however innocently acquired, they may be erroneous in their nature, and pernicious in their influence. This we admit. Our argument is not, that because a man is

sincere, therefore he is infallible. Very many Christians have been sincere, but very few Christians have been altogether in the right. We do not argue that conscience is infallible—only that it is innocent. Our argument is not that Atheistical principles must be right—only that they may be sincere. It is nowhere *here* assumed that Atheistic sentiments are true—only that there is some reason for them. The reason for them may not establish them, but it may account for them, so far as to show that men do not necessarily come by them wickedly, nor hold them from criminal intentions.

Sureness of principles depends on the balance of proof—the mind is swayed by it. It is not wilfulness, nor obstinacy, nor stiff-neckedness, which has been the author of these different opinions; they have originated in different powers of understanding. One eminently competent to state the case, says—'When we talk of the submission of our belief, we employ a metaphor which is deceptive and mischievous. Belief cannot submit; belief is an act of the understanding..... belief is perfectly involuntary, and is determined by evidence..... There is but one way in which a renunciation of belief can take place—viz., by presenting a balance of proof against it: the impression of one set of evidence cannot be overpowered but by the stronger impression of opposite evidence, and this is all that can be meant by the submission of reason: it is the exchange of one judgment of the mind for another which seems better supported.'*

The Roman Catholic and the Protestant, the Baptist and the Swedenborgian, the Theist and the Panthiest, has each his reasons for his faith. Peculiar training, peculiar reading, special capacity, and special opportunities, have determined the opinions of each. The Eternal City, towards which men walk, has its gates open to all who are earnest. It matters not by what road you come, nor in what dress you appear—the pass-word at the gate of Truth is *Sincerity*. Provided men walk in the spirit of virtue, it matters not whether they derive their inspiration from Nature, or Reason, or the Bible. It is not uniformity of faith that the God of Individuality and Progress would require of men, but the love of truth and well-intended conduct. If uniformity of faith is required of men, nobody will be saved; for there is not, and never was, uniformity of faith. If the *true* faith alone can save us, we are committed to distraction, for no man knoweth which the true faith is. But if we have the courage to see that salvation can only come by sincerity, the universal Church of Truth already exists, and the Earnest of all Creeds, in all climes, are Worshippers; and religious bigotry, and exclusiveness, and anger, and terror, and strife, cease for ever among sects.

The argument of these pages, we repeat, is neutral. It does not contend for the truth of Atheistical views. It merely maintains that such may be held sincerely. If we ask exoneration, ourselves, from blame, we at the same time exonerate the clergy from accusation. The

* James Martineau.

same line of argument which establishes our innocence, establishes their integrity. It was these considerations which suggested to us that policy which pledges us, as far as possible, to avoid the imputative word, and to respect, as a matter of intellectual honesty, the good intentions of others. Theists have insisted that this policy proceeds from a hypocrisy which would pretend to a fairness we do not study, or from a weakness which would conciliate their anger. I trust we shall ever be too independent to descend to hypocrisy, and too observant of justice to need to conciliate anybody's rage.

The exact communication of thought is the real difficulty of all rhetoric. It is the highest effort of art to enable another to see a truth as we see it, to conceive a principle as we conceive it. The plainest facts are constantly misapprehended, and where the senses may deceive us, language is much more likely to mislead. It requires not only honesty, but capacity to be exact. The wonder is, not that men misunderstand each other; it is rather marvellous that there are not more mistakes. But to put these differences of opinion down to intention, upon mere conjecture, is a mark of vulgarity and blindness which only infest the lowest order of life. Man, in his dishonourable impatience to accuse, may refuse or neglect to discriminate; but God, we dare not doubt, will be more just. Nothing is gained by making out a harsher case against any body of men than moderate truth will justify. It is the custom of all, where the feelings are not chastened by strong and active reason, to accuse opponents of bad designs. Most partisans do this. Scientific men accuse each other. Medical practitioners deny the good intentions of the innovator in the art of restoring health. One discoverer calumniates another. No wonder, then, that the Theist, especially in the early ages, should do what so many less zealous persons do to this day. It is very difficult for any man to understand that his most earnest opinions may be ill-founded. He has considerably advanced in personal and intellectual cultivation, who has learned that there are two sides to every question. A Christian Theist is less likely than other men to see this truth, as he is expressly taught that there is but one side, and that that is the side on which he stands—that there is but one way to heaven, and that is the way in which he walks. A scientific expounder, although he will consider that his opponent is very absurd, will yet admit that he may have some evidence on his side, although insufficient to justify his conclusions. But a Christian will not allow that his opponent has any evidence whatever on his side. The dogmatism of the Christian is more dangerous and more violent than that of any philosopher, because the Christian is taught that fearful and eternal consequences attach to his being in the wrong. With the philosopher, a disputed point is a question of truth or error; with the Christian, a question of life or death. The philosopher calculates his consequences for time; the Christian is alarmed for eternity. No wonder, then, that the Christian maintains his opinions in proportion to his terror, rather than in proportion to his reason. Afraid to think, where doubt

may be death, he rarely knows, nor wants to know, what can be opposed to his conclusions. Thinking, therefore, lightly of that evidence which he has never earnestly investigated, he takes it for granted that the non-believer wilfully rejects 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' and boldly expresses his conviction that his opponent not only errs, but errs designedly—that he is not only bad, but dangerous.

Into such frightful uncharitableness are good men betrayed, who do not comprehend that conscience is not always infallible—that conviction is not always the truth—that error is not always wilful—and that the most honourable zeal may become injustice unless reason takes care of it. It is said of Murat, that a battle-field was his passion, that a charge of cavalry was his intensest form of life, that his consolation was, that he never had seen a human being fall before him by a blow from his hand. It was probable that, in the charges he made, men may have fallen beneath his horse; 'but,' said he 'if I had slain a man with my hand, his image would have been ever present to my mind, and would have pursued me to the grave.' So it is with many sincere Christians. They would shrink from an act of cruelty. An unjust word consciously uttered by them would be a reproach to them on their dying bed. Yet they will hurl epithets at whole bodies of men, which shall deprive their fellow-creatures—as conscientious as themselves—of social reputation, personal esteem, and civil rights. And because they have neither seen the consequences with their own eyes, nor traced the wrong to their own hands, like Murat, they take 'consolation.'

It will be seen from the foregoing that we maintain the truth of several propositions.

That conscience is an educated and active sense of right and wrong.

That a conscientious belief is a real belief, entertained because it is felt to be true, and arrived at because it is seen to be useful. By conscience, a Christian Theist understands a sense of right or wrong, founded upon the will of God. But, as conscience existed before Christianity, we take conscience to mean a man's deepest sense of right and wrong, founded upon truth and nature.

That God will not punish sincerity. There is no argument needed to prove this. The Churches in this day dare not assert that He will condemn the truthful. Between the judgments of men and those of Deity there is, therefore, harmony so far.

The argument of this chapter neither asserts nor denies the existence of God—it merely assumes that if God exists he is a just God, in the highest human sense of justice and humanity, and will not act in a manner that would outrage the purest moral sense of his creatures.

This argument takes the orthodox Theist on his own ground. Supposing Deity to exist, and to finally judge the world—the question is, on what principle will a man be justified who may be called upon to render an account of his conduct. We answer, the true plea that he has been sincere, and acted according to his convictions of truth.

The point proved, or sought to be proved, is that no sincere opinion, orthodox, sectarian, dissenting, sceptical, or atheistic, can lead to eternal perdition. It may lead to injury and misery here, it may be erroneous and pernicious—but if sincerely held, God will not visit upon the holder any special, additional, or superadded punishment for holding it. All Nature's punishments are inherent.

If a man, by following out a sincere opinion, commits an injurious or illegal act, that is an affair of the magistrate. The law takes care of conduct—God judges motives. God does not need to punish conduct at a tribunal like a frail and weak magistrate. Man cannot make laws which will be their own punishment whenever they are broken. The God of Theology can. Whoever breaks the law of God or Nature, suffers for it from that moment. Nature wants no magistrate—it employs no policeman. It executes instantly, universally, and eternally its own penalties on all who disregard its laws. It vindicates itself against both the ignorant and the wilful.

The educational rule educed from the argument is impartial. It says to each party, If you wish to convert, educate, not denounce. Sincerity is intellectual, and is to be changed by reason, not by scolding. So long ago as 1825, Lord Brougham, in his inaugural address, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—a time and a place where one would least expect such sentiments—said :—

'The day of liberality and enlightenment is at length come, and must put to sudden flight the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution which haunted the long night now gone down the sky. As men will no longer suffer themselves to be led blindfolded in ignorance, so will they no more yield to the vile principle [still the clerical principle] of judging and treating their fellow-creatures, not according to the intrinsic merit of their actions, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence of their opinions. The Great Truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, THAT MAN SHALL NO MORE RENDER ACCOUNT TO MAN FOR HIS BELIEF, OVER WHICH HE HAS HIMSELF NO CONTROL. Henceforth, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature. Henceforth, treating with entire respect those who conscientiously differ from ourselves, the only practical effect of the difference will be, to make us enlighten the ignorance on one side or the other from which it springs, by instructing them, if it be theirs; ourselves, if it be our own, to the end that the only kind of unanimity may be produced which is desirable among rational beings—the agreement proceeding from full conviction after the freest discussion.'*

Heresy is no sin,† and the profession of disbelief is a duty on the part of all who entertain it. Fetishism, Polytheism, Superstition, are

* April 6th, 1825.

† Truth can have no confirmations, except as we attain some power of detecting error. Therefore, without a development of incredulity, there can be no single step towards wisdom and permanent knowledge.—Professor Newman. 'The Soul'—p. 2. 4th Ed.

little troubled with sceptics. It is only in the lowest state of society that men believe alike. Grossness is essential to credulity. As soon as men begin to think, they begin to differ. Truth is a distant goal with hidden paths to it, and as soon as men become intelligent enough to seek the truth, they set out on different paths to find it. Their difference of opinion is the only chance of making the true discovery. Were they all to form one opinion, they would all go one road; and unless they were all infallible at first, and took the right road at once, it is plain they might all go to destruction. Hence a relative scepticism is the source of national safety. All progress is effected by scepticism. The men who are leading us on to a better future, to scientific discoveries, and to higher civilisation, are men who are sceptical as to the principles now accepted as final by the uninquiring. Hence judicious Doubt is the parent of Progress. As Quinet remarks: 'People must awake from this dream of a thousand years, and if there be salvation, seek it in themselves, in what is, and not in what was, in the smallest heart that beats, rather than in the urn of Cæsar, Pompey, or Hildebrand.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

THEISTICAL MISCONCEPTIONS.

Let any one look below the mere surface of pulpit declamation, and ask himself two questions: What has even Atheism, on the whole, meant? What has it, on the whole, sought, even in its negative and least favourable aspect? It has, in modern times, disbelieved all accounts of the origin of nature by an act of creation, and of the government of nature by a Supreme Being distinct from nature. It has felt these accounts to be unintelligible and misleading, and has suggested that human dependence and morals, in their widest sense, should be founded on a basis independent of scriptural authority; and it has done this under the conviction, expressed or unexpressed, that greater simplicity, unanimity, and earnestness of moral effort would be the result. This is what it has meant, and this is what it has sought. The main popular force of speculative argument has been to show that morals ought to stand on ground independent of the uncertain and ever-contested dogmas of the churches.

If we do not express a difficult topic in unexceptional terms, an adversary believes it to proceed from want of will, or from want of honesty. He does not know how difficult an art is that art of expression, which shall never be misunderstood by the ignorant, the prejudiced, or the wilful. It is the business of a sculptor to produce the truth of nature in marble, and of the painter to reproduce it on canvass; sometimes, however, both fail—and our abortions of statues in our public squares, and pictures in our royal academies, are proofs of

this. Would you call the unskilful sculptor a hypocrite of the chisel, and the disappointed painter a liar of the brush? It is the highest effort of genius to attain to commanding truth; and he who has the greatest knowledge has the least disposition to find a criminal motive for non-success.

Those who complain most of the want of clearness are often themselves most obscure, and run after their own letters to protest that they have been misunderstood. It is quite forgotten by those persons that language is comparatively limited—that we have almost a fixed set of words, and everybody has to use them. No wonder, then, that in passing through so many hands, and expressing everybody's meaning, they come to acquire loose significations. If everybody dressed in the same coat, wore the same boots and hat, the public garments would be strangely stretched. So it is with terms. When fat thinkers have worn certain words, the thin thinkers are lost in them ever afterwards.

Those who stand on the side of Freethought have a duty to perform, as well as those who are opposed to it—and that is, to study the sense in which terms are used by a special school. The Catholic and Protestant jar and fight, and accuse each other because they do not do this.

Many persons exclaim, Differences are merely verbal—that we idly dispute about terms when intentions are the same. But if the intention is the same, why should not the same terms express it? Ask the Utilitarian, the philosophical Deist, or Pantheist, to employ the phrases which the Cosmist would choose. If the difference is merely verbal, why should he stand upon it?—if seeming, not real, why should he hesitate? Yet he will hesitate, and more—decidedly object to take another's phrases for expressing his thoughts. Thus when the case is put, it is discovered that no man believes what every man affirms.* Then it is felt, that there is implied in these differing expressions a difference of intention, as has been explained by J. S. Mill.

The establishment of opinion, every thoughtful man is aware, needs truth and repetition, amplification, and diversity of statement. This fact was forcibly illustrated in the London discussion with the Rev. Mr. Grant. On that occasion the Rev. Dr. Campbell was present: he heard, he read, he commented upon, and appeared to discern the qualified statements made. Yet afterwards, when writing in the *British Banner*, upon the honourable and benevolent efforts made by the congregation of Carr's Lane, Birmingham—and on the Sabbath-school to which I belonged in my youth, under the pastorship of the Rev. John Angell James—Dr. Campbell observed:—'It will certainly occur to reflecting men, as not a little remarkable, that one of the chief of living atheists should actually have issued from this vast fountain of spiritual life, love, zeal, and effort for the good of mankind. The case stands alone. It is certainly difficult, upon

Vide REASONER, No. 1, 1846.

ordinary principles, to reconcile with right reason the conduct of such a man, in going throughout the land, telling all with whom he meets that Christianity is the master-evil of society, the source of all the miseries under which mankind are groaning; that it is cruel, selfish, debasing; that it treads morality in the dust, and ignores the whole of the social virtues—in one word, that, to drive it from the face of the earth, would be to confer on mankind a boon of which it is impossible to estimate the value; that it would go far to cure all the sorrows of the community, and assimilate earth and heaven.'

Against what density of misapprehension have we to contend, when this incredible rant can be put into my mouth, by one so astute as the editor of the *British Banner!* Christianity, I think, might be usefully superseded by a more coherent and definite morality. But certainly I am not guilty of the flippant infallibility which pretends to distinguish Christianity as the master-evil, where so many other imposing evils challenge our scrutiny. Nor do I indulge in the blatant verbiage, about Christianity 'treading morality in the dust,' 'mankind groaning,' 'the whole of the social virtues,' 'the boon impossible to estimate,' 'the cure of all sorrows,' and 'earth assimilated.' All this dropsical oratory is the resort of the tumid declaimers, whose extravagance of thought and speech is as tiresome as discreditable. Exaggeration may serve to stimulate parties into rabid conflict, but measured and qualified thought can alone create institutions. But if Dr. Campbell can represent us so circumstantially as the opposite of all we aim to be, what may we not expect from the Theistical multitude, who have neither Dr. Campbell's opportunity of knowing the truth, nor his penetration in discerning it, nor his power of relating it? Mr. Grant's fluent misconceptions may divert us; but the official errors of Mr. Horace Mann, who in his Census Report confounds 'Secularism' with 'Sensualism,' and the ponderous imputations of Dr. Campbell, warn us to activity in restatements, or in reiteration of principles, till misapprehension is impossible.

The police functions of piety are not now what they used to be. Rush and Manning, Palmer and Paul, Robson and Redpath, were all 'sound in the faith.' Had Palmer been a sceptic, Exeter Hall would have been employed in proving the connection between Paine and Palmer, and the Young Men's Christian Association would have had lectures upon the tendency of Atheism towards strychnine, and upon the sympathy existing between Freethought and antimony. It might puzzle Professor Farady to prove any chemical affinity between these substances—but Dr. Cumming or Canon Stowell would soon have established a clerical affinity between them.

Progress, political and mental, is an accretion, and has to be won in detail. Theories of rights are commonly obstructions in advocacy and tyrannies in practice. If we are acknowledged at all, it will be as a necessity—as a necessity of argument, of consistency or safety. We seek for Atheists moral recognition—and this will come in due course. Society is in transition towards the right, and no reactionary

power can effectually arrest it. Those who are tyrants to-day may be down to-morrow, and in need of the toleration for themselves then, which they refuse to others now. The great consistencies which intellect slowly but invariably establishes among all parties, tend to include all the well-meaning classes in the bonds of public respect.

Undiscerning priests may lament, and politicians may plot as they will, but the revolutionary element is in the heart of civilisation—not the element of brute violence or purposeless change, but the element of necessary transition and ceaseless progress. What is the admonition of philosophy?—'Study realities, pursue the truth.' 'The truth must be loved for its own sake;' such is the language of the teacher and the press. Truth must be received without hesitation, and followed independently. All the wise of the earth agree to this. Behold, then, the revolutionary germ. Truth is of no party, of no class, it studies no vested interests, it is reckless of dynasties, creeds, hierarchies, and customs. It is the universal conqueror—it sets up new kingdoms—all intelligences wait upon it—all convictions swear allegiance to it. Let crowns and mitres look to it. Truth is the innovatory element—it defies despotism, armies, and diplomacy—it is the omnipotent friend of the people.

Let all who regard the cause of utilitarian truth note upon what contingencies success depends. It is the worst feature of injustice that it inspires those against whom it is directed with the same spirit. Beware of this. We can never be stronger than the Theist unless we are better than he. Though an opponent says that of you which is unjust and untrue, bear it. Though there be a falsehood in every sentence, and a libel on every page, bear it. Though his followers and friends applaud, bear it. Though the newspapers re-echo the calumny, bear it. Return not railing for railing, lest you descend to the level of your enemy. Answer unfriendliness by serviceable offices, for they made not themselves what they are. It is already their misfortune that they have a faith which makes them the foes of good feeling. We will pursue our own course in earnestness and kindness. The Minister has mistaken us, but we owe him no ill-will. We will sit in his chapel when he purposes to instruct us, and we will endeavour to forget that he has misrepresented us. And as we will accept no faith which interferes with mutual respect and good feeling, so we will set up no theory of our own on the ruins of goodwill. And as we answer our opponents here by the logic of words, let us elsewhere try to answer them by the logic of life.*

We are misunderstood and misjudged, because pretensions are inferred for us which we do not set up ourselves. We do not† pretend to possess all truth, and to regard all the world besides without any ray of light. We know that truth is not an absolute, but a relative term. Truth in logic is that which admits of proof—is that statement

* Said in reply to the Rev. Mr. Fice, of Norwich, 1849-50.

† As suggested by the *British Banner*.

which has the balance of consistent facts in its favour. Truth in rhetoric, is a statement in accordance with reality. Truth is a unity, but it is not one. Truth is millionfold. It is as various as facts, as multitudinous as occurrences, as infinite as the aspects of the universe. It is useless to ask 'What is truth?' in an absolute and exhaustive sense, for no man can fathom it. It is misleading to say that truth is one, for it is many. It is an egotism or an exaggeration to say of any man—he has 'the truth;' or of any system—it contains 'the truth;' unless we mean in a relative sense. A man may have the truth upon a few topics, a system may contain the truth upon a few questions, but not more. Man masters fragmentary truths, but absolute truth is the secret of Nature.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THEOLOGICAL PARTY NAMES.

The early Churches, conceiving themselves composed of the only 'spiritually-minded' persons, naturally held that the rejection of Christian doctrine arose from 'the carnal mind, which is enmity against God.'* Christians, therefore, perceived few distinctions among non-Believers, and, of course, in speaking of them, no careful distinction of terms was felt to be necessary. Hence, Infidel or Atheist was considered a sufficiently accurate description of all classes of Freethinkers. A bad name was wanted, and the term 'Infidel,' or 'Atheist,' seemed to answer the purpose. It accorded with the antipathy of those who used it, and it satisfied the public, who (never inquiring into its fitness), were easily imposed upon by it.

Neither Christ, nor his Apostles, ever admitted that the sceptic could be honest, or the unbeliever sincere; and when you begin by assuming his dissent to be manifest guilt, it can matter little what you say to such a man, or how you treat him, or what you call him. No wonder that confusion has existed in the application of party names to those who refuse to bear the Christian yoke. The English reviewers of 1852 confounded the authors of the Martineau and Atkinson Letters† with Atheists; which should teach us what reliance to place on the discrimination of anterior history, written in days when men were burnt first and classified afterwards. The Gentiles and heathens of the days of Paul evidently had as confident an impression of the truth of their religion as the Apostle had of his. Christ must have given the High Priest of the synagogue great pain as he uttered his 'daring blasphemies,' or what seemed to the Jews as such. The priests of Jupiter designated the Christians 'Atheists,' and no doubt the Fosters of that day started with horror at the 'por-

* Romans viii. 7. † 'On Man's Nature and Development.' (Chapman, London.)

tentous heroism' of the followers of the reckless and eccentric Nazarene, who dared to deny the Gods of the temples and the groves. It would be a salutary lesson to the Christians of this century could they be made to understand the feeling of the pious Jew as he listened to the alleged 'Blasphemies of Jesus Christ;' for so the denunciations and doctrines of the revolutionary carpenter's son must have appeared to him, who worshipped the God of Abraham, and devoutly fulfilled the law of Moses. Could some of those Pagan works and criticisms of the new religion, destroyed by the intolerance of the early Christians, now be recovered, they would throw wholesome light upon the intemperate 'infidelity' of those who now plume themselves upon their orthodoxy.

The commonest term by which the Christian designates those who differ from him, is 'Infidel'—a term as vague as calumny could wish it, and as false as bigotry can make it.

The pulpit definition of the 'Infidel' is incoherent, exaggerated, and disparaging. The lower kind of the Clergy and Dissenting Preachers, define the 'Infidel' as a man who neither believes in God nor Devil, heaven nor hell; but who prefers the life of a beast and the death of a dog. The definition of the common people is more brief and less malignant. They call every man an 'Infidel' who does not believe as they believe. In this vague sense the word is much used also by Sectaries. It is, as Jerrold would say, the great Barber's Chair of theology, and all the world sit in it in their turn. The Mahomedan calls the Christian 'Infidel,' and the Christian calls everybody else so. The Catholic applies the term to the Protestant,* the Protestant to the Dissenter. The Evangelical Dissenter applies it to the Rationalist Dissenter, and I am not sure that I have not seen the Rationalist trying to show in his turn, that the Christian is, after all, the real unbeliever. When these worthy disputants are tired of this mutual name-calling, the term 'Infidel' descends to newspaper belligerents and vestry belligerents, and the small politicians and disappointed Common Councilmen have *their* carnival day of abuse, and throw the word at each other till it sticks to the weaker party.

The old immoral meaning of the term 'Infidel,' implies one who is unfaithful to the truth—one who is an apostate—that is false and traitorous to the truth. Probably this meaning of the term was always a libel. The first 'Infidels' were the first martyrs, and the martyrs were sincere men, and not 'unfaithful,' 'false,' or 'traitorous.' The term Infidel arose when Christians were unable to conceive the possibility of their being in the wrong; and they confidently con-

* Dr. Newman (the eminent Catholic Father) charged, and repeated the charge, that Dr Achilli (the notorious Protestant convert) was an Infidel. It was alleged that Dr. Achilli preached against the eucharist, auricular confession, and absolution. If it were meant that Dr. Achilli was an Infidel, because he disbelieved in transubstantiation and the efficacy of human absolution and confession, he hoped the number of such Infidels would daily increase. [The Attorney-General, Court of Queen's Bench, June 24th, 1852. *Vide Daily News*, June 25th, 1852. Case, the Queen *v.* Newman.]

cluded that whoever ceased to think as they thought, made the change in wickedness, *knowing* that he apostacised from, and was consciously forsaking, the truth. It was in this serious mistake made by the early Christians, that the term 'Infidel' obtained such unfriendly currency. If we look below the surface we distinguish two distinct classes—a class who are simply *indifferent* to Christianity through being ignorant of it, or not having time to attend to it, or not caring to attend to it, or not able to attend to it through constitutional insensibility to its peculiar appeals, and dissenting indefinitely from its dogmas; and another class who intelligently reject Christianism for reasons which seem to them conclusive, and of which they are able to give an account. Some reputed 'Infidels' disbelieve the inspiration of the Scriptures, others believe only in its partial inspiration, others disbelieve in miracles, others disbelieve in the doctrine of Hell, but accept that of Heaven, others differ as to the Godhead, on the character or attributes of Deity, and so on. But Infidels accurately classified, whether those who are so from indifference or from reflection, have, through all their diversities, this one characteristic—they stop short at Deism—they all believe in a God.

Unbeliever is another epithet applied by Christians to those who dissent from them. But this is too vague to be just. It is taken to mean one who believes in nothing; whereas the heterodox are persons who, while they are unbelievers in what to them appears Christian error, yet believe steadfastly in what they consider truth.

The term Sceptic is open to a similar objection. A sceptic is popularly understood to be one who doubts everything—to be one of that unsatisfactory race of whom Phyrro was the type, who doubt so vigorously and universally, that they even doubt whether they do doubt.

The Atheist fares worse than all. He is described by those free and easy delineators, the angry clergy, as being at once arrogant and depraved, bloody and ferocious,* as one who leaves nothing above us to create awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness, who debases man into a fiend, and drags God himself from his throne in the universe—as one who cannot believe in God, because he is a fool; as one who will not, because of the pride and vanity of his heart; or as one who dares not, because he sees in him the punisher of his sensualism and his crimes. But those who examine for themselves find that this order of men are of two kinds. Some are Atheists only relatively. The Protestant does not believe in the Gods of the Catholic, and is an Atheist to him in one sense; just as many of the eminent philosophers were Atheists with regard to Pagans, in whose Gods they did not believe, though most of these philosophers believed in some God of their own. Most cultivated people are Atheists with respect to the Gods of the multitude, but are yet pious and believing men in their own purer sphere. Some are more Atheist than others—as the Unitarian,

* *Vide* Rev. Robert Hall's Sermon on Infidelity.

since he believes less with respect to God than the majority of Christians. Again, there are other persons—as Pantheists—who are more Atheist than the Unitarian, and are yet believers in a Nature-God. None of these are Atheists in an absolute sense, because they all have a God of their own. An Atheist in an absolute sense, as we should explain him, is one who does not believe in other people's abstractions, and sets up no one of his own. Hence, when Miss Martineau says,* 'There is no theory of a God, of an author of Nature, of an origin of the universe, which is not utterly repugnant to my faculties, which is not (to my feelings) so irreverent as to make me blush, so misleading as to make me mourn.' The newspapers and the reviews, with two exceptions, took this to be a declaration of Atheism—overlooking what ought to have been obvious to them, that she might say there was no current theory of a God which she could accept, yet she might have a theory, clearer and purer, of her own.

The term Atheist arose when morality was by all, except a few philosophers, derived from Polytheism.† But now morals are, by important writers—from Butler to Binney—admitted to be derivable from nature; the disbeliever in the ethics of Theism may yet be conceived of as believing in the ethics of humanity, and to apply the term Atheist in the old sense to such a one is simply libellous.

Anti-Theism—sometimes written Anti-Deism—is a term which may be taken to mean *against* Theism; just as the *Anti*-Corn-law League was *against* the Bread-tax laws. It does not mean hatred or prejudice, but opposing conviction. When Sir Robert Peel came to stand on the side of the Anti-Corn-law League, he had neither hatred to, nor prejudice against, the corn laws; his convictions had become *opposed* to them. So Anti-Theism means that state of mind in which the understanding disapproves of Theism for purely intellectual reasons. One whose eminence enables him, no less than his justice inclines him, to be fair to all—Professor de Morgan—thus writes:—

'There is a word in our language with which I shall not confuse this subject, both on account of the dishonourable use which is frequently made of it, as an imputation thrown by one sect upon another, and of the variety of significations attached to it. I shall use the word *Anti-Deism*‡ to signify the opinion that there does *not* exist a Creator, who made and sustains the Universe.'§

Theodore Parker's steps in definition are instructive, and will help many to a sounder comprehension of theological party names.

'Speculative Theism,' says he, 'is the belief in the existence of

* Letters to H. G. Atkinson on Man's Nature and Development.

† 'The word Atheist simply means *god-less*. Those who rejected the popular gods were everywhere liable to be thought godless and immoral; but this was, of course, a prejudice. The title or name is as vague in Greek as in English, and I can give you no further aid than by the translation godless.'—*Letter from Professor Newman.*

‡ Anti-Deism is a term practically synonymous with Anti-Theism. Ne-theism—as Mr. Holdreth writes it—expresses substantially the same idea.

§ Essay on Probabilities, p. 22. Augustus de Morgan.

God, in one form or another; and I call him a Theist who believes in any God.'*

This may pass as a definition of Theism in its largest sense. It would be more complete were we told what is meant by 'any God.' Mr. Parker proceeds—

'By Atheism I mean absolute denial of the existence of God. A man may deny actuality to the Hebrew idea of God, to the Christian idea of God, or to the Mahometan idea of God, and yet not be an Atheist.'†

Here the difficulty turns upon the meaning to be attached to the term 'absolute denial.' Is it denial of the possibility of a God, or denial of the alleged proofs of the existence of God? Mr. Parker continues:—

'Atheism is the absolute denial of any and all forms of God; the denial of the genus, the denial of all possible ideas of God—highest as well as lowest.'‡

The definer seems to overlook that a man may deny the possibility of any idea of God—or deny all possible ideas of God, as involving contradictions so far as they have yet been explained—and yet not assume the infinite pretension of declaring that Nature conceals no fact of God. Does the most absolute Atheism do more than declare the secret of Nature to be unrevealed?

'At this day there are some philosophers, quite eminent men, too, who call themselves Atheists; and, in set terms, deny the actuality of any possible idea of God. Man has a notion of God, they say, but there is nothing [known] in the universe to correspond thereto.' The word supplied in brackets completes what Mr. Parker should say, so far as Atheists are known to us. The critic we quote adds, with generous frankness:—

'These men do not mean to scoff at others. They teach their doctrines with the calmness and precision of philosophy, and affirm Atheism as their theory of the universe. It is a conclusion they have deliberately arrived at.'

CHAPTER XXV.

ATHEISM THE PARENT OF SELF-HELP.

Atheism, always using the term in the sense of pure intellectual rejection of Theism, leaves a man to nature, to sense, to reputation, and to the laws. So Bacon, ever penetrative, points out. Theism is dependence; Atheism is self-reliance. Providence does not interfere in human affairs. Nature is an ever-present dependence. The negation of Theism leads to the study of the positivism of Nature. What the duty of the Cosmist is—the duty of him who is the student of Realities—a modern writer has put in terms which need no interpre-

* 'Atheism, Theism, and the Popular Theology,' p. 2. † *Idem*, p. 3. ‡ *Idem*, p. 3.

tation. 'The world would come right, we are told, if we leave it to God. *It wont.* Is it not one of the truisms of our morality, that where evil is active, *good must be strenuous on all sides*, or the fair fabric will go to ruin, while the ministers he sent to keep it sound are singing hymns?'*

Christianity promised a fairer moral world than the ancient—whereas, the modern moral world is, if anything, worse than the ancient. Athens was not worse than London. Rome was not worse than Glasgow. Caligula was not worse than Louis Napoleon. Nero was not worse than Nicholas. Theism does not necessarily improve society. India has of late shown with what atrocity Theism is compatible, until morality chastens it. Therefore, as far as security goes, it is better for safety, as well as for truth, that we stand on the side of Nature, than on the side of Theology. If any form of European Theism can afford protection, it is Catholicism—that Church which preserves the ancient machinery of faith free from the disturbance of modern discussion. Three incidents lately occurred across the channel which shows how little the power of this Church can compete with the power of Nature.

A famous feminine Saint, called Our Lady of Boulogne, had taken up her residence in that agreeable port. Numbers flocked to receive her blessing, and Boulogne rejoiced in her protectoress. When, however, a deadly sickness set in, when Mr. A'Beckett perished, everybody who could, fled from 'Our Lady,' and sought protection elsewhere. When real danger came, the believers in 'Our Lady' fled to their physicians.

About the same time a solemn procession wound through the streets of Boulogne: young and old, citizens and saints, proceeded to the coast, and the bishop blessed it. His holy hands were upheld, and his prayer, it was said, had brought down from heaven security to all mariners in those parts. Not long after, two foreign vessels arrived. Foreign winds which filled their sails had not heard of the bishop's blessing the coast, and the angry, heretical, and unbelieving sea dashed the ships on the shore, and their wrecks strewed the very spot on which the praying priests had the day before stood, causing many to think that a stout vessel is, after all, the sailor's best providence, and a skilful captain of more value to a shipowner than any bishop!

The Cathedral of Boulogne was about the same time consecrated. The bishop and the faithful united to invoke heaven to direct storm and tempest from the sacred dome; but when you look outside you find that they have taken care to place there the lightning rods of the 'Infidel' Franklin, as a sort of security for the fulfilment of their prayers,† or as an assistance to heaven in answering them.

Here are instances in which the laws of Nature ride triumphant over priests, prayers, and processions. We therefore prefer to stand on the side of that Nature which rules over the Church, over the devout-

* Westminster Review, p. 414, Oct., 1857. † H. G. Atkinson.

est, the subtlest, and the haughtiest Church of the age, and when the highest church is swept away, the lower churches are not worthy the attention of those who need protection, and seek power.

The practical conclusion against Theism would be this:—Granting that there is spirit, spirit is no element with which men can work. It is subtle, capricious, evasive, defiant. You cannot detect it, you cannot control it, you cannot use it. It has no known conditions, and it obeys no known laws. It is the dream of night, while humanity requires the wakefulness of day to watch, and the certainty of science to work for its deliverance.

That which is material is calculable. In various ways it becomes evident to the senses, or can be so controlled as to be the source of external impressions. In fine, it is found to act under law. That which men hastily ascribe to spirit appears to be some material influence, acting under laws not yet discovered. That which men call matter is material influence, whose law has been discovered. The conquest of Nature is the discovery of its laws. So long as a particular action is unknown it is declared to be spiritual. The moment you trace its law of action, it is called material. Practically, then, the spiritual is the unknown—the material is the known. What are our proudest discoveries and inventions—our arts, sciences, and civilisation, but one unbroken series of material conquests? What has wrought miracles in chemistry and medicine, except material investigations? To what do we owe the marvellous recovery of thousands of insane persons?—*mind*, which the old spiritualism chained, yields to the beneficent material conditions discovered by our Cononleys and Winslows. What are the triumphs of spiritualism? Where are its discoveries, inventions, and improvements? Contrast together the Laboratory and the Church! What do we see? In the temple of prayer you have words—in the temple of science you have Works. The Priest preaches consolation—the Professor teaches you deliverance. Granting, then, that spiritualism has a place in the world's speculation—materialism has a much larger place. It is the source of surety—it is the measure of our reliance. materialism is co-extensive with our knowledge of Nature—it is the index of our acquaintance with the *real*. As Mrs. Barrett Browning sings, in language which may shame many a mere spiritualist:—

> 'God himself is the best poet,
> And the *real* is his song.'

Some one has said that facts are God's thoughts. We know then that materialism is the garment in which Nature clothes herself. Granting, then, that God exists, Nature is his manifestation, and materialism is the poetry and the thought of Deity. The materialist, therefore, in studying Nature is on the right track for truly serving humanity. He may realise on earth what the Theist in his despair postpones to heaven. We conclude, therefore, that the study of Nature is no capricious choice and no antagonistic profession—it proceeds from the

wish to be right and the desire to be sure; it is principle and policy, service and duty, progress and reverence, strength and peace.

It is clear from history and experience that God has not spoken directly to any. Nature has spoken directly to all. God has not spoken to Jew, Mahommedan, Buddhist, or Christian. We know that no body of worshippers have his message, by their not being able to agree about it among themselves. We know the priests never had it, for God would not give to any section of the human family a monopoly of favour—a source of interest to them and hatred to others. In truth, justice, and temperance lie all dignity in life, all courage in danger, all equanimity in death. And the sense of truth, justice, and temperance, Nature gives to all who have patience, thought, and fortitude.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ATHEISM VINDICATED FROM THE CHARGE OF IRREVERENCE.

Lord Brougham, in his 'Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George III.,' has uttered a remarkable exposition of the intellectual characteristics of Freethought, which Atheists ought not willingly to let die. His weighty words disprove the common clerical charges of the irreverence of Atheists:—

'The mention of Voltaire,' says Lord Brougham, 'at once presents to every one the idea—not so much of a philosopher, whose early inquiries have led him to doubt upon the foundations of religion, or even to disbelieve its truths, as of a bitter enemy to all belief in the evidence of things unseen, an enemy whose assaults were directed by malignant passions, aided by unscrupulous contrivances, and, above all, pressed by the unlawful weapon of ridicule, not the fair armoury of argument; in a word, he is regarded as a scoffer, not a reasoner. Akin to this, is the other charge which makes us shudder by the imputation of blasphemy. Now, upon this manner of viewing Voltaire some things are to be explained, and some to be recalled, that they may be borne in mind during the discussion of his character.

'Let us begin with the last charge, because, until it is removed, no attention is likely to be gained by anything that can be urged in defence, or in extenuation. It is evident that, strictly speaking, blasphemy can only be committed by a person who believes in the existence and in the attributes of the Deity whom he impugns, either by ridicule or by reasoning. *An Atheist is wholly incapable of the crime.* When he heaps epithets of abuse on the Creator, or turns his attributes into ridicule, he is assailing or scoffing at an empty name, at a Being whom he believes to have no existence. In like manner, if a Deist, one who disbelieves in our Saviour being either the Son of God, or sent by God as his prophet upon earth, shall argue against his miracles, or ridicule his mission or his person, he commits no blasphemy, for he firmly believes that Christ was a man like himself, and that he derived

no authority from the Deity. Both the Atheist and the Deist are free from all guilt of blasphemy—that is, of all guilt towards the Deity, or towards Christ.

'It is wholly another question whether or not they are guilty towards men. They plainly are so if they use topics calculated to wound the feelings of their neighbour, who believes what they disbelieve; because religion, unlike other subjects of controversy, is one that mixes itself with the strongest feelings of the heart, and these must not be rudely outraged, because no man can be so perfectly certain that he is himself right and others are wrong, as to justify him in thus making their opinions the subject of insolent laughter or scurrilous abuse;* because it is our duty, even when fully convinced that we are dealing with error, and with dangerous error, to adopt such a course as will rather conciliate those we would gain over to the truth than make them shut their eyes to it by revolting their strongest feelings. Hence all lawgivers have regarded such scoffing and insolent attacks on the religion professed by the great majority of their subjects as an offence justly punishable; although it may fairly be doubted whether the interposition of the law has ever had a tendency to protect religious belief itself, and may even be suspected of having favoured the designs of those who impugn it, both by the reaction which such proceedings always occasion, and by the more cautious and successful methods of attack to which they usually drive the opponents of the national faith. But the offence, whether punished by the laws or not, is very incorrectly, though very generally, termed blasphemy, which is the offence of scoffing at the Deity, and assumes that the scoffer believes in him. Now it is *barely* possible that this offence may be committed; but it is the act of a mad, rather than a bad man. If, indeed, any one really believing pretends to unbelief, in order to indulge in scoffing, no language is too strong to express the reprobation he deserves, if he be in his senses; for he adds falsehood to a crime so horrible as almost to pass the bounds of belief; the frightful act of *wilfully* rebelling against the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. This is the first and worst form of the offence.

'Secondly: the like guilt will, to a certain extent, be incurred by him who vents his ribaldry upon the mere ground of his scepticism. On such a subject, doubting is not enough. Unless there is an entire conviction in the mind that the popular belief is utterly groundless in the one case (that of attacking the Deity) that there is a God, in the other (attacking Christianity) that there is a foundation for revelation, the guilt of blasphemy is incurred. He must be *convinced*, not merely doubt, or see reason for doubting; because no one has a right to speculate, and take the chances of being innocent; guiltless if his doubts are well founded, guilty if they are not. The virtuous course here is the safe one. This is the moral of the fable, in which the hermit answers the question of the rake, "Where are you, father, if

* This equally applies to Theists in their language towards Atheists.

there be not another world?" with the other question, "And you, my son, if there be?" We need not go so far as some have done, who on this ground contend that it is safer always to believe than to doubt, because *belief must ever, to be of any value, depend on conviction.* But we may assuredly hold that the better conduct is that which abstains from attack and offence where the reasons hang in suspense; abstains, because of the great guilt incurred if the doubt should prove groundless.

'It is a third and lesser degree of this offence if a person carelessly gives way to a prevailing unbelief, and does not apply his faculties to the inquiry with that sober attention, that conscientious diligence, which its immense importance demands of all rational creatures. No man is accountable for the opinion he may form, the conclusion at which he may arrive, provided that he has taken due pains to inform his mind, and fix his judgment.* But for the conduct of his understanding he certainly is responsible. He does more than err if he negligently proceeds in the inquiry; he does more than err if he allows any motive to sway his mind, save the constant and single desire of finding the truth; he does more than err if he suffers the least influence of temper or of weak feeling to warp his judgment; he does more than err if he listens rather to ridicule than reason, unless it be that ridicule which springs from the contemplation of gross and manifest absurdity, and which is, in truth, argument and not ribaldry.' We commend these words of Brougham to the churches.

The church of our day, to speak of it collectively, is perfectly conventional. Its bearing is more that of the snob than the gentleman. If you recur to what is passing in society, you are aware that the 'fast men' of the last generation were bullies; they drank, boxed, and broke off knockers at night. The present race are genteel and slow. You know them by their wearing a high, perfectly stiff, and immoveable shirt collar. And this collar determines their entire behaviour. The head is held still—they look straight before them—their whole manner is quiet, and all grows out of the collar. If they moved their head, they would rumple the collar. If they indulged in any active motion, the collar would be ruined. If they have to turn round, they turn their entire body round. If they have to bend, they bend in the back—a bend in the neck would disarrange the symmetry of the collar. This restraint on their manners brings with it some grace—quietness is always grace. But their quietness is not the natural repose of gentlemen—a repose which admits of manliest activity. The slow man's repose is a spurious repose. The laundress is the author of the manners of the snob—all his graces depend upon the stiffness of his collar. His dignity rests upon starch. The creed of the church resembles the collar of the snob. It is the rule of its manners. Freedom of thought in this

* Then how few Theists stand excused, who so rarely know, or care to know what can be said upon the other side; who, indeed, but too frequently shut their own eyes, and shut the eyes of others, and use their influence to prevent the other side from being heard.

The God of the current theologies a modified Moloch.

generation has led to the development of noble natures. The church of science and philosophy has thrown into the shade the churches of old superstition and vulgar dogmas. As a consequence, the old creeds looked poor, felt limp, and have been called shabby; so poor old lady Orthodoxy, the laundress of the old churches, has been engaged to re-wash and starch the creeds, and we see them everywhere stiffly displayed, under forms of new interpretations, and harmonisings, and adaptations to the wants and fashions of the age. But there is nothing opulent or free in the thing. The church talks of freedom, and truth, and progress, but you find all its notions fettered, and all its attitudes constrained and conventional. The creed is its collar in a double sense, and it lives in terror of spontaneous motion. You know the dress of the gentleman by the fineness of his cloth and whiteness of his linen. There is nothing noisy and nothing formal about it. There are quiet grace and perfect facility of motion. He dashes his head about with a regal swing—he is not afraid of his collar—he can get another. The poor snob moves his head as though the collar he wears was his last, and he knew not where to get another when that is gone. In the gentleman, you feel the presence of the man within the dress In the snob, you feel the presence of the dress on the man. So it is with the church. It acts like the snob. It is always afraid of rumpling its creed. It fears it will not bear restarching much longer, and it knows not where to look for a new one when that is gone. You do not feel a soul in the church, but a creed upon the church. You do not feel a living church moving under free principles, but you find a starched and petrified creed, pressing on an automatised congregation. For our part, we prefer to belong only to that party which is opulent in principle and free in action. We too prefer a creed, but it shall be a creed as definite as science, and as flexible as progress, which shall have its deepest roots in the human heart, and count as its highest victory the permanent welfare of the peoples, whose worship shall be work, and which shall talk little of the smile of God until it can be shown reflected in the smile of the poor.

As to religion, is any religion possible but that of good works, which man in his humility can offer, or God in his greatness care to accept? As taught in the great majority of pulpits, religion is but the egotism of God—God, in the old Testament, capricious and retaliative; in the New, seated on a throne, placed on the margin of a brimstone lake, exacting belief in his Son under penalty of being cast into that fire which is never quenched—governing the world like a convict colony, where 'every idle word' is 'treasured up against the day of wrath,' where each must supplicate for his daily bread, and in the pitiless struggle for existence keep God for ever in his thoughts. Behold Catholicism's elaborated ceremonies—the Church of England's stereotyped formularies—Calvinism's alarmed propitiations—Wesleyanism's stormy invocations—Unitarianism's studied solemnities—Pantheism's pompous homage. Contrasted with a free and natural reverence,

what are they all but so much spiritual attitudinising in the face of High Heaven—the mere worship of slaves, trembling with different degrees of decency beneath the eye of a tyrant God? How much more simple and sublime is that view of life which regards labour as the Universal Prayer, conscious independence as the true homage, genius as the emblem of God, and the spontaneous song of Humanity as part of the natural music of the spheres.

Isaac Taylor, the chief of modern Evangelical writers, has borne new testimony to the character of the Atheism around us, and recognises elements in it which no other writer of his school has before either discerned or admitted. He says:—

'The Atheism of this age has a depth which is its own, only because it has sent its line down into that abyss from which Christianity withdraws, in part, the veil. This Atheism displays a grandeur which is not its own, but which it assumes in rearing its head, and looking upward, beneath the vault of that Infinitude to which it has gained admittance, by favour of the Gospel. This Atheism shows, and actually possesses, a sensibility, and it has a consciousness of the true, the beautiful, and the good, which it owes, conspicuously and entirely, to the books and to the system which it denounces. These tones of tenderness and of purity, in which it has learned to utter itself—if we catch them at a distance, so as to lose what in them is articulate—might be mistaken for the silver sounds of God's mercy to man.'

What of excellence Mr. Taylor discerns in 'Atheism' he traces to Christian influences; while, in fact, these influences which he so frankly describes, are inherent in cosmical truth, and, moreover, there is no Theism around us from which they can be derived.

Who are the preachers with whom Theism has to confront itself? Go into the streets, where the Methodist thumps the Holy Word of God as beadles beat cushions, and bawl out His great name, as cabmen shout to their fellows. Go into the Conventicle, where ignorant Ministers talk of the 'Lord of Hosts,' as stable boys do of Tom Cribb and Dutch Sam. Go among even educated Dissenters, who send out the Rev. Brewin Grant, from whose hands the influence of the Holy Spirit is dispensed over sceptics like a torrent of lemon juice. Go among the more classical clergy of the Church of England, where the people are prayed for, and often snubbed at the same time. Go into the Catholic Church, where there stretches out to welcome you, a hand of iron, covered with a velvet glove—prepared, when it has grasped the people's conscience, to twist the neck of their liberties. Are these the heralds of God, before whom Atheism should stand dumb? Is it the vitriolic page of the Tract Society? Was it the *British Banner*, with its ponderous distortions? Is it the *North British*, or *Quarterly Reviews*, so often acid or contemptuous, that shadow forth the Divine love? Who does not feel some pang of pity for High Heaven, condemned to endure such ambassadors on earth?

Turn to Mr. Rogers, who writes in a solution of evangelical strychnine, to Conybeare, so coarse, reckless, and savage, to Father Spencer,

to Canon Stowell, to Hugh McNeile, to Francis Close, and Mr. Spurgeon. Who is there among Christians so imputative but he may be supported, who so bitter but he will be approved, who so vulgar but he will be followed? We hear of the long suffering of Heaven. We may believe it when we see the class of preachers it permits. If we stood on soil of such good taste as that which swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, it would swallow up half the race of modern champions of Deity. Talk of the difficulty of salvation, why nobody need be afraid if the mass of present ministers be saved. St. Peter, who admits them, will never be accused of fastidious selection. He who reads the religious literature, or listens to the mass of the religious sermons of our day, will have but a poor opinion of the society of 'just men made perfect' in Heaven. Compared with the way in which Theism is commended around us, the silence of Atheism is innocence, dignity, and adoration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHY SHOULD THE ATHEIST FEAR TO DIE?*

'Even in the "last dread scene of all" personal conviction is sufficient to produce calmness and confidence. There was one who for three months suffered agonies unutterable, who exclaimed in his anguish, "So much torture, O God! to kill a poor worm! Yet if by one word I could shorten this misery I would not say it." And at last, folded his arms, and calmly said, "Now I die!" Yet this man was an avowed infidel, and worse, an apostate priest.'—*Spoken by Father Newman (in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri) of Blanco White.*

When the cholera prevailed in London in 1848, many were carried away without opportunity or power to testify to the stability of those conclusions which had been arrived at when life was calm, and the understanding healthy. The slightest summary of opinions, conscientiously prepared, would have been sufficient to prevent misrepresentation after death, provided the person who had drawn up such statements had strenth to revert to them, and to make some sign that a conviction of their correctness remained. Mr. Hetherington and myself drew up brief statements of tenets which appeared to us to be true. He, as we know, sealed his in death. In several lectures delivered, at the time when no man could calculate on life an hour, I recited the grounds on which the Atheist might repose, and it has since appeared that their publication would be useful. The book, of which a second volume has since appeared, entitled 'The Closing Scene,' by the Rev. Erskine Neale (in which the old legends about infidel death-beds are revived), lauded by the *Times*, and patronised by the upper classes, is proof that there are some priests going up and down like roaring lions, seeking consciences which they may devour, and proof of the necessity of some protest on this subject.

* This chapter is inserted here after revision—as necessary to the design of this volume. It may still be had in a separate form, under the title of the 'Logic of Death,' of which forty thousand copies have been sold.

Those who must answer for themselves, have the right to think for themselves.

Since my trial before Mr. Justice Erskine, in 1842, I have in some measure been identified with sceptics of theology, and many ask the opinions of such on death. If the world ask in respect, or curiosity, or scorn, I answer for myself alike respectfully and distinctly. I love the world in spite of its frowning moods. For years I have felt neither anger nor hatred of any living being, and I will not advisedly resuscitate those distorting passions through which we see the errors of each other as crimes.

In my youth I was in such rude contact with the stern realities of life, that the visions with which theology surrounded my childhood were eventually dispelled, and now (so far as I can penetrate to it) I look at destiny face to face. Cradled in suffering and dependence, I was emboldened to think, and I took out of the hands of the churches, where I was taught to repose them, the great problems of Life, Time, and Death, and attempted the solution for myself. It was not long hidden from me that if I followed the monitions of the pulpit, the responsibility was all my own: that at the 'bar of God,' before which I was instructed all men must one day stand, no preacher would take my place if, through bowing to his authority, I adopted error. As I, therefore, must be reponsible for myself, I resolved to think for myself—and since no man would answer for me, I resolved that no man should dictate to me the opinion I should hold: for he is impotent indeed, and deserves his fate, who has not the courage to act where he is destined to suffer. My resolution was therefore taken, and I can say with Burke, 'my errors, if any, are my own: I have [and will have] no man's proxy.'

In the shade of society my lot was cast, and there I struggled for more light for myself and brethren. For years I toiled, with thousands of others, who were never remunerated by the means of paltriest comfort, and whose lives were never enlivened by real pleasure. In turning from this I had nothing to hope, nor fear, nor lose. Since then my days have been chequered and uncertain, but they have never been criminal, nor servile, nor sad: for the luxury of woe, and the superfluous refinement of despair, may be indulged in, if by any, by those only who live in drawing-rooms—sorrow is too expensive an article to be consumed by the cottager or garreteer. The right-minded in the lowest station may be rich, accepting the wise advice of Carlyle:—'Sweep away utterly all frothiness and falsehood from your heart: struggle unweariedly to acquire what is possible for every man—a free, open, humble soul; speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking: but simply, and with undivided mind, for the truth of your speaking: then be placed in what section of Space and of Time soever, do but open your eyes, and they shall actually see, and bring you real knowledge, wondrous, worthy of belief.' Thus have I endeavoured to see life; and it is from this point of view that I explain my conceptions of death.

The gates of heaven are considered open to those only who believe

as the priest believes. The theological world acts as if we did not come here to use our understandings, as if all religious truth was ascertained 2000 years ago, and we are counselled to accept the conclusions of the Church, on pain of forfeiting the fraternity of men, and the favour of God. I know the risks I am said to run, but 'I am in that place,' to use the expression of brave old Knox, 'in which it is demanded of me to speak the truth; and the truth I will speak, impugn it whoso lists.' And after all, the world is not so bad as antagonism has painted it. It will forgive a man for speaking plainly, providing he takes care to speak justly. To give any one pain causes me regret; but, while I respect the feelings of others, I, as conscience and duty admonish me, respect the truth more—and by this course I may be society's friend, for he who will never shock men may often deceive them.

It becomes me therefore to say that I am not a Christian. If I could find a consistent and distinctive code of morality emanating from Jesus I should accept it, and in that sense consent to be called Christian. But I cannot do it. Nor am I a believer in the Inspiration of the Bible. That which so often falls below the language of men, I cannot, without disrespect, suppose to be the language of God. Whatever I find in the Bible below morality (and I find much), I reject; what I find above it, I suspect; what I find coincident with morality (whether in the Old Testament or the New), I retain. I make morality a standard. I am therefore the student of Moralism rather than Christianity. It seems to me that there is nothing in Christianity which will bear the test of discussion or the face of day, nothing whereby it can lay hold of the world and move it, which is not coincident with morality. Therefore morality has all the strength of Christianity, without the mystery and bigotry of the Bible.

But I am not a Sceptic, if that is understood to imply general doubt; for though I doubt many church dogmas, I do not doubt honour, or truth, or humanity. I am not an Unbeliever, if that implies the rejection of Christian truth—since all I reject is Christian error. There are four principal dogmas of accredited Christianity which I do not hold:—

1. The fall of man in Eden. 2. Atonement by proxy. 3. The sin of unbelief in Christ. 4. Future punishment.

A disbeliever in all these doctrines, why should I fear to die? I will state the logic of death, as I conceive it, in relation to *these* propositions.

1. If man fell in the Garden of Eden, who placed him *there*? It is said, God! Who placed the temptation there? It is said, God! Who gave him an imperfect nature—a nature *of* which it was foreknown that it would fall? It is said, God! To what does this amount?

If a parent placed his poor child *near* a fire at which he knew it would be burnt to death, or *near* a well into which he knew it would fall and be drowned, would any deference to creeds prevent our giving speech to the indignation we should feel? And can we pretend to believe God has so acted, and at the same time be able to trust him?

If God has so acted, he may so act again. This creed can afford no consolation in death. If he who disbelieves this dogma fears to die, he who believes it should fear death more.

2. Salvation, it is said, is offered to the fallen. But man is not fallen, unless the tragedy of Eden really took place. And before man can be accepted by God he must, according to Christians, own himself a degraded sinner. But man is not degraded by the misfortune of Adam. No man can be degraded by the act of another. Dishonour can come only by his own hands. Man, therefore, needs not this salvation. And if he needed it, he could not accept it. Debarred from purchasing it himself, he must accept it as an act of grace. But can it be required of us to go even to heaven on sufferance? We despise the poet who is a sycophant before a patron, we despise the citizen who crawls before a throne, and shall God be said to have less love of self-respect than man? He who deserves to be saved thus hath most need to fear that he shall perish, for he seems to deserve it.

3. Then in what way can there be a sin of unbelief? Is not the understanding the subject of evidence? A man, with evidence before him, can no more help seeing it, or feeling its weight, than a man with his eyes or ears open can help seeing the stars above him or trees before him, or hearing the sounds made around him. If a man disbelieve, it is because his conviction is true to his understanding. If I disbelieve a proposition, it is through lack of evidence; and the act is as virtuous (so far as virtue can belong to that which is inevitable) as the belief of it when the evidence is perfect. If it is meant that a man is to believe, whether he see evidence or not, it means that he is to believe certain things, whether true or false—in fine, that he may qualify himself for heaven by intellectual deception. It is of no use that the unbeliever is told that he will be damned if he does not believe; what human frailty may do is another thing; but the judgment is clear, that a man ought not to believe, nor profess to believe, what seems to him to be false, although he should be damned. The believer who seeks to propitiate Heaven by this deceit ought to fear its wrath, not the unbeliever, who rather casts himself on its justice.

4. There is the vengeance of God. But is not the idea invalidated as soon as you name it? Can God have that which man ought not to have—vengeance? The jurisprudence of earth has reformed itself; we no longer punish absolutely, we seek the reformation of the offender. And shall we cherish in heaven an idea we have chased from earth? But what has to be punished? Can the sins of man disturb the peace of God? If so, as men exist in myriads, and action is incessant, then is God, as Jonathan Edwards has shown, the most miserable of beings and the victim of his meanest creatures. Surely we must see, therefore, that sin against God is impossible. All sin is finite and relative—all sin is sin against man. Will God punish this which punishes itself? If man errs, the bitter consequences are ever with him. Why should he err? Does he choose the ignorance, incapacity, passion, and blindness through which he errs? Why is

he precipitated, imperfectly natured, into a chaos of crime? Is not his destiny made for him? and shall God punish eternally that sin which is his misfortune rather than his fault? Shall man be condemned to misery in eternity because he has been made wretched, and weak, and erring in time?

But if man has fallen at his conscious peril—has thoughtlessly spurned salvation—has wilfully offended God—will God therefore take vengeance? Is God without magnanimity? If I do wrong to a man who does wrong to me, I come down (has not the ancient sage warned me?) to the level of my enemy. Will God thus descend to the level of vindictive man? Who has not thrilled at the lofty question of Volumnia to Coriolanus?—

> 'Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
> Still to remember wrongs?'

Shall God be less honourable, and remember the wrong done against him, not by his equals, but by his own frail creatures? To be unable to trust God is to degrade him. Those passages in the New Testament which we feel to have most interest and dignity, are the parables in which a servant is told to forgive a debt to one who had forgiven him; in which a brother is to be forgiven until seventy times seven (that is unlimitedly); and in the prayer of Christ, where men claim forgiveness as they have themselves forgiven others their trespasses. What was this but erecting a high moral argument against the relentlessness of future punishment of erring man? If, therefore, man is to forgive, shall God do less? Shall man be more just than God? Is there anything so grand in the life of Christ as his forgiving his enemies as he expired on the cross? Was it God the Sufferer behaving more nobly than will God the Judge? Was this the magnificent teaching of fraternity to vengeful man, or is it to be regarded as a sublime libel on the hereafter judgments of heaven? The infidel is infidel to falsehood, but he believes in truth and humanity, and when he believes in God, he will prefer to believe that which is noble of him. Holding by no conscious error, doing no dishonour in thought, and offering his homage to love and truth, why should the unbeliever fear to die? Seeing the matter in this light, of what can I recant? The perspicuity of truth may be dimned by the agonies of death, but no amount of agony can alter the nature of moral evidence.

To say (which is all I do say) that theology has not sufficient evidence to make known to us the existence of God, may startle those who have not thought upon the matter, or who have thought through others—but has not experience said the same thing to us all? Where the intellect fails to perceive the truth, it is said that the feelings assure us of it by its relieving a sense of dependence natural to man. How? Man witnesses those near and dear to him perish before his eyes, and despite his supplications. He walks through no rose-water world, and no special Providence smoothes his path. Is not the sense

of dependence outraged already? Man is weak, and a special Providence gives him no strength—distracted, and no counsel—ignorant, and no wisdom—in despair, and no consolation—in distress, and no relief—in darkness, and no light. The existence of God, therefore, whatever it may be in the hypotheses of philosophy, seems not recognisable in daily life. It is in vain to say, 'God governs by general laws.' General laws are inevitable fate. General laws are atheistical. They say practically, 'We are without God in the world—man, look to thyself: weak though thou mayest be, Nature is thy hope.' And even so it is. Would I escape the keen wind's blast, I seek shelter—from the yawning waves, I look up, not to heaven, but to naval architecture. In the fire-damp, Davy is more to me than the Deity of creeds. All nature cries with one voice, 'Science is the Providence of man.' Help lies not in priests, nor in the prayer: it lies in no theories, it is written in no book, it is contained in no theological creed—it lies in science, art, courage, and industry.

Some who regard all profession of opinion as a mere matter of policy, and not of the understanding, will tell me that I can believe as I please, and that I may call the Deity of theology what name I please: forgetful that names are founded on distinctions, and that he who does not penetrate to them is unqualified to decide this matter. It is in vain to say believe as I please, or entitle things as I please—philosophical evidence and classification leave no choice in the matter.

The existence of God is a problem to which the mathematics of human intelligence seem to me to furnish no solution. On the threshold of the theme we stagger under a weight of words. We tread amid a dark quagmire bestrewed with slippery terms. Now the clearest miss their way, now the cautious stumble, now the strongest fall.

If there be a Deity to whom I am indebted, anxious for my gratitude or my service, I am as ready to render it as any one existent, so soon as I comprehend the nature of my duty. I therefore protest against being considered, as Christians commonly consider the unbeliever, as one who hates God, or is without a reverential spirit. Hatred implies knowledge of the objectionable thing, and cannot exist where nothing is understood. I am not unwilling to believe in God, but I am unwilling to use language which conveys no adequate idea to my own understanding.

Deem me not blind to the magnificence of nature or the beauties of art, because I interpret their language differently from others. I thrill in the presence of the dawn of day, and exult in the glories of the setting sun. Whether the world wears her ebon and jewelled crown of night, or the day walks wonderingly forth over the face of nature, to me—

> 'Not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
> With golden visions and romantic dreams.'

It is not in a low, but in an exalted estimate of nature that my rejec-

tion of the popular theology arises. The wondrous manifestations of nature indispose me to degrade it to a secondary rank. I am driven to the conclusion that the great aggregate of matter which we call Nature is eternal, because we are unable to conceive a state of things when nothing was. There must always have been something, or there could be nothing now. This the dullest feel. Hence we arrive at the idea of the eternity of matter. And in the eternity of matter we are assured of the self-existence of matter, and self-existence is the most majestic of attributes, and includes all others. That which has the power to exist independently of a God, has doubtless the power to act without the delegation of one. It therefore seems to me that Nature and God are one—in other words, that the God whom we seek is the Nature which we know.

I will not encumber, obscure, or conceal my meaning with a cloud of words. I recognise in Nature but the aggregation of matter. The term God seems to me inapplicable to Nature. In the mouth of the Theist, God signifies an entity, spiritual and percipient, distinct from matter. With Pantheists the term God signifies the aggregate of Nature—but nature as a Being, intelligent and conscious. It is my inability to subscribe to either of these views which prevents me being ranked with Theists. I can conceive of nothing beyond Nature, distinct from it, and above it. The language invented by Pope, to the effect that 'we look through Nature up to Nature's God,' has no significance for me, as I know nothing besides Nature and can conceive of nothing greater. The majesty of the universe so transcends my faculties of penetration, that I pause in awe and silence before it. It seems not to belong to man to comprehend its attributes and extent, and to affirm what lies beyond it. The Theist, therefore, I leave; but while I go with the Pantheist so far as to accept the fact of Nature in the plenitude of its diverse, illimitable, and transcendent manifestations, I cannot go farther and predicate with the Pantheist the unity of its intelligence and consciousness. This is the inability, rather than any design of my own, which has exposed me to the unacceptable designation of Atheist.

One has said, I know not whether in the spirit of scorn or suffering, but I repeat it in the spirit of truth—'What went before and what will follow me, I regard as two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what lies behind. On the curtain of futurity many see their own shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, philosophers, and founders of states have painted this curtain with their dreams, more smiling or more dark as the sky above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers, too, make profit of this our universal curiosity: by

their strange mummeries they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once within will answer those he has left without; all you can hear is a hollow echo of your question, as if you shouted into a chasm.'*

Theology boasts that it has obtained an answer. What is it? The world will stand still to hear it. Worshipper of Jesus, of Jehovah, of Allah, of Bramah—in conventicle, cathedral, mosque, temple, or in unbounded nature—what is the secret of the universe, and the destiny of man? What knowest thou more than thy fellows, and what dost thou adore? He has no secret to tell. You have still the old dual answer of centuries, given in petulance or contempt—'All the world have heard it, and so has you;' or, 'None can understand the Infinite, and you must submit.' The solution of the problem must therefore be sought independently.

Separate individual man from the traditions of theology, and what is his history? A few years ago he sprang into existence like a bubble on the ocean, or a flower on the plain. He came from the blank chaos of the past, where consciousness was never known, where no gleam of the present ever pierces, no voice of the future is ever heard. He exists—but in what age he appears, or among what people or circumstances he is thrown, is to him a matter of accident. To him no control, no choice is vouchsafed. His physical constitution, his powers and susceptibilities, his proportion of health or disease, are made for him: and fettered in nature and fixed in sphere, he goes forth to struggle or to triumph, and encounter the war of elements and strife of passion, and oppose himself to ignorance, error, and interest, as best he may.

Three or four years pass away before sentient existence is lighted with the spark of consciousness, which burns faintly, intensely, or flickeringly till death. Gradually the phenomena of the universe disclose themselves to man. The ocean in its majesty, or the earth in its variety, engage him—spring is exhilarating, summer smiling, autumn foreboding, winter stern. By day the sun, by night the moon and stars, look down like the eyes of Time watching his movements. Above him is inconceivable altitude—around him, unbounded distance—below, unfathomable profundity; and he arrives at such idea as man has of the infinite. What is, seems to exist of its own inherent power. It always was, or it could not be. The idea of universal non-entity is instinctively rejected. Utter annihilation never enters into his most desultory conceptions. The sentiment of the Everlasting seems the first fruit of meditation, as an impression of the Infinite was the first lesson of comprehensive observation. Man stands connected with the infinite by position, and is related to the eternal in his origin, and an emotion of conscious dignity follows the first exercise of his reason—and his pride and his confidence are strengthened by perceiving that this infinite is the infinite of phenomena, and the

* Thomas Carlyle.

eternal that of matter. He may be but the spray dashed carelessly against the shore, or the meteor-flash that for a moment illumines a speck of cloud—or a sand of the desert which the whirlwind sweeps into a transient elevation with scarcely time for distinction: yet he is sustained by conscious connection with the ever-existing, though ever-changing—his home is with the everlasting, and when he sinks, it is into the bosom of nature, the magnificent womb and mausoleum of all life.

As youth advances, and his experience increases, he finds his knowledge amplified. With nothing intuitive but the aptitude to learn, he feels that his wisdom is ever commensurate with his industry or observation—and as even aptitude is but progressively manifested, he perceives that to attempt the untried, is to develop his being more. Prematurely wasted by sudden efforts to change the order of society or influences of things, he sees that nature never hastens, and that in measured continuity of action lies the rule of success. Neither the muscle of the gladiator, nor the brain of Newton, acquired at once their volume or power—the leveling of the mountain or the raising of the pyramid is not the result of a single hasty attempt, but of repeated and patient efforts. Thus, while man learns that his degree of intelligence depends upon his industry and observation, his conquests depend on the strength of his perseverance—and he looks to himself, to the exercise of his faculties, and the right direction of his exertions, both for his knowledge and his power. His lot may be cast in barbarian caves, where ignorance and wildness ever frown, or under gilded pinnacles, where learning and refinement are lustrous: he may have to tread the very rudimental steps of civilisation, or he may have but to stretch forth his hand to appropriate its spoils—still what he will be will depend on his aptitudes, and what he will acquire on his discrimination, application, assiduity, and intrepidity.

As his improvement, so also his protection depends on his own precautions. He defends himself from the inclemency of the elements by suitable clothing—for health he seeks the salubrious locality, wholesome, nutritious food, exercise, recreation, and rest in due proportion, and observes temperance in all things. His security on land is the well-built habitation—on the sea, the firmly-built vessel. His relation to the external world, and the conditions of fraternity with his fellows, are the physical and social problems he has to solve. He sees the strength of passion and the educative force of circumstances, and he studies them to control them. The affairs of men are a process which he seeks to wisely regulate, not blindly and violently thwart. The world has two ages—those of fear and love. The barbarian and incipient past has been the epoch of fear. Even now its dark shadows lower over us. Love has never yet emerged from poesy and passion, has not yet put forth half its strength, nor kindness half its power. These graceful forces of humanity, whose victory is that of peace, have scarcely invaded the dominions of war—but Love will one day step into the throne of Fear, the arts of peace become the business

of life, and fraternity the watch-word of joyous nations. Plainly, as though written with the finger of Orion on the vault of night, does man read this future in his heart. The impulse of affection that leaps unbidden in his breast, though suppressed in competitive strife, or withered by cankering cares, yet returns in the woodland walk and the midnight musing, ever whispering of something better to be realised than war, and dungeons, and isolated wealth have yet brought us. The student of self and nature, thus impressed, goes forth in the busy scene of life, to improve and to please. The attributes which rationalism prescribes to man, are perennial discretion and kindness.

Thus I have believed. I accepted the order of things I found without complaint, and I attempted their improvement without despair—and it might be written on my tomb,

> 'I was not troubled with the time which drove
> O'er my content its strong necessities,
> But let determined things to destiny
> Hold unbewailed their way.'

And looking out from the bed of death, over the dim sea of the future, on which no voyager's bark is seen returning, I can place no dependence on priestly dogmas, which all life has belied. The paltry visions of gilt trumpets and angels' wings seem like the visions of irony or levity. The reality it is more heroic to contemplate. The darkness and mystery of the future create a longing for unravelment. The enigma of life makes the poetry of death, and invests with a sublime interest the last venture on untried existence.

Many honest and intelligent persons, who do not fear the future, fear the transit to it. Novelists and dramatists, in illustrating a false theory of crime, adopted from the Churches, have drawn exaggerated pictures of the aspects of death, through which the popular idea of dying has become melodramatic, and as far from truth and nature, as is the extravagance of melodrama from the pure tone of simple and noble tragedy.

A little reflection will show us that the physical fear some have of death is as groundless as the moral. Eminent physicians have shown that death being always preceded by the depression of the nervous system, life must always terminate without feeling While apprehension is vivid, while a scream of terror or pain can be uttered, death is still remote. Organic disease, or a mortal blow, may end existence with a sudden pang, but in the majority of cases men pass out of life as unconsciously as they came into it. To the well-informed, death, in its gradualness and harmlessness, is, what Homer called it—the half-brother of sleep: and the wise expect it undisturbed; and if they have no reason to welcome it, bear it like any other calamity.

Were we not from childhood the victims of superstitions, we should always regard death thus; but priests make death the rod whereby they whip the understanding into submission to untenable dogmas. For men know no independence, and are at the mercy of every strong imposition, while they fear to die. That ancient spoke a noble truth

who said nothing could harm that man—tyranny had no terrors with which it could subdue him who had conquered the fear of the grave. How often progress has been arrested—how often good men have faltered in their course—how often philosophy has concealed its light, and science denied its own demonstrations, only because the priest has pointed to his distorted image of death!

Among people of cultivated intelligence the idea of a punishing God is morally repulsive. It is rejected as a fact because demoralising as an example. The Unitarian principle, which trusts God and never fears him, is the instinct of civilisation: it gains ground every day and in every quarter. The parent coerces his child in order to correct him, because the parent wants patience, or time, or wisdom, or humanity. But as God is assumed to want none of these qualities, he can attain any end of government he wishes by instruction, for in moral discipline 'it is not conduct but character which has to be changed.' In Francis William Newman's portraiture of Christian attributes, he enumerates 'love, compassion, patience, disinterestedness,' qualities incompatible with the sentiment of eternal punishment—and as was before observed, God cannot be supposed as falling short of the virtues of cultivated Christians. If we accept the hypothesis of God, we must agree with Mr. Newman that 'all possible perfectness of man's spirit must be a mere faint shadow of the divine perfection.'

> 'The thought that any should have endless woe,
> Would cast a shadow on the throne of God,
> And darken heaven.'

The greatest aphorism ascribed to Christ, called his Golden Rule, tells us that we should do unto others as we would others should do unto us. It is not moral audacity, but a logical and legitimate application of this maxim, to say that if men shall eventually stand before the bar of God, God will not pronounce upon any that appalling sentence, 'Cast them into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth;' because this will not be doing to others as he, in the same situation, would wish to be done unto himself. If frail man is to 'do good to them that hate him,' God, who is said to be also Love, will surely not burn those who, in their misfortune and blindness, have erred against him. He who is above us all in power, will be also above us all in magnanimity.

Wonderful is the imbecility of the people! The rich man is conceded the holiest sepulchre in the Church, although his wealth be won by extortion or chicane, or selfishly hoarded while thousands of his brethren have perished, while children have grown up hideous for want of food, while women have stooped consumptive over the needle, and men have died prematurely of care and toil. The priest-soothed conscience feels no terror on the pillow of plethoric affluence—then why should the poor man be uneasy in death? Kings and queens, who cover their brows with diadems stained with human blood, and maintain their regal splendour out of taxes extorted from struggling industry, are, in their last hours, assured by the highest spiritual

authorities of their free admission to Heaven, and Poets-Laureat have sung of their welcome there—then why should the obscure man be tremulous as to acceptance at the hand of Him who is called the God of the poor? The aristocracy pass from time unmolested by death-bed apprehensions, although they hold fast to privilege and splendour, though their tenants expire on the fireless hearth, or on the friendless mattrass of the Poor Law Union—then why should the people entertain dread? While every tyrant who has fettered his country—and every corrupt minister who has plotted for its oppression, or betrayed its freedom to the 'Friends of Order'—is committed to the grave 'in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection'—why should the indigent patriot fear to die? While even the bishop, who federates with the despots, and gives his vote almost uniformly against the people—while the Priests, Catholic, Protestant, or Dissenting, work into the hands of the government against the poor, and fulminate celestial menaces against those whose free thoughts reject the fetters of their creeds—while these can die in peace, what have the honest and the independent to fear? If the insensate monarch, the sordid millionaire, the rapacious noble, the false politician, and the servile clergyman, meet death with assurance, surely humble industry, patient merit, and enduring poverty, need not own a tremor or heave a sigh! If we choose to live as freemen, let us at least have the dignity to die so, nor discredit the privilege of liberty by an unmanly bearing. If we have the merit of integrity, we should also have its peace—while we have the destiny of suffering we should not have less than its courage!

The truth is, if we do not know how to die, it is because we do not know how to live. If we know ourselves, we know that when we can preserve the temper of love, and of service, by which love is manifested, and of endurance, by which love is proved, we acquire that healthy sense of duty done which casts out fear. They who constantly mean well and do well, know not what it is to dread ill. And the fearless are also the free, and the free have no foreboding. 'It is only the slave soul which dreads a tyrant God.'* Therefore—

> 'So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
> Scourged to his dungeon; but approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'†

* W. J. Fox, M.P. † Bryant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNITARIAN THEISM.

Since Atheistical views have somewhat occupied the attention of the public, orthodoxy has claimed whatever it has condescended to consider good in them; and Unitarianism, with half-hidden pity, has gently warned us that we need not put up with our inferior views, while theirs lie ready at hand for adoption. Thus the world is instructed to esteem us either benighted or infatuated until we catch the accents of one Shibboleth or the other. Orthodoxy has no claims upon us; and as we find Unitarianism willing to cast off its own free churches, and looking coldly on its progressive preachers, we are little attracted by it. Orthodox Unitarianism makes no progress. It has retrograded since the days of Priestley and Belsham. Where is now the political vitality it had in the time of Dr. Price and Dr. Cooper? It is supine in life, and recalcitrant in creed. It exerts its ornate eloquence to win men back (under all the fruitless odium of heresy) to the superstitions from which they have escaped.

Debate does not cut the Gordian knot of mystery. Mental difficulties are not to be *cut*, but unravelled. Human opinions upon unsolved problems are a mingled web of truth and error, of prejudice and misconception. Discussion may sometimes ravel as well as unravel. In all human attempts to untie knots there is the liability of drawing them tighter. This sometimes happens in debate; but in time the threads of confusion get disentangled one by one.

It will be well, in this place, to notice the relation of Theism to Secularism. It is needless to disguise the fact, that the name of the writer of these pages will lead many readers to suppose that certain Secular principles, insisted upon at times by him, are necessarily antitheistic, whereas such principles are perfectly neutral. As certain eminent Unitarian Ministers have fallen into the error of confounding Secularism and Atheism, it will be instructive to review here six discourses by gentlemen whose names we shall enumerate.*

* In 1855 the Rev. Brooke Herford, then of Todmorden, Unitarian minister, proposed to place before the Secular body the Unitarian views. His lectures, delivered in the London Mechanics' Institution, at the request of the London Secular Society, were much esteemed for their ability and liberality. Afterwards six lectures were addressed to the Secularists of London. The topics and lecturers were as follow:—

'The Causes of Unbelief among the Working Classes.'—Rev. John Gordon, of Edinburgh.

'Religion Indispensable to the Moral Development of Human Nature.'—Rev. Henry Solly.

'True Religion expressed in the Life and Teachings of Christ.'—Rev. J. J. Tayler.

'The Recognition of the Distinction between Religion and Science, essential to a right understanding of the Bible.'—Rev. Thomas L. Marshall.

'The Christian View of Human Life and Destiny.'—Rev. Thomas Madge.

'The Right of Free Inquiry in Relation to Christianity and its accompanying Responsibilities.'—Rev. Charles Clarke, of Birmingham.

In Mr. Gordon's lecture, there was a stateliness of thought and style, and a well-earned authority of opinion, that lent weight to his advocacy.

Mr. Solly spoke earnestly, but in a fluent, paternal tone, as though the Unitarian Church had settled the question of moral sentiment for all classes and for all time.

Mr. Tayler's eloquent lecture was the most artistic and matured of the course. In it, the mind was wooed by all the graces of thought, and all the tenderness of chastened sensibility. The argument of affection was heightened by a poetic warmth which imparted freshness to that which was old, and seductiveness to that which was new.

Mr. Marshall went over the debatable ground of Biblical interpretation, as though difficulties were imaginary, and doubt a caprice.

Mr. Madge sought to show that Christianity, if it were not the conviction of the understanding, might be the policy of the affections, and painted the Christian destiny in all the allurements of an elegant and impressive rhetoric.

Mr. Clarke's very liberal lecture had the peculiarity of agreeing with Secularists more cordially, and differing from them more widely, than any preceding one.

I cannot pretend to speak with either the dignity or the authority of these gentlemen: to all their splendour of persuasion, I can only oppose the plain impressions of one who listened to learn, and not to confute.

I shall speak of each discourse in the order in which it was delivered, presuming to indicate only the general impressions made upon the Secular hearer.

Mr. Gordon confounded the popular predilection for the doctrine of necessity—which truly means the law of causation—with the second and repulsive sense of Materialism, which means grossness. The working class are less attached to material interests than any class in the state: all the forlorn hopes of progress are made up from their ranks. It is not Materialism in its secondary sense, but causation, which is becoming the philosophy of the working class; and certainly they who suffer so much are entitled to ask the reason why, and to insist upon having a reason, both from the politician and the priest.

An important verbal injustice is done to Freethought when it is rendered in the hard, gross, self-sufficient sense which priests have associated with the term Materialism. In its actual sense, Materialism is the search after calculable causes, that progress may no longer be a vague or capricious aspiration, but a serious scientific pursuit, in which the steps shall be definite, measured, and reliable. In this universe of multitudinous effects, Materialism does not pretend to assign the causes of each. What Materialism does is this—it endeavours to ascertain the causes of such effects as men may find it desirable to control. Materialism does not deny effects because it cannot assign their causes—it acknowledges that innumerable effects exist of which the causes are unknown—but the service Materialism renders, is that

of warning mankind that these effects cannot constitute any part of a science of progress until they are traced to calculable causes.

A philosophical Materialism does not seek to forestall proof, and predict that all causes must be physical. The unknown causes of effects may be moral, or even spiritual: such issue it foresees, but it is wisely inexorable in demanding the proof before it admits the fact. It is of no consequence to progress, whether causes are physical, moral, or spiritual, provided they are calculable: with this element they are reliable, without it, mystical and uncertain. In the face of the weighty judgment of Mr. Gordon, I do not hesitate to avow myself as belonging to this school of Causationists—nor do I see how a wise rationalism can discourage the intellectual discipline which a pure Materialism inculcates.

Mr. Gordon rightly credited the working classes with the frankness of publicly avowing their Freethinking. It would be wrong, however, thence to infer that Freethinking has not made great progress among other classes. Indeed, the working classes are too apt to consider all above them as time-serving. I, however, have heard more gentlemen than workmen, openly refuse to stand on the Christian side, or to bear the Christian name. The Freethought of the workman is more zealous, militant, and devoted, according to means, but that of the gentleman is more incisive and thorough. And when Freethinking can win legal equality in law courts, and learns to maintain its honesty free from belligerent repulsiveness, it will be found to have substantial supporters in all classes.

Mr. Solly evidently regarded us as children wandering on the shore of opinion, sometimes stumbling on pebbles of Truth—but who evidently did not know what to do with them when we had found them. Mr. Solly was wrong in supposing that we regarded religion as an invention of priests. The simplicity of popular ignorance is such, that if religion be an invention at all, it is quite as likely to be an invention of the people's as of the priests'. Religion, however, was no invention: it was a growth: it grew out of that error which Mr. Solly suggested, and which Mr. Madge, with more elaborate eloquence, commended to our adoption—the error of regarding our presentiments as proofs of external existences.

When an orthodox man finds you do not believe in the Bible, he immediately concludes that you do not believe in anything great or good—indeed, his range is so narrow, that he does not see anything save the Bible to believe in. In the same manner, Mr. Solly, because we do not believe in his ideas, concluded that we do not believe in anything or anybody 'superior to ourselves.' As a type of the logical Secularist, as Mr. Solly appears to conceive him, Mr. Solly introduced to our notice a certain person, whom he had actually met—a man 'who did not believe in anything superior to himself.' I have often heard of this notability before. He is nearly as well known in polemical literature as the Wandering Jew. Addison reported him, the author of the 'Minute Philosopher' made a 'note of him.' Before

railways were invented, perigrinating clergymen caught glimpses of him upon stage-coaches. He now chiefly shows himself in third class carriages, and in the note-books of city missionaries. But Mr. Solly's is the first authentic case in which this self-sufficient individual has been seen face to face.* Mr. Solly's contempt, however, for his order of mind, is not greater than ours. If we do not believe in the Shibboleths of Theology, we believe in Humanity, in Justice, and in Truth —and our appeal is to those who can distinguish identity of emulous sentiment under diversity of manifestation.

When men first began to turn with disdain from Bacchanalian orgies, Greek orthodoxy saw in it the decline of piety. In these days, when you reject Christianity, modern orthodoxy sees in it the decline of reverence. It is simply another form of progress to higher and severer ideals. The wonderful progress initiated around us, is but a new manifestation of the eternal and inextinguishable sentiment of reverence. The very word progress implies the perception, the preference, and the pursuit of excellence. But this spontaneous and hopeful choice of new excellence, upon which the development of Humanity depends, the Conservative calls anarchy, and the Theologian 'atheism.'

And here one is forced to dissent from Mr. Tayler's doctrine, that Christ was a model man—a perfect type of Humanity in religiousness —*i.e.*, in dependence upon God. Christ's religiousness was not that cultivated dependence upon God which regards the universe as His manifestation, and the laws of nature as the ritual of His service—it was not that instructed faith which sees true prayer only in honest action—which regards 'the prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it—or the prayer of the rower, bending with the stroke of his oar,' as nobler worship than the cheap and florid orisons of indolent piety. The religiousness of Christ consisted in a dependence, which civilisation has discarded, and which all modern churches treat as fanatical in men. No one sooner than Christ, would repudiate the cold and relative dependence which Unitarianism recognises. The trustfulness of Christ held nature and life in an imperial subordination. His royal words were, 'Take no thought for the morrow; consider the lilies of the field how they grow—yet they toil not, and they spin not.' These were the words of a conqueror, and the inspiration of a devotee. After two thousand years, there would be a power in them to stir the souls of men were not all civilisation in a conspiracy to disprove their truth. What Christian now takes Christ at his word? Are they not all anxious in spite of it? Do not all strive in face of the promise? What sect presents the grace of perfect trust? St. Paul himself, penetrating to his Master's error, or despairing of his Master's policy, led the way in suggesting the Secular maxim, 'diligent in

* In the course of some courteous and friendly, but critical remarks offered on this passage, the Rev. Mr Solly said, he hoped we did not dispute the fact, that he had met such a person. Certainly not. We intended to indicate that Mr. Solly's authority established authenticity of the individual.

business, fervent in spirit—serving the Lord.' And all Christendom has acknowledged the sagacity of the apostle, and have consented to interpret Christ by Paul, and to explain away that grand repose, that brave and reliant trust, which Christ counselled and which Christians certainly owe to Him, whom they pretend to recognise as their Father and their God. The universal necessity of men cleaving to Paul, while they swear by Christ, proves that the religiousness of Christ was a superstition, and it is counted such when we meet the same quality of it in the Koran.

There was intensity in Christ's utterances, but not that consistency now claimed for him. He inspired, but he did not guide. He who could counsel us to forgive our brother seventy times seven, and yet feel that the day would come when he would deny those in Heaven who denied him on earth—he who could sublimely tell us to overcome evil with good, and yet predict the time when he would cast into 'outer darkness,' into 'weeping and wailing,' those who failed to believe in his name—he who, down to his last hour, when his own true heart told him to forgive his persecutors, still felt it necessary to implore God to forgive those who knew not what they did—he, I say, betrayed a fatal moral incoherence which plunges the earnest believer at once into love, terror, and distraction. In Christ's teachings the ethics of Heaven and of Earth were distinct, different, and irreconcileable. There is one memorable sentence of Christ's far too fervid not to have been genuine. It is the keystone to his religious character: he lived with its shadow on his soul, and he died with its spirit on his lips. I allude to his declaration that 'they who believed should be saved, and they who believed not should be damned.' This text opens like a grave. It is a gulf into which sincerity is thrown with vice; it is the bottomless pit of an undiscriminating Christianity, into which will be hurled alike the earnest and the hypocrite. Honesty and purity will be buried there with sensuality and villany.* Christ saw no distinction—he felt none, he meant none, or he would have made one. How men of cultivated sentiments can, in this day, hold up Christ as the perfection of moral genius, is to me inexplicable. The first thinker of our times has said 'Christ was a Chartist.'† It would be far more accurate to say he was the Robespierre of Christianity. Gentle himself, in all personal affection, Christ was—under the influence of his faith—inexorable. There he spared neither ties of blood, nor friendship, nor age, nor sex, nor integrity. Robespierre, as a man, would not put King Louis to death—as a theorist, he would guillotine a nation. Christ, as a teacher,

* The overwhelming majority of Christians have always so understood this passage. Witness the following words from the sermon of our modern Whitfield. We quote from a sermon on the 'Sin of Unbelief,' by this new master of orthodox fustian:—'Oh! sirs, believe me, could ye roll all sins into one mass—could you take murder and blasphemy, and lust, adultery, and fornication, and everything that is vile, and unite them all into one vast globe of black corruption, they would not equal even then the sin of unbelief. This is the monarch sin, the quintessence of guilt; the mixture of the venom of all crimes; the dregs of the wine of Gomorrah; it is the Al sin, the masterpiece of Satan, the chief work of the Devil.'—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

† Carlyle.

could say with ineffable tenderness—'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;' as the defender of a religion, he was prepared to cast a world into 'the fire which is never quenched.'

Mr. Marshall gracefully conceded our right to dig with himself in the mine of scriptural facts, but he made no secret of his opinion, that we were incapable of distinguishing the ore from the earth. His idea that we refuse to recognise the wonderful facts in the life of Christ, because the Songs of Solomon are unreadable, was the usual misapprehension of the Secular view of the scriptures. I do not refuse to recognise the divine in Christ's character. I do not see it there. The Unitarian estimate of it seems to me a reactionary exaggeration. Alarmed at their just temerity in excluding the Son of a Carpenter from the Trinity, the Unitarians, so it appears to me, hasten to propitiate orthodox resentment, by extolling the human nature of Christ up to the point of celestial perfection and infallibility; at which point his example ceases to be an encouragement to men, because his life is then no longer a struggle with our common frailty, but the easy triumph of a faultless nature. Endowed above all men, he suffered therefore less than any. In conscious communion with God, he neither experienced our darkness nor our doubts. Had his recorded life been equal to the Unitarian theory, Christ would still be a mischosen exemplar to humanity; but as his life was below their theory, Unitarianism contradicts the intellect, as well as confuses morals.

The doctrine of Mr. Marshall, that the Scriptures are inspired in moral, and not scientific respects, never did seem to me, in any form in which I have met it, as worthy of serious refutation. Certainly, the Bible is not more inspired in morals than in science. The educated religious ideas of this day are as superior to the theology of the Bible, as the science of this day is superior to the science of the Bible. The doctrine that the Holy Spirit pandered to the scientific ignorance of the olden times, is really but another way of saying that inspiration pandered to moral imperfection also. The moral teaching, both of the Old and New Testaments, is quite as crude as their scientific compromises. Be this as it may, I must still be allowed to say, that Mr. Marshall's doctrine, that God adapted his scientific allusions to the ignorance of his people,* is one which a Christian ought himself strenuously to protest against. Silence itself, where truth would have been so easy to God and so beneficial to men, is hardly capable of justification; but to assert that God, consciously or wilfully, used forms of expression which assented to error, and added to it the solemnity and permanence of celestial verification, would appear to us, if not put forth by Christians themselves, as charging upon God that which we should resent in man as unnecessary, dangerous, and an unpardonable dishonesty.

* This appears to me to be the actual purport of this passage:—'The Bible did not profess to instruct mankind.... in physical science of any kind:.... its authors were inspired only when they wrote on subjects affecting man's spiritual condition. The early portion of the Old Testament was adapted to the state of knowledge at the time at which it was written.' —*Vide* INQUIRER, No. 672, p. 315.

As respects the judgment of Scripture, a question raised by Mr. Gordon, and insisted upon by Mr. Marshall, I do not see how any Unitarian conclusion can be accepted, unless it be done upon grounds independent of Christianity. I agree with Dr. Hampden, that the Bible contains the *facts* of Christianity, but I feel myself unable to follow any one who reasons upon those facts, unless he admits the infallibility of them *all*, or specifies *which* he retains. You can never try the conclusions of that man who takes the rationalist license of dropping out the facts from the Scriptural premises, or changing the classification from literal to metaphorical, at discretion. Nor can you well reason on the Bible with any man, whether orthodox or rationalist, until he puts into your hands an exact copy of the Bible as he would render it, with the historic and spiritual passages marked, the doubtful passages fixed, and a glossary of leading terms. Until he does this, you can get no certain guidance out of him. Until he does this, his dogmatisms are an injustice to others, and until the common ground of the argument is before us, we are bound to disallow the right of such a one to judge us.

Mr. Madge's estimate of the social theorists, from Plato to Godwin, was the estimate of one who not only misapprehends the moral inspiration of Socialism, but also the signs of the times around us. The social theorists, from Plato to Godwin, were the social prophets who taught society to what it *should* tend, and who predicted to what it *has* tended; and though the elements of Christianity have combatted their inspirations at every step, each new triumph of civilisation is a contribution to, and a confirmation of, their truth.

It seems to me a duty to dissent from Mr. Madge's views of Christian life and destiny. Because virtue often suffers, and vice attains public success, he presses to know, on the supposition that this life is all, how we can combat this discouragement? We answer, that to the man educated in integrity, virtue is never absolute suffering, and vice never appears to such a man 'success.' He views such success with disdain, and combats it as a policy. Next we say, that the state of society in which the prize of life can fall to the vicious is proof of the moral impotence of Christianity. It is on this very ground that Morelly proposed, and we justify, the problem of Communism, which is 'to find the conditions in which it shall be *impossible* for men to be depraved or poor.' When Mr. Madge tells us that some such scheme of consolation is publicly necessary, he gives up the battle of life. We do not. Secularism proposes to continue it, by more reliable weapons than Christianity has, or can supply. We may say, in the impassioned words of Louis Blanc: '2,000 years have passed, during which entire nations have knelt before a gibbet, adoring in the sufferer who gave himself up to death—the Saviour of mankind. And yet what slavery still! What lepers in our moral world! What unfortunate beings in the visible and feeling world! What triumphant iniquity! What tyranny enjoying at its ease the scandal of its own impunity! The Saviour has come—when comes salvation?'

If we seek satisfaction rather than truth, the old religions are before the new.

Secularism does not despair. It will not give up the contest; nor will it accept any doctrine of consolation as a substitute for justice here. It seeks redress.

The admirable ability with which Mr. Madge put his case, enables us to see more clearly the answer thereto. Neither my presentiments nor my wishes are grounds for accepting any belief. The Unitarian view of destiny may be acceptable to my nature, but I dare not adopt it until I see it to be true. Truth is higher than any theory. No system can meet the wants of any truthful nature except that which is compatible with the convictions. Is not this the history of the progress of the purest religions? If a man may choose a religion because it meets the wants of his nature, why should any man adopt Unitarianism, which snaps asunder that wondrously-devised link of human sympathy—the idea of God in Christ—a blending of the human and celestial elements, which has fascinated Christendom for eighteen centuries? Why should we not re-advocate the doctrine of prayer for temporal deliverance—that doctrine which nerved the early martyrs, and which still lures the multitude to the churches? On the principle that that is preferable which is best adapted to human nature, Polytheism is infinitely before even Trinitarianism. Of all religious devices, the worship of the Virgin is, to my mind, the most graceful and seductive In all the literature of sentimental piety, there is nothing so full of true pathos as the Evening Prayer of the Catholic maiden—

> 'O mother of God! O star of the sea!
> Pray the Wanderer—pray for me.'

Why Protestantism, by the brutal hand of Luther, cut off from human worship the sweetest elements of half human nature. Who would not exchange the anxious life of the Englishman for the impassible *nonchalance* of the Turk, whose quiet fatalism gives him fearlessness in battle, and indifference, though the arrows of death, or pestilence, fall around him—

> 'Who is not troubled with the tide, which drives
> O'er his content its strong necessities—
> But lets determined things to destiny
> Hold unbewailed their way.'

Why should we seek to disturb the rapt devotion of the Hindoo, who drinks the sacred waters of the Ganges with a sublime joy unknown to those who sit at cold communion tables, and who expires in bliss if his weary feet can carry him to the rocks of Gangoutri? Compared with old religions, whose antiquity, glory, and splendour fill the soul, enchant the sense, gratify the affection, and call forth heroism stronger than death—what is our cold and heartless Protestantism, with scant traditions, without dominion, divorced from art, barren, bleak, and bare? What charms have new opinions and reformed religions equal to these age-crowned glories? Is it not

The charge that Freethought is deficient in the element of reverence.

that truth is stronger than time; that reality conquers tradition; that the fresh inspirations of freedom and nature purify the intellect, and give new powers and affections to man; unfold to him purer glories, and renew before his wondering eyes an untried existence, surpassing in splendour and permanence the superstitious past? The worship of truth is the only healthy worship, and will, one day, supersede all others.

Mr. Clarke's lecture was a model of liberal sentiment. I hear many liberal sentiments, to which I pay no regard, perceiving that those who utter them do not understand them. But it was very easy to see that Mr. Clarke, in speaking high words of freedom, meant them. But his defence of Christianity was without force or originality. To assert that the axioms by which we oppose Christianity are derived from it, and can have no independent source, is a narrower judgment than Butler, or Chalmers, or Whately, or Binney, would utter. To contend that the rise of Christianity was unique—that all great ideas (in music, architecture, humanity, morals, etc.) have arisen out of it* —that all human virtue pales before that of Christian professors, were instances of those agreeable complacencies peculiar to all old religions, but not often manifested or admired elsewhere.

In reviewing these lectures, I combat the broad spirit, rather than the terms, of notable passages. It was easy to see that Secularism was regarded as deficient in the element of just reverence. We demur to the judgment, and question the fitness of the judges to pronounce it. The religionist is noticeably the slave of inherited associations, and always thinks, more or less, within the fetters of the Bible. The Secularist, standing on independent grounds, determines for himself what should be the attitude of man towards the Infinite Personality on the part of those discerning His existence. And noticing the manner in which God is addressed, he feels the truth of Miss Martineau's exclamation—'There is no view of Deity extant which is not so degrading as to make me blush, so misleading as to make me mourn!' Who can regard free parliaments as the symbol of representative institutions, and hear them described as mere national palavers, without feeling that the way is paved for their dissolution by your Cromwells—or their abolition by your Louis Napoleons? Who can regard families as the source of social purity, and not regard the conventional derision of their responsibilities as so much blasphemy against them—and when I hear people tell me I should hold the great name of God in honour, at the same time that they suffer it to be the word of intrigue in politics, of contentions on platforms, of polemics between rival sects, the catch-word of literature, and the task-word of schools, I cease to believe in the existence of any true

* Doubtless important ideas have been suggested by the Bible, as has happened with the Bibles and national books of all peoples. But *all* great ideas are not so derived. The world is greater than the Bible. The great and progressive ideas of the age are not extracted from the Bible. Men put them in, and Bibliolatry believes it finds them there.

Decker's saying that 'Christ was the first true gentleman that ever breathed.'

religious sentiment on their part. During these discourses, I have heard a familiarity of thought on this subject, which, had I been a believer, I myself could not have employed. Even in Mr. Tayler's lecture, so eminently chaste in thought, I had no sooner, as an unprejudiced hearer should, surrendered my sympathies to the lecturer, than I heard phrases which smote on my conscience like a crime; and from which, if a Christian, I should again shrink as though I heard some guilty thing. Mazzini and Professor Newman are the only two persons whose deep converse on God meets my ideal of what is theoretically reverential. Mr. Tayler quoted Decker, who described Christ as 'the first true gentleman that ever breathed;' a remark which Christ, were he upon earth, would not understand, nor accept if in heaven. Yet this idea is higher than the Christian notion of God, for Christians certainly speak of him and to him, as they would not dare to speak to or of any gentleman. If Plato, or Aristotle, or Bacon, or Shakspere, were to revisit this sphere, how few men are there who could adequately converse with them, and who would dare praise them to their face? What is the praise of mediocrity in the estimation of genius? Only those whose reach of thought is equal to that of the person praised, is, in the opinion of the person praised, of any value. What presumption, then, lies in the defence-praises of God, with which our pulpits abound! If Christ be but half as great as Unitarians allege, Mrs. Barbauld is right, and 'silence is our least injurious praise.' What gentleman would endure to be perpetually told of his good qualities or benefactions. The 'true gentleman' treats with quick contempt, or deeply suspects, the obtrusive gratitude which is ever forcing itself on his notice. That others are happy, he is content, and he has a feeling of just satisfaction if it be through his instrumentality; but he never degrades his munificence by exacting or permitting an everlasting and demoralising acknowledgment of it.

The orthodox worship of God I do not here notice. Excepting in its sincerity, it is simply revolting. My purpose is to protest with all the energy of which I am capable, against the constant imputation of irreverence to Atheism, on the part of a public who commit, or permit, or sanction, the most contemptuous familiarity with Deity; while we seek to preserve a studious and decorous neutrality.

The Unitarian is a mystery to me; with his faith, I never could live with his apathy. With the orthodox, God is an image of terror —with the Unitarian, an object of trust. When I first saw this distinction, it had all the force of magic on my mind; it was the first deep thought of unchequered consolation I derived from theology, and I never can understand how it is, that the Unitarian does not burn with a noble passion to impart to the orthodox this inspiring and refining idea, and to take in public affairs the lead this freedom gives him. Whereas (with some noble exceptions on the part of persons scarcely counted orthodox by their brethren) we find Unitarian preaching a sonorous pastime, and the body a school of conservative

doctrinaires, carefully guarding themselves against an identification with others, which others do not desire.*

Let me, however, provide against the supposition any orthodox hearers may entertain that because I dissent from Unitarianism, therefore I undervalue the past of the Unitarian body, or their still relative usefulness. In every part of the land, freedom and progress are more indebted to them, than to all the orthodox sects. When I first sought the privilege of teaching in their Sunday-schools, my religious friends gathered around me, and on their knees prayed against the danger to my soul of such a step. In the tearful struggle through which I then passed, I for the first time felt how orthodoxy was opposed to Secular usefulness. I went to the Unitarian Sabbath-schools, and found crowds of children receiving their Secular instruction on the only day on which they could get it. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me still, that no faith was so sweet, no prayer so humane, no creed so pure, as that true service to the poor. I can point at this hour to scores of men who owe the capacity and usefulness of their lives, to that instruction which Unitarianism gave, and Orthodoxy refused, and still refuses, on the Sunday. The voice of Unitarianism is still to me the voice, comparatively, of the friend of freedom and progress—the voice of Orthodoxy that of the enemy of my peace and my improvement.

From the points here briefly and abruptly discussed, some features of Secularism may be gathered. I may in a few sentences suggest more definitely what it is. I am not quite sure that the gentlemen who have addressed us are very accurately informed as to its nature.

An Athenæum is a type of a Secular Society. The members of an Athenæum are bound together by the avowed pursuit of literature and science. In a news-room they learn the facts of the day—in a library, the thought of ages—in a laboratory, the truths of science—in a drawing room, they find recreation—in a coffee room, refreshments. They have theatres for lectures—classes for languages, logic, arts, and physics. Yet the society is not based on a mathematical, or an astronomical, or a geological principle, but on the common principle of personal improvement, with a view to public efficiency. In a more limited and humble way, a Secular Society is an Athenæum in philosophy, with a wilder and more serious range of purpose. It has classes for studies, committees who have charge of recreations, and a platform for free advocacy. But its general principles are distinct from all.

Secularism commences not in Atheism, but Cosmism. It acknow-

* A curious report in connection with the lectures here reviewed was made by the Rev. Thomas Marshall, at Radley's Hotel, on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of the London District Unitarian Society. Among other things, he related that 'Mr. Holyoake had told him that he wished he could embrace Christianity,' etc. Mr Marshall is the Refractor of Unitarianism. If a straight rod is dipped into water it appears crooked. Mr. Marshall's mind seems to be a similar refracting medium—the most straightforward statement that enters it generally comes out bent.

ledges that nature is—it does not declare why it is. It traces the order of the universe, but does not pronounce upon the cause. It studies manifestations, but does not pledge itself to account for them. Guided by the principle of materialism, which we define as the search, not after primary, but after calculable causes, it labours in the inexhaustible field of positive philosophy. A Secular Society may contain classes for the study of Atheism, as it may of Theism, but the society is not compromised by such pursuits. It neither proposes to define, nor to limit, nor to answer for the opinions of its members. Its function is to indicate to its members reliable methods of forming their opinions, and to defend their right to acquire them, to hold them, to utter them, and to debate them.

In observing the relation of man to the external world, we find science to be an ever-growing source of help and conquest, which it is wisdom to study and humanity to apply. There may be other help than this. There *may* be help from prayer, or from providence. Upon these points, the members of the Secular Society form such opinions as to them the facts may seem to warrant, and they are equally free to affirm or deny the existence or availability of supernatural aid. Secularism limits itself to declaring that (whatever else may be) science is a reliable and important agent of human progress. Secularism qualifies its professions in order not to mislead its members, but it insists on a free platform, that no conscience be compromised, and all progress be possible.

In morals, the sphere of Secularism is no less sharply defined and independent. It regards ethics as a possible science. Secularism seeks to supply the material and social conditions under which, whatever of goodness (relative or absolute) exists in human nature, may manifest itself unchecked. It would place the intellect under the dominion of true ideas, and show to others that virtue is an advantage as well as a duty. Whatever other means (as the authority of the Bible or Grace of God) may be invoked as moral influences, Secularism neither determines nor denies. Its province is to study the universal and available Secular influence, which may exist and operate independently or compatibly with Christianity.

The Secular rule of speech is referable to the same principle of causation everywhere recognised. We do not seek to coerce the man, but to dare and to command the judgment. We question sentiments which we can try—not motives which are hidden, and may be as honest as our own We would reason, not denounce. The true and clear exposition of erroneous principles is higher in force than any invective. Yet, here also we do not dogmatise; we merely choose. We leave to others, other weapons of advocacy—but we claim the right to choose our own.

Secularism is a recognition of causation in nature, in science, in mind, morals, and manners. In electing its own sphere, however, it will combat without contemning others. It may also omit much that it respects, as well as that which it rejects—but to omit is not to

ignore.* The solution of the problem of union can only be effected by narrowing the ground of profession, and widening that of action—it requires to collect sympathies without dictating modes of manifestation.

Secularism teaches the good of this Life to be a rightful object of primary pursuit, inculcates the practical sufficiency of Natural Morality apart from Atheism, Theism, or the Bible, selects as its method of procedure the promotion of human improvement by material means, and proposes unity of action on this threefold ground of Positivism.

Secularism holds that the Protestant right of private judgment includes the moral innocency of that judgment, whether for or against received opinion; provided it be conscientiously arrived at—that the honest conclusion is without guilt—that though all sincere opinion is not equally true, nor equally useful, it is yet equally without sin—that it is not sameness of belief but sincerity of belief which justifies conduct, whether regard be had to the esteem of men or the approval of God.

With respect to the service of humanity, deliverance from sorrow or injustice is before consolation—doing well is higher than meaning well—work is worship to those who accept Theism, and duty to those who do not.

As security that the principles of Nature and the habit of Reason may prevail, Secularism uses itself and maintains for others these rights of reason.

The Free Search for Truth, without which it is impossible.

The Free Utterance of the result, without which the increase of Truth is limited.

The Free Criticism of alleged Truth, without which conscience will be impotent on practice.

A Secularist sees clearly upon what he relies as a Secularist. To him the teaching of Nature is as clear as the teaching of the Bible, and since, if God exist, Nature is certainly His work, while it is not so clear that the Bible is—the teaching of Nature will be preferred and followed where the teaching of the Bible appears to conflict with it.

All pursuit of good objects with pure intent is religiousness in the best sense in which this term appears to be used. The distinctive peculiarity of the Secularist is, that he seeks that good which is dictated by Nature, which is attainable by material means, and which is of immediate service to humanity, a religiousness to which the idea of God is not essential, nor the denial of the idea necessary.

Going to a distant town to mitigate some calamity there, will illustrate the principle of action prescribed by Secularism. One man

* Yet we are continually reasoned against, as though the two terms were identical. Mathematics does not ignore poetry because the laws of prosody are omitted in the postulates of Euclid.

will go on this errand from pure sympathy with the unfortunate; this is goodness. Another goes because his priest bids him; this is obedience. Another goes because the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew tells him that all such persons will pass to the right hand of the Father; this is calculation. Another goes because he believes God commands him; this is piety. Another goes because he perceives that the neglect of suffering will not answer; this is utilitarianism. But another goes on the errand of mercy, because it is an errand of mercy, because it is an immediate service to humanity; and he goes with a view to attempt material amelioration rather than spiritual consolation; this is Secularism, which teaches that goodness is sanctity, that Nature is guidance, that reason is authority, that service is duty, that Materialism is help.*

Speaking mainly on the part of those who regard Secularism not as a working scheme merely, but as a philosophy of life, I wish only to observe—Man does not live by egotisms, hopes, and comforts—but rather by self-renunciation, by service and endurance. You ask, will Secularism meet all the wants of human nature? To this we reply, every system meets the wants of those who believe it, else it would never exist. We desire to know and not to hope. We have no wants, and wish to have none, which truth will not satisfy. We would realise this life—we would also deserve another—but without the selfishness which craves it—or the presumption which expects it—or the discontent which demands it. We pray it may be given to us to be 'too busy to be anxious, and too loving to be sad.' Our final objects may be described in the noble words of one (Mazzini) who has lived the life he commends to us:—

'We propose progressive improvement, association, transformation of the corrupted medium in which we are now living, the overthrow of all idolatries, shams, lies, and conventionalities. We want man to be not the poor, passive, cowardly, phantasmagoric unreality of the actual time, thinking in one way and acting in another, bending to power which he hates or despises; carrying empty popish or thirty-nine article formularies on his breast, and none within. We would make man a fragment of the living truth—a real individual being linked to collective humanity, the bold seeker of things to come; the gentle, mild, loving, yet firm, uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that is just and heroic.'

THE END.

* *Vide* Institute Papers, No. IV., REASONER, 617.

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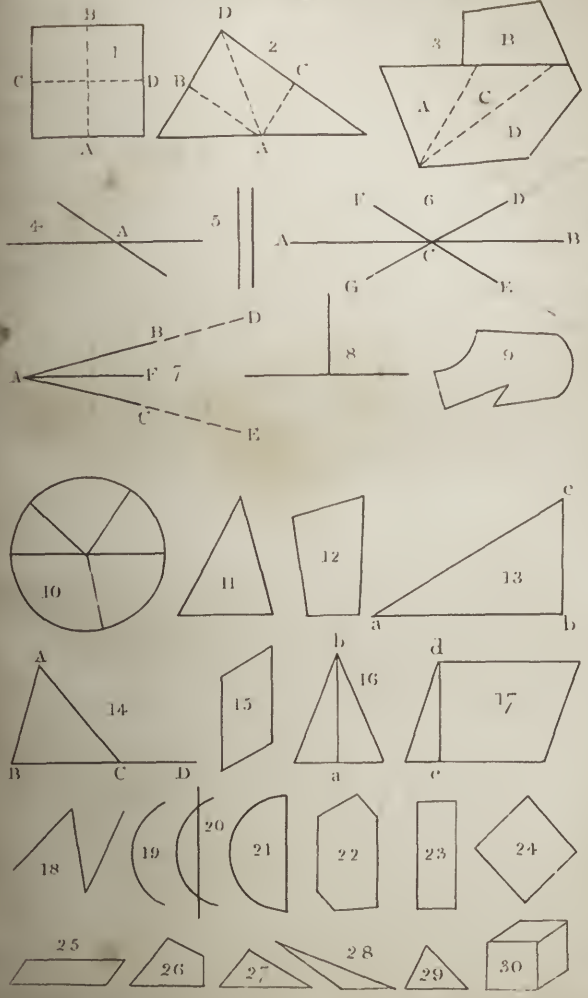
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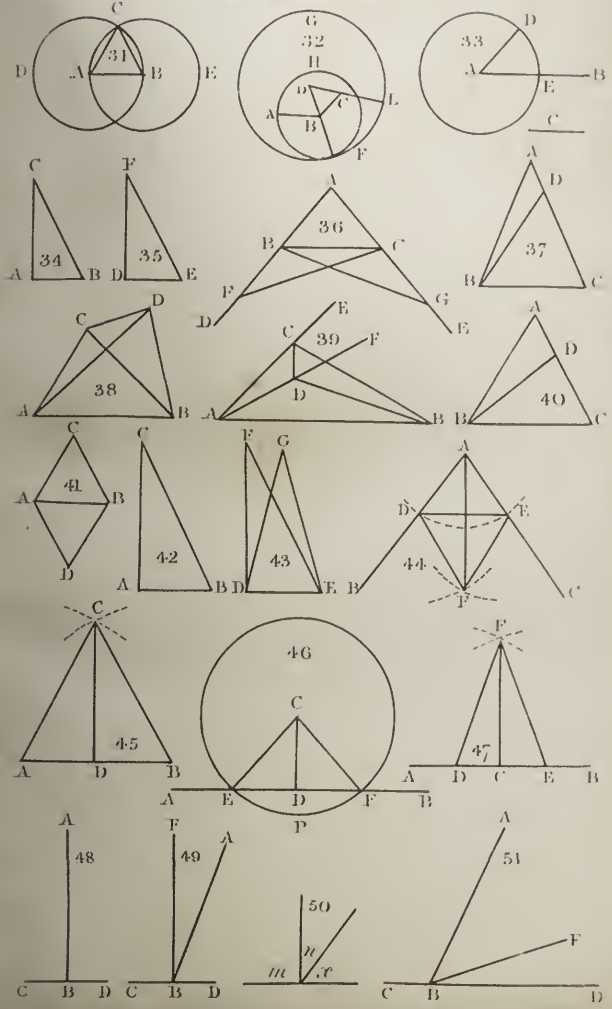
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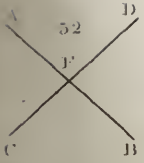
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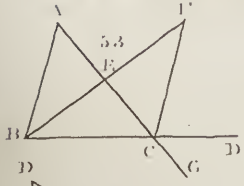
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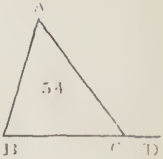
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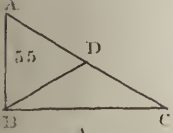
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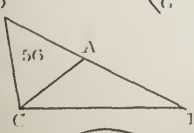
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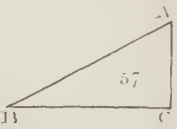
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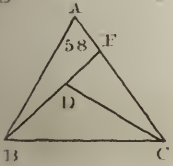
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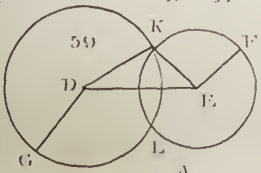
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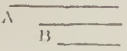
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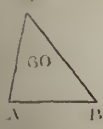
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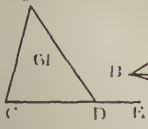
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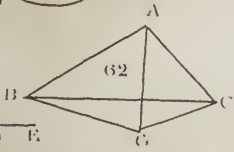
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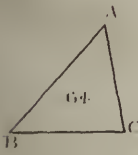
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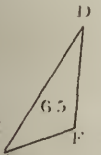
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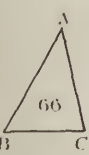
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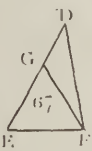
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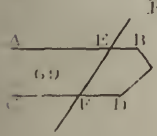
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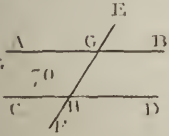
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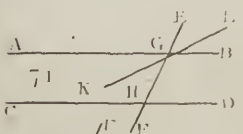
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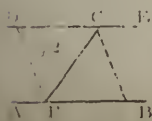
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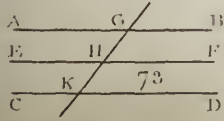
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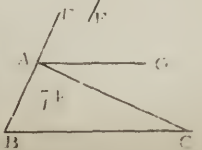
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Preface of 1866.

Experience has shown that this book has some utility though open no doubt to many objections. For the sake of such service I shall not deprecate any adverse criticism

~~not be found to deprecate~~ but shall keep in recollection the prudent advice of Helicane, and

> With patience bear
> Such griefs as I do lay upon myself.

The book is open to the fault of being too crude & too confident judged from the ~~[illegible]~~ point of scholasticism. Mr Friend Mr Knight Hunt, who preceded Mr Weir as Editor of the Daily News, suggested to me the title "Mathematics No Mystery" as ~~explain~~ indicating in a rough way the ~~[illegible]~~ enquiries the book was intended to satisfy.

The chief object in view has been to furnish some practical explanation.

velopment of the argument in favour of this science as a means of mental discipline, guarded from the arrogance and exaggeration which have so often destroyed its efficiency. 6. An exposition of Mathematical logic, and the true principles of Science, illustrating the value of the one and the simplicity of the other. 7. The enforcement of Natural Geometry—resting it on the foundation of the common understanding, distinguishing its Beauties and Uses, adapting it to the wants of the many, to the capacities of the young, to the aptitudes of the uninitiated, and the exigencies of men of business—the people of little time and a definite purpose.

E. J. H.

☞ The word EUCLID, on the title page, contains the Diagrams of six of the most interesting and celebrated Propositions of Euclid. The number of each Proposition, and the number of the Book in which it is found, are placed at the foot of each letter. The Diagrams in E, U, C, occurring in the First Book, the reader will discover, in the following pages, to what they relate. The Diagram in L is employed to prove that all the angles that can be made in a semicircle are right angles. The Diagram in I belongs to the Proposition respecting the proportion between triangles and parallelograms of the same altitude. The Diagram in D is the geometrical foundation of the Rule of Three. It seemed the most appropriate tribute to Euclid to associate his works with his name.

E. J. H.

What it is that it is worthwhile doing well

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What it is that it is worth while doing well

The First Book.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ~~MATHEMATICS~~.

CHAPTER I.

~~DISCOURAGING INFLUENCE OF A CERTAIN POPULAR MAXIM OVER THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING IN GENERAL, AND MATHEMATICS IN PARTICULAR~~.

'WHATEVER is worth ~~while~~ doing at all, ~~it~~ is worth ~~while~~ doing well,' is a maxim of deserved reputation: and *when* applied in its proper sense, of great service. ~~But, adopted as this has been, without due regard to its exact import, it may be questioned whether any maxim ever proved so serious a discouragement to the majority of learners~~. What ~~it~~ is worth ~~while to~~ do at all, it is, unquestionably, sound wisdom and true economy to do well. But *what* ~~it~~ is worth ~~while to perform~~, and the *measure* of the undertaking, are to be decided by the wants and circumstances of the person engaging in the pursuit. Instead of this being done, we have those who, on feeling interested in the investigation of any branch of learning, conclude it to be incumbent on them to entirely explore it, whatever be its nature or extent, and, wanting time to accomplish this, often an extravagant task, remain in entire ignorance of that of which it was probably important they should know something.

The person destined for the profession of Chemistry, of necessity must acquaint himself with the works of ~~Priestley, Davy, Dalton, Liebig, Faraday, Daniels, and other~~ eminent men in that department of knowledge: but the general inquirer will sufficiently in-

form himself on this subject from Chambers' 'Rudiments' of the science. In like manner, a person intended for the Medical profession has ~~a wide class of~~ many authors ~~before him~~, with whom he must become conversant, while the artizan would be ~~considered~~ well informed who was familiar with the works of Southwood Smith ~~and~~ Andrew Combe. ~~Now, what it is~~ proper for the Chemist and Medical student to undertake, is no less than the whole range of knowledge belonging to each of their respective professions—and *this* it is worth their while to master well. But the ~~or~~ general inquirer ~~and the~~ artizan, being differently circumstanced, require only such a general insight ~~into~~ of ~~these~~ subjects as shall enable ~~them~~ to converse thereon with propriety, to understand books in which they are introduced, and to apply the plain and popular rules to the business, enjoyment, and ~~preservation of~~ life.

The ~~judicious~~ rule of acquisition is this. After mastering the knowledge proper to individual profession, we next have to seek general knowledge: for he attempt who should ~~essay~~ to sound the depths of every subject, would find life exhausted before he had completed a tithe of his task. ~~A course which would condemn to the unremitting toil of hoarding information, and exclude for ever from the pleasure of its application.~~

~~Unmindful of considerations of this kind,~~ It is commonly thought, that whenever Geometry is proposed for investigation, (since whatever is worth while doing at all is worth ~~while~~ doing well), nothing less than Dr. Simpson's Eight Books of Euclid, his namesake's Trigonometry, Bonnycastle's Mensuration, Bridge's Algebra, and a host of ~~scientific~~ treatises, must necessarily be ~~entered upon~~. And as it is only the time of professed students that will allow of this, the

the works of De Morgan & and Potts, mastered relevant

entire subject is generally neglected.* In what belongs to a man's profession, his duty, or his chosen study, there must be no superficialness. ~~The professional astronomer must be master of Newton~~—the mariner, of Thomas Simpson—the architect and civil engineer, of Euler and the Bernouillis, and a certain class of able geometricians. So much of geometry as may belong to any branch of mechanics, must be mastered by all who would be proficients in such branch —whatever be ~~the formidable array of works to be encountered.~~ But ~~under other circumstances~~, what is ~~chiefly~~ wanted is such a *general* acquaintance with the subject as shall enable a person to distinctly understand the nature and application of Mathematics—the process of geometrical reasoning—the meaning of the technical terms now so frequent in the scientific lecture room, and in treatises on Mechanics.†

by the unprofessional student

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* Of forty artizans who commenced the study of Mathematics, under the impression, in the Birmingham Mechanics' Institute (1837-9) scarcely one-eighth pursued the subject to a satisfactory issue: and the few who did, pursuing it at the usual length, had to make large abstractions from the hours of recreation and rest, and, to a great extent, paid their health as the penalty of their application.

† Greek and Latin, Aristotle's logic and classical versification, quadratic equations, conic sections, the differential calculus, are very good things—They are essential to the fame of a Parr or a Porson, a Herschel or a Whewell. These acquisitions are, doubtless, amongst the greatest triumphs of the human understanding, and are calculated to raise a few—perhaps one in a hundred—to distinction; but upon the minds of the remaining ninety-nine they produce no sort of impression. They do not do much mischief to such persons in themselves, but they are of incalculable detriment, and the industry which they absorb to no available purpose. Ten years of youth—the most valuable and important period of life—are wasted in studies which, to nineteen-twentieths of the persons engaged in them, are of no use whatever in future years.—*Blackwood's Magazine, Nov.* 1845.

that they must know every thing

Much has been said of the qualities of calmness, of clearness, coherency, and cogency—the reputed traits of a geometrical mind: and a general desire of acquaintance with the writings of Euclid is felt on this account. ~~Here~~, These points ~~enumerated~~ may be learned in a very satisfactory manner from the First Book of Euclid, which six weeks' application will master. ~~On this account the First Book only is introduced in this Work—that Book constituting a complete introduction to geometrical science.~~

The usual works on 'Geometry,' and those under the name of 'Euclid's Elements,' have been mostly intended for professional persons, or teachers, as few besides were likely to buy them. Sometimes they have been issued by individuals who merely sought geometrical reputation. In both cases such works would naturally contain much which the general student would never want. ~~Now that enquirers have multiplied, the pedantry of the schools has been brushed away in the bustle of practical life, and zeal of learning broken through the barriers of caste — the populace claim to have opened to them the portals of Geometry.~~ Euclid, by the unanimous consent of learned men, is the keeper of the gate. His First Book is the entrance to the Temple—~~and it is strange that none among the moderns have selected this vestibule for the admission of the public to view the museum of the exact sciences.~~

Proclus, the last Greck geometer, seems to have had this idea. He alone, of the ancients, is recorded to have paid distinguished attention to the First Book of Euclid. He left a special commentary upon it, abounding in curious observations on the metaphysics of Euclid, and ~~with~~ curious facts connected with the science.

The desirability of recasting our educational trea-

tises the commercial habits of the age leave beyond doubt. The industrious classes are they who most need the acquisition of any logical power which Geometry can impart, and their means of leisure to pursue such a study are few and far between. Actuated, probably, by convictions of this kind, Sir John Herschel has composed a work on Astronomy, intended to answer for the astronomical, such purposes as are here contemplated for ~~the~~ geometrical public. ~~Indeed, many distinguished men have turned their attention to the same object in their respective sciences. Of the fitness of the single book of Euclid for the accomplishment of the ends here specially in view, the reader will be able to judge from the execution of these pages.~~ Since the ~~writer~~ first arranged ~~them,~~ a coincident opinion has been very distinctly expressed upon the subject.—

'To young readers, about to enter on the study of Astronomy, and who seek only to get such a mere general knowledge of it as may satisfy their own minds, we would say in the first place, acquire a knowledge, however slight it may be, of the elements of Mathematics. Your mind may not be of a mathematical turn, and there may not be the slightest prospect of your deriving any positive advantage from posing your brains with the "*First Book of Euclid.*" No matter; try and go over it; it is worth your while. You cannot stir in Astronomy without knowing something of the properties of the circle and triangle. He, therefore, who wishes to comprehend the "reasons" on which Astronomy is based, will acquire this preliminary knowledge, without which it is useless for him to enter upon the study. After he has acquired it, and after he has studied an Astronomical work, he may be far—very far, indeed, from having the smallest pretension to the name of Astronomer,

but he will be in possession of a few of the "fundamentals" of the science; and will stand on the same platform with the Astronomer himself.'*

The world has been favoured with the Beauties of Beattie, of Byron, Scott, and of its great benefactors in literature and song, and the public who could never acquaint themselves with the entire productions of these authors, have become familiar, through such convenient epitomes, with their merits and their graces. That there are both romance and beauty of a stern kind in the wonderful writings of Euclid, no man of information or taste will deny. His works were the torch which lighted the sciences to their earliest discoveries. They revealed to us the world of form and the hidden secrets of figure, and enlisted lines and angles in the eternal service of man. The deep enthusiasm which some have felt for Geometry will be generally shared in the current diffusion of intelligence. An important connection is beginning to be established between the principles of science and morality. More than one philosopher is found to acknowledge, that 'The axioms of Physics translate those of Ethics.'† The desire of aiding to some extent the development of this fact was not one of the least reasons which has dictated the compilation of the 'Beauties and Uses of Euclid.'

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* London Saturday Journal.

† Emerson.

CHAPTER II.

IMPORTANT DISTINCTIONS PERTAINING TO MATHEMATICS.

MATHEMATICS is the science of quantity and magnitude. It is usually defined as that which treats of whatever can be numbered or measured.* Mathematics embraces all modes of procedure, and includes all the arts and sciences employed in determining magnitude and quantity. Quantity is understood to include the distinctions of weight and measure. Magnitude is the consideration of size.

Geometry, though a very important science, is but a branch of the Mathematics. Geometry treats of the properties of lines, angles, surfaces and solids. The term Geometry is applied to Mensuration, to Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and to every department of investigation in which lines and angles, surfaces and solids, are chiefly concerned.

Arithmetic, the art of figures — and Algebra, the science of symbols, constituting the lower and higher departments of calculation, are both branches of Mathematics. But Geometry is the principal branch.

From these points of definition the relative distinctions subsisting among the branches of Mathematics, will easily be perceived, and the careful observer will be enabled to avoid the error of confounding these distinctions. The common mystery attached to the Mathematics has, in a great measure, its rise in this kind of inattention.

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* Ritchie's Principles of Geometry, page 2.

A person skilled in the use of figures is an Arithmetician. ~~This is his proper appellation~~. If acquainted with that higher branch of calculation in which quantities are represented by letters, his ~~correct~~ designation is an Algebraist. The proficient in Euclid's Elements is a Geometrician. The more precise ancients always styled ~~the illustrious author of the Elements~~, the Great Geometer. It is the person who has acquired skill in *all* these branches, ~~and such others as~~ pertain to the determination of magnitude and quantity, ~~who~~ is ~~properly the~~ Mathematician. As Mathematics includes all these arts, properly, the Mathematician is master of them all.

~~We often, indeed, hear the skilful Algebraist styled~~ a Mathematician. The Trigonometrist and Geometrician often receive the same designation. But correct taste is never guilty of this confusion of terms. Such want of precision is a poor compliment to the preciest of sciences.

~~The term Mathematics will never be~~ intentionally employed in this work, except in its comprehensive sense, as explained in its definition. That term on the title page is employed to indicate that an attempt will be made to lay bare its clear import, and by so doing divest it of its reputed mystery; and illustrating (as will be done in various places) the exact nature and influence of its branches, and afford a comprehensive and easy insight ~~into~~ its nature and application. But chiefly, this work, as its second title expresses, ~~is confined to Euclid to Geometry~~.

The Elements of Euclid are often designated the Elements of Mathematics. ~~True~~, the Elements once constituted Mathematics themselves; but since the perfection of numerals and the invention of Algebra by Diophantus, they have sunk into a relative rank. It is true, Geometry gives laws to Arithmetic. The

Second Book of Euclid illustrates the powers of numbers. None of the ancients unfolded the ~~pro-found~~ theory of proportion ~~with such ability~~ as Euclid did in his Fifth Book. The 16th Proposition of the Sixth Book is the foundation of the Rule of Three. ~~The logic of~~ Euclid is, to a great extent, the logic of the Mathematics. But though these cardinal and common qualities enable us to make the First Book an introduction to Mathematics,* we are not, on such ground, warranted in confounding, even for a moment, the lesser with the greater. The Elements of the Mathematics signify the elements of all the branches of the Mathematics. The Elements of Euclid are the elements of Geometry.

~~Forgetfulness or rather ignorance of these natural distinctions, causes every pupil who comes to the study~~ of Euclid, ~~to~~ put the ~~idle~~ question 'Is a knowledge of arithmetic requisite before commencing the study of the Elements?' ~~It was my first question, and it has been the first question of my pupils to me.~~ No ~~enquiry could be more uncalled for.~~ If the pupil was entering on the study of the entire Mathematics, it is plain he wants no arithmetic to begin with, ~~as the province of Mathematics includes that art.~~ ~~And~~ Geometry ~~is~~ that teaches the *science*† of numbers. ~~It~~

* The Books of Euclid are a series of graduated steps, and when we have learned the principle of mounting the ladder we can climb to any height. The *First* Book developes these principles. It is in this sense that the First Book is here put for the whole fifteen.

† In another place (Practical Grammar, p, 9.) I have found it necessary to explain what it may be useful to repeat here, that 'an Art is a system of rules, for the performance of any operation—and Science is that which explains the *reasons* on which the rules of art are founded.' The Elements of Euclid being eminently a demonstrative science perform this office

agents are lines and angles. It is a distinct, entire, and independent science.

But it will be asked by the intelligent reader, if Mathematics comprises not only Arithmetic, Algebra, Differential and Integral Calculus, and Geometry—but also such principles as are employed in the measurement of the earth and the skies, in Physical Geography, Astronomy, Navigation, Architecture, and a variety of other branches, how is the maxim with which Sec. I. opens to be applied by the general enquirer to these departments? The answer is easy.

If the enquirer aims at the eminent distinction of being a Mathematician, he must prosecute each of these branches of study, so as to acquire familiarity with their modes of procedure, and some skill in their application. Nor will this be so difficult as at first sight appears. The nature of each is kindred, and Geometry is the key which will unlock them all—only it requires the application of many years to compass so wide a range of physical knowledge.

The course of the general enquirer is different. Arithmetic being required, to some extent, by every-

for Arithmetic and several other arts. The Arithmetician and *Practical* Geometer, (a distinction hereafter to be explained) come to Euclid for the reasons of their rules. I am aware that Schiller (according to the *Dublin University Magazine*) makes the great distinction between art and pure science to consist in the element of humanity being always essentially involved in every work of art, and this element being excluded in all that is properly called science. But this distinction relates to high art—to the poetry of art. I have here to do with art in the sense of manipulation—and with science in the sense of systematized and demonstrative knowledge—and in every employment of these terms, allusion is made to the art and science of practice. No disparagement to Schiller's distinction, but ours is the other department.

body, *he* acquires its first principles, and as much of its practice as he is likely to need. If he is curious about Algebra, he may soon gather from Coles's admirable 'Conversations' on that subject, the requisite information—the First Book of Euclid will accomplish the rest. It will introduce him to both Theoretical and Practical Geometry, and to the technical characteristics of Mathematics. It will enable him to understand the *modus operandi* of Newton's Principia. It will familiarise him with the illustrations of Dynamics and Mechanics. After performing the 'Constructions of Euclid, and putting them to the 'Uses' at the end of this book, any person could understand and practice Keith's principles of Mapping, and illustrate his geography by constructing his own maps. We have seen in the quotation in the last chapter, from the *Saturday Journal*, how the First Book of Euclid, if it does not make the young pupil master of Astronomy, it will place him on the same common ground with the Astronomer himself, and familiarise him with the scientific secrets of that fine pursuit. Indeed, if the First Book of Euclid does not make the student a Mathematician, it so qualifies him that he can be a Mathematician whenever he pleases, as it imparts a clear insight of that science which will enable him to extend his studies whenever his duty or taste shall incline him. Thus the general enquirer applies our maxim. He determines what is properly worth *his* attention, and earnestly devotes himself to that, and to nothing else. His business is to *explore*, not to *conquer* the region of Mathematics It is that which it is worth his while to do, and he does *that* well.

Many people of undisciplined powers, and ignorant of the art of acquiring knowledge, can never move anywhere unless they move profoundly. Such people soon lose themselves. Instead of being the masters of

knowledge, knowledge is the master of them. By being profound out of place, they bring profundity into contempt. It is not within the compass of human power to be profound upon more than a few subjects. The poet was somewhat too strict in his limitation, but he approached the truth in declaring—

> One subject only will one genius fit,
> So vast is art—so narrow human wit.

Do not be deterred from the useful course of general investigation, in these two Sections recommended, by the vague charge of superficiality, so often preferred without propriety and listened to without advantage. Many persons live and die in disreputable ignorance because they are determined not to be superficial. Superficiality is a serious imputation when it respects what you ought to know well. But with respect to general knowledge, it is no more criminal to be superficial than to have only five senses, or not to be in half a dozen places at once. It is the condition of humanity only to be able to take a general survey of the wide field of knowledge. The republic of literature has no inapt resemblance to the state of good citizenship, in which a man is expected to know his own business, and to have such an acquaintance only with that of his neighbours as shall give him a laudable interest in their pursuits, and assure him that they are conducive to the dignity of the commonwealth.

Of the majority of the branches of learning, we can only hope to master the first principles. And it happens that no work that human wit has ever devised teaches the art of doing this in so striking a manner as does the First Book of Euclid. But more of this in the proper place. We must now introduce the reader to the History of the Mathematics, for which he is prepared. The record of its gra-

dual rise out of the wants of men by patient study, and its progress, will further divest him of the prejudice, if any remain, of the popular mystery connected with this science.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF ~~THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE~~ MATHEMATICS.*

'THE Mathematical Sciences were the first of all among men, if we may believe *Josephus*. He (Bk. I. Chap. 3,) writeth, that the posterity of Seth observed the order of the Heavens, and the courses of the Stars. And lest these inventions should slip out of the knowledge of men, *Adam* having predicted a two-fold destruction of the Earth, one by a Deluge, and the other by Fire, they raised two Columns, one of Brieks, the other of Stone, and inscribed their inventions upon them; and if the Brick one should happen to be destroyed by the Deluge, that of Stone, which would remain, might afford men an opportunity of being instructed, and present to their view the things which had been inscribed upon it. They also say, that that

* Compiled chiefly from Andrew Tacquet's (of the 'Society of Jesus') Elements of Euclid, translated by Whiston—the Introduction to the Elements of Geometry, translated into English from Peyzard, by Phillips—and from the History of the Science prefixed to the Elements of Plane Geometry, by Bell. ~~But, of course, omitting the usually recited lists of the inventions of the 'Fathers of the Science,' if enumerated,~~ who, on a general introduction to Mathematics, would feel enraptured or be enlightened by details of 'The Lair,' 'The Loci,' Pori, Quadratics, and Curves? They are best introduced where they are intelligible.

Stone Pillar, which even in our day is seen in Syria, was dedicated by them. This *Josephus* says, whom I leave to vouch for the story.'*

Geometry must be coeval in its origin with the invention of the square and the compasses, and these being necessary to the rudest operations, were doubtless known in the earliest ages of the world. Geometry first assumed the character of a science, in Greece, about 2,500 years ago, and flourished during ten centuries: then was almost entirely neglected till about 200 years since, when it broke forth in Europe with more than its pristine brilliancy.

The term Geometry is derived from the Greek words *ge* (earth) and *metron* (measurement), literally signifying the *Measurement of the Earth.* But the science thus designated is now so extended, as to be equally applicable to the measurement of the heavens. Aristotle, the famous preceptor of Alexander the Great, ascribes its origin to the Egyptian Priests, and Herodotus, an ancient historian, to the time when Sesostris, who reigned in Egypt, (1500 B. C.)† intersected it by numerous canals, and apportioned the country among the inhabitants.

To Egypt appears chiefly due the honour of having been, if not the birth place, at least the cradle of Geometry, where it received its first culture. That old and mighty kingdom seems to have been the nurse, perhaps the mother, of almost all the useful arts and sciences. Hindoostan and China contend with Egypt for the pre-eminence with respect to Geometry; but by whichever it may have been first cultivated, it

* Tacquet's Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Mathematics.

† B. C. Before the reputed Birth of Christ—before the commencement of what is denominated the Christian Era.

was certainly brought into general notice by the Egyptians.

Thales, the reputed father of Greek philosophy, born at Miletum (640 B. C.), is celebrated for being the first who introduced Geometry to Greece, and for the many highly interesting discoveries he made in it: for being able, by geometrical principles, to compute the distance of vessels from the shore, and for having measured* the altitude of the Pyramids of Egypt by means of their shadow, much to the astonishment of Amasis the king, who wondered at his scientific skill. From him Astronomy is said to have made considerable advances—and he founded an establishment in Greece known by the name of the Ionian School. It was in the age of this Philosopher, according to the best informants, that Geometry first began to assume the character of a science. He observed the Equinoxes and Solstices, and was the first who foretold the Eclipse of the Sun. And he foretold to King Cyrus an Eclipse of the Moon. The Electrical properties of amber were first remarked by him, upon which has been built the important science of Electricity.

The first elementary treatise on Geometry is said to have been composed by Anaximander, a disciple of Thales, and Thales's successor in his school.

Next in order comes Pythagoras,† the philosopher

* Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, about 600 years before Christ, invented the following method for measuring the height of an Egyptian pyramid. He watched the progress of the sun till his body and shadow were of the same length, and at that instant measured the shadow of the pyramid, which consequently gave its height.—*Lord Kame's History of Man, vol.* 1, *p* 91.

† The supposed inventor of the term 'Philosophy'—signifying *a lover of knowledge.* A term said to have been first applied to Solon, an ancient law-giver.

of Samos, (an island in the Levant, between Greece and Asia), no less distinguished than Thales for the variety and extent of his discoveries. He is said to have travelled into Egypt and India in pursuit of knowledge, to have settled at Tarentum in Italy, (about 550 years B.C.), and to have maintained, in Astronomy, the true system of the world which places the sun in the centre with the planets revolving round it. From this philosopher it was called the Pythagorean System, and was revived two thousand years after his day by Copernicus. Pythagoras was distinguished in all his pursuits by a genius remarkably inventive and assiduous. He possesses no ordinary claim to the honour of posterity. As a mathematician, he was decidedly the first of his time,—as a philosopher, he delivered many curious things concerning God and the human soul, and a great variety of precepts relating to the conduct of life, both civil and political.

It is not certain at this time whether Geometry had been founded into a regular system. If not, considerable advances had been made, and ere a century had elapsed from the age of Pythagoras, Zendorus, a man of great parts, arose, whose writings are the first among the ancients which have survived the wreck of time, one geometrical tract of his having been preserved.

Then came Hippocrates, whose brilliant genius, great diligence, and application, rendered essential service to this science. He was the third who wrote on the Elements of Geometry, but on the appearance of the Elements of Euclid, his treatise was consigned to oblivion.

The origin of the celebrated Platonic School, (400 years B.C.), is considered one of the most important epochs in the history of the science. Plato, its

founder, who is called by way of pre-eminence the 'Athenian Sage,' and who was alike remarkable for eloquence, the poetical sublimity of his imagination, and the accuracy of his mathematical performances, gave to Geometry the form and substance of a complete science, and enriched it with many discoveries. Indeed, so profound a veneration did he entertain for it, that he made it a principal object of instruction among his scholars, and had written over the entrance of his academy, the well known words,—'*Let no one enter here who is ignorant of Geometry.*' Plato was the discoverer of the Conic Sections, (or those curves which are found on the surface of a Cone when cut through in different directions). He found out many of their most remarkable properties, which being made the continual study of his scholars and successors, at length became a distinct science from the common elements, and received the appellation of the *higher or sublime* Geometry.

Such was the versatility of his genius, that he directed his acute and original powers with eminent success to the cultivation of Moral Philosophy, and produced his famous work, entitled the 'Republic,' with the view of imparting to civilised intercourse the character of a science, and giving a philosophical direction to the ever jarring aims and interests of mankind.

The celebrated Aristotle, the successor of Plato, and preceptor to Alexander the Great, and who is justly regarded as one of the greatest men of olden time, made many improvements in the mathematical sciences. After attending the lectures of Plato, he opened a school himself in the Lyceum of Macedonia, which was assigned him by the magistrates, and was the founder (about 350 years B.C.), of the well known Peripatetic school.

Theophrastus, a disciple of Aristotle, composed a complete history of the origin and progress of Mathematics, Astronomy, and Arithmetic, from the earliest periods to his own time. The treatise has been unfortunately lost.

Archytas, of the academy of Plato and of Tarentum, the place in which Pythagoras settled, is famous as the constructor of a flying pigeon, and as the reputed inventor of the pulley and screw. 'He was one of the first,' says Taequet, 'who brought down the Mathematics to human uses.' Aristœus, who flourished (about 300 years B.C.), wrote many works of considerable merit, acquired great proficiency in Sublime Geometry, and is said to have been the instructor of Euclid.

Euclid, according to Pappus and Proclus, was born at Alexandria,* in Egypt, where he flourished and taught Mathematics with great applause, under the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, (about 280 years B.C.) Some Arabian historians, however, inform us, that he was born at Tyre, that his father's name was Nanerates, an inhabitant of Damas. The particular place of his nativity appears, therefore, uncertain, but whether or not Alexandria had the honour of giving him birth, all historians agree that he flourished there as a teacher at the time above mentioned—which city, from that period till the time of its conquest by the Saracens, seems to have been the residence, if not the birth place, of all the most eminent mathematicians. It is supposed that Euclid studied at one time under the disciples of Plato at Athens. History is silent as to the time of his death. Pappus represents him as a person of great courtesy, mildness, modesty, and benevo-

* A town built by Alexander the Great, near the mouth of the Nile, in Egypt.

lence. He left various profound treatises on the most abstruse subjects belonging to his profession, but his eminent work is his Elements of Geometry, which supplanted all of a similar kind that preceded it, and such was the judgment he displayed in its composition, that notwithstanding the great additions made to Geometry since his time, it has continued for upwards of 2000 years to sustain the highest reputation as an elementary treatise.*

The great reputation of Euclid arose from the excellence of his Elements. His merit in this performance consisted in his having systematised the scattered discoveries of Thales, Pythagoras, Plato, and the lesser geometers who preceded him. No doubt he supplied important links. But when he infused coherence into the fugitive inventions of his predecessors, he imparted to Geometry the importance of a science.

Next after Euclid came Archimedes, who was born in the Island of Sicily. He established the true principles of mechanics, laid the foundation of Hydrostatics,† traced out the first rudiments of Naval Architecture, and applied his talents with such success to the cultivation of Geometry, Arithmetic, and Optics, that he has been styled the Newton of antiquity. He is said to have prosecuted his studies to the neglect of both food and sleep.‡ He perished

* The curious may be interested to learn, that the Elements of Euclid were first published in *Latin*, in folio, by Radholt, at Venice, in 1482. First published in the original *Greek* by Hervagius, folio, Basil, 1533. And the first *English* translation was by Billingsley, folio, London, 1570, with a curious preface by John Dee.

† The science of weighing fluids.

‡ No great proof this of his 'philosophy.' Nothing is philosophical which cannot with prudence be imitated.

at the fall of Syracuse. A soldier came suddenly upon him in the museum, when he was intently engaged on some geometrical problem, and commanded him to follow him to Marcellus, (the Roman Consul who had taken the place). He refused, however, to stir till he had finished the subject on which he was engaged, and the soldier ran Archimedes through with the sword. When dying he desired that a sphere inscribed in a cylinder might be engraved on his tomb to perpetuate the memory of his most brilliant discovery.* The Sicilians, however, soon forgot him, and his tomb was found 200 years after by Cicero, by means of the symbol just named, in a field near Syracuse, overgrown with thorns. He was the most inventive, and the greatest Mechanical Engineer of ancient time.

Eratosthenes, a native of Cyrene, was called to the Alexandrian school by Ptolemy Euergetes, who made him his librarian on account of his extensive and general attainments in learning. His knowledge of Geography, Astronomy, and Geometry, enabled him to discover, for the first time on record, a method of measuring the circumference of the earth.

Fifty years after the death of Archimedes, Apollonius appeared, who gave a great impulse to the mathematical sciences, and whose discoveries were so highly esteemed that he was honoured by the appellation of the Great Geometer.

From the time of this eminent man we move on for three or four hundred years without meeting with one person who contributed to the advancement of the sciences.

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* He discovered some very fine proportions which exist between the sphere and the cylinder.

Then came Theon, (about 380 years, A.D.*) who, by his skill and perseverance in Mathematics and Philosophy, obtained the honourable dignity of being appointed president of the famous Alexandrian School, where, by his condition and conduct, he gained the greatest respect and reputation.

Theon had a remarkable pupil in his own daughter, Hypatia—a lady learned as well as beautiful. She was born at Alexandria. Hypatia was mistress of all the ordinary accomplishments of her sex, familiar with the most abstruse sciences, and made such progress in Philosophy, Geometry, Astronomy, and the Mathematics generally, that she was held as the most learned person of her time. She published commentaries on Apollonius's Conics, on Diophantus's Arithmetic,† and other works. She was chosen whilst very young to succeed her father in the same school, and to discourse from the presidential chair, at a time when Ammonius, Hierocles, and many other very learned men abounded at Alexandria and in various parts of the Roman Empire. Among her pupils, not less eminent than numerous, was the much esteemed Synesius, afterwards Bishop of Ptolemais. But it was not Synesius only and the disciples of the Alexandrian School who admired Hypatia for her virtues and learning. She was held as an oracle by the public, and was consulted by the magistrates on all important occasions. In short, when Nicephorus intended to pass the highest compliment on Eudocia, he thought he could not do it better than by calling her

* (380 A.D.)—380 years after Christ: A.D. being the abbreviation of *Anno Domini*, the year of our Lord.

† 'Diophantus was as great in Arithmetic as Archimedes, Apollonius, or Euclid was in Geometry, and by him was found out that admirable art we call Algebra.'—*Tacquet.*

another *Hypatia*. Whilst Hypatia thus reigned the most brilliant ornament of her sex in the annals of history, she was greatly admired by Orestes, the governor of the city, who, on account of her wisdom, often consulted her. This, together with an aversion which St. Cyril had against Orestes, proved the cause of her ruin. About 500 monks assembled, attacked the governor one day, and would have killed him had he not been rescued by the townsmen—and the respect which Orestes had for Hypatia, causing her to be traduced among the Christian multitude, they dragged her from her chair, tore her in pieces, and burned her limbs.* This shocking and brutal catastrophe was perpetrated in the lent of the year 416, in the time of Theodosius II.†

Pappus, a consummate mathematician, flourished about the end of the 4th century. His work, entitled 'Mathematical Collections,' has transmitted his name to posterity with distinguished lustre.

Proclus, who was at the head of the Platonic School, established at Athens (A.D. 500,) rendered important service to the sciences, and showed great kindness to all who embraced their pursuit.

The age of important discovery was past before the time of Pappus—and science in his time was beginning to decline. The labours of Proclus and a few of his followers were the last expiring efforts

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* It is related by Damasius and Suidas, and clearly proved by such learned men as Bruker, La Croze, and Basnage, that St. Cyril incensed the Christian populace against her.—(*Voltaire's* Phil. Dict. art. Hypatia.) St. Cyril was a man of parts, and there is a difficulty in accounting for the inhuman principles that actuated him in this affair.

† For a more particular account of this illustrious victim of fanaticism, see Bossut's Hist. Mat., English Ed., 8vo., 1803.

1st Ed

made in Greece for ancient Geometry. The Alexandrian School still existed, and science might have continued to flourish, had not the conquest of Egypt by the Arabians, who, with the design of spreading their religion and their empire, inundated Christendom in the seventh century, and not only gave it a fatal blow in Alexandria, but also extinguished its ~~now~~ languid existence in Greece. &

Throughout all the civilised parts of the world in those times, the Alexandrian Library was known as the treasure-house of literature and knowledge. But neither the members nor the materials of this sacred edifice were respected by the Arabians, who, stimulated perhaps more by religious fanaticism than barbarous ignorance, sacked Alexandria, and massacred the philosophers who were assembled there for the purposes of study from all the neighbouring countries. Their laboratories and instruments were destroyed, and finally the Library itself, the accumulated scientific treasure of ages, containing above 200,000 written volumes, was committed to the flames for the mean purpose of heating the public baths. Caliph Omar, as he gave orders for the annihilation of the books, justified it by the strange, but convenient argument, that—'if the volumes were conformable with the Koran, they were superfluous; and if contrary to it, impious.' With this brutal act of bigotry and devastation may be said to have closed the scientific career of antiquity.

As a partial amends for so odious an outrage against civilization, the Arabians, about a century after, began to cherish the sciences of Geometry and Astronomy, and thus afforded an asylum which preserved them from entire extinction. About the time of their learned prince Almamon, several of their most celebrated works on Geometry were translated into the Arabic. Geber Ben Aphla laid the foundation of the

modern Trigonometry. An elegant treatise on Mensuration was written by Bagdadin; and it appears from his treatise on Opties, that Alharin was a superior geometer. They studied also the more sublime Geometry, improved Trigonometry, and redueed it to a convenient form.

Of the few Persian geometers, Nassir-Edin and Maimon-Resehid were the most distinguished. They both composed eommentaries on Euelid. Persian learned men called Geometry the diffieult seienee, and did not make any improvements in it—neither did the Turks nor Hebrews, although they translated some of the elementary works.

In one of the aneient treatises on Astronomy of the Hindoos, ealled Suryá Sidhánta, there is a eorreet system of Trigonometry; and henee it is eoneluded that the Indians had cultivated Geometry before the composition of this treatise. The Chinese were aequainted with the 47th of the First Book of Euelid.

The Romans knew little more of Geometry than the praetiee of land measuring. Varro, however, eomposed a treatise on Geometry, and Cicero had some aequaintanee and esteem for it too. Vitruvius and Boetius had some knowledge of Geometry, but the latter is better known for his '*Consolations of Philosophy.*'

The learned Bede, who lived at the beginning of the 8th century, was aequainted with all the branehes of the Mathematies. Under him Aleuin studied, who was well versed in mathematies, and was preceptor to the celebrated Charlemagne. He was a native of Britain, where, about this time, more attention was given to the study of this seienee than in any eountry in Europe.

For nearly two eenturies after this period, the study of the seienee was extinet. No mathematician

of any eminence appeared till the beginning of the 15th century, when, with the general revival of learning, this science was destined to commence a new and more splendid career.

The Italians, by their intercourse with Arabia, became, about the end of the 12th century, the restorers to Christendom of its long-forgotten arts and sciences. Leonardus Pisanus, a rich merchant of Pisa, who had made, in the course of his profession, several voyages to the East, is said to have been the first who disseminated amongst Europeans a knowledge and a love of mathematical studies, after both had disappeared for so many ages.*

About the beginning of the 13th century, Campanus, of Navarre, translated Euclid, and several geometrical works were translated from Greek and Arabic MSS., by Maurolycus, of Messina, who was distinguished for some original and elegant works of his own. Ramus, or La Ramée, an original metaphysical writer, also composed several excellent works on Geometry: and Willibrad Snellius published at the age of seventeen an attempted restoration of an ancient work of much value.

About the beginning of the 16th century the Spanish and Portuguese geometers, John of Royas and Nonnius or Numer, lived. The former was the inventor of the projection of the sphere, and the latter was the first to introduce the Arabic System of Algebra into Europe. About the same time, Wright, a skilful geometrician, invented his chart—improperly called Mercator's chart. At this time, Germany produced the three mathematicians, Werner, Rheticus, and Pitis-

* A MS., dated 1202, of this celebrated Italian, has lately been discovered by Cossali, a canon of Parma.

cus. Werner made a German translation of Euclid. The Italian geometer, Lucus Valerius, determined the centre of gravity in various mathematical figures, conoids and spheroids.

Kepler was the first to conceive the theory of magnitude being composed of indefinitely small elements of the same kind; as, for instance, that a circle is composed of the surfaces of an indefinite number of very small triangles having the centre for their common vertex, and their small bases on the circumference. By means of this theory, though not very satisfactory in regard to scientific rigour, he extended Geometry considerably beyond the stage in which it was left by Archimedes. Cavallerius improved on the theory of Kepler, and effected a still further extension of Geometry by conceiving lines to be composed of points, surfaces of lines, and solids of surfaces.

Galileo, so eminent for his discoveries in physical science, did little to improve Geometry. He invented the Cycloid, called the Helm of Geometry on account of the discussions that originated concerning its properties. Gregory St. Vincent and Andrew Tacquet were two Flemish mathematicians, the former prosecuted the quadrature of the circle—the latter, the quadrature of surfaces and conic sections, with considerable success. He rendered essential service to the study of the science by subjoining the *Uses* to the propositions in an edition of Euclid's Elements, he published, after the manner of the celebrated French Jesuit, Claude François Milliett Dechales. Blaise Pascal, a Frenchman, (born 1623, died 1662) was equally distinguished for his great literary and scientific attainments, was the author of several valuable researches respecting the properties of the Cycloid; and at the age of sixteen, he composed a complete and elegant treatise of conic sections. But his health was

so much impaired, that soon after he was compelled to suspend his studies for four years; and he ultimately perished at the age of 39, after a lingering illness, in Paris.

Descartes, another eminent Frenchman, (born 1596, died 1650), had a profound knowledge both of mathematical and metaphysical science, was one of the most efficient agents in accomplishing that intellectual revolution which was in progress during his time, and was the inventor of a method which produced a thorough and memorable improvement in Geometry. Before his time the application of Algebra to Geometry, in the ordinary sense of the term, was known, as examples of it are to be found in the works of some ancient geometers. But Descartes invented that more general mode of applying it—that the science of Geometry, instead of being confined within the narrow limits imposed by the complexity and inadequacy of the ancient methods, is now of indefinite extent.

Hüygens, a native of Holland, (1629—1705) was a profound mathematician. He solved a problem of such difficulty, that it had not been previously attempted.

The year 1642, which 'gathered' Galileo 'to his fathers,' gave to the world Isaac Newton, the Archimedes of modern times, or, as he has sometimes been styled, from the number and importance of his discoveries, the Prince of Modern Mathematicians. The fame of Sir Isaac rests chiefly upon the *application* he made of his acquisitions, in explaining the laws or order by which the mechanism of the universe appeared to him to be regulated. His views with regard to this matter have been styled, in honour of him, the Newtonian System of Philosophy, and have been received implicitly by the learned world till nearly the present time.

The impetus given to mathematical pursuits by

the genius of Newton, has descended to our day, to use a phrase of his own, 'with increasing momentum.' For in his train have followed the illustrious names of Barrow, Keel, Gregory, Bishop Horsley (editor of an edition of Euclid's Elements), the Rev. Mr. Lawson, Robison, and many others. Among the most celebrated, rank Leibnitz, Euler,* the Bernouillis, Clairant, D'Alembert,† Thomas Simpson, Robert Simson, the well known restorer, and Playfair, the improver, of Euclid—Young, Leslie, and Madame Agnesi,‡ and Baron Swedenborg.§

It is not necessary to extend this enumeration. The mathematicians and geometers of this generation are known to the public. But it is above estimate how the diffusion of knowledge, one moment dreaded as mischievous, and in the next with the customary inconsistency of folly, pronounced impracticable, will increase the public taste for this science, and create a just and enduring appreciation of this useful order of scholars.

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* Euler lost his sight by intense application, and like Milton, closed his labours in blindness.

† One of the writers in the celebrated French 'Encyclopædia.'

'‡ This lady deserves the most respectful mention. Her Algebraical Works, in quarto, translated by Colson, have been long before the public, and very deservedly esteemed.'—*Harris's* 'Compendium of Algebra.'

§ Swedenborg's 'Principia,' a work declared, only very lately by one of the highest professors in Europe, 'not unworthy of being placed by the side of Newton's.'—*Douglas Jerrold's Mag.*, vol. 2, page 91.

CHAPTER IV.

UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS AS A MEANS OF EXTENDING OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

> Plato denied the world can be
> Governed without Geometry.
>
> *Butler's Hudibras.*

It is a very trite observation, that human knowledge has been greatly extended by means of this science. Besides the important properties of magnitudes, and wonderful relations of abstract quantities which it has made known, it has unfolded a very extensive range of natural phenomena. It has investigated the principles of theoretical mechanics, the laws of equilibrium and motion of fluids, fixed and elastic. Optics, electricity, and magnetism are its debtors. The theory of acoustics, the propagation of light, and numerous other branches of science, have received great improvements by its agency. Even its reputed conceits have been susceptible of useful application. The ancient doctrine of the Conic Sections, which for 2000 years was an object of mere curious speculation, became, in the hands of Newton, a most efficient means of unfolding the planetary motions.

'Without the aid of rules derived from this science, the navigator, relying on his compass as a guide, could not with safety venture to any considerable distance on his element; intercourse with transmarine regions would be impossible; and, consequently, our knowledge of the globe we inhabit would be very limited. We should probably yet believe that its surface is an extended plane, and that it is supported on pillars; or, as was the opinion of some ancient philosophers, that

its figure is cylindrical, like a drum. Without the aid of this science, our knowledge of celestial bodies would be still more imperfect, and the consequences of our ignorance still more striking. We should still believe that these objects are equally distant from us, and, very probably, that they are distributed on the surface of an extensive crystalline sphere, performing a diurnal rotation about the earth, as the centre of the universe. We should also believe that some celestial phenomena, as eclipses and comets, are certain signs of a conflict of the elements of nature, or that they are the portentous indications of the wrath of heaven, while contemplating to inflict on superstitious mortals some dire calamity, as war, pestilence, or famine.

'How different from these unsatisfactory and incoherent conjectures is that great achievement of this science—the clear and satisfactory exposition, on the most incontrovertible principles, of the complex though sublime and systematic mechanism of the heavens; by which the distances and magnitude of the sun and planets have been measured, and also their weights, and even that of their satellites, ascertained; and by which the masses and distances of some of the stars, or suns of other systems, though inconceivably remote, even in comparison with the great extent of our own system, will probably ere long be determined.'*

An abler pen has celebrated this theme. 'The scientific principles that men employ to obtain the foreknowledge of an eclipse, or of anything else relating to the motion of the heavenly bodies, are contained chiefly in that part of science which is called Trigonometry, or the properties of a triangle, which, when applied to the study of heavenly bodies, is called Astronomy; when applied to direct the course of a

* Bell.

ship on the ocean, it is called Navigation; when applied to the construction of figures drawn by rule and compass, it is called Geometry; when applied to the construction of plans of edifices, it is called Architecture; when applied to the measurement of the surface of any portion of the earth, it is called Land-surveying. In fine, it is the *soul* of science. It is an eternal truth. It contains the mathematical demonstration of which man speaks, and the extent of its uses is unknown.'*

The author of the Geometrical Companion defends the practical uses of Geometry with the ardour of an enthusiast. His examples are happy and forcible.

'A bee, which is an instinctive geometer, finds the use of it in constructing its comb, so as to be the most roomy and durable at the least expense of time and labour. Will any one after this fact doubt the use of Geometry to an intelligent creature?

'Almost all the evolutions of an army consist in converting one parallelogram into another. And the works of a fortified town, or position, are little else than combinations of parallelograms forming bastions, curtains, and parapets.'†

In our 'Uses,' other applications of this science will be seen. Perspective, Dialling, and a variety of the arts, might further be adduced. Literature gathers from it many of its prettiest similes. Dr. Johnson has two examples in his Life of Addison:—'A simile may be compared to *two lines converging to a point*, and it is more excellent as they approach from a greater distance.'

'An exemplification resembles two *parallel lines*, which run on together without approximation, never far separated, and yet never joined.'

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* Paine. † Darley.

Emerson has a fine thought adorned with the vestments of geometry. 'Every natural process is but a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature, and radiates to the circumference.'

CHAPTER V.

MATHEMATICS AS A MEANS OF MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

The same excellent persons in the commonwealth of learning who discovered Philosophy discovered also the Mathematics: like twin sisters they came into the world, and like twin sisters there is a natural affinity between them.—*Tacquet.*

IT is a mortifying reflection that the soberest of sciences should have been disfigured by the exaggerations of untutored enthusiasm. The Mathematics have been extolled as the only source of logical acumen and cool judgment. Its discipline has been assumed to be the most salutary to which the human powers can be subjected. Some indiscreet votaries have carried its principles out of their legitimate province, and applied them to subjects they were never fitted to investigate. As might be expected, these proceedings have led to the disappointment of those who believed such unwarranted pretensions, and to the ultimate undervaluing of the real and substantial merits of Mathematics. No more than the varying constitutions of mankind admit of one panacea for human ailments, do the variations in human intelligence admit the pretensions of one science to train up the faculties of every individual. Natural Philosophy, Political Economy, Morals, Metaphysics, each has its peculiar discipline by which it addresses peculiar persons, and matures

their powers where Mathematics would entirely fail. The discreet friends of Mathematics never hesitate to allow this, and with the judicious discrimination of Tacquet, care only to claim for it kindred affinity to Philosophy, and the moderate but just honour of its having shed a certain lustre over human manners, and the arts and the sciences at large.

Dr. Arnott, author of the Elements of Physics, has attacked the assumed pretensions of Mathematics, and though he is far from doing it skilfully, it cannot be denied that he had occasion for his reflections. 'There is,' he says, 'no occupation which so much strengthens and quickens the judgment as the study of *Natural Philosophy*. This praise has usually been bestowed on Mathematics; yet a knowledge of abstract Mathematics existed with all the *absurdities of the dark ages;* but a familiarity with Natural Philosophy, which comprehends Mathematics, and gives tangible and pleasing illustrations of its abstract truths, seems incompatible with any gross absurdity. A man whose mental faculties have been sharpened by acquaintance with these exact sciences, in their combination, and who has been engaged, therefore, in contemplating *real relations*, is more likely to discover truth in other questions, and can better defend himself against sophistry of every kind. We cannot have clearer evidence of this, than in the history of the sciences, since the Baconian method of *reasoning by induction* took the place of the visionary *hypotheses* of preceding times.'

Dr. Arnott does not seem an enemy to pretension, provided he is allowed to advance it. The kind of eminence he denies to Mathematics, and which might safely be denied of any science, he does not hesitate to claim for Natural Philosophy. He unhesitatingly asserts that 'there is *no occupation* which so much strengthens

the judgment as the study of Natural Philosophy.' But common experience, in the variety of intellectual aptitudes, teaches us the fallacy of this broad assertion. It is not a disparagement, as Dr. Arnott supposes, that 'Mathematics existed with all the absurdities of the dark ages;' on the contrary, it is no little praise that Mathematics had vitality enough to exist at all under that weight of superstition and barbarism, which buried all other learning in undistinguished ruin.

A geometrician, whose ingenious performances I shall have several occasions to cite, and whose popular pen will give him considerable influence in other quarters, has contributed a eulogium to his favourite science, which cannot be permitted to pass unnoticed.

'Geometry not only sharpens our faculties, corrects precipitancy, and prevents liability to imposition, either from the arguments of others or our own, but it gives us a satisfaction in our knowledge [which we could not otherwise obtain], and thereby enables us to speak with a strength and perspicuity which a vague persuasion of the truth of what we utter could never inspire.'

Mr. Darley affirms too much. He plainly alludes to 'satisfaction' in knowledge in general, and the words I have put in brackets should have been omitted, as men can, for thousands do, 'otherwise' succeed in securing that satisfaction.* It is enough to contend, which

* It is but fair to this writer to state that he has deduced a compliment to Geometry from the biography of distinguished men, expressed with perfect propriety:—

'Alexander, Cæsar, Charles 12th, Buonaparte, and two of the most celebrated military engineers, Vauban and Coehorn, were profound geometers. And it is to their knowledge of this science, the superior excellence of their systems must be attributed.'—*Geometrical Companion.*

would be true, that the study of Geometry is *one* of the modes of educational discipline, and a most approved method indeed. It is contending that it is the only method which discovers vanity and offends good taste.

When a stranger, an enemy, or an indifferent person, chooses to laud Mathematics to the disparagement of other branches of knowledge, the encomium may be tolerated, though by no means imitated. Dugald Stewart, who had no particular predilection for the Mathematics, thus speaks of its study in his Philosophy of the Human Mind :—

'The intellectual habits of the metaphysician afford little or no exercise to that species of attention which enables us to follow long processes of reasoning, and to keep in view all the various steps of an investigation till we arrive at the conclusion. Such processes are much longer in Mathematics than in any other science; and hence the study of it is peculiarly calculated to strengthen the power of steady and concatenated thinking ; a power which, in all the pursuits of life, whether speculative or active, is one of the most valuable endowments we can possess.'

The Geologist, the Astronomer, the Chemist, severally have lauded their respective sciences as the most important that can engage the attention of mankind, both in an absolute and educational sense. This is the language of ignorance or vanity, Mathematics need never descend to the disparagement of other sciences. It has its distinctive merits: it can bear any comparison, its province is peculiar, its utility unquestioned, and its method of procedure instructive. These facts are its proper eulogies, and time has failed to obscure, or the envy of ages to diminish, their lustre.

Some of the features of discipline which indisput-

ably characterise mathematical study, have been well depicted by a modern writer.

'In reasoning, as in other arts, we are not masters of what we do, till we do it both well and unconsciously: now this advantage a judicious cultivation of Mathematics supplies. It familiarises the student with the usual forms of inference, till they find a ready passage through the mind, while anything which is fallacious and logically wrong, at once shocks his habits of thought, and is rejected. He is accustomed to a chain of deduction, where each link hangs on the preceding; and thus he learns continuity of attention and coherency of thought. His notice is steadily fixed on those circumstances only in the subject on which the demonstrativeness depends, and thus that mixture of various grounds of conviction which is so common to other men's minds is rigorously excluded from his. He knows that all depends upon his first principles, and flows inevitably from them; and that however far he may have travelled, he can at will go over any portion of his path, and satisfy himself that it is legitimate; and thus he acquires a just persuasion of the importance of principles on the one hand, and, on the other, of the necessary and constant identity of the conclusions legitimately deduced from them.'*

Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in his farewell address to the pupils of the Royal Military Academy, speaks of the study of Geometry as leading to that valued attainment—'*The power of mastering the mind.* If it be desirable to obtain and keep the ascendancy anywhere, it is, surely, *at home*, in the centre of your own intellect and its principles, your heart and its emotions.

* Thoughts on Mathematics as a part of Liberal Education, by the Rev. William Whewell, Cambridge.

Gain the mastery here, govern within, learn to direct your thoughts to any subject you please, and keep them uninterruptedly to their occupation, till at *your* bidding the labour shall be remitted: then all will be well, for all will lead to a prosperous issue.'

We all know, that if human legs made peregrinations without the consent of the owner, how great would be the hindrance to business, yet how often is thought found roaming the world over when it should be confined at home But the command of the thoughts is as essential to success in thinking as the control of the limbs is to the dispatch of business. Inasmuch as Mathematics imparts this power, it is valuable discipline.

In the same address Dr. Gregory justly remarks, that the power of doing one thing at one time is the hardest and the most important lesson a young man has to learn. He is of opinion that the concentration of attention and good sense included in this habit, is powerfully impressed upon the notice of the mathematical student. The wisdom of this course, as applicable to children as well as adults, has lately been forcibly illustrated by a lady in these words:—'A very quick and clever child made an observation to her governess before me the other day, which had much of truth in it. "How is it, my dear," inquired the lady, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look, "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."'

If we may trust the testimony of another enthusiast, this science exercises a species of influence of a very high order. 'The moral influence of the Mathematics did not escape the penetration of Plato, who, chiefly on that account, decides that the study

should be cultivated in his "Republic." "Geometry," says he, "is the knowledge of that which is eternal; it disposes the mind to the contemplation of truth, and gives a philosophical habit, which withdraws our thoughts from what is low to what is elevated. Let not the citizens of this renowned Republic neglect the study of Geometry."' Mr. Cooley concludes with observing—'We well know how much it conduces to the easy acquisition of any kind of knowledge, to have previously learned Geometry.'*

But it is far from my intention to rest the reputation of geometrical studies upon declamation, however eloquent, or upon testimony however respectable. An exposition of the Logic of Euclid is the best demonstration of the value of its discipline, and this I shall now attempt.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOGIC OF EUCLID.

'Among the various guides which have been written for the direction of the understanding, no system of logic has ever been devised better calculated for this purpose than the Mathematics.'—*James Harris:* 'Introduction to Compendium of Algebra.'

MODERATING somewhat the absolute tone of Mr. Harris's opinion, it may be taken as expressive of the truth. The ancients considered Euclid their best book of logic. Its main features as such are, that from a few axioms, self-evident, and definitions, agreed upon, new truths are evolved by the perception of the *coherence*

* Cooley's Introduction to the Study of Mathematics.

subsisting between them and the things previously admitted. These truths are added in their turn to the ranks of axioms from which others are to be inferred. Until this day sciences are considered perfect in proportion as they possess these features.* To Geometry belong three principal things:—Axioms, or first principles—Definitions, or explanations of the meanings of the chief terms employed—Postulates, or things required to be granted.

An enquirer must understand himself, and disputants must understand each other, or efforts after conviction will be futile. The geometrician (for we shall use him as the exponent of mathematical procedure) commences by distinguishing what he must assume: for such is the limited nature of human intellect, that all reason must primarily rest on assumption. Accordingly, Euclid lays down axioms which, being, as their name implies, self-evident, become the common point from which disputants can start on the path of investigation. In geometrical treatises, Definitions are usually placed first, but in logical propriety Axioms demand first to be considered, as the assent to definitions is often made by a secret reference to axioms in the thoughts.

AXIOMS.

The first principles, or fundamental axioms commonly used in Geometry are these:—'If a thing be divided into parts, the whole is greater than any one of the parts. Two straight lines cannot enclose a space. All lines drawn from the centre to the circum-

* Mr. James Milne, in a curious work on National Education, has constructed outlines of Political Economy, Metaphysics, and other subjects, on these principles. Though not entirely successful, they are instructive speculations.

ference of a circle, are equal to each other. Two things cannot be both equal and unequal at the same time. Things equal to the same thing are equal to one another.'* The information conveyed by such elementary truisms is necessary: they are the very A, B, C, of the science—the lowest steps of the mathematical ladder, and as essentially useful as the highest.

The patient reference which the geometer makes to these first principles is highly instructive. He never loses sight of them. At his highest altitude he turns to refresh his understanding at those clear fountains of sense—an example which every reasoner may imitate, and an advantage which the investigator in every science may profitably secure to himself.

Dr. South has encouragingly remarked, that the reason of all things lies in a narrow compass.† The geometrician is professionally master of this secret, so true of every rational theme of human speculation. An Iliad of meaning lies concealed in the nut-shell of a fundamental axiom. Of what importance is this truth to the enquiring public of our day?

'How many readers are there who would not be glad of attaining to knowledge the shortest way, seeing the orb thereof is swollen to such a magnitude,

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* It strikingly evidences the intimate connection between Logic and Geometry that this axiom and its converse are found at the root of Aristotle's Syllogisms. Syllogisms were deducible from these two principles—First: things which agree with the same thing, agree with one another. Second: things whereof one does, and one does not agree with the same thing, do not agree with one another.—*Bruce.*

† The reason of things lies in a narrow compass. Most of the writings in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, of little consequence to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth.—*Dr. South.*

and life but such a span to grasp it? How many who have not some curiosity to know the *foundations* of those tenets upon which they so securely trust their understanding? or where the *footsteps* of those opinions and precedents may be found, which have given direction to so many modern performances? *

No science is fully mastered till the principles on which it is based are clearly seen. When these are lost sight of, all subsequent reasoning is confused. The geometrical student is early and much accustomed to keep these important considerations before him. The most abstruse proposition is an axiom to the mind that perceives its truth, and the most complicated science resolves itself into a very simple affair when its first principles become familiar to the understanding. These considerations reduce learning to an art, and give tone, power, and comprehensiveness to the understanding, which fit it peculiarly for the acquisition of knowledge.

Ordinary experience in learning and teaching must frequently impress the truth of these remarks on careful thinkers. When a pupil has a voluminous grammar put into his hands, he feels, with Dr. Johnson, that a great book is a great evil. But when the first principles of language are clearly seen, the difficulties vanish and the study is mastered.

This is not only the secret of the acquisition of knowledge, but also the agent for retaining it. Around these first principles, as around a standard, the thoughts naturally associate. Touch but a remote chord of any question, and it will vibrate to the central principles to which it has once been well attached—every relative impression owns a kindred connection, and the moment one is attacked, it, like a faithful sentinel, arouses a whole

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* Oldys.

troop, who, marshalled and disciplined, bear down with their whole strength, and challenge the enemy.

DEFINITIONS.

That confusion in the varying meaning of terms, which reigns through most subjects that agitate mankind, is unknown in Geometry. The Definitions at the very threshold for ever fix the question of sense. Every leading term is defined. There are no words used in Geometry whose meanings are so much alike, that the ideas for which they stand may be confounded together. If there is any distinction between the meanings of two terms, it is a total and a complete distinction. Locke, in illustration of this point, remarks—'The idea of *two*, is as distinct from the idea of three, as the magnitude of the whole earth is from that of a mite; this is not so in other modes, in which it is not so easy, nor perhaps possible for us to distinguish between two approaching ideas, which yet are really different; for who will undertake to find a difference between the white of this paper, and that of the next degree to it?'

The meanings once fixed in Geometry are ever after adhered to: the same word is for ever used in the same sense. For instance, the term *right* signifies *straight*, and *straight* is its everlasting meaning in Geometry. In political philosophy, *right* is a well-known stumbling block, which perpetually overthrew the fine genius of Burke. 'Natural right,' 'inherent right,' 'moral right,' and 'political right,' are only a few of the rights which every now and then some puzzled politician will pronounce wrong. It perhaps is not possible to restrict popular phrases as we can scientific terms. But the geometrician, perceiving the advantages of doing so, acquires the taste of precision, and takes care (which is practicable with

everybody) to define the *principal* terms he may employ in any given dissertation.

POSTULATES.

With that precision from which the geometer never departs, he defines his mode of procedure. For this purpose he puts up his Postulates or petitions to be permitted a certain latitude of action. This latitude is never exceeded. Thus neither his language nor his practice is left open to cavil. Admit my axioms, agree to my definitions, and grant my Postulates, says the independent geometer, and I will engage to demonstrate every proposition I lay down.

A proposition to be proved, or a problem to be solved, have common parts—the Proposition, Enunciation, Construction, Demonstration, Conclusion. (These parts, for the assistance of the uninitiated, are clearly distinguished in the following pages.) *

The proposition being plainly laid down, the enunciation fixes its meaning, the construction provides for its proof, and a rigid demonstration leads the way to the conclusion. Every step has its distinct reference, establishing its legality and fairness. There is no attempt at evasion—no manœuvre, no equivocation. This daring self-reliance cannot fail to impart manly qualities.

The student is distracted with no impatient attempts to accomplish two things at once. One thing at one time is the order of Geometry. In the language of the propositions, all circumlocution is avoided. What is intended is straightway expressed. No digressions

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* One who does not understand the principles of Euclid's Demonstrations, knows absolutely *nothing* of Geometry: unless he attain this point, all his labour is utterly lost.—*Dr. Wâate.y.* Preface to Logic,' p. xxi.

are endured. Nothing is admitted but that which has been sanctioned, or established, or is relevant. Nothing is asserted but that which is intended to be demonstrated. It is impossible that these methods of procedure can be perceived and practised by the student without his acquiring valuable lessons, applicable to other subjects, and to much of the conduct of life.

The reader, in this place, must be cautioned against the language in which the Logic of Euclid is sometimes eulogised. Here is an extract from a recent journal:—'Never does the mathematician say, such a proposition is true because it is probable; or, because the balance of the *pro* and *con* arguments preponderates in its favour; or, because history records it, and tradition affirms it; or, because the holy St. This declared it, and the learned Philosopher That believed it; or, because infallible *I* assert it. No! HE takes a nobler stand, HE claims more lofty ground; his words are—"I have actually and incontrovertibly PROVED so and so to be a fact; disbelieve me, *if you can*; refute me, *if you are able*."' This is the folly that encourages the contempt with which this fine study is sometimes treated.*

The reason why the geometer neither refers to probability nor authority is, that the nature of his science enables him to do without them. In the affairs of mankind there are numerous vital questions, such as those of law and legislation, which, from the nature of things, must be decided by probability: by *pro* and *con* arguments, and such decisions are as respectable and as salutary, if not quite as safe, as the conclusions of Mathematics. Those speculations

partial dictum severe exclamation

† It was this thoughtless arrogance which provoked the severe exclamation from a recent critic—'This logical and mathematical school of literature can only hold its sway with narrow minds and in an unimpassioned age.'—*Douglas Jerrold's* 'Shilling Magazine,' vol. 1, p. 572.

—and others, curious and important ones, in which authority and personal conviction for a long time form the only accessible evidence—are not to be rejected on that account, but to such evidence is to be allowed its proper weight. Let not flippant arrogance, rejoicing in the strength of Geometry, depreciate the arguments peculiar and necessary to other subjects. The modest mathematician learns the lessons of valuing strict demonstration wherever it can be had, and rightly refuses conjecture where certainty is to be obtained. He knows, if he has general information, that every proposition cannot be proved after the manner of Geometry, but he has a right to expect that what is attempted to be demonstrated in the same way shall be demonstrated with equal strictness.

Geometry is theoretical and practical: demonstration, direct and indirect: and reasoning is synthetical and analytical. Grammar is an illustration of the synthetical; Chemistry of the analytical. In Grammar we begin with letters—these are combined into syllables—syllables into words—words into sentences—and sentences into discourses. This is synthesis, or putting together. In Geometry, the grand element of the whole superstructure is a point, a point becomes a line, a line a surface: and of these solids are composed. Geometry is synthetical. In Chemistry, water is decomposed and resolved into its elementary principles by means of analysis, or taking to pieces. This is a similar demonstration, though obtained by a method the reverse of the former. There is a third method—namely, Induction, which Hume, with more precision than Locke, calls the doctrine of proofs. Induction is inferring from several particular facts, or propositions, a general truth. All these modes have important uses in different investigations. Geometrical reasoning is inductive. The

Axioms and properties of Definitions are the facts from which first conclusions are deduced. Every proposition established, is an addition to these facts, which become the increased bases of inferences. From coherency between ideas, the geometrical logician proceeds to coherency between facts, and from the entire body of facts before him he discovers the coherency of his general inference. Reason is the ability to perceive coherences. Reasoning on the abstrusest theorems is nothing more than after having arrived, step by step, at a remote truth, discovering its connection with preceding facts in the same chain. Geometrical problems alarm the uninitiated, who are not aware that a little attention conquers the simple ones, and a little patience the most difficult. One in the secret thinks them all equally easy, because he sees they are all equally connected. So far as geometrical study affords practice in mastering these consecutive coherences, it may be considered as aiding the development of reasoning power.

The 'First Book of Euclid' is a perfect illustration of geometrical logic. It embraces the foundation of all the subsequent books. They deal with new propositions and advanced reasoning, but the principle of procedure is the same as in the 'First Book.' So when the inquirer understands that, he comprehends the principle of them all. This 'First Book' furnishes general principles of reasoning, which will carry the student, without other assistance, through every subject to which his attention can be called. He has only to use them as initiative guides—giving him a taste for strictness in every application—not as fettering him to one species of evidence and inference. The discretion here alluded to is that so well enforced by the author of *Hermes*. 'When Mathematics, instead of being applied to *exemplify* Logic, comes to supply its place,

no wonder if it pass into contempt. For when men, knowing nothing of that reasoning which is universal, come to attach themselves for years to *a single species*, a species involved in lines and numbers only, they grow insensibly to believe these last as inseparable from all reasoning, as the poor Indians thought every horseman to be inseparable from his horse.'

CHAPTER VII.

NATURAL GEOMETRY.

Mr. Macaulay, in his historical Essay on Lord Bacon, has some ingenious remarks on the natural origin of the species of Induction with which Bacon's name is associated. Similar opinions have been expressed respecting the Syllogism of Aristotle. One of the ablest opponents of John Locke has some profitable speculations of the same kind concerning reasoning in general, all bringing Science, Art, and Logic home to nature, and resting their foundation there. This is the most encouraging aspect of learning that can be presented to the notice of a pupil. No treatise of an educational nature should be without such a feature. If an inquirer once perceives that the germs of a desired art are familiar to him, he makes an important step in advance—he gains confidence. He finds that he has only to systematise and extend his actual knowledge. The barrier of exclusiveness is broken down, and he enters the common ground of the initiated. A geometrician before referred to, has furnished some interesting illustrations of this truth with respect to his favourite science, accompanied by not less useful remarks.

'Suppose Codrus died, and left his field, nearly a square, to be divided among his four sons, Caius, Gaius, Titius, and Tatius. A little consideration would show that it might be done by drawing lines from the middle of one side to the middle of the other, as A B, C D, (see fig. 1). Thus there would be four squares of one size for the brothers. The middle point would perhaps be found by *stepping* along one side, and *half* the number of steps back. Or with a line or a rod. Such modes would be practical, and such as would be suggested to the simplest mind—for the rudiments of Geometry must be in the human mind before the art itself could be formally known as a system.

'Suppose the field to be *three cornered* (see fig. 2). A little more (though not much) sagacity would perceive that its division would be effected by drawing a line from any corner D of the field to the middle point A of the opposite side—and from A to C and B, the middle points of the remaining sides.

'But if the field had been of the unmanageable form as fig. 3, something more than common judgment would be necessary to subdivide *this* into four equal portions. Something would be wanted beyond what the senses or uncultivated reason could furnish, to recognise the equality of the parts A, B, C, D, when the figure *had* been accidentally divided as required. Then men would begin to consider how they might determine the equality or non-equality of differently shaped figures. They would, as we are told was the practice of the early philosophers, draw figures in sand or dust to investigate their proportions: first, because it was useful, and afterwards, because curious. This would be land measurement in miniature. The next removal would be from the sand to the slate, from the dust to the board, and from these to parchment or paper. What before engaged peasants without doors, would now employ philosophers within: what was rude, vague, and unsatisfactory, would now become accurate, definite, and conclusive: what was done experimentally with the rod and the tape, would now be determined rationally with the rule and compass. Behold the gradual transformation of the practical into the abstract art—of primitive into refined Geometry!

Ask a *ploughman* how he manages to keep his furrows

parallel, and he will tell you, by driving his team and directing the share, so that each new furrow shall keep *at the same distance* from the last, throughout the whole length. In like manner the school boy rules his copy *straight* by keeping each end of the ruler at the same distance from the last line ruled. Thus is the *doctrine of parallels* found inherent in the commonest minds.

'Let us by all means get rid of the scholastic notion, that Geometry is a thing totally distinct from, and independent of, the material world—irrelevant to the ordinary business of life, and uncongenial with the common trains of human reflection: that it is, in fact, an ethereal system, not refined from the grossness of terrestrial conceptions, but absolutely free from all intermixture or affinity with what we see or know about earthly matters: and that it is drawn from the skies, as Socrates drew his moral philosophy, and is a study for those alone who agree to call each other "purely intellectual beings." No such thing. It is only the simplest and most certain of our ideas, gathered from practice and experience, rendered accurate by strict circumspection, and combined with elegant ingenuity into a system differing from others of human invention only in being more perfect. So far is it from being anything of a supernatural or occult science, that a man of strong judgment might, in a popular way, form to himself a system of Geometry almost without knowing how to *read*. In fact, a great many illiterate men *do so*. What a powerful system of natural Geometry must the celebrated Watt have organised in his mind! He was ignorant of this science (that is, of the written word of it), but he was as well acquainted with the common truths of it as the most deeply initiated mathematician, or he would never have made his great discoveries, which involve those properties.'*

A little reflection on the Elements of Geometry, as displayed in the following pages, will further show that the principles of the science have their rise in human experience. The 'cutting off the corner' of a street in walking evinces an intuitive knowledge of a

* Abridged from Darley's *Geometrical Companion*.

geometrical theorem. The elements are common to all comprehensions—Science develops and perfects them.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRACTICE AND THEORY—OR, THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PRACTICAL GEOMETRY AND PURE MATHEMATICS.

PURE Geometry is theoretical. Euclid's Elements are considered pure Mathematics. In this species of Geometry everything is done in accordance with the Postulates of Euclid. No instruments, nor compass, nor rule, are used, and the results arrived at are all abstract and unapplied.

Practical Geometry, on the other hand, is seen in the constructions connected with the Propositions, and in the 'Uses' annexed to our 'First Book.' In Practical Geometry, compasses, sections, rules—all species of instruments are employed. It is the application of Geometry to the arts of life.

In pure Geometry something of the practical certainly appears in the 'Constructions' of certain of the Problems and Propositions, but is employed no farther than is necessary for the development of the demonstration—the practical is subordinate, while in Practical Geometry it is the essence. Pure Geometry chiefly demonstrates that a given Proposition is true, or that a given thing can be done. Practical Geometry, on the other hand, teaches all convenient methods of practice, and *applies* it to any or everything to which it can be useful. Such is the aptitude of human intelligence for reality, that when we assume to apply only the Postulates of Euclid, we think of the instruments; but this difference still remains—in Practical Geometry the rule and compass are in the *hands*, in pure Geometry only in the thoughts.

In this work it is attempted to exhibit the 'Beauties' of Euclid's Elements *theoretically*, and the 'Uses' *practically*—because where the theory only is exhibited the question is heard—'It is all very beautiful, but what is the USE of it?' If only the practice is shown, the remark arises—'I see it is so, but I do not see WHY.'* The question and the remark are both proper, and both should be met. These distinctions rule throughout Mathematics. Whatever chiefly pertains to demonstration, and shows that a certain thing *can* be done, or that a certain result *will* ensue, belongs to the province of pure Mathematics—while in Practical Mathematics attention is mainly devoted to modes of operation and to the application of principles. In the pure department, all is abstraction and theory—in the other, all application and practice.

CHAPTER IX.

EXORDIAL ADDRESS TO THE STUDENT.

MORE than 2,000 years have rolled away since the entire Elements were given to the world. A halo of interest, peculiar to no other work known among men, surrounds it. It arose in the morning of Science, flourished among the glorious Geometers of old, kept alive the sacred fire of Learning, when almost the whole earth was without one genial ray, and it now shines with undiminished lustre amid the splendour of modern discovery. It has resisted the attacks of countless critics, great and clever men—has supported the weight of innumerable commentators; still it remains the most perfect work of man, and the finest monument of his reasoning powers. It has been translated into all languages, has been taught for centuries in every mathe-

* Ritchie's *Principles of Geometry*.

matical school of eminence, and is now reputed the best introduction to that science extant.

It may safely be asserted, that as Grammar is the key of literature, so is Geometry the key of the sciences. Without exaggeration, it has been contended that 'the only road to accurate and independent knowledge of most of the sciences lies through the study of Mathematics.'* Euclid is the great schoolmaster of the sciences. His Elements are the pass-word into their dominions. 'Without a sufficient knowledge of Mathematics, that great instrument of [all] exact inquiry, no man can ever make such advances in the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject within their range.'†

Amasis wondered at the skill of Thales when he measured the Pyramids by means of their shadow. Neither the power nor station of Amasis could place him on a level with the distinguished geometer. Ptolemy, another Egyptian king, is said to have asked Euclid if there was no easier mode of becoming a geometrician than by studying his Elements. 'There is no *royal road*,' was his memorable answer. The meaning of which is, that the acquisition of no single idea can be made in a *royal* way. Only one path was open to Ptolemy and to mankind. Science owns no idle votaries. The only condition on which it yields its secrets is that of attention.

Do not fall into the error of vanity, and neglect learning under the impression that it courts you. It does indeed invite you, but it is in the language of independence. It is a benefactor, and never descends to supplicate the acceptance of its favours. It bestows honour and power on those who seek its wealth, but it never yet conferred a gift on any but the earnest.

Revolve the last words of the venerable professor of Mathematics (Olinthus Gregory)—'In your mental and scientific pursuits; *define* to yourselves clearly the *purposes* which you have in view; see to it that they are in no way incompatible with the nature and the *duty* of man, and you cannot direct your aim at too high a point.'

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* *Review for the Many.* † Sir John Herschel.

THE FIRST BOOK OF EUCLID.

SECTION I.

DEFINITIONS.

1. A *Point* is that which has no parts, or which has no magnitude.*

2. A *Line* is length without breadth.†

COROLLARY.—The extremities of a line are *Points*; and the *intersection* of one line with another is also a *Point*. [Thus (fig. 4) the place A is a point].

3. *Right* or *Straight* lines are such that cannot coincide in any two points without coinciding altogether.‡ [This is substituted for Euclid's, that the Corollary may appear more evident].

COR.—Hence two straight lines cannot enclose a space. Neither can two straight lines have a common segment—that is, they cannot coincide in part without coinciding altogether. [The 14th prop. will illustrate this].

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* A *Point* is that which has no parts.—*Dechales.*

A *Point* is that which has position, but not magnitude.—*Playfair.*

A *Point* is the extremity of a line having no dimensions of any kind—neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness.—*Geom. Lib. Useful Knowledge.*

A *Point* is a mark in magnitude, which is (supposed to be) indivisible.—*Zeno.*

A *Point* is the beginning, as it were, of all magnitude, as unity is of number.—*Tacquet.*

A *Point* occupies no space.—*Legendre.*

† A *Line* has length only, and wants all breadth, inasmuch as it is understood to be produced by the flowing of a point.—*Tacquet.*

‡ A *Right* line is that whose extremes hide all the rest.—*Plato.*

A *Right* line is the shortest of all those that can be drawn between two points.—*Archimedes.*

4. *Parallel* straight lines are such as are in the same plane, and which being produced ever so far both ways do not meet.* (See fig. 5).

5. A *Superficies*, or surface, is that which has only length and breadth.

Cor.—The extremities of a superficies are lines, and the intersections of one superficies with another are also lines.†

6. A *Plane*, or plane surface, is that in which any two points being taken, the straight line between them lies wholly in that superficies.‡

7. A *Plane Angle* is the inclination of two lines to one another, which meet together, but are not in the same right line.

[The two lines, which, meeting together, make an angle, are called the *legs* of that angle. A B, A C, (fig. 7) are the *legs* of the angle B A C. The point A, at which the legs meet, is called the vertex of the angle. An angle may be designated by a single letter, when its legs are the only lines which meet at its vertex. But when more than two lines meet at the same point, in order to avoid confusion *three* letters are employed to designate the angle at that point—the letter which marks the vertex of the angle being always placed in the *middle*. Thus (fig. 6) the lines G C and E C meeting together at C, make the angle G C E, or E C G: the lines G C, E C, are the *legs* of the angle, the

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* Lines are *Parallel* to each other if the perpendiculars be tween them are all equal to each other.—*Archimedes.*

Newton, in Lemma 22, Bk. I. of his 'Principia,' says that parallels are such lines as tend to a point infinitely distant.

† A *Superficies* has two dimensions, and is understood to be produced by the flowing of a line.—*Tacquet.*

‡ A *Plane* surface is a surface which is *perpetually even*, or *flat* throughout its whole extent.—*Darley.*

(On such *planes* all the figures in the First Book are supposed to be constructed).

A *Solid* is a magnitude having the three dimensions of space: length, breadth, and depth. Any one of the six sides of a *Cube* is a *surface*, or *superficies*—an edge is a *line*—a corner a *point*. (See fig. 30).

point C is the *vertex*. In like manner may be named the angle E C A, which is the sum of the angles G C E, G C A: and so of the other angles round the same point.

When the legs of an angle are produced (or continued) beyond the vertex, the angles made by them on both sides of the vertex are said to be *vertically* opposite to each other: thus, since G C is continued to D, and E C to F, the angles G C E, D C F, are said to be *vertically* opposite to each other. And so of the other angles on each side C.

It must be understood, that by an angle is not meant the *surface* between the lines which form it. For though the surface be increased by producing the legs, (to D and E, for instance, in fig. 7), the angle will still remain the same in magnitude. By an *angle*, in fact, is meant the *degree* of *width*, or *separation* between the lines that form it: thus, the *opening* between B A C is greater than the angle F A C.]

8. When a straight line, standing on another straight line, makes the adjacent angles equal to each other, each of these angles is called a *Right Angle*, and each of these lines is said to be at *right angles* to, or *perpendicular* to the other.* (See fig. 8).

9. An *Obtuse* angle is that which is greater than a right angle. (See angle C B A, fig. 49).

10. An *Acute* angle is that which is less than a right angle. (See angle A B D, fig. 49).

11. A *Figure* is that which is bounded by one or more lines. (See fig. 9). The space enclosed within a figure is called its *area*.

12. A *Circle* is a plane figure bounded by one line called the *circumference*, or periphery; of which all lines drawn from a certain point within the figure to the circumference are equal to one another.† (See fig. 10).

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* A carpenter's square is a 'right angle.' Pythagoras is said to have been the inventor of the Square.

A perpendicular line inclines neither to the right hand nor to the left. From this circumspect idea probably arose the precept of the poet—

'Far from extremes a *middle* course is best.'

† Till the time of Plato this was the only curve admitted into Geometry.

13. That point is called the *Centre* of the circle.

14. A *Diameter* of a circle is a straight line drawn through the centre, and terminating on both sides in the circumference.

15. A line drawn from the centre to the circumference of a circle is called the *Radius*, or *Semi-diameter*.

[*Radii* is the plural of radius].

16. *Rectilineal* figures are those contained by straight lines.

17. *Trilateral* figures, or *Triangles*, by three straight lines. (See fig. 11).

18. *Quadrilateral* figures by four straight lines. (See fig. 12).

19. Of three-sided figures: an *Equilateral* triangle is that which has three equal sides. (See triangle A C B, fig. 31).

20. An *Isosceles* triangle is that which has two equal sides. (See triangle A B C, fig. 37).

21. A *Right-angled* triangle is that which has a right angle.* See triangle A E D, fig. 136.)

[The angle opposite the base is called the vertical angle. A side of a triangle, considered in reference to the angle opposite, is said to *subtend* it, or be the *subtense* of the angle. When the side of any triangle is produced, as B C to D, (fig. 14) the angle A C D, made by the produced part C D, with the other leg A C, is called the *external* angle. And the angle A C B, adjacent to the external angle, is called the *internal adjacent* angle. The other two angles of the triangle are together called the *internal remote* angles: and of these, that of which the produced side is a leg, namely, A B C, is the *internal opposite*, and the other, namely, B A C, is the *internal alternate* angle.]

22. Of quadrilateral figures: a *parallelogram* is that of which the opposite sides are parallel. (See fig. 15).

23. The straight line which joins the opposite angles of a quadrilateral figure is called a *Diagonal*.

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* Any side of a rectilineal figure may be called the *Base*. In a right-angled triangle (see fig. 13) the side *a c*, opposite the right angle is called the *Hypotheneuse*, either of the other two sides *a b*, *a c*, the Base, and the one not taken the perpendicular.

24. The *Altitude* of a triangle or a parallelogram is a perpendicular drawn from the opposite angle or side, upon the base, as *a b*, *c d*. (See figs. 16 and 17.)

25. Of parallelograms: a *Square* is that which has all its sides and angles equal. (See fig. 97).

26. An *Oblong*, or *Rectangle* is a four-sided figure, that has equal angles but not equal sides. (See fig. 23). [When a four-sided figure has equal angles, they are always *right* angles. Every 'square' is a 'rectangle,' but every 'rectangle' is not a square.']

SECTION II

POSTULATES.

(Things required: from the Latin *postulo*, to require).

1. Let it be granted that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to any other point.

2. That a terminated straight line may be produced to any length in a straight line.

3. And that a circle may be described from any centre with any radius or interval.

SECTION III.

AXIOMS.

(Authorities, or things having authority: from a Greek word. An *Axiom* is a self-evident proposition).

1. Things which are equal to the same things, are equal to one another.

2. If equals be added to equals, the wholes are equal.

3. If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal.

4. If equals be added to unequals, the sums are unequal.

5. If equals be taken from unequals, the remainders are unequal.

6. Things which are doubles of the same thing, are equal to one another.

7. Things which are halves of the same thing, are equa. to one another.

8. Magnitudes which coincide with one another, (that is to say, which fit together so exactly, that every point of the one lies on some point of the other,) are equal.

9. The whole is greater than its part.

10. All right angles are equal to one another. (Legendre demonstrates this).

11. Two straight lines which intersect each other cannot be both parallel to the same straight line.

[All these Axioms are not required in the First Book, but not being numerous they are inserted as samples of the *assumptions* of Geometry].

SECTION IV.

DEFINITIONS OF TERMS.

A *Theorem* is a truth which becomes evident by a train of reasoning called a *Demonstration.*

A *Problem* is a question proposed which requires a solution.

A *Lemma* is a subordinate or minor truth, which is established in order to be employed in the demonstration of a theorem, or in the solution of a problem.

A *Proposition* is a portion of science. It is a common name applied indifferently to theorems, problems, and lemmas. A proposition is a simple statement respecting any subject.—*Jas. Milne.*

A *Hypothesis* is a fact assumed without proof. (Thus, when it is affirmed that in an Isosceles triangle the angles at the base are equal, the *hypothesis* of the proposition is that the triangle is Isosceles, or that its legs are equal).

A *Construction* is the addition made to, or change made in, the original figure, by dividing or drawing lines, in order to adapt it to the argument of the demonstration, or the solution of the problem. The condition under which

these changes are made is as indisputable as those contained in the hypothesis. Thus, if a line be made equal to a given line, these two lines are said to be equal by *construction*.

A *Corollary* is a consequence easily deduced from one or more propositions.

A *Scholium* is a remark on one or more propositions, which explains the application, connection, limitation, extension, or other important circumstance belonging thereto.

A *Demonstration* is a process or reasoning. It is either *direct* or *indirect*.

[To *demonstrate* a proposition is to exhibit a sufficient reason for the action affirmed by that proposition.—*Jas. Milne.*]

A *Direct* demonstration is a regular process of reasoning, from the premises to the conclusion.

An *Indirect* demonstration establishes a proposition, by proving that any hypothesis contrary to it is contradictory, or absurd: and it is therefore sometimes called a *reductio ad absurdum*.

The *Data* or *Premises* of a proposition are the relations or conditions, granted or given, from which new relations are to be reasoned out, or a construction to be effected.

To *Bisect* is to divide into two equal parts.

To *Trisect*, to divide into three equal parts.

An *Enunciation* declares what is to be proved or done.

The *Conclusion* asserts that the thing required has been proved or done.

SECTION V.

EXPLANATIONS OF SIGNS.

The arguments employed to demonstrate any proposition in Geometry must be founded more or less on the antecedent Propositions, Corollaries, or on the Definitions, Postulates, Axioms, Hypotheses, and Constructions. These are respectively referred to, in the following pages, under the abridged forms *Prop.*, *Cor.*, *Def.*, *Post.*, *Ax.*, *Hyp.*, *Const.*

The text of Dr. Simpson, used in the Universities, did him infinite credit in his day: but language has advanced since,

and the amplifications and reiterations he employs are needed now only in oral discourses. Mr. Cooley appears to be the most successful of all modern editors of Euclid in adopting a style of superior brevity and clearness, and has thus effected an important abridgement without omitting a single step in the reasoning, or in the slightest degree impairing its strength and validity. His text is that chiefly followed in the succeeding section.

SECTION VI.

~~THEOREMS AND PROBLEMS~~.

PRELIMINARY DIRECTIONS.

1. Remember that in Geometry all sections, paragraphs, and sentences are of nearly equal importance.

2. Read deliberately every paragraph, that you fully understand it.

'Learn to read *slowly*, all other graces
Will follow in their proper places;'

is an all essential injunction to the young elocutionist, and equally applicable to the young geometrician.

3. Note carefully the *parts* of every proposition.

4. Make sure of the *true* meaning of every term you meet with.

5. Trace every reference.

6. Study each proposition until you can prove it yourself *without* the book—till the *principle* of the demonstration is familiarised to the understanding.

7. The Plates of diagrams are intended only to give initiative ideas, and not to obviate the necessity of making new figures. The learner will best understand that which he has made himself. Geometry is to be acquired best by practice. The student should in every case construct his own diagram according to the 'construction in each proposition, making it as large as convenient, as largeness of diagram assists the conception of its purport.

8. Students perpetually ask—Must the Definitions and Axioms be committed to memory? Not necessarily so. It matters little that the memory is taxed if the understanding is excited. Let the learner make the references to the Definitions and Axioms as often as they are mentioned—which will be at the precise moment

Printer's Copy.

PREFACE.

This work was originally prepared at the request of a Society which took great interest in popular education. Several things, however, interfered to prevent that body from publishing it, and it was returned to me with kind words of approval and regret. Since then, I have waited for an occasion of presenting it myself to the service and judgment of the public.

Possibly, this delay may prove an advantage to the book, since it has afforded me the opportunity of revising it, when the first fondness of authorship had subsided into the more solid ambition of writing for the improvement of others.

The criticism this confession may invoke, I shall not be found to deprecate, but shall keep in recollection the prudent advice of Helicane, and

> With patience bear
> Such griefs as I do lay upon myself.

My aims have been:—1. ~~To prescribe~~ Prescribing the limits of Mathematical learning, defining what must be acquired and what may be neglected. 2. The discussion of the supposed connection between Arithmetic and Mathematics, and explanation of certain important distinctions generally confined to the class room. 3. Presenting a history of the rise and progress of Mathematics, somewhat more complete than previous ones. 4. Extending the view of the utility of Mathematics as a means of gauging the physical world. 5. A de-

velopment of the argument in favour of this science as a means of mental discipline, guarded from the arrogance and exaggeration which have so often destroyed its efficiency. 6. An exposition of Mathematical logic, and the true principles of Science, illustrating the value of the one and the simplicity of the other. 7. The enforcement of Natural Geometry—resting it on the foundation of the common understanding, distinguishing its Beauties and Uses, adapting it to the wants of the many, to the capacities of the young, to the aptitudes of the uninitiated, and the exigencies of men of business—the people of little time and a definite purpose.

G. J. H.

☞ The word EUCLID, on the title page, contains the Diagrams of six of the most interesting and celebrated Propositions of Euclid. The number of each Proposition, and the number of the Book in which it is found, are placed at the foot of each letter. The Diagrams in E U C occurring in the First Book, the reader will discover, in the following pages, to what they relate. The Diagram in L is employed to prove that all the angles that can be made in a semicircle are right angles. The Diagram in I belongs to the Proposition respecting the proportion between triangles and parallelograms of the same altitude. The Diagram in D is the geometrical foundation of the Rule of Three. It seemed the most appropriate tribute to Euclid to associate his works with his name.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE MATHEMATICS.

CHAPTER I.

DISCOURAGING INFLUENCE OF A CERTAIN POPULAR MAXIM OVER THE PURSUIT OF LEARNING IN GENERAL, AND MATHEMATICS IN PARTICULAR.

'WHATEVER is worth while doing at all, it is worth while doing well,' is a maxim of deserved reputation: and *when* applied in its proper sense, of great service. But, adopted as this has been, without due regard to its exact import, it may be questioned whether any maxim ever proved so serious a discouragement to the majority of learners. What it is worth while to do at all, it is, unquestionably, sound wisdom and true economy to do well. But *what* it is worth while to perform, and the *measure* of the undertaking, are to be decided by the wants and circumstances of the person engaging in the pursuit. Instead of this being done we have those who, on feeling interested in the investigation of any branch of learning, conclude it to be incumbent on them to entirely explore it, whatever be its nature or extent, and, wanting time to accomplish this, often an extravagant task, remain in entire ignorance of that of which it was probably important they should know something.

The person destined for the profession of Chemistry, of necessity must acquaint himself with the works of Priestley, Davy, Dalton, Liebig, Faraday, Daniels, and other eminent men in that department of knowledge: but the general inquirer will sufficiently in-

form himself on this subject from Chambers' 'Rudiments' of the science. In like manner, a person intended for the Medical profession has a wide class of authors before him, with whom he must become conversant, while the artizan would be considered well informed who was familiar with the works of Southwood Smith and Andrew Combe. Now, *what* it is proper for the Chemist and Medical student to undertake, is no less than the whole range of knowledge belonging to each of their respective professions—and *this* it is worth their while to master well. But the general inquirer and the artizan, being differently circumstanced, require only such a general insight into these subjects as shall enable them to converse thereon with propriety, to understand books in which they are introduced, and to apply the plain and popular rules to the business, enjoyment, and preservation of life.

The judicious rule of acquisition is this. After mastering the knowledge proper to individual profession, we next have to seek general knowledge: for he who should essay to sound the depths of every subject, would find life exhausted before he had completed a tithe of his task. A course which would condemn to the unremitting toil of hoarding information, and exclude for ever from the pleasure of its application.

Unmindful of considerations of this kind, it is commonly thought, that whenever Geometry is proposed for investigation, (since whatever is worth while doing at all is worth while doing well), nothing less than Dr. Simpson's Eight Books of Euclid, his namesake's Trigonometry, Bonnycastle's Mensuration, Bridge's Algebra, and a host of scientific treatises, must necessarily be entered upon. And as it is only the time of professed students that will allow of this, the

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attention, and earnestly devotes himself to that, and to nothing else. His business is to *explore*, not to *conquer* the region of Mathematics It is that which it is worth his while to do, and he does *that* well.

Many people of undisciplined powers, and ignorant of the art of acquiring knowledge, can never move anywhere unless they move profoundly. Such people soon lose themselves. Instead of being the masters of knowledge, knowledge is the master of them. By being profound out of place, they bring profundity into contempt. It is not within the compass of human power to be profound upon more than a few subjects The poet was somewhat too strict in his limitation, but he approached the truth in declaring—

> One subject only will one genius fit,
> So vast is art—so narrow human wit.

Do not be deterred from the useful course of general investigation, in these two Sections recommended, by the vague charge of superficiality, so often preferred without propriety and listened to without advantage. Many persons live and die in disreputable ignorance because they are determined not to be superficial. Superficiality is a serious imputation when it respects what you ought to know well. But with respect to general knowledge, it is no more criminal to be superficial than to have only five senses, or not to be in half a dozen places at once. It is the condition of humanity only to be able to take a general survey of the wide field of knowledge. The republic of literature has no inapt resemblance to the state of good citizenship, in which a man is expected to know his own business, and to have such an acquaintance only with that of his neighbours as shall give him a laudable interest in their pursuits, and assure him that they are conducive to the dignity of the commonwealth.

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admirable Conversations on that subject, the requisite information—the First Book of Euclid will accomplish the rest. It will introduce him to both Theoretical and Practical Geometry, and to the technical characteristics of Mathematics. It will enable him to understand the *modus operandi* of Newton's Principia. It will familiarise him with the illustrations of Dynamics and Mechanics. After performing the 'Constructions' of Euclid, and putting them to the 'Uses' at the end of this book, any person could understand and practice Keith's principles of Mapping, and illustrate his geography by constructing his own maps. We have seen in the quotation in the last chapter, from the *Saturday Journal*, how the First Book of Euclid, if it does not make the young pupil master of Astronomy, it will place him on the same common ground with the Astronomer himself, and familiarise him with the scientific secrets of that fine pursuit. Indeed, if the First Book of Euclid does not make the student a Mathematician, it so qualifies him that he can be a Mathematician whenever he pleases, as it imparts a clear insight of that science which will enable him to

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Death of Follett

entire subject is generally neglected.* In what belongs to a man's profession, his duty, or his chosen study, there must be no superficialness. The *professional* astronomer must be master of Newton—the mariner, of Thomas Simpson—the architect and civil engineer, of Euler and the Bernouillis, and a certain class of able geometricians. So much of geometry as may belong to any branch of mechanics, must be mastered by all who would be proficients in such branch—whatever be the formidable array of works to be encountered. But under other circumstances, what is chiefly wanted is such a *general* acquaintance with the subject as shall enable a person to distinctly understand the nature and application of Mathematics—the process of geometrical reasoning—the meaning of the technical terms now so frequent in the scientific lecture room, and in treatises on Mechanics.†

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† Greek and Latin, Aristotle's logic and classical versification, quadratic equations, conic sections, the differential calculus, are very good things.—They are essential to the fame of a Parr or a Person, a Herschel or a Whewell. These acquisitions are, doubtless, amongst the greatest triumphs of the human understanding, and are calculated to raise a few—perhaps one in a hundred—to distinction; but upon the minds of the remaining ninety-nine they produce no sort of impression. They do not do much mischief to such persons in themselves, but they are of incalculable detriment, and the industry which they absorb to no available purpose. Ten years of youth—the most valuable and important period of life—are wasted in studies which, to nineteen-twentieths of the persons engaged in them, are of no use whatever in future years.—*Blackwood's Magazine, Nov.* 1845.

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CHAPTER II.

IMPORTANT DISTINCTIONS PERTAINING TO MATHEMATICS.

MATHEMATICS is the science of quantity and magnitude. It is usually defined as that which treats of whatever can be numbered or measured.* Mathematics embraces all modes of procedure, and includes all the arts and sciences employed in determining magnitude and quantity. Quantity is understood to include the distinctions of weight and measure. Magnitude is the consideration of size.

Geometry, though a very important science, is but a branch of the Mathematics. Geometry treats of the properties of lines, angles, surfaces and solids. The term Geometry is applied to Mensuration, to Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and to every department of investigation in which lines and angles, surfaces and solids, are chiefly concerned.

Arithmetic, the art of figures—and Algebra, the science of symbols, constituting the lower and higher departments of calculation, are both branches of Mathematics. But Geometry is the principal branch.

From these points of definition the relative distinctions subsisting among the branches of Mathematics, will easily be perceived, and the careful observer will be enabled to avoid the error of confounding these distinctions. The common mystery attached to the Mathematics has, in a great measure, its rise in this kind of inattention.

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*Ritchie's Principles of Geometry, page 2.

A person skilled in the use of figures is an Arithmetician. This is his proper appellation. If acquainted with that higher branch of calculation in which quantities are represented by letters, his correct designation is an Algebraist. The proficient in Euclid's Elements is a Geometrician. The more precise ancients always styled the illustrious author of the Elements, the Great Geometer. It is the person who has acquired skill in *all* these branches, and such others as pertain to the determination of magnitude and quantity, who is properly the Mathematician. As Mathematics includes all these arts, properly, the Mathematician is master of them all.

We often, indeed, hear the skilful Algebraist styled a Mathematician. The Trigonometrist and Geometrician often receive the same designation. But correct taste is never guilty of this confusion of terms. Such want of precision is a poor compliment to the preciscst of sciences.

The term Mathematics will never be intentionally employed in this work, except in its comprehensive sense, as explained in its definition. That term on the title page is employed to indicate that an attempt will be made to lay bare its clear import, and by so doing divest it of its reputed mystery; and illustrating (as will be done in various places) the exact nature and influence of its branches, and afford a comprehensive and easy insight into its nature and application. But chiefly, this work, as its second title expresses, is confined to Euclid—to Geometry.

The Elements of Euclid are often designated the Elements of Mathematics. True, the Elements once constituted Mathematics themselves; but since the perfection of numerals and the invention of Algebra by Diophantus, they have sunk into a relative rank. It is true, Geometry gives laws to Arithmetic. The

dual rise out of the wants of men by patient study, and its progress, will further divest him of the prejudice, if any remain, of the popular mystery connected with this science.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE MATHEMATICS.*

'THE Mathematical Sciences were the first of all among men, if we may believe *Josephus*. He (Bk. I. Chap. 3,) writeth, that the posterity of Seth observed the order of the Heavens, and the courses of the Stars. And lest these inventions should slip out of the knowledge of men, *Adam* having predicted a two-fold destruction of the Earth, one by a Deluge, and the other by Fire, they raised two Columns, one of Bricks, the other of Stone, and inscribed their inventions upon them; and if the Brick one should happen to be destroyed by the Deluge, that of Stone, which would remain, might afford men an opportunity of being instructed, and present to their view the things which had been inscribed upon it. They also say, that that

* Compiled chiefly from Andrew Tacquet's (of the 'Society of Jesus') Elements of Euclid, translated by Whiston—the Introduction to the Elements of Geometry, translated into English from Peyzard, by Phillips—and from the History of the Science prefixed to the Elements of Plane Geometry, by Bell. But, of course, omitting the usually recited lists of the inventions of the 'Fathers of the Science.' If enumerated, who, on a general introduction to Mathematics, would feel enraptured or be enlightened by details of 'The Lair,' 'The Loci,' Pori, Quadratics, and Curves? They are best introduced where they are intelligible.

agents are lines and angles. It is a distinct, entire, and independent science.

But it will be asked by the intelligent reader, if Mathematics comprises not only Arithmetic, Algebra, Differential and Integral Calculus, and Geometry—but also such principles as are employed in the measurement of the earth and the skies, in Physical Geography, Astronomy, Navigation, Architecture, and a variety of other branches, how is the maxim with which Sec. I. opens to be applied by the general enquirer to these departments? The answer is easy.

If the enquirer aims at the eminent distinction of being a Mathematician, he must prosecute each of these branches of study, so as to acquire familiarity with their modes of procedure, and some skill in their application. Nor will this be so difficult as at first sight appears. The nature of each is kindred, and Geometry is the key which will unlock them all—only it requires the application of many years to compass so wide a range of physical knowledge.

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for Arithmetic and several other arts. The Arithmetician and *Practical* Geometer, (a distinction hereafter to be explained) come to Euclid for the reasons of their rules. I am aware that Schiller (according to the *Dublin University Magazine*) makes the great distinction between art and pure science to consist in the element of humanity being always essentially involved in every work of art, and this element being excluded in all that is properly called science. But this distinction relates to high art—to the poetry of art. I have here to do with art in the sense of manipulation—and with science in the sense of systematized and demonstrative knowledge—and in every employment of these terms, allusion is made to the art and science of practice. No disparagement to Schiller's distinction, but ours is the other department.

body, *he* acquires its first principles, and as much of its practice as he is likely to need. If he is curious about Algebra, he may soon gather from Coles's admirable 'Conversations' on that subject, the requisite information—the First Book of Euclid will accomplish the rest. It will introduce him to both Theoretical and Practical Geometry, and to the technical characteristics of Mathematics. It will enable him to understand the *modus operandi* of Newton's Principia. It will familiarise him with the illustrations of Dynamics and Mechanics. After performing the 'Constructions of Euclid, and putting them to the 'Uses' at the end of this book, any person could understand and practice Keith's principles of Mapping, and illustrate his geography by constructing his own maps. We have seen in the quotation in the last chapter, from the *Saturday Journal*, how the First Book of Euclid, if it does not make the young pupil master of Astronomy, it will place him on the same common ground with the Astronomer himself, and familiarise him with the scientific secrets of that fine pursuit. Indeed, if the First Book of Euclid does not make the student a Mathematician, it so qualifies him that he can be a Mathematician whenever he pleases, as it imparts a clear insight of that science which will enable him to extend his studies whenever his duty or taste shall incline him. Thus the general enquirer applies our maxim. He determines what is properly worth *his* attention, and earnestly devotes himself to that, and to nothing else. His business is to *explore*, not to *conquer* the region of Mathematics It is that which it is worth his while to do, and he does *that* well.

Many people of undisciplined powers, and ignorant of the art of acquiring knowledge, can never move anywhere unless they move profoundly. Such people soon lose themselves. Instead of being the masters of

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knowledge, knowledge is the master of them. By being profound out of place, they bring profundity into contempt. It is not within the compass of human power to be profound upon more than a few subjects. The poet was somewhat too strict in his limitation, but he approached the truth in declaring—

> One subject only will one genius fit,
> So vast is art—so narrow human wit.

Do not be deterred from the useful course of general investigation, in these two Sections recommended, by the vague charge of superficiality, so often preferred without propriety and listened to without advantage. Many persons live and die in disreputable ignorance because they are determined not to be superficial. Superficiality is a serious imputation when it respects what you ought to know well. But with respect to general knowledge, it is no more criminal to be superficial than to have only five senses, or not to be in half a dozen places at once. It is the condition of humanity only to be able to take a general survey of the wide field of knowledge. The republic of literature has no inapt resemblance to the state of good citizenship, in which a man is expected to know his own business, and to have such an acquaintance only with that of his neighbours as shall give him a laudable interest in their pursuits, and assure him that they are conducive to the dignity of the commonwealth.

Of the majority of the branches of learning, we can only hope to master the first principles. And it happens that no work that human wit has ever devised teaches the art of doing this in so striking a manner as does the First Book of Euclid. But more of this in the proper place. We must now introduce the reader to the History of the Mathematics, for which he is prepared. The record of its gra-

dual rise out of the wants of men by patient study, and its progress, will further divest him of the prejudice, if any remain, of the popular mystery connected with this science.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF ~~THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE~~ MATHEMATICS.*

'THE Mathematical Sciences were the first of all among men, if we may believe *Josephus*. He (Bk. I. Chap. 3,) writeth, that the posterity of Seth observed the order of the Heavens, and the courses of the Stars. And lest these inventions should slip out of the knowledge of men, *Adam* having predicted a two-fold destruction of the Earth, one by a Deluge, and the other by Fire, they raised two Columns, one of Bricks, the other of Stone, and inscribed their inventions upon them; and if the Brick one should happen to be destroyed by the Deluge, that of Stone, which would remain, might afford men an opportunity of being instructed, and present to their view the things which had been inscribed upon it. They also say, that that

* Compiled chiefly from Andrew Tacquet's (of the 'Society of Jesus') Elements of Euclid, translated by Whiston—the Introduction to the Elements of Geometry, translated into English from Peyzard, by Phillips—and from the History of the Science prefixed to the Elements of Plane Geometry, by Bell. ~~But, of course, omitting the usually recited lists of the inventions of the 'Fathers of the Science.'~~ ~~If enumerated~~, who, on a general introduction to Mathematics, would feel enraptured or be enlightened by details of 'The Lair,' 'The Loci,' Porisms, Quadratics, and Curves? They are best introduced where they are intelligible.

Stone Pillar, which even in our day is seen in Syria, was dedicated by them. This *Josephus* says, whom I leave to vouch for the story.'*

Geometry must be coeval in its origin with the invention of the square and the compasses, and these being necessary to the rudest operations, were doubtless known in the earliest ages of the world. Geometry first assumed the character of a science, in Greece, about 2,500 years ago, and flourished during ten centuries: then was almost entirely neglected till about 200 years since, when it broke forth in Europe with more than its pristine brilliancy.

The term Geometry is derived from the Greek words *ge* (earth) and *metron* (measurement), literally signifying the *Measurement of the Earth.* But the science thus designated is now so extended, as to be equally applicable to the measurement of the heavens. Aristotle, the famous preceptor of Alexander the Great, ascribes its origin to the Egyptian Priests, and Herodotus, an ancient historian, to the time when Sesostris, who reigned in Egypt, (1500 B. C.)† intersected it by numerous canals, and apportioned the country among the inhabitants.

To Egypt appears chiefly due the honour of having been, if not the birth place, at least the cradle of Geometry, where it received its first culture. That old and mighty kingdom seems to have been the nurse, perhaps the mother, of almost all the useful arts and sciences. Hindoostan and China contend with Egypt for the pre-eminence with respect to Geometry; but by whichever it may have been first cultivated, it

* Tacquet's Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Mathematics.

† B. C. Before the reputed Birth of Christ—before the commencement of what is denominated the Christian Era.

was certainly brought into general notice by the Egyptians.

Thales, the reputed father of Greek philosophy, born at Miletum (640 B. C.), is celebrated for being the first who introduced Geometry to Greece, and for the many highly interesting discoveries he made in it: for being able, by geometrical principles, to compute the distance of vessels from the shore, and for having measured* the altitude of the Pyramids of Egypt by means of their shadow, much to the astonishment of Amasis the king, who wondered at his scientific skill. From him Astronomy is said to have made considerable advances—and he founded an establishment in Greece known by the name of the Ionian School. It was in the age of this Philosopher, according to the best informants, that Geometry first began to assume the character of a science. He observed the Equinoxes and Solstices, and was the first who foretold the Eclipse of the Sun. And he foretold to King Cyrus an Eclipse of the Moon. The Electrical properties of amber were first remarked by him, upon which has been built the important science of Electricity.

The first elementary treatise on Geometry is said to have been composed by Anaximander, a disciple of Thales, and Thales's successor in his school.

Next in order comes Pythagoras,† the philosopher

* Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, about 600 years before Christ, invented the following method for measuring the height of an Egyptian pyramid. He watched the progress of the sun till his body and shadow were of the same length, and at that instant measured the shadow of the pyramid, which consequently gave its height.—*Lord Kame's History of Man, vol.* 1, *p* 91.

† The supposed inventor of the term 'Philosophy'—signifying *a lover of knowledge.* A term said to have been first applied to Solon, an ancient law-giver.

of Samos, (an island in the Levant, between Greece and Asia), no less distinguished than Thales for the variety and extent of his discoveries. He is said to have travelled into Egypt and India in pursuit of knowledge, to have settled at Tarentum in Italy, (about 550 years B.C.), and to have maintained, in Astronomy, the true system of the world which places the sun in the centre with the planets revolving round it. From this philosopher it was called the Pythagorean System, and was revived two thousand years after his day by Copernicus. Pythagoras was distinguished in all his pursuits by a genius remarkably inventive and assiduous. He possesses no ordinary claim to the honour of posterity. As a mathematician, he was decidedly the first of his time,—as a philosopher, he delivered many curious things concerning God and the human soul, and a great variety of precepts relating to the conduct of life, both civil and political.

It is not certain at this time whether Geometry had been founded into a regular system. If not, considerable advances had been made, and ere a century had elapsed from the age of Pythagoras, Zendorus, a man of great parts, arose, whose writings are the first among the ancients which have survived the wreck of time, one geometrical tract of his having been preserved.

Then came Hippocrates, whose brilliant genius, great diligence, and application, rendered essential service to this science. He was the third who wrote on the Elements of Geometry, but on the appearance of the Elements of Euclid, his treatise was consigned to oblivion.

The origin of the celebrated Platonic School, (400 years B.C.), is considered one of the most important epochs in the history of the science. Plato, its

founder, who is called by way of pre-eminence the 'Athenian Sage,' and who was alike remarkable for eloquence, the poetical sublimity of his imagination, and the accuracy of his mathematical performances, gave to Geometry the form and substance of a complete science, and enriched it with many discoveries. Indeed, so profound a veneration did he entertain for it, that he made it a principal object of instruction among his scholars, and had written over the entrance of his academy, the well known words,—'*Let no one enter here who is ignorant of Geometry.*' Plato was the discoverer of the Conic Sections, (or those curves which are found on the surface of a Cone when cut through in different directions). He found out many of their most remarkable properties, which being made the continual study of his scholars and successors, at length became a distinct science from the common elements, and received the appellation of the *higher or sublime* Geometry.

Such was the versatility of his genius, that he directed his acute and original powers with eminent success to the cultivation of Moral Philosophy, and produced his famous work, entitled the 'Republic,' with the view of imparting to civilised intercourse the character of a science, and giving a philosophical direction to the ever jarring aims and interests of mankind.

The celebrated Aristotle, the successor of Plato, and preceptor to Alexander the Great, and who is justly regarded as one of the greatest men of olden time, made many improvements in the mathematical sciences. After attending the lectures of Plato, he opened a school himself in the Lyceum of Macedonia, which was assigned him by the magistrates, and was the founder (about 350 years B.C.), of the well known Peripatetic school.

Theophrastus, a disciple of Aristotle, composed a complete history of the origin and progress of Mathematics, Astronomy, and Arithmetic, from the earliest periods to his own time. The treatise has been unfortunately lost.

Archytas, of the academy of Plato and of Tarentum, the place in which Pythagoras settled, is famous as the constructor of a flying pigeon, and as the reputed inventor of the pulley and screw. 'He was one of the first,' says Tacquet, 'who brought down the Mathematics to human uses.' Aristæus, who flourished (about 300 years B.C.), wrote many works of considerable merit, acquired great proficiency in Sublime Geometry, and is said to have been the instructor of Euclid.

Euclid, according to Pappus and Proclus, was born at Alexandria,* in Egypt, where he flourished and taught Mathematics with great applause, under the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, (about 280 years B.C.) Some Arabian historians, however, inform us, that he was born at Tyre, that his father's name was Naucrates, an inhabitant of Damas. The particular place of his nativity appears, therefore, uncertain, but whether or not Alexandria had the honour of giving him birth, all historians agree that he flourished there as a teacher at the time above mentioned—which city, from that period till the time of its conquest by the Saracens, seems to have been the residence, if not the birth place, of all the most eminent mathematicians. It is supposed that Euclid studied at one time under the disciples of Plato at Athens. History is silent as to the time of his death. Pappus represents him as a person of great courtesy, mildness, modesty, and benevo-

* A town built by Alexander the Great, near the mouth of the Nile, in Egypt.

lence. He left various profound treatises on the most abstruse subjects belonging to his profession, but his eminent work is his Elements of Geometry, which supplanted all of a similar kind that preceded it, and such was the judgment he displayed in its composition, that notwithstanding the great additions made to Geometry since his time, it has continued for upwards of 2000 years to sustain the highest reputation as an elementary treatise.*

The great reputation of Euclid arose from the excellence of his Elements. His merit in this performance consisted in his having systematised the scattered discoveries of Thales, Pythagoras, Plato, and the lesser geometers who preceded him. No doubt he supplied important links. But when he infused coherence into the fugitive inventions of his predecessors, he imparted to Geometry the importance of a science.

Next after Euclid came Archimedes, who was born in the Island of Sicily. He established the true principles of mechanics, laid the foundation of Hydrostatics,† traced out the first rudiments of Naval Architecture, and applied his talents with such success to the cultivation of Geometry, Arithmetic, and Optics, that he has been styled the Newton of antiquity. He is said to have prosecuted his studies to the neglect of both food and sleep.‡ He perished

* The curious may be interested to learn, that the Elements of Euclid were first published in *Latin*, in folio, by Radholt, at Venice, in 1482. First published in the original *Greek* by Hervagius, folio, Basil, 1533. And the first *English* translation was by Billingsley, folio, London, 1570, with a curious preface by John Dee.

† The science of weighing fluids.

‡ No great proof this of his 'philosophy.' Nothing is philosophical which cannot with prudence be imitated.

at the fall of Syracuse. A soldier came suddenly upon him in the museum, when he was intently engaged on some geometrical problem, and commanded him to follow him to Marcellus, (the Roman Consul who had taken the place). He refused, however, to stir till he had finished the subject on which he was engaged, and the soldier ran Archimedes through with the sword. When dying he desired that a sphere inscribed in a cylinder might be engraved on his tomb to perpetuate the memory of his most brilliant discovery.* The Sicilians, however, soon forgot him, and his tomb was found 200 years after by Cicero, by means of the symbol just named, in a field near Syracuse, overgrown with thorns. He was the most inventive, and the greatest Mechanical Engineer of ancient time.

Eratosthenes, a native of Cyrene, was called to the Alexandrian school by Ptolemy Euergetes, who made him his librarian on account of his extensive and general attainments in learning. His knowledge of Geography, Astronomy, and Geometry, enabled him to discover, for the first time on record, a method of measuring the circumference of the earth.

Fifty years after the death of Archimedes, Apollonius appeared, who gave a great impulse to the mathematical sciences, and whose discoveries were so highly esteemed that he was honoured by the appellation of the Great Geometer.

From the time of this eminent man we move on for three or four hundred years without meeting with one person who contributed to the advancement of the sciences.

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* He discovered some very fine proportions which exist between the sphere and the cylinder.

Then came Theon, (about 380 years, A.D.*) who, by his skill and perseverance in Mathematics and Philosophy, obtained the honourable dignity of being appointed president of the famous Alexandrian School, where, by his condition and conduct, he gained the greatest respect and reputation.

Theon had a remarkable pupil in his own daughter, Hypatia—a lady learned as well as beautiful. She was born at Alexandria. Hypatia was mistress of all the ordinary accomplishments of her sex, familiar with the most abstruse sciences, and made such progress in Philosophy, Geometry, Astronomy, and the Mathematics generally, that she was held as the most learned person of her time. She published commentaries on Apollonius's Conics, on Diophantus's Arithmetic,† and other works. She was chosen whilst very young to succeed her father in the same school, and to discourse from the presidential chair, at a time when Ammonius, Hieroeles, and many other very learned men abounded at Alexandria and in various parts of the Roman Empire. Among her pupils, not less eminent than numerous, was the much esteemed Synesius, afterwards Bishop of Ptolemais. But it was not Synesius only and the disciples of the Alexandrian School who admired Hypatia for her virtues and learning. She was held as an oracle by the public, and was consulted by the magistrates on all important occasions. In short, when Nicephorus intended to pass the highest compliment on Eudocia, he thought he could not do it better than by calling her

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* (380 A.D.)—380 years after Christ: A.D. being the abbreviation of *Anno Domini*, the year of our Lord.

† 'Diophantus was as great in Arithmetic as Archimedes, Apollonius, or Euclid was in Geometry, and by him was found out that admirable art we call Algebra.'—*Tacquet.*

another *Hypatia*. Whilst Hypatia thus reigned the most brilliant ornament of her sex in the annals of history, she was greatly admired by Orestes, the governor of the city, who, on account of her wisdom, often consulted her. This, together with an aversion which St. Cyril had against Orestes, proved the cause of her ruin. About 500 monks assembled, attacked the governor one day, and would have killed him had he not been rescued by the townsmen—and the respect which Orestes had for Hypatia, causing her to be traduced among the Christian multitude, they dragged her from her chair, tore her in pieces, and burned her limbs.* This shocking and brutal catastrophe was perpetrated in the lent of the year 416, in the time of Theodosius II.†

Pappus, a consummate mathematician, flourished about the end of the 4th century. His work, entitled 'Mathematical Collections,' has transmitted his name to posterity with distinguished lustre.

Proclus, who was at the head of the Platonic School, established at Athens (A.D. 500,) rendered important service to the sciences, and showed great kindness to all who embraced their pursuit.

The age of important discovery was past before the time of Pappus—and science in his time was beginning to decline. The labours of Proclus and a few of his followers were the last expiring efforts

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* It is related by Damasius and Suidas, and clearly proved by such learned men as Bruker, La Croze, and Basnage, that St. Cyril incensed the Christian populace against her.—(*Voltaire's* Phil. Dict. art. Hypatia.) St. Cyril was a man of parts, and there is a difficulty in accounting for the inhuman principles that actuated him in this affair.

† For a more particular account of this illustrious victim of fanaticism, see Bossut's Hist. Mat., English Ed., 8vo., 1803.

made in Greece for ancient Geometry. The Alexandrian School still existed, and science might have continued to flourish, had not the conquest of Egypt by the Arabians, who, with the design of spreading their religion and their empire, inundated Christendom in the seventh century, and not only gave it a fatal blow in Alexandria, but also extinguished its now languid existence in Greece.

Throughout all the civilised parts of the world in those times, the Alexandrian Library was known as the treasure-house of literature and knowledge. But neither the members nor the materials of this sacred edifice were respected by the Arabians, who, stimulated perhaps more by religious fanaticism than barbarous ignorance, sacked Alexandria, and massacred the philosophers who were assembled there for the purposes of study from all the neighbouring countries. Their laboratories and instruments were destroyed, and finally the Library itself, the accumulated scientific treasure of ages, containing above 200,000 written volumes, was committed to the flames for the mean purpose of heating the public baths. Caliph Omar, as he gave orders for the annihilation of the books, justified it by the strange, but convenient argument, that—'if the volumes were conformable with the Koran, they were superfluous; and if contrary to it, impious.' With this brutal act of bigotry and devastation may be said to have closed the scientific career of antiquity.

As a partial amends for so odious an outrage against civilization, the Arabians, about a century after, began to cherish the sciences of Geometry and Astronomy, and thus afforded an asylum which preserved them from entire extinction. About the time of their learned prince Almamon, several of their most celebrated works on Geometry were translated into the Arabic. Geber Ben Aphla laid the foundation of the

modern Trigonometry. An elegant treatise on Mensuration was written by Bagdadin; and it appears from his treatise on Opties, that Alharin was a superior geometer. They studied also the more sublime Geometry, improved Trigonometry, and reduced it to a convenient form.

Of the few Persian geometers, Nassir-Edin and Maimon-Resehid were the most distinguished. They both composed commentaries on Euelid. Persian learned men called Geometry the difficult science, and did not make any improvements in it—neither did the Turks nor Hebrews, although they translated some of the elementary works.

In one of the ancient treatises on Astronomy of the Hindoos, called Suryá Sidhánta, there is a correct system of Trigonometry; and hence it is concluded that the Indians had cultivated Geometry before the composition of this treatise. The Chinese were acquainted with the 47th of the First Book of Euelid.

The Romans knew little more of Geometry than the practice of land measuring. Varro, however, composed a treatise on Geometry, and Cicero had some acquaintance and esteem for it too. Vitruvius and Boetius had some knowledge of Geometry, but the latter is better known for his '*Consolations of Philosophy.*'

The learned Bede, who lived at the beginning of the 8th century, was acquainted with all the branches of the Mathematics. Under him Alcuin studied, who was well versed in mathematics, and was preceptor to the celebrated Charlemagne. He was a native of Britain, where, about this time, more attention was given to the study of this science than in any country in Europe.

For nearly two centuries after this period, the study of the science was extinct. No mathematician

of any eminence appeared till the beginning of the 15th century, when, with the general revival of learning, this science was destined to commence a new and more splendid career.

The Italians, by their intercourse with Arabia, became, about the end of the 12th century, the restorers to Christendom of its long-forgotten arts and sciences. Leonardus Pisanus, a rich merchant of Pisa, who had made, in the course of his profession, several voyages to the East, is said to have been the first who disseminated amongst Europeans a knowledge and a love of mathematical studies, after both had disappeared for so many ages.*

About the beginning of the 13th century, Campanus, of Navarre, translated Euclid, and several geometrical works were translated from Greek and Arabic MSS., by Maurolycus, of Messina, who was distinguished for some original and elegant works of his own. Ramus, or La Ramée, an original metaphysical writer, also composed several excellent works on Geometry: and Willibrad Snellius published at the age of seventeen an attempted restoration of an ancient work of much value.

About the beginning of the 16th century the Spanish and Portuguese geometers, John of Royas and Nonnius or Numer, lived. The former was the inventor of the projection of the sphere, and the latter was the first to introduce the Arabic System of Algebra into Europe. About the same time, Wright, a skilful geometrician, invented his chart—improperly called Mercator's chart. At this time, Germany produced the three mathematicians, Werner, Rheticus, and Pitis-

* A MS., dated 1202, of this celebrated Italian, has lately been discovered by Cossali, a canon of Parma.

cus. Werner made a German translation of Euclid. The Italian geometer, Lucas Valerius, determined the centre of gravity in various mathematical figures, conoids and spheroids.

Kepler was the first to conceive the theory of magnitude being composed of indefinitely small elements of the same kind; as, for instance, that a circle is composed of the surfaces of an indefinite number of very small triangles having the centre for their common vertex, and their small bases on the circumference. By means of this theory, though not very satisfactory in regard to scientific rigour, he extended Geometry considerably beyond the stage in which it was left by Archimedes. Cavallerius improved on the theory of Kepler, and effected a still further extension of Geometry by conceiving lines to be composed of points, surfaces of lines, and solids of surfaces.

Galileo, so eminent for his discoveries in physical science, did little to improve Geometry. He invented the Cycloid, called the Helm of Geometry on account of the discussions that originated concerning its properties. Gregory St. Vincent and Andrew Tacquet were two Flemish mathematicians, the former prosecuted the quadrature of the circle—the latter, the quadrature of surfaces and conic sections, with considerable success. He rendered essential service to the study of the science by subjoining the *Uses* to the propositions in an edition of Euclid's Elements, he published, after the manner of the celebrated French Jesuit, Claude François Milliett Dechales. Blaise Pascal, a Frenchman, (born 1623, died 1662) was equally distinguished for his great literary and scientific attainments, was the author of several valuable researches respecting the properties of the Cycloid; and at the age of sixteen, he composed a complete and elegant treatise of conic sections. But his health was

so much impaired, that soon after he was compelled to suspend his studies for four years; and he ultimately perished at the age of 39, after a lingering illness, in Paris.

Descartes, another eminent Frenchman, (born 1596, died 1650), had a profound knowledge both of mathematical and metaphysical science, was one of the most efficient agents in accomplishing that intellectual revolution which was in progress during his time, and was the inventor of a method which produced a thorough and memorable improvement in Geometry. Before his time the application of Algebra to Geometry, in the ordinary sense of the term, was known, as examples of it are to be found in the works of some ancient geometers. But Descartes invented that more general mode of applying it—that the science of Geometry, instead of being confined within the narrow limits imposed by the complexity and inadequacy of the ancient methods, is now of indefinite extent.

Hüygens, a native of Holland, (1629—1705) was a profound mathematician. He solved a problem of such difficulty, that it had not been previously attempted.

The year 1642, which 'gathered' Galileo 'to his fathers,' gave to the world Isaac Newton, the Archimedes of modern times, or, as he has sometimes been styled, from the number and importance of his discoveries, the Prince of Modern Mathematicians. The fame of Sir Isaac rests chiefly upon the *application* he made of his acquisitions, in explaining the laws or order by which the mechanism of the universe appeared to him to be regulated. His views with regard to this matter have been styled, in honour of him, the Newtonian System of Philosophy, and have been received implicitly by the learned world till nearly the present time.

The impetus given to mathematical pursuits by

the genius of Newton, has descended to our day, to use a phrase of his own, 'with increasing momentum.' For in his train have followed the illustrious names of Barrow, Keel, Gregory, Bishop Horsley (editor of an edition of Euclid's Elements), the Rev. Mr. Lawson, Robison, and many others. Among the most celebrated, rank Leibnitz, Euler,* the Bernouillis, Clairant, D'Alembert,† Thomas Simpson, Robert Simson, the well known restorer, and Playfair, the improver, of Euclid—Young, Leslie, and Madame Agnesi,‡ and Baron Swedenborg.§

It is not necessary to extend this enumeration. The mathematicians and geometers of this generation are known to the public. But it is above estimate how the diffusion of knowledge, one moment dreaded as mischievous, and in the next with the customary inconsistency of folly, pronounced impracticable, will increase the public taste for this science, and create a just and enduring appreciation of this useful order of scholars.

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* Euler lost his sight by intense application, and like Milton, closed his labours in blindness.

† One of the writers in the celebrated French 'Encyclopædia.'

'‡ This lady deserves the most respectful mention. Her Algebraical Works, in quarto, translated by Colson, have been long before the public, and very deservedly esteemed.'—*Harris's* 'Compendium of Algebra.'

§ Swedenborg's 'Principia,' a work declared, only very lately by one of the highest professors in Europe, 'not unworthy of being placed by the side of Newton's.'—*Douglas Jerrold's Mag.*, vol. 2, page 91.

CHAPTER IV.

UTILITY OF MATHEMATICS AS A MEANS OF EXTENDING OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD.

> Plato denied the world can be
> Governed without Geometry.
>
> *Butler's Hudibras.*

It is a very trite observation, that human knowledge has been greatly extended by means of this science. Besides the important properties of magnitudes, and wonderful relations of abstract quantities which it has made known, it has unfolded a very extensive range of natural phenomena. It has investigated the principles of theoretical mechanics, the laws of equilibrium and motion of fluids, fixed and elastic. Optics, electricity, and magnetism are its debtors. The theory of acoustics, the propagation of light, and numerous other branches of science, have received great improvements by its agency. Even its reputed conceits have been susceptible of useful application. The ancient doctrine of the Conic Sections, which for 2000 years was an object of mere curious speculation, became, in the hands of Newton, a most efficient means of unfolding the planetary motions.

'Without the aid of rules derived from this science, the navigator, relying on his compass as a guide, could not with safety venture to any considerable distance on his element; intercourse with transmarine regions would be impossible; and, consequently, our knowledge of the globe we inhabit would be very limited. We should probably yet believe that its surface is an extended plane, and that it is supported on pillars; or, as was the opinion of some ancient philosophers, that

its figure is cylindrical, like a drum. Without the aid of this science, our knowledge of celestial bodies would be still more imperfect, and the consequences of our ignorance still more striking. We should still believe that these objects are equally distant from us, and, very probably, that they are distributed on the surface of an extensive crystalline sphere, performing a diurnal rotation about the earth, as the centre of the universe. We should also believe that some celestial phenomena, as eclipses and comets, are certain signs of a conflict of the elements of nature, or that they are the portentous indications of the wrath of heaven, while contemplating to inflict on superstitious mortals some dire calamity, as war, pestilence, or famine.

'How different from these unsatisfactory and incoherent conjectures is that great achievement of this science—the clear and satisfactory exposition, on the most incontrovertible principles, of the complex though sublime and systematic mechanism of the heavens; by which the distances and magnitude of the sun and planets have been measured, and also their weights, and even that of their satellites, ascertained; and by which the masses and distances of some of the stars, or suns of other systems, though inconceivably remote, even in comparison with the great extent of our own system, will probably ere long be determined.'*

An abler pen has celebrated this theme. 'The scientific principles that men employ to obtain the foreknowledge of an eclipse, or of anything else relating to the motion of the heavenly bodies, are contained chiefly in that part of science which is called Trigonometry, or the properties of a triangle, which, when applied to the study of heavenly bodies, is called Astronomy; when applied to direct the course of a

* Bell.

ship on the ocean, it is called Navigation; when applied to the construction of figures drawn by rule and compass, it is called Geometry; when applied to the construction of plans of edifices, it is called Architecture; when applied to the measurement of the surface of any portion of the earth, it is called Land-surveying. In fine, it is the *soul* of science. It is an eternal truth. It contains the mathematical demonstration of which man speaks, and the extent of its uses is unknown.'*

The author of the Geometrical Companion defends the practical uses of Geometry with the ardour of an enthusiast. His examples are happy and forcible.

'A bee, which is an instinctive geometer, finds the use of it in constructing its comb, so as to be the most roomy and durable at the least expense of time and labour. Will any one after this fact doubt the use of Geometry to an intelligent creature?

'Almost all the evolutions of an army consist in converting one parallelogram into another. And the works of a fortified town, or position, are little else than combinations of parallelograms forming bastions, curtains, and parapets.'†

In our 'Uses,' other applications of this science will be seen. Perspective, Dialling, and a variety of the arts, might further be adduced. Literature gathers from it many of its prettiest similes. Dr. Johnson has two examples in his Life of Addison:—'A simile may be compared to *two lines converging to a point*, and it is more excellent as they approach from a greater distance.'

'An exemplification resembles two *parallel lines*, which run on together without approximation, never far separated, and yet never joined.'

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* Paine. † Darley.

Emerson has a fine thought adorned with the vestments of geometry. 'Every natural process is but a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature, and radiates to the circumference.'

CHAPTER V.

MATHEMATICS AS A MEANS OF MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

The same excellent persons in the commonwealth of learning who discovered Philosophy discovered also the Mathematics: like twin sisters they came into the world, and like twin sisters there is a natural affinity between them.—*Tacquet.*

It is a mortifying reflection that the soberest of sciences should have been disfigured by the exaggerations of untutored enthusiasm. The Mathematics have been extolled as the only source of logical acumen and cool judgment. Its discipline has been assumed to be the most salutary to which the human powers can be subjected. Some indiscreet votaries have carried its principles out of their legitimate province, and applied them to subjects they were never fitted to investigate. As might be expected, these proceedings have led to the disappointment of those who believed such unwarranted pretensions, and to the ultimate undervaluing of the real and substantial merits of Mathematics. No more than the varying constitutions of mankind admit of one panacea for human ailments, do the variations in human intelligence admit the pretensions of one science to train up the faculties of every individual. Natural Philosophy, Political Economy, Morals, Metaphysics, each has its peculiar discipline by which it addresses peculiar persons, and matures

their powers where Mathematics would entirely fail. The discreet friends of Mathematics never hesitate to allow this, and with the judicious discrimination of Tacquet, care only to claim for it kindred affinity to Philosophy, and the moderate but just honour of its having shed a certain lustre over human manners, and the arts and the sciences at large.

Dr. Arnott, author of the Elements of Physics, has attacked the assumed pretensions of Mathematics, and though he is far from doing it skilfully, it cannot be denied that he had occasion for his reflections. 'There is,' he says, 'no occupation which so much strengthens and quickens the judgment as the study of *Natural Philosophy*. This praise has usually been bestowed on Mathematics; yet a knowledge of abstract Mathematics existed with all the *absurdities of the dark ages;* but a familiarity with Natural Philosophy, which comprehends Mathematics, and gives tangible and pleasing illustrations of its abstract truths, seems incompatible with any gross absurdity. A man whose mental faculties have been sharpened by acquaintance with these exact sciences, in their combination, and who has been engaged, therefore, in contemplating *real relations*, is more likely to discover truth in other questions, and can better defend himself against sophistry of every kind. We cannot have clearer evidence of this, than in the history of the sciences, since the Baconian method of *reasoning by induction* took the place of the visionary *hypotheses* of preceding times.'

Dr. Arnott does not seem an enemy to pretension, provided he is allowed to advance it. The kind of eminence he denies to Mathematics, and which might safely be denied of any science, he does not hesitate to claim for Natural Philosophy. He unhesitatingly asserts that 'there is *no occupation* which so much strengthens

the judgment as the study of Natural Philosophy.' But common experience, in the variety of intellectual aptitudes, teaches us the fallacy of this broad assertion. It is not a disparagement, as Dr. Arnott supposes, that 'Mathematics existed with all the absurdities of the dark ages;' on the contrary, it is no little praise that Mathematics had vitality enough to exist at all under that weight of superstition and barbarism, which buried all other learning in undistinguished ruin.

A geometrician, whose ingenious performances I shall have several occasions to cite, and whose popular pen will give him considerable influence in other quarters, has contributed a eulogium to his favourite science, which cannot be permitted to pass unnoticed.

'Geometry not only sharpens our faculties, corrects precipitancy, and prevents liability to imposition, either from the arguments of others or our own, but it gives us a satisfaction in our knowledge [which we could not otherwise obtain], and thereby enables us to speak with a strength and perspicuity which a vague persuasion of the truth of what we utter could never inspire.'

Mr. Darley affirms too much. He plainly alludes to 'satisfaction' in knowledge in general, and the words I have put in brackets should have been omitted, as men can, for thousands do, 'otherwise' succeed in securing that satisfaction.* It is enough to contend, which

* It is but fair to this writer to state that he has deduced a compliment to Geometry from the biography of distinguished men, expressed with perfect propriety:—

'Alexander, Cæsar, Charles 12th, Buonaparte, and two of the most celebrated military engineers, Vauban and Cochorn, were profound geometers. And it is to their knowledge of this science, the superior excellence of their systems must be attributed.'—*Geometrical Companion.*

would be true, that the study of Geometry is *one* of the modes of educational discipline, and a most approved method indeed. It is contending that it is the only method which discovers vanity and offends good taste.

When a stranger, an enemy, or an indifferent person, chooses to laud Mathematics to the disparagement of other branches of knowledge, the encomium may be tolerated, though by no means imitated. Dugald Stewart, who had no particular predilection for the Mathematics, thus speaks of its study in his Philosophy of the Human Mind :—

'The intellectual habits of the metaphysician afford little or no exercise to that species of attention which enables us to follow long processes of reasoning, and to keep in view all the various steps of an investigation till we arrive at the conclusion. Such processes are much longer in Mathematics than in any other science; and hence the study of it is peculiarly calculated to strengthen the power of steady and concatenated thinking ; a power which, in all the pursuits of life, whether speculative or active, is one of the most valuable endowments we can possess.'

The Geologist, the Astronomer, the Chemist, severally have lauded their respective sciences as the most important that can engage the attention of mankind, both in an absolute and educational sense. This is the language of ignorance or vanity, Mathematics need never descend to the disparagement of other sciences. It has its distinctive merits: it can bear any comparison, its province is peculiar, its utility unquestioned, and its method of procedure instructive. These facts are its proper eulogies, and time has failed to obscure, or the envy of ages to diminish, their lustre.

Some of the features of discipline which indisput-

ably characterise mathematical study, have been well depicted by a modern writer.

'In reasoning, as in other arts, we are not masters of what we do, till we do it both well and unconsciously: now this advantage a judicious cultivation of Mathematics supplies. It familiarises the student with the usual forms of inference, till they find a ready passage through the mind, while anything which is fallacious and logically wrong, at once shocks his habits of thought, and is rejected. He is accustomed to a chain of deduction, where each link hangs on the preceding; and thus he learns continuity of attention and coherency of thought. His notice is steadily fixed on those circumstances only in the subject on which the demonstrativeness depends, and thus that mixture of various grounds of conviction which is so common to other men's minds is rigorously excluded from his. He knows that all depends upon his first principles, and flows inevitably from them; and that however far he may have travelled, he can at will go over any portion of his path, and satisfy himself that it is legitimate; and thus he acquires a just persuasion of the importance of principles on the one hand, and, on the other, of the necessary and constant identity of the conclusions legitimately deduced from them.'*

Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in his farewell address to the pupils of the Royal Military Academy, speaks of the study of Geometry as leading to that valued attainment—'*The power of mastering the mind.* If it be desirable to obtain and keep the ascendancy anywhere, it is, surely, *at home*, in the centre of your own intellect and its principles, your heart and its emotions.

* Thoughts on Mathematics as a part of Liberal Education, by the Rev. William Whewell, Cambridge.

Gain the mastery here, govern within, learn to direct your thoughts to any subject you please, and keep them uninterruptedly to their occupation, till at *your* bidding the labour shall be remitted: then all will be well, for all will lead to a prosperous issue.'

We all know, that if human legs made peregrinations without the consent of the owner, how great would be the hindrance to business, yet how often is thought found roaming the world over when it should be confined at home But the command of the thoughts is as essential to success in thinking as the control of the limbs is to the dispatch of business. Inasmuch as Mathematics imparts this power, it is valuable discipline.

In the same address Dr. Gregory justly remarks, that the power of doing one thing at one time is the hardest and the most important lesson a young man has to learn. He is of opinion that the concentration of attention and good sense included in this habit, is powerfully impressed upon the notice of the mathematical student. The wisdom of this course, as applicable to children as well as adults, has lately been forcibly illustrated by a lady in these words:—'A very quick and clever child made an observation to her governess before me the other day, which had much of truth in it. "How is it, my dear," inquired the lady, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look, "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."'

If we may trust the testimony of another enthusiast, this science exercises a species of influence of a very high order. 'The moral influence of the Mathematics did not escape the penetration of Plato, who, chiefly on that account, decides that the study

should be cultivated in his "Republic." "Geometry," says he, "is the knowledge of that which is eternal; it disposes the mind to the contemplation of truth, and gives a philosophical habit, which withdraws our thoughts from what is low to what is elevated. Let not the citizens of this renowned Republic neglect the study of Geometry."' Mr. Cooley concludes with observing—'We well know how much it conduces to the easy acquisition of any kind of knowledge, to have previously learned Geometry.'*

But it is far from my intention to rest the reputation of geometrical studies upon declamation, however eloquent, or upon testimony however respectable. An exposition of the Logic of Euclid is the best demonstration of the value of its discipline, and this I shall now attempt.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOGIC OF EUCLID.

'Among the various guides which have been written for the direction of the understanding, no system of logic has ever been devised better calculated for this purpose than the Mathematics.'—*James Harris:* 'Introduction to Compendium of Algebra.'

MODERATING somewhat the absolute tone of Mr. Harris's opinion, it may be taken as expressive of the truth. The ancients considered Euclid their best book of logic. Its main features as such are, that from a few axioms, self-evident, and definitions, agreed upon, new truths are evolved by the perception of the *coherence*

* Cooley's Introduction to the Study of Mathematics.

subsisting between them and the things previously admitted. These truths are added in their turn to the ranks of axioms from which others are to be inferred. Until this day sciences are considered perfect in proportion as they possess these features.* To Geometry belong three principal things:—Axioms, or first principles—Definitions, or explanations of the meanings of the chief terms employed—Postulates, or things required to be granted.

An enquirer must understand himself, and disputants must understand each other, or efforts after conviction will be futile. The geometrician (for we shall use him as the exponent of mathematical procedure) commences by distinguishing what he must assume: for such is the limited nature of human intellect, that all reason must primarily rest on assumption. Accordingly, Euclid lays down axioms which, being, as their name implies, self-evident, become the common point from which disputants can start on the path of investigation. In geometrical treatises, Definitions are usually placed first, but in logical propriety Axioms demand first to be considered, as the assent to definitions is often made by a secret reference to axioms in the thoughts.

AXIOMS.

The first principles, or fundamental axioms commonly used in Geometry are these:—'If a thing be divided into parts, the whole is greater than any one of the parts. Two straight lines cannot enclose a space. All lines drawn from the centre to the circum-

* Mr. James Milne, in a curious work on National Education, has constructed outlines of Political Economy, Metaphysics, and other subjects, on these principles. Though not entirely successful, they are instructive speculations.

ference of a circle, are equal to each other. Two things cannot be both equal and unequal at the same time. Things equal to the same thing are equal to one another.'* The information conveyed by such elementary truisms is necessary: they are the very A, B, C, of the science—the lowest steps of the mathematical ladder, and as essentially useful as the highest.

The patient reference which the geometer makes to these first principles is highly instructive. He never loses sight of them. At his highest altitude he turns to refresh his understanding at those clear fountains of sense—an example which every reasoner may imitate, and an advantage which the investigator in every science may profitably secure to himself.

Dr. South has encouragingly remarked, that the reason of all things lies in a narrow compass.† The geometrician is professionally master of this secret, so true of every rational theme of human speculation. An Iliad of meaning lies concealed in the nut-shell of a fundamental axiom. Of what importance is this truth to the enquiring public of our day?

'How many readers are there who would not be glad of attaining to knowledge the shortest way, seeing the orb thereof is swollen to such a magnitude,

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* It strikingly evidences the intimate connection between Logic and Geometry that this axiom and its converse are found at the root of Aristotle's Syllogisms. Syllogisms were deducible from these two principles—First: things which agree with the same thing, agree with one another. Second: things whereof one does, and one does not agree with the same thing, do not agree with one another.—*Bruce.*

† The reason of things lies in a narrow compass. Most of the writings in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, of little consequence to a mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth.—*Dr. South.*

and life but such a span to grasp it? How many who have not some curiosity to know the *foundations* of those tenets upon which they so securely trust their understanding? or where the *footsteps* of those opinions and precedents may be found, which have given direction to so many modern performances? *

No science is fully mastered till the principles on which it is based are clearly seen. When these are lost sight of, all subsequent reasoning is confused. The geometrical student is early and much accustomed to keep these important considerations before him. The most abstruse proposition is an axiom to the mind that perceives its truth, and the most complicated science resolves itself into a very simple affair when its first principles become familiar to the understanding. These considerations reduce learning to an art, and give tone, power, and comprehensiveness to the understanding, which fit it peculiarly for the acquisition of knowledge.

Ordinary experience in learning and teaching must frequently impress the truth of these remarks on careful thinkers. When a pupil has a voluminous grammar put into his hands, he feels, with Dr. Johnson, that a great book is a great evil. But when the first principles of language are clearly seen, the difficulties vanish and the study is mastered.

This is not only the secret of the acquisition of knowledge, but also the agent for retaining it. Around these first principles, as around a standard, the thoughts naturally associate. Touch but a remote chord of any question, and it will vibrate to the central principles to which it has once been well attached—every relative impression owns a kindred connection, and the moment one is attacked, it, like a faithful sentinel, arouses a whole

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* Oldys.

troop, who, marshalled and disciplined, bear down with their whole strength, and challenge the enemy.

DEFINITIONS.

That confusion in the varying meaning of terms, which reigns through most subjects that agitate mankind, is unknown in Geometry. The Definitions at the very threshold for ever fix the question of sense. Every leading term is defined. There are no words used in Geometry whose meanings are so much alike, that the ideas for which they stand may be confounded together. If there is any distinction between the meanings of two terms, it is a total and a complete distinction. Locke, in illustration of this point, remarks—'The idea of *two*, is as distinct from the idea of three, as the magnitude of the whole earth is from that of a mite; this is not so in other modes, in which it is not so easy, nor perhaps possible for us to distinguish between two approaching ideas, which yet are really different; for who will undertake to find a difference between the white of this paper, and that of the next degree to it?'

The meanings once fixed in Geometry are ever after adhered to: the same word is for ever used in the same sense. For instance, the term *right* signifies *straight*, and *straight* is its everlasting meaning in Geometry. In political philosophy, *right* is a well-known stumbling block, which perpetually overthrew the fine genius of Burke. 'Natural right,' 'inherent right,' 'moral right,' and 'political right,' are only a few of the rights which every now and then some puzzled politician will pronounce wrong. It perhaps is not possible to restrict popular phrases as we can scientific terms. But the geometrician, perceiving the advantages of doing so, acquires the taste of precision, and takes care (which is practicable with

everybody) to define the *principal* terms he may employ in any given dissertation.

POSTULATES.

With that precision from which the geometer never departs, he defines his mode of procedure. For this purpose he puts up his Postulates or petitions to be permitted a certain latitude of action. This latitude is never exceeded. Thus neither his language nor his practice is left open to cavil. Admit my axioms, agree to my definitions, and grant my Postulates, says the independent geometer, and I will engage to demonstrate every proposition I lay down.

A proposition to be proved, or a problem to be solved, have common parts—the Proposition, Enunciation, Construction, Demonstration, Conclusion. (These parts, for the assistance of the uninitiated, are clearly distinguished in the following pages.) *

The proposition being plainly laid down, the enunciation fixes its meaning, the construction provides for its proof, and a rigid demonstration leads the way to the conclusion. Every step has its distinct reference, establishing its legality and fairness. There is no attempt at evasion—no manœuvre, no equivocation. This daring self-reliance cannot fail to impart manly qualities.

The student is distracted with no impatient attempts to accomplish two things at once. One thing at one time is the order of Geometry. In the language of the propositions, all circumlocution is avoided. What is intended is straightway expressed. No digressions

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* One who does not understand the principles of Euclid's Demonstrations, knows absolutely *nothing* of Geometry: unless he attain this point, all his labour is utterly lost.—*Dr. Wallace.* Preface to Logic,' p. xxi.

are endured. Nothing is admitted but that which has been sanctioned, or established, or is relevant. Nothing is asserted but that which is intended to be demonstrated. It is impossible that these methods of procedure can be perceived and practised by the student without his acquiring valuable lessons, applicable to other subjects, and to much of the conduct of life.

The reader, in this place, must be cautioned against the language in which the Logic of Euclid is sometimes eulogised. Here is an extract from a recent journal:—'Never does the mathematician say, such a proposition is true because it is probable; or, because the balance of the *pro* and *con* arguments preponderates in its favour; or, because history records it, and tradition affirms it; or, because the holy St. This declared it, and the learned Philosopher That believed it; or, because infallible *I* assert it. No! HE takes a nobler stand, HE claims more lofty ground; his words are—"I have actually and incontrovertibly PROVED so and so to be a fact; disbelieve me, *if you can*; refute me, *if you are able.*"' This is the folly that encourages the contempt with which this fine study is sometimes treated.*

The reason why the geometer neither refers to probability nor authority is, that the nature of his science enables him to do without them. In the affairs of mankind there are numerous vital questions, such as those of law and legislation, which, from the nature of things, must be decided by probability: by *pro* and *con* arguments, and such decisions are as respectable and as salutary, if not quite as safe, as the conclusions of Mathematics. Those speculations

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partial dictum

† It was this thoughtless arrogance which provoked the ~~severe exclamation~~ from a recent critic—'This logical and mathematical school of literature can only hold its sway with narrow minds and in an unimpassioned age.'—*Douglas Jerrold's* 'Shilling Magazine,' vol. 1, p. 572.

—and others, curious and important ones, in which authority and personal conviction for a long time form the only accessible evidence—are not to be rejected on that account, but to such evidence is to be allowed its proper weight. Let not flippant arrogance, rejoicing in the strength of Geometry, depreciate the arguments peculiar and necessary to other subjects. The modest mathematician learns the lessons of valuing strict demonstration wherever it can be had, and rightly refuses conjecture where certainty is to be obtained. He knows, if he has general information, that every proposition cannot be proved after the manner of Geometry, but he has a right to expect that what is attempted to be demonstrated in the same way shall be demonstrated with equal strictness.

Geometry is theoretical and practical: demonstration, direct and indirect: and reasoning is synthetical and analytical. Grammar is an illustration of the synthetical; Chemistry of the analytical. In Grammar we begin with letters—these are combined into syllables—syllables into words—words into sentences—and sentences into discourses. This is synthesis, or putting together. In Geometry, the grand element of the whole superstructure is a point, a point becomes a line, a line a surface: and of these solids are composed. Geometry is synthetical. In Chemistry, water is decomposed and resolved into its elementary principles by means of analysis, or taking to pieces. This is a similar demonstration, though obtained by a method the reverse of the former. There is a third method—namely, Induction, which Hume, with more precision than Locke, calls the doctrine of proofs. Induction is inferring from several particular facts, or propositions, a general truth. All these modes have important uses in different investigations. Geometrical reasoning is inductive. The

Axioms and properties of Definitions are the facts from which first conclusions are deduced. Every proposition established, is an addition to these facts, which become the increased bases of inferences. From coherency between ideas, the geometrical logician proceeds to coherency between facts, and from the entire body of facts before him he discovers the coherency of his general inference. Reason is the ability to perceive coherences. Reasoning on the abstrusest theorems is nothing more than after having arrived, step by step, at a remote truth, discovering its connection with preceding facts in the same chain. Geometrical problems alarm the uninitiated, who are not aware that a little attention conquers the simple ones, and a little patience the most difficult. One in the secret thinks them all equally easy, because he sees they are all equally connected. So far as geometrical study affords practice in mastering these consecutive coherences, it may be considered as aiding the development of reasoning power.

The 'First Book of Euclid' is a perfect illustration of geometrical logic. It embraces the foundation of all the subsequent books. They deal with new propositions and advanced reasoning, but the principle of procedure is the same as in the 'First Book.' So when the inquirer understands that, he comprehends the principle of them all. This 'First Book' furnishes general principles of reasoning, which will carry the student, without other assistance, through every subject to which his attention can be called. He has only to use them as initiative guides—giving him a taste for strictness in every application—not as fettering him to one species of evidence and inference. The discretion here alluded to is that so well enforced by the author of *Hermes*. 'When Mathematics, instead of being applied to *exemplify* Logic, comes to supply its place,

no wonder if it pass into contempt. For when men, knowing nothing of that reasoning which is universal, come to attach themselves for years to *a single species*, a species involved in lines and numbers only, they grow insensibly to believe these last as inseparable from all reasoning, as the poor Indians thought every horseman to be inseparable from his horse.'

CHAPTER VII.

NATURAL GEOMETRY.

Mr. Macaulay, in his historical Essay on Lord Bacon, has some ingenious remarks on the natural origin of the species of Induction with which Bacon's name is associated. Similar opinions have been expressed respecting the Syllogism of Aristotle. One of the ablest opponents of John Locke has some profitable speculations of the same kind concerning reasoning in general, all bringing Science, Art, and Logic home to nature, and resting their foundation there. This is the most encouraging aspect of learning that can be presented to the notice of a pupil. No treatise of an educational nature should be without such a feature. If an inquirer once perceives that the germs of a desired art are familiar to him, he makes an important step in advance—he gains confidence. He finds that he has only to systematise and extend his actual knowledge. The barrier of exclusiveness is broken down, and he enters the common ground of the initiated. A geometrician before referred to, has furnished some interesting illustrations of this truth with respect to his favourite science, accompanied by not less useful remarks.

'Suppose Codrus died, and left his field, nearly a square, to be divided among his four sons, Caius, Gaius, Titius, and Tatius. A little consideration would show that it might be done by drawing lines from the middle of one side to the middle of the other, as A B, C D, (see fig. 1). Thus there would be four squares of one size for the brothers. The middle point would perhaps be found by *stepping* along one side, and *half* the number of steps back. Or with a line or a rod. Such modes would be practical, and such as would be suggested to the simplest mind—for the rudiments of Geometry must be in the human mind before the art itself could be formally known as a system.

'Suppose the field to be *three cornered* (see fig. 2). A little more (though not much) sagacity would perceive that its division would be effected by drawing a line from any corner D of the field to the middle point A of the opposite side—and from A to C and B, the middle points of the remaining sides.

'But if the field had been of the unmanageable form as fig. 3, something more than common judgment would be necessary to subdivide *this* into four equal portions. Something would be wanted beyond what the senses or uncultivated reason could furnish, to recognise the equality of the parts A, B, C, D, when the figure *had* been accidentally divided as required. Then men would begin to consider how they might determine the equality or non-equality of differently shaped figures. They would, as we are told was the practice of the early philosophers, draw figures in sand or dust to investigate their proportions: first, because it was useful, and afterwards, because curious. This would be land measurement in miniature. The next removal would be from the sand to the slate, from the dust to the board, and from these to parchment or paper. What before engaged peasants without doors, would now employ philosophers within: what was rude, vague, and unsatisfactory, would now become accurate, definite, and conclusive: what was done experimentally with the rod and the tape, would now be determined rationally with the rule and compass. Behold the gradual transformation of the practical into the abstract art—of primitive into refined Geometry!

'Ask a *ploughman* how he manages to keep his furrows

parallel, and he will tell you, by driving his team and directing the share, so that each new furrow shall keep *at the same distance* from the last, throughout the whole length. In like manner the school boy rules his copy *straight* by keeping each end of the ruler at the same distance from the last line ruled. Thus is the *doctrine of parallels* found inherent in the commonest minds.

'Let us by all means get rid of the scholastic notion, that Geometry is a thing totally distinct from, and independent of, the material world—irrelevant to the ordinary business of life, and uncongenial with the common trains of human reflection: that it is, in fact, an ethereal system, not refined from the grossness of terrestrial conceptions, but absolutely free from all intermixture or affinity with what we see or know about earthly matters: and that it is drawn from the skies, as Socrates drew his moral philosophy, and is a study for those alone who agree to call each other "purely intellectual beings." No such thing. It is only the simplest and most certain of our ideas, gathered from practice and experience, rendered accurate by strict circumspection, and combined with elegant ingenuity into a system differing from others of human invention only in being more perfect. So far is it from being anything of a supernatural or occult science, that a man of strong judgment might, in a popular way, form to himself a system of Geometry almost without knowing how to *read*. In fact, a great many illiterate men *do so*. What a powerful system of natural Geometry must the celebrated Watt have organised in his mind! He was ignorant of this science (that is, of the written word of it), but he was as well acquainted with the common truths of it as the most deeply initiated mathematician, or he would never have made his great discoveries, which involve those properties.' *

A little reflection on the Elements of Geometry, as displayed in the following pages, will further show that the principles of the science have their rise in human experience. The 'cutting off the corner' of a street in walking evinces an intuitive knowledge of a

* Abridged from Darley's *Geometrical Companion*.

geometrical theorem. The elements are common to all comprehensions—Science develops and perfects them.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRACTICE AND THEORY—OR, THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN PRACTICAL GEOMETRY AND PURE MATHEMATICS.

PURE Geometry is theoretical. Euclid's Elements are considered pure Mathematics. In this species of Geometry everything is done in accordance with the Postulates of Euclid. No instruments, nor compass, nor rule, are used, and the results arrived at are all abstract and unapplied.

Practical Geometry, on the other hand, is seen in the constructions connected with the Propositions, and in the 'Uses' annexed to our 'First Book.' In Practical Geometry, compasses, sections, rules—all species of instruments are employed. It is the application of Geometry to the arts of life.

In pure Geometry something of the practical certainly appears in the 'Constructions' of certain of the Problems and Propositions, but is employed no farther than is necessary for the development of the demonstration—the practical is subordinate, while in Practical Geometry it is the essence. Pure Geometry chiefly demonstrates that a given Proposition is true, or that a given thing can be done. Practical Geometry, on the other hand, teaches all convenient methods of practice, and *applies* it to any or everything to which it can be useful. Such is the aptitude of human intelligence for reality, that when we assume to apply only the Postulates of Euclid, we think of the instruments; but this difference still remains—in Practical Geometry the rule and compass are in the *hands*, in pure Geometry only in the thoughts.

In this work it is attempted to exhibit the 'Beauties' of Euclid's Elements *theoretically*, and the 'Uses' *practically*—because where the theory only is exhibited the question is heard—'It is all very beautiful, but what is the USE of it?' If only the practice is shown, the remark arises—'I see it is so, but I do not see WHY.'* The question and the remark are both proper, and both should be met. These distinctions rule throughout Mathematics. Whatever chiefly pertains to demonstration, and shows that a certain thing *can* be done, or that a certain result *will* ensue, belongs to the province of pure Mathematics—while in Practical Mathematics attention is mainly devoted to modes of operation and to the application of principles. In the pure department, all is abstraction and theory—in the other, all application and practice.

CHAPTER IX.

EXORDIAL ADDRESS TO THE STUDENT.

MORE than 2,000 years have rolled away since the entire Elements were given to the world. A halo of interest, peculiar to no other work known among men, surrounds it. It arose in the morning of Science, flourished among the glorious Geometers of old, kept alive the sacred fire of Learning, when almost the whole earth was without one genial ray, and it now shines with undiminished lustre amid the splendour of modern discovery. It has resisted the attacks of countless critics, great and clever men—has supported the weight of innumerable commentators; still it remains the most perfect work of man, and the finest monument of his reasoning powers. It has been translated into all languages, has been taught for centuries in every mathe-

matical school of eminence, and is now reputed the best introduction to that science extant.

It may safely be asserted, that as Grammar is the key of literature, so is Geometry the key of the sciences. Without exaggeration, it has been contended that 'the only road to accurate and independent knowledge of most of the sciences lies through the study of Mathematics.'* Euclid is the great schoolmaster of the sciences. His Elements are the pass-word into their dominions. 'Without a sufficient knowledge of Mathematics, that great instrument of [all] exact inquiry, no man can ever make such advances in the higher departments of science as can entitle him to form an independent opinion on any subject within their range.'†

Amasis wondered at the skill of Thales when he measured the Pyramids by means of their shadow. Neither the power nor station of Amasis could place him on a level with the distinguished geometer. Ptolemy, another Egyptian king, is said to have asked Euclid if there was no easier mode of becoming a geometrician than by studying his Elements. 'There is no *royal road*,' was his memorable answer. The meaning of which is, that the acquisition of no single idea can be made in a *royal* way. Only one path was open to Ptolemy and to mankind. Science owns no idle votaries. The only condition on which it yields its secrets is that of attention.

Do not fall into the error of vanity, and neglect learning under the impression that it courts you. It does indeed invite you, but it is in the language of independence. It is a benefactor, and never descends to supplicate the acceptance of its favours. It bestows honour and power on those who seek its wealth, but it never yet conferred a gift on any but the earnest.

Revolve the last words of the venerable professor of Mathematics (Olinthus Gregory)—'In your mental and scientific pursuits; *define* to yourselves clearly the *purposes* which you have in view; see to it that they are in no way incompatible with the nature and the *duty* of man, and you cannot direct your aim at too high a point.'

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* *Review for the Many.* † Sir John Herschel.

THE FIRST BOOK OF EUCLID.

SECTION I.

DEFINITIONS.

1. A *Point* is that which has no parts, or which has no magnitude.*

2. A *Line* is length without breadth.†

COROLLARY.—The extremities of a line are *Points:* and the *intersection* of one line with another is also a *Point.* [Thus (fig. 4) the place A is a point].

3. *Right* or *Straight* lines are such that cannot coincide in any two points without coinciding altogether.‡ [This is substituted for Euclid's, that the Corollary may appear more evident].

COR.—Hence two straight lines cannot enclose a space. Neither can two straight lines have a common segment—that is, they cannot coincide in part without coinciding altogether. [The 14th prop. will illustrate this].

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* A *Point* is that which has no parts.—*Dechales.*

A *Point* is that which has position, but not magnitude.—*Playfair.*

A *Point* is the extremity of a line having no dimensions of any kind—neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness.—*Geom. Lib. Useful Knowledge.*

A *Point* is a mark in magnitude, which is (supposed to be) indivisible.—*Zeno.*

A *Point* is the beginning, as it were, of all magnitude, as unity is of number.—*Tacquet.*

A *Point* occupies no space.—*Legendre.*

† A *Line* has length only, and wants all breadth, inasmuch as it is understood to be produced by the flowing of a point.—*Tacquet.*

‡ A *Right* line is that whose extremes hide all the rest.—*Plato.*

A *Right* line is the shortest of all those that can be drawn between two points.—*Archimedes.*

4. *Parallel* straight lines are such as are in the same plane, and which being produced ever so far both ways do not meet.* (See fig. 5).

5. A *Superficies*, or surface, is that which has only length and breadth.

Cor.—The extremities of a superficies are lines, and the intersections of one superficies with another are also lines.†

6. A *Plane*, or plane surface, is that in which any two points being taken, the straight line between them lies wholly in that superficies.‡

7. A *Plane Angle* is the inclination of two lines to one another, which meet together, but are not in the same right line.

[The two lines, which, meeting together, make an angle, are called the *legs* of that angle. A B, A C, (fig. 7) are the *legs* of the angle B A C. The point A, at which the legs meet, is called the vertex of the angle. An angle may be designated by a single letter, when its legs are the only lines which meet at its vertex. But when more than two lines meet at the same point, in order to avoid confusion *three* letters are employed to designate the angle at that point—the letter which marks the vertex of the angle being always placed in the *middle*. Thus (fig. 6) the lines G C and E C meeting together at C, make the angle G C E, or E C G: the lines G C, E C, are the *legs* of the angle, the

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* Lines are *Parallel* to each other if the perpendiculars between them are all equal to each other.—*Archimedes.*

Newton, in Lemma 22, Bk. I. of his 'Principia,' says that parallels are such lines as tend to a point infinitely distant.

† A *Superficies* has two dimensions, and is understood to be produced by the flowing of a line.—*Tacquet.*

‡ A *Plane* surface is a surface which is *perpetually even*, or *flat* throughout its whole extent.—*Darley.*

(On such *planes* all the figures in the First Book are supposed to be constructed).

A *Solid* is a magnitude having the three dimensions of space: length, breadth, and depth. Any one of the six sides of a *Cube* is a *surface*, or *superficies*—an edge is a *line*—a corner a *point*. (See fig. 30).

point C is the *vertex*. In like manner may be named the angle E C A, which is the sum of the angles G C E, G C A: and so of the other angles round the same point.

When the legs of an angle are produced (or continued) beyond the vertex, the angles made by them on both sides of the vertex are said to be *vertically* opposite to each other: thus, since G C is continued to D, and E C to F, the angles G C E, D C F, are said to be *vertically* opposite to each other. And so of the other angles on each side C.

It must be understood, that by an angle is not meant the *surface* between the lines which form it. For though the surface be increased by producing the legs, (to D and E, for instance, in fig. 7), the angle will still remain the same in magnitude. By an *angle*, in fact, is meant the *degree* of *width*, or *separation* between the lines that form it: thus, the *opening* between B A C is greater than the angle F A C.]

8. When a straight line, standing on another straight line, makes the adjacent angles equal to each other, each of these angles is called a *Right Angle*, and each of these lines is said to be at *right angles* to, or *perpendicular* to the other.* (See fig. 8).

9. An *Obtuse* angle is that which is greater than a right angle. (See angle C B A, fig. 49).

10. An *Acute* angle is that which is less than a right angle. (See angle A B D, fig. 49).

11. A *Figure* is that which is bounded by one or more lines. (See fig. 9). The space enclosed within a figure is called its *area*.

12. A *Circle* is a plane figure bounded by one line called the *circumference*, or periphery; of which all lines drawn from a certain point within the figure to the circumference are equal to one another.† (See fig. 10).

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* A carpenter's square is a 'right angle.' Pythagoras is said to have been the inventor of the Square.

A perpendicular line inclines neither to the right hand nor to the left. From this circumspect idea probably arose the precept of the poet—

'Far from extremes a *middle* course is best.'

† Till the time of Plato this was the only curve admitted into Geometry.

13. That point is called the *Centre* of the circle.

14. A *Diameter* of a circle is a straight line drawn through the centre, and terminating on both sides in the circumference.

15. A line drawn from the centre to the circumference of a circle is called the *Radius*, or *Semi-diameter*.

[*Radii* is the plural of radius].

16. *Rectilineal* figures are those contained by straight lines.

17. *Trilateral* figures, or *Triangles*, by three straight lines. (See fig. 11).

18. *Quadrilateral* figures by four straight lines. (See fig. 12).

19. Of three-sided figures: an *Equilateral* triangle is that which has three equal sides. (See triangle A C B, fig. 31).

20. An *Isosceles* triangle is that which has two equal sides. (See triangle A B C, fig. 37).

21. A *Right-angled* triangle is that which has a right angle.* See triangle A E D, fig. 136.)

[The angle opposite the base is called the vertical angle. A side of a triangle, considered in reference to the angle opposite, is said to *subtend* it, or be the *subtense* of the angle. When the side of any triangle is produced, as B C to D, (fig. 14) the angle A C D, made by the produced part C D, with the other leg A C, is called the *external* angle. And the angle A C B, adjacent to the external angle, is called the *internal adjacent* angle. The other two angles of the triangle are together called the *internal remote* angles: and of these, that of which the produced side is a leg, namely, A B C, is the *internal opposite*, and the other, namely, B A C, is the *internal alternate* angle.]

22. Of quadrilateral figures: a *parallelogram* is that of which the opposite sides are parallel. (See fig. 15).

23. The straight line which joins the opposite angles of a quadrilateral figure is called a *Diagonal*.

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* Any side of a rectilineal figure may be called the *Base*. In a right-angled triangle (see fig. 13) the side *a c*, opposite the right angle is called the *Hypotheneuse*, either of the other two sides *a b*, *a c*, the Base, and the one not taken the perpendicular.

24. The *Altitude* of a triangle or a parallelogram is a perpendicular drawn from the opposite angle or side, upon the base, as *a b, c d.* (See figs. 16 and 17.)

25. Of parallelograms: a *Square* is that which has all its sides and angles equal. (See fig. 97).

26. An *Oblong*, or *Rectangle* is a four-sided figure, that has equal angles but not equal sides. (See fig. 23). [When a four-sided figure has equal angles, they are always *right* angles. Every 'square' is a 'rectangle,' but every 'rectangle' is not a square.']

SECTION II.

POSTULATES.

(Things required: from the Latin *postulo*, to require).

1. Let it be granted that a straight line may be drawn from any one point to any other point.
2. That a terminated straight line may be produced to any length in a straight line.
3. And that a circle may be described from any centre with any radius or interval.

SECTION III.

AXIOMS.

(Authorities, or things having authority: from a Greek word. An *Axiom* is a self-evident proposition).

1. Things which are equal to the same things, are equal to one another.
2. If equals be added to equals, the wholes are equal.
3. If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are equal.
4. If equals be added to unequals, the sums are unequal.
5. If equals be taken from unequals, the remainders are unequal.

6. Things which are doubles of the same thing, are equal to one another.

7. Things which are halves of the same thing, are equal to one another.

8. Magnitudes which coincide with one another, (that is to say, which fit together so exactly, that every point of the one lies on some point of the other,) are equal.

9. The whole is greater than its part.

10. All right angles are equal to one another. (Legendre demonstrates this).

11. Two straight lines which intersect each other cannot be both parallel to the same straight line.

[All these Axioms are not required in the First Book, but not being numerous they are inserted as samples of the *assumptions* of Geometry].

SECTION IV.

DEFINITIONS OF TERMS.

A *Theorem* is a truth which becomes evident by a train of reasoning called a *Demonstration.*

A *Problem* is a question proposed which requires a solution.

A *Lemma* is a subordinate or minor truth, which is established in order to be employed in the demonstration of a theorem, or in the solution of a problem.

A *Proposition* is a portion of science. It is a common name applied indifferently to theorems, problems, and lemmas. A proposition is a simple statement respecting any subject.—*Jas. Milne.*

A *Hypothesis* is a fact assumed without proof. (Thus, when it is affirmed that in an Isosceles triangle the angles at the base are equal, the *hypothesis* of the proposition is that the triangle is Isosceles, or that its legs are equal).

A *Construction* is the addition made to, or change made in, the original figure, by dividing or drawing lines, in order to adapt it to the argument of the demonstration, or the solution of the problem. The condition under which

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THE

Principles of Secularism

Illustrated.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Do the duty nearest hand,"—*Goethe.*

[THIRD EDITION, REVISED.]

LONDON:
AUSTIN & CO., 17, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET.
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"If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion."—THE REV. SIDNEY SMITH, Canon of St. Paul's.

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INTRODUCTORY.

CHAPTER I.

IN a passage of characteristic sagacity, Dr. J. H. Newman has depicted the partisan aimlessness more descriptive of the period when this little book first appeared, sixteen years ago, than it is now. But it will be long before its relevance and instruction have passed away. I therefore take the liberty of still quoting his words:—

"When persons for the first time look upon the world of politics or religion, all that they find there meets their mind's eye, as a landscape addresses itself for the first time to a person who has just gained his bodily sight. One thing is as far off as another; there is no perspective. The connection of fact with fact, truth with truth, the bearing of fact upon truth, and truth upon fact, what leads to what, what are points primary and what secondary, all this they have yet to learn. It is all a new science to them, and they do not even know their ignorance of it. Moreover, the world of to-day has no connection in their minds with the world of yesterday; time is not a stream, but stands before them round and full, like the moon. They do not know what happened ten years ago, much less the annals of a century: the past does not live to them in the present; they do not understand the worth of contested points; names have no associations for them, and persons kindle no recollections. They hear of men, and things, and projects, and struggles, and principles; but everything comes and goes like the wind; nothing makes an impression, nothing penetrates, nothing has its place in their minds. They locate nothing: they have no system. They hear and they forget; or they just recollect what they have once heard, they cannot tell where. Thus they have no consistency in their arguments; that is, they argue one way to-day, and not exactly the other way to-morrow, but indirectly the other way at random. Their

lines of argument diverge; nothing comes to a point; there is no one centre in which their mind sits, on which their judgment of men and things proceeds. This is the state of many men all through life; and miserable politicians or Churchmen they make, unless by good luck they are in safe hands, and ruled by others, or are pledged to a course. Else they are at the mercy of the wind and waves; and without being Radical, Whig, Tory, or Conservative, High Church or Low Church, they do Whig acts, Tory acts, Catholic acts, and Heretical acts, as the fit takes them, or as events or parties drive them. And sometimes when their self importance is hurt, they take refuge in the idea that all this is a proof that they are unfettered, moderate, dispassionate, that they observe the mean, that they are no 'party men;' when they are, in fact, the most helpless of slaves; for our strength in this world is, to be the subjects of the reason and our liberty, to be captives of the truth."*

How the organization of ideas has fared with higher class societies others can tell: the working class have been left so much in want of initiative direction that almost everything has to be done among them, and an imperfect and brief attempt to direct those interested in Freethought may meet with some acceptance. To clamour for objects without being able to connect them with principles; to smart under contumely without knowing how to protect themselves; to bear some lofty name without understanding the manner in which character should correspond to profession—this is the amount of the popular attainment.

In this new Edition I find little to alter and less to add. In a passage on page 27, the distinction between Secular instruction and Secularism is explained, in these words:—"Secular education is by some confounded with Secularism, whereas the distinction between them is very wide. Secular education simply means imparting Secular knowledge separately—by itself, without admixture of Theology with it. The advocate of Secular education may be, and generally is, also an advocate of religion; but he would teach religion at another time and treat it as a distinct subject, too sacred for coercive admixture into the hard and vexatious routine of a school. He

* "Loss and Gain," ascribed to the Rev. Father Newman.

would confine the inculcation of religion to fitting seasons and chosen instruments. He holds also that one subject at a time is mental economy in learning. Secular education is the policy of a school—Secularism is the policy of life to those who do not accept Theology."

Very few persons admitted that these distinctions existed when this passage was written in 1854. This year, 1870, they have been substantially admitted by the Legislature in concession made in the National Education Bill. It only remains to add that the whole text has been revised and re-arranged in an order which seems more consecutive. The portion on Secular Organizations has been abridged, in part re-written, explaining particulars as to the Secular Guild.

A distinctive summary of Secular principles may be read under the article "Secularism," in Chambers's Cyclopædia.

THE TERM SECULARISM.

CHAPTER II.

"The adoption of the term Secularism is justified by its including a large number of persons who are not Atheists, and uniting them for action which has Secularism for its object, and not Atheism. On this ground, and because, by the adoption of a new term, a vast amount of impediment from prejudice is got rid of, the use of the name Secularism is found advantageous."—HARRIET MARTINEAU. *Boston Liberator.*—Letter to Lloyd Garrison, November, 1853.

EVERY one observant of public controversy in England, is aware of its improved tone of late years. This improved tone is part of a wider progress. Increase of wealth has led to improvement of taste, and the diffusion of knowledge to refinement of sentiment. The mass are better dressed, better mannered, better spoken than formerly. A coffee-room discussion, conducted by mechanics, is now a more decorous exhibition than a debate in Parliament was in the days of Canning * Boisterousness at the tables of the rich, and insolence in the language of the poor, are fast disappearing. "Good society" is now that society in which people practise the art of being genial, without being familiar. and in which an evincible courtesey of speech is no longer regarded as timidity or effeminacy. but rather as proof of a disciplined spirit, which chooses to avoid all offence, the better to maintain the right peremptorily punishing wanton insult. Theologians, more inveterate in speech than politicians, now observe a respectfulness to opponents before unknown. That diversity of opinion once ascribed to "badness of heart" is now, with more discrimination, referred to defect or diversity of understanding—a change which, discarding invective, recognizes instruction as the agent of uniformity.

Amid all this newness of conception it must be obvious that

* From whose lips the House of Commons cheered a reference to a political adversary as "the revered and ruptured Ogden."

many old terms of theological controversy are obsolete. The idea of an "Atheist" as one warring against moral restraints —of an "Infidel" as one treacherous to the truth—of a "Freethinker" as a "loose thinker,"* arose in the darkness of past times, when men fought by the flickering light of their hatreds—times which tradition has peopled with monsters of divinity as well as of nature. But the glaring colours in which the party names invented by past priests were dyed, no longer harmonize with the quieter taste of the present day. The more sober spirit of modern controversy has, therefore, need of new terms, and if the term "Secularism" was merely a neutral substitute for "Freethinking," there would be reason for its adoption. Dissenters might as well continue the designation of "Schismatics," or Political Reformers that of "Anarchists," as that the students of Positive Philosophy should continue the designation "Atheism," "Infidelism," or any similar term by which their opponents have contrived to brand their opinions. It is as though a merchant vessel should consent to carry a pirate flag. Freethinker is, however, getting an acceptable term. Upon the platform, Christian disputants frequently claim it, and resent the exclusive assumption of it by others. These new claimants say, "We are as much Freethinkers as yourselves," so that it is necessary to define Freethinking. It is fearless thinking, based upon impartial inquiry, searching on both sides, not regarding doubt as a crime, or opposite conclusions as a species of moral poison. Those who inquire with sinister pre-possessions will never inquire fairly. The Freethinker fears not to follow a conclusion to the utmost limits of truth, whether it coincides with the Bible or contradicts it. If therefore any pronounce the term "Secularism" "a concealment or a disguise," they can do so legitimately only after detecting some false meaning it is intended to convey, and not on the mere ground of its being a change of name, since nothing can more completely "conceal and disguise" the purposes of Freethought than the old names imposed upon it by its adversaries, which associate with guilt its conscientious conclusions and impute to it as outrages, its acts of self-defence.

Besides the term Secularism, there was another term which seemed to promise also distinctiveness of meaning—namely,

* As the Reverend Canon Kingsley has perversely rendered it.

Cosmism, under which adherents would have taken the designation of Cosmists. But this name scientific men would have understood in a purely physical sense, after the great example of Humboldt, and the public would not all have understood it—besides, it was open to easy perversion in one of its declinations. Next to this, as a name, stands that of Realism—intrinsically good. A Society of Realists would have been intelligible, but many would have supposed it to be some revival of the old Realists. Moralism, a sound name in itself, is under Evangelical condemnation as "mere morality." Naturalism would seem an obvious name, were it not that we should be confounded with Naturalists, to say no more. Some name must be taken, as was the case with the Theophilanthropists of Paris. Many of them would rather not have assumed any denomination, but they yielded to the reasonable argument, that if they did not choose one for themselves, the public would bestow upon them one which would be less to their liking. Those who took the name of Philantropes found it exposed them to a pun, which greatly damaged them: *Philantropes* was turned into *filoux en troupe*.

Historical characteristics, however, seemed to point to a term which expressed the Secular element in life; a term deeply engrafted in literature; of irreproachable associations; a term found and respected in the dictionaries of opponents, and to which, therefore, they might dispute our right, but which they could not damage. Instead, therefore, of finding ourselves self-branded or caricatured by this designation, we have found opponents claiming it, and disputing with us for its possession.

PRINCIPLES OF SECULARISM DEFINED.

CHAPTER III.

I.

SECULARISM is the study of promoting human welfare by material means; measuring human welfare by the utilitarian rule, and making the service of others a duty of life. Secularism relates to the present existence of man, and to action, the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life—having for its objects the development of the physical, moral, and intellectual nature of man to the highest perceivable point, as the immediate duty of society: inculcating the practical sufficiency of natural morality apart from Atheism, Theism, or Christianity: engaging its adherents in the promotion of human improvement by material means, and making these agreements the ground of common unity for all who would regulate life by reason and ennoble it by service. The Secular is sacred in its influence on life, for by purity of material conditions the loftiest natures are best sustained, and the lower the most surely elevated. Secularism is a series of principles intended for the guidance of those who find Theology indefinite, or inadequate, or deem it unreliable. It replaces theology, which mainly regards life as a sinful necessity, as a scene of tribulation through which we pass to a better world. Secularism rejoices in this life, and regards it as the sphere of those duties which educate men to fitness for any future and better life, should such transpire.

II.

A Secularist guides himself by maxims of Positivism, seeking to discern what *is* in Nature—what *ought* to be in morals—selecting the *affirmative* in exposition, concerning himself with the real, the right, and the constructive. Positive principles are principles which are provable. "A positive

precept," says Bishop Butler, "is a precept the reason of which we see." Positivism is policy of material progress.

III.

Science is the available Providence of life. The problem to be solved by a science of Society, is to find that situation in which it shall be impossible for a man to be depraved or poor. Mankind are saved by being served. Spiritual sympathy is a lesser mercy than that forethought which anticipates and extirpates the causes of suffering. Deliverance from sorrow or injustice is before consolation—doing well is higher than meaning well—work is worship to those who accept Theism, and duty to those who do not.

IV.

Sincerity, though not errorless, involves the least chance of error, and is without moral guilt. Sincerity is well-informed, conscientious conviction, arrived at by intelligent examination, animating those who possess that conviction to carry it into practice from a sense of duty. Virtue in relation to opinion consists neither in conformity nor non-conformity, but in sincere beliefs, and in living up to them.

V.

Conscience is higher than Consequence.*

VI.

All pursuit of good objects with pure intent is religiousness in the best sense in which this term appears to be used. A "good object" is an object consistent with truth, honour, justice, love. A pure "intent" is the intent of serving humanity. Immediate service of humanity is not intended to mean instant gratification, but "immediate" in contradistinction to the interest of another life. The distinctive peculiarity of the Secularist is, that he seeks that good which is dictated by Nature, which is attainable by material means, and which is of immediate service to humanity—a religiousness to which the idea of God is not essential, nor the denial of the idea necessary.

* Vide Mr. Holdreths' Papers.

VII.

Nearly all inferior natures are susceptible of moral and physical improvability; this improvability can be indefinitely secured by supplying proper material conditions; these conditions may one day be supplied by a system of wise and fraternal co-operation, which primarily entrenches itself in common prudence, which enacts service according to industrial capacity, and distributes wealth according to rational needs. Secular principles involve for mankind a future, where there shall exist unity of condition with infinite diversity of intellect, where the subsistence of ignorance and selfishness shall leave men equal, and universal purity enable all things —noble society, the treasures of art, and the riches of the world—to be had in common.

VIII.

Since it is not capable of demonstration whether the inequalties of human condition will be compensated for in another life—it is the business of intelligence to rectify them in this world. The speculative worship of superior beings, who cannot need it, seems a lesser duty than the patient service of known *inferior* natures, and the mitigation of harsh destiny, so that the ignorant may be enlightened and the low elevated.

LAWS OF SECULAR CONTROVERSY.

CHAPTER IV.

I.

RIGHTS of Reason. As a means of developing and establishing Secular principles, and as security that the principles of Nature and the habit of reason may prevail, Secularism uses itself, and maintains for others, as rights of reason:—

The Free Search for Truth, without which its full attainment is impossible.

The Free Utterance of the result, without which the increase of Truth is limited.

The Free Criticism of alleged Truth, without which its identity must remain uncertain.

The Fair Action of Conviction thus attained, without which conscience will be impotent on practice.

II.

Standard of Appeal. "Secularism accepts no authority but that of Nature, adopts no methods but those of science and philosophy, and respects in practice no rule but that of the conscience, illustrated by the common sense of mankind. It values the lessons of the past, and looks to tradition as presenting a storehouse of raw materials to thought, and in many cases results of high wisdom for our reverence; but it utterly disowns tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred scripture or ancient church can be made a basis of belief, for the obvious reason that their claims always need to be proved, and cannot without absurdity be assumed. The association leaves to its individual members to yield whatever respect their own good sense judges to be due to the opinions of great men, living or dead, spoken or written,

as also to the practice of ancient communities, national or ecclesiastical. But it disowns all appeal to such authorities as final tests of truth."*

III.

Sphere of Controversy. Since the principles of Secularism rest on grounds apart from Theism, Atheism, or Christianism, it is not logically necessary for Secularists to debate the truth of these subjects. In controversy, Secularism concerns itself with the assertion and maintenance of its own affirmative propositions, combating only views of Theology and Christianity so far as they interfere with, discourage, or disparage Secular action, which may be done without digressing into the discussion of the truth of Theism or divine origin of the Bible.

IV.

Personal Controversy. A Secularist will avoid indiscriminate disparagement of bodies or antagonism of persons, and will place before himself simply the instruction and service of an opponent, whose sincerity he will not question, whose motives he will not impugn, always holding that a man whom it is not worth while confuting courteously, is not worth while confuting at all. Such disparagements as are included in the explicit condemnation of erroneous principles are, we believe, all that the public defence of opinion requires, and are the only kind of disparagement a Secularist proposes to employ.

V.

Justification of Controversy. The universal fair and open discussion of opinion is the highest guarantee of public truth—only that theory which is submitted to that ordeal is to be regarded, since only that which endures it can be trusted. Secularism encourages men to trust reason throughout, and to trust nothing that reason does not establish—to examine all things hopeful, respect all things probable, but rely upon nothing without precaution which does not come within the range of science and experience.

* "Programme of Freethought Societies," by F. W. Newman. (REASONER, No. 388.)

MAXIMS OF ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.

I.

IT is the duty of every man to regulate his personal and family interests so as to admit of some exertions for the improvement of society. It is only by serving those beyond ourselves that we can secure for ourselves protection, sympathy, or honour. The neglect of home for public affairs endangers philanthropy, by making it the enemy of the household. To suffer, on the other hand, the interests of the family to degenerate into mere selfism, is a dangerous example to rulers.

II.

"No man or woman is accountable to others for any conduct by which others are not injured or damaged."*

III.

Social freedom consists in being subject to just rule and to none other.

IV.

Service and endurance are the chief personal duties of man.

V.

Secularism holds it to be the duty of every man to reserve a portion of his means and energies for the public service, and so to cultivate and cherish his powers, mental and physical, as

* D. in the LEADER, 1850, who, as a correspondent, first expressed this aphorism thus.

to have them ever ready to perform service, as efficient as possible, to the well-being of humanity. No weakness, no passion, no wavering, should be found among those who are battling for the cause of human welfare, which such errors may fatally injure. Self-control, self-culture, self-sacrifice, are all essential to those who would serve that cause, and would not bring discredit upon their comrades in that service.*

VI.

To promote in good faith and good temper the immediate and material welfare of humanity, in accordance with the laws of Nature, is the study and duty of a Secularist, and this is the unity of principle which prevails amid whatever diversity of opinion may subsist in a Secular Society, the bond of union being the common convictions of the duty of advancing the Secular good of this life, of the authority of natural morality, and of the utility of material effort in the work of human improvement. In other words, Secularist union implies the concerted action of all who believe it right to promote the Secular good of this life, to teach morality, founded upon the laws of Nature, and to seek human improvement by material methods, irrespective of any other opinions held, and irrespective of any diversity of reasons for holding these.

* Mr. L. H. Holdreth, Religion of Duty.

THE SECULAR GUILD.

CHAPTER VI.

SEVERAL expositors of Secular principles, able to act together, have for many years endeavoured by counsel, by aid and by publication to promote Secular organization. At one time they conducted a Secular Institute in Fleet Street, London—in 1854. The object was to form Secular Societies for teaching the positive results of Freethought. In the first edition of this work it was held to be desirable that there should be a centre of reference for all inquirers upon Secular principles at home and abroad. Attention should be guaranteed to distant correspondents and visitors, so that means of communication and publication of all advanced opinions in sociology, theology, and politics might exist, and be able to command publicity, when expressed dispassionately, impersonally, and with ordinary good taste.

It has been generally admitted that the operations at that time conducted, helped to impart a new character to Freethought advocacy, and many of its recommendations have since been copied by associations subsequently formed. The promoters of Secularism alluded to, have not ceased in the *Reasoner* and other publications, by lectures, by statements, by articles, by pamphlets to urge a definite and consistent representation of Secular and Freethought principles: as many mistake merely mechanical association for the organization of ideas.

The promoters in question have since adopted the form of action of a Secular Guild, and continue the *Reasoner* (of which there is now issued a "Review Series") as their organ. The objects of a Council of the Guild is to promote, as far as means may permit, or counsel prevail, organization of ideas:—

1.—To train Advocates of Secular principles.

2.—To advise an impersonal policy of advocacy, which seeking to carry its ends by force of exposition, rather than of denunciation, shall command the attention and respect of those who influence public affairs.

3.—To promote solution of political, social, and educational questions on Secular and unsectarian grounds.*

4.—To point out new Books of Secular relevance, and where possible, to accredit Advocates of Secularism that the public may have some guidance, and the party be no longer liable to be judged by whoever may appear to write or speak on the subject.

5.—To assist in the protection and defence of those injured, or attempted to be injured on account of Freethought or Secularist opinion.

6.—To provide for the administration of property bequeathed for Secular purposes, of which so much has been lost through the injustice of the law, and machinations of persons opposed to Liberal views.

7.—When a member has been honourably counted on the side of Secularism, has been a Subscriber or a Worker for a term of years, the Guild, keeping a record of such Service, proposes to give a Certificate of it which among Friends of Freethought may be a passport to recognition and esteem. To constitute some such Freemasonry in Freethought, may elevate association in England. A certificate of Illuminism or of Carbonarism in Italy was once handed down from father to son as an heirloom of honour, while in England you have to supplicate men to join a society of progression, instead of membership being a distinction which men shall covet. At present a man who has given the best years of his life to the public service is liable (if from any necessity he ceases to act) to be counted a renegade by men who have never rendered twelve months' consecutive or costly service themselves. There ought to be a fixed term of Service, which, if honourably and effectively rendered, should entitle a man to be considered free, as a soldier after leaving the army, and his certificate of having belonged to the Order of Secularism should entitle him to distinction and to authority when his opinion was sought, and to exemption from all but voluntary service. At present the soldiers of Progress, when no longer able to serve, are dismissed from the public eye, like the race-horse to the cab stand, to obscurity and neglect. This needs correction before men can be counted upon in the battle of Truth. A man is to be estimated according to the aims of the party to which he is allied. He is to be esteemed in consequence of sacrifices of time, and discipline of conduct, which he contributes to the service and reputation of his cause.

In foreign countries many persons reside interested in Secularism; in Great Britain indeed many friends reside where

* This has been done to some extent in the discussion of the National Education question. The Proposer of the Guild contributed what he could to this end by reading the paper published in the proceedings of the Conference of the Birmingham Education League, by letters like that to the *Daily News*, commented upon by the Bishop of Peterborough, at Leicester [see official publications of the Manchester National Education Union,] by discussions as those with the Revs. Pringle and Baldwin, at Norwich, and with Mr. Chas. Bradlaugh, at the Old Street Hall of Science, London; and by Lectures during the time the question of National Education has been before Parliament.

no Secular Society is formed; and in these cases membership of the Guild would be advantageous to them, affording means of introduction to publicists of similar views: and even in instances of towns where Secular Societies do exist, persons in direct relation to the Secular Guild would be able to furnish Secular direction where the tradition and usage of a Secular Society are unknown, or unfamiliar.

ORGANIZATION INDICATED.

CHAPTER VII.

AS the aim of the Guild is not to fetter independent thought, but to concert practical action, it is mainly required of each member that he undertakes to perform, in good faith, the duties which he shall consent to have assigned to him; and generally so to comport himself that his principles shall not be likely to suffer, if judged by his conduct. He will be expected to treat every colleague as equal with himself in veracity, in honour, and in loyalty to his cause. And every form of speech which casts a doubt upon the truth, or imputes, or assumes a want of honour on the part of any member, will be deemed a breach of order. If any member intends such an accusation of another, it must be made the matter of a formal charge, after leave obtained to prefer it.

What it is desirable to know about new members is this: —

Do they, in their conception of Secularism, see in it that which seeks not the sensual but the good, and a good which the conscience can be engaged in pursuing and promoting; a Moralism in accordance with the laws of Nature and capable of intrinsic proof: a Materialism which is definite without dogmatism or grossness; and a unity on the ground of these common agreements, for convictions which imply no apostolate are neither earnest nor generous. No one ought to be encouraged to take sides with Secularism, unless his conscience is satisfied of the moral rightfulness of its principles and duties both for life and death.

It is not desirable to accept persons of that class who decry parties—who boast of being of no party—who preach up isolation, and lament the want of unity—who think party the madness of the many, for the gain of the few. Seek rather the partisan who is wise enough to know that the disparagement of party is the madness of the few, leading to the utter impotence of the many. A party, in an associative and defensible sense, is a class of persons taking sides upon some

definite question, and acting together for necessary ends, having principles, aims, policy, authority, and discipline.*

With respect to proposed members, it may be well to ascertain whether neglect, or rudeness, or insult, or unfairness from colleagues, or overwork being imposed upon him, or incapacity of others, would divert him from his duty. These accidents or necessities might occur: but if a society is to be strong it must be able to count upon its members, and to be able to count upon them it must be known what they will bear without insubordination; and what they will bear will depend upon the frankness and completeness of information they receive as to the social risks all run who unite to carry out any course of duty or public service.

Always assuming that a candidate cares for the objects for which he proposes to associate, and that it is worth while knowing whom it is with whom you propose to work them out; answers to such inquiries as the following would tend to impart a working knowledge and quality to the society:—

Is he a person previously or recently acquainted with the principles he is about to profess?

Does he understand what is meant by "taking sides" with a public party? Would he be faithful to the special ideas of Secularism so long as he felt them to be true? Would he make sacrifices to spread them and vindicate them, or enable others to do so? Would he conceive of Secularism as a cause to be served loyally, which he would support as well as he was able, if unable to support it as well as he could wish?

Is he of decent, moral character, and tolerably reliable as to his future conduct?

In presenting his views to others, would he be likely to render them in an attractive spirit, or to make them disagreeable to others?

Is he of an impulsive nature, ardent for a time, and then apathetic or reactionary—likely to antagonize to-morrow the persons he applauds to-day?

Is he a person who would commit the fault of provoking persecution? Would ridicule or persecution chill him if it occurred? Is he a man to stand by an obscure and friendless cause—or are notoriety, success, applause, and the company of others, indispensable to his fidelity?

Is he a man of any mark of esteem among his friends—a man whose promise is sure, whose word has weight?

Is his idea of obedience, obedience simply to his own will? Would he acquiesce in the authority of the laws of the Society, or the decision of the Society where the laws were silent? Would he acknowledge in democracy the despotism of principles self-consented to—or as an arena for the

* In a school there is usually teaching, training, discipline, science, system, authorities, tradition, and development.—TIMES, 1846.

assertion of Individualism before winning the consent of colleagues to the discussion of special views?

The membership sought may be granted, provided the actual knowledge of Secular principles be satisfactory, and evident earnestness to practise them be apparent. The purport of the whole of the questions is to enable a clear opinion to be formed as to what is to be expected of the new member—how far he is likely to be reliable—how long he is likely to remain with us—under what circumstances he is likely to fail us—what work may be assigned him—what confidences he may be entrusted with, and in what terms he should be introduced to colleagues, and spoken of to others.

The Membership here described would and should be no restricted and exclusive society, where only one pattern of efficiency prevails; but a society where all diversities of capacity, energy, and worth, may be found, so far as it is honest and trustworthy. A Society, like the State, requires the existence of the people, as well as public officers—men who can act, as well as men who can think and direct. Many men who lack refinement, and even discretion, possess courage and energy, and will go out on the inevitable "forlorn hopes" of progress; which the merely prudent avoid, and from which the cultivated too often shrink. Our work requires all orders of men, but efficiency requires that we know which is which, that none may be employed in the dark.

In every public organization there are persons who promote and aid unconnected with the Society.

Active members are those who engage to perform specific duties; such as reporting lectures, sermons, and public meetings, so far as they refer to Secularism.*

To give notice of meetings and sermons about to be held or delivered for or against Secularism.

To note and report passages in books, newspapers, magazines, and reviews referring to Secularism.

Each active member should possess some working efficiency, or be willing to acquire it. To be able to explain his views by tongue or pen with simple directness, to observe carefully,

* In reporting, each member should be careful to understate rather than overstate facts, distinguishing carefully what is matter of knowledge from rumour, conjecture, or opinion.

to report judiciously, to reason dispassionately, to put the best construction on every act that needs interpretation, are desirable accomplishments in a Propagandist.

In all public proceedings of the Society, written speeches should be preferred from the young, because such speeches admit of preconsidered brevity, consecutiveness, and purpose, and exist for reference. In the deliberations and discussions of any Society, it might usefully be deemed a qualification to make a contribution to the subject in speeches brief and direct.

Non-reliableness in discharge of duties, or moral disqualification, shall be a ground of annulling membership, which may be done after the member objected to has had a fair opportunity of defending himself from the specific disqualifications alleged against him and communicated to him, and has failed therein.

The duties assigned to each member should be such as are within his means, as respects power and opportunity; such, indeed, as interfere neither with his social nor civil obligations; the intention being that the membership of the Society shall not as a rule be incompatible with the preservation of health, and the primary service due to family and the State.*

Any persons acquainted with the "Principles of Secularism" here given, who shall generally agree therein, and associate under any name to promote such objects, and to act in concert with all who seek similar objects, and will receive and take into official consideration the instructions of the Guild, and to make one subscription yearly among its members and friends on behalf of its Propagandist Funds, shall be recognized as a Branch of it.

* As a general rule, it will be found that any one who sacrifices more than one-fifth of his time and means will become before long reactionary, and not only do nothing himself, but discourage others.

THE PLACE OF SECULARISM.

CHAPTER VIII.

"We do not, however, deny that, false as the whole theory [of Secularism] appears to us, it is capable of attracting the belief of large numbers of people, and of exercising considerable influence over their conduct; and we should admit that the influence so exercised is considerably better than no influence at all."—*Saturday Review*, July 2, 1859.

THIS first step is to win, from public opinion, a standing place for Secularism. So long as people believe Secularism not to be wanted, indeed impossible to be wanted—that it is error, wickedness, and unmitigated evil, it will receive no attention, no respect, and make no way. But show that it occupies a vacant place, supplies a want, is a direction where no other party supplies any—and it at once appears indispensable. It is proved to be a service to somebody, and from that moment it is tolerated if not respected. It may be like war, or medicine, or work, or law, disagreeable or unpalatable, but when seen to be necessary, it will have recognition and support. We are sure this case can be made out for Secularism. It is not only true, but it is known; it is not only known, but it is notorious, that there are thousands and tens of thousands of persons in every district of this and most European countries, who are without the pale of Christianity. They reject it, they disprove it, they dislike it, or they do not understand it. Some have vices and passions which Christianity, as preached around them, condemns. As Devils are said to do, they "believe and tremble," and so disown what they have not the virtue to practise. Faith does not touch them, and reason is not tried—indeed reason is decried by the evangelically religious, so that not being converted in one way, no other way is open to them. Others are absorbed or insensate; they are busy, or stupid, or defiant, and regard Christianity as a waste of time, or as monotonous or offensive. It bores them or threatens them. They are already dull, therefore it does not attract them—they have some rude sense of independence and some feeling of courage, and they object either to be snubbed into conformity or kicked into heaven. Another and a yearly increasing portion of the people have, after patiently and

painfully thinking over Christianity, come to believe it to be untrue; unfounded historically; wrong morally, and a discreditable imputation upon God. It outrages their affections, it baffles their understandings. It is double tongued. Its expounders are always multiplying, and the more they increase the less they agree, and hence sceptics the more abound. Disbelievers therefore exist; they augment: they can neither be convinced, converted, nor conciliated, because they will yield no allegiance to a system which has no hold on their conscience. It is, we repeat, more than known, it is notorious that these persons live and die in scepticism. These facts are the cry of the pulpit, the theme of the platform, the burden of the religious tract. Now, is nothing to be done with these people? You cannot exterminate them, the Church cannot direct them. The Bible is no authority to them—the "will of God," as the clergy call it, in their eyes is mere arbitrary, capricious, dogmatical assumption; sometimes, indeed, wise precept, but oftener a cloak for knavery or a pretext for despotism. To open the eyes of such persons to the omnipresent teachings of Nature, to make reason an authority with them, to inspire them with precepts which experience can verify—to connect conscience with intelligence, right with interest, duty with self-respect, and goodness with love, must surely be useful. If Secularism accomplishes some such work, where Christianity confessedly accomplishes nothing, it certainly has a place of its own. It is no answer to it to claim that Christianity is higher, more complete, better. The advocates of every old religion, say the same. Christianity may be higher, more complete, better —for somebody else. But nothing can be high, complete, or good, for those who do not see it, accept it, want it, or act upon it. That is first which is fit—that is supreme which is most productive of practical virtue. No comparison (which would be as irrelevant as offensive) between Secularism and Christianity is set up here. The question is—is Secularism useful, or may it be useful to anybody? The question is not—does it contain *all* truth? but does it contain as much as may be serviceable to many minds, otherwise uninfluenced for good? Arithmetic is useful though Algebra is more compendious. Mensuration performs good offices in hands ignorant of Euclid. There may be logic without Whately, and melody without Beethoven; and there may be Secular ethics which shall be useful without the pretension of Christianity.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SECULARISM.

CHAPTER IX.

I.

SECULARISM means the moral duty of man in this life deduced from considerations which pertain to this life alone. Secular education is by some confounded with Secularism, whereas the distinction between them is very wide. Secular education simply means imparting Secular knowledge separately—by itself, without admixture of Theology with it. The advocate of Secular education may be, and generally is, also an advocate of religion; but he would teach religion at another time and treat it as a distinct subject, too sacred for coercive admixture into the hard and vexatious routine of a school. He would confine the inculcation of religion to fitting seasons and chosen instruments. He holds also that one subject at a time is mental economy in learning. Secular education is the policy of a school—Secularism is a policy of life to those who do not accept Theology. Secularity draws the line of separation between the things of time and the things of eternity. That is Secular which pertains to this world. The distinction may be seen in the fact that the cardinal propositions of Theology are provable only in the next life, and not in this. If I believe in a given creed it may turn out to be the true one; but one must die to find that out. On this side of the grave all is doubt; the truth of Biblical creeds is an affair of hope and anxiety, while the truth of things Secular becomes apparent in time. The advantages arising from the practice of veracity, justice, and temperance can be ascertained from human experience. If we are told to "fear God and keep His commandments," lest His judgments overtake us, the indirect action of this doctrine on human character may make a vicious timid man better in this life, supposing the interpretation of the will of God, and the commandments selected to be enforced, are moral; but such teaching is not Secular, because its main

object is to fit men for eternity. Pure Secular principles have for their object to fit men for time, making the fulfilment of human duty here the standard of fitness for any accruing future. *Secularism purposes to regulate human affairs by considerations purely human.* Its principles are founded upon Nature, and its object is to render man as perfect as possible in this life. Its problem is this: Supposing no other life to be before us, what is the wisest use of this? As the Rev. Thomas Binney puts it, "I believe * * that even * * if there were really no God over him, no heaven above, or eternity in prospect, things are so constituted that man may turn the materials of his little life poem, if not always into a grand epic, mostly into something of interest and beauty; and it is worth his while doing so, even if there should be no sequel to the piece."* Chalmers, Archbishop Whately, and earlier distinguished divines of the Church of England, the most conspicuous of whom is Bishop Butler, have admitted the independent existence of morality, but we here cite Mr. Binney's words because among Dissenters this truth is less readily admitted. A true Secular life does not exclude any from supplementary speculations. Not until we have fulfilled our duty to man, as far as we can ascertain that duty, can we consistently pretend to comprehend the more difficult relations of man to God. Our duties to humanity, understood and discharged to the best of our ability, will in no way unfit us to "reverently meditate on things far beyond us, on Power unlimited, on space unfathomed, on time uncounted, on 'whence' we came, and 'whither' we go."† The leading ideas of Secularism are humanism, moralism, materialism, utilitarian unity: Humanism, the physical perfection of this life—Moralism, founded on the laws of Nature, as the guidance of this life—Materialism, as the means of Nature for the Secular improvement of this life—Unity of thought and action upon these practical grounds. Secularism teaches that the good of the present life is the immediate concern of man, and that it should be his first endeavour to raise it. Secularism inculcates a Morality founded independently upon the laws of Nature. It seeks human improvement through purity and suitableness of material conditions as being a method at once moral, practical, universal, and sure.

* "How to make the best of both worlds," p. 11.
† F. W. Newman.

II.

The province of Positivism is not speculation upon the origin, but study of the laws of Nature—its policy is to destroy error by superseding it. Auguste Comte quotes, as a cardinal maxim of scientific progress, the words "nothing is destroyed until it is replaced," a proverbial form of a wise saying of M. Necker that in political progress "nothing is destroyed for which we do not find a substitute." Negations, useful in their place, are iconoclastic—not constructive. Unless substitution succeeds destruction—there can be no sustained progress. The Secularist is known by setting up and maintaining affirmative propositions. He replaces negations by affirmations, and substitutes demonstration for denunciation. He asserts truths of Nature and humanity, and reverses the position of the priest who appears as the sceptic, the denier, the disbeliever in Nature and humanity. Statesmen, not otherwise eager for improvement, will regard affirmative proposals. Lord Palmerston could say—"Show me a good and I will realize it—not an abuse to correct."

III.

"All science," says M. Comte, "has prevision for its end, an axiom which separates science from erudition, which relates to events of the past without any regard to the future. No accumulation of facts can effect prevision until the facts are made the basis of reasonings. A knowledge of phenomena leads to prevision, and prevision to action;" or, in other words, when we can foresee what will happen under given circumstances, we can provide against it. It by no means follows that every Secularist will be scientific, but to discern the value of science, to appreciate and promote it, may be possible to most. Science requires high qualities of accurate observation, close attention, careful experiment, caution, patience, labour. Its value to mankind is inestimable. One physician will do more to alleviate human suffering than ten priests. One physical discovery will do more to advance civilization than a generation of prayer-makers. "To get acquaintance with the usual course of Nature (which Science alone can teach us), is a kind of knowledge which pays very good interest."* The value of this knowledge becomes more apparent the longer we live. There

* Athenæum, No. 1,637, March 12, 1859.

may be a general superintending Providence—there may be a Special Providence, but the first does not interfere in human affairs, and the interpositions of the second are no longer to be counted upon. The age of Prayer for temporal deliverance has confessedly passed away. But without disputing these points, it is clear that the only help *available* to man, the sole dependence upon which he can *calculate*, is that of Science. Nothing can be more impotent than the fate of that man who seeks social elevation by mere Faith. All human affairs are a process, and he alone who acts upon this knowledge can hope to control results. Loyola foresaw the necessity of men acting for human purposes, as though there were no God. "Let us pray," said he, "as if we had no help in ourselves; *let us labour as if there was no help for us in heaven.*" Society is a blunder, not a science, until it ensures good sense and competence for the many. Why this process is tardy, is that creedists get credit for hoping and meaning well. Creedists of good intent, who make no improvement and attempt none, are very much in the way of human betterance. The spiritualist regards the world theoretically as a gross element, which he is rather to struggle against than to work with. This makes human service a mortification instead of pure passion. We would not deify the world, that is, set up the sensualism of the body, as spiritualism is set up as the sensualism of the soul. Secularism seeks the material purity of the present life, which is at once the *means* and *end* of Secular endeavour. The most reliable means of progress is the *improvement of material condition*, and "purity" implies "improvement," for there can be no improvement without it. The aim of all improvement is higher purity. All power, art, civilization and progress are summed up in the result—purer life. Strength, intellect, love are measured by it. Duty, study, temperance, patience are but ministers to this. "There is that," says Ruskin, "to be seen in every street and lane of every city, that to be found and felt in every human heart and countenance, that to be loved in every road-side weed and moss-grown wall, which, in the hands of faithful men, may convey emotions of glory and sublimity continual and exalted."

IV.

It is necessary to point out that Sincerity does not imply infallibility. "There is a truth, which could it be stamped

on every human mind, would exterminate all bigotry and persecution. I mean the truth, that worth of character and true integrity, and, consequently, God's acceptance, are not necessarily connected with any particular set of opinions."* If you admit that Mark and Paul were honest, most Christians take that to be an admission of the truth of all related under their names. Yet if a man in defending his opinions, affirm his own sincerity, Christians quickly see that is no proof of their truth, and proceed to disprove them. Sincerity may account for a man holding his opinions, but it does not account for the opinions themselves. Nothing is more common than uninformed, misinformed, mistaken, or self-deluded honesty. But sincere error, though dangerous enough, has not the attribute of crime about it—personal intention of mischief. "Because human nature is frail and fallible, the ground of our acceptance with God, under the Gospel, is *sincerity*. A sincere desire to know and do the will of God, is the only condition of obtaining the Christian salvation. Every honest man will be saved."† But Sincerity, if the reader recurs to our definition of it, includes a short intellectual and moral education with respect to it. Those worthy of the high descriptive "sincere," are those who have thought, inquired, examined, are in earnest, have a sense of duty with regard to their conviction, which is only satisfied by acting upon it. These processes may not bring a man to the truth, but they bring him near to it. The chances of error are reduced hereby as far as human care can reduce them. Secularism holds that the Protestant right of private judgment includes the moral innocency of that judgment, when conscientiously formed, whether for or against received opinion; that though *all sincere opinion is not equally true, nor equally useful, it is yet equally without sin;* that it is not sameness of belief but sincerity of belief which justifies conduct, whether regard be had to the esteem of men or the approval of God. Sincerity, we repeat, is not infallibility. The conscientious are often as mischievous as the false, but he who acts according to the best of his belief is free from criminal intention. The sincerity commended by the Secularist is an active sentiment seeking the truth and acting upon it—not the

* Dr. Price.

† John Foster's Tracts on Heresy.

fortuitous, insipid, apathetic, inherited consent, which so often passes for honesty, because too indolent or too cowardly to inquire, and too stupid to doubt. The man who holds merely ready-made opinions is not to be placed on the same level with him whose convictions are derived from experience. True sincerity is an educated and earnest sentiment.

V.

In the formation and judgment of opinions we must take into account the consequences to mankind involved in their adoption. But when an opinion seems true in itself and beneficial to society, the consequences in the way of inconvenience to ourselves is not sufficient reason for refusing to act upon it. If a particular time of enforcing it seem to be one when it will be disregarded, or misunderstood, or put back, and the sacrifice of ourselves on its behalf produce no adequate advantage to society, it may be lawful to seek a better opportunity. We must, however, take care that this view of the matter is not made a pretext of cowardice or evasion of duty. And in no case is it justifiable to belie conscience or profess a belief the contrary of that which we believe to be true. There may in extreme cases be neutrality with regard to truth, but in no case should there be complicity in falsehood. So much with respect to this life. With respect to Deity or another life, we may in all cases rely upon this, that in truth alone is safety. With God, conscience can have no penal consequences. Conscience is the voice of honesty, and honesty, with all its errors, a God of Truth will regard. "We have," says Blanco White, "no revealed rule which will ascertain, with moral certainty, which doctrines are right and which are wrong—that is, as they are known to God." * * "Salvation, therefore, cannot depend on orthodoxy; it cannot consist in abstract doctrines, about which men of equal abilities, virtue, and sincerity are, and always have been, divided." * * "No error on abstract doctrines can be heresy, in the sense of a wrong belief which endangers the soul." "The Father of the Universe accommodates not His judgments to the wretched wranglings of pedantic theologians, but every one who seeks truth, *whether he findeth it or not*, and worketh righteousness, will be accepted of Him."* Thomas

* Bishop Watson's Theological Tracts. Introductory.

Carlyle was the first English writer, having the ear of the public, who declared in England that "sincere *doubt* is as much entitled to respect as sincere *belief*."

VI.

Going to a distant town to mitigate some calamity there, will illustrate the principle of action prescribed by Secularism. One man will go on this errand from pure sympathy with the unfortunate; this is goodness. Another goes because his priest bids him; this is obedience. Another goes because the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew tells him that all such persons will pass to the right hand of the Father; this is calculation. Another goes because he believes God commands him; this is piety. Another goes because he believes that the neglect of suffering will not answer; this is utilitarianism. But another goes on the errand of mercy, because it is an errand of mercy, because it is an immediate service to humanity; and he goes to attempt material amelioration rather than spiritual consolation; this is Secularism, which teaches that goodness is sanctity, that Nature is guidance, that reason is authority, that service is duty, and that Materialism is help.

VII.

The policy of Secular controversy is to distinguish and assert its own affirmative propositions. It is the policy of Secularism not so much to say to error "It is false," as to say of truth "This is true." Thus, instead of leaving to the popular theology the prestige of exclusive affirmation accorded to it by the world, although it is solely employed in the incessant re-assertion of error, Secularism causes it to own and publish its denial of positive principle; when the popular theology proves itself to be but an organized negation of the moral guidance of nature and its tendencies to progress. A Secularist sees clearly upon what he relies as a Secularist. To him the teaching of Nature is as clear as the teaching of the Bible: and since, if God exists, Nature is certainly His work, while it is not so clear that the Bible is—the teaching of Nature will be preferred and followed where the teaching of the Bible appears to conflict with it. A Secular Society, contemplating intellectual and moral progress, must provide for the freest expression of opinion on all subjects which its members may deem conducive to their common objects. Christianism, Theism,

Materialism, and Atheism will be regarded as open questions, subject to unreserved discussion. But these occasions will be the opportunity of the members, not the business of the society. All public proceedings accredited by the society should relate to topics consistent with the common principles of Secularism. "In necessary things, unity: in doubtful things, liberty: in all things, charity."* The destruction of religious servitude may be attempted in two ways. It may be denounced, which will irritate it, or it may be superseded by the servitude of humanity. Attacking it by denunciation, generally inflames and precipitates the persecution of the many upon the few; when the weak are liable to be scattered, the cowardly to recant, and the brave to perish.

VIII.

The essential rule upon which personal association can be permanent, or controversy be maintained in the spirit in which truth can be evolved, is that of never imputing evil motives nor putting the worst construction on any act. Free Inquiry has no limits but truth, Free Speech no limits but exactness, Policy (here the law of speech) no limits but usefulness. Unfettered and uncompromising are they who pursue free inquiry throughout—measured and impassable may those become, who hold to a generous veracity. Far both from outrage or servility—too proud to court and too strong to hate—are those who learn to discard all arts but that of the austere service of others, exacting no thanks and pausing at no curse. Wise words of counsel to Theological controversialists have been addressed in a powerful quarter of public opinion: "Religious controversy has already lost much of its bitterness. Open abuse and exchange of foul names are exploded, and even the indirect imputation of unworthy motives is falling into disuse. Another step will be made when theologians have learnt to extend their intellectual as well as their moral sympathies, to feel that most truths are double edged, and not to wage an unnecessary war against opinion which, strange, incongruous, and unlovely as they may at first appear, are built, perhaps, on as firm a foundation, and are held with equal sincerity and good faith, as their own."† This is advice which both sides should remember.

* Maxim (much unused) of the Roman Catholic Church.
† TIMES Leader of November 8, 1855.

IX.

"No society can be in a healthy state in which eccentricity is a matter of reproach." Conventionality is the tyranny of the average man, and a despicable tyranny it is. The tyranny of genius is hard to be borne—that of mediocrity is humiliating. That idea of freedom which consists in the absence of all government is either mere lawlessness, or refers to the distant period when each man having attained perfection will be a law unto himself. Just rule is indispensable rule, and none other. The fewer laws consistent with the public preservation the better—there is, then, as Mr. Mill has shown in his "Liberty," the more room for that ever-recurring originality which keeps intellect alive in the world. Towards law kept within the limits of reason, obedience is the first of virtues. "Order and Progress," says Comte, which we should express thus:—Order, without which Progress is impossible; Progress, without which Order, is Tyranny. The world is clogged with men of dead principles. Principles that cannot be acted upon are probably either obsolete or false. One certain way to improvement is to exact consistency between profession and practice; and the way to bring this about is to teach that the highest merit consists in having earnest views and in endeavouring to realize them—and this whether the convictions be contained within or without accredited creeds. There will be no progress except within the stereotyped limits of creeds, unless means are found to justify independent convictions to the conscience. To the philosopher you have merely to show that a thing is true, to the statesman, that it is useful, but to a Christian, that it is safe. The grace of service lies in its patience. To promote the welfare of others, irrespective of their gratitude or claims, is to reach the nature of the Gods. It is a higher sentiment than is ascribed to the Deity of the Bible. The abiding disposition to serve others is the end of all philosophy. The vow of principle is always one of poverty and obedience, and few are they who take it—and fewer who keep it. If hate obscure for a period the path of duty, let us remember nothing should shake our attachment to that supreme thought, which at once stills human anger and educates human endeavour—the perception that "the sufferings and errors of mankind arise out of want of knowledge rather than defect of goodness."

X.

A leading object of Secularism is the promotion of the material purity of the present life—"material purity," which includes personal as well as external condition. The question of Spiritualism (without employing it and without disparaging it) it regards as a distinct question, and hence the methods by which Secularists attempt "improvement" will be "material" as being the most reliable. The tacit or expressed aim of all Freethinking, has ever been true thinking and pure thinking. It has been a continued protest against the errors Theology has introduced, and the vicious relations it has conserved and sanctified. It is necessary to mark this, and it can be done by insisting and keeping distinctly evident that the aim of Secularism is the purity of material influences. This precludes the possibility of Secularism being charged either with conscious grossness or intentional sin. Secularism concerns itself with the work of to-day. "It is always yesterday or to-morrow, and never to-day,"* is a fair description of life according to theologies. Secularism, on the contrary, concerns itself with the things of "to-day."

> To know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

The cardinal idea of the "popular Theology" is the necessity of Revelation. It believes that the light of Nature is darkness, that Reason affords no guidance, that the Scriptures are the true chart, the sole chart, and the sufficient chart of man, and it regards all attempts to delineate a chart of Nature as impious, as impracticable, and as a covert attack upon the Biblical chart in possession of the churches. Knowing no other guidance than that of the Bible, and disbelieving the possibility of any other, theology denounces Doubt, which inspires it with a sense of insecurity—it fears Inquiry, which may invalidate its trust—and deprecates Criticism, which may expose it, if deficient. Having nothing to gain, it is reluctant to incur risk—having all to lose, it dreads to be disturbed—having no strength but in Faith, it fears those who Reason—and less from ill-will than from the tenderness of its position, it persecutes in self-defence. Such are the restrictions and the logic of Theology.

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* Story of Boots, by Dickens.

XI.

On the other hand, Rationalism (which is the logic of Nature) is in attitude and spirit quite the reverse. It observes that numbers are unconvinced of the fact of Revelation, and feel the insufficiency, for their guidance, of that offered to them. To them the pages of Nature seem clearer than those of the Apostles. Reason, which existed before all Religions and decides upon all—else the false can never be distinguished from the true—seems self-dependent and capable of furnishing personal direction. Hence Rationalism instructed by facts, winning secrets by experiments, establishing principles by reflection, is assured of a morality founded upon the laws of Nature. Without the advantage of inductive science to assist discoveries, or the printing press to record corroborations of them, the Pre-Christian world created ethics, and Socrates and Epictetus, and Zoroaster and Confucius, delivered precepts, to which this age accords a high place. Modern Rationalists therefore sought, with their new advantages, to augment and systematize these conquests. They tested the claims of the Church by the truths of Nature. That Freethought which had won these truths applied them to creeds, and criticism became its weapon of Propagandism. Its consciousness of new truth stimulated its aggression on old error. The pretensions of reason being denied as false, and rationalists themselves persecuted as dangerous, they had no alternative but to criticise in order to vindicate their own principles, and weaken the credit and power of their opponents. To attack the misleading dogmas of Theology was to the early Freethinkers well understood self-defence. In some hands and under the provocations of vindictive bigotry, this work, no doubt, became wholly antagonistic, but the main aspiration of the majority was the determination of teaching the people "to be a law unto themselves." They found prevailing a religion of unreasoning faith. They sought to create a religion of intelligent conviction, whose uniformity consisted in sincerity. Its believers did not all hold the same tenets, but they all sought the same truth and pursued it with the same earnestness. It was this inspiration which sustained Vanini, Hamont, Lewes, Kett, Legate, and Wightman at the stake, and which armed Servetus to prefer the fires of Calvin to the creed of Calvin, which supported Annet in the pillory, and Woolston and Carlile in their imprisonments. It was no

capricious taste for negations which dictated these deliberate sacrifices, but a sentiment purer than interest and stronger than self-love—it was the generous passion for unfriended truth.

XII.

The intellectual, no less than the heroic characteristics of Freethought have presented features of obvious unity. Tindal, Shaftesbury, Voltaire, Paine, and Bentham, all vindicated principles of Natural Morality. Shelley struggled that a pure and lofty ideal of life should prevail, and Byron had passionate words of reverence for the human character of Christ.* The distrust of Prayer for temporal help was accompanied by trust in Science, and all saw in material effort an available deliverance from countless ills which the Church can merely deplore. Those who held that a future life was "unproven," taught that attention to this life was of primary importance, at least highly serviceable to humanity, even if a future sphere be certain. All strove for Free Inquiry—Rationalism owed its existence to it; all required Free Speech—Rationalism was diffused by it; all vindicated Free Criticism—Rationalism established itself with it; all demanded to act out their opinions—Rationalism was denuded of conscience without this right. In all its mutations, and aberrations, and conquests, Freethought has uniformly sought the truth, and shown the courage to trust the truth. Freethought uses no persecution, for it fears no opposition, for opposition is its opportunity. It is the cause of Enterprise and Progress, of Reason and Duty —and now seeking the definite and the practical, it selects for its guidance the principle that "human affairs should be regu-

* Thus we read, Canto xv. stanza xviii., of Don Juan :—

> Was it not so, great Locke ? and greater Bacon ?
> Great Socrates ? And thou Diviner still
> Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
> And thy pure creed made sanctions of all ill ?
> Redeeming world to be by bigots shaken,
> How was thy toil rewarded ?

To this stanza Lord Byron adds this note :—

"As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean by "Diviner still" CHRIST. If ever God was man—or man God—he was BOTH. I never arraigned his creed, but the use—or abuse—made of it."

† L. H. Holdreth.

lated by considerations purely human."† These—the characteristics which the term Secularism was designed to express—are therefore not inventions, not assumptions, but the general agreements of the Freethought party, inherent, traditional, and historic. That which is new, and of the nature of a development, is the perception that the positivism of Freethought principles should be extended, should be clearly distinguished and made the subject of energetic assertion—that the Freethought party which has so loudly demanded toleration for itself, should be able to exercise it towards all earnest thinkers, and especially towards all co-workers—that those who have protested against the isolation of human effort by sectarian exclusiveness, should themselves set the example of offering, in good faith, practical conditions of unity, not for the glory of sects, or coteries, or schools, but for the immediate service of humanity.

XIII.

The Relation of Secularism to the future demands a few words. To seek after the purity and perfection of the Present Life neither disproves another Life beyond this, nor disqualifies man for it. "Nor is Secularism opposed to the Future so far as that Future belongs to the present world—to determine which we have definite science susceptible of trial and verification. The conditions of a future life being unknown, and there being no imaginable means of benefiting ourselves and others in it except by aiming after present goodness, we shall confessedly gain less towards the happiness of a future life by speculation than by simply devoting ourselves to the energetic improvement of this life."* Men have a right to look beyond this world, but not to overlook it. Men, if they can, may connect themselves with eternity, but they cannot disconnect themselves from humanity without sacrificing duty. Secular knowledge relates to this life. Religious knowledge to another life. Secular instruction teaches the duties to man. Religious instruction the duties to God apart from man. Religious knowledge relates to celestial creeds. Secular knowledge relates to human duties to be performed. The religious teacher instructs us how to please God by creeds. The Secular teacher how to serve man by sympathy and science.

* F. W. Newman

Archbishop Whately tells the story of a lady at Bath, who, being afraid to cross a tottering bridge lest it should give way under her, fortunately bethought herself of the expedient of calling for a sedan chair, and was carried over in that conveyance. Some of our critics think that we shall resemble this ingenious lady. But those who fear to trust themselves to the ancient and tottering Biblical bridge, will hardly get into the sedan chair of obsolete orthodoxy, and add the weight of *that* to the danger. They prefer going round by the way of reason and fearless private judgment.

XIV.

Secularism, we have said, concerns itself with four rights :—

1. The right to Think for one's self, which most Christians now admit, at least in theory.

2. The right to Differ, without which the right to think is nothing worth.

3. The right to Assert difference of opinion, without which the right to differ is of no practical use.

4. The right to Debate all vital opinion, without which there is no intellectual equality—no defence against the errors of the state or the pulpit.

It is of no use that the Protestant concedes the right to think unless he concedes the right to differ. We may as well be Catholic unless we are free to dissent. Rome will concede our right to think for ourselves, provided we agree with the Church when we have done ; and when Protestantism affects to award us the right of private judgment, and requires us to agree with the thirty-nine Articles in the end—or when Evangelical Ministers tell us we are free to think for ourselves, but must believe in the Bible nevertheless, both parties reason on the Papist principle ; both mock us with a show of freedom, and impose the reality of mental slavery upon us. It is mere irony to say "Search the Scriptures," when the meaning is—you must accept the Scriptures whether they seem true or not. Of the temper in which theological opinions ought to be formed, we have the instruction of one as eminent as he was capable. Jefferson remarks, "In considering this subject, divest yourself of all bias, shake off all fears and servile prejudices, under which weak minds crouch : fix reason in her

seat firmly; question with boldness, even the existence of God; because, if there be one, he must approve the homage of reason more than that of blindfolded fear. Read the Bible as you would Tacitus or Livy. Those facts in the Bible which contradict the laws of Nature must be examined with care. The New Testament is the history of a person called Jesus. Keep in your eye what is related. They say he was begotten by God, but born of a virgin (how reconcile this?); that he was crucified to death, and buried; that he rose and ascended bodily into heaven: thus reversing the laws of Nature. Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear, and if it ends in a belief that the story is not true, or that there is not a God, you will find other incitements to virtue and goodness. In fine, lay aside all prejudices on both sides, neither believe nor reject anything because others have rejected or disbelieved it. Your reason is the only oracle given you by heaven, and you are answerable, not for the rightness, but for the uprightness of your opinion; and never mind evangelists, or pseudo-evangelists, who pretend to inspiration."* It is in vain the Christian quotes the Pauline injunction, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," if we are to hold fast to his good, which may be evil to us. For a man to prove all things needful, and hold fast to that which he considers good, is the true maxim of freedom and progress. Secularism, therefore, proclaims and justifies the right to Differ, and the right to assert conscientious difference on the platform, through the press, in civil institutions, in Parliament, in courts of law, where it demands that the affirmation of those who reject Christianity shall be as valid as the oath of those who accept it.

XV.

Yet some opponents have professed that Secular cannot be distinguished from Christian rights. Is this so? The right to think for ourselves has been emphatically and reiteratedly declared to be a Christian right:† it "belongs essentially to Christianity." Now Christianity has no such right. It has the right to think the Bible true, and nothing else. The Christian

* "Jefferson: Memoirs." Vol. II. Quoted by Sir G. Cockburn, in his "Confessions of Faith, by a Philosopher," pages 4 and 5.

† "Six Chapters on Secularism," by Dr. Parker, Cavendish Pulpit, Manchester.

has no right to think Christianity untrue, however untrue it may appear. He dare not think it false. He dare no more think it false than the Catholic dare differ from the dictum of the Church, or the Mahomedan differ from the text of the Koran, or the Hindoo differ from the precepts of the Brahmin. Therefore, the Christian's right to think for himself is simply a compulsion to believe. A right implies relative freedom of action; but the Christian has no freedom. He has no choice but to believe, or perish everlastingly. The Christian right to think for himself is, therefore, not the same as the Secular right. We mean by the right to think, what the term right always implies—freedom and independence, and absence of all crime, or danger of penalty through the honest exercise of thought and maintenance of honest conclusions, whether in favour of or against Christianity. Our assertion is that "Private judgment is free and guiltless." The Christian is good enough to say, we have "a right to think, provided we think rightly." But what does he mean by "rightly?" He means that we should think as he thinks. This is his interpretation of "rightly." Whoever does not fall in with his views, is generally, in his vocabulary, a dishonest perverter of scripture. Now, if we really have the right to differ, we have the right to differ from the Minister or from the Bible, if we see good reason to do so, without being exposed to the censure of our neighbours, or disapprobation of God. The question is not—does man give us the right to think for ourselves? but, does God give it to us? If we must come to a given opinion, our private judgment is unnecessary. Let us know at once what we are to believe, that we may believe it at once, and secure safety. If possible disbelief in Christianity will lead to eternal perdition, the right of private judgment is a snare. We had better be without that perilous privilege, and we come to regard the Roman Catholic as penetrative when he paints private judgment as the suggestion of Satan, and the Roman Catholic no less merciful than consistent when he proscribes it altogether. We must feel astonishment at him who declares the Secular right to be essentially a Christian right, when it is quite a different thing, is understood in an entirely different sense, and has an application unknown and unadmitted by Christianity. This is not merely loose thinking, it is reckless thinking.

XVI.

It has been asserted that the second right, "the right to differ," is also a Christian right. "Christianity recognizes the claim to difference of opinion. Christians are not careful to maintain uniformity at the expense of private judgment." This is omitting a part of the truth. Christians often permit difference of opinion upon details, but not upon essentials, and this is the suppression made. The Christian may differ on points of church discipline, but if he differ upon the essential articles of his creed, the minister at once warns him that he is in "danger of the judgment." Let any minister try it himself, and his congregation will soon warn him to depart, and also warn him of that higher Power, who will bid him depart "into outer darkness, where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth." With respect to the third right, "the right of asserting difference of opinion," this is declared to be not peculiar to Secularism; that "Christian churches, chapels, literature and services, are so many confirmations of the statement that Christians claim the right of speaking what they think, whether it be affirmative or negative." Yes, so long as what they speak agrees with the Bible. This is the Christian limit; yet this is the limit which Secularism expressly passes and discards. It is the unfettered right which makes Secularism to differ from Christianity, and to excel it.

XVII.

The right of private judgment, always in set terms conceded to us, means nothing, unless it leads to a new understanding as to the terms in which we are to be addressed. In the "Bible and the People," it is described as "an insolence to ignore Christianity."* We do not understand this language. It would be insolence to Deity to ignore a message which we can recognize as coming from Him, but it may rather imply reverence for God to reject the reports of many who speak in His name. Were we to require Christians to read our books or think as we think, they would resent the requirement as an impertinence; and we have yet to learn that it is less an impertinence when Christians make these demands of us. If Christians are under no obligation to hold our opinions, neither are we under obligation to hold theirs. By our own

* No. 1. Vol. 1., p. 8. Edited by the Rev. Brewin Grant.

act, or at their solicitation, we may study "sacred" writings, but at dictation, never! So long as Secularists obey the laws enacted for the common security, so long as they perform the duties of good citizens, it is nothing to Christians what opinions they hold. We neither seek their counsel nor desire their sentiments—except they concede them on terms of equality. The light by which we walk is sufficient for us; and as at the last day, of which Christians speak, we shall there have, according to their own showing, to answer for ourselves, we prefer to think for ourselves; and since they do not propose to take our responsibility, we decline to take their doctrines. Where we are to be responsible, we will be free; and no man shall dictate to us the opinions we shall hold. We shall probably know as well as any Christian how to live with freedom and to die without fear. It is in vain for Christians to tell us that Newton and Locke differed from us. What is that to us unless Newton and Locke will answer for us? The world may differ from a man, but what is the world to him, unless it will take his place at the judgment-day? Who is Paul or Apollos, or Matthew or Mark, that we should venture our eternal salvation on his word, any more than on that of a Mahomedan prophet, or a Buddhist priest? Where the danger is our own, the faith shall be our own. Secularism is not an act conceived in the spirit of pride, or vanity, or self-will, or eccentricity, or singularity, or stiff-neckedness. It is simply well-understood self-defence. If men have the right of private judgment, that right has set them free; and we own no law but reason, no limits but the truth, and have no fear but that of guilt. We may say we believe in honour, which is respecting the truth—in morality, which is acting the truth—in love, which is serving the truth—and in independence, which is defending the truth.

XVIII.

Confucius declared that the foundation of all religion was reverence and obedience.* The Religious sentiment is the intentional reverence of God. The Christian is ever persuaded that there is only one way of doing this, and he arrogantly assumes that he has that way. Whereas the ways are as

* Sir John Bowring.

diverse as human genius. Let those who deny that Secular Truth meets the emotional part of their nature, settle what is the nature of the emotions they desiderate. The miser wants money—the sensualist wants the cook—the scholar wants knowledge—and the mother desires the life, growth, and happiness of her child. But what can man want in a rational sense which Nature and humanity may not supply? Do we not meet the demand of the many when we show that Secularism is sufficient for progress; that it is moral, and therefore sufficient for trust; that it builds only upon the known, and is therefore reliable? It is the highest and most unpresumptuous form of unconscious worship. It is practical reverence without the arrogance of theoretical homage. We at least feel confident of this, that the future, if it come, will not be miserable. There *may* be a future—this remains to awaken interest and perennial curiosity. If Nature be conscious, it will still design the happiness of man, which it now permits—this assurance remains, stilling fear and teaching trust.

XIX.

In surveying the position of Christianism in Great Britain, there is found to exist a large outlying class, daily increasing, who for conscientious reasons reject its cardinal tenets. Hence arises the question:—Are good citizenship and virtuous life on Secular principles, possible to these persons? Secularism answers, Yes. To these, excluded by the letter of scripture, by the narrowness of churches, by the intrinsic error and moral repulsiveness of doctrine, Secularism addresses itself; to these it is the word of Recognition, of Concert and Morality. It points them to an educated conscience as a security of morals, to the study of Nature as a source of help, and seeks to win the indifferent by appeals to the inherent goodness of human Nature and the authority of reason, which Christianism cannot use and dare not trust. If, however, the Secularist elects to walk by the light of Nature, will he be able to see? Is the light of Nature a fitful lamp, or a brief torch, which accident may upset, or a gust extinguish? On the contrary, the light of Nature may burn steady, clear, and full, over the entire field of human life. On this point we have the testimony of an adversary, who was understood to address us, a testimony as remarkable for its quality as for its felicity of expression:—"There is the ethical mind, calm, level, and clear;

chiefly intent on the good ordering of this life; judging all things by their tendency to this end, and impatient of every oscillation of our nature that swings beyond it. There is nothing low or unworthy in the attachment which keeps this spirit close to the present world, and watchful for its affairs. It is not a selfish feeling, but often one intensely social and humane, not any mean fascination with mere material interests, but a devotion to justice and right, and an assertion of the sacred authority of human duties and affections. A man thus tempered deals chiefly with this visible life and his comrades in it, because, as nearest to him, they are better known. He plants his standard on the present, as on a vantage ground, where he can survey his field, and manœuvre all his force, and compute the battle he is to fight. Whatever his bearings fervours towards beyond his range, he has no insensibility to the claims that fall within his acknowledged province, and that appeal to him in the native speech of his humanity. He so reverences veracity, honour, and good faith, as to expect them like the daylight, and hears of their violation with a flush of scorn. His word is a rock, and he expects that yours will not be a quicksand. If you are lax, you cannot hope for his trust; but if you are in trouble, you easily move his pity. And the sight of a real oppression, though the sufferer be no ornamental hero, but black, unsightly, and disreputable, suffices perhaps to set him to work for life, that he may expunge the disgrace from the records of mankind. Such men as he constitute for our world its moral centre of gravity; and whoever would compute the path of improvement that has brought it thus far on its way, or trace its sweep into a brighter future, must take account of their steady mass. The effect of this style of thought and taste on the religion of its possessor, is not difficult to trace. It may, no doubt, stop short of avowed and conscious religion altogether; its basis being simply moral, and its scene temporal, its conditions may be imagined as complete, without any acknowledgment of higher relations."*

XX.

Nature is. That which *is*, is the primary subject of study. The study of Nature reveals the laws of Nature. The laws of

* Professor Martineau, in Octagon Chapel, Norwich, 1856.

Nature furnish safe guidance to humanity. Safe guidance is to help available in daily life—to happiness, self-contained—to service, which knows how "to labour and to wait." For authority, Nature refers us to Experience and to Reason. For help, to Science, the nearest available help of man. Science implies disciplined powers on the part of the people, and concert in their use, to realize the security and sufficiency necessary to happiness. Happiness depends on moral, no less than on physical conditions. The moral condition is the full and fearless discharge of Duty. Duty is devotion to the Right. Right is that which is morally expedient. That is morally expedient which is conducive to the happiness of the greatest numbers. The service of others is the practical form of duty; and endurance in the service of others, the highest form of happiness. It is pleasure, peace, security, and desert.

XXI.

We believe there is sufficient soundness in Secular principles to make way in the world. All that is wanted is that advocates of them shall have clear notions of the value of method in their work. To the novice in advocacy policy seems a crime—at least, many so describe it. Unable himself to see his way, the tyro fights at everything and everybody equally; and too vain to own his failure, he declares that the right way. Not knowing that progress is an art, and an art requiring the union of many qualities, he denies all art, cries down policy, and erects blundering into a virtue. Compare the way which Havelock reached Lucknow, and the way in which Sir Colin Campbell performed the same feat, and you see the difference between courage without, and courage with strategy. It was because magnitudes existed, which were inaccessible and incapable of direct measurement, that mathematics arose. Finding direct measurement so often impossible, men were compelled to find means of ascertaining magnitude and distance indirectly. Hence mathematics became a scientific policy. Mathematics is but policy of measurement—grammar but the policy of speech—logic but the policy of reason—arithmetic but the policy of calculation—temperance but the policy of health—trigonometry but the policy of navigation—roads but the policy of transit—music but the policy of controlling sound—art but the policy of beauty—law but the policy of protection—discipline but the policy of strength—love but the

policy of affection. An enemy may object to our having a policy, because it suits his purpose that we should be without one; but that a friend should object to our having a policy is one of those incredible infatuations which converts partisans into unconscious traitors. The policy adopted may be a bad policy, and no policy at all is idiotcy. If a policy be bad, criticise and amend it; but to denounce all policy is to commit your cause to the providence of Bedlam. If, therefore, throughout all intelligent control of Nature and humanity, policy is the one supreme mark of wisdom, why should it be dishonourable to study the policy of opinion? He who consistently objects to policy, would build railway engines without safety valves, and dismiss them from stations without drivers; he would abolish turnpike roads and streets, and leave us to find our way at random; he would recommend that vessels be made without helms, and sail without captains, that armies fight without discipline, and artillery-men should fire before loading, and when pointing their guns, should aim at nothing. In fine, a man without policy, honestly and intelligently opposed to policy, would build his house with the roof downwards, and plant his trees with their roots in the air; he would kick his friend and hug his enemy; he would pay wages to servants who would not work, govern without rule, speak without thought, think without reason, act without purpose, be a knave by accident, and a fool by design.

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THE REASONER

(ESTABLISHED 1846.)

Advocates the Free Search, Free Utterance, Free Criticism, the Free Action of Secular Principles.

REVIEW SERIES.

[The following extracts are given as the only independent means of indicating to strangers and Christian readers (who commonly have prepossessions that the advocacy of Freethought must be outrage and sin) the spirit in which it has been the endeavour of the Editor to conduct the *Reasoner*—the title of which does not assume perfection in reasoning, but is merely a sign that principles and criticisms will, by preference, be urged upon grounds of reason. For as Professor Martineau observes, "In every endeavour to elevate ourselves above *reason*, we are seeking to rise beyond the atmosphere, with wings which cannot soar but by beating the air." Of the remarks which follow, the chief, it will be seen, must apply to contributors.]

"The Reasoner . . . edited by G. J. Holyoake, is written with considerable ability, and conducted with no small amount of tact. It addresses itself to that large and constantly increasing class in English society—the class of artizans; men who demand to be dealt with logically. The Reasoner is calm, affectedly dispassionate, impersonal; piques itself upon being scrupulously exact in its statement of facts, rigorous in its inductions, and charitable and tolerant in its judgment. This air, which seems partly real, is eminently calculated to prepossess its readers with the idea of its strength and firmness. Its conductors are by no means common-place men. There is evidently a great deal of ability in them. Such men may not be dispised, nor their doings overlooked. The writers of the other works which we have classed with this have no object beyond the miserable pittance which their labour brings them. These men have a creed. They apparently have principles, too, at stake."—Daily News, Nov. 2, 1848.

"The adoption of the term Secularism is justified by its including a large number of persons who are not Atheists, and uniting them for action which has Secularism for its object, and not Atheism. On this ground, and because, by the adoption of a new term, a vast amount of impediment from prejudice is got rid of, the use of the name Secularism is found advantageous; but it in no way interferes with Mr. Holyoake's profession of his own unaltered views on the subject of a First Cause. As I am writing this letter, I may just say, for myself, that I constantly and eagerly read Mr. Holyoake's writings, though many of them are on subjects—or occupied with stages of subjects—that would not otherwise detain me, because I find myself morally the better for the influence of the noble spirit of the man; for the calm courage, the composed temper, the genuine liberality, and unremitting justice with which he treats all manner of persons, incidents, and topics. I certainly consider the conspicious example of Mr. Holyoake's kind of heroism to be one of our popular educational advantages at this time."—Harriet Martineau. Letter to Lloyd Garrison, editor of the Liberator, Boston, U.S., Nov. 1, 1853.

"You inform me that the Reasoner is to be enlarged into a political magazine, and you ask my permission to insert in it, as Political Fragments, various articles which have already appeared from my pen in provincial newspapers or elsewhere. In giving you full permission to make your own selection, and authorising you to tell the public that you have that permission, I think it due to you to put on record why I most cordialy accede to your request. It is because I think you so remarkably unite the two qualities—uncompromising hostility to false or unjust systems, and a tender and just allowance for the men who carry on those systems—that I rejoice in your becoming a political spokesman for English operatives, who are too often carried away by violent invective against persons—invective which always fails to effect reform. I know you to be a reasonable man as well as a "reasoner," and though I do not entirely go along with your politics any more than with your anti-theology, yet I have a deep belief in your moral soundness; and the want of this is, after all, our greatest national weakness.—Professor Newman, March 8, 1855. Reasoner, No. 459.

"1. I do not know any other man who so consistently vindicates the right of every opinion to its own free utterance. 2. I do not know any other man who is so unswervingly firm in paying a candid, courteous, and painstaking attention to the statement of opinions opposed to his own."—THORNTON LEIGH HUNT, Aug. 23, 1858.

"You are welcome to any writing or fragment of mine, which you may wish to reprint for the REASONER. Thought, according to me, is, as soon as publicly uttered, the property of all, not an individual one. In this special case, it is with true pleasure that I give the the consentment you ask for. The deep esteem I entertain for your personal character, for your sincere love of truth, perseverence, and nobly tolerant habits, makes me wish to do more; and time and events allowing, I shall. But, whilst gladly granting your kind request, I feel bound in my turn to address one to you, and it is to grant me the selection of the two first fragments. They will shield my own individuality against all possible misinterpretations. and state at once the limits within which we commune; these limits are POLITICAL and MORAL, not philosophical. We pursue the same; progressive improvement, association, transformation of the corrupted medium in which we are now living, overthrow of all idolatries, shams, lies and conventialities. We both want man to be, not the poor, passive, cowardly, phantasmagoric unreality of the actual time, thinking in one way and acting in another; bending to power which he hates and despises; carrying empty popish, or thirty-nine article formulas on his brow and none within; but a fragment of the living truth, a real individual being linked to collective humanity, the bold seeker of things to come; the gentle, mild, loving, yet firm, uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that is just and heroic, the Priest, the Poet, and the Prophet. We widely differ as to the HOW and WHY."—JOSEPH MAZZINI, June 8, 1855. REASONER, No. 472.

"Here we have before us a weekly publication, written with an ability superior to that displayed by the majority of English provincial journals, which has been regularly issued for the last nine years, and yet the name of which is now for the first time mentioned to the Indian reader It is an unstamped journal, containing nothing that can legally be taken as news, but enforcing with all the regularity and power of a well-conducted newspaper, a certain defined set of opinions. These opinions are, in regard to politics, democratic to the extent of being socialistic; and in regard to religion (for religion is discussed in the columns of this journal) rationalistic to the extent of being atheistic. The conductors of this journal openly avow their objects to be---1. To test religion by reason, to which in these days the most advanced churches appeal. 2. To found public action on secular principles---which, being based on experience, all men are enabled to judge them; and being unsectarian, all liberal men can unite about them. 3. To train the working class to take part in public affairs, English and foreign; developing the ability of self-government, personal, local, and national; cultivating sentiments of inflexible truth, justice, and good-will; because a people in such respects self-consistent may, by vigilantly contrasting the conduct of their rulers with the precepts they deliver to the people, force them into integrity, or shame them into privacy."—HINDOO PATRIOT, June 28, 1855.

"I am not fond of substituting authorities for arguments, and there is only one other witness I will call. There are many members of this house, and many more of the working classes, who are familiar with the name of Mr. Holyoake. He is chiefly known in connection with philosophical speculatious of an unpopular character, and also as warmly and earnestly sympathising with the cause of democratic institutions in Europe. No one is a more fitting representative in that respect of the feelings of that section of the working class which interests itself most strongly in politics. Mr. Holyoake may fairly be taken to represent the feelings of persons of extreme political opinions, and it is with his political opinions alone with which I have to do."--SPEECH OF LORD STANLEY, House of Commons, March 21, 1859. Vide THE TIMES, March 22.

"Who can tell us anything about the working man? Are they the mere dupes of interested leaders, as men of Mr. Bright's order invariably assure us when they have to contend with strikes and labour leagues? Are they anxious for nothing but relief from taxation? Are they brimful of undeveloped energies, as Mr. Kingsley seems to think; or running over with potential religious unction, as our High Church lady novelists insinuate in multitudinous single volumes; Do they believe in Mr. Ernest Jones as they believed in Mr. Feargus O'Conner? Do they listen to such instructors as Mr. Holyoake, as Lord Stanley hinted to the House of Commons, not without some facts to back him?—THE SATURDAY REVIEW, March 26, 1859.

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A

AMONG THE AMERICANS

AND

A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"He ties up hands
Who locks up lands:
The lands which can't be sold and bought
Bring men and States to worse than nought:
The lands which can be freely sold
Are worth a world of barren gold."

—EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

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PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

The portion of these pages entitled "Among the Americans," was written for the Manchester "Co-operative News." Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co. do me the honor to reprint these papers here, together with the article contributed to the "Nineteenth Century," entitled, "A Stranger in America," and they have generously and voluntarily agreed to give me a fair share of the profits that may accrue therefrom. As they are pleased to think the papers will interest the American people, among whom I spent happy months, I should feel indebted to them did no advantage come to me thereby. I will not conceal that their honorable offer does not decrease my satisfaction; and I have to acknowledge that the "New York Tribune" and the "Index," of Boston, which has published passages from these Chapters, have treated me in the same handsome manner.

John Bull, in his solid, bovine way, does make steady progress after his kind. But his dietary, consisting of precedents, is not very stimulating, and he takes a long time chewing the cud of progress. Like the oxen of Cuyp, he stands meditating over the hedge of his verdant little island, looking as though he was going to think: but he is so long about it that the spectator never feels sure that he does it.

If anybody in England proposes to do a new thing, everybody exclaims, like Lord Melbourne, "Can you not let it alone? If you do

it everybody will do it." But everybody does not do it. England is a country where nothing leads to anything, and anything leads to nothing.

Three centuries ago the Reformation broke out, when it was predicted that everybody would come to have ideas of his own. A few new creeds flew into the air and alighted upon ledges in the old rocks of opinion, where they have nestled in inadventurous content, and the groves of thought have seldom since been enlivened by new brightness of plumage or cheered by varieties of song. The republican equality and the republican freedom of America, with their infinite incentives and fertility of aspirations, were to me as a land of new color and new notes, where the minds of the people, like keyless watches, wind themselves up and always keep going. I should have been glad to live there for years, so as to write about it; as it is, I content myself with relating a few of the things which I noticed.

It is not intended that these papers, now collected into a book form, should be regarded as a "book upon America." That would be a very absurd pretension. These pages are the story of nearly four months travel, and if I had been in America four years I should not think myself competent to write a "book about America." Only an ex-President could write that in a complete way. When I returned home my friends naturally asked me what I thought of a country I had never seen before. What I have written is what I told them. It is a mere fireside story of what interested me.

G. J. H.

NEWCASTLE CHAMBERS,
Essex St., Temple Bar.

London, April, 1881.

AMONG THE AMERICANS.

CHAPTER I.

SEA WAYS AND SEA SOCIETY.

IN England we have sea-side books. My friend, the late George Henry Lewes, who wrote upon most things better than many men of mark write upon any one, wrote a charming sea-side book. But I never remember to have seen a sea-book. A man who has made many voyages in different vessels to the chief countries of the world, might supply a very useful and popular book, teaching the voyager what to expect and what to avoid. All I knew was that mathematically the least motion occurred in midship. That even sickness must have its conditions—that temperance in eating and drinking was likely to answer upon sea as well as upon land; and that resting horizontally after meals had its advantages, and that lemon and biscuit (if hunger occurred in the early morning) were useful. Sickness did not occur to me, although we had head-winds outward and homeward each voyage, which delayed us nearly two days each way. I spent an idle week in Liverpool before setting

out, and another in New York before returning, as being perfectly rested before a voyage sickness itself would be less fatiguing. I could write a little manual about ship experience as far as I acquired it; but it would be absurd and misleading to many without further knowledge of different kinds of ships, varying seas, and vicissitude of storm, climate, and shipwreck—the last I have not tried. Only one rule may be mentioned here, which I observed in America as well as on the sea. Being in new climates and in new cities, of whose sanitary condition I knew nothing, I trusted to temperance in eating, to temperance in fatigue and in exposure, for security in health, and found it. I have observed that excitement, worry, or fatigue, whether of pain or pleasure, alike pave the way to illness.

I selected the Cunard line because I knew less of the habits of other vessels. This line has lost two ships, but during forty years it is reputed not to have lost a passenger. This furnishes a sense of security which is very profitable to the line, and diminishes the sickness among many voyagers. Travellers, however, have assured me that more space and comfort are to be found in the ships of some other lines. The Cunards travel in a prescribed path, and have the merit of not caring to outrace other vessels, and will even take a day or two longer rather than incur risk. They act upon the principle that it is better for passengers to be late than be lost. Good imagination is a powerful quality at sea. Many passengers become sick by suffering their eyes to rest upon the waves, as the sea appears to mount and fall around them. I was surprised to find that the officers and sailors of the Cunard ships, to whose skill and

watchfulness passengers owe much of their security, do not receive higher wages than men in other vessels. On the second Sunday of a voyage a collection is made for the widows and orphans of seamen. These ought to be provided for otherwise, after the manner of the Bill lately passed in Parliament for the compensation of workmen who suffer injury or loss of life in their employment, and the subscription made on board should be given to the common sailors there and then, to whose good seamanship it is mainly owing that you are alive to subscribe at all.

Sailing, as a rule, is attended with no more risk to life than railway travelling, and since the facilities for sailing increase every year, the time is not far distant when everybody will sail somewhere. A good book, therefore, upon the "Art of being a Sea Passenger" would be as useful as one on the Art of Swimming. Out at sea some persons prefer a rolling motion to the heaving; some can sleep over the screw (which I could do myself, although it seemed to be grinding under my pillow). A ship has such a variety of motion and sound that the passenger can take a choice. The stoutest disciple of Dr. Darwin is generally content with the fertility of evolution on the ocean. So many people have got to go to sea that the nature of the going ought to be explained. In the steerage, where the heaving is greatest—that part of the ship often rises out of the water and, of course, goes down again—sickness is prevalent; yet children recover from sickness much sooner than their parents, probably because they know less about it and do not make themselves miserable by gratuitous imagination. While their parents are pale and apprehensive, I saw the

children delighted at being rolled about the deck and nobody doing it. The drollery of that diverted them greatly. In the saloon, when passengers first see the storm fences on the table, they lose their appetite for the repast; the children think it very droll, and eat with a new sense of pleasure.

A voyage is indeed a source of recreation and diversion of mind beyond what any who have never made a voyage imagine. Ideas are often absolutely suspended. "Dirty" weather comes and discolors them; "nasty" weather perturbs them; "fresh" weather gives them quite a new turn; a rain "squall" comes and softens them; a "gale" disperses them; a "storm" dashes them against each other, bending them or breaking them; a "cyclone" gives a rotary motion to the most fixed ideas; a "hurricane" seems to blow them all finally away, and it is some time before the most diligent shepherd of his thoughts gets them into the old fold again. The machinery of the mind is unlimbered, and only the best fitting parts are ever got into position again.

It is thus that the ocean is entertaining and recreative The fresh wind blows through your mind. Cries of sailors, straining of cordage and planks, creaking of the stubborn masts, beatings of the "steely sea," the roar of the revengeful blast, the clanking of the iron slaves within—I regarded as companions of the voyage. All the while the brave engines are driving you through the turbulent and disappointed waves. Three hundred and fifty miles in every day and night,

> The pulses of their iron hearts
> Go beating through the storm.

The passage between England and Ireland, I was told, would prove unpleasant, but that when we got into the Atlantic, the sailing would improve. When we reached Queenstown, the more experienced passengers observed that we should know how to appreciate the serenity of the Irish passage, when we had a taste of the "roll of the Atlantic," which was very encouraging. Every day brought some promise of novelty. Until I was on the Atlantic, I had never seen the sea alive. I had heard of "seas as smooth as glass." What I saw was a sea as smooth as mountains. The Atlantic is a genuine American ocean; it is never still.

The white crests of the waves appeared to me like white birds coming over the distant waters. It was quite a new experience to see dark clouds a great distance before us, where rain and squall were raging, and know that we had to sail through them; and when in a squall which appeared at first as though it would last always, we could soon see the sun and blue sky a long way off, and it was pleasant to discover that we should ride into the bright sea under them. If a storm did not extend over an area of sixty miles, we were through it in four hours, unless head winds blew. The screw of the vessel was then half out of the water. Albeit the head winds generally did blow with us.

In consequence of what was said in the "Pall Mall Gazette" concerning the treatment of poor steerage passengers of the Cunard Line, I went over the steerage quarters, both in the "Bothnia" and the "Gallia." It was admitted by the writer of the complaints in the "Pall Mall" that the passengers in the Cunard fared better, as to quarters and

diet, than in other vessels. I went round the ship with Dr. Johnson, the medical officer of the "Bothnia." The occupants of the steerage include many rough unmanageable people, whose habits often justify some coercion for the sake of the comfort of others. But I ascertained from those who knew, that the general comfort for the steerage passengers is not what it ought to be, or what it might be. Either Parliament or the press should compel improvements in the arrangement of the steerage. When reporters visit a new vessel to report upon its equipment, they should look into the steerage arrangements. If our naval architects who seek distinction in rendering vessels shot-proof, would give attention to rendering them discomfort-proof for the emigrants who crowd the steerage, it would be a great blessing. Mr. Vere Foster and Mrs. Chisholm secured many attentions to poor passengers; but the attention wanted is a different construction of the ship. In parts of the ship where comfort abounds there is eccentricity of contrivances. For instance, the name-plates on Cunard doors were so low that it was only by going down upon your knees that a passenger could read them. Only a passenger who had broken his leg could find out the doctor's door. Recurring to the steerage, Dr. Johnson said he commonly found poor women who came on board with families, and with one suckling at the breast, were generally in such a state of weakness as to be quite unable to bear the strain of rough weather; and I saw myself orders given for dozens of porter and gallons of milk, whereby the poorer women and children were strengthened. This was additional to the supply ordered by law, and were given at discretion by the kind-hearted doctor,

who said the company never interfered with him in these things, and that in many cases, in the ships of this line, emigrants lived better than they had been accustomed to at home, which may be true of other lines also. If American ships took as many steerage passengers to Great Britain as Great Britain takes to America, there would soon be new devices in the arrangement of ships.

As a rule the solitude of the sea is less than a stranger would think. A large ship is a moving community, and generally affords great variety of good society. It was only at night, when most persons had gone below, and the deck was silent, that—leaning among the cordage and listening to the beating of the dark sea against the sides of the resolute and defiant vessel as it drove through the baffled waves—you could realize the loneliness of the ocean. It was like thinking in another world, as I contemplated the dark desert of water, afar from any land—the busy world, familiar to me for sixty years, far behind—all before strangeness and untried existence.

At other times I gave some thought as to what I should do in case it fell to me to speak in public in America. Like the Scotch, many Americans pride themselves on speaking English better than the English do themselves, although they have some peculiarities of their own which sometimes attract our attention. Clearness of expression and precision of idea I knew were qualities of American speech: whether I could fulfil these conditions were disturbing considerations with me. However, a small American book which I bought to read on the voyage out was reassuring to me. It

was published by a popular house, and was one of a popular series. The book opened with this passage:—

"The people of the United States have now fairly entered upon the discussion of economic problems of the gravest importance—problems upon the right settlement of which both the immediate material and moral welfare of the community will greatly depend. These questions are—First, the Money Question: what is good money and what is bad? Second, the Legal Tender Question: what shall be the standard or unit of value by which contracts shall be enforced? Third, the Tariff Question: in what manner and for what purposes shall the revenue derived from taxes upon foreign imports be collected? Fourth, the National Excise System: how shall internal taxes be assessed, and what shall be the subjects of national taxation? Fifth, the Bank Question: how shall those persons who desire to gain profit to themselves, by rendering the exchange of products and of services among the people most rapid and least costly, be permitted to organize the work? Finally, and beside all these great national fiscal problems, come all the vexed questions respecting State, city, and town taxation and expenditure, and the yet greater problem of national or State interference or non-interference in the pursuits of the citizens, either for shortening the hours of work, promoting education, or attempting to compass the material and moral welfare of special classes by means of legislation. What is called civil service reform, or the question whether corruption or purity shall rule in civil service, waits largely on the determination of these questions before it can he fully accomplished, because it is a well-established fact that an attempt to impose a tax beyond certain limits will promote dishonesty in the revenue service somewhere, under whatever party name appointments may have been made. To these we might add the Railway Question; or, how shall the owners of large or small portions of capital be permitted to combine, for the joint service of themselves and of the community, in the work now developed into such gigantic proportions, of transporting passengers and goods over the continent?"

If America had all these things to settle, I thought it might be glad to hear of something simpler by way of prelude. If this complex series of propositions could be put forward without bewildering the popular reader, nothing I could say would be likely to confuse them. I remember the saying of General Ludlow—"It is not enough to mean well, you must know well what you mean." If the popular reader believed that the writer above indicated knew all the answers to his multitudinous questions, any stranger might hope for liberal attention. As I was never likely to wander into the social infinites in this way, I took heart and thought I could tell, if called upon, a simple story of industrial devices, which would be tolerated. The work which I have alluded to was not without passages of merit and ideas of value, but it remained evident that a people who would make their way through its stupendous series of topics would bear with me. I might annoy them or disappoint them. I could never lead them headlong into a wilderness so vast as this.

My cabin companion passenger was the Rev. James J. Good, of Philadelphia, a young preacher, who had been travelling in Europe, visiting the Holy Land among other places. Not knowing that even numbers in a ship represented the lower berth in the cabin, an upper one fell to me. Mr. Good, seeing I was the elder, very civilly volunteered to take the upper berth himself, leaving the lower to me, as being more convenient. He was quiet, well-informed, and studious, and his pleasant courtesies were constant during the voyage. One morning a gentleman nearer my age, of very animated expression, came down to my cabin, and

asked permission to introduce himself. It was the Rev. Dr. Prime. He was a preacher of great repute in New York, the most evangelical of the Evangelicals. I never quite knew how evangelical he was; but I was told it was very much beyond what I could expect to understand; but this did not prevent him being a very bright-mannered and intelligent gentleman, with whom I had several conversations which interested me very much. He introduced me to another minister, who had a wonderful theory of uniting monarchy with American democracy. But as I had no innate faculty for appreciating either thing, I made no progress in that way of thinking. This minister was evidently a man of strong thought, and had some original views. There were twelve clergymen on board, which was pleasant to me to think of, for if there was anything wrong in me, I doubted not that they would use friendly intercession in the quarter where they had influence—and get it all put right.

There is an offensive rule on board ships that the service on Sunday shall be that of the Church of England, and that the preacher selected shall be of that persuasion. Several of the twelve ministers of religion among the passengers of the "Bothnia" were distinguished preachers, whereas the clergyman selected to preach to us was not at all distinguished, and made a sermon which I, as an Englishman, was rather ashamed to hear delivered before an audience composed almost entirely of intelligent Americans. The preacher told a woeful story of loss of trade and distress in England, which gave the audience the idea that John Bull was "up a tree." If the old gentleman who personifies us

had been very high up I would not have published it in a sermon. The preacher said, after the manner of his class, that this was owing to our sins—that is the sins of Englishmen. The devotion of the American hearers was varied with a smile at this announcement. It was their surpassing ingenuity and rivalry in trade which had affected our exports for a time. Our chief "sins" were uninventiveness and commercial incapacity, and the greater wit and ingenuity of the audience were the actual punishment the preacher was pleading and praying against. He was preaching this before the punishers, and praying them to be contrite on account of their own success. The minister described bad trade as a punishment from God, as though God had made the rascally merchants who took out shoddy calico and ruined the markets. It has been political oppression, and not God, that has driven the best French and German artists into America, where they have enriched its manufactures with their skill and industry, and enabled that country to compete with us.

The preacher's text was as wide of any mark as his sermon. It asked the question, "How can we sing in a strange land?" When we arrived there there were hardly a dozen of us in the vessel who would be in a strange land; the great majority were going home. They were mostly commercial reapers of an English harvest who were returning home rejoicing, bearing their golden sheaves with them. Neither the sea nor the land was strange to them. Many of them were as familiar with the Atlantic as with the prairie. I sat at table by a Toronto dealer who had crossed the ocean twenty-nine times. The congregation at sea

formed a very poor opinion of the discernment of the Established Church. There were wise and bold things which other preachers on board could have said, and a good sermon would have been a great pleasure mid-ocean.

On the return voyage in the "Gallia" we had another "burning," but not "a shining light" of the Church of England, to discourse to us. He had the merit of reading what he had to say with confidence and evident sincerity. He was a young man, and it required some assurance to look into the eyes of intelligent Christians around him, who had three times his years, experience, and knowledge, and lecture them upon matters of which he was himself absolutely ignorant.

This clergyman dwelt on and enforced the old doctrine —severity of parental discipline of the young, and on the wisdom of compelling children to unquestioning obedience; and argued that submission to a higher will was good for men during life. At least two-thirds of the congregation were Americans, who regard parental severity as cruelty to the young, and utterly uninstructive; and unquestioning obedience they held to be calamitous and demoralizing education. They expect reasonable obedience, and seek to obtain it by reason. Submission to a "higher will," as applied to man, is mere submission to authority, against which the whole polity of American life is a magnificent protest. The only higher will they recognize in worldly affairs is the will of the people, intelligently formed, impartially gathered, and constitutionally recorded—facts of which the speaker had not the remotest idea. Everyone felt that the preacher himself had been trained in "unques-

tioning obedience," since he was evidently without the power of inquiring into or acquiring the commonest international facts of his time.

I observed that the steerage passengers were not invited into the saloon to hear the service. Probably the souls of the poorer passengers did not need saving, and the service was only necessary for the sinners of the saloon. In this the ship authorities were probably right.

CHAPTER II.

COURTESIES OF NEW YORK.

A STRANGER in America is very much like the Tangier oysters, which but partly fill the large shell in which they are incased. Before being sold, they are sent to reside for a short time in another water, when they are found to have grown double their former size, and entirely fill the copious shells in which they were born. A brief residence in America in like manner enlarges the ideas of an insular Briton. At the Gloucester Co-operative Congress the Heckmondwike Manufacturing Company exhibited two handsome rugs. One was presented to Professor Stewart, and the other I had the honor to receive. I took it with me to America, thinking to astonish New York with the beauty of co-operative manufacture. I had it hanging on my arm as I entered the city alone. I soon found that the rug had fascination for other eyes as well as my own, for when I next thought of it it was gone, in what way I had no idea. So the discernment or envy of New York prevented me from displaying my choice example of co-operative industry. If any "smart" foreign trader brings rugs of that pattern into the English market, Mr. Crabtree will understand how the design got abroad.

My friend, Dr. Hollick, gave me the use of his rooms in the Broadway for the purpose of business and seclusion. One Saturday afternoon when I was alone in that many-roomed building, all other occupants having left, a creature with quiet manner, a pretty auburn beard, and sharp, useful eyes, of about thirty years of age, walked noiselessly into the middle of the inner chamber, I having left both doors unlocked. He was what was known in the city as a "sneak thief." He pressed me to buy pencils of him. I observed that he took an inventory of two open trunks which I kept there, and that he meant to come again. When I was in Kansas City he did. As I had taken the precaution of throwing newspapers over the trunks he appeared not to have observed them, and carried away only some articles of clothing which I had left out, and a large illustrated work of my friend's, entitled the "Origin of Life." The clever police captured the pencil seller, but as I was far away at the trial and could not claim my clothing, it fell to the police, at which I was glad—as I suppose they were—for the articles were English, new and good. I lost nothing else during my sojourn in the land.

Once, when I was a guest of Mr. Alderman Samuelson, brother of the member for Danbury, at a Boston hotel, an umbrella, which I had bought of a London Jew, because it was unlike any other, disappeared from the place where I had placed it. My host spoke to a shrewd black waiter and said in his emphatic way that it was necessary that the umbrella should reappear, as it belonged to his guest. When I came to leave the hotel I found it where I had placed it.

The impetuosity of New York was in everything and everybody. The painted signboards relating to the telegraph offices contained animated figures of men and juvenile messengers, racing as though a fire engine or Milton's Satan was after them. The mahogany tables of the Western Union Telegraph Office, on which the public write messages, are covered with great sheets of plate glass, which gave them a cleanness and brilliancy very striking. As there are several of these, the appearance of the office is that of a drawing-room. The public in England have no accommodation of this kind. Sitting there alone and late one Saturday evening, while a friend was arranging some messages upstairs, I passed from meditation to sleep. Immediately my eyes were closed, a sharp youth, from some unseen room, awakened me. I assured him I had no intention of passing the night there; but three times, when sleep overtook me in the large and deserted room, he promptly issued from his recess and desired me to look about. I concluded that nobody was allowed to go to sleep in New York under any colorable pretext.

Occasionally I went down to the Astor House, because I liked to lunch at the great, broad, circular table, with the waiters inside, who serve you so promptly; and also to watch business men eating, though I cannot say I ever saw it done. "What do you think of it?" said Mr. Barnum, as we came out. My answer was, "All I observed was that a gentleman enters, reads the bill of fare, speaks to the waiter, pays the cashier, and departs. He has, doubtless, taken his dinner; but the operation is so rapid that I cannot say properly that I witnessed it." Yet in the clubs and

private houses, where I was at times a guest, I found that the dinner was eaten as dilatorily and as daintily as in an English mansion—besides including a greater number of delicacies. Americans, as a rule, know how to dine like gentlemen.

In "Appleton's Guide," as I construed it, No. 1, Broadway, was the Old Kennedy House, and that Fulton (the inventor of steamships, whom Robert Owen aided in Manchester) died in one of its rooms; that General Sir Henry Clinton (grandfather of my friend Colonel H. Clinton, who has never forgiven the Americans for defeating his famous ancestor) once resided there; as afterwards General Washington and Talleyrand (the "lame fiend" who tempted Cobbett to teach him English).

On my first night in New York I engaged a room at No. 1, now the Washington Hotel. There are spacious rooms in it, where a cohort of generals and diplomatists might confer. The hotel looks out on the Bowery in front and Castle Gardens on the right. The associations of the place were very pleasant to me, but as the hotel was full of old ship captains—whose talk was of cargoes, storms, shipwreck, and blockade running, and in every language but English—I did not find a human being to converse with on any topic. I understood my room was on the fifth tier, quite removed from the lower part of the hotel. There was no speedy communication below, and nobody to be met with above. I felt utterly solitary and lost. Notices told me that certain passages led to the fire escape. Being so far above the ground it occurred to me to study them. I pursued them through as many corridors as Mrs. Radcliffe

found in the Castle of Otranto. After ascending narrow stairs I suddenly entered a long room, where six stalwart Irish women were engaged at washing tubs. As they all looked at me at once, wondering what brought me there, I retreated, well confused, saying I "thought they were the fire-escapes." I preferred the fire to going any further.

My room was one, no doubt, once occupied by the Hessians when the Duke of York was there. The bell-rope had, I concluded, been broken by those valiant troopers ringing for beer, and had not been repaired. So desolate was that chamber that I should have been glad to invite their ghosts in, had any been about the deserted corridors. Once I hoped it might be the room where poor Fenton died, and had Spiritualism been true I might have had conversation with that clever inventor.

In the early morning I heard strange noises under my window, which at first I thought must be some Hessian or Fulton visitation. Upon looking out I found the elevated railway almost running through my bedroom, and a stoker stood by his engine turning off his steam. His engine was No. 99, and I was told that the other (98) would probably be by before breakfast.

The elevated railway is a wonderful contrivance of iron architecture; nevertheless beautiful streets are disfigured by it, just as we have cut the view of St. Paul's Cathedral in London in two by the railway crossing Ludgate Hill. Had the people of New York possessed St. Paul's they would never have tolerated a railway before it. I was some weeks before venturing upon a journey through the air on it; when I did, I watched for the open bedroom windows on the way,

to see which I could best leap into, in case the dubious thing gave way altogether.

The New York "Tribune" office is the noblest newspaper building I had seen. Its lofty tower, where the editorial and type rooms are, overlooks the great post-office, a small sea, and all the great buildings around. Printers may live longer there than in any office I know. The spacious and high chambers, with abounding ventilation, insures the health of the men. Every telegraphic, telephonic, and pneumatic convenience perfected, is in operation there. Clocks around show the time in distant parts of the United States, and in the chief capitals of Europe. Everything shows the taste and resources of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor, who devised the arrangements. The "Ledger" offices of Philadelphia, and other cities are distinguished also in their ways, but I had not the opportunity of examining them.

The plan of travel I had made for myself was simply to see New York, Boston, Washington, and Philadelphia. I knew it was impossible to see every place in America, and I did not intend to try. To see a few of the chief things in any town, or a few of the chief places in any country, and see them well, easily, and without fatigue, is my idea of travelling. Men must travel as they read books. No one could read all the books in the world, however interesting they are, and he who attempted it would die discontented through not having accomplished it. So I select a few of the objects and places I most care for, and have perfect enjoyment therein.

When my intention became known in New York some friends put it into a paragraph, and the Associative Press telegraphed it, I was told, to one hundred and twenty papers. When I expressed my surprise at this, a friend said, "As you are going up the country we wish to give you a good *send off*." I had never heard the phrase before. It was some time before I got reconciled to it. It had such a strange sound to me. It would never enter into the mind of any Englishman to use it. It was merely the American way. It is their habit to look clean into a thing, estimate what it amounts to, and if an act of service or friendship to a stranger to "put it through."

The "Mail" said that "old anti-slavery citizens would not forget a criticism of mine in the "Leader" (1851) of the Garrisonian agitation, which called forth a reply from Wendell Phillips, the most argumentative and brilliant of his great anti-slavery orations."

The New York "Tribune" had at times made mention of my name, in connection with some English affairs it thought of interest to its readers, in terms which were of the nature of a letter of recommendation to me everywhere, as I afterwards found.

The New York "Herald," though democratic, and of the opposite politics to the "Tribune," recorded proceedings in which I was concerned, as did other journals.

One morning the "Tribune" mentioned that I was staying at the Hoffmann House, whereby it came to pass that I saw many distinguished citizens. Introductions were sent me to the great clubs—the Union, the Century, and the

Lotos, where I spent enchanted days amid the pictures, books, and stately chambers.

One afternoon I met the members of the Press Club and was invited to address them. Journalists, men of letters, men of science, travellers and thinkers of many lands, as well as of America, were there. The proceedings, I was told afterwards, were a "reception," but I did not know at the time what it was. It was well I did not, for I should have been confused at the disproportion of so much courtesy to any merit on my part to justify it.

In New York I had the pleasure to meet again with Garibaldi's well-known naval officer, William de Rohan, who took out the British Legion in the Italian war of freedom. He had lost nothing of the high spirit and vivacity which characterized him in that undertaking. I found him engaged in promoting colonization in Virginia, of which he published the best account for the information of emigrants I saw in the States.

It was my intention to sail in the "Scythia" early in August, as Mr. Potter, M. P., was going out at the same time. His sailing becoming uncertain, I changed my vessel for the "Bothnia," which sailed mid-August, in order to arrive after the August storm, which breaks over New York at the end of August, had cooled the air. I was willing to go earlier and be roasted in company, but felt no call of patriotism to be roasted alone. Mr. Potter and I never met until we were on board the "Gallia," on the return voyage. Mr. Potter, and Mrs. Potter who accompanied him, were received with honor in America, to which he was known to have rendered great services.

Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, made one of his most brilliant speeches at the dinner given to Mr. Potter in New York, where Mr. Evarts sent the memorable message to Mr. Bright that "the people of the United States hoped he would not die until he had seen America." Mr. Potter made wise and excellent speeches during his visit, saying, with great judiciousness, very little about free trade, which it was known he was desirous of promoting. For myself, though a partisan of free trade, I elected never to allude to it, having discerned before I went, that the best advocacy of free trade in America is to say nothing about it, Americans being apt to believe that when an Englishman recommends it to them, he does so because it is a national interest of his own. They do not understand that we see free trade to be as much to their interest as to ours.

The South being unfortunately in favor of free trade, the North regard it as a sort of Copperhead policy, and are prejudiced against it. As South and North become one again in sentiment and fraternity, which increases every year, it being their common interest to be united, the wonderful business discernment of America will lead them to see, eventually, that free trade is the profit of their country. And they will see it sooner if they find we do not solicitously intrude it upon them.

On the day of my arrival in New York I walked out into the city alone. Not having mentioned to any friend the name of the second vessel I had taken a berth in, there was no one I knew on the shore, and I went peering amongst the Rotterdam-looking houses which I first encountered, and saw the strange city for the first time for myself, and by

myself. I knew of no address save that of my early friend and fellow-student, Dr. Hollick. When I reached him he handed me a letter, which was an invitation to the office of the "Worker," 1455 Broadway. It was from Mr. E. E. Barnum, Secretary of the Colony Aid Association, who became my friend, and was my friend always. He was a man of singular modesty, with an entirely honest voice, of quiet, unobtrusive ways. Though he was much trusted, he left nothing on trust, but presented a clear record of all transactions passing through his hands.

He had been a minister of religion, and retained the agreeable self-respecting manners of one of the better sort. He was taken by his father in early life into the prairie, where the hardships he shared made him a wise and practical counsellor of emigrants. He accompanied me to Saratoga, as I was new to American railroads. By day or by night he would accompany me about New York. When I returned to the city he would meet the early boat when I arrived in the morning. If I returned by late train, he would come over the river to meet me, lest my being unable to see in the dark should cause me to take the wrong boat. It was with real sorrow that I received not long ago a letter from Mrs. Barnum—who also had shown me attentions of genuine courtesy—a letter in which she said:

"It is very hard for me to tell you that the busy feet that ran for you, and the bright eyes that looked for you are still and closed. He regarded you with so much love and tenderness. He was only ill for two weeks, and passed away like a child going to sleep. He had been looking forward with so much pleasure for your return. As you knew him so he always was—as gentle and kind to every one; and

we were such friends and comrades. I realize that all the world and myself could die, but not him; and until he had passed away it never entered my mind he could die. He was the only one I had, and now I am indeed desolate."

Mr. Barnum cared for co-operation for the sake of its moral influences, and he had the capacity, which does not always go with right feeling—the capacity of giving effect to principles by material organization.

The Co-operative Colony Aid Association have objects wise, practical, and unpretending, expressed with moderation and good sense, which I never knew exceeded in England. The qualities are much more common in America than Englishmen know. In England, journalists tell us much of points in which America differs from us, or falls below us, and too little of the points in which its people equal or excel us.

The association I mentioned invited me to deliver an address in the Cooper Union. It is not possible to collect in London an audience such as I met there—men of thought and action of all nations, representatives of all the insurgency of progress in Europe are found in New York, as well as the men of mark who arise in that mighty land. I met there for the first time the Rev. Robert Collyer, the famous preacher of Chicago, and Mr. Peter Cooper, who was then in his eighty-ninth year. He gave to New York the great Institute in which we met. He is a man of fine patriarchial appearance. He made a bright, argumentative, freshly-spoken speech. Professor Adler, a Jewish orator of great repute, the Rev. Heber Newton, an Episcopal clergyman, a man of fine enthusiasm, and the Rev. Dr. Rylance,

who knew me in London many years ago, spoke after the lecture. The platform of the hall is very wide and projects into the middle of it. The hall is so spacious that it is like speaking into a town, and the lecturer is as a voice speaking in the midst of the people. Everybody can hear him. American architects have a mastery of space unknown in England, and in their halls and theatres, everybody can see everything, and the speaker meets the eye of all whom he addresses.

When I went down to Liverpool to embark for America I was invited by a committee of journalists, and other gentlemen, to a public dinner there, at which Dr. Thomas Carson presided, and Mr. E. R. Russell, editor of the Liverpool "Post," and other gentlemen, made friendly speeches to me, but it never occurred to me that this would happen to me in America. Yet it came to pass before I left New York. A public breakfast was given me in St. James' Hotel, Broadway, eighty persons were present, though the tickets were fourteen shillings each.

He should be very reticent who writes of himself, yet entire silence would be an ungrateful or contemptuous return to make to those to whom he becomes indebted. Mr. Peter Cooper was present at the St. James' Hall, as well as the gentlemen who spoke at the lecture at the Cooper Union. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York "Tribune," sat on the left of the chairman. Here I met for the first time Mr. Parke Goodwin, son-in-law of Bryant the poet, himself the editor of the "Evening Post," and Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of the "Nation," a journal which resembles our "Saturday Review." Mrs.

Elizabeth Thompson, a lady distinguished for countless and discerning acts of national munificence, and other ladies were present. The Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, whose impassioned eloquence I often heard spoken of in America, and the Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburne, had travelled far to be there.

I have preserved the many letters which were received from heads of departments at Washington—from Wendell Phillips, Colonel Robert Ingersoll, George Wm. Curtis, and others. One was from Mr. R. B. Hayes, President of the United States, who, though engaged all day at a military fair, and under a public obligation to return to Washington that night, took time to write, saying: "It would give me pleasure to accept the committee's invitation to join in breakfasting with Mr. Holyoake, and thereby show my appreciation of the work in which he is engaged, and I regret that imperative engagements to return to Washington immediately prevented me attending the breakfast."

It never entered into my mind that anything I had done could be known or could interest persons so numerous and so eminent, in a country so remote from my own. All my days I have been among those who wrote and spoke in defence of the Republic from instinct. The New York "Tribune," in a graceful expression, ascribed the proceedings "to my earnest and fruitful friendship for America."

The utter unpreparedness with which I was called upon to do things in schools, churches, or public meetings, at first perplexed me. In England, when any one is entertained, the chairman makes a speech and some proposition is spoken to, after which the guest speaks. By this time he under-

stands something of the sentiments of the assembly, and what ideas had been formed of him. At the New York breakfast I expected the same course would be followed, and was sitting with perfect unconcern, expecting to hear the Rev. Dr. Newton, who acted as secretary, read the letters received, when the Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, the chairman, who had spoken with gaiety and humor, and with a felicity of expression which I was envying and admiring, suddenly "presented" me to the meeting, and said I could address them, I knew not what to say, not having had time to consider what there was available in the chairman's speech. I thought again of the curate who, when Archbishop Whateley asked him if he had prepared his trial sermon, said he had not, as he trusted to the promise that in that hour in which he had to speak it should be given unto him what he had to say. "But you forget," said the Archbishop, "that that promise was made to an apostle, and unless you are sure of being one, the promise may not hold good in your case." As my apostolate was one thing of which I was doubtful, I had to speak and take my chance of the "promise." The speeches which followed mine were so admirable that they seemed to have the aid I lacked.

It was impossible not to be sensible of the things said to me, seeing that I had neither rank, nor office, nor riches, nor even ecclesiastical repute; nor could I bring to the country any distinction, nor confer upon it any advantage. All the while it was known that when the first volume of my "History of Co-operation in England" was sent to the press by Messrs. Lippincott, the American publishers, the reviewers, with three exceptions, reviewed me and not my book,

and gave it to be understood, that I was not known to believe half as much as a "well-conducted" person should. Nevertheless, during my whole stay in the country, not a single journalist ever alluded to any opinions of mine, other than those I myself chose to express. When I think of all that occurred to me, I feel upon returning to my own countrymen—who know me better—that I ought to offer some apology for having received attentions so much beyond any discernible merit of mine.

CHAPTER III.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT SARATOGA.

THE pleasantest way to Saratoga from New York is up the broad waters of the Hudson River in one of the great steamers, large enough to carry a town. On the road you see the majestic and dreamy Catskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle met the Dutchman playing at nine-pins.

Saratoga, being called a "watering place," I expected to find lake or sea there; but found instead mineral springs, which are situated in a picturesque vale, where fountains, foliage, statues, and shaded walks prevail. Cheltenham and Harrogate together are not so alluring, but there is not much of Saratoga. The principal street has lofty trees, of a torrid fruitfulness of leaves and branches. The vastness of the hotels was bewildering. That of the United States Hotel, where I stayed, enclosed three sides of an immense quadrangle, as large as a park, abounding in foliage. I was told 2,000 persons were residing in it when I arrived. A thousand additional visitors, who came the same evening to attend the convention, seemed to make no sensible addition to those who conversed in corridors and saloons. The colored attendants were ready and unconfused. In a few

minutes you were in possession of bedrooms as lofty as those of the Amstel Hotel, Amsterdam, where the bed curtains appeared to descend from the clouds.

The object of the convention, called by the Republican leaders, was to choose a candidate for governor of New York and other State officers. My wish was to see not merely what was done, but how it was done, and where it was done.

A public meeting in London is, except in the Society of Arts, a mere proceeding, hardly ever a spectacle. There is nothing imposing about it, save the grand throng of eager faces, if many are present, and the mighty roar when a great speaker interests the assembly. The hall of the Society of Arts, with Barry's great paintings around its walls, on which are depicted the great historic actors of the world, who are, as it were, listening to the speakers; the broad dais at the upper end of the hall, its three table-desks, two being independent tribunes, where speakers right and left of the president can take their stand—the open side room where auditors can arrive, survey the meeting, and choose the vacant place they prefer, or see and hear where they are—constitute the one scenic hall of London.

The Saratoga Convention of 1879 was held in the Town Hall; not a bad interior, but the stage had the ramshackle arrangements common in England. There was more space than we reserve for speakers to deploy in; but in the centre stood a mean, narrow desk, upon the hollow top of which the president struck, with a pitiful wooden hammer, awakening dilapidated echoes within. Nobody had thought that the grandest use of a public hall is a public meeting, and

that the mechanical accessories of oratory should be picturesque, and yet have simplicity, but the simplicity should be scenic.

Tammany Hall I did not see; but Faneuil Hall, Boston, has quaint grace and fitness as a hall of oratory, worthy of the famous speakers who have given it a place in history. No arrangement had been made for delegates at Saratoga occupying the floor of the hall, and for preventing any other persons entering that area. Ten dollars cost, and two carpenters, would have done the work in two hours. This not being done, the hall was one compact political mixture; and as the delegates wore no flower, cross, medal, or badge, nobody knew each other, nor who was which. This cost an hour's fruitless discussion, and confusion all day. Twice over, at long intervals, a wild motion was made that all who were not delegates should rise and stand in the sides of the hall, and allow the delegates to be seated in the centre. This proposition proceeded on the assumption that 600 persons who had arrived early, and struggled their way into good seats, would rise by natural impulse of disinterested virtue and disclose themselves, the consequence being that they would lose their seats and be condemned to stand all day if they were not ejected from the hall. This extraordinary virtue did not appear to be prevalent, for no one rose. By sitting still they were secure, for nobody knew them not to be delegates, and they had the wit not to discover themselves. Indeed, if they had, the hall was so densely packed that nobody could move to another part, and the confusion of attempting to change places would have been ten times worse than that which existed. I was

surprised to hear the impossible proposition made to an American audience. When Mr. George William Curtis pointed out that it was an incoherent proposal, everybody laughed at it.

I had heard in England a good deal about American political organization. It did not appear in the arrangements of the meeting, though it was well manifest in the proceedings. The names of the candidates for the chief office in the gift of the day were read over. The popular name was that of "Alonzo B. Cornell," the son of the founder of the Cornell University. Mr. Cornell received the nomination of Governor of New York State. That day I heard his name pronounced a thousand times. Each delegate was called upon to say aloud for which candidate he voted. There was only one Cornell, yet nobody answered as we should do in England—"Cornell"—but each said, with scrupulous precision, "Alonzo B. Cornell," or "Jehosophat P. Squattles," or whatever was the name of the rival candidate. Alonzo was pronounced clearly; the B. separately and distinctly, and Cor-nell with the accent on the "nell" as decidedly as that knell which "Macbeth" thought might awaken "Duncan." The name of "Alonzo B. Cornell" emerged from under the platform in a musical accent, as though it proceeded from a pianoforte. "Alonzo B. Cornell" was next heard in the rough voice of a miner. "Alonzo B. Cornell" came in meek tones from a delegate appointed for the first time. "Alonzo B. Cornell" cried an old sea captain, with a voice like a fog-horn. "Alonzo B. Cornell" came quick from the teeth of a sharp man of business, who meant to put that affair through at once. "Alonzo

B. Cornell" said a decided caucus leader, in a tone which said, "Yes, we have settled that before we came here," "Alonzo B. Cornell" chirped a small political sparrow in a remote corner of the room. Then Mr. Conkling, raising himself to his full height (which is considerable,) in the centre of the platform, pronounced, in tones of a deliberate trumpet, "Alonzo B. Cornell." An hour was spent over that new governor's name, yet if "Alonzo B." had been eliminated, the business had been got through in a third of the time. Mr. Cornell was a modest, pleasant gentleman, with a business-like method of speech. From the interest which was attached to the course Mr. George William Curtis took, I wished to speak with him, but could conceive no sufficient pretext for doing it. One result of this was that afterwards a friend had to give me an introduction to Mr. Curtis, which ran thus:

"DEAR CURTIS:—This is George J. Holyoake, whose works on Labor and Co-operation you know. * * * He saw you at Saratoga. With English diffidence he did not introduce himself. I tell him he must learn American manners. Till he does, let me make you two acquaint. Yours cordially, WENDELL PHILLIPS."

The character of every people, like that of every individual, is made up of flat contradictions. The Americans, as a rule, have a prompt apprehensiveness; their conversation is clear, bright, and precise; their penetration direct; their narrative swift, characterized by brilliant abbreviations; yet these quick-witted hearers will tolerate speakers in the Senate and on the platform with whom redundancy and indirectness are incurable diseases; and will sit and listen to them just as they would watch the descent of a cataract,

until a change of season shall dry up the falling waters. At the Saratoga Convention "a programme of principles" was read — called a "platform." No discernment could make sure what was meant, and a professor of memory could not retain half of what was written. All I recollect was that the platform ended with some miscellaneous platitudes on things in general, but yet there were parts of it which showed capacity of statement—if only the writer had known when to stop. It was with regret I was unable to go to the Syracuse Convention, and witness a Democratic nomination, and, perhaps, furnish my friend, Mr. Herbert Spencer, with materials for a chapter on "Comparative Caucusism." The Saratoga Convention was characterized by great order and attention to whoever desired to speak. If any one put a question, the answer was, "The Chair takes a contrary view; the Chair decides against you." The chairman spoke of himself as an institution, or as a court of authority. This I found to be a rule in America.

I was told the Democratic conventions were marked by comparative turbulence and irregularity. The New York "Tribune" said that "large heads" would abound at Syracuse. I wanted to see "large heads," as I had no idea what a political "large head" was. I was told that the Democrats are more boisterous and peremptory in their proceedings than Republicans. The Democrats seem to resemble our Tories at home—indignant at any dissent at their meetings, but persistent in interrupting the meetings of others. At the Saratoga Convention the immediate attention given to any auditor claiming to speak by the chair, and, what was more, by the audience, was greater than in England. In

England the theory of a public meeting is that any one of the persons present may address it, but we never let them do it. If the chairman is willing the audience is not. At several public meetings at which I was present the right of a person on the floor seemed equal to that of those on the platform. Citizens seemed to recognize the equality of each other. In England there is no public sense of equality. Somebody is supposed to be better than anybody.

While I was at Saratoga, one of the New York papers said that "Mr. Conkling (who made the chief speech of the day), had two attentive listeners upon the platform, to whom the proceedings were evidently of great interest. One was Professor Porter, of Yale College, the other, to whom the entire convention was an abs'lute novelty, was George Jacob Holyoake, the English writer upon co-operation and reform questions in general. Mr. Holyoake had come to Saratoga with the sole purpose of seeing the convention, and seemed greatly interested in its methods of procedure, and all its many aspects. He remarked to a friend that he had been defending American democracy for forty years, and had now come to observe for himself some of its practical manifestations. He compared Mr. Conkling's manner of speech-making to Mr. John Bright's. In what respects I afterwards explained in a letter to the "Tribune," saying:—

"I am a connoisseur in eloquence, as some men are in art. I have heard oft many renowned orators. But though I have lived near the rose, it is not to be inferred that I have caught the scent myself. It only means that I am sensible of it when I come near it. That is what I meant

by the remark of mine you quoted the other day, concerning Mr. Conkling's speech at Saratoga.

"A good presence is but an accident of oratory. Mr. Conkling has the art to make it a condition and a grace. His singular and sustained deliberateness, which never delayed, had a charm for me, that quality of sustainment being one of the difficulties—as it is one of the marks of mastery —in eloquence.

"Mr. Conkling ended sentences at times with a simple brevity, where other men would have lost power in expansion, which they mistake for force. Mr. Conkling's compression was completeness. These were the respects in which his speech at Saratoga reminded me of Mr. Bright."

The favorite water of Saratoga bears the name of "Congress water," and it was the first natural mineral water I found agreeable to drink. If Congress politics are as refreshing as "Congress water," America is not badly off in the quality of its public affairs.

CHAPTER IV.

PROPAGANDIST USES OF INTERVIEWING.

IF electricity be the source of life, the press of America may be compared to a vast machine for the production of intellectual electricity, which vibrates through the nation, quickening the life of the people. One of its original devices for this purpose is the invention of interviewing.

American newspapers send very able men to Europe, who report upon features and politics in society with great fidelity to facts. To catch the humors of classes, and manner of thought of strange peoples, is a rare acquirement—more an instinct than an acquisition. It is one thing to satisfy readers in the country for which you write, who have no means of testing the accuracy of what is said, it is quite a different thing to satisfy the people whom you describe. At a time when it was a matter of political necessity to me to understand the way in which the "intelligent foreigner" would be impressed by English public affairs, and the opinions formed by them of the chief acts of English legislation, I used to find the New York "Tribune" of the first order of service. The letters sent from London, signed "G. W. S.," though they were not received from America until twenty days after they were written, frequently con-

tained an estimate of English political questions quite fresh and instructive then—as I said elsewhere years ago. A stranger in a country, who is a competent observer, will see many things which will not strike an observer at home at all, nor at any time, early or late. The gods have often been asked, but they never have given us the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us.

Many persons do not take well to interviewers, who, certainly, are troublesome persons to one who has no definite notions. It is not pleasant to be asked what you mean if you do not know yourself. It is often a very perplexing thing, even for a public speaker, to be asked what is the purport of what he intends to say. It frequently transpires that he has not thought of it himself. Indeed, I have many times heard very popular speeches made, of which nobody knew what they were about. Sometimes I have heard sermons which left the congregation in this doubt. As a journalist, I have seen leading articles in English newspapers which gave the reader a great deal of trouble to discover their object. Indeed, I will not disclaim having written such myself. Lord Westbury used to say that many persons assumed the possession of an endowment which "they are pleased to call their minds," which is not at all apparent to others. Persons who have a talent for not knowing what they mean should keep out of the way of American interviewers.

The interviewer is an inquirer, and he visits you partly from courtesy, partly for the sake of news. He asks you questions upon subjects which he thinks may interest the readers of the journal he represents; he uses his own judg-

ment as to what he will report of what you say. If he inquires where you are going and what your object may be in visiting certain places, and reports the particulars, persons likely to promote your object communicate with you; and people in the towns mentioned become aware of your visit, and bestow attentions and courtesy which otherwise could never be rendered. If you have special ideas you want to propagate the interviewer is your best friend. Your views are spread all over the country. Sometimes by accident, and sometimes by intention, he gives a provoking turn to your ideas; the object is that you should write to his paper and correct them, that is if he thinks a letter from you would be of interest to his journal. You then have the opportunity of expressing yourself exactly as you wish to be understood. An ill-tempered or unskilful writer will charge the interviewer with unpardonable inaccuracy. It is fairer, as well as more prudent, to assume that the error arose in your own unskilfulness in giving impromptu answers to unexpected questions. This is likely to be the case. If time admits of it, and you can go to the office at the proper hour, you may revise yourself the proof of what you have said. A little skill will enable anyone to do this by a change of word here and there, so as not to cause what printers call "overrunning," which would delay the office too much at a late hour. If a newspaper is disposed to regard your views as interesting to the country, it will even permit you to interview yourself. In that case you ask yourself the questions you want to answer, and give your own replies; and if you produce an interrogatory

paper which is not absolutely dull, you may have the pleasure of seeing it inserted.

Interviewers, like reporters, are of two kinds. I remember on one occasion a Cabinet Minister, who, intending to address his constituency in the country, was desirous to provide for an accurate report appearing in the London papers. He inquired whether he had better take a reporter down. I answered that it all depended upon what kind of report he wanted to appear of his speech. If he wanted an exact report of what he said, he must provide a shorthand writer who could follow him word for word. Such a reporter he might find connected with a good local journal. But if he wanted an abridgment of his speech, or a condensed report of it, he must take some one from London—one who could perfectly understand what he wanted to say and what he ought to say, and who could present a statement of a speech which would be coherent and effective—a statement that the speaker might not be ashamed of whether he said it or not. A verbatim reporter is best if you are perfectly sure of what you intend to say and perfectly sure of expressing it accurately and without repetition. A verbatim reporter reports exactly what you say—errors and all, if there be errors—but as a rule he is utterly incapable of condensing except by omitting and making connections in his own language, which would commonly be slipshod, incoherent, feeble; often expressing the very opposite of what was intended. In condensing, a reporter is thrown upon his own mind, and if he has no mind the result is commonly commensurate therewith. An abridged report can only be done by a man of political discernment, who can catch the style and man-

ner of a speaker, and reproduce his idiomatic turn of thought. A reporter of this capacity is seldom retained about a provincial paper, except in the larger towns, where papers are conducted with metropolitan ability; or where the editor will undertake to condense the speech for you from a literal report.

Among the interviewers I met in America, some were quite capable of doing this; but when they were otherwise I seldom knew what to expect until I read it. Sometimes I read reports of interviews I did not know again, until I reread the heading and found they related to me. I expressed myself in a colloquial, spontaneous way, using expressions never intended to be reproduced—supplying a variety to be selected from, merely to give the interviewer a complete idea of what I had in my mind; and I often found that the oddest phrases had alone made an impression upon the interviewer, who gave the illustrations and left the ideas out. When I wished to avoid this I had to express myself with deliberate consideration. Then an interview is quite a useful exercise.

On one occasion, when travelling in Massachusetts, on my way to Boston, a gentleman who had met me at the Narragansett Hotel, Fall River, joined the train at a wayside station. Having calculated that I should be in that train he dropped in quite "promiscuously." In the most casual manner he found an opportunity of entering into conversation with me, and incidentally asked me about my early religious life, and then concerning social and political affairs in which I had been engaged. His inquiries were in no way obtrusive, nor were they one-sided, as I, glad at falling

in with a communicative passenger, asked many questions myself. The novelty of Boston city, which I saw that night for the first time, soon erased all memory of the conversation.

The next morning I read in the Boston "Herald" an article beginning—"There arrived last night at the Adams House an English visitor;" and then followed a description of my career and views, and what the writer was pleased to consider my public services, remarkably well expressed. The character of the article laid me under obligation to the writer, who was clearly a master in the art of interviewing. His materials were retained in a trained memory: he respected what might be counted as private particulars of an unguarded and friendly conversation, and presented to the public exactly what a gentleman might relate, and what a visitor concerned might even find gratification in seeing told.

One example of interviewing may explain its character, uses, and vicissitudes, than further description. I retain the first paragraph of the following passage from the New York "Tribune," because it admits that at least I had paid the country in which I was a stranger the compliment of endeavoring to understand its public affairs:

"Mr. Holyoake is remarkably well versed in American politics, and is as ardent a Republican as if he had lived all his life here, and had taken part in the great struggles against slavery and rebellion. The Democratic party he likens to the Tory party in England. It will take England, he says, a generation to make good the mischief the Tories have done during the seven years they have been in power, and he predicts a like misfortune if the party of reaction should be allowed to get possession of this Government. The other day, a recent convert from Republicanism to Democracy was defending his

change by arguing that the country would never be at peace until the South was fully reincorporated into the Union, and that that could only be done by giving it the responsibility of power in the Government. Mr. Holyoake listened attentively to the argument, and replied: 'That is as if the crew of a good ship which had made a prosperous voyage and beaten off a gang of pirates, should say, 'the only way to get on with these fellows is to invite them on board and ask them to run the vessel.' The first thing the pirates would do on coming on board would be to cut the throats of the crew.'

"Mr. Holyoake says Lord Beaconsfield has been filibustering in a shameful manner in Afghanistan and Africa. 'The average Englishman was attached to the monarchy,' he said to a 'Tribune' reporter the other day, while discussing this subject. 'We regarded the crown as a graceful ornament of the State, occupying the ambition of the aristocracy, and quite harmless to the liberties of the people.' Now we discover this is false. 'When the English people killed Charles I. they did not kill the prerogatives of the crown. They only frightened his successors from using these prerogatives. Beaconsfield has shown us that treaties can be made, wars waged, and the country committed to any infamy, without parliament knowing anything about it. Beaconsfield flattered the Queen with the title of Empress, jeopardizing the succession of her son. Gladstone served the crown faithfully, and made it respected. In return the Queen said to Beaconsfield that Gladstone was neither mentally nor morally fitted to govern, thus intimating that he was insane and dishonest—he, the truest, clearest-headed man in all England. If there were no other escape from an irresponsible government, I would drown the royal family in the Thames, yet no man has more respect for the Queen than I, and I have a much better opinion of the Prince of Wales than many have."

One passage in this paragraph was erroneously rendered. As it includes an unfair charge against Lord Beaconsfield, which I would no more make abroad than I would at home, I wrote to the editor, saying:

"Were it customary, I should desire to express my obligations to the 'Tribune' reporter for the trouble he has taken to render in your impression of Monday, November 10, the general purport of the conversations I had the pleasure to have with him. Yet, either from my habitual rapidity of speech on subjects which interest me, or from misplacement of some note, an error of statement occurs which it is my duty to ask your permission to correct.

"It was not her Majesty the Queen who said to Lord Beaconsfield that 'Mr. Gladstone was not either mentally or morally fitted to govern.' It was Lord Beaconsfield who said this of the Queen. I well remember it was not long before his accession to power; and that the remark was the wonder of the week as to what he could mean by it. It was the remembrance of this which occasioned so much astonishment among all classes in England that her Majesty should pay a personal visit to one who had thus spoken of her. The English people, who have political gratitude, were jealous that her Majesty should accord a distinction to Lord Beaconsfield which she was not known to have paid to Mr. Gladstone—a real friend of the crown, and who had served the nation with splendid disinterestedness and tireless devotion. Besides, if such a remark as the one in question had been made by the Queen to Lord Beaconsfield, his lordship must be inferred to be the reporter of it. That is impossible; because a minister of the crown in England never reports words of the Queen without her permission. No one among us can conceive of the Queen as having made such a remark as that cited, of a minister so eminent as Mr. Gladstone. Indeed, the delicacy, womanly consideration, and graciousness of her Majesty's language, in whatever she is known to have said, is matter of household admiration in England. Indeed, the best Republicans I know have, as I have, a sort of reverence for the personal character of the Queen, and at the same time an increasing disbelief in the efficacy or usefulness of the political functions which the Queen has inherited.

"It is our pride to keep these things quite distinct in England. Great as is my dislike of the rule of Lord Beaconsfield, greater is therefore the obligation upon me not to use any phrase which im-

plies personal injustice to him. Doubtless he believes he is promoting the rightful interests of England; but my difficulty in perceiving it is, I believe, incurable.'

A change of phrase or mistake in a term may lend an air of ferocity to your language which was never in your mind. When I wrote the above letter I had not observed that I was committed to "drowning the royal family in the Thames." It was the crown and not the "royal family" which I proposed conditionally to sink in the London Bosphorus. There was no intention of desire to misrepresent anything I had said, and the explanation sent was promptly and prominently inserted in the "Tribune," in which the interview appeared.

The singular speech about the queen was made by Mr. Disraeli at a Tory dinner at Aylesbury. The reporters were so astonished at it that they hesitated to transcribe it, and I have since been informed that one of them went to Mr. Disraeli and asked permission to read it to him, to be sure of its correctness. He assented to its accuracy.

This statement of Lord Beaconsfield seemed, when read in America, quite astounding; and incredulity arose as to whether he really said it. It was thought that I was under some erroneous impression. When I returned to England I mentioned it to some "well-informed" politicians, who did not recollect having heard of it. It was not pleasant to leave it to be supposed that I had made abroad a statement that could not be verified at home. As looking up the newspapers of nine years ago involved some trouble, I mentioned the matter to a "better informed politician," who said the fact was recorded in Irving's "Annals of Our

Time." Lord Beaconsfield's speech was made thirteen days before the great fire of Chicago. To save me trouble my friend looked up the facts and sent me this information:

The text of the speech, as reported in the "Standard" and the "Daily Telegraph" of September 27th, 1871, runs thus: "The health of the queen has for several years been the subject of anxiety to those about her. . . . . I do not think we can conceal from ourselves that a still longer time must elapse before Her Majesty will be able to resume the performance of those public and active duties which it was once her pride and pleasure to fulfil. . . . . The fact is that we cannot conceal from ourselves that Her Majesty is *physically and morally incapacitated* from performing those duties."

The "Times" and the "Daily News" omit the words "and morally." Mr. Joseph Irving, in the Supplement to his "Annals of Our Time," gives a paragraph that contains the phrase in full.

The "Times" omitted the strange word "morally," probably doubting that it could be said. The "Daily News" omitted it, probably believing it would be offensive to the Queen, as well it might be. Not long since Lord Sherbrooke, then the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, M. P., was required to make a public apology for a mere incidental reference to Her Majesty—a trifle compared to this outrage by Lord Beaconsfield. Had language such as he used been spoken by a political leader in America of the lady who is at the head of the State, our aristocratic journalists would have written very instructive comments on American political comments.

In Washington the one inquiry of the interviewer of the "Daily Post" was, "How long would the Beaconsfield Government last?" They had learned in Washington

from the English Jingo journals that the Tories believed that the nation was impatient to renew their lease of power. My answer was that the people did not look upon the Beaconsfield Government as English. The Zulu and Afghan invasions they regarded as the last wars of the Pentateuch, and that at the next election Mr. Gladstone would be premier again if he chose. He was disliked by Tories, and by a minority of Liberals, for his sincerity—a quality new and unmanageable by politicians—but a great majority of the people absolutely revered him for that reason. These remarks were published in the Washington "Daily Post," October 27, 1879, nearly six months before the fall of Lord Beaconsfield, and when very few persons believed its end was near.

What is the state of Republican sentiment in England? was another question of the interviewer. My reply was that we had always been told that the Premier was virtually King, and that as he was responsible to Parliament, we had a virtual Republic. But Lord Beaconsfield had discovered to us that there were sleeping powers of the Crown which might be ignited like a torpedo and blow up the virtual Republic any morning—sleeping powers which any traitor or theorist who happened to be Premier could constitutionally advise the revival of. During his administration, therefore, he created fifty Republicans from conviction for one that existed before from sentiment.

Our great political parties in England are as interesting to an American as theirs are to Englishmen. Being asked for definitions of political parties in England, my answer was this: The Conservatives keep from the people all they

can; the Liberals give all they think practicable: the Radicals demand all they think right.

At Kansas City I had to give my opinion of Mr. Parnell, and Irish Home Rule, and to explain whether I thought him sincere. I answered that I knew no reason why he should not be, seeing that Home Rule in local affairs is not an unreasonable demand. The difficulty of giving up Ireland entirely, was the belief that it would be handed over to the occupation of the French, as many of the leaders were spiteful to the English; and that would put England to the trouble of fighting both nations. For a long time past we had treated the Irish better than they would treat us if we were in their hands. We had relieved them from an Established Church, and given them a better land law than we had ourselves. In England, now, we regarded Ireland as the Land of the Free, and thought of emigrating to it ourselves, instead of coming to America. Events since prove that Ireland is entitled to further and substantial improvement in her land laws, and will get it.

But interviewing did not all turn on politics. Industrial, and especially co-operative questions were still more frequent. It was in this way, and by the ability and generous trouble of interviewers, that the facts concerning co-operation and its progress in England came to be, for the first time, generally diffused over the United States. I did not know then what Lord Beaconsfield had written in his "Endymion," or it would have confirmed all and more than all I ventured to say of the future of the great movement. I mean where Lord Beaconsfield represents his new hero, "Endymion," as conversing with one of Mr. Cobden's

workmen at his print works in Manchester, when the workman said that there was something better than Free Trade, that would one day carry all before it, and that was "Co-operation." This is a very remarkable statement from so competent an observer of the advancing forces of society.

The only time when I took advantage of the facilities of interviewing to say anything personal to myself was when I was asked concerning the writings of mine on Co-operation. The questions and answers as they appeared were as follows.

"Is your book on Co-operation to be had in this country?"

"My first book, called the 'History of the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale,' published in 1857, was brought out in this country by the 'Tribune.' I presume it is out of print now. It was said to have caused the establishment of over two hundred co-operative stores in England within two years after its appearance. With many other English authors of far more consequence than myself, I have promoted a law of international copyright; but I for one have something to say in favor of pirating. My 'History of Co-operation in England from 1812 to 1878' is published by Lippincott. It took me ten years to write it and cost £1,000 ($5,000), counting what I might have earned otherwise in the time, and the cost for printing it. I never expect to see my money again. Gain by it never entered my mind. Now if some enterprising American house will pirate it, I will gladly relinquish my copyright. Possibly I might gain repute, and certainly it might do good; for the critics who said it was not instructive said it was amusing, and those who said it was not amusing said it was instructive. If any one had written the history of the past sixty years of the working class after serfdom was abolished and hired service commenced, how the book would be valued now! My calculation was that two hundred years hence, when co-operation has superseded hired labor by self-employment, some one will find my book in the

British Museum and reprint it, as an utterly unknown work. A friendly pirate might cause the book to be read a little earlier."

If these details have not wearied the reader, before reaching the end of them, he may see reason to share my opinion as to the propagandist uses of interviewing, and the generous facilities of publicity it affords to strangers.

CHAPTER V.

MEN OF ACTION IN BOSTON.

THERE are men of thought and action in most cities. They abound in New York, in Chicago, in Cincinnati; but it is a different kind of thought from that which excites the interest of a stranger in Boston. In Bayard Taylor's translation of "Faust," the lines occur—

> When the crowd sways, unbelieving,
> Show the daring will that warms,
> He is crowned with all achieving
> Who perceives and then performs.

But the merit of this discernment altogether depends upon the quality of the thought which is converted into social force. The people who perceive what is right and do not do it, are more numerous than is supposed. Next to the knaves, those philosophers are the most contemptible who, seeing the errors of the multitude, keep their wisdom to themselves. It is more respectable to be a fool than to have knowledge and be indifferent to the duty it imposes of generously diffusing it, and raising the level of social and public life thereby. The only philosophers worth honoring are they who, like Petrarch, have a passion "for setting forth the law of their own minds, and employ their understand-

ings and acquirements in that mode and direction in which they may most benefit the largest number possible of their fellow-creatures."

The greatest of modern Italians, Mazzini, had a favorite phrase, "Thought and Action." In public affairs thought which does not imply action, or lead to it, or incite it and mean it, is not to be counted in the forces of opinion. The distinction of Boston is that its thought seems always meant for political or moral action. It is this purpose which, more than its general intellectual brightness, has given this city dignity and influence beyond that of any other in America. It led the war of independence; it led the war against slavery. Its philosophers think, and even its minstrels sing, heroic ballads of improvement. Other cities carry palms of great achievements which make their names memorable, but Boston is a city of inspiration.

If I had a personal object in visiting America, it was to meet Mr. Wendell Phillips, whose intrepid eloquence, confronting dangerous majorities, and animating forlorn hopes, has ever been generously exerted on behalf of the slave, black or white, in bondage to planter or capitalist. As the only oration he had delivered against any one, out of his own land, was a reply to certain "Ion" letters of mine, in 1854, on "Methods of Anti-slavery Advocacy," I presented myself at his door, as his ancient and alien adversary; and the historic sights of Boston were made more memorable in my eyes, because they were shown me by him. Men who had heard Mr. Phillips and the most famous orators of Europe, regarded him as excelling in the mighty career of speech, which resembles the torrent rather than the volcano,

in its inherent impetus and splendid rush. While I was in Boston, he was engaged by the Church of the Sacred Heart to deliver an oration on "Daniel O'Connell." I desired it to be communicated to the authorities concerned, that if they would arrange a time for the oration when I could be present, I would become a votary of the Roman Catholic Church. Unfortunately they did not attach sufficient importance to my adhesion, and it never fell to my lot to hear him.

In many cities, from English as well as Americans among all classes, I was told that I "ought not to leave the country without hearing Phillips." This was never said to me of any other speaker. Stories I oft heard told of his perils and triumphs on the platform, exceed anything I know in the annals of oratory. One of his *repartees* has lately appeared in English papers. It occurred in the days when all the churches preached in favor of slavery. One day a minister met Mr. Phillips, and, thinking to be smart and unpleasant, said to him, "If your business is to promote the freedom of slaves, why do you not go South and attend to your business?" "May I ask what is your business?" said Mr. Phillips. "Oh, my business is to preach the gospel, and save souls from hell." "Then, why do you not go to hell and attend to your business?" was Mr. Phillips' answer; and the point of the reply was that it was about as pleasant and quite as safe to go down South at that time pleading for slaves among planters, as visiting the Satanic kingdom would be; and the preacher knew it. It may be said of Wendell Phillips as was said of Luther, "God honored him by making all the worst men his enemies."

As my business in America was idleness, and the only exercise I intended to take was sleep—never having had a season of recreation before—I did not see half the men of mark I might have met in Boston.

One morning, after taking me to Bunker's Hill, and repeating a passage from Webster's splendid oration there when the monument on it was completed, Mr. Phillips showed me the Auburn Cemetery, where I was surprised to see the tomb of Spurzheim, he said, "Hard by lives Mr. Longfellow, in an old English mansion, formerly occupied for a time by General Washington," and there I had the pleasure to converse for a short time with the poet, whose works are in many co-operative libraries, and whose poems of inspiration I had oft heard recited on their platforms. Longfellow's bearded and august face gives him the appearance now of a Jupiter of poetry. Mr. Lowell's house lies not far away among the trees of Cambridge, but he was in Europe then. We are all glad he is the American Minister in London now.

The diffidence Mr. Phillips reproached me with of not visiting persons I wished to see without some colorable pretext, was nearly fatal to my seeing Mr. Emerson. Several mornings Mr. Phillips went with me to the libraries and book stores, where Mr. Emerson was sure to be found when he came up to Boston from Concord, but without meeting with him. One day at the library, Mr. Phillips introduced me to a banker, saying, "This is my friend, Mr. Holyoake, from London. He has never said a word about it, but I suspect he is a believer in 'hard money,' which is the one virtue which you will have to save you." "Yes, I

may escape by that," replied the banker, addressing me; "but your friend, Mr. Phillips, has so many virtues, which we all recognize, that his future is secure, despite his one sin of believing in 'paper currency.'"

It came to pass that Mr. Stevens, of Cambridge, gave me a letter to Dr. Allcot, of Concord, asking him to take me to see Mr. Emerson. So, in company with my friend, Mr. Verity, formerly of Lancashire, I, not knowing the way, set out to Concord. The way thereto, and the place itself, were as bright as the historical associations of the town. If ever Concord made up its mind to be content, it would be in that pleasant spot where water and wood, spacious plains, quiet villas, and fairy roads abound. Mr. Emerson's daughter being from home, the philosopher received us himself. Pictures and works of art, which it was good to look upon, were just numerous enough to be part of the household. Touching, like an enchanter, a panel, which was not noticeable, it slid away, and we entered the study, which no one could see without interest. Though tall, Mr. Emerson is still erect, and has the bright eye and calm grace of manner we knew when he was in England long years ago. In European eyes, his position among men of letters in America is as that of Carlyle among English writers; with the added quality, as I think, of greater braveness of thought and clearness of sympathy. The impression among many, to whom I spoke in America, I found to be that while Carlyle inspires you to do something, not clearly defined, when you have read Emerson you know what you have to do. However, Mr. Emerson would admit nothing that would challenge the completer merits of

his illustrious friend at Chelsea. He showed me the later and earlier portraits of Carlyle which he most cherished; made affectionate inquiries concerning him personally, and as to whether I knew of anything that had proceeded from his pen which he had not in his library. Friends had told me that age seemed now a little to impair Mr. Emerson's memory, but I found his recollection of England accurate and full of detail. A fine portrait of him, which Mr. Wendell Phillips presented to me, has been generally thought by those who have not seen Emerson to be a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, whom he certainly very much resembles now. Englishmen told me with pride that in the dark days of the war, when American audiences were indignant at England, Emerson would put in his lectures some generous passage concerning this country, and raising himself erect, pronounce it in a defiant tone, as though he threw the words at his audience. More than any other writer Emerson gives me the impression of one who sees facts alive and knows their ways and who writes nothing that is mean or poor.

One morning there appeared in the New York "Tribune" the following paragraph:

A day or two ago there met in State Street, Boston—on the spot where the famous massacre took place—Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, and the son of Mr. John Bright. Mr. Phillips, who was showing Mr. Holyoake the historic spots of Boston, had stopped his carriage there, when Mr. Bright came up with a friend. On being introduced to Mr. Phillips, a very cordial greeting took place. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Bright," Mr. Phillips said, "but I would rather meet your father." "My father is better worth meeting," modestly answered Mr. Bright. "I wish you could per-

suade your father to visit us," said Mr. Phillips. "I am afraid he does not like, or fears the sea," was the reply. "We should be content if he would come and make us just one speech," added Mr. Phillips "Ah," said Mr. Bright, "I think my father fears that more." Mr. Bright is taller than his illustrious father, but has his massiveness and force of carriage. The expression of his features is that of his mother. In a speech he made a year ago in his native town, he displayed quite his father's vigor and fire.

Mr. Phillips asked me afterwards who wrote the paragraph, saying he did not. Mr. Bright, he said, plainly did not, nor did his friend. I answered that being a stranger in America, I could not be expected to be able to throw light upon the ways of their native journalism so soon. One thing the writer might have added which struck me at the time. I observed that Mr. Phillips stood with his hat off all the time of the conversation. Not Mr. Evarts' message to Mr. Bright from the American people, gave me a deeper sense of the sincerity of the regard felt for him, than this fine act of courtesy in a man so eminent as Mr. Phillips, a man of noble presence and Roman head standing uncovered in a public square, expressing thereby his respect for young Mr. Bright, for his own and his father's sake. The man and the act were national.

Parker House, Boston, which Dickens thought in his day the most comfortable he found in the States, is frequented by English visitors still. An improved "elevator" put up here, was talked of when I was in the city, and I wished to try it. Luckily I was absent when it was first tested, as it came down with some adventurous reporters in it, who were battered and bruised as much as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza were on the night on which they slept at the inn-

keeper's, after the affair with the Yangusians. Had I been in the Parker House that day, I should certainly have shared in that peremptory descent.

This reminds me that, when at Kansas City, I desired to enter a sugar bakery there, partly to see if I could learn anything to the advantage of the co-operative manager of the Crumpsall Works at home, and partly to escape from the heat of the sun, the ovens of the bakery being cool compared with the street that day. However, being invited to take a drive through a suburban road, bearing then, or formerly, the pleasant name of "Murderer's Lane," where, I was assured, some one had been assassinated at every twenty-five yards, I went, and before I returned next day the sugar bakery had fallen down, burying five persons, including visitors, in its ruins.

But it is not my intention to relate either curious escapes which occur to all who travel, nor yet the adventures into which the disability of blindness inevitably leads. They are not amusing—they are not even credible to those who see. So little are men sensible of the blessing of sight—which is a blessing because a protection—that they have an ignorant, not to say brutal, incredulity of the dangers which pursue the unseeing. Such a one, crossing a street, flees from a sound of wheels far off, and runs under noiseless wheels near. I have seen Lord Palmerston, at seventy-six, cheerily evade the cabs of Palace-yard where a youth with dim sight had surely been run down. You go in a cab by night—a collision occurs. He who can see, opens the door and leaps out, and takes another when the one he was in is

smashed up, while he who cannot see must sit there, since the danger of moving is the same as that of remaining.

A person with half-sight takes the mist or the shadow in the roadway at night to be real vehicles, and has to stand still until help comes, although there is nothing in the way. When living on the Marine Parade at Brighton, if I returned home after dark I would creep by the houses, or railings, or walls, until I arrived at the terrace where I dwelt. Only a narrow roadway lay between me and the door. Listening along the ground to be sure that no footsteps or wheel was in motion, I would dart across the road. Immediately a cab was upon me; it seemed as though it started from the ground. The fact was, the cabmen were lying still, and seeing me suddenly in the road, moved forward, believing I wanted one. Thus the most commonplace incident to those who can see, becomes a terror to those who cannot. When I count my beads I never forget a prayer for the wise oculist who saves lives by his skill. In America and in Canada, I had watchful friends near me to whom I owed my safety. Of what occurred at other times I relate no more, as it could only interest the few who are exposed to like peril. Only one thing I shall say, that the blindness has taught me, as nothing else ever did, how much we are under the dominion of the senses where we least expect it. To this hour I cannot believe in the dark that any persons can see me, because I cannot perceive them. Though my reason tells me the contrary, I cannot shake off the impression.

I know a statesman who incurred years of dislike and contempt from persons who had served him, and whom he

passed on public occasions as though he disowned them. I shared the feeling of dislike myself. I, years afterwards, discovered that he was simply near-sighted, and never saw those whom he was thought to shun. Alas! what friendships are severed by mere misconception or ignorance as to the conditions under which others live and move and have their being. On the other hand, I never felt myself so deep a sense of the kindness of unknown people in every condition of life as when I found that I never made an appeal in any land to a gentleman or lady, to crossing-sweeper or cabman, to boy or girl, to thief or harlot, or any one I took to be a ruffian, to take me across a thoroughfare in the dark who did not do it in the promptest and kindest manner.

The Mayor of Boston, with what I thought very great courtesy, volunteered to give me a day to drive me about the city, when I should have seen many places which I hope at another time to visit; but the men who make the value of Boston interested me mainly then.

One day Mr. Phillips took me to see General Butler—who appeared to me to reside everywhere—who had a great deal to tell relating to the industrial relations of the people. The burly and animated General, of wayward reputation, took his seat upon a stool in his office, and told me things of great interest for the space of an hour. On leaving, a friend asked me "what I said to General Butler." I answered, "You ought to ask me what he said to me; I never had the opportunity of saying a word." The person to whom I spoke laughed, as though he thought he ought to have foreseen that.

I had a desire to see Dr. O. Wendell Holmes, who has delighted us so long in England by his charming stories. Besides being a physician, he is a man of genius and vivacity. On attaining his seventieth year a dinner of congratulation was given him at Boston. He made his acknowledgments in a series of verses, which proved to be a new and graceful version of "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man." Of course the verses had touches of tenderness and fancy, which are never absent from Dr. Holmes' poetry.

All his resources of physiological knowledge, as a physician, were brought into requisition in describing the tremors, discomforts, and bending feebleness of threescore years and ten. Admirers of Dr. Holmes in England, know with what agitation and sympathy they read of what they must have thought the last appearance in this world of the pathetic and venerable poet. Being with a friend who met Dr. Holmes in the street, I put an anxious question to him as to the appearance and condition of that sorrowful songster, when the welcome assurance was given that he was perfectly upright, and as lithe and active a gentleman as one would wish to meet; and there is no doubt that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will be found diffusing wisdom and laughter from his morning chair for many years to come. The doctor's seventieth birthday verses certainly show that the spirit of poesy is as strong in him as ever, and that the description of his own feebleness was a part of his art, employed to heighten the sentiment of his verse, and as a contrast between his burthen of pitiful words, and his own radiancy of health and song. It is true that the people of America do not, as a rule, live as long as people in England,

but that is owing to causes quite within their control. They have pursuits which interest them more than longevity.

Among the pleasant Sundays in Boston was one I spent with Colonel T. W. Higginson, who took me to the house of a lady at Cambridge, where a large number of guests assembled to hear the hostess read a paper on "An Ancient French Poet." I never understood till then what I had heard Mr. Moncure Conway say, that Colonel Higginson, besides being a man of letters, excelled as an interpreter of an assembly. At intervals, when deference, or delicacy, or inaptness of thought, caused vacuity in the criticisms of those present, he spoke as though the occasion was created for him. I thought of what he says of his hero in his novel of "Malbone": "Manhood is never commonplace, and he was a person to whom one could anchor. When he came into the room, you felt as if a good many people had been added to the company."

In Boston I met the Hon. Josiah Quincy, whose name we are now familiar with in England as that of a real advocate of co-operation, and under whose influence a co-operative store has been established in Boston. While I was there a statue of his father was erected before the State House in the city—the Quincys being a family of historic celebrity in those parts. A meeting being held of a great building society on the Philadelphian plan, which Mr. Quincy had introduced into Boston, he being chairman, asked me to speak to the assembly on co-operation. It was my first speech on the subject in America. The place was the Stacy Hall. The platform was the one from which Lloyd Garrison had been dragged to be hanged, in the evil anti-slavery days.

The door is built up now through which he was taken, but I could see it from the platform where I stood. To save Garrison, the Mayor ordered him to be taken to jail, and Mr. Quincy, being on the spot in his carriage, took Garrison into it and conveyed him to prison. Garrison's clothes were nearly torn from his body, and the rope was put around his neck ready to hang him. In stature and features Mr. Quincy resembles very much George Thompson, the English anti-slavery advocate, whom we all knew.

Afterwards, I delivered my first American lecture on co-operation in that room. Nobody asked me: it was done of my own wilfulness. If the story of co-operation was to be told in America for the first time by an Englishman, who was at the beginning of it, I preferred telling it in Stacy Hall. When I saw some persons present, besides Mr. Quincy, who presided, I was astonished, and by that time I understood the rage and enthusiasm of the old slave owners, who climbed up those narrow and never-ending stairs in search of Mr. Garrison. Had I been he, I should have thought myself perfectly safe at that inaccessible elevation.

It will be long before I forget the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Theodore Parker, the wife of the great preacher. I had not before met in America so bright and gentle a lady. She showed me her husband's study, with everything as he last sat in it and the last entry he made in his diary in Florence, where he died. From his writing-room window, in the house where he lived when he preached his famous sermons, he could see the room where Lloyd Garrison set up his anti-slavery press. The room where—

Unfriended and unseen
Toiled o'er his types a poor unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured and mean.
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

After Theodore Parker's death his biographer found letters of mine addressed to him some years before the slave war broke out, in which I had apologized to him for having objected to the vehemence of his language against slaveholders, as I knew that he intended war. As Mr. Parker was not known to entertain at that time the idea of war, his biographer wished to see what reply he made to me. He had not written to me that such was his intention. The language he employed I foresaw must lead to war. I concluded that he intended it, and on that ground regarded his language as consistent with that end and no longer to be questioned.

The Rev. Francis Ellingwood Abbott, the editor of the "Index," interested me greatly. He displayed great capacity, and a Puritan force and pride in the integrity of the principles he represented. I know no one in England who has his fine enthusiasm for liberal and religious progress. As he was the leader in a contest with great forces opposed to him, I knew, through him, other persons whose conversation gave me the impression that higher thought and action are still characteristics of Boston.

In that insurgent city I met the most animated little clergyman I ever knew, the Rev. Photius Fisk, formerly a chaplain in the American navy, and a generous friend of slaves, who puts up monuments to those who suffered for them. One was to Captain Jonathan Walker, of the Branded

Hand. He had helped some slaves to escape. Heavy chains were riveted upon him, his cell was without bed or table: a slave had cut his throat to avoid a worse death, and Captain Walker had to sleep on the bloody floor. His sentence was twelve months' imprisonment for each of the seven slaves he had tried to free. His hands were branded with a double S, made red hot. One blacksmith refused to make it; another, who made it, refused his forge to heat it. In Missouri three men were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment each for the same offences. Photius Fisk was a brave chaplain, who would bury them when none others would and put up monuments to their memories. I never knew what paternal slavery was so vividly as when I heard him describe it. The Rev. Charles Tory, a Congregational minister, died in his cell in the same cause. His beautiful wife prayed that he might be liberated to die. His dead body was sent to her.

Salem, where they hanged the witches, is not far from Boston, and is the prettiest town of verdure and water which superstition ever made terrible. Dr. Oliver took me down to see his father, General Oliver, who was Mayor of Salem, and who showed me the witch houses, in which the rooms are still unchanged, where the poor creatures were brought in for trial. There is preserved in Salem the first church built by Puritans. It is a small wooden structure, which might hold one hundred people. It has a gallery without any entrance or staircase to it. How the active Puritan Fathers climbed into it does not appear. The mount where they hanged the poor witches is being encircled now with streets and houses; but the spot itself should

be preserved as atonement ground. It is impossible to conceive that any human being could sleep on that melancholy mound.

General R. K. Oliver was a name I had known in England in connection with questions of international industry. The social wisdom of his conversation, now that I had the pleasure to be his guest, impressed me very distinctly. He explained to me that when he had charge of the Bureau of Labor of Massachusetts, he counselled workmen to provide themselves with competence in declining years, defining "competence" as that sum which, if invested in days of health and work, would procure an income at a given age, equal to their average income, and sufficient to maintain them in the station in which they have moved. This is what I mean by wise talk—conversation which moves steadily to new issues, and in which material terms are rendered definite. "Competence" is a term on many tongues. General Oliver was the first person whom I heard define it as he used it.

Two letters which I addressed to the public papers in Boston I venture to cite, because the misconception which could arise in so intelligent a city may arise elsewhere. One was upon the "Rights of Minorities and the limits of Toleration." It appeared in the Boston "Herald" as follows:

In the report you did me the honor to make of my address at the Parker Memorial, on Sunday last, occur the words "Lord John Russell has declared that the minority has no rights." No doubt the fault was my own, not speaking distinctly at that point. What I intended to convey was a meaning the very opposite of this. I said we were all grateful to Lord John for being the first nobleman of

influence to maintain that the minority had rights. Earl Russell well knew that I was one who did him honor for his action in this matter, and I would not like that Lady Russell, who takes interest in public affairs as her illustrious husband did, should read those words and suppose that I had forgotten the obligations we were all under to Earl Russell in this matter—obligations which I had personally acknowledged during his lifetime. I see it stated in your journal that "Mr. Holyoake would have obscene books treated with contemptuous toleration." On the contrary, I maintained the right and duty of the State to suppress them, whereas (as respects books of opinion, occupying the borderland between science and repulsiveness, which the imbecility of their authors has so confused that an equal fanaticism grows up to suppress them and maintain them), the Lord Chief Justice of England lately declared that such publications were best left alone, as prosecution increased their noisomeness. I defined as contemptuous toleration, non-interference with these polecat opinions, which was justifiable only as the lesser of the two evils. For myself I regard the authors of these questionable books, whatever may be their intentions, as the traitors of free thought, who obscure what should be kept jealously clear — the line of demarcation between liberty and license.

The other letter was upon "Useful and Useless Truth." It appeared in the Boston "Transcript," saying:

In the comment you made upon an expression I am supposed to have used in my address at the Parker Memorial, on Sunday, you express wonder at its purport. I do not wonder that you wonder at it. You regard me as saying that one of the nuisances of the platform was a man who spoke from belief in the truth of what he was saying. Of course a man ought to have belief in the truth of what he says. What I pointed out was that he ought to have more. He ought to have knowledge of the truth; what he speaks ought to be well ascertained truth—vital truth—relevant truth. It ought to be as Grote used to express it—"reasoned truth." There is important

truth and unimportant truth; there is wise truth and silly truth; there is truth relevant to the question at issue, and a foolish truth relative to nothing. What I said was, that persons were nuisances of the platform who did not know this, and who thought that their honest but crude impression of truth was a sufficient justification of public speech.

CHAPTER VI.

CITY OF HOLYOKE—DISCOURSES.

MY visiting the City of Holyoke was quite accidental. I was unaware there was a city of that name till I rode through it on my way to Florence with my friend Mr. Seth Hunt, the treasurer of the Connecticut City Railroad, whose offices in Springfield were in the building in which John Brown was in business, some years before the affair at Harper's Ferry for which he was hanged. Springfield is as pretty as its name. There was a company in the city which proposed to supply all the houses with heat—to lay on warm air just as we lay on gas and water in Great Britain. I sent word to them to come over and warm England. They would establish depots of warm air in Birmingham, or other midland towns in our country, and make all our cities comfortable for a consideration. They have perfected the art of house comfort in America to a degree to which we are strangers. They not only warm the railway cars in America, they warm the railway depots. In Philadelphia I found a great railway hall, where hundreds of people could wait for cars, warm in every part, even when the great doors were open. At a junction station in Canada, where I arrived once at midnight, every room I

entered was warm. All about it people could lie down and sleep in comfort. On returning to England I experienced more discomfort from cold in a midday journey from Liverpool to London, than I encountered day or night in the remotest parts I wandered into in America and Canada, during months of travel.

Holyoke stands on the banks of the Connecticut River. It is a young city, which grows faster than Jonah's gourd. My invitation to deliver the first lecture on co-operation in it came from some citizens; but the arrangements were finally made by countrymen of my own, Mr. Goodenough and others; but the mayor, who is owner of the theatre, assured me he would have given it free for the lecture had it not been engaged that night.

The city stands in sight of Mount Holyoke, which overlooks the splendid and fertile valleys through which the silver snake-like river winds 400 miles. The early Puritans who had the sagacity to settle there, had like the old monks at home, a fine eye for settlements of profitable beauty. Moses saw not a finer sight from Pisgar, than Elizur Holyoke from the mount from which he looked.

Being told that probably the town was named after some ancestor of mine I said if that was so I should be glad to collect the rents, as I had never been that way before. The variation in our names I said might be accounted for. The early settler, whose name the mountain and town bear, probably lost the "a" out of his name in the long voyage over the Atlantic in those days, or had it shot by the Indians when he arrived. My branch of the family was plainly Druidical, as the name implies, and as the pedigree might

show—had it been preserved. The American branch may have been phonetic in taste, and have eliminated the "a" on principle. Edward, the son of Elizur Holyoke, became president of the Harvard University. He was born in 1689, and died in 1769, living eighty years.

His son, Dr. Edward Augustus Holyoke, who was born in 1728, lived until 1829. He began to practice medicine at Salem in 1749, continuing in that profession more than seventy years. He was an acute and learned physician and a good surgeon. He performed a surgical operation at the age of ninety-two. Even after he had attained his hundredth year, he was interested in the investigation of medical subjects, and wrote letters which show that his understanding was still clear and strong. On his hundredth birthday about fifty of his medical brethren of Boston and Salem gave him a public dinner, when he appeared at the table with a firm step, smoked his pipe, and proposed a characteristic toast to the assembly. It is clear that the climate did not kill these early settlers prematurely in those days, or it was not so vicious then as it is supposed to be now.

In the old church at the foot of Mount Holyoke one of the regicides of Charles the First's time was buried. He was sheltered by the clergyman, an old college friend of his in England. He remained concealed in the rectory. The country being then held by the English, it was unsafe for him to go abroad, and his existence was unknown in the village. One day, when everybody was at church, the old military King-killer, looking out from his eyrie, espied Indians advancing at some distant point, with a view to attack the settlement. He seized his sword, ran down, mounted a

horse, rode right away to the church, rushed in, and announced to the congregation their danger. Worshippers in those days went armed to chur... The old hero remounted his horse and marshalled the plan of defence not a moment too soon, for the Indians were upon them. His white hair and beard streaming in the wind, he fought in the front. The moment victory was secured he rode straight away—only the clergyman knew where. As he had never been seen before, and was never seen afterwards, the honest worshippers deemed him a prophet sent by the Lord for their deliverance. There are many good miracles of earlier days not so well attested as this. I relate the tradition as I heard it on the banks of the Connecticut River.

The first time I spoke to a congregation was at the Free Church, Florence, Massachusetts. It was delivered in the Cosmian Hall, a pretty name coined out of the word Cosmos. The student of the order of nature in England would be called a Cosmist—Cosmian is a much more euphonious derivation. The hall is very large, and the most imposing in the city. It stands on a plain at the lower end of Florence. The Cosmian Hall having bells, and the Wesleyan Chapel not having any, the Cosmian bells ring for the Wesleyan worshippers. I was asked in the morning to meet the teachers of the Sunday School, and make a little speech to them. Afterwards I was asked to attend the Sunday Schools and make another speech to the pupils. This constantly occurred to me in other churches; the object was to enable the children to hear and see the stranger who had come amongst them. In the afternoon, I addressed a congregation in the large and handsome hall devoted to

that purpose. At night, I met for the fourth time an assembly which was considered a reception, in one of the rooms of the hall where, for two hours, we talked over the practical and ethical side of co-operation, about which many intelligent inquiries were made.

Americans are merciful critics. They judge that a stranger does not know all at once where he is, in that spacious and unaccustomed country, and pardon unattached ideas in his speech. My eyes and my mind alike wandered in my speeches that day. Mr. Charlton had come down more than 1,000 miles to meet me at Springfield, to hear me lecture, as he said, once again. Notice of his arrival lay at a depot, which was not communicated to me until I had left for Florence, where, however, he would also come. Every knock at Mr. Hill's door (the house of my host) I went out to answer; on every tramcar stopping before it I listened for the creaking of the gate; every carriage driving to the Cosmian Hall on Sunday reawakened my expectation; every tall stranger who entered the church while I was speaking attracted my attention. It was thirty years since we had met, and I knew not into what form and appearance America had converted my former Tyneside friend in that time. After arriving at Springfield he was summoned to a railway convention at Chicago, which I could not know. It was some weeks later, and hundreds of miles away, before we met. One night I was feeling my way in alarm amid walls of railway carriages at Rochester, neither knowing where I was going nor how to return, when a lofty figure accosted me in tones which I knew again. A confluence of trains had arrived that hour, and my friend had had my

name proclaimed in each, but as no such creature had ever been heard of in those parts, no response could be had, until I was discovered in the railway ravine through which the last passengers must pass.

The verdant gaiety of Florence still lingers in my memory no less than the hospitality accorded me there. The negligence of scenery in the city charmed me. In England Nature has its hair in curl papers. In America its locks wave wild. It was, I believe, in Florence where I first entered an American school house. It had broad floors and bay windows, from which the children could see the beauty of the scenery around them. The teachers to whom I spoke expressed astonishment at hearing that in England we built dead walls round our gardens lest the passers by should see the verdure, and built them round even little children's schools lest they should see from their playground a flower-girl pass, or a green thing on a market gardener's barrow.

I visited Mr. Seth Hunt at his house, where he entertained George Thompson under shadow of the Holyoke Mountains, in the evil days of the anti-slavery cause when his life was in peril. It was not far from Mr. Hunt's house to where the Rev. Jonathan Edwards dwelt. In a spot of wondrous calmness and beauty in those days, with wood, river, and mountain before him, he fabricated the iron-bound doctrines which have cast a halo of horror round his name, and makes the stranger tread the streets for the first time with terror.

The Rev. Mr. Haynes of Providence invited me to speak in his church. My subject there was "Unregarded Aspects

of Human Nature." In the evening there met at the house of Mr. Frost, a member of the church, whose guest I was, a considerable number of the congregation, to whom I was requested to explain the character and proceedings of our co-operative societies.

In America, they seem to number the churches as they do the streets. The Memorial Hall, in Boston, where I spoke twice, bore the name of the 28th or 38th Congregational Church. Some Churches are called Free Churches, to denote, as I understood, that in America, even Churches, free nowhere else, may be free there. In Florence, in Boston, in Providence, in Chicago, in Cincinnati, the piety of the worshippers, was simple, manly, and fearless. They did not, as we do in England, pay any attention to what people thought of them. There was a sense of reverence, truth, conscience, and duty. They thought that saints were more wholesome when clean, more acceptable to Heaven when intelligent, more happy for being free, and their hopes hereafter were strong in proportion to their efforts to promote human welfare here. In no instance was I asked what I should say. At no time was any condition suggested even as to the form of service I should adopt. They did me the honor to believe that it was impossible that I could abuse their trust by speaking on controversial points, while the whole field of secular morality lay before me, upon which, if any new light can be thrown, it is the interest of every Church to know it. The singular thing was, that believing that co-operation had some moral and therefore religious element in it, they were wishful to hear of that.

CHAPTER VII.

WANDERING IN FIVE GREAT CITIES.

AWAKENING one night in a railway car, and looking through my bed window and thinking the scenery rather stationary, I learned that we were on the Alleghany Mountains, and that the train had got off the track. As I promised at home not to take this route, I betook myself to sleep again, not wishing to be killed awake in violation of my compact. The next evening, while gazing at Harper's Ferry in the moonlight, which had great interest for me, I heard my name called out in the car, which—since I had seen no one for nearly two days that I knew—surprised me. It was a telegram from Colonel Ingersoll, apprising me I should be five hours late at Washington, and that on arriving there I should find his carriage and two colored servants at the station, who would wait until I came, and take me to his house in Lafayette Square. How he should find out where I was, and how late I should be, which I did not know myself, excited my curiosity as much as this thoughtfulness gave me pleasure. He had sent me a letter telling me I was not to leave America until I had seen some of the famous politicians of Washington, and that if I would come and stay with him, he and Mrs. Ingersoll would make me

"real happy," all of which came true. It was midnight when I reached Washington, where I found the carriage and the pleasant Ethiopian attendants of whom I had received information five hours before.

That was a pleasant day when I went down the sleepy Potomac to visit Mount Vernon, the former home of General Washington. On the one end is dreamy, quiet Maryland; on the other lies the rival coast of bright Virginia. Mount Vernon was utterly unlike what I expected. Near the entrance of the Washington Estate is the tomb of the great, crownless king. Beyond, is a modest, picturesque country house, with various quaint structures, built of English brick, standing on an elevated plateau, commanding many views of the winding Potomac and open views of country. The cosy, pleasant rooms where the General lived, the chamber where he died, the chamber where General Lafayette slept, remained as they were in their days. In one of the kitchens where the repasts were cooked for the General's guests he used to give a dinner to his slaves on Christmas Day, and their feasting lasted as long into the night as their log fire took to burn out. The artful slaves had an ingenious device for prolonging the time of their entertainment. They provided a solid chunk of wood for the Christmas log, and put it to soak in water a week or two before the festive day, so that it took unknown hours to burn out, during which time they were their own masters. No doubt they kept it pretty damp when it gave signs of burning out too soon. At the death of the General, Mrs. Washington went into the uppermost rooms of the house, and there she lived until her death. There is still

the aperture in the lower part of the door which she had cut for her favorite cats to pass through. The custodian, who showed us the rooms, said he was sorry he could not show us the cats. The pleasantry was not said for the first time; but it was said so well, and so freshly spoken, as were all the descriptions he gave us, that they seemed made new for the occasion.

A light, well-built gateway, through which Washington used to drive as he entered his farm, needed some years ago to be replaced, and a few boys in Wisconsin collected money for the purpose, and brought it all the way themselves. One of them, I remember, was named Merrill. They exhibited the greatest delight on beholding the new gateway, when erected. Their names ought to be written on the lintel in honor of their bright and auspicious enthusiasm.

Lineal Americans are mostly as quick as four-eyed people, and seem to see at the back of their heads. We are apt to think ourselves railroad driven, they regard us as very deliberate in business; but their activity, like their morals and religions, is a good deal geographical. Washington seems to be a lotus land. I went into one of the coiffeur rooms of an hotel to have my hair cut. It was growing long, and I was afraid of being mistaken for a poet, which, unless you happen to be the real thing, leads to social difficulties at editorial offices which it is always my custom to frequent. The sun was shining brightly in mid-afternoon when I entered the hair-dresser's hall. By the time I emerged, the shades of evening were setting in. Delilah was not half so long, in her wanton treachery, in cutting off Sampson's locks as the Washington hair-cutter was in shearing mine. In New

York they had cut my head off in less time. The Washington operator seemed, like Gerard Dhow when he painted a brush, to work upon a single hair at a time. Now and then he went away to drink ice water to refresh his minute energies. When at length I returned home, Mrs. Ingersoll told me that the silk mercers sold ribbons at the same rate, and that it sometimes required a morning to buy a yard. All this is very pleasant when you give your mind to it. Washington is the lotus land of business. Shaving certainly is a fine art in America. I wondered at first how so rapid a people contrived to lie so still upon the barber's cushion so long a time, in the Northern hotels where I watched them. The reason I discovered to be that American shaving is as pleasant as a Turkish bath.

I spent time, which seemed far too short, with the Sovereigns of Industry. At the request of their district council, made at the suggestion of General Mussey and Major Ford, I spoke one night in a very handsome hall upon the "English Features of Co-operation," and met many distinguished persons. My visit to the White House, where I saw the President, Mrs. Hayes, and General Sherman, I have related elsewhere.* The Museum of Patents, of Education, and many other places had features of interest, which I should describe had I found opportunity of making myself sure concerning them. Washington is full of wonders. General Eaton, who, if I remember rightly, is at the head of the museum, showed me treasures of instruction. I thought that if he was at South Kensington he would find some

* In the "Nineteenth Century."

means of recovering those earlier relics of educational apparatus which lie at New Lanark. The story of their condition, George Eliot told me, in the last letter she wrote to me, had to her mind "a tragic impressiveness."

Mr. George W. Child (everybody in America seems to have three names; the first and last, as I think I have observed before, are always put in full; the second is represented by its initial letter only) I saw but for a short time, and was surprised to find him young and fresh looking. His chief office in the "Ledger" buildings presented features of substantial grace and of European art which refreshed the eye to see. What was to me proof of yet nobler taste was that lofty ceilings, spacious rooms, light, air, and baths were provided for the work-people; that he had omitted to reduce the printers' wages when their own union had sanctioned it. Two weeks' vacation are allowed, and the full wages paid in advance, and a liberal present of money made besides. On Christmas Day, also, every man, woman, and boy receives a further present. Our co-operative stores and manufacturing societies do not do better than this. This was done by one who, as a Baltimore boy at fourteen, got himself a place in a book store, beginning life in that self-reliant way. It is rarely that workmen who have become masters themselves treat their own workmen in the spirit of gentlemen.

When Mr. Child bought the "Ledger" of Philadelphia he excluded from its columns all reports which could not be read in a family, or that poison and inflame the passions of young men, and all scandal, slang, and immoral advertisements. He doubled the price of the paper, and increased

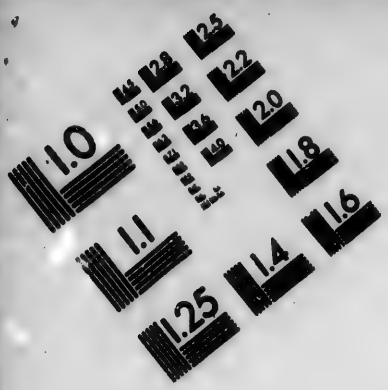
the rates of advertising. The paper was at a low ebb when he took it; it sank lower now. His friends warned him that this would never do; that popularity meant sensation; that common people would not buy common sense, nor would advertisers prefer a journal of good taste. Nevertheless, Mr. Child went on. He engaged good writers, paid good wages, and made a great paying paper. People in England would not expect this could be done in America. I know nothing in journalism more honorable than Mr. Child's sagacity and courage herein, or to the good sense of the people of Philadelphia who gave their support to this unwonted and unexpected enterprise.

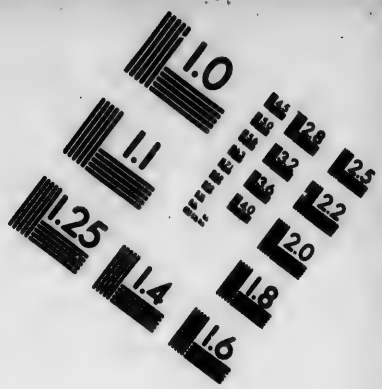
In that city the co-operators were to make arrangements for my lecture, but it fell to my unfailing friends, Mr. Worsley and Mr. T. Stevenson (both formerly of England) to do it. As I wished to go to Reading, in Pennsylvania, the directors of the railway offered me a special engine to take me there, and gave me introductions in Reading, to secure me seeing objects of interest. I said I intended to stay all night, my object being to be present at one of Col. Ingersoll's lectures before my return. The answer was: "The engine shall stay for you and bring you back next day." If I could recall it, I should mention the name of a Philadelphia gentleman, who, quite unknown to me previously, showed me costly courtesies, who appeared to know everybody, who introduced me to the Mayor, and took me to see the famous halls where the historic relics of American liberty are deposited, and where the Declaration of Independence was signed. In one of them I saw an oil painting of Thomas Payne. How it came there, or why it

remained there, nobody knew. It was more intellectual than Romney's portrait of him, which we cherish in England. It was the only State memorial of the great Englishman I saw in America.

While at Philadelphia I paid a visit to the Maple Spring Hotel of Wissahickon, occupied until his death by Joseph Smith, the "sheepmaker" described in my "History of Co-operation," and who died a few days after having had read to him (to his great satisfaction, as I was glad to learn) my account of his career in England. Mrs. Smith and her family still occupy the hotel. It was midnight when I entered it. Though anxious to see his museum it was not until next morning that I cared to do it. The objects in it were carved by his own hand, out of laurel roots, which abound on the banks of the sparkling Wissahickon, before which his hotel stands. In 1839 I saw the Social Hall he built at Salford, which showed conventional prettiness in the use of colored glass, and I believed Mr. Smith had no originality, except that of humorous audacity on the platform.

I expected to find his museum common-place and pretentious. Whereas, I found the various rooms bearing the appearance of a forest of ingenuity, which a day's study would not exhaust. There was nothing tricky about it. Its objects were as unexpected as the scenes in the Garden of Eden must have been to Adam. Noah's ark never contained such creatures. Dore never produced a wandering Jew so weird as the laurel Hebrew who strode through these mimic woods. Scenes from the Old Testament, groups of American orators, statesmen, and railway directors started up in the strange underwood, or held forth in the





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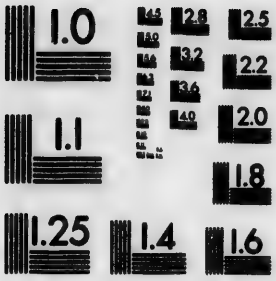

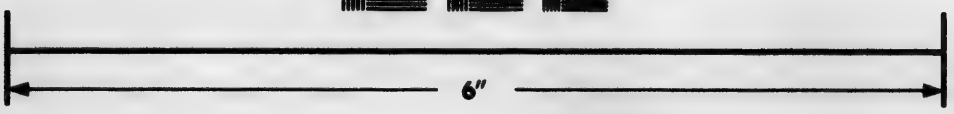

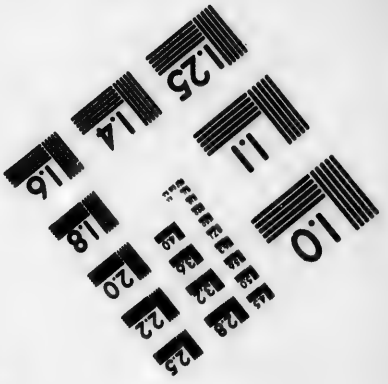

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branches of trees. Dr. Darwin would require a new theory of evolution to account for the wonderful creatures—beasts, birds, and insects—which confront you everywhere.

An American Dante, if there be such a one, might find ample material for a new poem in this wooden inferno. The mind of man never conceived such grotesque creatures before; yet this was the work of an old agitator, executed between his seventieth and eightieth year, with no material but roots of trees, with no instrument but his pocket-knife and a pot of paint, and no resource but his marvellous imagination. There were snakes that would fill you with terror; stump orators that would convulse you with laughter. His Satanic Majesty strode on horseback; Mrs. Beelzebub is the quaintest old lady conceivable. The foreign devils all had a special individuality. There was the Mohammedan devil, the Indian devil practicing the Grecian bend, the Russian devil eating a broiled Turk, the Irish devil bound for Donnybrook fair, the French devil practicing a polka, the Dutch devil calling for more beer, the Chinese devil delivering a Fourth of July oration. I observed no American devil—let us hope they have not one. Mr. Smith's description of his creations endowed every creature with living attributes. He illustrated his favorite doctrine of man being the creature of circumstances, by saying it was coming to live in the Schuylkill County which first developed in him the latent, slumbering organ of Rootology. The Wissahickon Museum was the most original thing I saw in America. I never felt so much the value of a man of energy, as when I missed his animated face as I entered the spacious Hall of St. George to speak, and saw it scarcely

half full. Had he been living he would have had it crowded. He had the contagious enthusiasm of a hundred men in him. It was the Hall of the Sons of St. George, a powerful association, composed, I understand, wholly or mainly of Englishmen, having lodges after the manner of the Odd Fellows. Their hall is the handsomest I spoke in in America. A fine, full-length painting of the Queen of England hangs in the centre of the platform. Philadelphia is enviable for many things, and especially for having two mighty rivers running through it—the Delaware and the Schuylkill. No wonder they extorted from the Irishman who first saw them the exclamation—"They were wonderful rivers for so young a country."

An "open letter" was addressed to me in a Philadelphian paper by Mr. Thomas Stephenson, characterized by those qualities of frankness and kindness which made interesting his communications to the press in the old country. It related to topics upon which I was told people in Philadelphia would like to hear my opinions. In my answer published in "The Trades," I said "I regarded advocacy as an art by which truth is presented with clearness and fairness. Conciliation simply means intellectual justice to those who differ from you, and this should be observed towards all opponents, whether they observe it towards us or not. As to speaking in Philadelphia, I shall only have time to treat of co-operation. My rule is always to speak on what I undertake to speak, and not on any other subject. As to other opinions of mine, I am too dainty and too proud to indulge any one with a word upon them unless it is desired to hear

them. I am not a hawker of opinions. I regard new truth as a treasure to be displayed only as a privilege."

When my letter appeared in the journal to which it was addressed, I was amused to observe that it was two-thirds longer than when I wrote it. The editor had come to the conclusion that I had made it short from want of time on my travels, and had kindly enlarged it for me. It no doubt gave the readers a better idea of my versatility and originality, for it contained two styles and two kinds of thought, and dealt with topics of which I had no knowledge.

Cincinnati is certainly an alluring city. Its enterprising motto is "*L'audace toujours l'audace.*" Let us hope it will have the audacity to get rid of the smoke, which is accumulating in it. On looking down upon it from the hills, it reminded me of Sheffield. Away out of the town there is an elevated cemetery of surpassing beauty, a perfect park of the dead. My object there was to visit the grave of a young man, the son of a valued friend of my student days in Birmingham. The youth had won real friends in Cincinnati, who, together with his comrades, had put up a handsome memorial of him. A railway line runs through the cemetery. But so great and umbrageous is the place that the railway scarcely mars its beauty. My lost friend desired his grave to be within sound of the passing carriages, which, with a touch of Pagan poetry, he associated with the return journey home, of which he thought he should be conscious as he slept. I went also to a grave in Hamilton, Canada, with Mr. Charlton, to lay flowers on the last resting place of his daughter; and was surprised to find there also that the grave plot purchased by a family was

large, like the field of Machpelah, purchased by Abraham.

In Cincinnati, I had the pleasure to meet with the family of my old friend and coadjutor in London, Mr. Robert Leblond. One morning I went to hear the Rev. Charles W. Wendte, the Unitarian minister, a man of fine parts and devotional inspiration. It was the harvest festival of the church. All around the altar was a splendid affluence of the rich fruits of the season, some of which were given to me. The discourse was upon the cheerful character of Jewish festivals, which I knew not before were so alluring. In the afternoon Mr. Wendte occupied the chair at Pike's Opera House, where I delivered the first address of the season to the Unity Club, a society which gives ten-cent lectures to the people on Sunday afternoon. I was given £15 for a discourse of one hour, the largest sum I ever received for an address. I generally spoke in America for the pleasure of speaking, but the churches always volunteered me what was called the "pulpit fee," which varied according to the resources of the congregation.

The Cincinnati "Commercial," which permitted me to explain in its columns practical details of co-operation, recorded that I "advised those who would help in the progress of society, to stand close to truth. It has been said that truth will take care of itself if let alone. Still, in view of misadventure, we had better keep near to her."

In Cincinnati, where I was the guest of Mrs. Wilder, I observed that, in directing me to places I had to visit, she said, "Go east, go west," from this point or that. I told her that such directions did not assist me in the least. In Scotland, this peculiar language was common, but in Eng-

land it was never heard. "Then, how do you go about," she inquired, "if not by the compass?" I replied, England was, as she had heard, a small country, and we had no room for the points of the compass. "Then, what do you do when you ask your way?" she said. I answered, "We ask for the place we want to go to." If we asked a policeman in the streets whether we should turn east or west, he would inquire of his superintendent if he knew such a place. We ask for Chelsea, or Islington, or Whitechapel. We have in London an East End and a West End, but they are names of districts, not of a geographical quarter. We have no North End, no South End, and nobody conceives that Southwark is in the south. If Board Schools were to teach such things, we should have Lord Sandon, or some other Tory, make a motion in Parliament to lower the standard of education, lest the common people should know too much, and be discontented with that station to which God had called them. Mrs. Wilder said, in a kindly and pitying way. "The English are a strange people." Writing to Mrs. Wilder, afterwards, I dated my letter "West of Somewhere," saying she would know where I was though I did not.

Good Americans are said to go to Paris when they die; but it appears to depend upon whether they have been to Chicago first. I like the pleasant egotism of its citizens. All towns are not fortunate in their names. The syllables in New York come together like a nut-cracker, and Boston is quite a mouthful, almost beyond management; but Chicago is the most musical, full-spoken name a great city ever bore. A place with such a name could not be poor or mean.

The Chicago "Tribune" had an amusing paper entitled "A Bamboozled Reformer," founded upon an interview with me, furnished by its own reporter. It did not mean that the reporter had set me on wrong tracks, but that members of the State Socialist party had, who happened not to have been near me. With the customary fairness of the American press, the next day the editor printed a letter from me, which he put under the title "Mr. Holyoake Explains." What I explained was, that while his observations were clever and just upon what I was reported to have said, I never said it. By some fault of expression on my part the interviewer misconceived my meaning.

The fairness and ability with which his report was made left no doubt that the fault must have been mine. Addressing the editor, I added: "My impressions agree with yours, that employers in America recognize in their work-people claims of equality beyond that of any other country, but upon that I know too little to express an opinion, and expressed none. What I said was that in England strikes were often produced by acts of contempt of the claims of men, and prolonged and embittered by words of outrage which impute dishonoring motives and intentions to them. I have neither met nor have any knowledge of the Socialist leaders whom you name. If their objects and methods are such as you describe, they know well that they are not mine. At the same time, if their objects are, as I should suppose them to be, to improve the condition of labor and secure it a fair and permanent proportion of its fruits, I should approve of those objects. Co-operation, in which

I am interested, seeks the same ends, but by self-help, by reason; not by violence, but by creating new wealth—not confiscating any which exists, which would be fatal to the security of the property of workmen when they acquire it. The policy of co-operation, which has met with the approval of the great leaders of the two great parties in England—Mr. Gladstone and Earl Derby—is not likely to be one of confiscation, or unfair or unfriendly to the rightful interest of employers. You are quite wrong in thinking that I come here to promote the emigration of the idle to this country. The idle are they with whom I have no sympathy, and they are precisely the people who never think of emigrating. While I think there are better methods open to industry than that of strikes, I pray you to permit me to state that many of those who have engaged in strikes have been the most honest and industrious men I have known."

This and other incidental quotations serve to preserve in these pages a substantial record of what was said on co-operation during my visit.

In Chicago I had the pleasure of receiving an invitation from the Rev. Brooke Herford, whose name is widely known and regarded in Manchester, and whom I found distinguished in Chicago for the usefulness we have recognized in England. I was surprised to find his church so large, handsome, and cathedral-like in the interior, without the coldness of aspect common to cathedrals. The Chicago "Tribune," the day after my visit, contained the following passage:

The pulpit of the Church of the Messiah (the Rev. Brooke Herford's church), at the corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street, was occupied on last evening by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, of London, England, who delivered a lecture on "Co-operation." In introducing him the pastor stated that Mr. Holyoake had been a friend of his of thirty years' standing. As he (the pastor) had, in the days of their early acquaintance, been accorded the privilege of preaching from secular pulpits, so, now, he was glad of the opportunity to have a secular subject presented by Mr. Holyoake from his pulpit.

Ithaca is not a great city, except in the distinction of being the seat of the Cornell University, the most perfectly secular university that I have known. They there teach the arts of usefulness as well as learning, and rear the students to be citizens as well as scholars.

Professor White, the President of the Cornell University, was absent in Europe, he being appointed United States Minister to a foreign court. The acting president is the Rev. Dr. Russell. His daughter, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Sharmann of Plymouth (England), had given me a letter of introduction to her father. The train which brings you to Ithaca travels round and round a mountain, so that I saw the stars shining over the valley of Ithaca three times before arriving at the station.

Professor Russell met me, and drove me to the pretty and learned eminence on which the president's house stands, and around which the University buildings are spread. After dinner we fell to discoursing on co-operation, the Professor having long years ago taken an interest in it. He asked me if I would address the students upon it. It never occurred to me to speak at the University, and I

asked naturally what I could say. "Say what you have been saying to me," was the answer.

Next morning at 10 o'clock a written notice affixed on the chapel door told the students that Mr. Holyoake would address them there at 12 o'clock. Including fifty ladies who graduate there, four hundred and fifty students were present. Every seat was filled as the president entered, who was received with what resounded against the roof like a hailstorm of cheers. I never heard anything so distinct and consentaneous elsewhere. I was about to join in the cheers when I remembered what befell Mark Twain, when he was one of the guests at a Mansion House dinner in London, who relates that a gentleman at his side was discoursing to him on the religious prospects of Great Britain in the future, when he heard a loud clapping of hands at the name of some guest being announced. The applause swept Mr. Twain into its vortex and he arose and clapped his hands. "Who is it I am cheering?" he asked of his friend. "It is yourself," was the reply. The students were not specially cheering, but some of their applause was probably intended as an expression of their hospitality to their visitor.

As my address in the University Church was upon the "Moral Effects of Co-operation upon Industrial and Commercial Society," from fifty to sixty members of the Social Science Club met at the president's house by his invitation in the evening, when, during a conversation of three hours, the policy and practice of co-operation were discussed.

CHAPTER VIII.

AMERICAN ORATORS.

THERE are many persons who have no very bright idea of American oratory. The splendid roll of Webster's eloquence is known but to few. The popular idea of an American orator is of a vivacious speaker who smells a rat, sees it floating in the air, and nips it in the bud. Yet there is speaking in America which is not volubility—speaking which presents that swift compression of words, that newness and force of thought, that freshness of facts and display of imminent consequences by a luminous imagination, compelling the hearer to action—which all men agree to call oratory.

The public speaker is clear, full, ready, and exact. His province is to instruct and satisfy the understanding. The orator inspires the passions. When the speaker ceases the hearer sees what has to be done; when the orator ceases they do it.

On the day I had the honor of an interview with President Hayes, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Seventh Regiment held a fair in its new armory. Speeches were made by Mayor Cooper and George William Curtis. President Hayes was escorted by the regiment from the Fifth Avenue

Hotel to the armory. Mr. Curtis I everywhere heard spoken of as a politician of principle and integrity. Being unable to accept his invitation to visit him at his seat, at Ashfield, I have no personal knowledge of his manner of speaking, save from the few words he spoke at the Saratoga Convention. The following are the passages from his oration at the Armory Fair. No volunteer can read it without pride. We have no such speech made to soldiers in England. There is no "bunkum" in its chaste and vigorous words. The New York papers reported that Mr. Curtis was welcomed with great cheering, and his voice rang out clear and strong, arresting the attention of the crowd that had become restless under its inability to hear the Mayor. Mr. Curtis said:

"This brilliant presence and the splendid spectacle of to-day's parade recall another scene. Through the proud music of pealing bugles and beating drums that filled the air as we came hither, I heard other drums and other bugles marking another march. Under a waving canopy of red, white, and blue, through "a tempest of cheers two miles long," as Theodore Winthrop said, amid fervent prayers, exulting hopes, and passionate farewells, the Seventh Regiment marched down Broadway, on the 19th of April, eighteen years ago. When you marched, New York went to the war. Its patriotism, its loyalty, its unquailing heart, its imperial will, moved in your glittering ranks. As you went you carried the flag of national union, but when you and your comrades of the army and navy returned, the stars and stripes shone not only with the greatness of a nation, but with the glory of its universal liberty.

These are traditions that will long be cherished in this noble hall. In great and sudden emergencies the State militia is the nucleus and vanguard of the volunteer army. Properly organized, it furnishes the trained skill, the military habit and knowledge, without which

patriotic zeal is but wind blowing upon the sails of a ship without a rudder. No public money is more economically spent, no private aid is more worthily given, than that for supporting the militia amply, generously, and in the highest discipline. Other countries maintain enormous armies by enormous taxation. The citizen suffers that the soldier may live. Our kinder fate enables us, at an insignificant cost, to provide in the National Guard not only the material of an army, but a school of officers to command it. A regiment like the Seventh, and the other renowned regiments of the city, is not only in its degree the model of an admirable army, but it is a military normal school. It teaches the teacher. Six hundred and six members of this regiment received commissions as officers in the volunteer army; three rose to be major-generals, nineteen to be brigadiers, twenty-nine to be colonels, and forty-five lieutenant-colonels.

Mr. Commander, on this happy day every circumstance is auspicious. The Mayor of the city in which your immediate duties lie, presides over the vast and brilliant assembly which throngs these beautiful bazaars. The Chief Magistrate of the Union, who may, in a sudden danger, call you into the national service, leaving the National Capital, gladly dignifies the occasion with his presence. Great officers of the United States and of the State are here to attest their grateful interest in the prosperity of the New York Militia and National Guard. So should it be, for in the hands of this gallant regiment the flag of the Union and the flag of the State are intertwined. Their honor and their glory are inseparable. The welfare of the States is the happiness of the Union. The power of the Union is the security of the States. God save the State of New York! God save the United States of America!

I have twice abridged this speech and twice restored it. I give it now as it was spoken. Soldiers in England will read it with interest for its fine animation, and civilians for its instruction as respects the military policy of a republic. Last year Mr. Curtis made an oration on unveiling a statue

of Robert Burns in the Central Park at New York. No oration that I read at the time of the Centenary of Burns equalled this in splendor of expression and discrimination between what was unwise in the poet's life and imperishable in his genius.

The next example I quote is also inspired by military memories. The orator is Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. Some orators have argument without wit; some have wit without humor; some have humor without pathos; some have pathos without passion; some have passion without imagination. Ingersoll has all these qualities. Everybody knows this in America. Mr. James White, formerly M. P. for Brighton, who traveled in America when Ingersoll made campaign speeches for Hayes, told me that no orations at that time had the character and originality of Ingersoll's, whose late campaign speeches for President Garfield displayed yet greater qualities. During the nights that we sat up together in Washington, telling stories of propagandist adventure, I heard the Colonel relate things which others present had heard before. Yet every one was as much moved to indignation and laughter as I was, who heard them for the first time. The following speech was made at the great banquet given to General Grant in Chicago, on his return from Europe. Sherman and Sheridan also sat at the table. The speech is in the Colonel's graver mood, the subject being in memory of the soldiers who fell in the great war for the freedom of the colored race. Col. Ingersoll said:

When slavery in the savagery of the lash, and the insanity of secession confronted the civilization of our country, the question, "Will

the great Republic defend itself?" was asked by every lover of mankind. The soldiers of the Republic were not seekers for vulgar glory, neither were they animated by the hope of plunder or love of conquest. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and, in the name of the future, slew the monster of their time. They blotted out from our statute books the laws passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with brave and indignant hands from the Constitution of the United States, that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellow men. They made it possible for judges to be just, for statesmen to be humane, and for politicians to be honest. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters, and from the Northern brain. They kept our country on the map of the world and our flag in Heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—nationality and liberty.

The soldiers were the saviors of the Republic; they were the liberators of men. In writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as a summer air when reapers sing amid gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what the grand hands of brave comrades had written with their swords. Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as careless as the air, fought for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor, and battled that a mother should own her child, that arrogant idleness might not scar the back of patient toil, and that our country should not be a many-headed monster, made of warring states, but a nation, sovereign, grand, and free. Blood was as water, money was as leaves, and life was only common air, until one flag floated over one Republic, without a master and without a slave. There is another question still. Will all the wounds of war be healed? I answer, yes. The Southern people must submit, not to the dictation of the North, but to a nation's will and the verdict of mankind. Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their fields, will educate their children, will weave robes of wealth, will execute the laws, and fill their land

with happy homes. The soldiers of the Union saved the South as well as the North. They gave us a nation. They gave us liberty here, and their grand victories have made tyranny the world over as insecure as snow upon the lips of volcanos.

And now let us drink to the volunteers, to those who sleep in unknown and sunken graves, whose names are known only to the hearts they loved and left—of those who oft in happy dreams can see the footsteps of return. Let us drink to those who died where lifeless famine mocked at want. Let us drink to the maimed, whose scars give to modesty a tongue. Let us drink to those who dared and gave to chance the care and keeping of their lives. Let us drink to all the living and to all the dead—to Sherman, and to Sheridan, and to Grant, the laureled soldiers of this world, and last to Lincoln, whose life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

Only one volume of the orations of Wendell Phillips has been published. In 1875 he presented to me the last copy which remained. A new edition is now spoken of, which, if annotated, would certainly greatly interest English readers. The passages I quote are from subsequent orations, which appeared in occasional pamphlets at the time. The qualities of Mr. Phillips' speaking, I have already described. The quality of thought in these passages is so unlike what Englishmen expect in an American speech, that, on reading them, I sent copies to a great orator at home, who was not likely to have seen them. In Washington Street, Boston, stands the Old South Church, which, in its day, was probably the finest church, or one of the finest in the United States. The owners proposed to sell it, as its site had become valuable for commercial purposes. The price they put upon it was $450,000. Many patriotic ladies in Boston were desirous of saving it, and Mr. Phillips was asked to

deliver orations with a view to obtain the necessary funds. He made one oration in the State House, with a view to induce the State to buy it, and another in the church itself, commonly spoken of as the Old South. The funds came to hand eventually, and the church was saved. The passage first following is from the speech in the Old South Meeting House. The statement of the terrors excited by the idea of universal suffrage, the nature of the courage which took the risk of it, has never been put so vividly by any other orator. Mr. Phillips said:

I think that the State, on the broadest consideration of duty, is bound to give its citizens something more than the knowledge of arithmetic and geography. It does well to supplement the common school and the university with that monument at Concord. I passed through your hall as I came up. For what has the State set up the bust of Lincoln there? A fortnight ago I looked in the face of Sam Adams in the Rotunda at Washington. What did the State send that statue there for? It was only a sentiment! For what did she spend ten thousand dollars in setting up a brand new piece of marble, commemorating the man who spoke those words under the roof of the Old South? It will take a hundred years to make it venerable. It will take one hundred years to make that monument on Boston Common venerable. You have got the hundred years funded in the Old South, which you cannot duplicate, which you cannot create. A package was found among the papers of Dean Swift, that old fierce hater, his soul full of gall, who faced England in her maddest hour, and defeated her with his pen, charged with a lightning hotter than Junius. Wrapped up amid his choicest treasures was found a lock of hair. "Only a woman's hair," was the motto. Deep down in that heart, full of strength, fury, and passion, there lay this fountain of sentiment; undoubtedly it colored and gave strength to all that character. When they flung the heart of Wallace ahead in the battle, and said, "Lead, as you have always done!" what was the sentiment that

made a hundred Scotchmen fall dead over it to protect it from capture? When Nelson, on the broad sea, a thousand miles off, telegraphed, "England expects every man to do his duty," what made every sailor a hero? If you had given him a brand new flag of yesterday, would it hav : stirred the blood like that which had faced the battle and the breeze a thousand years? No, indeed! Nothing but a sentiment, but it made every sailor a Nelson.

They say the Old South is ugly. I should be ashamed to know whether it is ugly or handsome. Does a man love his mother because she is handsome? Could any man see that his mother was ugly? Must we remodel Sam Adams on a Chesterfield pattern? Would you scuttle the "Mayflower," if you found her Dutch in her build?

But they say the Old South is not the Old South. Dr. Ellis told us how few of the old bricks remained, which was the original corner, and which really heard Warren. They say the human body changes in seven years. Half a million of men gathered in London streets to look at Grant. The hero of Appomattox was not there; that body had changed twice, it was only the soul. The soul of the Old South is there, no matter how many or few of the original bricks remain. It does not change faster than the human body; and yet all the science in the world could not have prevented London from hurrahing for Grant, or from being nobler when it had done so. Once in his life the most brutal had felt the distant and the unseen, and done homage to the ideal.

The next passage is from his oration in the State House, with the object of inducing the Government of Massachusetts to save the historic old church. Mr. Phillips reasoned thus:

The times which President Eliot has so eloquently described were hours of great courage. When Sam Adams and Warren stood under that old roof, knowing that, with a little town behind them, and thirteen sparse colonies, they were defying the strongest Government,

and the most obstinate race in Europe, it was a very brave hour. When they set troops in rank against Great Britain, a few years later, it was reckless daring. History and poetry have done full justice to that element in the character of our fathers, nothing more than justice. We can hardly appreciate the courage with which a man in ordinary life steps out of the ranks, makes a crisis, while no opinion has yet been ripened to protect him, not knowing whether the mass will rise to that level which shall make it safe—make a revolution instead of a mere revolt. But there was a much bolder element in our fathers' career than the courage which set an army in the field—than even the courage which faced arrest and imprisonment, and a trial before a London jury. That, as I think, was the daring which rested this Government, after the battle was gained, on the character of the masses—on the suffrage of every individual man. That was an infinitely higher and serener courage. You must remember, Mr. Chairman, no State had ever risked it.

There never had been a practical statesman who advised it. No previous experiment threw any light on that untried and desperate venture. Greece had her republics—they were narrowed to a race, and rested on slaves. Switzerland had her republics—they were the republics of families. Holland had her republic—it was a republic of land-owners. Our fathers were to cut loose from property, from the anchorage of landed estates; they were to risk what no State had ever risked before, what all human experience and all statesmanship considered stark madness. Jefferson and Sam Adams, representing two leading States, may be supposed to have looked out on their future, and contemplated cutting loose from all that the world had regarded as safe—property, privileged classes, a muzzled press. It was a pathless sea. But they had that serene faith in God, that it was safe to trust a man with the rights He gave him. These forty millions of people have at last achieved what no race, no nation, no age, hitherto has succeeded in doing. We have founded a Republic on the unlimited suffrage of the millions. We have actually worked out the problem that man, as God created him, may be trusted with self-govern-

ment. We have shown the world that a Church without a bishop, and a State without a king is an actual, real, everyday possibility.

A hundred years ago our fathers announced this sublime, and as it seemed then, foolhardy declaration, that God intended all men to be free and equal—all men, without restriction, without qualification, without limit. A hundred years have rolled away since that venturous declaration, and to-day, with a territory that joins ocean to ocean, with forty millions of people, with two wars behind her, with the grand achievement of having grappled with the fearful disease that threatened her central life, and broken four millions of her fetters, the great Republic, stronger than ever, launches into the second century of her existence. The history of the world has no such chapter, in its breadth, its depth, its significance, or its bearing on future history.

France has proved, and it has been proved in a variety of cases, that the sort of education that makes a State safe is the education, the training that results in character. It is the education that is mixed up with this much abused element which you call "sentiment." It is the education that is rooted in emotions, of slow growth, the result of a variety, an infinite variety of causes; the influence of books, of example, of a devout love of truth, reverence for great men, and sympathy for their unselfish lives; the influence of a living faith, the study of nature, keeping the heart fresh by the sight of human suffering and efforts to relieve it; surrendering one's self to the emotions which link us to the past and interest us in the future, and thus lift us above the narrowness of petty and present cases; using ourselves to remember that there is something better than gain and more sacred than life.

Never before was "sentiment," which "practical" men are accustomed to contemn, so brilliantly vindicated, or its place and influence on national character so discerningly and vividly described.

CHAPTER IX.

FAMOUS PREACHERS.

THE pulpits in the places of worship I visited were not like the English preaching barrels, but were rather altars, with space around them, so that the preacher had full freedom of motion: and like the Precenter's desk in Scotch churches, the American pulpits are lower than ours, so that the minister is among the people. Over the reading desk in Mr. Herford's pulpit, in Chicago, a gas jet is made to burn. The light is concealed from the spectator so that the countenance of the preacher can be seen unconfused by a blaze of light. At the same time its strong rays fall on the pages before him, so that he sees with certainty. This contrivance, I observed, is a common appendage to an American pulpit, though unknown in England.

When I was in Hamilton, the first city in Canada you reach after leaving Niagara, the Mayor had kindly come down to the Grand Hotel to take me to visit the Fair. As I stepped into his carriage, he said, "That is the Rev. Mr. Beecher sitting in the shade at your door." Thereupon I said, "I must go and speak to him." In the angle of the portico sat a gentleman reading a newspaper: he was dressed in black, and wearing a wide-brimmed white felt hat

that served to intercept the stray rays of the fierce sun on the letterpress. Approaching him I said, "Mr. Beecher, eighteen years ago you told me that when I was next near to you, I was to come to you, and not write to you. This is the first time since, that I have had the opportunity of seeing you—how do you do?" He rose, looked at me with his dark, bright eyes, and shaking hands with me very cordially said, "I am delighted to see you—but who are you?" I answered, "Mr. Holyoake, of London." "Are you," he said, "George Jacob Holyoake?" Upon answering "yes," I found I had no reason to regret the abruptness with which I had introduced myself. He desired me, when next I returned to New York, to let him know my address, as he wished to have a morning conversation with me. Some weeks later, being again in New York, I sent him the information, but no reply or visit followed. One Sunday morning I went over the water to hear him preach in his church at Brooklyn. The church was very crowded, and when my friend who accompanied me, mentioned to one of the officers of the church that I was a stranger from London, and desirous of hearing the famous preacher, a convenient seat was found or made for me.

While we were singing I looked over the hymn, in which were the following lines:

> Let Heaven begin the solemn word,
> And send it dreadful down to hell.

It was a hymn of Dr. Watts's. If I remember rightly these were among the lines we sang. I wondered how a man of Mr. Beecher's cultivated taste could admit lines so painful

and discordant to appear in a hymn book of his church. The solemn words of religion ought not to be "dreadful," and if they were "dreadful" there must be enough of misery in hell without sending them there. Mr. Beecher's discourse, like all he delivers, was very remarkable. With the greater part I could entirely coincide. It contained a vivid description of the scantiness of the general records of Christianity so far as it was promulgated by the scriptural founder. Christ had written nothing himself. Those who professed to record what he said were themselves mostly illiterate. No stenography existed in Judea. Though we are told the world would not contain all the books if his sayings were fully reported, we have but a comparatively brief record of them; we cannot, therefore, fully judge of their beauty, completeness, nor variety. Through whose hands the apostolic records have passed, what changes they sustained, what interpolations they have suffered, no man can tell. It was impossible not to be impressed in favor of Christianity preached with this manly candor.

The discourse was founded upon a text where Christ takes leave of his disciples, promising to communicate with them on another occasion fuller particulars of his mission. His crucifixion following, a fuller communication was never made. Hence, argued the preacher, we know not all that really was in the mind of Christ. After mentioning two cardinal subjects upon which Christ would have undoubtedly spoken, had his life been prolonged, the preacher came to the third. All along, he had spoken in an undertone, low and clear, which penetrated to every part of the chapel, then breaking into his familiar loudness and finished emphasis of

tone, and looking down to where I sat, he said, "The third subject upon which Christ would have spoken, foreseeing, as he must have done, the future needs of society—would have been Co-operation." I was startled at the communication. I had heard that Mr. Beecher had a quick eye to perceive and identify strangers in his congregation. He certainly could not have known that I should be there, and if his introduction of co-operation was a coincidence, it was remarkable, and if designed after becoming aware of my being there, it was a masterpiece of facility of resource. What he said was expressed as an inseparable part of narration, which was delivered throughout with unerring, unhesitating precision. His language, manner, and action were more finished than when I heard him in Exeter Hall, in the days of the civil war. His preaching is entirely that of a gentleman as well as an orator; and from what I read of lectures of his delivered elsewhere, while I was in the States, I judge that his reputation depended, not only upon his excellence as a speaker, but upon the boldness and originality of idea found more or less in every address.

There are other preachers in America who preach with perhaps equal brilliance, but I heard of no one who speaks so frequently with such sustained newness of thought. What he said upon co-operation, as a new element promising to instil more morality into commercial life, showed a complete comprehension of its character. The sacrament followed the morning service on that day, and as I could not be a communicant I left, as my presence there could only have implied a curiosity inconsistent with the spirit of the ceremony. As a hearer in the church I was, as it were,

a natural guest of the congregation, while only those of a common conviction could be properly present at a communion service. Otherwise I should have remained, for the sake of speaking with Mr. Beecher again at the close. Anyhow, I caused information to reach him that day of the hours I should be happy to see him at the Hoffmann House, or when I could call upon him at Brooklyn Heights, if that was more convenient to him, but Mr. Beecher made no sign.

A few weeks later, being again in Boston, I mentioned to Wendell Phillips the circumstance. "O," he said, "that is just like Beecher. A friend of his, who had been to Europe, met with some choice ecclesiastical engravings, which he believed it would give Mr. Beecher great pleasure to possess. They were of some value, and after he had had them mounted he sent them to him. Months elapsed, and he had no acknowledgment of them. At length he sent a note saying he did not desire to trouble Mr. Beecher to write a letter to him, but he should be glad of just a word by which he might know that the parcel had not miscarried. No answer arrived. One day, some three months later, the presenter of the engravings was passing down the Lexington Avenue, at a point where the streets cross at right angles: a gentleman, rapidly walking, came in collision with him, and who, prodding him on the breast, said, 'I got your parcel,' and darted on. It was Mr. Beecher, and that was his acknowledgment." Mr. Phillips said Mr. Beecher was a busy man, upon whom so many public and private duties were pressed, that his desire to serve the many often deprived him of the opportunity, which would

be very pleasant to him, of showing courtesy to individuals.

Though we never met more, Mr. Beecher sent me a very genial letter on my leaving America, which, being characteristic of the writer, I may cite here:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 124 Columbia Heights.

Dear Sir: I did want to see you, and set several days to call, but the pressure of home duties obliterated every arrangement I had made, and you will go home leaving me only two snatches of a sight of you.

You will leave a good impression behind you. I admire your prudence and your good spirit, and am deeply interested in the cause that you have so much at heart. The egg once hatched can never get back to egg again. The working men of the world can never get back to what are called the "good old days." They must go forward. In finding the path the pioneers will make many circuits and track back again a good many times. While my mind naturally has led me to think more of the intellectual and moral elevation of the common people than of their commercial and industrial necessities, I have not been unmindful of these other things, and have rejoiced to see such experiments made as those which you narrate. In every feasible plan for the enlargement of the great under mass of men I am with you heart and hand.

I hope the sea may deal gently with you. May He "who hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, who sitteth King upon the flood," preserve you and let you see prosperity for all the rest of your days. Very cordially yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is clear from this letter that Mr. Beecher remembered seeing me at Hamilton, Ontario, and in Brooklyn Church. The "prudence" referred to was merely that of keeping the subject of co-operation clear of other things. This was simply my duty. It is a main condition of advocacy not to

let the subject get confused in the public mind with any other subject. For a new idea to be distinctly apprehended it must be seen many times, always seen distinctly, and seen by itself.

A short quotation from an address by Mr. Beecher on the "New Profession," meaning that of the teacher, I take from a Montreal report in the "Daily Witness." It is an example of his oratory on the platform:

Governments abroad were largely engaged in protecting themselves; the citizen was respected and feared abroad; the public feeling was that men were chiefly valuable as the stuff with which to build the State. In America the theory was reversed; here the individual man was the central figure, the nation his servant. In Europe the emphasis was put on the Government of a nation; in this country on the man. The great forces now working in this country were those which tended to elevate man and make him better and nobler. We were developing the manhood of intelligence among the people. The emigrants had been eggs in Europe, they were hatched here. He held that the school was the stomach of the Republic. The schools of America were that stomach by which all nations were digested and assimilated into Americans.

Education should be compulsory. The free common schools should be the best in every community. It was a burning shame when public schools were not as good as private ones. It was the foundation of the American idea of the development of manhood that the public school and all its appendages should be better than can be found anywhere else. Its architecture ought to be better than that of the church; its rooms ought to be better than the best in our houses. It was the duty of every commonwealth to make its school houses gems of art. He believed that democratic simplicity in this respect was absurd. He had hated the school house where he had attended, and had never learned anything, and he abhorred it to this hour. We should not permit the injustice of instructing children in theologies.

It had been said that would be godless, but it was not so. Was a carpenter's shop godless? The churches and the households should teach theology. It was not at all the work of the public schools. It did not follow that we should let the child go without any religious education. Let us teach him honesty, frugality, uprightness, and obedience to God and His law. Our schools should have the full force of professional instruction. They could not do their work while they were the mere stopping-places for non-professional men and women. In law and medicine we require experience and professional talent, and it ought to be the same in teaching. The profession of teaching should rise in dignity. Its members should have larger pay. Of all parsimony none was more contemptible than that which asked who was the cheapest teacher.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, well regarded in England as in America, is of commanding stature, and has what in an Englishman is always to be admired—when found—confidence without arrogance. Dr. Bartol, in describing Dr. Channing, the famous Boston preacher, stated his weight to be about one hundred pounds. If oratory goes by weight, Dr. Collyer holds no mean rank. When Dr. Channing, the slender, gave out the line of the hymn:

Angel, roll that stone away,

the congregation thought they heard it rumbling on its way. If Dr. Collyer gave out the line they would really have heard it move—there is such genial authority in his voice. When the deputation from a spacious church in New York came to Chicago, to invite Dr. Collyer to be their minister, they had but one misgiving—"would his voice fill the place." "If that is all," said the Doctor, "I shall do, for my voice is cramped in Chicago." His voice would reach across a prairie. If John the Baptist spoke with his

pleasant power, I do not wonder that the desert was crowded with hearers. Strong sense borne on a strong voice is influential speaking. When weighty sense sets out on a weak voice, it falls to the ground before it reaches half the hearers. At Dr. Collyer's church, in New York, I met the Poughkeepsie Seer, Andrew Jackson Davis. I never met a Seer in the flesh, before, and was surprised to find that he was graceful, pleasant and human. I congratulated him on the advantage he had over all of us, in having the secrets of two worlds at his disposal.

The Rev. Robert Collyer was one of the few ministers who felt that it was his duty to protest against slavery, come what might. He told the deacons of his congregation of his intent, who prayed him to reconsider it, as he would "burst up the church." He answered like an Anglo-American, "Then it has got to burst." He entered his pulpit in Chicago, and began his protesting sermon. The war was coming then, but had not broken out. He had not spoken long before he observed a commotion at the end of the church. The hearers were conversing from pew to pew; the buzzing voices travelled near to him. He thought the church was about to "burst up" before he had made his protest, when, seeing that he was ignorant of the cause of the commotion, a hearer leaped up and called out that the "Southerners had fired upon Fort Sumter." That was the news that had set the worshippers on fire. All the church leaped up with inconceivable emotion. "Then," said the brave preacher, "I shall take a new text—'Let him who has no sword sell his garment and buy one.'" Then all the church went mad—Mr. Collyer said he was as

mad as any of them—and the choir sang "Yankee Doodle." The church witnessed a similar scene for several Sundays. The churches were freed in a night from the yoke of slavery, and religion has been sweeter in America ever since. Not only the almighty dollar was forgotten, but every family in the North, in the highest class as well as the humblest, gave a father or a son to die in the noblest war ever waged for freedom.

Englishmen must have an imperishable respect for America, which made these sacrifices for a generous sentiment. They fought for the freedom of a race which could not requite them, whom they did not like, and whose management would bring untold trouble upon them for years to come. But they would no longer bear the shame of holding human beings in slavery.

One of the remarkable preachers of New York is the Rev. Dr. Felix Adler, who was some time professor at Cornell University. His father was an eminent Rabbi, but his son, Dr. Felix, while retaining all the passion and fervor of the Jewish faith, no longer insists upon its ceremonials, but rather upon the moral holiness of life. He is the founder of a Church of Ethical Culture, which meets in the Chickering Hall, New York. The congregation includes a large proportion of Jews, and at the morning service, at which I was present, there were 1,000 to 1,500 persons assembled. The platform had no assistance from art, which it wanted. But the preacher soon caused you to forget that. Professor Adler is a slender, middle-statured gentleman, apparently thirty or thirty-five years of age, with a glistening eye and sleepy features, denoting rather latent passion than

langor. His voice is pleasant, with a sincere tone. Stepping towards the front, but not in the centre of the copious stage of Chickering Hall, without altar, book, or note, he spoke for an hour with eloquence and enthusiasm, which held everybody in attention.

I never heard a discourse anywhere like his as to ideas. His argument set forth that the Church believed in morality, not because God required it, but because humanity needed it; not because it might be rewarded hereafter, but because the reward of right-doing was here, and because the neglect of it followed every man like the shadow of an evil spirit, from which there was no escape. The love of God and the hope of future life were graces of conviction. God has not set his bow in the clouds more palpably than he has set the sign of morality in every house, in every street. Men may disbelieve the priests, but they cannot disbelieve their own daily experience. The gods had not left morality dependent upon the rise and fall of Churches. The philosopher was a greater teacher of morality than the theologian. Since the death of my friend, the Rev. Thomas Binney, who taught men "How to make the best of both worlds," I have heard from no pulpit arguments like those of the Rev. Dr. Adler. The Church of culture and morality proves itself to be one of charity and enthusiasm. One of the congregation, Mr. Joseph Seligman, had given $10,000 for promoting the kinder-garden schools of the Church, which had great repute.

CHAPTER X.

CO-OPERATION IN THE NEW WORLD.

THE reader has already seen some description of the meeting at Cooper Institute, New York, which was the most important meeting on co-operation in which I was concerned. It was there I first met Dr. Robert Collyer, who presided. The address I delivered was reprinted in many papers, and in the "Worker," in which it occupied nine columns. Professor Raymond stated they had commenced the Cooper Union Lectures for the year, earlier than usual, as I was about to return to England, and they wished to commence with an address on co-operation. Mr. Thomas Ainge Devyr, of the "Irish World," who was on the platform, was the first to advocate in Ireland that doctrine of Land Reform which has since occupied so much public attention. About 1858, three years before the slave war broke out in America, he sent me from New York a printed statement of the causes whose operations would end in war. It was a perfect political prophecy. Mr Devyr raised some question at the Cooper Union as to its administration, when Mr. Peter Cooper, the founder, arose, handed to me his overcoat, and advancing to the front, spoke in a clear, frank voice, and without digression, vindicating his

management by statistical facts which showed an accurate memory. "We educate," he said, "2,000 people here, and now I am building a new story for the purpose of affording education to 1,000 more. But I am glad," he added, "to hear suggestions which may enable me to make the place more useful. As I grow older I hope to profit by sound advice (if I get it). I am only now in my eighty-ninth year." Thus pleasantly the practical patriarch of New York closed the discussion. He bears a striking resemblance to Sir Josiah Mason, of Birmingham, who is but five years his junior, and who has equally distinguished himself by discerning educational munificence. Mr. Cooper told me that his mother's house in her earlier years was barricaded against the attack of Indians in New York, which carries the memory a long way back.

The author of "Our Visit to Hindostan," relates that at Ulwar, the political agent wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road in front of the shops, for the purpose of giving shade, and had decided to put in peepul trees, which are considered sacred by the Hindoos; but the *bunnniahs*, or native shopkeepers, one and all declared that if this were done they would not take the shops, and, when pressed for a reason, replied it was because they could not tell untruths or swear falsely under their shade, adding, "And how can we carry on business otherwise?" The force of this argument seems to have been acknowledged, as the point was yielded, and other trees were planted instead. This was the moral of my lecture. I contended that co-operators could permit the peepul to be planted before their stores, as they could do business under their

shade, having no taste and no interest in telling "untruths," or "swearing falsely" in business. Co-operative inspiration is that which Wendell Phillips has defined in his oration on Garrison—it is character. Co-operation is not merely a search for dollars—it is a search for honesty and equity in trade. How can a man worship the good God of honesty in his church who has been cheating all the week over his counter or in his counting-house? Next I endeavored to make clear the distinction between co-operation and State Socialism. The adventures which befel me in consequence will be found in another chapter.

One passage in the interview recorded in the "Tribune" was the following: "Have you a purchasing agency in New York?" "Yes. The English co-operators have been doing business in New York for five years. Mr. Gledhill, the trusted agent of the great Co-operative Wholesale Society of Manchester, has occupied offices at No. 14 Broadway, since 1874. During the past year we have made £10,000 or $50,000 of profit upon cheese alone bought in the New York market. I find that since May last Mr. Gledhill has shipped from this city 60,000 boxes of cheese to Liverpool for the consumption of the co-operators of England, and, as the cheese no doubt has a good republican flavor, American principles are being rapidly assimilated into the British constitution." This was the first intimation the citizens of New York had of the residence in their midst of an official representative of the Co-operative Wholesale Society of Manchester, in England.

The Oneida community no entreaty induced me to go near. My main reason was that a visit from me would

have been in the papers, and it would have been thought at once that co-operation was some form of communism. It was my duty to take care that co-operation should be seen as a distinct thing. The communist may be a co-operator, but the co-operator may not be a communist. Of all forms of communism in America, I least liked Oneidaism, with its special sexual theory which nobody can explain. While I was there, Mr. J. H. Noyes, the leader of this society, announced what he called a "change of platform." He had given up, he said, the practice of "complex marriages" in deference to the public sentiment "evidently rising against it." Public sentiment always rose against it. He stated that their society would in future take Paul's platform, which permits marriage, but allows celibacy. It was stated, privately, that Mr. Noyes's son, who was a physician, refused to subject his wife to "complex marriage," and that this was the cause of its abandonment. If the devisor of Oneidaism was convinced that complex marriage was wrong, it was manly to relinquish it. Since, however, he admitted that he did not renounce the belief in his principle, the abandonment of it was therefore indefensible. The Mormons behaved with more courage and consistency, and refused to follow Mr. Noyes's example, saying, "Why should we abandon our position unless we are convinced we are in error?"

Since leaving America I have received many reports of public meetings, held in New York and elsewhere, to introduce co-operation on the English plan. There appears no prejudice against any scheme which is good, whatever country it may originate in. There would be more English

features introduced into both America and Canada than there are, "were it not," as an intelligent observer told me in Ottawa, "that many Englishmen come over there filled with bitterness towards their own country, which tends to discourage the introduction of improvements on the English plan. Nevertheless, co-operation has certainly won many friends. Articles upon it, or reports concerning it, continually appear in the American papers. The idea of a Wholesale Agency supplying genuine articles to the stores seemed to most persons one worth realizing. Mr. A. R. Foote and the Rev. Dr. Rylance, of New York, have commenced to create a Wholesale Agency there. Everything in America seems to be adulterated—the certainty that it will be, if it can be, seems to be taken for granted. If co-operation takes root and changes this it will amount to the commercial re-education of the people.

Roughly speaking, no commodity can be trusted. Quinine pills are not real, candles are short of weight, and silk short of the yard. Indeed, if stores were opened on the English plan—of genuineness of quantity and quality—they would be distrusted. The public would suspect any store which proposed to treat them honestly. They would think that somewhere the snake of interest lay concealed. Yet there is reason to think that this distrust will be overcome, for there is no difficulty which discourages an American when he has fairly made up his mind that the thing he has in hand ought to be "put through." If the people do resolve upon association they mean it, and one or more of the active associates bear the name of "organizing members." This term has been introduced into England now, but in Amer-

ica they have long had the actual person. In New York the gentleman who is one of the foremost in co-operative advocacy, Mr. Allan R. Foote, has a genius for organization. He has written and published a scheme of a wholesale society and of co-operative stores, and written co-operative pamphlets which are interesting, brief and wise in expression, as well as business-like. The following are some of the sentences he prints as mottoes in his small books of "Co-operative Laws":

"1. To grow rich, earn money fairly. 2. Spend less than you earn. 3. Hold on to the difference. The first requires muscle; the second, self-denial; the third, brains."

"The competition of the individual system is for every man to see how much money he can divert into his own pocket from the pockets of those who labor for him. The only competition possible in commercial co-operation is to see which store will put and keep the most money into the pockets of those who support it."

"If any man counsels you that you can gain wealth any other way except by working and saving, he is your enemy."

"If a man owns a sovereign, he is a sovereign to that extent. If a man owes a sovereign, he is a slave to that extent."

These are maxims worthy of consideration elsewhere than in America, and the ideas expressed have never been put better anywhere. "Lectures on Social Questions," including Competition, Communism, Co-operation, and the Relation of Christianity to Socialism, are a series of the luminous discourses delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance

in St. Mark's Church, New York, which would be read with great interest in England.

The custom of a store is called the "patronage" of it. It is odd that independent self-helping Americans should retain a word which is so distasteful and disused under our "effete monarchy." In Mr. Foote's rules it is provided that "2½ per cent. of the surplus accruing shall be expended by the directors in such manner as in their judgment shall best serve the purpose of recreation and education of members." Before this clause was drawn you had to look all about America to find a single society which made provision for education. This arises partly because Americans have more education about their cities than any other country, and partly because they do not know that of the social education necessary for industrial concert—they have none.

Mr. Charles H. White invited me to New Harmony, Indiana. He told me that the old co-operators, who first formed a library there forty-two years ago, which was commenced with less than 100 volumes, has now 4,000. The land and the old library were given by Mr. William Macguire. The library tenement has been rebuilt, at a cost of more than 6,000 dollars. A community, founded by Rapp, residing at Economy, near Pittsburg, assisted them by a contribution of 3,000 dollars. Dr. Richard Owen arranged a collection of minerals and objects in natural history in the large room of the society devoted to lectures and discussions.

At the close of a night's voyage from New York I arrived at Watuppa, at the east of Quequechan. Watuppa is the Indian name for "the place of boats," and Quequechan signifies "falling water." Its modern name is Fall

River, the largest cotton manufacturing centre in America, running nearly a million and a half of spindles. I spoke twice at Fall River, and at the Narragansett Hotel I met for the first time a real Russian Nihilist—a lady, wondrously restless and vehement. On returning to the city I was the guest of Dr. Dwight Snow, the homœpathic physician, who printed outside his envelopes a scheme of the metric system, and with it a recommendation of its adoption, published by the Post-office, which showed a wise, practical interest in metric calculation. Mr. King (editor of the "Fall River Herald,") we formerly knew in London as a man of varied information. He spoke at one of the lectures, and gave accounts of them in his paper, which were far more effective than reports, since they combined criticism and fact stated as only a journalist can state them. I owe many acknowledgments to the English as well as the Americans at Fall River.

The Fall River Working Men's Co-operative Association occupies an entire block, consisting of several shop fronts. Very few stores in England look more imposing. Stores in America seem mostly to have been begun by two or three enterprising persons, who find the money to build the place and trust to the public coming to deal there. Beginning, as we do in England, with a few small shareholders, and increasing the premises and business as new members are induced to join, and looking forward to the education of the neighborhood around it for increase of members and purchasing success, is a plan quite unknown in America. Wondering whether this arose from the impetuosity of the people, I found it was partly due to this;

but mainly to the laws affecting co-operation, which prevent the formation of stores on our plan. Yet in a country so unfettered as America no one would expect industrial impediments. On the contrary, there are complications in the air. The Act passed in 1867 for the purpose of legalizing co-operative and industrial unions, prescribed that a capital of £1,000 must be found before commencing. I pointed out that this law rendered co-operation impossible on the English plan, since poor men, who most needed co-operation, could never commence it. However, when I pointed out that co-operation was legally impossible there as we conducted it, steps were at once taken to obtain a new law. Mr. Strahan, a very able counsellor of New York, and a brother of the editor of the "Contemporary Review" in England, kindly undertook to make a draft of the Act required. The one thing wanted in America to insure the success of co-operation is the art of "making haste slowly," which the new law will enable them to do.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

THE "Worker," which was published in New York when I arrived there, I found to be a species of American "Co-operative News," written with sense and taste. Its object was to apply co-operative principles to emigration and village life. In the first article I wrote in New York I said "there was no inflation in its language—the "Worker" proposes no new system—it does not undertake to clear the world, or recast the world, or begin all things anew. It does not call upon the State to coddle the community and do everything for the people, but to assist the people to do something for themselves. In England we do not want the State to overspread us like a universal mosquito, and suck all independence out of our working men. Our great co-operative organizations have grown by being let alone. Our aim always was to set up co-operative colonies which should be self-provided, self-directed and self-supported." Before I wrote these words in New York, I had flattering offers of welcome from the Socialist Labor Party there, and at Fall River, at Chicago, at Cincinnati, San Francisco, and elsewhere. Afterwards the welcomers came not. The Socialist Labor Parties were

absent from every meeting at which I spoke, as though they existed not. There was no need for this suspicious abstention. I was what I had always been—an advocate of the "republic democratic and social." Nevertheless, in their absence, I defended the objects of the socialist party without accepting its methods of realizing them. One who had given me proof of great friendliness, wrote to me concerning his colleagues in New York, saying:

"Immediately after our interview last evening I called upon the president of the New Club, and he promised to send you a card giving you the freedom of the Club during your stay in America. I also saw the editor of the "New Yorker Volks-Zeitung," our daily German Socialistic paper, and he (Mr. Alexander Jonas), together with Mr. S. E. Shevitch, of that journal, and the distinguished Russian Nihilist of whom I spoke, will call upon you at the Hoffman House some time to-morrow.

"I enclose a page of the Chicago "Socialist," which, I think, will answer the query you made to me last evening as to the condition of Socialism in the United States. In addition to the gentleman of the "Volks-Zeitung" who will visit you, the special committee of the Central Committee of the Socialistic Labor Party of New York City, will, I am confident, furnish you with the most satisfactory reports of how many thousands of earnest men in the United States are endeavoring to solve the great effort of your life —the success of co-operative industry."

This friend gave me the first portrait of Lassalle I had seen, and promised me an introduction to the famous lady who became the chieftainess of a Lassalle party.

Adherents such as that described in my friend's letter—numerous, influential, and organized in the name of Socialism and Labor—had great interest for me, and were well worth addressing. It would have been a pleasure to know them. The deputation referred to came. It was my fault we did not meet. I was at Coney Island the night they called. The Council of Trades and Labor Union of Chicago, instructed Mr. C. M'Auliff, their secretary, to invite me to lecture on co-operation to the workmen of that city. It was Mr. M'Auliff's fault we never met when I was there. My answers to his letters were uncollected at his address. It matters very little to me what other people say with whom I am associated, so long as they concede to me reasonable opportunity for expressing my own opinions, and do not force upon me the responsibility for those they hold and I do not. I am not like the late M. Blanqui, who expected a perfect government to be carried out by perfect men, and arranged to kill all of them who did not come up to his standard at once. In the "Trades" of Philadelphia, in which I myself wrote, appeared the following article, headed by the disturbing words,—"Make Ready for Revolution:"

The present order of things will go down in revolution and blood. The accumulated corruptions, wrongs, and mistakes of two thousand years are near the bursting point. The world does not know its danger. A peaceable solution of the discords in the world is impossible.

Property has no rights which humanity is bound to respect. The wealth of the world belongs to labor. The present possessors of the bulk of it are the possessors of stolen property stolen by themselves.

We must seize and run all the great trunk lines of railroads and all the telegraph lines, and pay their owners a fair value in legal tender money redeemable in the wealth of the country.

And much more to the same effect. Friends who found me contributing to this furious journal must have thought I had turned into a Socialistic Comanche. Those who made these peremptory proposals meant honestly in their way. Though their terrific scheme of improvement is as appalling as oppression itself.

I have said I met a real Nihilist lady at Fall River. Many of these refugees meet with sympathy, on account of the oppression from which they have fled. At the same time it would be to their advantage if their language was a little less disturbing among a free people. Mr. P. Popoff, Russian Nihilist Secretary in New York, sent word that "Nihilism in Russia joined hands with the spinners on strike at Fall River." The "Labor Standard" announced that the news, that Miss Le Compte was to be the Russian Nihilist delegate "flashed like lightning through the city." The Spinners' Hall, in which she was to speak, "was packed to overflowing, hundreds being unable to find even standing room." When she entered the hall, "escorted by a number of prominent labor men, it was a signal for an outburst of the wildest applause." The Chairman then introduced Miss Le Compte, who said:

Comrades of Fall River—I am sensible of the honor you do me in asking me to deliver your Fourth of July address. The Russian Nihilists are a terrible sort of people, most absurdly prepossessed in favor of public duty, and with no sympathy at all for the little human feelings of comfort or cowardice. I went through your city, saw

your mills like palaces and your houses like barns and pigsties, and I wondered at the effrontery of a corporation which provides such places of abode for the people who build and run such mills. (Hear, hear.) When the mill-owners, toadying as they do to the press, sent their agents to me soon after my arrival, to explain to me the "situation," as they called the strike, I told them I had seen the situation—I saw it on Six-and-a-half-street—and that if there should not be a strike on this particular point of wages, there should be a strike against homes that are hog-pens. (Applause.) While awaiting your return, and hearing of the hardness and heartlessness of the manufacturers, and seeing everywhere the damning evidences of their rapacity and shamefulness, I realized that this was Fall River, and the black flag of starvation was floating over the city! and I wondered that the operatives could have the heart to celebrate the Fourth of July.*

This was pretty free language from a stranger to the chief citizens of a town which gave her security. If the "mill-owners" did, as she says, "send their agents to her to explain the situation," it was an act of great courtesy. To represent this as "toadying" was an outrage which imperialism might not excel. The oratress continues:

Take the situation in Fall River to-day. One would think that for the sake of human decency the manufacturer would not pursue his victim beyond the threshold of the poor hovel which he calls his own. But do they do it? Men of Fall River, answer! Are your homes any refuge from the lords of the long chimneys? Do they not confront you even there? You beat them in your trade unions, but they foil you on your own hearth-stones. They set the wives of your bosoms and the children of your loins against you; they prove to you that the operative has no rights which the manufacturer is bound to respect, and now their latest declaration is that "The mules

* "Labor Standard," Extra, Fall River, July 10, 1879.

will be taken out, and the men will be discharged and their women and children shall run the ring-frames." (Voice from a spinner: "And we will take in washing.") No; spinners of Fall River, you will not take in washing, the Chinese will do the washing, you will rock the cradles of the brats of the lords of the long chimneys. (Tremendous excitement of the audience.)

Miss Le Compte is not only fervid, she has a brilliant readiness of invective. When riding through the town with the Mayor of the city, he being a large manufacturer, I asked him what he thought of these furious speeches, and whether he was called upon to take official action upon it. "Oh, no," he answered, "if anybody actually breaks the law we interfere then, but in America we don't care about a little hot talking."

One day I asked Mr. Wendell Phillips whether the cry of "State Socialism," with its talk, loud and tall, was really a matter of political apprehension. "We cannot look upon it," he answered, "as a thing of any danger, if we can be said to recognize it in any sense which implies looking at it at all. If any party is numerous amongst us it can get its claims accredited at the ballot box. If it has strength in the State it can command redress that way. If not numerous enough to make an impression on the ballot box it is not numerous enough to fight the question otherwise."

In San Francisco one Denis Kearney, an Irishman, who, complaining that his countrymen had been driven out of Ireland, was employing himself in attempts to drive the poor Chinese out of the country which had sheltered him, when one day the "New York Tribune" said:—

Kearney, in the sand-lots of San Francisco, threatens revolution and riot, as he did ten days ago. "I now appeal to you," he cried, "to get ready, for, by the eternal God, the men we have elected must be seated, and by physical force, if necessary. I, for one, will kiss my wife and children, bid them good-bye, buckle on my armor, and come into the street, prepared to seat the men I voted for. I have weighed my words, and claim that it is the noblest cause that sword was drawn for. I appeal to all good, faithful citizens to do what I tell you. I have told you for two years that when the ballot failed I would resort to bullets, and we will do what we said. All that is left for you now is the dagger and the bullet. If you do not show the courage I expect of you, you will be enslaved for ever. I feel it in my bones that it is my duty and yours to seat those men. Prepare for the worst. Arm yourselves with bullets, hatchets, pistols. No man must go to work on that day. I know that a thousand or two of us will get killed, but all the thieves will get killed. When the *melee* is over, you bet there won't be a Chinaman left in Chinatown."

If language like this was used in England, agitated people in every part of the country would be clamoring to the government to call out troops and pass coercion bills, before assassination began. When the agitator proceeds to act, a Republican Government is a dangerous thing to deal with, but it does not, like a monarchy, shriek out at tall talk. Its calmness and dignity was shown at the time in the following passage from the New York "Tribune:"

The patience of the people is the furthest thing in the world from timidity. It tolerates bluster because it has no fear of it. It permits Mr. Denis Kearney to foam at the mouth and breathe out threatenings and slaughter simply because it takes intelligent measure of him, and rates him as contemptible rather than dangerous. It trusts "the common sense of most" to hold this person and his followers in reasonable check; and unless he infringes law or does some overt act of violence, it lets him rant. Kearney is a sort of steam escape—

noisy, but not dangerous, though rasping and disagreeable. There could be no better proof of the absolute confidence we have in popular government, and of our belief that under it there is no injury without a remedy, nor injustices without redress, than the indifference with which we view the efforts of fanatics of one kind and another to array classes against each other, and disturb the public peace.

Mr. John Ehmann has published a lecture he delivered in Cincinnati to the Socialist Labor party. He commences by saying: "The Editor of a daily paper is a prejudiced and a totally ignorant man, because he *thinks* he knows all about it" (that is, about Socialism). He quotes the conceited saying of Lassalle to some one who had questioned something he had said: "I can forgive the ignorance of the man because he is an Editor." Ehmann, who is himself an able thinker, declares that Socialism does not intend to abolish private property; on the contrary, its main principle is to establish private property. Mr. Ehmann adopts Proudhon's epigram that "Profit is Robbery;" but he explains that it does not mean that private property is in itself robbery, but that private property so used as to obtain from others their property, without giving an equivalent to that received, is robbery. State Socialism has some advocates who are worth contending with. The chief thing against them is that they are understood to seek to impose their opinions upon society by violence; and what is reasonable in their views will never be fairly considered by any who believe that violence is their chosen mode of persuasion. They are certainly intolerant, suspicious, and denunciatory, of all who do not at once and entirely agree with them. The

main error they hold to is the Lassalle doctrine of the hopelessness of individual effort, which co-operation alone confutes. It has done so since Lassalle's days. But the success of co-operation is English. Neither in Germany nor America has the same success been witnessed. When co-operation takes to propagandism in America the most instructive field of its debates will be in the midst of State Socialists.

It, however, is some defence of working-class State Socialists that they do not stand alone in their theory. The political class in America, even its chief statesmen, hold and defend theories of Protection, which is open State Socialism in its worse form, being the daily confiscation of the incomes of the great body of the people for the benefit of a small class of manufacturers and producers.

The most instructive little works I met with in America, were the "Causes of Communism, by an Average Citizen;" and a project of "A Continental Colony," published by the National Socialists of Cincinnati, and an elaborate pamphlet by Dr. Van Buren Denslow, of Chicago, a very able book, in which the political and communistic theories prevalent in America are discussed. Another was the small pamphlet already mentioned, entitled Ferdinand Lassalle's "Open Letter," never seen in England, but which has been translated into English by the Germans. It is the gospel of the Socialist Labor Party, and is to be found in the hands of workmen wherever that party prevails. A reply to this 'Open Letter," written with the brevity and ability which Lassalle displays, would be of very great value. Lassalle had heard of Rochdale, and cites the early efforts of the

Pioneers as proofs of the inability of the working classes to raise themselves. Lassalle was shot before their success confuted his argument.

While there exists in any country the intolerable spectacle of thousands of persons able to live without work, and thousands more not able to live with it, there will always be wild theories of State Socialism. The co-operative solution of the problem is to enable the people to acquire profit, and to teach them how to keep it when they have acquired it. This process is slow, but agitation is slow, and fighting is slow. Half the weary, conspiring years and perpetual sacrifices necessary to secure success by fighting, would suffice to accomplish the ends by wise and persistent co-operation.

CHAPTER XII.

CO-OPERATIVE EMIGRATION—AMERICAN AND CANADIAN.

Desirous of trustworthy guidance, not only for co-operative but general emigration, I sought opportunity of speaking upon the subject to statesmen in the two countries in which I travelled. The "New York Tribune" of October 21, 1879, stated, under the head of "News of the Capital," —"Mr. Holyoake makes a suggestion. He calls on Secretary Evarts to show how immigration can be helped. Mr. Holyoake has brought to the attention of Mr. Evarts the idea of issuing an official book, giving information about the public lands of the United States, which can be circulated in England among working-men. Mr. Evarts takes much interest in the matter." A telegram to the "Tribune" of the same date, dated Washington, October 20, stated—"Last Thursday, Mr. Holyoake, accompanied by Colonel R. G. Ingersoll, had an extended interview with the Secretary of State. He explained to Mr. Evarts the advantage it would be to the English people both of the mercantile and farming classes, if what he terms a blue book were issued, giving, in the name of the Government, all the information of value to intending immigrants, with regard to

the public lands, and their quality, price, and convenience of access. Mr. Holyoake represented that State agents, and the agents of private emigration schemes, are now supplying much information of this character, but they are not *known* to be trustworthy. The English people, he said, know the American Government, and would place confidence in any information which it might furnish."

When I had the opportunity of an interview with President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, and General Sherman, at the White House, they readily entered upon the consideration of the uses of the suggested book, and the President especially expressed valuable practical opinions thereupon. It was, I knew, a matter for the departments. My object was to explain it to the President, so that when he was consulted upon the subject it might not be new to him. To find that the heads of the State gave attentions to the proposals of "a stranger," and listened to what he had to say with a graceful deliberateness, as though they had nothing else on earth to attend to, seemed more than royal courtesy in a republic.

Being naturally much interested in Canada, I had previously thought it right to bring the matter before the Canadian Government. The "Globe" of Toronto, in a telegram from Ottawa, dated October 25th, stated that I had "held an interview with Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, and the Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, and pressed upon them the desirableness of the Government sending proper information to Great Britain respecting Canada—such information as will be of practical interest to the farming and artisan classes; and that I desired the pub-

lication, by the Canadian Government, of a Blue Book, similar to that issued by Lord Clarendon, some years ago, in England. Besides the usual information, the volume should mention the localities in which special industries exist, so that an artisan of any particular occupation may know precisely where he will be likely to obtain work, and not enter the country perfectly ignorant of the character of its industries and their location, as is now the case. The book should also state the character and nationality of the labor with which he will have to compete, the state of the labor market, and the rates of wages, with, above all, their purchasing value." The Toronto "Globe" added, "Mr. Holyoake claims that the most convincing arguments to the prospective emigrant, is to show him he can purchase more of the necessaries of life in Canada for five dollars, than in England with its equivalent, a sovereign. It was understood the Canadian Government would give the subject their consideration."

The Premier, wishing me to see the Minister of Agriculture, gave me the following introduction to him, dated, "Department of the Interior, Canada, Ottawa, 6th October, 1879," addressed to the Hon. J. H. Pope:

Let me introduce to you Mr. Charlton, of Chicago, formerly of Hamilton—an old friend of mine—and Mr. Holyoake, a member of the public press in England. Mr. Holyoake is making inquiries as to Canada's capabilities for emigrants from England, and as to the subject of colonization generally. I have asked him to see you, and I am sure you will give him every information, with all pamphlets and maps which may be of use to him.

My stay at Ottawa did not permit me to visit the Marquis of Lorne, who, I have no doubt, would not less have given

attention to the subject. It occurred alike to Mr. Evarts and Sir John Macdonald that the Federal Government at Washington had no power to require any State to furnish information necessary for the national emigrant book I asked, and that the Governor of the Dominion of Canada was equally without power to command information from the Canadian Provinces. My answer in both cases was, that while I was aware of those facts, the probability was that if the heads of the Canadian and American Governments should give notice that such information would be used in the national volume, if it was accorded, it would not be to the interest of any State or Province to be left out, and the compliance would no doubt be general. It was admitted that it probably would be so. Thinking it was incumbent upon me to inform the British Embassy what I had been proposing to the American Government, I went, when in Washington one day, down to the British Legation for that purpose. I explained the whole matter to the representative of the British Minister. At the Embassy I thought I found some misgiving as to whether the Home Government might not disapprove of emigration. Probably there was a doubt whether the Embassy should do anything which might be construed into advising it. This led me to address his excellency, Sir Edward Thornton, the following letter, he being absent when I called:

It will be in your excellency's recollection that Lord Clarendon, towards the close of his life, issued three Blue Books on the "Condition of the Laboring Classes Abroad," consisting of reports from Her Majesty's secretaries of embassies and legations. Mr. Secretary Evarts would like to see them. It might be of great service to the

people of Great Britain if you could show to him the books I have named. Either with these books, or separately, there may be at your embassy copies of instructions which, at Lord Clarendon's request, I drew up. These I have told Mr. Evarts I would ask you to show him if possible.

In an interview I had the honor to have with the President (Mr. Hayes), I promised to prefer a request to you to show him the said books and instructions.

Her Majesty's Government have never put obstacles in the way of British subjects emigrating to America. It is well known to Her Majesty's Government that the English people continually do so, and do it upon doubtful, insufficient, and often misleading information. I have asked the American Government to do the English people the service of affording them complete, detailed, and trustworthy information of the conditions and prospects of settlements in all the States of the American Union, which, being given on the authority of the American Government, would be regarded with confidence and respect. If you, sir, should be able to concur in this view, and make known your opinion to the American Government, it would be an advantage both to the operative and the farming classes of Great Britain.

The same representations which I have been permitted to make to the American Government I thought it my duty to make to Sir John Macdonald, the Premier of Canada, who was pleased to say that he should like to see the analogous Blue Books I have named which were issued by Lord Clarendon. I promised to request the English Foreign Office to forward copies to him, and to inquire first of you whether you could forward copies to him, or use your influence at home to procure them to be sent to Sir John.

It is desirable that the English people should have equal opportunities of judging between the advantages of emigrant settlements offered by the Dominion and America. I pray you to permit this consideration to be my excuse for thus troubling you.

In due course Sir Edward Thornton wrote me as follows, from the British Legation, Washington, on November 10, 1879:

In reply to your letter of the 8th instant, I regret to say that I can only find at this legation a single copy of the two last of the reports on the condition of the industrial classes in foreign countries.

I should, of course, be glad to lend these to Mr. Evarts, for his perusal, should he wish to see them, but I cannot part with them altogether, as they belong to the archives of this legation and are single copies. Neither can I send them to Sir John Macdonald, who, however, would find no difficulty in obtaining copies of them through the Colonial Office.

It is impossible not to notice the difference between this answer from Sir Edward Thornton to a British subject, seeking to promote an object of English interest, and those which I had received, as a stranger, from the American and Canadian Governments. Sir Edward plainly is not disposed to take any trouble in the matter—I merely look at the fact and do not complain of it—he probably disapproved of the proposal conveyed to him, and, if so, it could not be expected that he would take trouble to forward it. Unless Mr. Evarts told him that "he wished to see" the books, it does not appear that they would be shown to him. If Sir John Macdonald wants them he must apply for them through the Colonial Office. Any ambassador of a British Government knows very well that not more than one minister in a century arises in England who will take trouble to find himself new work. It is a great thing if he will give attention to it when it is brought to his hands, and its importance made apparent. Mr. Evarts was quite willing to consider the

proposal in question, but I could not expect him to take the initiative in collecting from a foreign country the materials for the opinion asked of him; nor was it likely that Sir John Macdonald would take the trouble of writing to the Colonial Office in England for these reports for his own perusal; he had a right to expect that I would cause them to reach him myself. Sir Edward Thornton is also entirely silent upon the remark I made in my letter, namely, that should he be able to concur in the views I had expressed as to the desirability of the emigrant book being issued, and would make known that opinion to the American Government, he would confer a great advantage on our operative and farming classes, since Mr. Evarts, seeing that the British minister was interested in it, it would be a motive for proceeding with it. As Sir Edward was entirely silent as to whether he did concur in the project, I presume he did not; and, therefore, I could not expect him to do what I had hoped he would—namely, procure himself from the Colonial Office the Blue Books in question, and send them over to the State House to Mr. Evarts, and forward them from Washington to Sir John Macdonald, when his (Sir John's) attention and interest would be further enlisted.

On my return to England I went down to the Foreign Office, when Lord Barrington kindly permitted me to explain to him the grounds upon which I requested two sets (six volumes in all) of the aforesaid English Blue Books. A few days afterwards the Marquis of Salisbury very obligingly sent them to my chambers. As these volumes did not contain the personal instructions to Consuls, it became necessary to write to Earl Granville, who had by

that time succeeded the Marquis of Salisbury as Foreign Minister. After reciting necessary particulars touching the Blue Books in question of 1870–1–2, I proceeded to state that Lord Salisbury had kindly sent me two sets of these issues, which I have promised to send to the Governments of Washington and Canada. When these books were issued, a copy of instructions for their compilation was supplied to Her Majesty's Consular and Diplomatic Agents abroad; and that I had applied to Sir Edward Thornton, at the British Embassy at Washington, for copies of these instructions for Mr. Evarts and Sir John Macdonald; but Sir Edward was unable to find a copy at the Embassy. If they exist at the Foreign Office, and his lordship would order two copies to be sent me for this purpose, I should be much obliged.

In due course Mr. T. V. Lister, on the directions of Earl Granville, forwarded me a copy of the two documents required. I fear it must have cost the Foreign Office some trouble to find them. There were impressions that they no longer existed. I have still to apply for another copy for the American Government. Since the accession of General Garfield to the Presidential chair, it will be necessary to communicate with him on the subject. Professor Roberts, of the agricultural department of the Cornell University, has promised me to draw up a set of instructions necessary to elicit the information which will be required by immigrants, supplementary to any questions I may suggest. Professor Roberts himself has knowledge, beyond any gentleman I conversed with in America, of the information emigrants most need.

These details are given to account for delay in not furnishing the complete information I promised the two Governments named. The object sought seems to me to warrant the expenditure both of time and means as far as I am able to employ them. As respects co-operative emigration, certain particulars given in the address I delivered before the Co-operative Guild at Exeter Hall, London, in February, 1879, will be found in another chapter.

CHATER XIII.

WAYSIDE INCIDENTS.

UNTIL I went to America I had no proper idea what my personal appearance was. The "Kansas City Times" thought me "to be about sixty years of age, of medium height, blue grey eyes, with side whiskers (which I never had), and hair which has been touched by the finger of time," which was true. The "Index" described me as a "venerable" author. The "Boston Post" regarded me as "being between fifty-five and sixty years of age, of medium height, and well proportioned, hair, moustache and imperial almost white, firm set mouth, small, grey, and very piercing eyes." The "Boston Herald" found I had "snow white hair, a chin-beard, and in looks and manners much resembling ex-Governor Rice." When I afterwards met the ex-Governor at the Christian Union, I was perplexed, not knowing which was which. The "Boston Daily Advertiser regarded me as "of medium height, well formed, and of good weight." Weight, I observed, is somewhat an element of rhetoric in the American mind. The "Cincinnati Daily Gazette" described me as looking older than I was, but, however, having the appearance of robust age, with calm demeanor, and quiet voice. The "Philadelphia

Times" began its report of my address in St. George's Hall thus:—"Bearing, though not bending, under the weight of seventy years. Notwithstanding his age, he seems as fresh, physically, as a well-preserved man of fifty or fifty-five years." One reporter thought me, "when excited, a little inclined to stammer." A Florence writer said he thought, as a speaker, I was "off-hand, but refined in the choice of words." I cease the citation of these descriptions, which will be less interesting to the reader than to the writer, and because the amusement arose from the contrast with other qualities assigned to me which it is not my place to quote. No doubt my speaking at times was pretty much like stammering, since I always think it respectful to an audience to cast about to find the proper word, instead of throwing at their heads the first that comes to hand, although it may be an unfitting one; it being in my opinion a less waste of time to an audience to hear nothing than to hear the wrong thing. As Lord Chancellor Campbell used to say, "It is better to go to a house where they give you bad wine than where you have to listen to a bad dialect." In America I had to speak, like Mark Antony, "right on," but not with his success, because I did not expect to speak at all, and except at a few times when I did not think of the audience or the place, and thought only of the subject, I do not believe I did deserve the credit that was given to me by hospitable critics. It is not possible to any, except orators by nature, to speak always as they would wish, but it is possible to anyone to say exactly what he ought to say if he has the courage, which the late Earl

Russell had, of trusting to the audience to tolerate defects of manner in consideration of the fair intention of the matter.

Americans I found perplex English visitors by bearing with wondrous patience things which would make us all indignant and probably mad. The reason is that in England we can seldom get redress save by explosions; while in America the people know that whenever an evil becomes very tiresome, and they have time to attend to it, it has "got to go," and it does go then. A man will live and die in the precincts of London Bridge and never go into the Tower, which stands hard by. Since he can go into it when he pleases, he never goes into it at all. But if the doors were closed, and the public excluded, he would make a violent speech at a public meeting convened to get the Tower open. So it seems to be with Americans; they put up with great evils because they can alter them—evils which would soon cause a revolution if they were unchangeable.

One day I paid a visit, with two friends, to New Rochelle, to explore the lands voted by Congress, in the last century, to a famous Englishman—Thomas Paine, whose political writings had so signally promoted the Independence of the United States. No other Englishman ever achieved like distinction. In his own country Paine ranked with Junius and Burke as a foremost political writer dealing with principles of Government. In America his pen accomplished almost as much as the sword of Washington. In Paris he was the wisest counsellor of the Revolution. In England his liberty was in jeopardy; in America his life was imperilled; in France he was condemned to death. I found

his beautiful estate entire and unchanged. I walked on the terrace where he meditated, and sat in the room in which he died, where objects of interest remain upon which he last looked. No Englishman ever rendered services so splendid to three nations, or was so ill requited in all.

Like others, I had heard it said that Americans in Europe gave observers the idea of a decaying race. That must be because many being invalids come to Europe for change of climate; others because they have lost fibre in attaining fortune to enable them to travel. Instead of being all attenuated I found men and women of vigor and solidity of frame very general. I asked Dr. Oliver, of Boston, whom I found to be a philosophic physician, what, in his opinion were the physical prospects of the race. He thought that three generations, or a hundred years, were needful to acclimatize a European family to the new country, that is, supposing they do not conform to rational conditions of life there.

An English traveller will to the end of time be astonished at the simplicity, precision, and security of the express system by which luggage in America is transmitted. In England the care of luggage is a very serious operation for the traveller. You are required to see yourself that it is put into the van, and it does not at all follow then that it will remain there. At the first junction you may see it on the platform again, or the van itself may be detached and sent to another part of the country, and you are told you should have looked after it. In America a civil, quiet person appears, who asks you where you will have your luggage sent to, and he gives you a metal ticket with the name of that place, and you

leave the station and proceed unencumbered on your journey. Days, or even weeks after, probably 3,000 miles from the place you last lost sight of your portmanteaus and their precious contents, the train stops at a prairie station when there issues from an official ranch in a wood, or some unnoticed depot in the rocks, a baggage master, who has upon his arm the corresponding check to that which you have in your purse, and your luggage is there exactly as when you last saw it.

Another thing surprising to me, was the artistic facility with which letters were produced on placards and signs. Shopkeepers had a black-board at their door upon which they wrote with chalk the particulars of their commodities. Near the "Tribune" buildings, New York, a man would come out of the shop and write up the quality and price of his oysters. The words were written with such graphic beauty, freedom, and rapidity, that the board was worth buying and framing, and hanging up among your pictures.

On the railroads in Massachusetts the tickets were exchanged in the carriages for a card containing the names of all the stations on that line, and the distance from the town from which you set out, and the reverse list showed the distance from every town to which you were going.

All this was gratuitous courtesy to the passengers. No railway in England ever does it. Of conveniences to travellers, prompted by competition, we have, like other countries, many; but except the Midland, no railway is commonly believed ever to have introduced a single convenience from pure consideration for the pleasure or comfort of the passengers. The railways will not sell tickets until within a few

minutes of the starting of the train, and then you have to peep through a little hole, and whistle through it any question you have to put, without being able to see with whom you are dealing, or what change he is giving you, until it is thrust outside the aperture.

Railways assume that every passenger is a thief who meditates robbery with violence, and the railway clerk must transact his business in self-protection through a loophole. If a tradesman sold tickets he would never think of keeping his shop shut up the greater part of the day. The post-master-general might as well require every applicant for a stamp to make a declaration that he has written his letter before he sold him one, to put upon it, as the railway company compel you to declare that you intend to travel by the next train before they sell you a ticket. Their assumption is that the public are fools, and will jump into every train that comes up, and go everywhere unless they are prevented. In America everybody is self-acting. This, no doubt, tends to increase crimes of violence there among the uncivilized emigrants, since a man who has got to act for himself will act wrongly if he has not found out how to act rightly; and if he has a taste for wrong acting he will plead the necessity of self-acting as an excuse for it. But this does not last long, for other self-acting persons put him down.

At Narrowsburgh I found the hotel dinners better than those at the Station Hotel at Syracuse, which had a good repute. I told the proprietor at Narrowsburgh so, which gratified him. I always made it a point when I found an hotel-keeper had done well by his guests, to say so to him.

The acknowledgment was due to him, and always gave pleasure. He is a churl who is well used and never owns it. Besides, I thought it might make things better for the next passengers who arrived out there. In England I have spoken to four waiters in a fashionable hotel, none being engaged. Each refused to attend to me, as it was not his duty to await at that table. Nor could anyone receive or convey the order to the proper one. I must wait until he came, however long it might be, and when he appeared, as I did not know him, I had still to wait until he condescended to address me, as it would give renewed offence to address him if he was not the proper person.

In America I never addressed a colored waiter, who, if he did not belong to my table, would civilly communicate with the one who did. Indeed, not merely civilly do it, he would show a pleasant willingness, as though he thought the object of being a waiter was to make things agreeable to the visitor. Nor did they show that they wanted anything from me. The colored attendant, who made my bed in the car and brushed my boots every morning, let me leave without giving me any impression that I had not paid him the quarter dollar due to him by custom, of which I was not aware.

Chautauqua Lake is a famous place for the congregation of prophets. It is a general campaigning quarter for propagandists of the other world and of this. The shore is covered with tents of speculation and of practice. The ardent take their wives and families there and spend their annual vacation time between the pleasures of the lake and the progress of principles. The bright lake is eighteen

miles long, and requires a steamer to cross it, so that there is ample space for airing the most advanced ideas. It lies in a corner of New York State, some 500 miles or more from the city. Those who go to convention there have in view to put forth their ideas of things in general, and generally do it. For myself I could listen to all subjects, but did not want to listen to them all at once. There were, however, a good many persons there who seemed able to do it. I was surprised to find the Liberal Convention I attended a great "pow-pow," with no definite plan of procedure such as would be observed in England. As I arrived early at the Lake I drew up the following resolutions, as the reporters had nothing to report:

We, the undersigned, having arrived at Chautauqua Lake a day before everybody else, do resolve ourselves into a Primary Convention, setting forth the following objects:

1. That the President of the Convention be requested to define its objects, and state them as briefly as possible.

2. That as many of the speakers be requested to speak as possible to those points.

3. That each speaker be allowed reasonable time for denouncing everybody and everything, and afterwards it is hoped that everyone will proceed to business.

4. That if more imputation be desired by any speakers the proprietor of the hotel shall be requested to set apart a Howling Room, to which all such persons shall retire, attended by as many reporters as can be induced to accompany them.

5. That it is not intended here to disparage imputations or irrelevancies, which are always entertaining if well done

but to prevent the time of the Convention being consumed upon persons instead of principles.

6. That clear notice be given to speakers that this is not a convention for the discussion of every subject under the sun, but of those only proposed from the chair.

These resolutions were signed by G. J. Holyoake, L. Masquerier, H. J. Thomas, H. L. Green. Of course they were directed against those whom Col. Ingersoll happily calls "the Fool Friends of Progress," who hang about clerical as well as lay associations, who create enemies by wanton imputations, and render good principles ridiculous by eccentricity of advocacy. Mr. Green, whose name appears above, was the Liberal secretary—one of those wise, prompt, able men who know how to be earnest without unwise zeal, and who seek to conduct a movement so that it shall command the respect of adversaries. Elder F. W. Evans, the principal of the Shakers at Mount Lebanon—a pleasant speaking, genial person, agreed with the resolutions, but fenced about them more than an Elder should, and could not be induced to sign them; not that he had any denunciations to make, for he was a model of pleasant-mindedness, but he was bent upon irrelevancy himself. The resolutions were printed in the "Bradford Era," the chief paper in those parts, and were considered to have been useful to the convention, which, unlike American conventions in general, had nothing in common save the unity of miscellaneousness, with the right of imputation to be used with or without discretion. The President could not state a definite plan of procedure or questions of debate, for he had never thought of them, and he could not invent any, for he

had the inaugural address in his pocket, not only written but printed, and bound up in book form; and, to do justice to the versatility of his knowledge, the address related to most things which have ever been mooted in this world. The reader must not suppose that there were not wise men and wise women at the Chautaqua convention because mention has been made here mainly of the other sort. At the town of Bolton, in England, I saw lately an announcement at a good-looking chapel that a sermon would be preached by the "Shaggy Prophet." I saw no "Shaggy Prophet" at the Chautaqua convention.

When leaving the great Propagandist Lake I was told to go by way of Dunkirk, then I should "strike" Buffalo. The phrase being new to me it at first suggested an assault. On disclaiming any intention of "striking" Buffalo myself, as it had done nothing to me, I found it was a mere picturesque term of travel, meaning to impinge. The "blocks" of New York at first caused me trouble. On asking my way in the streets I was told that the place I wanted was one, or three blocks off, as the case might be. Not in the least knowing what was meant, I asked what is a "block?" He whom I asked was not at all prepared with a definition. Fearing he would think me wantonly ignorant, I said "I come from England, where we have plenty of blockheads, but no blocks." Then he kindly said a block was a corner. That helped me but little, since some blocks have no corner and some blocks are all corners. It was some time before I discovered that a block meant part of a street intersected by other streets, and meant the whole block of buildings standing between two streets.

It was when travelling alone on the Erie Railway that I was first invited to enter into business. I was looking over "Frank Leslie" on the day when the engraving appeared in which I was taken in the act of being interviewed, when a bright-looking newsboy came up and asked, "Will you trade, sir?" The question confused me, being quite unprepared for the proposal. At first I said, "I have nothing to sell." Next, that "I was not in business," adding some years ago I was a bookseller in the city of London, but since that time I had not been in "trade." "I am not for buying," he answered. "Then what is the matter with you?" I asked. "What do you mean by "'trading?'" He said, "you bought a 'Frank Leslie' from me; now I am asked for one, and I have not one left. I have only a 'Harper' (a similarly illustrated paper.) "You have read 'Leslie,' and I will give you a 'Harper' for it. You will then have had two papers, paying only for one, and I shall sell two papers instead of one." The lad had a manifest turn for business.

The most advantageous opening I saw in America for an enterprising stranger, was that of polishing shoes. I found that 10 cents, or 5d. in English money, was the least sum expected for that operation. The entire capital necessary tor the business, including brushes, blacking, a mat, a stand, and a chair, would not exceed five dollars (£1). From this moderate outlay a clever operator might look for a return of £2,000 a year. I made the calculation when in the hands of one of these happy artists one night on the Fall River boat. A swift-handed mechanic can polish two pairs of shoes in five minutes, and that is allowing him double the

time a business man in New York requires to eat his dinner. This would give twenty-four operations in an hour, which, at 5d. each, would produce 10s., and twelve hours industry per day would produce £6. Mechanics told me that they worked twelve and fourteen hours per day in the mills (much longer than they worked in England) so that twelve hours would be an average day for this business, and 365 times £6 would exceed £2,000 per year. Supposing bright times, when the supply of dull-looking boots would be low, and the artist would work only half time, still the gain of £1,000 per year from £1 of capital is not so bad. As most persons I saw, abroad or in hotels, seemed engaged in having their boots blacked, I judged this to be one of the most hopeful pursuits open to strangers in the States. An American lady told me that "I might as well argue that because a clever dentist gets a guinea for drawing a tooth, and can draw two a minute, that he could therefore earn 120 guineas an hour, and acquire a considerable fortune in a year. But the patients are not always at hand in sufficient numbers, and have not always a guinea in their pockets." There is some truth in this. Nevertheless, since we can black boots in London, and polish them well at a penny per pair, blacking them at fivepence per pair (with less labor owing to the greater brightness of the American climate) must be a good off-hand business, as times ago.

Ice water (which is everywhere to be had, is pleasant and refreshing beyond all other obtainable drinks in the hot seasons) and lager beer seem to be superseding the spirituous drinks which produced so much danger formerly. The brightness of the climate and the freshness of the prairie air

are a species of wine in themselves. The celerity with which all things move in America—the ceaseless busyness of the people—make temperance a necessity of daily life to Americans; without observing it, they die like Indians, being merely a little longer about it. There is speculation all over the United States. In some cities men will risk nine-tenths of their fortune. In others they will risk every cent they have. There needs no physician to discover that there cannot be good digestion in such cases, and if spirit drinking be added there is no need to invoke the climate to account for fluctuations in longevity.

During the months I spent in America I fell in with only two persons who struck me as being drunk. One was a well-dressed ruffian, whom I thought intended to rob me. We met in a street car the first time I entered one. We were alone. He wanted to know where I was going to. I answered the question, my destination being to me quite an unknown place. To my surprise he knew the person and the place, and named them "straight away." He was not a man to take the refusal of an answer, and I did not want to lie the first thing on arriving in a new country. When he left me it was with my full consent. The other was a person of unusually grotesque movements—nothing more. One evening I was sitting in the entrance hall of the hotel where I resided, watching mankind about, and smoking, when the smallest man I met in the country, came and sat in the seat next to me. He was dressed in a neat suit of black; he was quite dapper, silent, motionless, and I thought melancholy. The man was almost as small as a snuff-box, and slender as a cane. His face was sallow, his

eyes were small; his most conspicuous feature, which certainly was conspicuous, was a well-formed nose, large enough to work problems in Euclid on the sides. After some time he opened his mouth, when I saw the largest aperture I had ever beheld in a human head; and he deliberately put into it a quid of tobacco, which seemed to me as large as a child's foot. As it was the first and only time I witnessed that operation, perhaps it impressed me more than it should. When he was recomposed into the the state of quiesence in which I first had seen him, I thought I would speak to him to learn whether he was human. Near at hand were two theatres, one of them I knew from a circumstance of personal and historic interest to me, but was ignorant which it was, and I asked my silent friend in black if he could tell me, when I found he could be offensive. He treated my inquiry as though I could not be ignorant of the place which, indeed, was the next door. He probably did not observe that I was a stranger, and might be ignorant of what was notorious to everyone else, and thought I was jesting with him. He moved himself close to me—he put his knees upon me. I thought he was going to climb up me. His weight was not serious, as I thought that I could blow him away, but he acted like a human musquito, and it was not easy to get free from him. I concluded he had been drinking, as he began to question me with incoherent volubility. I fell back upon my old rule that there must be two persons to a quarrel, and I elected not to be one, since even a madman cannot continue to be excited when there is nothing to irritate him. Silence is a source of confusion to the impetuous, as nobody can keep

up a conversation with a tree. I took out a new cigar, and went to the buffet to get a light, and took care not to return to the tarantula in the black coat, who, prior to the last glass but one, was I doubt not, a bright and civil gentleman.

My intention was to visit North Alabama; but Memphis lay close there, where the yellow fever was active, and as I did not feel I wanted the yellow fever, I never went nearer Memphis than St. Louis. Several persons who knew the district well, and who had resided there spoke to me favorably of it. I learned, on British official authority, that there are large districts of Alabama where labor is scarce compared with other parts of America. The State of Alabama contains but one million of population, though there is land enough to support ten millions. The colored people have not learned to live under independent industrial conditions. Like the English laborer, when feudalism was abolished, the habit of being kept still clings to them; and being in debt is not the same trouble to many colored men as it is to white men as a rule—though it must be owned that there are white men in many countries who are not much troubled about it either. It is also objected that the colored men cannot be depended upon to remain in their situations, and will leave the plantation when most needed, which occurs at times among workmen not colored. A rising mining town named Birmingham exists in North Alabama. For many years past a great many miners have settled there from England and Wales, and are doing well and developing the richest of the coal lands. With prudence anyone can keep himself in Alabama, but without prudence it cannot be done. The prudence consists in avoiding undue exposure

after dark. The Germans have learned to do it. They have founded a colony in this neighborhood. The Germans get along well in this State, and there are large numbers of them in every town. The hill country of Alabama bears the name of the "Land of Rest." Consul Cridland reports that "the climate of this district or colony is said to be very healthy, and to this fact is attributed much of its rapid growth and success. Good water abounds, and the site is 702 feet above the level of the sea. Epidemics are unknown and fevers rare. The summers are not oppressive, nights cool, the winter short and mild. Snow seldom falls, and when it does, quickly disappears. New settlers, mostly German, continue to arrive daily, and the population is steadily increasing, also in prosperity. The officials of the South and North Alabama Railroad are warm friends of the colony, and do all in their power to encourage immigration."

They make things plain in America. The "New York Herald" published a page containing a series of broad black lines, showing the comparative length of 68 of the states and territories of America and the principal countries of Europe, omitting Russia and Alaska. The longest line of all was that of Texas, containing 34,000 more square miles than the Austrian empire. A glance at this page of the "Herald" shows the relative size of the 68 countries at once.

The Canadian maps given me by the Hon. Mr. Pope are remarkable for their picturesque distinctness. A quarto pamphlet of Manitoba and northwest territories is filled with copious wood-cut illustrations, singularly clear, convey-

ing the sense of coolness and clearness of the air: while the American wood-cuts, in many instances, reproduce the effect of heat and sunlight, so that when I look upon the engravings of places which I saw, the atmospheric associations under which I saw them return again to the mind. A writer describing Winnipeg, says "it possesses an excellent daily newspaper, the "Manitoba Free Press." A club-house is regarded as a luxury in the Far West, and a newspaper is held to be a luxury of life." Thus intelligence is the first thought of these new settlements. Mr. Jas. Samuelson, an English barrister (brother of the English M. P. for Banbury), whom I met in Boston, has since published a small book of useful information for intending emigrants, both precise and informing.

In Canada considerable practical thought is given to forms of co-operation unknown in England. One was a plan by Mr. F. P. McKelcan, of the nature of an industrial federation of towns and villages, with a view to obtain, at a central office, a continuous record of persons of all professions in any town wanting employment, or who are themselves wanted or not wanted in it, so that emigrants arriving can learn at once where to go, or what places to avoid. A person advertised in the "Montreal Witness" for a musical teacher for his family, and for a housemaid. The answers received showed that there were 2,000 music teachers in Canada more than were at that time wanted, while there was not a single housemaid to be had. Mr. McKelcan's plan is of the nature of a Co-operative Labor Exchange. I had opportunity of conversing with Mr. McKelcan, and found him a man of good practical judgment.

Whether Canada derives the inspiration of equality from its adjacency to the United States, or whether its spirit of civil liberty is indigenous, I was unable, during my pleasant acquaintance with that country, to determine. That there were gracious ways in the land I could see; for instance, when the Canadian Hanlan—a brilliant oarsman—beat Elliott on the Tyne, the Marquis of Lorne telegraphed to Hanlan his congratulations. This was a very handsome thing to do. I have known no instance in which any person in England of eminent position has done a similar thing to an Englishman who has won a victory in a foreign country. No mayor in any English town ever sent a telegram of congratulation to any Englishman who had distinguished himself abroad. When Green, the Australian oarsman, rowed with Robert Chambers on the Thames—the greatest oarsman England has produced—I went myself to Sir Hugh Childers, then our First Lord of the Admiralty, and sugguested to him that, as he had held an official position in Australia, it would be a graceful thing to send some message of recognition of Green, which would be encouragement to him. Sir Hugh did so, but otherwise it would not have been done. Chambers, of the Tyne, was the bravest oarsman I ever knew. In a mile race Green went more swiftly through the water than any man who had before appeared on our rivers. In Green's four-mile race with Chambers on the Thames, Chambers beat him absolutely; and I knew Chambers would be better pleased that his opponent should have every encouragement to put forth his highest power, for Chambers preferred a stout contest. The incident I have related made me more appreciate the voluntary act of

the Marquis of Lorne in sending a message from Canada to Hanlan. As an Englishman, I was interested in what related to the Marquis of Lorne in Canada. Before he went out he published a volume of poems, superior to anything Lord Byron published at his age. The English are a mysterious people in the eyes of Americans. We treat the aristocracy in politics with a deference Americans contemn; while in literature we treat them with a severity that Americans would not display. If the Marquis of Lorne was a pitman, or a weaver, he would be ranked higher as a poet than he is, being a peer.

One afternoon in Ottawa I had the honor to receive, at the Russell House, a deputation from the Ottawa Progressive Society. It was the first formal deputation I had received. I am afraid I did not acquit myself with the dignity a visit of that kind demanded, but the interview was to me a very pleasant one. The same is true in both particulars of a deputation which I met at the Union Depot, Toronto. Among them was Mr. Belford, of the great publishing house of that city, and Mr. A. L. Jury, representing the Toronto Co-operative Association, and also representatives from the Toronto Philosophical Society. The time at my disposal did not enable me to visit the city. I had been in it in the early morning a few days before, when I insisted upon walking into the streets that I might have palpable assurance of treading on the soil of Toronto.

Canada is a much more pleasant and habitable country than Englishmen imagine at home. The cold is definite in its nature, limited in its period of operation, and is to be combatted by exercise, and the contest conduces to health.

There is great warmth in the summer season and almost perpetual brightness in the cold time. I was assured that the clear and brilliant days to be spent among the snow afford an exhilaration unknown in England. I found many emigrants from the old country who thought they would not like to live in England or Scotland after their experience there. It was professed to me that the fogs of New Brunswick are superior to ours since they give no colds. But of the superiority of their fogs I can give no opinion as I did not try them. When Mr. George Iles, of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, afterwards visited me in London, at the Christmas of 1879, I often heard him say that in the winter weeks he spent in London, he experienced more discomfort from cold than he ever did in Canada. It was a new thing for me to find in Ottawa that the Liberals were in favor of what we understand as "personal government," while the Conservative party were opposed to it. On that question I was a Conservative in Ottawa. Thus Canada was a country in which I could change my party without changing my principles. Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of Canada, said, at a dinner given to him at Toronto, "For many years past I have been a strong advocate for emigration in the interest of the British population. I believe that emigration is a benefit both to those who go and to those that remoin; at the same time that it is *the most effectual and legitimate weapon with which labor can contend with capital.*" These are the wisest words (save as I think those which co-operation has to utter) that any man of eminence has said upon the policy of labor.

CHAPTER XIV.

MANNERS AND OPINION IN AMERICA.

Children in America are regarded as apt to act upon their own will rather than upon the will of their parents. It did not appear to be so in any of the families which I had opportunities of observing; on the contrary, there were manifest affectionate and intelligent obedience. At the same time it was apparent that young people were more self-acting than they are in England, where we have a somewhat unwise domestic paternalism, which encourages a costly dependence. The result is that many parents have to keep their children at a period of life when children should be prepared to keep their parents, if need be. The American habit of training their children to independence, which they interpret as meaning self-dependence, has much to be said in its favor. We have the Scriptural maxim, "Train up a child in the way it should go." Young people in England among the middle class have quite reversed this. Their reading of the text is, "Train up the parents in the way they should go that when they are old they shall not depart from it." Hence it is that we have so many young men whose politics are Conservative conceit, who despise the principles under which their fathers were enabled to achieve

prosperity, and who think their mission in this world is to live upon the earnings of their relatives, making no honest exertions on their own behalf.

The equality of classes in America has many pleasant features. Policemen are dressed without the apoplectic rigor common with us. In riding with Mr. Quincy, in one of the public carriages, or with the mayor of the city, I observed that they spoke to the driver as an acquaintance. When Mr. Wendell Phillips took me to see Cambridge he consulted the driver as to the best route to see the university and other places of interest. Sometimes the driver stopped and suggested another route that he thought would be better, with as much ease and confidence as though he were one of the party. In nations where there is social inequality, intercourse between superior and inferior classes is marked by ceremonies of submission on the part of the lower to the higher. There are also observances of pure courtesy, which pass under the pleasant name of "deference." Deference is just when it is voluntary; when offered as an acknowledgment of discerned worth it is politeness; when it is yielded because it is exacted it is servility. When all classes become socially equal, as in America, there is among the unthinking an unceremoniousness of behavior, which they suppose to be a sign of equality as showing that one man is as good as another. It is overlooked that among gentlemen who are on a perfect equality, there is deference of manner towards each other. Without it, equality becomes mere familiarity. In a democratic nation every person is a gentleman or a lady in social rights, and perpetual deference to each other is a mark of educated equality. What reticence

is in speech, deference is in manners. Those who do not know when to be silent are not more offensive than they who do not know when to be still. The babbler is one with the familiar. Deference is the acknowledgment of individual superiority where it exists. Rudeness is a coarse assumption of the right to disregard the feelings and convenience of others. It is not equality, it is insolence.

Emigrants who have left Great Britain because affairs were hopeless about them, naturally conclude that the country will not last long which could not find a livelihood for them; and they diffuse about them an impression that "the old country is about to burst up." I met with a droll instance of this in Ottawa. Rumors of the distress of the working class in England had spread over the United States and Canada, and a deputation of farmers were known to have over-run both countries, seeking sites for settlements. A porter at the Russell House, Ottawa, a square-looking youth, with readiness of speech, of Irish extraction I judged, though "raised" in England, told me, with great confidence in the accuracy of his own knowledge, that "the people in England were fighting to get into the poorhouse, and that the Queen was so struck and agitated by the distress and ruin of England, that she had sent her wisest men to America to find out the cause, and that they had been to Ottawa making inquiries." The process, as he described it, of going so far from home to find out what was the matter there, certainly looked a little odd and roundabout. Nevertheless, one cause of the condition of the farmer in England is doubtless to be found in America. My amusing informant added, "England was not cowed like Ireland, and

would rise and put down the Government if the ruin went on." His idea evidently was that the Government could prevent any evil if it chose.

The unrest which is a feature of American life, is a natural growth of the settler's condition in a new country. The early settlers were broken up by the Indians. When the settlers increased they broke up the Indians to make more room for themselves. Afterwards adventurers from Europe kept up a general alertness of mind. Men being free, as men were never free before in this world, the first effects are unrest. The resources of American life being apparently boundless, and land plentiful and fruitful being easily acquired, the appetite for adventure arises and grows by what it feeds upon. Having so many chances, Americans have less need of security than Englishmen, since, if one chance fails the American, there are many others open to him. Opportunity is up early in the morning, and may be met about all day. The chances of even splendor of life incite the new settler to incur risks to obtain it which Englishmen seldom think of undertaking. Restlessness is not the disease of Republicanism. It is the malady of ambition—of indigence and hopelessness—suddenly confronted with great opportunities. Disorder itself marches at the heels of success. Vastness of half-occupied country begets lawlessness, and lawlessness begets the fighting power, and the fighting power begets the fighting habit. Wealth easily gained begets luxury, and luxury begets desperate efforts to maintain itself. Where great results are possible, ambition, never ignited in Europe is set on fire there. Splendid houses are possessed by men once poor and abject. In ter-

ritories so vast there are wild parts where the country is a camp, and the rule which for a time prevails is the rule of the knife. But every increase of numbers helps to bring in the rule of law.

Some travellers have reported disparagingly of American inquisitiveness. A stranger being besieged with questions of a very personal nature, seemed to me a very natural thing in a country of widely-dispersed settlers. So many are far away from centres of news that they have a craving for it others never know. The stranger is to them a peripatetic newspaper. His object in coming there, his destination, the place whence he first set out, the place which he has left, all imply new information. He knows something which is unknown to the inquirers, and they want to know what it is; it is partly curiosity and partly necessity. There is something stirring elsewhere, or he would not be stirring there. The craving for news is a passion of the settler's condition, and the habit of acquiring it clings to him when he is in a position to obtain information otherwise. The saturated English traveller from populous cities, where news is heard from a thousand tongues, is too apt to forget that the isolated have parched minds and thirst for details.

The splendid school system of the country causes a much higher average of intelligence than we have in England. I frequently heard young ladies of fifteen or eighteen years of age speak familiarly and intelligently of public questions, cite the names, recall the record, describe the capacity of public men with an accuracy of judgment which would be thought unusual in ladies in England of mature age. Where

general intelligence reaches so high a level, persons of distinguished attainments are less conspicuous than they are in a nation where the majority are ignorant. Where the many know little, a person whose knowledge reaches only the standard of mediocrity has a chance of being conspicuous, and a person of ordinary attainments is eminent. But it implies a higher state of progress where the majority are well informed, than where only a few are so. In America there are a million villas to a single mansion. This implies a far higher average of comfort than where there are a thousand great houses, and a million hovels.

Publicists in the United States know perfectly well the intellectual requirements of the population. Nothing has been spoken upon such a subject in England showing more practical wisdom than the following passage by Professor J. C. Zachos, teacher of oratory, English language, and literature, at the Cooper Union, New York, before named:

It is generally assumed that brutality and ignorance, idleness and dissipation, criminality and pauperism, are confined for the most part among the poor and uneducated class of the community. This is a great mistake. When a man or woman does not support himself or herself by fullfilling some useful and necessary function in society, either in administration or work, what is this but pauperism without beggary? When a man or woman disregards sentiments of honor, outrages feelings of humanity, tramples upon the weak and wrongs the innocent, robs and steals by professional devices and "tricks of the trade," what is he or she but a criminal in the sight of God and all honest hearts, though far beyond the reach of the law? When a man or woman, "with the best intentions," does not know how to preserve his or her health, or the children's, in the ordinary conditions of life; "knows much of books, but little of men," much about literature and history, but little of nature; is conversant with "letters

and language," but knows not the alphabet of science nor the elements of natural history—is not all this very miserable ignorance of things essential to human happiness and progress? Ignorance does not signify the absence of knowledge on every and all subjects, but of those the most essential to our position, opportunities, and obvious duties. Is not this kind of ignorance very common among what are called the intelligent, and even the "learned" classes?

This passage contains a volume upon the morality of daily life. Eccentricity in piety in America is imputed to the want of that delicacy and taste supposed to be conspicuous in Democratic institutions; yet in England Moody and Sankey exhibitions were promoted by noblemen. Thurlow Weed, a politician always spoken of now as a "venerable and great authority," has lately given the following description of American Christianity:

Clergymen do not, as formerly, dwell and linger upon the dark feature of theology. Nothing is now heard of the fate of "infants not a span long." The ministry of our day is a ministry of peace, charity, and good will. This generation learns to love and serve rather than to dread and distrust our Creator and Saviour.

This is said in answer to a great American heretic, Col. R. G. Ingersoll. But the answer itself is heresy in England. The intolerance complained of in American religious life did not strike me as being at all so serious as it is sometimes represented. Intolerance in any degree is thought more of in America than elsewhere, because the general liberty of opinion is so great there. There is, however, I observed, some neat unadulterated intolerance in many church quarters in the States; but the bluest pattern is imported, and, as a rule, does not keep its color in America. It is objected that a stranger settling anywhere in the

country is asked by his neighbor what church he purposes to attend, and that there is an exacting expectation that he should go to some place. The question, however, is often put merely to test the stranger's tastes. If no place on hand suits him, things are sometimes made unpleasant to him. But this objection to nonconformity is a very different thing from what it is in England. In America there are fifty religions to one in England, and a man is fairly thought to be fastidious and "stuck up" who, amid the great variety presented to him for selection, cannot find one to his mind. They offer him so many specimens that they think it a reflection upon their ingenuity if not one will suit the new comer. If, however, the stranger who is thus difficult to please, chooses to set up a new religion for himself, there is nothing more said. He is quite at liberty to do it, and if he "strikes ile" in unexpected quarters he becomes popular, as having increased the theological resources of the community. American Christians are brav er-minded than English. They believe in spite of irreverent humor. They can laugh at droll aspects of the thing they like. We think ridicule kills piety. The religion of the nation does not stand upon the connection of the Church with the State, but upon conviction, which is braver. Americans have such prodigal material resources that they expect a great deal of everything. Whether it be theology or politics, they like large quantities of it. As with us, those who promise most are most popular. It is only the few who see that a little truth makes you wealthier than ten times the amount of error. But with the bulk of mankind, as they are, making great promises is a good trade alike in politics or piety. It does

not much matter that nothing comes true. Many generations of men will live on expectations, as the history of great creeds shows. Those who believe in many things are much better regarded by the public than those who believe in few. Simplicity and truth seem shabbiness by the side of the profuseness of error and the opulence of delusion. Besides the thinking class (never very numerous in any country), who look for evidence of new truth or for verifications of supposed truth, there are two other classes—those who have each a set of first principles for himself, and those—the most numerous of all—who have no principles whatever, and do not want any.

The reason why spiritualism answers better in America than elsewhere is because anybody may put what interpretation he pleases upon any proposition advanced; and in districts where there is no standard of common sense or test of science established, the believer has it all his own way. Then people who aim at nothing almost always hit it and nobody disputes their success.

The American manner of speech is more picturesque than in England. People look at things in a more unconventional way. I had excused myself to my host, Mr. Hill, at Florence for smoking, by saying I did it to avoid pretence of perfection. "Yes," he said, "You don't want to be an angel at starting out." One thing which struck me in meeting American ladies was seeing how large a number were teeth-talkers. They used their teeth like a piano, and the pretty accents seemed to run along the rows. English women usually talk with their lips, which is entic-

ing, but the American method has very winning ways with it.

The Irish, whose charm is perplexingness, do not suffer that quality to deteriorate in America. They submit to the Church, but rebel against secular government. They submit to ecclesiastical authority abjectly, and resist the nobler authority of reason foolishly. Having been so long oppressed and deceived, they suspect nobody so much as those who try to serve them.

Among Americans I found descendants of the old Tory party still of opinion that the United States would be the better for a king. I conversed with many who longed for an aristocracy. There are always persons who, having acquired or inherited riches without capacity, or disposition to distinguish themselves in the public service, would welcome any system which accorded them distinction without dessert. Besides there are in every state numerous persons who think they could manage public affairs much more satisfactorily, at least, to themselves, without the troublesome control of the democracy. There are people who decry and give dismal accounts of popular government. Then there are those who having lost the opportunity of exercising paternal government over the colored people, would be glad to extend it to the whites. Others I found, as we find them in England, making quite a reputation by denouncing the supposed tyranny of others, with a view to putting a real one of their own in its place. Amid ingenious and varying disguises of patriotic speech, it was not difficult to discern the irrigating current of personal purpose, running beneath their fertile ardor. You know the Democratic-

Republican, who professes exclusively to represent the interests of the people, by the same sign that you know the Tory-Chartist in England. In London, he professes neither to believe in Whigs or Tories. If he owns to a preference it is that he would rather see the Tories in power than the Whigs; and what he says, and what he supports, all tend to that end. In America the Democratic-Republican denounces Republicans and Democrats alike. His impartial soul soars to a nobler ideal, but it is the Democratic thing he will be found aiding nevertheless. Whoever cares only for his own personal interest, whether as an individual or as a member of a class, teaches public men, so far as his example goes, to act upon the same principle, and one day the property and freedom of himself and those whom he represents may be swept away by those whom he has instructed to use power for their own purposes.

So many aspects of American and Canadian life strike a stranger, that the space I have prescribed for myself will not contain them all. Many persons have been omitted whom I ought to name and also many incidents which I should like to relate. No doubt as many have been described as will suffice to satisfy the reader that the people and the country have inexhaustible interest. It is a land where each man believes that he can move the State himself, and sometimes one man does it. America is a land where no oppression can long exist, except that which the people choose to inflict upon themselves. Daniel Webster once said to an aspiring, but modest young lawyer, who had expressed his fear that the profession was overcrowded, "My young friend, there is always plenty of room at the

top." Meaning that excellence where most needed is never in excess, and that on the path leading to it, requiring courage and perseverance to travel, there is seldom seen many passengers. In no country is there much competition at the top, but the road to it is more open in America than elsewhere, while paths to honorable prosperity are innumerable, and some of them three thousand miles long.

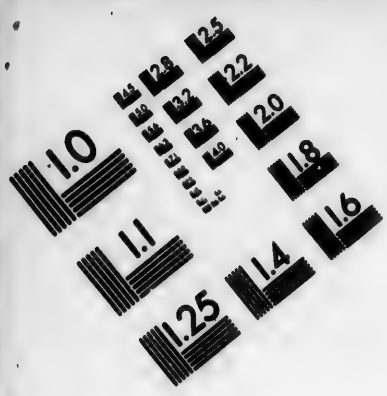
NOTE.—The nature of these paths, and the co-operative way of travelling therein, is the subject of the next and final chapter, which, additional to those announced, will conclude this series. For reasons given in it, it will be devoted to an entirely neglected subject, "Emigrant Education."

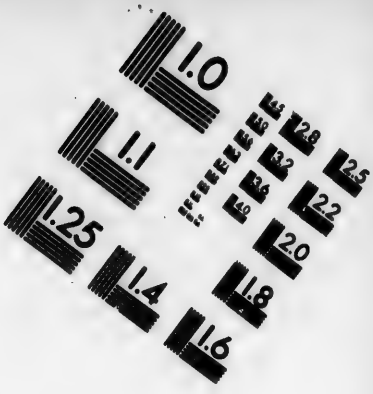
CHAPTER XV.

EMIGRANT EDUCATION.

"The German and Irish millions, like the negro, have a great deal of guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely to make a spot of green grass on the prairie." Let us hope this is a history of the past only. A more melancholy outlook for emigrants than these words of Emerson's is scarcely conceivable. Yet the same may be said of the fate of the majority of pioneers of all nations hitherto, who have gone out to found their fortunes in new countries. Yet co-operative arrangements are possible which would diminish "guano" in the destiny of adventure, and delay the appearance of the "spot of green" on the prairie until it suited the emigrant that it should appear.

One condition of organized emigration is a book of the kind described in Chapter XII. The need of a Government guide book to all the States, may be seen by the following letters, which were sent to me while there. The first writer, Mr. S. J. Athern, does not think much of Texas, and he speaks as an emigrant of thirty-three years' experience. He says:





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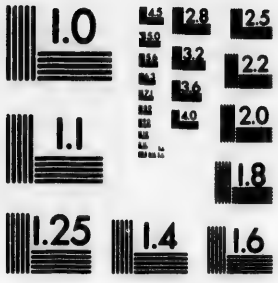

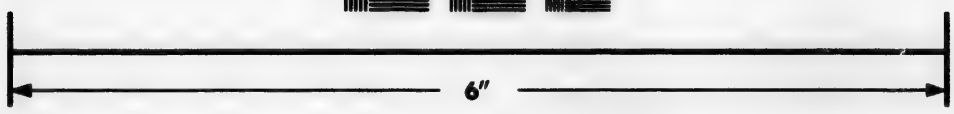

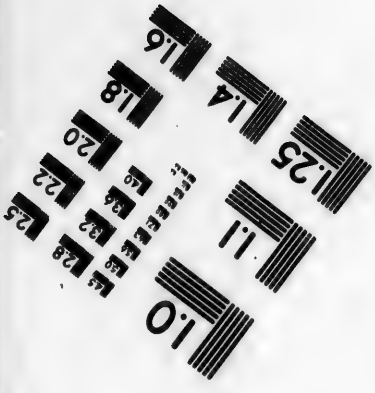

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"You saw when here [New York] the chagrin and terrible disappointment of a party of English farmers who settled (or, rather purchased land, for they could not "settle") in that terribly trying and arid State of Texas. In Texas the land, or much of it, is arid, the climate is trying, and the civilization of that vast territory is not inviting; in short, it takes a nation of Texans to reside in Texas to battle with the pitsol and the bowie-knife, which have sway in that State. Thirty-three years ago I was an emigrant myself, so that you see I have a fellow-feeling for those who follow in my wake."

The next writer bears excellent testimony in favor of Texas. He has had forty-two years' experience of the State. Mr. George W. Grant, of Huntsville, Walter County, Texas, wrote to me saying that—

"He had been a citizen of that State since 1837, over forty-two years; had been much over the State, and knew it well, and was impressed with the belief that the climate, soil, and seasons are as well, if not better, adapted for emigrant enterprise than any other place. Land is cheap; that some counties hold over 1,700 acres granted from the State for school purposes. University and other public institutions own much rich prairie country, with wood and rock, for every purpose—grazing and farming land—which can be bought from $1 to $2 per acre, on ten years' time, at 8 per cent interest."

The next writer is clear as to the fertility of the country, but less so as to the intellectual fertility of some of the people. Mr. William M'Ilwrath, of Chillicothe, (Mo.) with whom I do not agree—writes as follows:

"A great many come here and think because the country is fertile, the people untrammelled by any of the Old Country ideas or associations, that here, and here alone, is to be found true Republican government—true representative government. There is, perhaps, no country to-day for which a combination of circumstances has done so much, and for which the people thereof have themselves

done so little. About fifty millions of people are here ruled, in one sense, as completely by an oligarchy of moneyed men as ever was a petty duchy of Europe ruled by its duke. Our people are not any more ignorant than the mass of people of other countries; but there is this peculiar feature about the ignorance of many—they think they know everything, and convey that thought with them into their everyday action. The ignorant person in other countries is, as a general thing, conscious of his ignorance; but here he is not. The most complex, most abstruse questions in the science of government can be fully explained to you by an ignoramus."

The want of the next writer is manifestly some book which he can depend upon for guidance. Mr. H. Smith, Greeley, Colorado, writes as follows:

"I have been in this country some years, have a wife and three children, have been farming and laboring, and, by close economy and hard work, have got together a few hundred dollars cash. Wish to get me a farm and home for self and family, and not having means enough to run around the country and find out whether what I read is true of lands, and having no friends to help me, I do not see how to make a good and safe investment, or how much confidence to put in what I read about the country, so that I can act with safety. I have seen enough of going off alone on the prairie, or in the woods, with no schools or advantages of any kind."

Canada, no less than the United States, affords the same sort of eloquent, because unconcerted, testimony as to the need of trustworthy information. Last year—1880—there sailed from the river Mersey, Liverpool, 180,000 emigrants—75,000 were English, about 2,000 Scotch, 29,000 Irish, and 74,000 foreigners. What an advantage to all these persons it would have been to have a book they could trust, telling them what to expect wherever they might go.

As these chapters may be read abroad, I conclude them with some passages from the report I made to the London Co operative Guild at Exeter Hall early in 1880, shortly after my return from America. As application came for as many as 4,000 copies of that statement for the use of workingmen in one district, after the sale of the *Co-operative News*, which alone contained it was exhausted, it will clearly serve many readers if the chief statements are included here. Mr. Walter Morrison presided on the occasion. The Guild, which owes its existence to the genius and devotion of Mr. Hodgson Pratt, is the most generous department of co-operation, because its object is to extend the knowledge of that new principle of industry which introduces equity into all relations of labor, gives to workmen certainty of moderate competence, and affords capital advantages of which it need not be ashamed. What I represented on that occasion was that it is by no act or inspiration of ours that our countrymen do emigrate. When emigration is a choice of those who have means it is creditable to the enterprise of the nation; when it is a necessity of the poor it is a disgrace to a community which does not know how to take care of its own people. To the needy, the friendless, and the ignorant, emigration is a terror; it is a forlorn adventure on untried existence. Few can conceive the misery of the long isolated journey from homeland. With little means and less knowledge, the poor wanderer is often stripped of his slender store on the way, and never reaches his destination. Then he becomes an unwelcome addition to the workmen of large cities, who resent his intrusion, as by his desperate competition for employment

he brings down wages and helps to create the very same condition of things from which he has fled. Tossed about the unknown eddies of thronged labor markets, he soon sinks. Unless local, reluctant charity—reluctant because already overburdened—picks him up, his end is more deplorable than it would have been had he remained at home. This cry comes back to us from every great city. I heard it myself in New York, in Philadelphia, in Fall River, in Cincinnati, and Chicago.

The great centres of industry are as candles, which lure the helpless, light-pursed moths of labor to perish in their flames. Then how fares it with those whose means do hold out, and who do reach the prairies? I speak still of the poor emigrant. What knows the tailor, the shoemaker, the mechanic, the weaver, the jeweler, the clerk from the desk, or the assistant from behind the counter, of the agricultural life they have adventured upon? They know nothing of the soil, nor seasons, nor currents, nor climate. They do not know the crops when they see them, nor know how to cook the unfamiliar produce when they have raised it. They do not foresee the malaria which may leap from the newly-turned soil, nor the ague that hides in the evening air. Far away it may be from human habitation, the wandering quack is the only physician of the solitary settler—the wandering Indian his only and often dubious visitor. His road to the nearest market is through pathless woods and unfathomed creeks. Over that trackless way he must drag his produce, if he has any to sell; or carry his provisions, if he has money to buy any. He begins life anew, as though he were the first man turned out of Eden to seek

subsistence in an untrodden land. He encounters isolation, dreariness, privation, and often despair, under which many sink, while those who hardily succeed generally become animalized in the determined struggle. The ordinary emigrant from England passes from the brightness, convenience and abounding society of cities to the silence of the forest and the companionship of unknown creatures, who beset or crawl in his path. His new destiny is to fight the sullen and fruitful wilderness, which accords him plenty if he conquers it, or gives him but a grave if he fails. It is of the nature of a merciful thing to mitigate the bitterness of this experience. Co-operation can smooth the path of this form of enterprise. It can collect families to go out together. It can procure them right information. It can provide a conductor on their passage out, and convey them to colony land, where houses are erected and provisions provided until crops can be raised; and it can supply a practical director until the settlers learn to take care of themselves. Co-operation can take the peril and uncertainty out of friendless adventure, and lend the charm of comfort and security to manly and industrial enterprise. So great are the unforeseen opportunities of free countries and cheap lands, that even isolated emigrants—able to incur hardships with spirit and strength—continually succeed and attain to absolute opulence; but even they own that struggles which were avoidable, had organized emigration been available to them, have left savage or selfish marks upon their character, which it is the interest of society to prevent, if it be possible, in the future.

Articles published by General Mussey in the "Sovereign Bulletin" of Washington on "Organized Colonization" are wise and comprehensive. The plan devised in New York by the Co-operative Colony Aid Association has for its object—To purchase land in a salubrious spot adjacent to a city; to arrange a park in the centre of the colony, erect a school-house for the education of the children, and a co-operative store to supply the provisions of the settlers; put up tenements for them to enter upon, and apportion farm holdings necessary for their subsistence; and so soon as the produce of an emigrant's labor has repaid all outlay on his account, to convey to him absolute possession of his allotted estate. In the meantime a travelling agent may conduct groups of emigrants from the land where they embark to the colony, where a resident director will advise them in their employment until each colonist becomes the owner of his apportioned estate. The organizers of the colony intend to keep their aid clear alike from charity or profit. A return of a moderate interest upon the capital used, until it is repaid, is all they seek. The object of co-operation is to encourage self-help, and to assist it without patronage. Whether aims so sensible, so moderate, and so free from Utopianism as these can be carried out, remains to be seen.

It soon appeared to me that there was a Babel of land agents, and no authoritative voice amongst them. No emigrant setting out here, no emigrant arriving there, could tell to whom to listen, or where to settle. Many agents were entirely honest, but few persons ordinarily accessible knew which was which. Choice of land was as much a lottery in New York as London. There was no standard by

which to compare any man's statements, and no one knew all the thirty-seven States and Territories of the United States, or what Province to choose in the Dominion of Canada. No person, unless he was a very old man, could prudently advise an emigrant to go anywhere, since only such an adviser might hope to be dead before the emigrant wrote home to say that he had been sent to quite the wrong place. It seemed to me that a State book was wanted, setting forth the estimated quantities of land open to enterprise in every State to be had by purchase or gift, conditions of tenure, process of acquisition, arable quality, climate, sanitary peculiarities of the State, conditions of health as to exposure, diet, and clothing, markets for labor, and commodities near, facilities of transport of produce, and the purchasing power of money—this information would enable an emigrant to go out with his eyes open. Land agents may honestly be ignorant of many things; a Government can be informed on all. Besides, a Government can be trusted. It will, as a rule, neither lie nor exaggerate, and its summary of the facts of all States with which it is connected will enable anyone to test generally the representations made by interested individuals. When I had resolved to ask this of the Government of Washington, I thought it becoming in me, as an English subject, first to ask it of our Government at Ottawa.

The steps taken to that end, and the interviews accorded me thereupon, have already been narrated.

America is to civilization what France is to Europe—the seed land of progress and equality. It is the empire where ideas reign. Thought grows there like their forests. En-

terprise is in the air. Equity in labor may extend there as well as equity in trade. Think what that means in commerce! In America few things are what they seem. No one imagines that prepared provisions are pure. Any man will admit that "honesty is the best policy," but many seem afraid to try it. Honest quality, honest weight, honest price—that means morality in daily life. Co-operation not only makes it possible, but makes it profitable. It was seeing this that induced ministers of religion to volunteer their high names to further this movement. Did not the Marquis of Ripon tell us at Manchester of his regret that the co-operative principle of according to labor a participation in profit had made small progress in England, during the thirty years that he had known the movement? Americans would die of this dilatoriness. It would be alike a mercy to labor and capital to take this idea to that more discerning land. One day I may ask the Government of Australia for an emigrant book, like that asked for in Washington and Ottawa. To us it is a matter of indifference to what country emigrants may go. Our object is to see that they go from England intelligently, and not ignorantly, and that the advantages co-operation may offer shall be available to them. From the State departments of the Canadian and American Governments I have received valuable maps, and sufficient volumes to form a library for the Guild.

From Washington I received 475 valuable maps of seventeen of the chief States of America; these, with other documents given me by the Canadian Government, together with numerous letters and schemes from correspondents, I have transferred to the Guild for the use of co-operative,

secular, and working men's societies and clubs. Mr. Alsager Hay Hill, editor of the "Labor News," 15 Russell street, Covent Garden, London, has knowledge and means of advising emigrants. His disinterested service of working people is widely known. Many letters which I have received from land agents are marked by candor and circumstance of statement, are full of interest and valuable information, and confidence may manifestly be placed in the writers. Any colony aid committee need not seek to supersede nor conflict with already well-organized arrangements which individual agencies may have established. Many States in Australia, as also in Canada or America, have authorized agents, official and responsible, for the sale of State lands. All an English committee require to do is to devise a plan of co-operative emigration, and carry it out as an example and model to others. By communication with individuals and official agents they might be induced to add co-operative features, facilities, and securities to their plans. It is no object, nor necessity of an English society, to conduct the business of the world themselves, but to induce and by example encourage all concerned in trade, commerce, and emigration, to conduct it, as far as possible, upon co-operative lines. Thus a knowledge of associate principles may be carried, as it were, upon the wings of the wind to the four corners of the world, and made enduring in men's minds by the sense of timely, profitable, and disinterested service.

I care for emigration exactly as I care for co-operation—as the cause of the poor, not of the rich. I am not for that emigration which takes away the well-paid workman from

a good employer. But I am for the emigration of all those who cannot find a well-spread table for their families here. And it is the interest of all of us that emigration should be in the future co-operative, as it will diminish the competition which will arise otherwise among isolated settlers, and it will develop social life where it is most needed. Englishmen and English ideas are welcome in the United States and Canada and it is to the interest of this country that freedom, civilization, and social life should be strengthened by the solidity of English thought. Besides, it must be obvious to all who are familiar with public affairs that the world has changed. Industrial society has reached a new stage. New forces, new conditions, and new opportunities now exist. Europe is crowded. Crowns, feudalism, privilege, partial laws, and devouring armaments, deprive the common people of subsistence or condemn them to perpetual precariousness. Here in England we have surplus workers; abroad there are unoccupied acres, where a hundred millions of families may dwell in opulence and ownership. Here the Government offers to workmen only the lot of the soldier or the fate of the pauper. The sole deliverance is that of wedding the people to the prairies. The new cry of progress is—dispersion. If workmen are wise they will train no more children for mine or mill. Mechanics only minister to luxury they can, as a rule, never taste. Children should be trained for the field. Their eyes should be taught to look abroad. They should be familiarized with the literature of adventure, and fed with the inspiration of distant enterprise. No education is of any value to them which does not include that of the farm, and soil, and

crops, and climates. The steamship will carry them to lands of independence in ten days. I for one say to mechanics, Beg no more for employment, higgle and supplicate no more for hopeless increase of wages—go away. The farmer does not want you, the manufacturer does not want you, the tradesman does not want you, the poor-law guardians do not want you—go away. You have nothing to gain by violence—you ought not to seek anything from pity. Learn from the negro of the South if you cannot learn from your own pride—go away. Wait not around the shopkeeper's till for the dole of workhouse rates. Hang no more round the doors of the Poor-law Union—go away. Be no recruits in the hateful wars of empire. Shed not your blood in carrying desolation and death among nations as honest and more unfortunate than yourselves. No terror or toil of the wilderness can equal the peril and shame of this—go away. Let those who will 'rectify frontiers'—your duty is to 'rectify the frontier' of poverty and dependence. Let those who have just employers honor them and continue in their service. Let all who can command adequate subsistence here remain and increase the honest renown and prosperity of their native land. But let the poor save a little capital at co-operative stores, and join the great fortunes of those nations where freedom and equality dwell; and where wealth awaits all who have fortitude, common sense, courage, and industry. To all who by generous care of others endow emigrants with co-operative knowledge and create for them co-operative facilities—to them will belong the praise of advancing progress without conflict, of saving labor and capital from the ultimate strife

of blood, and of insuring the prosperity of every honest interest, beyond the dreams of statesmanship.

Since these words were spoken I have seen Lord Dufferin's just and wise admission made at Toronto, that emigration benefits alike the country which is left and the country which is adopted. Since then the question of the land bids fair to swallow up all others. Workmen are beginning now to listen to the cry of Ebenezer Elliott raised fifty years ago—

O, pallid Want! O, Labor stark!
Behold, behold, the Second Ark!
The Land! the Land!

It was the same far-seeing, but then neglected, Anti-Corn Law Rhymer—the last of the poets who put politics into his verses—who wrote—

He ties up hands
Who locks up lands:
The lands which can't be sold and bought
Bring men and States to worse than nought:
The lands which can be freely sold
Are worth a world of barren gold.

It has taken fifty years to make English statesmen and the English people understand this.

* A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

NO person could be more completely a stranger than I was in America. After being interested in American history and public affairs from my youth, I saw the country for the first time in August last. Being born in Midland England, I had more English insularity of thought than most of my countrymen; and having a certain wilfulness of opinion, which few shared at home, and probably fewer abroad, I had little to recommend me in the United States. Years ago I knew some publicists there of mark and character, but that was before the great war in which many of them perished. My friend Horace Greeley was dead, Lloyd Garrison was gone, with both of whom I had spent well-remembered days. Theodore Parker, the 'Jupiter of the pulpit,' as Wendell Phillips calls him, paid me a visit in England before he went to Florence to die. To me, therefore, it was contentment enough to walk unknown through some of America's marvellous cities, and into the not less wondrous space which lies beyond them.

For one who has seen but half a great continent, and that but for a short period, to write a book about the country would be certainly absurd. At the same time, to have

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* From the "Nineteenth Century."

been in a new world for three months and be unable to give any account whatever of it, would be still more absurd. To pretend to know much is presumption—to profess to know nothing is idiocy. A voyager who had seen a strange creature in the Atlantic Ocean as he passed it, might be able to give only a poor account of it; but if he had seen it every day for three months, and even been upon its back, he would be a very stupid person if he could give no idea whatever of it. I saw the United States and Canada from the Atlantic seaboard and from Montreal to Kansas City for that length of time, travelling on its lakes and land, and may give some notion, at least to those who never were there, of what I observed—not of its trades or manufactures, or statistics, or politics, or churches, but of the ways, manners, and spirit of the people.

After all I had read or heard, it seemed to me that there were great features of social life there unregarded or misregarded. New York itself is a miracle which a large book would not be sufficient to explain. When I stepped ashore there, I thought I was in a larger Rotterdam; when I found my way to the Broadway, it seemed to me as though I was in Paris, and that Paris had taken to business. There were quaintness, grace and gaiety, brightness, and grimness, all about. The Broadway I thought a Longway, for my first invitation in it was to No. 1455. My first days in the city were spent at No. 1 Broadway, in the Washington Hotel, allured thither by its English military and diplomatic associations, going back to the days when an Indian war-whoop was possible in the Broadway. At that end, you are dazed by a forest of tall telegraphic poles, and a clatter by night

and day that no pathway of Pandemonium could rival. Car-bells, omnibus-bells, drayhorse-bells, railway-bells and locomotives in the air, were resounding night and day. An engineer turns off his steam at your bedroom window. When I got up to see what was the matter, I found engine No. 99 almost within reach of my arm, and the other ninety-eight had been there that morning before I awoke. When one day at a railway junction I heard nine train-bells being rung by machinery, it sounded as though Disestablishment had occurred, and all the parish churches of England were being imported.

Of all the cities of America, Washington is the most superb in its brilliant flashes of space. The drowsy Potomac flows in sight of splendid buildings. Washington is the only city I have ever seen which no wanton architect or builder can spoil. Erect what they will, they cannot obliterate its glory of space. If a man makes a bad speech, the audience can retreat; if he buys a dull book, he need not read it—while if a dreary house be erected, three generations living near it may spend their melancholy lives in sight of it. If an architect in each city could be hanged now and then, with discrimination, what a mercy it would be to mankind! Washington at least is safe. One Sunday morning I went to the church, which is attended by the President and Mrs. Hayes, to hear the kind of sermon preached in their presence. But the walk through the city was itself a sermon. I never knew all the glory of sunlight in this world until then. The clear, calm sky seemed hundreds of miles high. Over dome and mansion, river and park, streets and squares, the sunlight shed what appeared

to my European eyes an unearthly beauty. I lingered in it until I was late at church. The platform occupied by preachers in America more resembles an altar than our pulpit, and the freedom of action and grace in speaking I thought greater than among us. The sermon before the President was addressed to young men, and was remarkably wise, practical, definite, and inspiring; but the transition of tone was, at times, more abrupt and less artistic than in other eminent American preachers whom I had the pleasure to hear.

Niagara Falls I saw by sunlight, electric light, and by moonlight, without thinking much of them—until walking on the American side I came upon the Niagara River, which I had never heard of. Of course water must come from somewhere to feed the Falls—I knew that; but I had never learned from guide-books that its coming was anything remarkable. When, however, I saw a mighty mountain of turbulent water as wide as the eye could reach, a thousand torrents rushing as it were from the clouds, splashing and roaring down to the great Falls, I though the idea of the Deluge must have begun there. No aspect of nature ever gave me such a sense of power and terror. I feared to remain where I stood. The frightful waters seemed alive. When I went back to the Canadian side I thought as much of Niagara as anyone—had I seen the Duke of Argyll's recent published 'Impressions' of them (he also discovered the Niagara Rapids) before I went there, I should have approached Niagara Falls with feelings very different from those with which I first saw them.

In the Guildhall, London I have seen city orators point their merchant audience to the statues of great men there, and appeal to the historic glories of the country. Such an audience would respond as though they had some interest in the appeal—feeling, however, that these things more concerned the 'great families' who held the country, whom they make rich by their industry, who looked down upon them as buttermen or tallow-chandlers. No orator addressing the common people employs these historic appeals to them. The working class who are enlisted in the army, flogged and sent out to be shot, that their fathers may find their way to the poorhouse, under their hereditary rulers, are not so sensible of the glory of the country. The working men, as a rule, have no substantial interest in the national glory: I mean those of them whose lot it is to supplicate for work, and who have to establish trades' unions to obtain adequate payment for it. Yet I well know that England has things to be proud of which America cannot rival.* At the same time we have, as Lord Beaconsfield discerned, 'Two Nations' living side by side in this land. What is wanted is that they shall be one in equity of means, knowledge, and pride. Nothing surprised me more than to see the parks of New York, abutting Broadway, without a fence around the greensward. A million unresting feet passed by them, and none trampled on the delicate grass—while, in England, Board Schools put up a prison wall

* Americans are not lacking in generous admissions herein, as any one may see in William Winter's *Trip to England*. The reader must go far to find more graceful pages of appreciation of the historic, civic and scenic beauties of this country.

around them, so that poor children cannot see a flower girl go by in the streets; and the back windows of the houses of mechanics in Lambeth remain blocked up, whereby no inmate can look on a green tree in the Palace grounds. In Florence, in Northampton, where the Holyoke mountain* looks on the ever-winding Connecticut River, as elsewhere, there are thousands of mansions to be seen without a rail around their lawns. Acres of plantations lie unenclosed between the beautiful houses, where a crowd of wanderers might rest unchallenged, and watch mountain, river, and sky. In England if an indigent wanderer sat down on house-ground or wayside, the probability is a policeman would come and look at him—the farmer would come and demand what he wanted, and the relieving officer would suggest to him that he had better pass on to his own parish. In England the whole duty of man, as set down in the workman's catechism, is to find out upon how little he can live. In America, the workman sets himself to find out how much he ought to have to live upon, equitably compared with what falls to other classes. He does not see exactly how to get it when he has found out the amount. Co-operative equity alone can show him that. No doubt workmen are better off in any civilized country than work-

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*In an historic churchyard at the bottom of the mountain is the grave of Mary Pynchon, the wife of Elizur Holyoke, the early English settler, whose name the mountain bears. Among the commonly feeble epitaphs of churchyards hers is remarkable for its grace and vigor. It says:

She who lies here was, while she stood,
A very glory of womanhood.

men were one hundred or two hundred years ago. So are the rich. The workmen whom I addressed in America I counselled not to trouble about comparisons as to their condition, but to remember that there is but one rule for rich and poor, workmen and employer—namely, that each should be free to get all he *honestly* can. A wholesome distinction of America is that industry alone is universally honorable there, and has good chances. There are no common people there, in the English sense. When speaking in the Cooper Institute, New York, I was reminded that the audience would resent being so addressed.* Every man in America feels as though he owns the country, because the charm of recognized equality and the golden chances of ownership have entered his mind. He is proud of the statues and the public buildings. The great rivers, the trackless prairies, the regal mountains, all seem his. Even the steep curb-stones of New York and Boston, which brought me daily distress, I was asked to admire—for some reason yet unknown to me.

In England nobody says to the visitor or foreigner when he first meets him, What do you think of England? The people do not feel that they own the country, or have responsible control over it. The country is managed by somebody else. Not even Members of Parliament know when base treaties are made in the nation's name, and dishonoring wars are entered into, which the lives and earn-

*The Rev. R. Heber Newton said to me, "Remember, Mr. Holyoake, we have no 'common people' in America. We may have a few uncommon ones."

ings of their constituents may be confiscated to sustain. All that our representatives can tell us is that that is an affair of the Crown. In America there is no Crown, and the people are kings and they know it. I had not landed on the American shores an hour, before I became aware that I was in a new nation, animated by a new life which I had never seen. I was three days in the train going from Ottawa to Chicago. It was my custom to spend a part of every day in the cosy smoking saloon of the car, with its red velvet seats, and bright spacious-mouthed braziers for receiving lights or ashes. My object was to study in detail the strange passengers who joined us. Being on the railway there practically but one class and one fare, the gentleman and the workman, the lady and the mechanic's wife, sit together without hesitation or diffidence. A sturdy, unspeaking man, who seemed to be a mechanic, was generally in the smoking saloon. He never spoke, except to say, 'Would I take his seat?' when he thought I was incommoded by a particularly fat passenger by my side. 'It will suit me quite as well to smoke outside the car,' he would civilly say, if I objected to putting him to inconvenience. On the morning of the third day, he and I only were sitting together. Wishing to find out whether he could or would talk, I asked him, 'How far are we from Chicago?' He looked at me with sudden amazement. Black stubbly hair covered his face (which had been unshaven for days, an unusual thing with Americans). At my question every stubble seemed to start up as he laid his hand on my knee, and said, 'Have you *never* been to Chicago?' 'How could I?' I replied; 'I am an Englishman travelling from London in order to see it.' All at once

looking at me with pity and commiseration, his little deep black eyes glistening like glow-worms in the night of his dark face, he exclaimed, laying his hand now on my shoulder, that his words might be more expressive, 'Sir, Chicago is the boss city of the Universe,' evidently thinking that I might make some futile attempt to compare it with some city of this world. Afterwards I learned that this electric admirer of Chicago was a brakesman on the train. Yet this man, who had probably driven into the fiery city a thousand times, had as much delight in it, and as much pride in it, as though he were the owner of it. I soon found that it would not be a wise thing for a stranger to be of a different opinion. As I rode into Chicago three hours later, I thought I had never seen such a lumbering, dingy, ramshackle, crowded, tumultuous, boisterous outside of a city before. When asked my opinion again, amid the roar of cars and hurricane of every kind of wagons and vehicles, I framed one from which I never departed, namely, that considering the short time in which Chicago had been built and rebuilt, it was the most miraculous city I had ever seen. This opinion was silent on many details, and the acumen of an American questioner is not easily foiled, but as I admitted something 'miraculous' about the place my opinion was tolerated, as fulfilling essential conditions. And when I came to see Chicago's wondrous streets of business, its hotels in which populations of twenty ordinary English parishes would be lost, its splendid avenues, its fine, noble, far-spreading parks, and Lake Michigan stretching out like a sea on the city borders—it did seem to me a 'miraculous city,' quite apart from the happy days I spent there, as the

guest of Mr. Charlton, of the Chicago and Alton railway, who travelled with me through Canada and half the United States, that I might see, without cost or care, the civic and natural marvels of the two countries.

The first hour I was in New York, one, in friendly care for my reputation as a stranger, said to me, 'Mind, if you get run over, do not complain—if you can articulate—as it will go against you on the inquest. In America we run over anybody in the way, and if you are knocked down it will be considered your fault.' In America self-help (honest and sometimes dishonest) is a characteristic. In Germany apprentices were required to travel to acquire different modes of working. If young Englishmen could be sent a couple of years to take part in American business, they would come back much improved. An eminent English professor, whom I lately asked whether it would not do this country good if we could get our peers to emigrate, answered, 'No doubt, if you could smarten some of them up a bit first.' Everywhere in America you hear the injunction, 'Hold on!' In every vessel and car there are means provided for doing it: for unless a man falls upon his feet—if he does fall—he finds people too busy to stop and pick him up. The nation is in commotion. Life in America is a battle and a march. Freedom has set the race on fire—freedom, with the prospect of property. Americans are a nation of men who have their own way, and do very well with it. It is the only country where men are men in this sense, and the unusualness of the liberty bewilders many, who do wrong things in order to be sure they are free to do something. This error is mostly made by new-comers, to

whom freedom is a novelty; and it is only by trying eccentricity that they can test the unwonted sense of their power of self-disposal. But as liberty grows into a habit, one by one the experimenters become conscious of the duty of not betraying the precious possession, by making it repulsive. Perhaps self-assertion seems a little in excess of international requirements. Many 'citizens' give a stranger the impression that they think themselves equal to their superiors, and superior to their equals; yet all of them are manlier than they would be through the ambition of each to be equals of anybody else.

The effect of American inspiration on Englishmen was strikingly evident. I met workmen in many cities whom I had known in former years in England. They were no longer the same men. Here their employers seldom or never spoke to them,* and the workmen were rather glad, as they feared the communication would relate to a reduction of wages. They thought it hardly prudent to look a foreman or overseer in the face. Masters are more genial, as a rule, in these days; but in the days when last I visited these workmen at their homes in Lancashire, it never entered into their heads to introduce me to their employers. But when I met them in America they instantly proposed to introduce me to the mayor of the city. This surprised

* Long years ago, when I first knew Rochdale, workmen at Mr. Bright's mills used to tell me with pride, that he was not like other employers. He not only inquired about them, but of them; and to this day they will stop him in the mill yard and ask his advice in personal difficulties, when they are sure of willing and friendly counsel from him.

me very much; for when they were in England they could not have introduced me to the relieving officer of their parish, with any advantage to me, had I needed to know him. These men were still workmen, and they did introduce me to the mayor as 'a friend of theirs;' and in an easy, confident manner, as one gentleman would speak to another, they said, 'they should be obliged if he would show me the civic features of the city.' The mayor would do so, order his carriage, and with the most pleasant courtesy take me to every place of interest. To this hour I do not know whom I wondered at most—the men or the mayor. In some cases the mayor was himself a manufacturer, and it was a pleasure to see that the men were as proud of the mayor as they were of the city.

One day a letter came, inviting me to Chautauqua Lake, saying that if I would allow it to be said that I would come to a Convention of Liberals there, many other persons would go there to meet me, and then I should see everybody at once. I answered that it was exactly what I wanted—'to see everybody at once.' In England we think a good deal of having to go ten miles into the country to hold a public meeting; but knowing Americans were more enterprising, I expected I should have to go seventeen miles there. When the day arrived and I asked for a ticket for Chatauqua Lake, the clerk, looking at the money I put down, said, 'Do you know you are seven hundred miles from that place?' Having engaged to speak in the 'Parker Memorial Hall' to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church of Boston the next Sunday, there was no escape from a journey of fourteen hundred miles in the meantime, and I made it. At Chau-

tauqua was a sight I had never seen. A hall, looking out on to the great lake, as full of amateur philosophers and philosopheresses—all with their heads full of schemes. There were at least a hundred persons, each with an armful or reticule-full of first principles, ready written out, for the government of mankind in general. It was clear to me that the Government at Washington will never be in the difficulty we were when Lord Hampton had only ten minutes in which to draw up for us a new Constitution—our Cabinet not having one on hand. If President Hayes is ever in want of a policy, he will find a good choice at Chautauqua Lake. My ancient friend Louis Masquerier had the most systematic scheme there of all of them. I knew it well, for the volume explaining it was dedicated to me. He had mapped out the whole globe into small Homestead parallelograms. An ingenious friend (Dr. Hollick) had kindly completed the scheme for him one day when it was breaking down. He pointed out to Masquerier that there was a little hitch at the poles—where the meridian lines converge, which rendered perfect squares difficult to arrange there. This was quite unforeseen by the Homestead artificer. The system could not give way, that was clear; and nature was obstinate at the poles. So it was suggested that Masquerier should set apart the spaces at the poles to be planted with myrtle, sweet-briar, roses, and other aromatic plants, which might serve to diffuse a sweet scent over the Homesteads otherwise covering the globe. The inventor adopted the compromise, and thus the difficulty was, as Paley says, 'gotten over;' and if Arctic explorers in the future should be surprised at finding a fragrant garden at the North Pole, they

will know how it came there. In Great Britain, where a few gentlemen consider it their province to make religion, politics, and morality for the people, it is counted ridiculous presumption that common persons should attempt to form opinions upon these subjects for themselves. I know the danger to progress brought about by those whom Colonel Ingersoll happily calls its 'Fool Friends.' Nevertheless, to me this humble and venturous activity of thought at Chautauqua was a welcome sight. Eccentricity is better than the deadness of mind. Out of the crude form of an idea the perfect idea comes in time. From a boy I have been myself of Butler's opinion that—

> Reforming schemes are none of mine,
> To mend the world's a great design,
> Like he who toils in little boat
> To tug to him the ship afloat.

Nevertheless, since I am in the ship as much as others, and have to swim or sink with it, I am at least concerned to know on what principles, and to what port, it is being steered; and those are mere ballast who do not try to find as much out. Dr. Erasmus Darwin's definition of a fool was 'one who never tried an experiment.' In this sense there is hardly a fool in America—while the same sort of persons block up the streets in England—newspapers of note are published to encourage them to persevere in their imbecility, and they have the largest representation in Parliament of any class in the kingdom. Everybody knows that no worse misfortune can happen to a man here than to have a new idea; while in America a man is not thought much of if he has not one on hand.

Yet a visitor soon sees that everything is not perfect in America, and its thinkers and statesmen know it as well as we do. But they cannot improve everything 'right away.' We do not do that in England. In America I heard men praised as 'level-headed,' without any regard to their being moral-headed. I heard men called 'smart' who were simply rascals. Then I remembered that we had judges who gave a few months' imprisonment to a bank director who had plundered a thousand families, and five years' penal servitude to a man who had merely struck a lord. In Chicago you can get a cup of good coffee without chicory at Race's served on a marble table, with cup and saucer not chipped, and a clean *serviette*, for five cents. Yet you have to pay anywhere for having your shoes blacked 400 per cent. more than in London. The Government there will give you 160 acres of land, with trees upon it enough to build a small navy; and they charged me three shillings in Chicago for a light walking-stick which could be had in London for sixpence. All sorts of things cheap in England are indescribably dear in America. Protection must be a good thing for somebody; if the people like it, it is no business of ours. We have, I remembered, something very much like it at home. We are a nation of shopkeepers, and the shopkeepers' interest is to have customers; yet until lately we taxed every purchaser who came into a town. If he walked in, which meant that he was poor and not likely to buy anything, the turnpike was free to him; but, if he came on horseback, which implied that he had money in his pocket, we taxed his horse; and if he came in a carriage, which implied possession of still larger purchasing power, we taxed

every wheel of his carriage to encourage him to keep away. One day I said, that to this hour, our Chancellor of the Exchequer taxes every person who travels by railway, every workman going to offer his labor, every employer seeking hands, every merchant who travels to buy or sell: in an industrial country we tax every man who moves about in our trains. Englishmen, who had been out of this country twenty years, could not believe this. When they found that I was the Chairman of a Committee who had yet to agitate for free trade in locomotion in England, they were humiliated and ashamed that England had still to put up with the incredible impost. Many things I had heard spoken of as absurd among Uncle Sam's people, seemed to me less so when I saw the conditions which have begotten their unusualness. Here we regard America as the eccentric seed-land of Spiritism; but when I met the Prairie Schooners,* travelling into the lone plains of Kansas, I could understand that a solitary settler there would be very glad to have a spirit or two in his lone log-house. Where no doctors can be had, the itinerant medicine-vendor is a welcome visitor, and, providing his drugs are harmless, imagination effects a cure—imagination is the angel of the mind there. We are apt to think that youths and maidens are too self-sufficient in their manners in those parts. They could not exist at all in those parts, save for those qualities. We regard railways as being recklessly constructed—but a railroad of any kind is a mercy if it puts remote settlers in

* A long, rickety wagon drawn generally by one horse, carrying the emigrant, his family and furniture, in search of a new settlement.

communication with a city somewhere. If a bridge gives way, like that on the Tay lately among us, fewer lives are lost there than would be worn out by walking and dragging produce over unbridged distances, and often going without needful things for the household, because they could not be got.

In the United States there are newspapers of as great integrity, judges as pure, and members of Parliament as clean-handed as in England; but the public indignation at finding it otherwise is nothing like so great there as here. John Stuart Mill said that the working classes of all countries lied—it being the vice of the slave caste—but English working men alone were ashamed of lying, and I was proud to find that my countrymen of this class have not lost this latent attribute of manliness; and I would rather they were known for the quality of speaking the truth, though the devil was looking them square in the face, than see them possess any repute for riches, or smartness, without it. Far be it from me to suggest that Americans, as a rule, do not possess the capacity of truth, but in trade they do not strike you as exercising the talent with the same success that they show in many other ways. However, there is a certain kind of candor continually manifested, which has at least a negative merit. If a 'smart' American does a crooked thing, he does not pretend that it is straight. When I asked what was understood to be the difference between a republican and a democrat, I was answered by one of those persons, too wise and too pure to be of any use in this world, who profess to be of no party—none being good enough for them; he said, 'republicans and democrats profess different

things, but they both do the same.' 'Your answer,' I replied, 'comes very near the margin of giving me information. What are the different things,' I asked, 'which they do profess?' The answer was, 'The republicans profess to be honest, but the democrats do not even profess that.' My sympathies, I intimated, lay therefore with the republicans, since they who admit they know what they ought to be, probably incline to it. However impetuous Americans may be, they have one great grace of patience: they listen like gentlemen. An American audience, anywhere gathered together, make the most courteous listeners in the world. If a speaker has only the gift of making a fool of himself, nowhere has he so complete an opportunity of doing it. If he has the good fortune to be but moderately interesting, and obviously tries in some humble way, natural to him, to add to their information, they come to him afterwards and congratulate him with Parisian courtesy. At Washington, where I spoke at the request of General Mussey and Major Ford, and in Cornell University at Ithaca, where, at the request of the Acting President, Professor W. C. Russell, I addressed the students upon the 'Moral effects of Co-operation upon Industrial and Commercial Society.' There were gentlemen and ladies present who knew more of everything than I did about anything; yet they conveyed to me their impression that I had in some way added to their information. Some political colleagues of mine have gone to America. In this country they had a bad time of it. In the opinion of most official persons of their day, they ought to have been in prison; and some narrowly escaped it. In America they ultimately obtained State employment, which

here they never would have obtained to their latest day. Yet their letters home were so disparaging of America, as to encourage all defamers of its people and institutions. This incited me to look for every feature of discontent. What I saw to the contrary I did not look for—but could not overlook when it came upon me.

John Stuart Mill I knew was at one time ruined by repudiators in America, but that did not lead him to condemn that system of freedom which must lead to public honor coming into permanent ascendency. For myself, I am sufficiently a Comtist to think that humanity is greater and sounder than any special men; and believe that great conditions of freedom and self-action can alone render possible general progress. Great evils in American public life, from which we are free in England, have been so dwelt upon here, that the majority of working men will be as much surprised as I was, to find that American life has in it elements of progress which we in England lack. Still I saw there were spots in the great sun. The certainty of an earthquake every four years in England would not more distress us or divert the current of business, than the American system of having 100,000 office-holders, liable to displacement every Presidential election. Each placeman has, I 'calculate,' at least nine friends who watch and work to keep him where he is. Then there are 100,000 more persons, candidates for the offices to be vacated by those already in place. Each of these aspirants has on the average as many personal friends who devote themselves to getting him installed. So there are two millions of the most active politicians in the country always battling for places—not

perhaps regardless altogether of principle: but subordinating the assertion of principle to the command of places. The wonder is that the progress made in America occurs at all. Colonel Robert Ingersoll, during the enchanted days when I was his guest in Washington, explained it all to me, and gave reasons for it with the humor and wit for which he is unrivalled among public speakers among us: nevertheless I remain of the same opinion still. This system, although a feature of republican administration, is quite distinct from republican principle, and has to be changed, though the duration of the practice renders it as difficult to alter as it would be to change the diet of a nation.

It would take too long now to recount half the droll instances in which our cousins of the new world rise above and fall below ourselves. Their habit of interviewing strangers is the most amusing and useful institution conceivable. I have personal knowledge, and others more than myself, of visitors to England of whom the public never hear. Many would be glad to call upon them and show them civility or give them thanks for services they have rendered to public progress, elsewhere, in one form or other. But the general public never know of their presence. These sojourners among us possess curious, often valuable knowledge, and no journalists ask them any questions, or announce, or describe them, or inform the town where they are to be found. Every newspaper reader in the land might be the richer in ideas for their visit, but they pass away with their unknown wealth of experience, of which he might have partaken. There is no appointment on the press to be more coveted than that of being an interviewer to a great journal. The

Art of Interviewing is not yet developed and systematized as it might be. Were I asked 'What is the beginning of wisdom?' I should answer—'It is the art of asking questions.' The world has had but one master of the art, and Socrates has had no successor. With foolish questioning most persons are familiar—wise questioning is a neglected study. The first interviewer who did me the honor to call upon me at the Hoffman House in New York, represented a democratic paper of acknowledged position: being a stranger to the operation of interviewing, I first interviewed the interviewer, and put to him more questions than he put to me. When I came to read his report all my part in the proceedings recounted was left out. He no doubt knew best what would interest the readers of the journal he represented. I told him that an English gentleman of political repute was interested in an American enterprise, and had asked me to go to North Alabama with a view to judge of its fitness for certain emigrants. I put the question to him whether in the South generally it mattered what an emigrant's political views were, if he was personally an addition to the industrial force and property of the place, observing incidentally that I saw somebody had just shot a doctor through the back, who had decided views about something. His answer has never passed from my memory. It was this:—'Well, if a man will make his opinions prominent, what can he expect?' I answered, that might be rather hard on me, since though I might not make my opinions 'prominent,' they might be thought noticeable, and a censor

with a Derringer might not discriminate in my favor.* This, however, did not deter me from going South. The yellow fever lay in my way at Memphis, and I did not feel as though I wanted the yellow fever. I was content with going near enough to it to fall in with people who had it, and who were fleeing from the infected city. No doubt the rapidity of my chatter upon strange topics did confuse some interviewers. Now and then I read a report of an interview, and did not know that it related to me until I read the title of it. One day I met a wandering English gentleman, who had just read an interview with me, when he exclaimed, 'My dear Holyoake! how could you say that?' when I answered, 'My dear Verdantson! how could you suppose I ever did say it?' When in remote cities I fell in with interviewers who were quite unfamiliar with my ways of thought and speech, I tried the experiment of saying exactly the opposite of what I meant. To my delight next day I found it had got turned upside down in the writer's mind, and came out exactly right. But I had to be careful with whom I did this, for most interviewers were very shrewd and skilful, and put me under great obligations for their rendering of what I said.† If English press writers interviewed

*We are not without experience somewhat of this kind in England. At Bolton, when Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., was lecturing there on the 'Cost of the Crown,' a very harmless subject, one of the royalists of the town hurled a brick through the window of the hall, intended for the speaker, which killed one of the audience. Sir Charles was 'merely making his opinions prominent.

†The Kansas City "Times" published an 'Interview with Gen. George Holyoake.' This was discerning courtesy. Down there

visitors from a country unfamiliar to them, they would make as many misconceptions as are ever met with in America. I have never known but two men, not Englishmen—Mazzini and Mr. G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the 'New York Tribune'—who understood public affairs in England as we understand them ourselves. Even Louis Blanc is hardly their equal, though a rival in that rare art.

When leaving England I was asked by the Co-operative Guild of London to ascertain in my travels in America what were the conditions and opportunities of organizing Co-operative Emigration. As this was one of the applications of the co-operative principle meditated by the Co-operators of 1830, and which has slept out of sight of this generation, I received the request with glad surprise, and undertook the commission.

Pricked by poverty and despair, great numbers of emigrant families go out alone. With slender means and slenderer knowledge, they are the prey, at every stage, of speculators, agents, and harpies. Many become penniless by the way, and never reach their intended place. They hang about the large cities, and increase the competition among workmen already too many there. Unwelcome, and unable to obtain work, they become a new burden on re-

'difficulties' had often occurred, and a 'general' being supposed to have pistollic acquirements, I was at once put upon a level with any emergency. It was in Kansas City, where a Judge trying a murder case said to those present—'Gentlemen, the court wishes you would let somebody die a natural death down here, if only to show strangers what an excellent climate we have.'

luctant and overburdened local charity, and their lot is as deplorable as that from which they have fled. Those who hold out until they reach the land, ignorant of all local facts of soil, climate, or malaria, commence 'to fight the wilderness'—a mighty, tongueless, obdurate, mysterious adversary, who gives you opulence if you conquer him—but a grave if he conquers you. What silence and solitude, what friendlessness and desolation, the first years bring! What distance from aid in sickness, what hardship if their stores are scant—what toil through pathless woods and swollen creeks to carry stock to market and bring back household goods! Loss of civilized intercourse, familiarity with danger, the determined persistence, the iron will, the animal struggle of the settler's life, half animalizes him also. No wonder we find the victor rich and rugged. The wonder is that refinement is as common in America as it is. Stout-hearted emigrants do succeed by themselves, and achieve marvellous prosperity. Nor would I discourage any from making the attempt. To mitigate the difficulties by devices of co-operative foresight is a work of mercy and morality. It is not the object of the London Guild to incite emigration, nor determine its destination; but to enable any who want to emigrate to form an intelligent decision, and to aid them to carry it out with the greatest chances of personal and moral advantage.

In New York I found there had lately been formed a 'Co-operative Colony Aid Association' (represented by the 'Worker,' published by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and edited by the Rev. R. Heber Newton), of which Mr. E. E. Barnum, Dr. Felix Adler, Mr. E. V. Smalley, the Rev. Dr.

Rylance, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, Mr. Courtland Palmer, Joseph Seligman, the Hon. John Wheeler, and others were promoters. From inquiries in the city (which I, a stranger, thought it right to make) I found that these were persons whose names gave the society prestige. Mrs. Thompson was regarded in the States, as the Baroness Burdett Coutts is in England, for her many discerning acts of munificence. To them I was indebted for the opportunity of addressing a remarkable audience in the Cooper Institute, New York—an audience which included journalists, authors and thinkers on social questions, State Socialists, and Communists—an audience which only could be assembled in New York. The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer presided. The object of the Colony Aid Association is to select and purchase land, devise the general arrangements of park, co-operative store, and school-house; erect simple dwellings, and provide food for the colonists until crops accrue; arrange for the conveyance of emigrants, from whatever land they come, to their intended settlement—providing them with escort and personal direction until they have mastered the conditions of their new life. The promoters take only a moderate interest upon the capital employed, affording these facilities of colonial life at cost price; acting themselves on the entirely wholesome rule of keeping their proceedings clear alike of profit and charity. There is no reason why emigration should not be as pleasant as an excursion, and competence rendered secure to all emigrants of industry, honesty, and common sense. It soon appeared to me that land-selling was a staple trade in America and Canada—that no person knew the whole of either country. From

visits and letters I received from land-holders and agents, I doubted not that there were many honest among them. But unless you had much spare time for inquiry, and were fortunate in being near those who knew them, it would be difficult to make out which the honest were. Evidently, what was wanted was complete and trustworthy information, which everybody must know to be such. There was but one source whence this information could issue, and it seemed a duty to solicit it there. If information of general utility was to be obtained, it was obviously becoming in me, as an Englishman, first to ask it of the Canadian Government, and for this reason I went over to Canada.

Canaan was nothing to Canada. Milk and honey are very well, but Canada has cream and peaches, grapes and wine. I went gathering grapes in Hamilton by moonlight —their flavor was excellent, and bunches abundant beyond imagination. The mayor of Hamilton did me the honor of showing me the fruits of Canada, on exhibition in a great fair then being held. Fruit-painters in water-colors should go to Canada. Hues so new, various, and brilliant have never been seen in an English exhibition of painters in water-colors. Nor was their beauty deceptive, for I was permitted to taste the fruit, when I found that its delicate hue was but an 'outward sign of its inward' richness of flavor. It was unexpected to find the interior of the County Court House in Hamilton imposing with grace of design, rich with the wood-carver's art, relieved by opulence of space and convenience of arrangement far exceeding anything observed in the Parliament Houses of Ottawa or of Washington. The Parliamentary buildings of Canada, like

those of the capitol at Washington, are worthy of the great countries in which they stand; but were I a subject of the Dominion, or a citizen of the United States, I would go without one dinner a year in order to subscribe to a fund for paying wood-carvers to impart to the debating chambers a majestic sense of national durability associated with splendor of art. The State House of Washington and the Library of the Parliament of Ottawa, have rooms possessing qualities which are not exceeded in London by any devoted to similar purposes. The dining-room of the Hotel Brunswick in Madison Square, New York, has a reflected beauty derived from its bright and verdant surroundings; with which its interior is coherent. But the Windsor Hotel of Montreal impressed me more than any other I saw. The entrance-hall, with its vast and graceful dome, gave a sense of space and dignity which the hotels of Chicago and Saratoga, enormous as they are, lacked. The stormy Lake of Ontario, and the River St. Lawrence, miles in length, its thousand islands, and its furious rapids, with the United States and Canadian shores on either hand, gave me an idea of the scenic glory of Canada, utterly at variance with the insipid rigor and frost-bound gloom which I had associated with the country. A visitor from the United States does not travel thirty miles into Canada without feeling that the shadow of the Crown is there. Though there was manifestly less social liberty among the people, the civic and political independence of the Canadian cities seemed to me to equal that of the United States. The abounding courtesy of the press, and the cultivated charm of expression by the "Spectator" of Hamilton and the "Globe" of Toronto,

were equal to anything I observed anywhere. And not less were the instances of private and official courtesy of the country.

At Ottawa I had the honor of an interview with the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, at his private residence. The Premier of Canada had the repute, I knew, of bearing a striking likeness to the late Premier of England; but I was not prepared to find the resemblance so remarkable. Excepting that Sir John is less in stature than Lord Beaconsfield, persons who saw them apart might mistake one for the other. On presenting a letter from Mr. Witton (of Hamilton, a former member of the Canadian Parliament), myself and Mr. Charlton were admitted to an audience with Sir John, whom I found a gentleman of frank and courtly manners, who permitted me to believe that he would take into consideration the proposal I made to him that the Government of Canada should issue a blue-book upon the emigrant conditions of the entire Dominion, similar to those formerly given to us in England by Lord Clarendon 'On the Condition of the Laboring Classes abroad', furnishing details of the prospects of employment, settlement, education, tenure of land, climatic conditions, and the purchasing power of money. Sir John kindly undertook to receive from me, as soon as I should be able to draw it up, a scheme of particulars, similar to that which I prepared some years ago, at the request of Lord Clarendon. A speech of Lord Beaconsfield's was at that time much discussed by the American and Canadian press, as Sir John Macdonald had recently been on a visit to Lord Beaconsfield. Sir John explained to me in conversation that in the London reports

of Lord Beaconsfield's speech, there appeared the mistake of converting 'wages of sixteen dollars per month' into 'wages of sixteen shillings per day,' and of describing emigration 'west of the State' as emigration from the 'Western States.' This enabled me to point out to Sir John that if these misapprehensions could arise in the mind of one so acute as Lord Beaconsfield, as to information given by an authority so eminent and exact as Sir John himself, it showed how great was the need which the English public must feel of accurate and official information upon facts, with which they were necessarily unfamiliar. Afterwards I had the pleasure of dining with the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. John Henry Pope. Both myself and my friend Mr. Charlton, who was also a guest, were struck with the Cobbett-like vigor of statement which characterized Mr. Pope. He explained the Canadian theory of protection as dispassionately as Cobden would that of Free Trade. Mr. Pope had himself, I found, caused to appear very valuable publications of great service to emigrants. He admitted, however, that there might be advantage in combining all the information in one book which would be universally accessible, and known to be responsible. I was struck by one remark of this minister worth repeating:—'In Canada,' he said, 'we have but one enemy—cold, and he is a steady, but manageable adversary, for whose advent we can prepare and whose time of departure we know. While in America, malaria, ague, fluctuation of temperature are intermittent. Science and sanitary provision will, in time, exterminate some dangers, while watchfulness will always be needed in regard to others.'

Subsequently I thought it my duty to make a similiar proposal to the Government of Washington. Colonel Robert Ingersoll introduced me to Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, who with the courtesy I had heard ascribed to him, gave immediate attention to the subject. Looking at me with his wise penetrating eyes, he said, 'You know Mr. Holyoake, the difficulty the Federal Government would have in obtaining the collective information you wish.' Then he stated the difficulties with precision, showing that he instantly comprehended the scope of the proposed red-book; without at all suggesting that the difficulties were obstacles. So far as I could observe, an American statesman, of any quality, does not believe in 'obstacles' to any measure of public utility. I was aware that the Federal Government had no power to obtain from the different States reports of the kind required, but Mr. Evarts admitted that if he were to ask the Governor of each State to furnish him with the information necessary for emigrant use, with a view to include it in an official account of the emigrant features of all the States, he would no doubt receive it. I undertook, on my return to England, to forward to him, after consulting with the Co-operative Guild, a scheme of the kind of red-book required. Mr. Evarts permitted me to observe that many persons, as he must well know, come to America and profess themselves dissatisfied. They find many things better than they could have hoped to find them, but since they were not what they expected, they were never reconciled. The remedy was to provide real information of the main things they would find. Then they

would come intelligently if they came at all, and stay contented. General Mussey did me the favor of taking me to the White House, and introducing me to the President and Mrs. Hayes, where I had the opportunity also of meeting General Sherman, who readily conversed upon the subject of my visit, and made many observations very instructive to me. Mrs. Hayes is a very interesting lady, of engaging ways and remarkable animation of expression, quite free from excitement. She had been in Kansas with the President a few days before, and kindly remarked as something I should be glad to hear, that she found on the day they left that every colored person who had arrived there from the South was in some place of employment. The President had a bright, frank manner; and he listened with such a grace of patience, to the nature and reason of the request I had made to Mr. Evarts, and which I asked him to sanction, if he approved of it, that I began to think that my pleasure at seeing him would end with my telling my story. He had, however, only taken time to hear entirely to what it amounted, when he explained his view of it with a sagacity and completeness and a width of illustration which surprised me. He described to me the different qualities of the various nationalities of emigrants in the States, expressing—what I had never heard anyone do before—a very high opinion of the Welsh, whose good sense and success as colonists had come under his observation. Favorable opinions were expressed by leading journals in America upon the suggestion above described. To some it seemed of such obvious utility that wonder was felt that it had never been

made before. If its public usefulness continues apparent after due consideration, no doubt a book of the nature in question will be issued.

There is no law in America which permits co-operation to be commenced in the humble, unaided way in which it has arisen in England. When I pointed this out to the gentlemen of the Colony Aid Association, the remark was made, 'Then we will get a law for the purpose.' In England, working men requiring an improvement in the law have thought themselves fortunate in living till the day when a Member of Parliament could be induced to put a question on the subject; and the passing of a Bill has been an expectation inherited by their children, and not always realized in their time. Emerson has related that when it was found that the pensions awarded to soldiers disabled in the war, or to the families of those who were killed, fell into the hands of unscrupulous 'claim agents,' a private policeman in New York conceived the plan of a new law which would enable every person entitled to the money to surely receive it. Obtaining leave of absence he went to Washington, and obtained, on his own representation, the passing of two acts which effected this reform. I found the policeman to be an old friend of mine, Mr. George S. McWatters, whom I found now to be an officer of Customs in New York. An instance of this kind is unknown in this country. Emerson remarks that, 'having freedom in America, this accessibility to legislators, and promptitude of redressing wrong, are the means by which it is sustained and extended.'

Before leaving Washington, I thought it my duty to call at the British Embassy, and communicate to His Excellency Sir Edward Thornton, particulars of the request I had made to the Governments of Canada and of the United States; since, if His Excellency should be able to approve of the object thereof, it would be an important recommendation of it. I pointed out to Sir Edward that 'though public documents were issued by the departments of both Governments, the classes most needing them knew neither how to collect or collate them, and reports of interested agents could not be wholly trusted; while a Government will not lie, nor exaggerate, nor, but rarely, conceal the truth. Since the British Government do not discourage emigration, and cannot prevent it, it is better that our poor fellow-countrymen should be put in possession of information which will enable them to go out with their eyes open, instead of going out, as hitherto, with their eyes mostly shut.' I ought to add here that the Canadian Minister of Agriculture had sent me several valuable works issued in the Dominion, and that the American Government have presented me with many works of a like nature, and upwards of five hundred large maps of considerable value, all of which I have placed at the disposal of the Guild of Co-operation in London, for dispersion amid centres of workingmen, with whom the founder of the Guild, Mr. Hodgson Pratt, is in communication.

Because I admired many things in America, I did not learn to undervalue my own country, but came back thinking more highly of it on many accounts than I did before. Not a word escaped me which disparaged it. In Canada,

as well as in America, I heard expressed the oddest ideas imaginable of the decadence of England. I always answered that John Bull was as sure-footed, if not quite so nimble, as Brother Jonathan; that England would always hold up its wilful head; and should the worse come to be very bad, Uucle Sam would superannuate England, and apportion it an annuity to enable it to live comfortably; doing this out of regard to the services John Bull did to his ancestors long ago, and for the goodwill the English people have shown Uncle Sam in their lucid intervals. As yet, I added, England has inexhaustible energies of its own. But lately it had Cobden with his passion for international prosperity; and John Stuart Mill with his passion for truth; it has still Bright with his passion for justice; Gladstone with his passion for conscience; and Lord Beaconsfield with his passion for—himself; and even that is generating in the people a new passion for democratic independence. The two worlds with one language will know how to move with equal greatness side by side. Besides the inexhaustible individuality and energy of Americans proper, the country is enriched by all the unrest and genius of Europe. I was not astonished that America was 'big'—I knew that before. What I was astonished at was the inhabitants. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I went there without prejudice, belonging to that class which cannot afford to have prejudices. I went there not to see something which I expected to see, but to see what there was to be seen, what manner of people bestrode those mighty territories, and how they did it, and what they did it for; in what spirit, in what hope, and with what pros-

pects. I never saw the human mind at large before acting on its own account—unhampered by prelate or king. Every error and every virtue strive there for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost. Co-operation, which substitutes evolution for revolution in securing competence to labor, may have a great career in the New World. In America the Germans have intelligence; the French brightness; the Welsh persistence; the Scotch that success which comes to all men who know how to lie in wait to serve. The Irish attract all sympathy to them by their humor of imagination and boundless capacity of discontent. The English maintain their steady purpose, and look with meditative, bovine eyes upon the novelties of life around them, wearing out the map of a new path with looking at it, before making up their mind to take it; but the fertile and adventurous American, when he condescends to give co-operation attention, will devise new applications of the principle unforeseen here. In America I received deputations from real State Socialists, but did not expect to find that some of them were Englishmen. But I knew them as belonging to that class of politicians at home who were always expecting something to be done for them, and who had not acquired the wholesome American instinct of doing something for themselves. Were State workshops established in that country, they would not have a single occupant in three months. New prospects open so rapidly in America, and so many people go in pursuit of them, that I met with men who had been in so many places that they seemed to have forgotten where they were born. If the bit of Paternal Government could be got into the mouth of

an American, it would drop out in a day—he opens his mouth so often to give his opinion on things in general. The point which seemed to be of most interest to American thinkers, was that feature of co-operation which enables working men to acquire capital without having any, to save without diminishing any comfort, to grow rich by the accumulation of savings which they had never put by, through intercepting profits by economy in distribution. Meditating self-employment by associative gains, English co-operators do not complain of employers who they think treat them unfairly, nor enter into defiant negotiations, nor make abject supplications for increase of wages, they take steps to supersede unpleasant employers. With steam transit ready for every man's service, with the boundless and fruitful fields of Australia, America and Canada open to them, the policy of self-protection is to withdraw from those employers and places with whom or where no profitable business can be done. To dispute with capital which carries a sword is a needless and disastrous warfare, even if victory should attend the murderous struggle. Even the negro of the South has learned the wisdom of withdrawing himself. He has learned to fight without striking a blow; he leaves the masters who menace him. If he turned upon them he would be cut down without hesitation or mercy. By leaving them, their estates become worthless, and he causes his value to be perceived without the loss of a single life.

I learned in America two things never before apparent to me, and to which I never heard a reference at home: First, that the dispersion of unrequited workmen in Europe

should be a primary principle of popular amelioration, which would compel greater changes in the quality of freedom and industrial equity than all the speculations of philosophers, or the measures of contending politicians. Secondly, that the child of every poor man should be educated for an emigrant, and trained and imbued with a knowledge of unknown countries, and inspired with the spirit of adventure therein; and that all education is half worthless—is mere mockery of the poor child's fortune—which does not train him in physical strength, in the art of 'fighting the wilderness,' and such mechanical knowledge as shall conduce to success therein. I am for workmen being given whatever education gentlemen have, and including in it such instruction as shall make a youth so much of a carpenter and a farmer that he shall know how to clear ground, put up a log-house, and understand land, crops, and the management of live stock. Without this knowledge, a mechanic, or clerk, or even an M. A., of Oxford, is more helpless than a common farm-laborer, who cannot spell the name of the poor-house which sent him out. We have in Europe surplus population. Elsewhere lie rich and surplus acres. The new need of progress is to transfer overcrowding workmen to the unoccupied prairies. Parents shrink from the idea of their sons having to leave their own country; but they have to do this when they become soldiers—the hateful agents of empire—lately carrying desolation and death among people as honest as themselves, but more unfortunate. Half the courage which leads young men to perish at Isandula, or on the rocks of Afghanistan, would turn into a Paradise the wildest wilderness in the world of

which they would become the proprietors. While honest men are doomed to linger anywhere in poverty and precariousness, this world is not fit for a gentleman to live in. Dives may have his purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. I, for one, pray that the race of Dives may increase; but what I wish also is, that never more shall a Lazarus be found at his gates.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

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Hostile and generous toleration

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South Place Religious Society

FINSBURY, E.C.

HOSTILE & GENEROUS TOLERATION.

(A NEW THEORY OF TOLERATION.)

"Give us no light, Great Heaven, but such as turns
To energy of human fellowship."—GEORGE ELIOT.

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL,

On SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1886.

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[*The reader who happens to have been a hearer of this Discourse will find that a short passage is now included explaining the way in which Intolerance becomes connected with the Conscience. It was omitted by the Speaker lest the Discourse should exceed the time allotted to it.*]

The Prayer.

[*The speaker said that when he attended Churches, which it was oft his delight to do, he observed that prayers were made which had been used before. He, therefore, would repeat one which he had made but once—a long time ago and far off—namely, in the Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, a hall associated with the name of a great preacher, Theodore Parker, as this Chapel is with the name of William Johnson Fox, and later with that of Moncure D. Conway.*]

IF, in that illimitable and coherent mystery which we call the Universe, there bendeth a listening ear to creatures who presume to speak to it, we ask chiefly that there may be given unto us reticence and modesty. We pray not for the rich, who have more means of happiness than belong to them, nor for the powerful, who have more resources for doing good than they use. We exclaim, with the great Persian Saadi: "O God, have mercy on the wicked, for thou hast done everything for the good in making them good." We pray that sense be given to the poor, who are poor because they want sense. We pray not merely for the poor of this land where we speak, but for the poor of every country; for the barbarian of every clime, for the slave who is in bonds and the slave who is called "free," and is not so. Teach civilised and cultivated men to understand that God is at least a gentleman, whose lofty generosity is above incompetent praise, and shrinks from the weariness of interminable, pauperic thanks. Above all, teach the people that they dwell in a self-acting Universe, and that its conjectured author can derive no honor save in beholding a self-helping, independent, and gladsome world.

O Nature, who art more intelligent than any Church, more merciful than any creed, more joyous than any psalm, disclaim the awful impostures of superstition and terror, let the common people learn to trust, and

know that there can be no glory to any god save in the happiness of his creatures, human and otherwise. Give to the people ambition without vanity ; give them purposes which they know to be compatible with the good of others ; give them the love of politics apart from peculation ; enable them to see that freedom is not outrage. Above all, endow them with the grandest charm of equality, quietness, courtesy, and deference to each other.

Truth springs up like flowers in the fields and hedgerows of life,—always modest, always unobtrusive, always gladsome. Give us discernment to see it ; give us the sense to welcome it ; give us the curiosity to study it; give us the understanding to know its worth; give us the courage to act upon it ; give us the generosity to extend it to all who know it not. Then we shall need no more to vex the indulgent ear of God with the ignominious supplications of unmanly despair or wayward discontent ; and we shall rise to the dignity of the highest nations, which are known by the sign that they have the least need of prayer.

HOSTILE AND GENEROUS TOLERATION.

IT is fully forty-five years since I sat in yonder pew [pointing to the gallery] thinking I should like one day to speak once from this platform--my present subject being then in my mind. Perhaps there—or there—[indicating seats where some of the older congregation were then present] sit now not more than half-a-dozen persons who were part of the congregation in the year 1841. Even the great preacher whom I then heard, whose clear, steely, penetrating, persuasive voice, reached every ear and inspired every understanding—is no more. A few Sundays after I first heard Mr. Fox, he read in this place a letter which I had written to him, being then a prisoner in a distant gaol, because toleration of any kind was not then a virtue in those parts. Mr. Justice Erskine admitted that I had not obtruded my opinions on anyone (which I never do) but had merely answered a public question fairly and frankly. He admitted that I could not honestly have given any other answer, and, I being a young man, he sentenced me to six months' imprisonment to encourage me in candour. Mr. Fox pleaded, in his eloquent way, for permissive toleration. Tolerance went no farther in England in 1841. The first question is "What is Toleration?" It is permission, and permission is dictation, since he who can give permission can withhold it, and so far as he has influence can compel you in the course he desires you to

take. Then arises the further question, "Has anyone a right to dictate to another what he shall do or believe?" It is idle to ask this question—since everybody does it. Intolerance is instinctive: it is born with us. It is the gift of Nature, put into our minds at birth, to protect us in unknown paths: which lie before us in early years. But of this protective intolerance we have less and less need as experience brings us wider knowledge. In inexperienced days we are oft intolerant of good—not knowing it. There are those who hold Intolerance as always evil. This is not so. It is in many things defensive even in mature life. Intolerance of evil is necessary to men and governments. A State should be intolerant of oppression—of injustice—of class privilege—of inequality of rights—of slavery—of poverty—of unhealthy tenements; which breed death. When a State lacking wisdom permits preventible evils it is guilty of ignorant toleration. Everybody can see that acts harmful to order, property, and life must be prohibited. The trouble comes with regard to ideas. Yet ideas are the germs of acts—some evil and more good—which good or evil are the source of all intellectual life. Their number constitute the riches of the understanding. Ancient Aryanism and Paganism understood this: It was Christianity which first introduced a terror of intellectual toleration into the human mind. How slowly that alarmed distrust of ideas is decreasing, the history of modern toleration shows. From Milton to James Mill the theory of toleration received no enlargement. From James Mill until now, it has stood at the point of coldly permitting what we dislike. Milton wrote for Puritan Toleration—Mill for Intellectual Toleration. Milton said "I mean not to tolerate Popery and open superstition, which itself should be extirpated." "That which is impious, or evil absolutely, either against faith or manners, no law can possibly permit." Baxter, who wrote after Milton, called religious toleration "Soul-murder" which in the perverted eyes of orthodoxy it is. When reminded that he himself had needed toleration, (he having been imprisoned for his faith) he answered "Ah but the cases were very different, I was in the right; whereas the vast majority of those who will benefit by this new fangled toleration are shockingly in the wrong."

Yet it was Baxter who dug out and adopted from an obscure German treatise, the noble maxim which went beyond Milton in civility to honest error. The maxim was this, "In necessary things unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity." Both Milton and Baxter, the two greatest names in the Puritan calendar —were only for Toleration Limited. The Church was for Uniformity—with no tolerance for Dissent—Dissenters were for Religious Toleration measured by the Puritan Conscience. Puritan Toleration knew no extension until the days of James Mill and Lord Brougham. They taught the new Theory of Intellectual Toleration. The Puritan doctrine was that all heretical diversity of opinion proceeds from depravity of heart. James Mill demonstrated that belief depended, not upon the state of the heart, but upon the nature of the evidence before the understanding—therefore actual belief, whatever it was should be void of offence in the eye of man, and void of crime in the eye of God. This theory means that though sincere opinion is not always true, nor always useful; it is always to be permitted and acted upon, so long as no injury results to others therefrom. The standard of the new Toleration was as Grote said in his far-perceiving way—"Reasoned Truth." Its condition of Tolerance was that it should submit to criticism and seek to establish itself by Discussion alone. This was an enormous gain. Toleration by Evidence superseded Toleration by Conscience and doubled the population of Ideas in the world. In my early controversial days Toleration by Evidence was not in the mind of any Church—unless among Unitarians. It is in the mind of society now. Still it is a sort of Poor-law toleration, which regards poor ideas like poor persons coming upon the Rates, who cannot be killed—but for whom the very least is to be done which will keep them alive. It does not strangle Truth at its birth —it gives it a chance of life—but accords it no friendly settlement, lest it become chargeable upon some philosophical parish already overburdened with pauper opinions. This is Inclement Toleration —it is a frozen sort of permission that new or unfriended Truth may look after itself and take care of itself—if it can. Philosophical Toleration carries a Refrigerator in its heart: it has a

congealing compassion for new ideas, under which they commonly perish. Only the hardier sort live and bud in more genial days. We have other forms of reluctant consent, that opinions not our own may live: the most respectable being Politic Toleration, as that adopted by the Romans, who regarded all religions as equally true to the people, equally useful to the magistrate, and equally false in the eyes of the Philosopher. This is the Toleration of statesmen and gentlemen, who despise interference with the caprice or conscience of others, as the act of vulgar fanatics. Among modern Sectaries there has grown up what may be denominated a Prudent Toleration as when some sects admit the right of other sects to exist—lest they should be put down themselves. Roman Catholic magistrates in Protestant countries are tolerant for this reason. Protestant Viceroys in India, however mad they may be and often have been, to convert the natives, are compelled to permit even superstition to practise its ceremonies, which are not murderous—lest mutinies and religious wars arise, and render our rule impossible there. There are opinions which arise in ignorance and presumption. Sometimes defensible ideas are expressed so unskilfully or so offensively that statesmen accord to them a Contemptuous Toleration on the ground that they are Pole-cat opinions, which if interfered with may become noisome and fill the atmosphere with undesirable odours. Thus the State treats eccentric creeds and publications to which prohibition might draw morbid attention—with Silent Toleration. Under the best theory of toleration extant, new thought (except in this Chapel) is treated with utter shabbiness, and even treachery. Even in the prize ring you must fight fair. Yet religious controversy is mostly, far below the Prize Ring in respect of fairness. If a man fought with an adversary whose sword was shorter than his own—the seconds who permitted such a duel would be execrated. If a man fought with pistols knowing that his adversary's could not go off, and had so contrived it—it would be regarded as murder if his adversary was killed. This conduct which would be held infamous by men of honour is regarded as "conscientious" in clerical and political controversy. If a chemical controversy was proposed to Huxley or

Tyndall, with an antagonist who had a broken retort, or who had no proper apparatus for proving the thing in dispute; these philosophers, being gentlemen, would disdain to contend with him, while he was so circumstanced, or they would lend him what he needed for his demonstration, that he might do his best. Yet it is most rare that any Christian advocate will engage in controversy with any adversary unless he is destitute of means of defence. Preachers—opulently provided at home for defending their tenets—have often refused to meet me—a wandering disputant—unless the proceeds of the debate were given to some charity—not that they cared for the charity having more—what they cared for was that I should have nothing. Indeed, most preachers prefer that their adversary should not be heard at all, and where they have authority over platforms or libraries, they prohibit discussion and exclude all works which give the side opposite to their own. This is hamstringing opinion clandestinely, as the Irish do cattle by night, and the operators issue from 10,000 Churches.

That is a Cowardly Toleration, yet most prevalent, which professes to respect the right of rival opinion, and at the same time attaches to it some odious badge which shall expose it to hatred and ridicule—which challenges it to make good its claim to exist but refuses it public halls for its advocates to speak in, and hinders the circulation of papers which represent it. It takes the credit of fighting opinion openly, and assassinates it secretly: or stands by while others kill it.

Why is it that Toleration is so commonly not only Hostile but shabby? It is because even Liberal minded Christians and even Liberal Thinkers say "I cannot help those who maintain erroneous and dangerous opinions to propagate them. It is against my conscience. All I can give is due to the support of what I take to be truth." This is the thought that kills the sentiment of generous toleration. I admit no man is called upon to aid any opinion not conscientiously maintained from a passion for facts; and for the good of others. He is not called upon to aid the thief or murderer. There is no thief who is willing to be robbed—there is no murderer who is willing to be killed. You know by

that sign that the thief is a knave and the murderer a scoundrel, and the profligate and the obscene belong by their acts to the same class. For them no plea is made by me: they do not concern us here. It is only honest beliefs in emergency which are entitled to helpful countenance. If it be "against a man's conscience" to give aid to honest opinion he thinks dangerous, he is equally bound not to suffer it to be done. Toleration itself is aid as far as it goes since it gives sanction and opportunity to error. He who finds it against his conscience to aid opinion, not his own, is right to put it down. It was under this conscientious belief that the Inquisition was justifiable against Protestants. The Five Mile Acts were fair against Nonconformists. The Test Acts were justifiable precaution against them. The mob that burnt Priestley's house were wiser than they knew. The clergy who prevented the Royal Society from sending Priestley to the South Seas with Capt. Cook lest Unitarianism should corrupt the fishes, were within the rights of conscience. This Chapel ought to be closed on that principle. No Synagogue should be allowed to remain open. Boycotting in Ireland is entirely laudable. The Tory should stamp out the Whig and the Radical should stamp out the Liberal, and the Social Democrat stamp out both of them. The State should determine not only opinion but dietary, as Sir Wilfred Lawson and the vegetarians wish the State would. Tyranny is the only lawful form of government and murder the legitimate agent of Uniformity, and as such Richelieu employed it. All short of this is but the cowardice of conscience, temporizing with what it knows to be dangerous.

We see in the Liberal disunion and feebleness of a hundred boroughs what one is almost tempted to call the farce of conscience. The working class Liberals want to have their own way but cannot pay their way and have conscientious objections to going any part of the same way with those who can pay for them; and those who can pay their way cannot conscientiously help those who want to go farther than themselves. Thus, but for the pure eccentricity of conscience the Liberals of limited aims could get all they want, and the more insatiable Liberals would get half of what they want. Instead of this they let those attain to power who will give them

nothing. In the early part of this century there was no Unitarian Church in the town of Bury. The then Earl of Derby held all the available land and refused to sell a site, and the Unitarians had to wait until they could convert a Bury man who had land and then wait till he died, when he left them the bit on which their Church now stands. The Earl who fought cocks and supported the Church, was quite right on the "conscientious" theory. He could not consistently assist in propagating opinions he thought dangerous. Neither here nor elsewhere, nor at any time, have I thought it right to maintain any theory which I had not tested, nor counsel any course which I did not practise. Though I early departed from the faith of my Mother, yet as her sight grew dim I bought her Bibles of larger and larger type as years passed on, and when I visited her read the Bible to her. It never occurred to me that because I had another source of trust that she should not have that which was consolation to her. When I lived at Harrow lately, a poor lady neighbour of great age, told how "that the missionary who visited her counselled her to read her Bible constantly, but I can no longer see" she remarked. As the missionary neither brought her Scriptures in large type, nor gave her glasses I bought her spectacles that she might nourish her last hopes by what she esteemed, the sacred page. When I lived at Temple Bar, Mr. Twining, the Banker, sent me a circular which other residents received, saying that the Vicar of St. Bride's was absent through illness from overwork, and that funds were wanted for an assistant curate. I sent half-a-guinea saying that though I was not likely to need the curate's services I was glad that my poorer neighbours, of a different way of thinking, should have that consolation in their last hours, which his ministrations might afford them. I did this because I am perhaps the only person extant who is not fully assured of his own infallibility. Honest convictions are as food. Opinions on which another can live would be injurious to me. That aliment of belief may gladden the soul of my neighbour and save the *Inquirer*, the *Spectator* and Mr. Mallock from melancholy—which might, indeed would, generate in me decay and despair, yet would I in no way diminish that which "makes life worth living" to them,

had I the power to do it. What I contend for is that the Toleration among Liberals should at least be as broad, as impartial, and as helpful as that of the State. The State concedes to all equal publicity of opinion, and assists it by facilities. "Civil and religious equality" accords equal rights and chances to Error and Truth. The majority of men being in the wrong, upon nearly every question—if the State gave a preference for any form of opinion, it would give the preference to the wrong one—as it usually has done. Why should we not personally treat the opinion of our neighbours with as much liberality as the State?

The Post Office carries the letters of liars and knaves as well as those of true and honest men. The railways carry the thief with his plunder, and the murderer from justice—as well as the police who follow in pursuit of them—and rarely overtake them. The physician restores the health of the rascal, although he knows that he is invigorating him for new outrages. The Statesman grants equal political rights to the traitor and the patriot as we have lately done in Ireland. Parliament admits to their seats Members base and honourable—mostly the base—without enquiry, or hesitation—unless they happen to be honest heretics. The Post Office cannot pause to peruse the letters in its boxes before despatching them. Railway Companies cannot examine into the characters of passengers before issuing tickets to them—the physician cannot enquire into the personal morality of his patient before prescribing for him—the Statesman cannot analyse political qualities of the electors before enfranchising them. The House of Commons cannot enter into the private lives of its Members before permitting them to address the Speaker. All the business of the World would stand still—intercourse would be arrested—legislation would cease—honest men would be ruined, and the sick would die—before an infallible inquisition into claims and character of every person

could be made. It is the same with intellectual truth. Unless we accord what we deem error an equal chance with what we deem truth, truth will have but a precarious chance, and instead of proceeding with buoyant steps will continue to limp through the world. A wise Toleration, like the impartial Sun, irradiates equally the just and the unjust. After all the brilliant truths which controversy and controversy alone has established, it is strange how few are the persons who see in the competent Adversary not the enemy but the Friend in the search for Truth. As yet there is no recognized toleration which does not treat all opinion—not our own—as an evil to be endured lest the attempt to repress it should aggravate it. Whereas all new ideas should be challenged to enter fairly equipped, the arena of discussion, where only error is killed and truth is vindicated.

I am against that Reluctant toleration which suffers your opinion because it cannot safely destroy it—but if it could would also destroy those who hold it. I am for a Brave toleration which does not fear the sound of many voices nor the glare of many lights. I despise that Timid toleration which has neither the spirit of truth, nor the trust of truth—which fearing to stab, starves rival opinion, lest it should prove too strong in contest. Let us hate that Penurious toleration which gives nothing—which takes credit for acknowledging your right to your opinions, but will render them no succour in their time of need, and will cheerfully see them die of starvation as Jane Shore was left to die by the King. I am for a Generous toleration which not only asserts fair play but takes care that rival opinion is not killed by foul play. I am for toleration which is clean-handed and open-handed, which does not connive at the assassination of opinion, nor is accessory to it, either before or after the fact. For all the purposes of intellectual fraternity I see people simply as clothed in their qualities. Their outward dress,

their features, their stature, are to me as though they were not. But their ideal loftier than their life—their ambition of service—their fair intent—their passion for justice—their strivings for untied truth—are to me as palpable things.

The charity of equity does not consist in starving the cause of truth of which you are assured, in order to support that to which you are opposed, but in according to unfriended truth moderate hospitality. New ideas, like products of earth or ocean, are often as messengers from the realms of unknown Nature. Some of these strangers bear no letter of introduction, and their message is disregarded though of miraculous interest, as has often appeared afterwards.

But my argument will be incomplete and inconclusive if it appears to ignore or undervalue conscience in judgment and conduct. I am for conscience, provided it is an instructed conscience. I admit it remains to me to show how intolerance arises in upright minds.

The origin of Conscience is in the desire for rectitude and truth. Conscience is the sense of duty founded upon truth—real or supposed. But if the knowledge be narrow the conscience will be narrow, and its action mischievous so far as it lacks understanding. There is a foolish conscience as well as a wise conscience. The operation of the foolish conscience is seen in Intolerance.

Conscience inspired by its instinct of rectitude and confident of its good intent, supposes itself infallible. Not knowing that it is not all-knowing—not knowing that sincerity though sinless is not errorless—it mistakes its own honesty for infallibility, and regards all ideas, not its own, as hostile to truth, and thinks it a duty to withstand them and suppress them. A new idea affronts their sense of unmistakeableness. Their minds are made up, and they have no room in it for new conceptions. A new idea conflicts with their narrower knowledge. They cannot harmonise it with the

ideas they have. To give up what they have been taught is true, is beyond their power. They do not know that a wise man is always unlearning errors which have imposed themselves upon him. They cannot conceive that an obscure author of a new thought is wiser than all the world—as every discoverer and every inventor is—as the world well knows by the mighty resources of national and intellectual wealth which despised, unfriended and neglected thinkers have brought it. It is conscience believing in its own infallibility and resenting all thought which would make it wiser, that has created and sustained hostile intolerance. Now science has taught men how ideas arise, intolerance, however conscientious, is seen to be a sin against improvement, and general friendliness to new thought is a condition of progress. It is science which shows that the time is come when toleration may cease to be hostile and may advantageously be friendly and even generous.

Not that a man is called upon to prostrate himself before every fool thought, that may be obtruded on his notice for the first time. If indeed he is sure that the thought is foolish he had better let the fool demonstrate himself its folly, which not being done often leads ignorant persons to think it true, and on that account to champion it. Civility to new ideas has this merit, that it ensures genial welcome to new truth, always lonely. How many discoverers and inventors by whose unregarded labours we profit daily, were uncheered and unfriended, who lived in penury, often in scorn, and perished in despair. We know their value now, and pour our tardy thanks into the dull cold ear of death and put up memorials to them. As Mr. Fox once said in this place, "We refused them bread while living and give them a stone when dead." This will go on unless a generous toleration of new truth comes to prevail.

Besides, what a gain this sentiment is in diffusing truth. The art

of respecting the ideas of others is the surest way of obtaining attention to our own. Men never turn away from the truth when they see it presented in good faith and good feeling. It is the brutal, coarse, and contemptuous presentment of it which repels them from it. For myself I never forget how in my youth, and in controversy, an incurable distrust of Christianity crept into my heart by arrogant, disdainful and disparaging toleration. On last Tuesday I had the pleasure to pay a visit to Mr. Bright at his home in Rochdale. The conversation turning upon America, I mentioned how, when Mr. Wendell Phillips, counted the greatest orator of America as we count Mr. Bright the greatest orator here, was showing me State Street in Boston, we met Mr. Bright's son with some friends, when Phillips took off his hat and stood with his fine Roman head uncovered all the while he spoke with him. Mr. Bright said to me, "I ought to have rebuked him." I answered "No. I saw no nobler sight in America. It proved that the Republic had reverence in its heart for something higher than dollars. It was part of the respect they owed you who had served the nation." Mr. Bright replied in words which serve well to illustrate my argument. He said "he could not understand why so much kindness was shown to him and to all who bore his name, when all the service he had ever been able to render to America was to make a few speeches pleading for justice towards her. And he added, I believe that had Lord Palmerston listened to my appeal to him, to treat America with a friendly and not a hostile neutrality, the hearts of the two nations had been knit together as though they had never been parted." It is ever thus: generous toleration of the rights of others is the negotiator of truth between individuals and of goodwill between nations. It was knowing this which caused George Eliot to say "the greatest of virtues is tolerance," and Schiller to write that "large tolerance is only possible to men of the largest information."

The Benediction.

One to whom the Christian world accords the high name of the Chief of Apostles said :—"Now abideth three things—Faith, Hope and Charity—but the greatest of these is Charity." More than any other Apostle, Paul forgot in practice what he thus declared—but it was a great moment when he perceived that Charity was the supreme virtue of man. And it will be better for Truth and Peace and Unity, if we shall remain permanently under that noble inspiration.

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THE PATH I TOOK,

AND

WHERE IT LED ME.

An Autobiography and Argument.

BY

A MONMOUTHSHIRE FARMER.

REVISED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:
WATTS & CO., 17, JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET ST., E.C.
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DEDICATION.

This Autobiography is dedicated most respectfully and fraternally to the Farmers and Agricultural Labourers of the United Kingdom, with special reference to gallant little Wales and Monmouthshire, by

A MONMOUTHSHIRE FARMER.

REMARKS BY THE REVISER.

On reading the MS. of this pamphlet, it appeared to me worthy of publication—for its passages of curious experience, its shrewdness of argument, and the moral vigour of its social advice to young people as well as to farmers. I have made no addition to it—it required none. I have changed nothing, for that would have impaired the originality of the story. In some places I found repetitions, and now and then prolixity such as any writer having fervour in his pen might fall into. Here I have made abridgments, which is all I have done.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

THE PATH I TOOK, AND WHERE IT LED ME.

Born on December 25th, 1814, I have had the privilege of living through the greater part of this most eventful century, and have had therefore considerable opportunity of observing the important progressive changes that have taken place during this long period.

My father and his family were Church people of the formal and conventional type, whilst my mother was a descendant of a long line of Congregationalists, of whose Church she was an earnest member. My father died when I was eight years old, leaving my mother with four children, one son and three daughters, to rear and educate, which she did after a very motherly fashion; and her widowhood extended for the long period of thirty-eight years. Our school education in those days was scant and inferior in quality. I got so far as to read and spell fairly well, and to write a very indifferent hand. Part of this instruction I obtained in a Church Sunday-school, so had an early opportunity of being informed as to the theories, doctrines, ceremonies, observances, and practices connected with the Church of England, which, I may here add, failed as time went on to yield me satisfaction. My connection with the Church continued for several years; first as a scholar, and then as a member of the church choir. But my first serious difficulty with, and estrangement from, the Church arose from my observation of the inconsistent, unseemly, and, I may add, flagrantly immoral conduct of the clergy of my acquaintance, which for several reasons I cannot pass over in silence.

The vicar of our parish, about the years 1822-3, had decamped to France in debt, whilst he was living in idleness on the tithes derived from the labours of the farmers of our parish and the adjoining one. He therefore com-

mitted the cure of souls (so-called) to the custody of a clergyman whose only qualification for the office was his great physical ability for the performance of an incredible amount of work upon the day of rest, proving the truth of the apostle's assertion that religion is profitable for this life. His Sundays were days of special activity. I have known him for a considerable time perform four Church services on a Sunday, catechise the children at one of the churches, and travel twelve miles of bad road to accomplish this heavy task. Such was his great love for souls. But then he had the whole week to recruit his strength by pipe and glass. On Sunday, when on the point of going into church, he would jocularly say to the landlord of the inn: "Let us have another glass, Tommy, and then I'll preach till the devil comes out of them." What an acquisition such a man must have been to the ministry! How the devils must quake and tremble on seeing him ascend the pulpit stairs! But good as were our parson's temporal means, he was not satisfied. Knowing that the vicar was afraid to show his face to his creditors in England, he concocted a plan to increase his stipend by forming an alliance with a lawyer's clerk, by whose aid he robbed the tithe-payers of the parishes over which he was clergyman of a large sum of money after this wise:—They gave the tithe-payers notice of a rise in the tithe without the knowledge of the vicar, dividing the spoil between themselves—with this exception, that the lawyer, like the monkey in dividing the cat's stolen cheese, monopolised the larger share, by which the parson was sadly chagrined. This course continued for years, until a farmer came to live among us who appeared better adapted for a lawyer than a farmer. This person managed to get the address of the vicar, and ascertained from him that he had no knowledge whatever of any rise in the tithe; and through the influence of this man the tithe was reduced to its former rate. These transactions occurred about the years 1824-5-6. Being of a somewhat sensitive turn of mind, I began early to contemplate my position as regards religion. God as represented to me appeared to be an almighty, austere, and revengeful being whom I was instructed to love with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength. I seemed to be suspended or oscillating between heaven and hell, without any assurance of

escaping the miseries of the one, or attaining the blessings of the other state of existence. About the year 1828 a young man came to live with us as farm-bailiff. As a religious man he was a person of extraordinary character. He attended church with the greatest punctuality, was very conscientious and devotedly religious, and, as a matter of course, a regular communicant. On a certain Whit-Sunday he had received the sacrament at the hands of our parson, and the next day, Whit-Monday, as he passed along the highway he met his pastor on horseback in such an intoxicated condition that he could with difficulty retain his seat. This incident proved a great shock to the pious young man. But this was not the worst, for he soon discovered that his pastor was not an occasional, but an habitual drunkard. This induced him to throw overboard the Church for ever; and he became a member of the Baptist persuasion, of which denomination he was a most zealous and consistent member to the end of his life. Although I failed to agree with him as to his religious convictions, I ever respected him for his sincerity and endeavour to be consistent with his profession. But with regard to this clergyman, the tale I have to unfold reflects considerably upon his character as a Christian teacher, or an exemplar of morals. He had a most amiable wife, whom he treated with the greatest brutality when in a state of mad intoxication. She has been known to flee from him for her life in the night, with no covering but her nightdress, to the first cottage she could find, which was a considerable distance off, but she was glad to take refuge in the most humble cottage as a temporary asylum from his brutal conduct. Our clergyman was also the father of a large family, comprising two sons and several daughters, the latter following closely in the footsteps of their mother, which procured them the high esteem of all their neighbours. But they also suffered considerably in body and mind from the intemperate habits and cruelty of their father, who, having proved by practical experience what a jolly life was that of a clergyman, how easily obtained, how independent when realised, with six holidays weekly in which he could disport himself with pipe and glass, naturally asked what profession extant could he choose for his sons with advantages so great, obtained at so little cost and entail-

ing so little responsibility? He, as a matter of course, sent them into the Church without regard to their suitability for the office. But it is pleasant to admit that the elder one, although of a somewhat eccentric character, comported himself with greater propriety than the average clergyman does. But what shall we say of the younger one? Well, he was a veritable chip of the old block, but had less discretion or greater ill-luck than his father, for he oftentimes got into hot water that would severely scald a sensitive man. After making his début as a Church minister, he soon fell into difficulty in this wise,—he with another clergyman of the same manner of mind lived together in the same house in which they jointly kept an housekeeper. This lady soon became embarrassed as to her bodily condition, which she attributed to the improprieties of the clergyman of my acquaintance. This he positively denied, maintaining that his friend and fellow-clergyman was the cause of the lady's trouble. The case was tried in Petty Sessions and the decision of the magistrates went against my neighbour. Not satisfied with this decision, he appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions. But the Court confirmed the decision of the magistrates, so he had to accept its consequences, one of which was, that he was suspended from his office for two or three years, during which time, although residing in his father's house, he did not attend Church to hear him, nor any one else. But he could go a journey of twenty miles, more or less, to fill a vacancy for another clergyman when a guinea or two could be got by filling the office. Here we have substantial proof of the moral value and the religious advantages of State-supported religion.

Having thus got into the disgrace referred to, and also being a man of very intemperate habits, of which I have personally been cognizant, one would naturally suppose that his mode of life would render him ineligible ever afterwards to fill the office of a Christian minister. But not so; Mother Church looks with remarkable leniency upon the lapses of her wayward children, such as were unmistakably exemplified in the case of the person under notice. For in the course of time the living of the two parishes of which his father had been curate for the long period of fifty years became vacant, and he (the son) was duly inducted into it. By this means his circumstances

were materially improved, but without producing any improvement in his moral character; but contrariwise, he went from bad to worse. He again fell into trouble with one of his female domestic servants, but he managed to avoid any great publicity, or the intervention of the Bishop of the diocese—by submitting to an agreement as to pecuniary compensation. But the looseness and self-indulgence of his life told early upon his constitution, though it was by no means delicate. In the course, therefore, of a few years he became paralysed, body and mind, giving way so far that he was obliged to procure substitutes to fill the office he had for years disgraced. The above reference to the conduct of these clergymen has not been dictated by any ill feeling towards them individually or their family. For I admit that notwithstanding their general unfitness to fill the office of teachers of the people as Christian ministers, they yet, as a family, possessed amiable traits of character which secured the good will of their neighbours, and prevented or suppressed the exposure of much of their conduct that was incompatible with the office of Christian ministers. It is an old saying that charity covereth a multitude of sins. And the individual destitute of all good qualities must be a *rara avis*. It is well known that men and women who indulge in the use of intoxicants to a great excess, possess oftentimes some admirable qualities that are not to be found in many a teetotaler, or temperance advocate. But this is not intended as a rebuke or reproach to the temperance movement, to which I hold society is greatly indebted.

My object is not to treat with disparagement any institution adapted (in my judgment) to elevate the moral condition of society. But I have a strong conviction, of many years' growth, that the great temptations held out by the Church of England to men of all classes and descriptions of character to enter its ministry are so great as to render the Church a source of gross corruption, not only in its ministry, but its adherents generally. For it is to-day a fact as it was thousands of years ago,—"As are the priests so are the people." If the priesthood is corrupt, the people are sure to imbibe the corruption also. You cannot associate yourself with any corrupt institution without morally suffering, more or less, from the alliance; and so convinced am I of the corrupt and corrupting

influence of the Church and its disastrous consequence to the well-being of society (although there are many of great amiability attached to it), that this alone has prompted me to make these damaging revelations in accord with my experience and observation. To this end I may further say that the vicar just referred to, having become incapable of filling his office, was obliged to employ substitutes. One of these followed, be it noted, closely in the foot-steps of our vicar and his father. He displayed the same immoral propensities, pursued the same mode of life, and was as utterly careless of the religious condition of the people as were his predecessors. Here were three clergymen, following each other consecutively as ministers in the same churches for a period considerably over half a century. What shall we say of a religious system productive of such results, and in which men of such marked unfitness can with ease enter its ministry and continue therein during their lifetime? If such cases were of rare occurrence, there would be some excuse; but the temptations held out by the Church are so strong and the advantages so great that the most unworthy and inefficient persons are induced to seek admission into its ministry without any apparent compunction whatever, especially when backed by wealth and position. Such is a phase of the religion of Jesus in this, the last, decade of the nineteenth century, as exemplified under the combined influence of Church and State. Some years ago I was intimately acquainted with a young man, as I have been with all the clergymen before referred to. This young man had no means of obtaining a living besides working, for which he had no relish, and was consequently a hanger-on to his friends. But it must be said that his father was a clergyman, his uncle was a clergyman, he had two cousins clergymen. What a hardship it would have been, then, for this young man to have remained out in the cold, and to have to get his bread by the sweat of his brow—to submit to the curse which they teach is the lot of man, but which the clergy manage dexterously to avoid as it affects themselves. So the friends of this young man, clerical and lay, combined together to deliver him from the consequences of the curse aforesaid, which they did by sending him to a University. And no sooner had he left college than he obtained a curacy of some importance

and was considered as a very promising young clergyman. He had an excellent voice, which is a sufficient recommendation for a clergyman to many people; consequently he became the pet of the snobbery of the locality, and it was asserted that his vicar worked him very hard. Poor fellow, he was anxious to escape hard work. But not only did he, as report said, work hard, but he gave much of his time and company to promote the enjoyment of convivial meetings frequently held in the place. Thus matters went on for a time in quite a festive manner, but suddenly a report, like a loud clap of thunder, rang through the locality that the curate had disappeared. Yes, he disappeared from the place for ever; never to be known there again as a public man. But the worst part of the matter was, that he left his creditors to square up matters without his intervention in the best way they possibly could. This young gentleman never put in an appearance here as a Church minister again. One would have thought that such unfavourable incidents would militate, if not prove fatal to, his success hereafter as a minister of the Christian religion. But Mother Church is not austere to her erring children, but remarkably lenient, and she looked upon this affair apparently as a foible of youth of quite a venial character, and opened her doors sufficiently wide for the reception of her delinquent son in a county and diocese where he was wholly unknown. Here report says he got married and became the father of sons whom, as a matter of course, he brought up as clergymen. This I regard as not an unfair specimen of how clergymen are manufactured for the Church of England.

We have ample proof of the worthlessness of numbers of the clergy, and their unsuitability as moral guides or pioneers in the service of the people; whereas we require the best of men—men of intellectual power and moral worth—to aid us in our attempt to discover truth among the numerous and discordant theories that are ever ringing in our ears and eminently calculated to produce confusion of thought. In the parish where I have resided for the long period of seventy to near eighty years six clergymen in succession have officiated, not one of whom has given any demonstrative proof that he had any care or anxiety whatever for what is called the spiritual condition of the people. Yet one of these clergymen I must single out as

characterised by great friendliness and courtesy towards his parishioners. He would pay them weekly visits in a social and cordial manner. But he always considerately abstained from introducing religious topics into his conversation, even in the presence of the irreligious, the indifferentists, and those whose avowed convictions ran counter to his. How are we to account for this? Is it the result of faithlessness or inhumanity? Certainly not the latter. There was not one of these clergyman, it may be fairly presumed, but would render assistance in case his neighbour's life were in peril; or that would refuse to aid him in case his house were on fire. But here, in a matter which is described by the clergy in our churches as of infinite importance to each individual, even when human life is ended, we fail to recognise them endorsing these teachings in their every-day conduct, but rather ignoring and abandoning them. Such then is the faithlessness or infidelity of the clergy as exhibited by their conduct in view of their avowed profession. It would appear that we have to pay very dear for our whistle when we take into account its note. How many hundreds per year should we give to such men as I describe? The salt that has lost its savour is good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men. It is a gross outrage upon Church adherents themselves to have men of low moral and intellectual capacity imposed upon them as public religious teachers whom they are legally bound to maintain through life, let their inconsistency of character and general worthlessness be ever so apparent. If this imposition is offensive to Churchmen, as it inevitably must be, what can be the feelings of Nonconformists of every creed and persuasion relative to this matter? Weak and impotent as human nature is, acts of despotism and dominancy cannot be perpetrated by one Christian section upon the others without giving rise to a spirit of virtuous indignation. Sad, indeed, would be our case, if herein we failed. We should not allow ambitious individuals, nor intolerant institutions, whatever their ancestry or antiquity, to ride rough-shod over our civil and religious liberties. Such conduct would indicate inadequate moral courage and incapacity to protect ourselves against the wiles and machinations of oppressors and despots. It is astonishing to observe how Churchmen aspiring to be

lights and leaders of society (many of whom are of amiable private character) uphold with all their influence an institution of such a despotic and arbitrary character, which palpably contravenes the teachings of him whom in theory they claim as Lord and Master, and who taught his disciples to act justly towards others by doing to them only as they would wish to be done by. This command, held to be of divine authority, is enforced by a significant test affecting conduct, comprised in the following exhortation: "If ye love me keep my commandments." Yet in practice it is quite obvious that these injunctions are in religious matters virtually ignored or practically abandoned by professors of religion when opportunity and material interest require. The duty, therefore, of rescuing society from the thraldom of the Church under which it has so long been weighed down, is of no mean import.

Thus we have seen the Church of England holding for years the Irish people, who were bound in her iron grip, and compelled to be subservient to her, although avowedly an alien Church. Here we have a significant exhibition of the infidelity of the Church to the moral teaching of the scriptures. Again, with regard to Wales and Monmouthshire, her conduct has been of the same high-handed and despotic character.

In past years the Church troubled little about the condition of Wales as regards religious matters. They left these matters to the Nonconformists, whose activity and progress at length disturbed their equanimity, and became productive of serious alarm lest the emoluments monopolised by the clergy should flow into channels of a more just and equitable character. For the Church of England consisting, as it does in Wales, of a minority of the people, yet dominates over the majority, compelling them to support her by the force of Church-made laws under State influence. The signs of the times have latterly so aroused the adherents of the Church that both the clergy and laity have put forth all their energy to maintain intact the Established Church, it being the great reservoir or depository of wealth from which the clergy draw their millions per annum, wrung from the toil and industries of the people—the vast majority of whom are not attached to the Church, and many that are apparently

so must be set down as coerced by the pressure of external circumstances.

Yes, money and arbitrary power are the real object, the transparent secret, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of the Church's zeal as to religion. This influence she uses with great assiduity to frustrate the political, social and moral progress of the people. The active patrons and adherents of the Church are ever the enemies of the political advancement of the people—the conservators of privilege, tyranny and oppression. Hence they belong to the Tory school. I will here recite a vivid instance of the scandalous treatment of a public official by the Tories in South Monmouthshire some years ago. The person I allude to held the office of Surveyor of the Highways, which he filled with efficiency and general satisfaction. Even his political opponents felt bound to praise him, and pronounced him a competent surveyor. Since the general change in the management of the highways, we in this district have had six surveyors, all of them respectable men. But not one of them surpassed if equalled the person in question for thorough-going competency. But this man, admirably as he filled his office, courteous and manly as was his general demeanour, nevertheless, as one of the people, naturally and consistently held Radical politics in a free and open manner, and was capable of expressing himself with considerable effectiveness, the result of natural ability. This gave great offence to the Tory magnates of the neighbourhood, who took counsel together to expel him from office, and this they succeeded in carrying out by the pressure of their agents upon the tenants of these gentry, who were way-wardens of the district. But not one individual member of the Board offered a single reason why he should be thus expelled from office, although he publicly challenged them so to do. This outrageous violation of civil liberty took place in the neighbourhood of Monmouth. I will here quote an extract from a letter sent by the surveyor to the *Hereford Times*, touching this matter. It is dated February 12th, 1877, and is as follows:—

"*To the Editor of the* 'HEREFORD TIMES.'

"Sir,—Kindly allow me through the *Hereford Times* to say a few words to the ratepayers of the above district, and the

public generally, respecting the treatment I, as Surveyor of the Highways, have received at the hands of the Board.

"For myself I can say without fear of contradiction, that, since I have held the office of surveyor, my object has been to do justice to the ratepayers and to those I employ on their behalf. But it has been my misfortune, from the time I became a candidate for the office, to meet with vexatious opposition from a certain quarter; I could never understand the reason why—except that I was unable to see through the blue spectacles of my opponents. The first step they took was to bring forward some one to oppose me. Failing to foist this candidate upon the public, they followed me with relentless opposition, which resulted in my expulsion from office by the exercise of a strong despotic influence over a considerable number of the way-wardens. And further, I have to complain that the Board has too readily yielded to the imperious dictation of my opponents—to the serious loss of the ratepayers, and the obstruction of the surveyor in the performance of his duties. And again, it would seem utterly incredible that when I received notice in October last to resign my office, on enquiring what charge they had against me, the then Chairman replied, 'We have no charge.' And no charge has been made against me at all. I therefore, consider that I have been treated most unfairly, and that the Board has acted in a most unEnglish and arbitrary manner."

The above episode conclusively shows the despotic influence brought to bear upon the political liberties of the people by those whose arbitrary power is obtained through the medium of the possession of a large monopoly of the land of the country. These are the men that assert on the political platform that landlords, farmers, and labourers sail in the same boat. But with the former it is a veritable pleasure-boat, scudding along gaily by the toil and skill of the latter, who are simply the humble oarsmen.

The gentlemen above referred to are fond of describing themselves as the friends of the farmers, and, since the labourers have obtained the franchise, they assert with coolness on the political platforms that the interests of the three parties are identical. But in what this likeness or identity consists is a puzzle difficult to unravel. The time of the gentry is spent mainly in scenes of sport and pleasure—horse-racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, shooting, games, and pleasures of all descriptions—with all the honours and privileges that wealth and position can command; whereas the farmer has the labour, care,

and anxiety, inevitably connected with the profitable and also the unprofitable, management of the land, so as to be able to find his landlord the necessary means of perpetuating this mode of life, upon which landlords, as a rule, are prone to embark. What identity of life is perceptible between landlords and tenant-farmers? You may without effort discern great diversity, or dissimilarity of life, but the eye of an eagle would be unable to discover identity. Now, if the farmer's identification with the landlord is so imperceptible, what shall we say as to the farm labourer? Where is the congruity? where the coherence? where the similarity? where the identity? Is it not a monstrous sham, an intentional delusion and mockery, concocted to cheat and mislead the ignorant and weak-minded working-man? With regard to the gentry referred to, I have been struck with their religious habitudes and pretensions, seeing they pursue a daily course of worldly pleasure incompatible with the recognised teachings of the Christian religion. Yet these gentlemen stand forward as the very champions of Church of England Christianity—the pillars and mainstay thereof. For them and their class she principally exists. Many of these gentlemen will give a thousand or thousands of pounds at a time, with a view to sustain this system for the purpose of securing permanently the vast fund of wealth provided by the State for the maintenance of the Church of England, and which these gentlemen wish to preserve (they are fond of preserves) as an hereditary source of wealth to their kith and kin and fraternising adherents, in perpetuity. Is this the upshot of Christianity, I would ask, in this the last decade of the nineteenth century? Tell it not in Gath, many a Christian would say; but it is too late, for it is well known from Dan to Beersheba—from John O'Groats to Land's End. And how can honest men receive it? with cordial reception or virtuous indignation? Some remarks on my experience relative to the contests that took place in our neighbourhood touching the question of Church-rates, prior to their abolition, may be relevant here. In an adjoining parish in which I was eligible as a vestryman, and in which I took a lively interest, the clergy and their churchwardens were determined to impose this payment upon Nonconformists and Churchmen alike. The Nonconformists very naturally resisted the unjust and

unrighteous imposition. The anti-Church-rate party in this parish were fortunate in being led by a veteran endowed with the right qualities. He was a freeholder and farmer, and independent in both circumstances and mind. He was not to be drawn aside from his purpose by soft or smooth words, nor frightened by the frowns and raillery of his opponents. He would stir up his army time after time, and bring them to battle, inspiring them with the same spirit of enthusiasm as his own. We entitled him "Our Garibaldi" as a mark of respect for his courage and thoroughness. Unfortunately, the country is exceedingly barren of such men, or we should soon obtain more even-handed justice. The Church-rate party had also the advantage of having a leader of great mental ability, but these are not always the most useful or valuable men, but oftentimes the most dangerous to the interests of the people. This gentleman, who was the vicar of an adjoining parish, and considered an able clergyman, was described by an old churchwarden of his parish "as a good man in the Church but a devil out." Whenever he attended our vestry he always occupied the chair. He would put a motion to the meeting or refuse it if it was not agreeable to his sweet will. He was thoroughly aristocratic, lived in a seat of his own, and was quite a chum with the leading gentry all round. He had a wife, but no issue; but, notwithstanding his enviable position, he was not content therewith. A living of greater value and importance than his own having become vacant, he could not resist applying for it, conscious that his influence with the patron was sufficient to procure it for himself. He therefore threw up the charge of curing the souls he had undertaken to cure, that he might obtain more wealth, or what was formerly described by Christian teachers as "filthy lucre," but is now become the principal desideratum of the Christian ministry belonging to the Church of England. The patron above referred to has several livings in his gift, but to describe him as a religious man would be a misnomer; his life being spent in absolute worldly pleasure, consisting of all the frivolities, pastimes, sports, and gambling connected with the turf, known as fast life. And to men of this description of character is handed over, by the constitution of the Church of England, the presentation of livings, or,

as it is called, the cure of souls, which he gives to a relative, a friend, a crony, or the friend of a crony, who, if he is a sporting character, will be the more eligible for the presentation. How are we, as reasonable people, to look upon such grotesque, incongruous, incoherent, and inconsistent dealing with religion? Are we to look up to such a religious establishment with equanimity? or rather would it not be more in accord with moral principles to meet it with indignant reprobation, as adapted to create hypocrisy, and bring about the demoralisation of society? Was it to establish a religious system of this character, so diametrically antagonistic to the ethical teachings of the New Testament, so much at variance with the precepts and example of Christ himself, that he sacrificed the glories of heaven, descended into this world and became a poor persecuted man, not having where to lay his head, and spent his life in the service of the poor, whilst he preached against the acquisition of riches? Was it for the purpose of establishing and consolidating a system of religion such as the Church of England presents to the world, with all its wealth, pomposity, arrogance, dominance, intolerance, and inequality, that Christ made all the sacrifices attributed to him? Was it to accomplish this object that he suffered a life of martyrdom and died a painful and ignominious death upon the cross? What answer can be given to these plain crucial questions? Having given these matters serious consideration and reflected upon religion as represented by the Church of England, and compared it, to the best of my judgment, with the moral teachings advanced by Christ himself and approved and appreciated by moral men generally, I became amazed at its dissimilarity, its virtual antagonism, its pretentiousness, hollowness, and conventionalism. It is an obvious fact that a formal recognition of these pretensions and submission to these hypocrisies and formalisms are the stepping-stones to respectability and worldly promotion. This is the moral state and condition of society to-day, after being under the patronage and protection of the Church of England for hundreds of years, whilst it devours millions of money, annually provided by the toil and industry of the labouring class to keep such a system afloat.

I have a strong and weighty charge against the Church

of England, viz., that of being constitutionally adapted to become the greatest habitation or reservoir of infidelity that the country can produce. Its efficiency and success in this respect need not be questioned. I will here quote a letter to the *Hereford Times*, dated August 12th, 1891, which will help to elucidate and confirm what I advance. It is as follows:

"SIR,—The newspaper press reports the following noteworthy declaration as that of the Bishop of St. Asaph, viz., 'That, during the short time he has been at St. Asaph, sixteen Nonconformist ministers, some of them men of the first rank, have applied to him for Holy Orders.' The validity of this statement may pass unquestioned, extraordinary as it may appear from different points of view; but it would be interesting to know the paramount cause that induced these Nonconformist preachers to seek to become ministers in the Church of England. We do not find them pressing into the Church of Rome, neither do we find Church clergymen pressing into the Dissenting Churches. What, then, is the powerful stimulus that inspires this eager hankering after the Church? Surely it does not consist in a conviction that the Church of England follows upon the lines of primitive Christianity in closer proximity than those of the Dissenting churches. If such were really the inducement, we might admire their Christian sincerity, consistency, and integrity, even if we failed to be convinced of the wisdom of their judgment. But I am strongly of the opinion that the prevailing impulse Churchwards by these gentlemen does not arise from the promptings of Christian faith, but contrariwise, from a virtual abandonment thereof, with a disposition to adopt a time-serving conventional policy with ease and independence as the end in view, and all the respectability (sham or otherwise) that such a course is calculated to produce. We talk glibly about the scepticism and infidelity of the age, but where can we find infidelity in all its naked deformity such as this? Does it not then behove us as a progressive and intelligent people to consider the justice, utility, consistency, and morality of upholding a national system of religion which from its nature and constitution is eminently adapted to draw within its sphere men of all descriptions of character, men destitute of even a modicum of veneration for the principles of truth, justice, and consistency? It has been my lot to compulsorily support clergymen for scores of years, not one of whom as a religious, moral, and intellectual man was worthy to fill the post he occupied as instructor of the people. And I may further add that I have known several Dissenters, and as such very zealous in religious matters; but something crossed their path, and they withdrew from Dissent,

and then appeared occasionally in church, taking no active part in religion beyond a formal acquiescence. Religion and they had really parted company. Thus we find the Church of England an accommodating receptacle for all parties, from the most faithful devotee to the most abandoned impostor, and this demoralising system is upheld by the wealth of the nation, wrung from the sons and daughters of toil. Is not this a matter which demands the serious attention of the best of men?—A FARMER."

I remember on a certain occasion that my home was visited by three Dissenting ministers (Congregationalists) my mother being of that persuasion. The conversation turned one day upon witchcraft, which my mother maintained was proved by the case of the Witch of Endor. To this the ministers appeared to have nothing to say, but laughed secretly at my mother's credulity. But these gentlemen had a secret in hand which they were reluctant to reveal. One of the three was on the point of leaving his own Church for that of the Church of England; this was the great secret of their conversation. I feel quite sure that another of the trio, if not all of them, would have gone too, were it not for the great unpleasantness and difficulty connected with the severance from old friends. And now I ask my Christian friends whether the attitude of these preachers bespoke a lively faith in the Christian religion, or rather a virtual abandonment thereof? And I here remark that men, and women too, possessed of common sense and reasoning powers, should use those powers themselves in deciding what is right or wrong relative to religion, and not depute this important duty to any priesthood whatever, be their pretensions ever so imposing, inasmuch as these priesthoods manage to obtain an easy, sometimes a gay, luxurious life themselves by instilling their different theories into the minds of the people, whether true or false, whilst the people have to do all the drudgery and slavery, and are advised by these teachers therewith to be content. I have observed one thing as a matter of notoriety both in Church-people and Nonconformists, which is, that the laity manifest greater sincerity and religious devotion than do their pastors. I have witnessed this among Dissenters, but much more in connection with the Church. I have known many clergymen whose general conduct testifies to the fact that

they care nothing about the religious affairs of the people or the Church. Feeling persuaded that the living they hold they shall enjoy during their time, they have no further care. I have been acquainted with some religious professors, both Churchmen and Dissenters, whose lives corresponded with their profession, and approximated as far as practicable to consistency of character. There are a variety of motives that induce people to countenance religion, besides a pious belief in its genuineness. Among others may be mentioned the desire to be respectable. I was once acquainted with a farmer, considered quite respectable. He was a Church-born man. He would go to Church every Sunday morning, taking his sons with him; but if they were not ready when he was they had to submit to oaths and cuffs, which he dealt out to them to his heart's content. The remainder of the day would be spent in the company of friends and the enjoyment of pipe and glass. Not a bad type, this, of a Church-going farmer, with plenty of means. But there are other inducements of a more tangible character for upholding the Church, inducements sufficient to arrest and absorb the attention of the nobility of the country, viz., the vast revenue provided by the State for the support of the Church; and which earls, lords, and the aristocracy generally covet, and therefore press themselves into the Church, to share its patronage and monopolise its most lucrative livings. What harmony or congruity, what fidelity to Christian teachings can be discerned in such a procedure when the record says that Jesus informed his disciples that it was a most difficult thing for a rich man to inherit the kingdom of Heaven? Also that, if you desire to become a disciple, you are directed to sell all you have and give it the poor, and take up your cross and follow him. Again, there is another section of Church adherents that play an active part in Church maintenance, induced, as it would appear, by secular combined with religious motives. I chiefly allude to lay members of the Church, some of whom I have known from my youth as extremely zealous in the interests of the Church, even where the clergy were apathetic or utterly indifferent. I have known them visit the neighbours frequently, distribute tracts, invite the people to Church, urge them to christen their infants and to get them confirmed, and thence to the communion-

table. The motives were of a twofold character; they had a reference to the good things of this life (or the bird in hand) and also to a future state (or the one in the bush). I always observed that zeal, pushed resolutely in a persistent manner, was productive of considerable evil as the source of much deceit and hypocrisy. This is quite evident in any neighbourhood where wealthy families reside that are strong active Church adherents, zealously countenancing everything favourable to Church interests, but discountenancing anything that does not chime in therewith. Here we find hypocrisy growing freely, as though it had found a suitable soil for its development. But if a wealthy family should be also generous-hearted and liberal to those that conform to their wishes, you will find the locality in which they move to be a very hotbed of hypocrisy. Such a state of things is productive of great evil, which no amount of devotion to any religious ideas can counterbalance, as it has an inevitable tendency to weaken and undermine the moral powers, which are sufficiently weak at best, without any bribery or temptation thereto. When I was a child attending Sunday-school, we had a wealthy family residing in our parish who were liberal to the poor and respected all round. They were rigidly Church, one of them being a Church minister, but the neighbours all round seemed to live in general awe of them, as may be gathered from the following fact. During the stay of this family in their country seat the church would be well filled, both by farmers and labourers, nearly all of whom were their tenants. But when the family left for London, as they frequently did during the winter season, the church would scarce have an occupant except parson, clerk, and children. This goes to illustrate the evils of Church or sectarian supremacy, and its tendency to the demoralisation of the people.

The elevating religious dogmas above moral principles accounts for the great amount of deception that generally prevails, and the shameless hypocrisy with which society abounds. It is commenced in our schools, when the minds of the children are tender and receptive of good or evil. I have had the privilege and honor of filling the office of a member of a School Board for a period of fifteen years, during which time there was nothing that disturbed or marred the unanimity and harmony of the Board but the

persistent attempts to introduce into the school religious or sectarian influence. This was the only apple of discord with which we had to deal. In earlier life, when I was a Church attendant and a chorister, I cannot say that I was ever fully satisfied with the Church as a religious institution, notwithstanding my high regard for many Church people as individuals. My observation and reflection led me to the conclusion that the Church by no means held up a lofty ideal to the aspirations of the people, but contrariwise, that it has a strong tendency to create formalism and destroy moral instincts from infancy upwards. In proof of this it is only necessary to take notice of the procedure of the Church with regard to the initiation of its members. The unconscious babe, agreeably to Church formalism, is presented at church to the minister, who takes possession of it, puts water on its face, a cross on its forehead, recites a few prayers, and formally dedicates the irresponsible child into the membership of the Church by the repetition of the formula, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Now we find that the Church maintains that through the performance of this ceremony the child has really become regenerate, or born again. There is abundant proof in the baptismal services to verify what I say. I will give but one quotation. It is from the Private Baptism of Infants. The minister, having satisfied himself that the child has already been christened, delivers himself as follows:

"I certify you, that in this case all is well done, and according unto due order, concerning the baptizing of this child; who, being born in original sin and in the wrath of God, is now by the laver of regeneration in baptism received into the number of the children of God, and heirs of everlasting life."

Now, to my mind, it is a matter of vast importance to ascertain the accuracy of these pretensions—pretensions of such vast importance that they should not be treated in any way approaching indifference,—pretensions that, if true, demand our most serious and devout attention. But if false, what shall we say of it? How shall we find language adequate to condemn such imposition?

There is an accurate way of testing this matter, like other matters, by the observation of results. There are

no other feasible means of arriving at a sound conclusion. If it can be made apparent that children passing through the process of Church baptism have obtained some regenerative advantages that distinguish them from others who have not submitted to this baptismal process, then I admit that the advocates and promoters of the system are justified in the course they pursue. But if, on the other hand, these Church-baptised children fail to distinguish themselves in morals from others who, in position and advantages are alike, but have never been baptised, what honest conclusion is it possible to arrive at? If, as is maintained, the regeneration produced by this baptism makes of its recipients new creatures, it would be interesting to know in what this newness consists, for it is quite obvious that children having the same advantages, whether baptised or unbaptised, are as regards their moral condition quite upon a par.

I do not for a moment insinuate that children of Church people are in any respect inferior to other children; but neither have they by baptism obtained any superiority of a moral or (if you like) a spiritual character above or beyond the unbaptised. In what, then, does this assumed change manifest itself? In my humble judgment it does not manifest itself at all—except as a monstrous imposition, discreditable to any Church or community of people. It is rotten at the core. And yet this holy ordinance of baptism is the very foundation of the Church of England. Upon this basis its superstructure is built; and, if the basis be as here described, what confidence can be reposed in all other forms, ceremonies, sacraments, and pretensions that rest upon such a foundation? And that I have not misrepresented the case will be apparent to all that will give the matter a candid, unprejudiced, and impartial examination; and I think they will inevitably arrive at the conclusion that the system is hollow and deceptive. Of what value then, I would ask, is the Church of England, the source and depôt of much of the injustice by which the country is afflicted? Were it not for greed of the gold which the Church so abundantly supplies out of her ill-gotten stores she would lose followers in the face of all the competition and counter-attraction of worldly things. For after all it is gold, silver, and copper that are the trinity in unity that commands the most ar-

dent worship. Notwithstanding my early connection with the Church and friendliness with some of its best upholders, I could but regard her as much like the Church of Laodicea, neither cold nor hot—religious formalism and ceremonies standing out as her most conspicuous features; and I should have long ago separated myself from her connection. were it not that I was held back by the good fellowship and influence of kind friends who were financially interested in her maintenance. This separation took place about 1838, when I was twenty-four years old. I then gave religious matters more serious thought. Hitherto I had simply acquiesced in the elementary teachings of the Christian religion as held by Protestants generally; but now I became more impressed with the importance of religion as represented by earnest religious advocates. I reasoned that, if religion was worth anything at all, it demanded our most sincere and persistent devotion, and as Nonconformity presented itself to my mind as approximating more closely to the moral teachings of Christ and the method of the primitive Churches in the voluntary support of religion, contrasting, as it does, with the compulsory method pursued by the Church of England for its sustentation, I felt that I could not conscientiously stand by it any longer, my past experience with regard to the Church contributing largely to this decision; and having been attracted by the apparent earnestness, sincerity, and devotion to religion of some of my acquaintance connected with the Congregational Church, I was induced to cast in my lot with them, which I did with considerable earnestness and sincerity.

Our first minister was not a very popular one with us; therefore he soon left the church; but his successor was well received, and became a favorite with many. He was by no means a *Boanerges*, or son of thunder, but one disposed to dwell upon the bright side of religion, entitling him to rank as a son of *consolation*. This minister was fond of taking his hearers up into the ethereal regions. He delighted to expatiate upon the blessings that were in store for us, the favoured children of God. He would dilate with enthusiasm on the blessings and eternal joy which God had provided for us, and how we should bask beneath the eternal sunshine of his presence. We should have as our companions angels, archangels, and the spirits of just

men made perfect. We should be honoured with the company of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the holy prophets and martyrs of every age; and we should behold the Lord Jesus as he is, and he would lead us from fountain to fountain of living water, and he would carry us through immensity from planet to planet, from sphere to sphere, and unravel to us the mysteries of creation and his redeeming love. We should also have the distinguished honour and pleasure of casting our crowns at his feet and pacing the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, with the comforting assurance that God would wipe away tears from our eyes. Such bright enchanting prospects would occasionally produce a flood of tears, accompanied by smiles of joy from his most sensitive hearers. This playing upon the sentiments of the people by the Christian ministry is by no means uncommon in all denominations. Neither is it harmful, when it does not extinguish or smother our rational and moral instincts. But observation proves that there is great danger here. For myself I can say that, captivating and ensnaring as sentimental teachings are, they have not been able wholly to command the reasoning powers which should predominate and rule all. Reason was the key that undid the lock of Doubting Castle for my reception. I compared the general conduct of religious professors with those that made no profession at all, and the distinction between them I found to be imperceptible. Oftentimes the preference, if any, had to be given to the non-professor, and yet the professor claimed eternal happiness beyond the grave and consigned his neighbour, who might be a much better man than himself, to the bitter pains of eternal death. What cause can be assigned for this outrageous distinction? The only proffered reply we obtain is in the record, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned." If these terrible words are true, of course they are as operative to-day as they were nearly 1,900 years ago. Does it not require a large amount of credulity to make a rational and humane being digest a dogma or theory of this description? There are other passages of scripture coincident with the above, such as, "many are called but few are chosen," and "broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. But strait is the gate and

narrow the way that leads to life, and few there are that find it." There is the evil; it is of this very narrowness of the way that I complain. It is too narrow, too exclusive, too inadequate, to meet the exigencies of mankind. The saving of a small minority, and the damning of a vast majority, is in direct incongruity with our reasoning powers, and humane proclivities. I had rather lie down for ever in the sleep of death without any hope of immortality than risk the chance of being saved among the few, or damned with the vast majority, as portrayed by our religious teachers. After having battled secretly for some time with my conflicting ideas, I ventured to lay my case before our minister, which he listened to with much concern, but utterly failed to supply any antidote to the misgivings and doubts already engendered. The policy he pursued on that occasion was to point out other difficulties and mysteries equal to my own, and which he used as an argument to me to smother or suppress my own doubts and difficulties. But as I knew nothing of two blacks producing a white I did not adopt his policy. Then he endeavoured to persuade me that the ideas and impressions upon my mind were the work of the devil. Well, I hold that if the devil influences the minds of men to use their reasoning powers with regard to religion and also to cultivate a philanthropic spirit towards mankind, he is not such a bad devil after all. We have many in human form that fall far beneath him.

The terrible consequences associated with religion as presented in the Christian scriptures are so grave and great that it behoves every person to satisfy himself, or herself, as to the veracity of their contents. Impressed with this idea I thought well to review the life of Jesus Christ as contained in the Gospels, and, taking the Gospel of St. Luke, I found in the first chapter two remarkable narratives delivered, in which the Angel Gabriel figures. The first narrative has reference to the birth of John the Baptist, and is of such a novel and extraordinary character that it highly taxes human credibility. The next narrative relates to the birth and destiny of Jesus Christ, and is of a still more extraordinary character. We find it represented that an angel of God called Gabriel came to Nazareth and appeared to a virgin named Mary, and, after saluting her, delivered his message, which was to the

following effect: "That she should conceive and bring forth a son, and should call his name Jesus. And that he should be great, and should be called the son of the highest: and the Lord God would give unto him the throne of his father David." I regard this passage of scripture as of immense importance, conjointly with others of similar import, as furnishing us with satisfactory proof of Jesus Christ's mission in life. Mary appeared surprised and astonished, as well she might, and innocently inquired thus: "How can these things be, seeing I know not a man?" To which the Angel, in the 35th verse of this chapter, replied. It may be in an angelic or heavenly fashion, but certainly neither in dialect nor ideas is it consonant with modern usage nor human experience. That Mary was a decorous person I take for granted, and I have a strong impression that she was extremely modest; a quality, by the way, calculated to prove much more disastrous to anyone than beneficial, although a moderate share of this virtue is admirable and commendable in all.

Many years ago I knew a couple of young people who kept each other's company some time, they were decent and respectable in their sphere of life. But the young woman became unwell. Her mother took her to the doctor, who prescribed for the young woman, assuring her mother that she would be better by-and-bye. The young couple soon got married, and in a short time the doctor was sent for. The young woman was confined, and the doctor made a remark respecting her child. She denied that the child was hers; positively denied it. "Well, my good woman," jocularly replied the doctor, "it must be either yours or mine." When young women thus constituted fall into trouble previous to marriage, no one can account for what they will say or do to screen themselves. Their imagination and invention will be taxed to the utmost, and their veracity will often fail in the presence of their distress. In this long chapter, the first of St. Luke, amongst other extraordinary matters our attention is drawn to an old Jewish priest named Zacharias—whose wife's name was Elizabeth. This lady was a cousin to Mary the mother of Jesus Christ, and it would appear that they were on very intimate terms—as may be gathered from the following circumstance,—that as soon as Mary had been apprised by the Angel that she should ere long become the mother

of a child she betook herself into the hill country with haste into a city of Judea, and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elizabeth, and took up her abode there for three months before she returned to her own house. In this remarkable chapter we are also supplied with singular speeches,—one by Elizabeth, one by Mary, and one by Zacharias—but they all partake of a sacerdotal flavour. It is a matter of curiosity to us in the present day as to how these speeches became known to posterity. Who recorded them when delivered? There would be no shorthand reporter present. And these speeches, if delivered as recorded, were uttered before the birth of Christ, but were not given to the world by the writers of the Gospels for years after the death of Christ, so that there was plenty of time and opportunity to render them suitable to any change of circumstance. Now Zacharias was not only a priest, but a prophet, holding with Jesus that a prophet is not without honour, except in his own country and by those acquainted with him. The reasons are obvious. If the prophecies are true, the prophet would not fail to find honour, but being false they are treated with contempt. I have known some who, having professed to be charmers and conjurers, were thought much of by many in the distance, but all in the neighbourhood, except the very superstitious, ridiculed their pretensions.

In this prophecy, so-called, of Zacharias he refers to the Lord God of Israel as having "raised up an horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David . . . . and also that we should be saved from our enemies and from the hand of all that hate us. . . . . And that he would grant unto us that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear." The annunciation of the angel to Mary is prophetic respecting her son, when he affirms that God would give unto him the throne of his father David. Further, the reference made by Zacharias, just quoted, points in the same direction, and I think that, in glancing at the life of Christ from now onwards, we should bear in mind what is here indicated, as we shall find as we advance much that will coincide with and corroborate it. We find that at eight days old Jesus was circumcised, in accordance with the Jewish rites. Shortly after we find his parents taking

him to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord, and to offer as a sacrifice a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons, according to the law of Moses. We learn nothing further of the child Jesus until he is twelve years old, when his parents take him with them to the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem. But when they returned homewards they, with very culpable negligence, left the young boy behind, and travelled a day's journey without missing him, although such an extraordinary child. Then they had to return in search of him, and it took three days to find him. This did not show much parental care on the part of the parents nor filial duty on the part of their son. Nevertheless, they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. It would be a matter of curiosity to-day, if not advantage, could we ascertain the import of those questions and answers then and there produced. We now wholly lose sight of Jesus for the long period of eighteen years. How was he engaged all this time? Was it in following his trade as a carpenter? Whether we regard his mission in life as that of the savior of mankind from everlasting death, or as the future king of Israel, whose object it was to occupy the throne of David and redeem the Israelites out of the hand of their enemies—either way this reticence for so long a period by a person of such significant pretensions is hardly adapted to inspire the world with confidence. In referring to the great Tichborne case we are aware that the claimant maintained silence for about twenty years before putting in his claim to the Tichborne estate as the veritable "Sir Roger"—with what results the country has long been cognizant. To protect ourselves against impositions shows prudence. I have often wondered at the great blank of eighteen years in the history of the life of an individual of such extraordinary pretensions. This thorough silence for so long a period threw doubt upon the history, and demanded some explanation; which, by the way, I never found Christian ministers attempt to give. But recently, in an article in the *Hereford Times* newspaper of March 24th, 1894, I find a curious explanation given which, if true, fills up the gap in the life of Christ, and at any rate suggests much that is coincident and coherent with our Gospels. In the article referred to, which is headed "The

Life of Christ in Thibet," we find that a Russian traveller of the name of M. Nicholas Notovitch heard in a monastery that the Buddhists knew and honored the prophet Issa. Certain particulars of the life of Issa forced upon him the conviction that this prophet was Jesus Christ, who, according to this history, was born in Israel, but fled from his parents at thirteen years of age, and went with merchants to Sindh. At fourteen he was living among the Aryas. He learnt to read and understand the Vedas. He was initiated in the mysteries of pure Buddhism. Then he went westwards, preaching against idols. In Persia he opposed the religion of Zoroaster, but he was persecuted by magicians, and fled. He was twenty-nine years of age when he returned to Judea. This just fills the blank in the history of the life of Christ. It is said that Issa at once on entering Judea began to preach, but his popularity alarmed Pontius Pilate, and the governor, fearing a mutiny, caused Issa to be imprisoned, tortured, and tried before the Sanhedrim. A witness also was called who, speaking to Issa, said: "Did you not claim to be the king of Israel when you said that the Lord of Heaven had sent you to prepare his people?" We further find that Issa was crucified with two thieves, and that his sepulchre was found open and empty afterwards.

The life of Christ as given in the Gospels very conclusively shows that Christ was impressed with the idea that he was to become the future king of Israel. How could he escape from such a conclusion if he believed his mother's tale about the visit of the angel Gabriel, the supernatural conception, and the prophecies of Zacharias respecting him? It is but reasonable that his mind would be impressed by their tutelage into a lively desire to realise those predictions. Hence we find so much in his history that cannot be accounted for on any other ground. I take in the first place the case of Zebedee's children. The mother brought her two sons with her to Jesus, desiring him that they should sit the one on his right hand and the other on his left in his kingdom. To this important inquiry Jesus expressed no surprise; received it as an appropriate question; but intimated that, though not within his province to grant the favour, he desired it should be given to those whom the father chose. And in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew Christ tells his dis-

ciples that those that follow him in the regeneration (whatever he meant by it), when the son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, they also shall sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And everyone that forsakes houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for his name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit eternal life. This appeared a strong temptation to espouse the cause of Christ, and cast in their lot with him; but it seems the people were restrained by unbelief. Even his natural brothers did not believe in him (see St. John). But others had some confused belief in him; Nathaniel, for instance, who addressed Christ as "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the king of Israel." And in the twelfth chapter of St. John we have the account of much people bearing branches of palm trees and going forth to meet Jesus, crying: "Hosanna! Blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord." Jesus also rode upon an ass into Jerusalem that a prophecy might be fulfilled, which says: "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and the colt the foal of an ass." Now it appears that there was a very pronounced conviction running through Judea that Jesus was a candidate for the kingdom of Israel. This conviction was shared by his friends and enemies, and fostered by his own words and deeds. Even the chief priests and Pharisees held a council against him, "fearing that if he were left alone the Romans would come and take away both their place and nation." So strongly were some of the people persuaded that Jesus was to be their king and deliverer that they were disposed, on one occasion, to come and take him by force. And on the occasion of the trial of Jesus the Jews warned Pilate that, if he released Jesus, he was no friend of Cæsar's, for whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. Even the soldiers that plaited a crown of thorns for his head hailed him in derision as "King of the Jews," and, when crucified, a superscription was written over him in letters of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, "This is the King of the Jews." Jesus then, instead of ascending the throne of David according to the expectation and hopes of his friends, died upon the Cross as an impostor or pre-

tender. Even his disciples forsook him and fled when the hour of trial came, notwithstanding all their professions of loyalty or avowed belief in him and his miracles. Well, Christ's mission as the presumptive King of Israel having wholly failed, his followers invented a scheme to cover their retreat. They now say that he (Christ) came to die for the sins of the world. Had Christ succeeded in his attempt to obtain the throne of Israel, we never should have heard that the salvation of the world was to be obtained by the shedding of the blood of Christ, and by no other means. For my own part, it is utterly incomprehensible why mankind could not obtain free pardon for all their misdeeds, especially if we grant that mankind is the product of the handiwork of God, fashioned after his own likeness. There is nothing derogatory to an individual in performing acts of pardon, but it exhibits magnanimity, generosity, and amiability of character. But to represent God as a revengeful being who could not forgive the faults of his imperfect creatures without having an innocent person sacrificed (and that person his own son) for his gratification, appears to me as a moral anomaly unworthy the recognition of moral beings. I have never been able to recognise the value of blood as a sacrifice, its meritorious quality and efficacy, but it seems to have been an indispensable requisite among the priesthoods of all ages and nations. But are the Scriptures uniform in their maintenance of the doctrine that mankind (if lost) must be saved by a bloody sacrifice only, or not saved at all? In the 15th chapter of St. Luke Jesus Christ, who says he came from God, and therefore knows his will and disposition, gives a representation of God's treatment of his erring creatures, which may be summed up as a free, full, and loving pardon without any sacrifice. What more is required in regard to this matter? It is a correct representation, or it is not. Jesus Christ is responsible for it. Would he give us a false representation?

In this chapter Jesus Christ has given a most amiable description of the Deity. He is here represented as a loving Father, delighted to pardon and welcome his erring, repentant children, without any sacrifice or compensation whatever on their part, or that of anyone else. Now the crucial question is: Did Jesus Christ give in this chapter

a correct portraiture of God the Father as to his dealings towards mankind? If this is so, it appears to me to be a doctrine that would meet with very general recognition and appreciation. Or are we to conclude that Jesus has not given us here a true representation of God's dealings with his creatures? If he gave a correct account, what becomes of the atonement by the blood of Jesus Christ? Is not the free mercy of God quite adequate to human necessities? But there are other teachings in the Scriptures quite in harmony with that just given—such as "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And again, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive yours." Without any sacrifice whatever; no blood, no agony, no sorrow or pain; none asked for, none required. But to return prior to the Crucifixion. It is quite obvious to all that Christ failed in his attempt to obtain the coveted throne of David, notwithstanding his ambition and the encouragement he must have received from his friends and abettors from early childhood. He had unusual faith in God, perhaps fostered by the extraordinary communications of his mother and friends, touching his birth and prospects. But it is quite apparent that, as his end drew nigh, things began to wear a very gloomy aspect indeed. He had been impressed with the idea that he could command legions of angels from heaven to his rescue, but when the time of his great trouble drew nigh he found himself deserted both by men and angels; even the staunchest of his own disciples denied, betrayed, and forsook him. And when he saw that no relief came from any quarter, but that he was wholly given up to his enemies and had to suffer the dreadful death of a crucifixion upon the Cross—in despair he cried with a loud voice, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" What is the natural and relevant construction to be placed upon such an exclamation under the circumstances? Is it not that of a man labouring under a consciousness of great disappointment? as must have inevitably been the case if Christ believed the statement of the angel Gabriel delivered to his mother previous to his birth, in which it was announced that the Lord God would give unto him the throne of his father David, and in which he (Christ) appears to have placed great confidence. But, instead of being elevated, according to ex-

pectation, to the throne of his father David, he had to submit to the torture and degradation of death upon the Cross—which was highly calculated to produce that significant and unhappy exclamation, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is noteworthy that the mother of Jesus, although called a virgin, and an immaculate virgin to this day, was nevertheless a mother of a large family, consisting of at least five sons and two daughters. Jesus being the eldest son, followed by James and Joses, Simon and Judas, they had also sisters, but their names or number are not given. But a circumstance of a more noteworthy character still may be referred to, which is that Christ's own natural brothers did not believe in him; see St. John, chapter 7, verse 5. How was it that his brothers did not believe in him? Did they not believe their mother with regard to the important announcement of the Angel?

We find that, after the death of Jesus Christ, his followers circulated the report that he was risen again from the dead, and that he had appeared to many of them, and that he had ascended into heaven with infinite power, and that his mission to this world, after all, was not to become king of Israel and to rescue them out of the hands of their enemies; but to redeem mankind by his blood from sin and its consequences. And the idea is current that Christ is this day acting as our mediator, and pleading our cause in the presence of God. We have seen that the mission of Christ as candidate for the throne of Israel has utterly failed. We will now test the contention of his followers, that Christ's real mission to this world was to save mankind from eternal damnation. It will be admitted all round that Christ must have been very anxious to redeem mankind from their imputed position of being under the wrath of God, or he would never have made the wonderful sacrifice he did on their account. For is it not reasonable that he would put that power in operation and secure the salvation of mankind? Now the grand question is, Is there any proof that Christ exercises the attributes of power with which it is affirmed he is invested, in carrying out that plan of salvation said to be necessary for the redemption of mankind? The world to-day presents but one answer and that an emphatically negative one. It is agreeable neither to reason nor common-sense that an individual would sacrifice the most

consummate happiness for thirty-three years, and descend into a low state of existence, accompanied by poverty, disrespect, and insult, and ultimately submit to a most painful death to accomplish some lasting good to mankind, and then, having been invested with the power to carry it out, neglects or refuses to exercise that power. Such conduct is tantamount to that of Christ's as displayed with regard to the salvation of the human race. To prove this it is only necessary to cast an eye upon the present religious and moral condition of the world after nearly 1900 years of Christian teaching. According to Christian computation, the human race, in the year of Christ 1884, amounted to 1,440,000,000. Of these there were 440,000,000 of nominal Christians, whilst the non-Christians amounted to 1.000,000,000; so that a large proportion of the human population have never yet heard of the glad tidings, if such a term, under such conditions, can be considered any way appropriate In "Veritas's" "Conventional Christianity," written to the Churches of the empire with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, it is asserted, that it is to be feared that a very small fraction of professing Christians have experienced the saving power of religion. All the above goes to show the terrible dilemma in which mankind is placed, admitting that Christianity is founded on truth.

As rational beings, possessed of moral sentiments, how are we to receive the doctrines comprised in the term "Christianity"? Are we to believe that Jesus Christ had so much love for the human race that he made all the sacrifices attributed to him, yet now that he has risen from the dead and gone to heaven, possessed of almighty power, this love has collapsed, or become so inoperative that he can view with complacency, daily, millions of sensitive souls take up for ever their abode in the regions of eternal damnation? All the time, forsooth, he possesses the power to mould the heart, regenerate the spirit, and treat mankind as clay in the hands of the potter, without any sacrifice on his part whatever! Is this such treatment as we should expect from a Saviour attached to the human race and anxious for its salvation? But we are cautioned by our Christian advocates not to trust to our reason in religious matters, although it is the grandest endowment of which human nature can boast. But why should we fear to trust our reason in religious matters more than

secular ones? We upbraid and reproach ourselves and others when our words or actions are at variance with the dictates of reason, and I am convinced that it shows great impotency in any religious system that shrinks from the presence of the attribute of reason. But if Christianity cannot stand the test of reason it is quite at home in the region of sentiment, and assumes that there is a heavenly treasure in the keeping of the Church: an assumption which Mr. Gladstone, in his religious controversy with Colonel Ingersoll, endeavoured to maintain. Touching this matter, I will here give a short extract from the Colonel's reply to Mr. Gladstone. (The whole of the reply is well worth reading; its price is fourpence, and it is published in London, at 28, Stonecutter Street, E.C.) The extract is as follows:—

"What is the treasure in the keeping of the Church? Let me tell you. It is this. That there is but one true religion—Christianity—and that all others are false; that the prophets, and Christs, and priests of all others have been and are impostors, or the victims of insanity; that the Bible is the one inspired book—the one authentic record of the words of God; that all men are naturally depraved and deserve to be punished with unspeakable torments for ever; that there is only one path that leads to heaven, while countless highways lead to hell; that there is only one name under heaven by which a human being can be saved; that we must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; that this life, with its few and fleeting years, fixes the fate of man; that the few will be saved, and the many lost for ever. This is the heavenly treasure within the keeping of your Church."

And this "treasure" has been guarded by the cherubim of persecution, whose flaming swords were wet for many centuries with the best and bravest blood. It has been guarded by cunning, by hypocrisy, by mendacity, by perfidy, by calumniating the generous, by maligning the good, by thumbscrews and racks, by Holy Inquisitions, by robbery and assassination, by poison and fire, by the virtues of the ignorant and the vices of the learned, by the violence of mobs and the whirlwinds of war, by every hope and every fear, by every cruelty and every crime, and by all there is of the wild beast in the heart of man.

The discussion of such an important topic must have been of a very interesting character, Mr. Gladstone being the first politician and divine this country can produce; whilst

Colonel Ingersoll is held to be the first orator of the great American Republic. Of Mr. Gladstone's eminent abilities we are all cognizant, and it is pleasant to notice that he had the good grace and candour to admit that his opponent the Colonel "writes with a rare and enviable brilliancy." It appears quite evident, judging from a rational and secular point of view, that Jesus Christ has utterly failed, not only in his mission first indicated—that of becoming King of Israel—but he also failed in the mission which his disciples imagined for him after his death, viz., that he came down to this world to procure the salvation of mankind. Now if mankind, according to Christian doctrine, has fallen into a lost condition, have they recovered from that unhappy state by and through Christ, in conjunction with all the apparatus put in force for the propagation of Christianity? The answer is to be found in the fact that to-day the vast bulk of the human race are non-Christian, and ever likely to be, and to all these the glad tidings of the Gospel (so-called) are nothing less than the tidings of eternal damnation. Had not Jesus power to save these millions? I can see but one excuse that it is not done, viz., his inability. Depraved as mankind do seem, and brutal as many really are, the monster, I presume, was never born that would leave untold millions of sensitive beings to endure eternal torment if he could possibly prevent it. And if Jesus Christ possesses the illimitable power attributed to him, it is sheer imbecility to say that he could not prevent it if he would. The case, then, stands thus: Christ could convert the different peoples of the earth to the Christian faith with alacrity and in a short period of time, were he disposed so to do. But as this achievement has not taken place, we are driven to the conclusion that his mission to the world, as defined by his disciples, has wholly failed, and that consequently the Christian system has collapsed. But, alas, upon the foundation of the life and death of Christ and the doctrines taught by his followers has arisen a system of religion of a most arbitrary, inequitable, and irrational character. It appears to have been originated by Peter, Christ's chief lieutenant, an ardent and most energetic apostle, some time after the death of Christ. This was the apostle who emphatically stated that Jesus was the Christ, the son of the living God, and afterwards in his presence denied with oaths any knowledge of him.

Peter was the chief who appears to have laid the foundation for the compulsory support of religion. Nearly the first of his assumed miracles was to strike dead two generous-hearted people because they did not part with the whole amount their property was sold for, and lay it all at the apostles' feet. One would have thought that the apostles would have been thankful for a share of the money realised by the sale of the property, and permitted the donors to reserve a little for themselves, should they stand in need of it. But no, Peter must have it all, to put in his capacious bag. Now as to this miracle, what a moral example it was to set before the world! As evil examples are very contagious, it is by no means a matter of surprise that the spirit displayed in the initiation of the Christian faith should so thoroughly imbue the future development of the system, so that it grew with its growth. Hence we find in the present day that the Christian system, wherever it possesses power, acts in a despotic manner over mankind. Notably among other sections stands out the Church of England as a system of mental despotism and usurpation, even the Church authorities themselves appointing as teachers of religion men whom congregations are oftentimes quite averse to, and yet they are bound, by Christian or Church made law, to maintain such men through life, however incompetent, inefficient, or worthless they may be. If the case with regard to Church people is so grievous and so opposed to religious equity, what must be the feelings engendered in the minds of Nonconformists generally who are financially bound to support the Church, although they take no interest in it whatever? Is such a system adapted to create peace on earth and goodwill among men? The reverse is quite inevitable. The hardship and grievance is still much greater in the case of Wales, where the Nonconformists are in a large majority over Churchmen. But men stick to their sect and party in defiance of moral principle, or what is equitable and right, when money is a principal factor in the game. The vast revenues of the Church of England are quite sufficient to corrupt and demoralise, more or less, the best of men. What, then, must be its effect upon men of low moral qualities, but to prompt them to enter the Church for the sake of worldly gain, and thereby largely contribute to the moral retrogression of society? This vast revenue handed over by the State,

consisting of many millions per year, to keep the Established Church going, is not only a great injustice to all Nonconformists, but it is derogatory to the moral and social elevation of society at large. There is no institution in the country bearing the name of religion that furnishes so many facilities, temptations, and encouragements to play the hypocrite, as does the Church of England. It would require a person with superhuman skill to invent a system better calculated to produce and foster a course of dissimulation. Yes, it is religion, not morality, that the Church of England upholds. Morality must take the back seat, Church religion pushes to the front. It is remarkably respectable. What is morality compared with it? It dwindles into comparative insignificance, and is virtually ignored. What are truth, justice, honour, equity, probity, and consistency of character, compared to conformity to the ceremonies of the Church, in the eyes of Church zealots? It is quite patent also that human nature, amongst the most favourably constituted, is not endowed with such moral power as successfully to resist temptations, especially under the influence of the rich and influential whose desire, it is quite obvious, is to maintain religious ascendancy over other denominations at any price.

After having taken a thoughtful view of religion and its diversified (and to me) incongruous doctrines, according as my abilities and opportunities permitted, I felt at length compelled, in opposition to my previous hopes and expectations, to withdraw my support from the maintenance of those views I had adopted, and cherished, as the most valuable acquirements of life. This episode in my life cost me much. It costs something in the present day of advanced Freethought, but it cost far more fifty years ago. Then Freethought was but an urchin struggling into existence, but is now encouraged and strengthened by the growing intelligence of the age and the salubrity of the atmosphere in which he moves, and promises that ere long he will become a very stalwart fellow, who will turn his back upon no man. The withdrawal from the Congregational Church was to me personally a bitter experience, intensified in consequence of the general good feeling which prevailed between myself and the most sincerely pious and consistent members of our church; and this feeling I am fully persuaded was reciprocated in a high

degree on their side. But what honest course was open to me under the circumstances? I could remain in the Church only as an hypocrite. But hypocrisy stood very low in my estimation, notwithstanding its great prevalence in connection with religion. Some of my best friends warned me that, if I left the cause of religion, that respect for me would grow considerably less. This was a very unpleasant announcement to me, as I felt great pleasure in gaining and retaining the good opinion of my friends of all denominations; but unfortunately this announcement proved true, and I began to realise the import of that passage of Scripture where Jesus said: "I came not to send peace, but a sword." And again: "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be those of his own household."

I cannot think that the sentiments here expressed have a tendency to confirm our ideas that Jesus is really the Prince of Peace. We find unfortunately in the present day that this spirit of persecution has not died out, this sword still remains unsheathed, although its edge has become much more blunt than it was in the days of yore. But I conclude from experience that whatever we suffer in the way of persecution with regard to religion, there remains a satisfactory and pleasurable feeling that we are honest enough and loyal enough to the interests of truth, to stand firmly by our strongest and most reasonable convictions, in the face of the frowns of the hoary-headed dame, Mrs. Grundy. Having accompanied my Christian friends far on their Christian pilgrimage, we arrived at the "Parting of the Ways," when the severance took place, they continuing to travel on the "Great Substitutionary" or sentimental line, which they did with apparent pleasure and self-complacency. For my own part I felt unable to accompany them any further upon this line, as I became firmly convinced that, in order to travel thereon with equanimity of mind, I should have to suppress or ignore my earnest convictions. This appeared to me an inconsistent and incongruous course for a rational and moral being to pursue. Consequently I left my friends with much regret and took another line, that of "Ethical Progress," which runs from the capital Superstition, through the vale of Ignorance and Vice, to the beautiful "City of

Morality," situate on the hill of Rational Enjoyment. In this city all are equally eligible that can endorse the aphorism—"There is no religion higher than truth." Here people of every creed and clime who adopt a rational policy in life receive a cordial welcome. Here alone are those that repudiate class interests, and throw overboard caste privileges, and look upon mankind as one universal brotherhood. Here the philosopher, the scientist, the philanthropist, the Theosophist, the Universalist, and all others who attempt to elucidate truth, promote morality, and endeavour to unfold the secrets of nature, may work in accord with each other. Here there is no class nor hereditary privilege, no honours but what spring from personal merit or ability. Here men are not valued by their wealth or the antiquity of their pedigree, but by their usefulness in the service of mankind.

A RETROSPECT,

AND ADVICE TO TOILERS.

I now take a glance at some important incidents of my life hitherto unnoticed. I can just remember the great agitation relative to the unhappy disagreement between George IV and his wife, Queen Caroline. My maternal uncle, with whom I then lived, took interest in the matter, he being in favour of the Queen. This would be about the year 1819. But up to the year 1830, I knew little of politics, when the great Reform Bill controversy woke me up. At that time the people were unrepresented in Parliament. Farmers, tradesmen, men of property or no property, were equally voteless. Clergymen and landed proprietors only had this privilege. By this Bill, £50 renters were enfranchised. The Tories, as usual when any political power is given to the people, strongly protested, avowing that if the Bill was carried it would be the ruin of the country. But it was neither its ruin, nor much to its advantage, except as an initiation, or a preliminary step to greater reforms. For without the

ballot as a protection to voters in dependent circumstances, the use or extension of the franchise among the people is of little avail. The ambition and conceit of human nature is so great, that the aristocracy strongly opposes the carrying out the principles of political equity towards those in a subordinate position. The Tory school of politics is a channel in which this spirit finds a free development, as I have abundantly proved by noting the conduct of the Tory party from the passing of the great Reform Bill (so-called) to the present day.

The Liberals for about thirty years endeavoured to pass the Ballot Act to protect the dependent voter from the intimidating action of despotic landlords and employers of working men. Why were the Liberals opposed when attempting to carry into law such an equitable act of legislation? There was but one cause, viz., despots were afraid that dependent voters might have a will of their own, and as men of principle might carry it out agreeably to the interests of their own class. The Tories condemned the Ballot Act as an un-English legislation. Yes, unhappily it was too well described. It has been more in accordance with English practice to coerce and overrule the convictions of those who were found in a subordinate condition of life.

About the year 1840 a Charter was drawn up favourable to the political interests of the working-classes, which was so opposed by those in power that it well nigh produced a revolution. But how stands the matter to-day respecting this Charter? Well, nearly every point thereof has become law, despite the persistent opposition of the Tories to every measure of reform in the interests of those doing the drudgery of life.

In the year 1838, through the imposition of the Corn Laws, the wheat had risen to seventy-seven shillings per quarter, whilst the labourers received the magnificent wages of seven to nine shillings per week. The Liberals, therefore, under the inspiration of Messrs. Cobden and Bright, had to labor for years, subject to calumny and danger, in order to abolish this abominable impost, created for the purpose of enriching the landlords at the cost of the labouring part of the community. Since then the labouring population have fared much better than they did previously. They are better fed, clothed, and educated. And whom have they to thank for it? The Liberals,

who have laboured to obtain laws in their favour, or the Tories who have persistently opposed every measure calculated to procure them advantage? No working-man possessed of common-sense would voluntarily vote for a Tory Parliamentary candidate, save through sheer political ignorance.

In 1852, when 37 years old, occurred the most important transaction of my life. In that year I was fortunate enough to secure a help-mate possessed of qualities adapted to make a comfortable home, and cheer the path of life by her judicious counsel and incessant attention to matters of both trivial and serious importance, calculated to procure peace and concord, which we have enjoyed in no small degree for a period of over forty-two years. Notwithstanding some serious drawbacks for which neither of us are in the slightest degree responsible, we can yet look back upon these years of happiness with great pleasure and complacency, although some of our friends predicted that our union would be an unhappy one, in consequence of want of unanimity in religious ideas. But happily these predictions were wholly falsified by the exercise of a broad charity, which harbours no bigotry, or unfriendliness for diversity of opinion. And I may further add that, amongst our six children, the eldest of whom has reached the age of forty and the youngest twenty years and upwards, there has not been one undistinguished for general honesty and veracity of character. This, I maintain, is presumptive proof that their home education has not been of an unsatisfactory description, and I think perhaps not often equalled; and this consciousness affords not a little gratification.

An episode of a very remarkable character that has been enacted within the last twenty years I cannot pass without referring to. It is the treatment that was meted out to Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., by our legislature, prompted by the religious zeal and bigotry of the country, especially as represented by the Church of England. Here was a man that made a life sacrifice in favour of the poorer classes,—a man possessed of extraordinary physical, mental, and moral powers, which he devoted in the most unselfish form to the cause of the working classes, and who, through his exceptional abilities and habits of persistent industry, ascended from the depths of poverty

to the honourable position of that of a member of Parliament for this kingdom of Great Britain. Although still a poor man, he was one of the most honest men that ever put his foot in Parliament, and as a poor man's representative he has no equal yet, although we have at present the best People's Parliament ever elected in this country. It is now a matter of history how he was treated by the British Christian public; how he was prevented occupying his seat after being duly elected time after time; how he was also dragged out of Parliament by physical force to his great personal injury. All this was the result of religious zeal for the cause of God. In this way our Christian zealots recommended Christianity to the people by virtually putting to death, by a kind of inch to inch process, over a series of years, a man of rare and enviable ability and high moral character. Yes, this inhuman and brutal conduct, the effect of Christian zeal, must go down in history to future time with its indelible stain, which no process can ever eradicate.

In concluding this my Autobiography, I beg to offer my brother farmers a word of advice arising from a long life of experience only, without assuming for a moment any other claim to make such a proposition beyond my respect for them, and desire for their general welfare; for as a class I consider them second to none in honesty, industry, and loyalty to their convictions. But they are unfortunately in an unfavourable position to ascertain the right or wrong of the different religious teachings imposed upon mankind. How are farmers, and others as unfavourably situated, to deal with these matters? Are they credulously to receive these contradictory teachings as the word or inspiration of God? If so, then they may imbibe Muhammadanism, Mormonism, Buddhism, Theosophy, or any of the doctrines taught by the very numerous divergent sections of Christianity. But men should not forget that they are possessed of reasoning powers which they should not ignore or renounce, to follow the dictates of others whose education may be extensive, and whose eloquence may be considerable, inasmuch as men of the greatest learning and general ability differ with regard to religious opinions, as broadly as the most uneducated people. My humble advice, therefore, is: That every man possessed of common-sense would do well to use his own judgment upon all public

questions, which it is quite certain the bulk of men do not, or they would not retain the views in manhood imposed upon them in infancy, before their reasoning powers were at all developed. We know full well that each different system of religion cannot be true, and, as it is a matter of great importance, every person should do his best to fathom it out, so far as his judgment and opportunity permit. But this is not to be attained by listening demurely and credulously to the preaching of those in whose opinions you may even place considerable confidence. The bull should be taken by the horns. You must submit every difficult question to the arbitration of reason; if it can pass that bar, respect it as pure gold. If it fail to pass there, reject it as a spurious article that should be thrown under the foot of man, no matter what its popularity or how remote the antiquity of its origin. Doctrines that are not in accordance with humane sentiments and reasonable convictions should be discarded as unworthy the reception of individuals aspiring to the attainment of moral culture. Nevertheless, every doctrine should be tested dispassionately and deliberately before it is finally accepted or rejected. Especially should we weigh carefully, and judge impartially, the opinions of those whose views are opposed to our own. There are dreadful doctrines taught, calculated to bewilder and overturn the equilibrium of the greatest mental power were they fully believed in, which happily they are not, even by the greatest professors, without a considerable sprinkling of *salt*, or, in other words, *the pure mercy of God*, arising from a consciousness of the merciful feelings that inhabits the human breast. But it is a cruel, a terrible thing to impose the doctrine of eternal damnation upon the minds of tender, sensitive beings, year after year and century after century. This monstrous doctrine engenders consternation and terror in timid, nervous individuals at the approach of death. There is also another important consideration that must not be overlooked. That is, the vast amount of money yearly squandered to keep this diabolical doctrine afloat. Millions of pounds per annum, that should be used for the requirements and comforts of the working classes, pass into the hands of the wealthy and others, who live only as birds of prey upon the industry of the farmers and the laboring classes of the community. How long will men of good understanding

submit in this age of progress to all the imposition and delusion that are practised upon society, to the great disadvantage of those that comprise the middle and lower classes thereof? My final advice to my brother farmers is to look well to their class interests. If they fail to do this, I am unable to see what claim they have to be considered either patriots or philanthropists. With regard to the upper classes, they are quite capable of taking care of themselves without our interference. But I think it right and proper to accord to them the honour and respect of which they are worthy, appraising them not by the vastness of their wealth, but by their intellectual and moral qualities, and the value of their services to mankind generally. Yet I hold that it is a great mistake to suppose that the lower class of society would be one whit better than the upper class, were it possible thoroughly to reverse their circumstances. They would require quite as much looking after, would be equally as ambitious, overbearing, and inequitably disposed to those in a subordinate position of life as are the rich and influential of to-day. Human nature is similar throughout society. There are excellent natural qualities in men of all classes and of all political and religious persuasions, and the full development of these qualities should be considered as the most important and beneficial object within the province of man.

I hope to be pardoned for offering a word of advice here to young men, agriculturists and others. I think it would show good sense and self-control in them to develope their own abilities, physically, mentally, and morally. If munificently gifted by the beneficence of nature, how sad and culpable must it be to neglect the cultivation of such minds; and if, unfortunately, the mind is of an inferior quality, the more reason that its possessor should cultivate it to its utmost extent to enable him to cope efficiently with his fellows. There are various reasons, of much importance, why the intellect should receive all possible culture. Now the attainment of truth and the reception of correct ideas is not to be secured without earnest and persistent effort to obtain truth for truth's sake. Difficulties may arise with regard to many topics, but don't be disconcerted on that account; apply your mind to them again and again, until you obtain a satisfactory conclusion, which in all probability you will,

if the difficulty is solvable by the human understanding; but, if not, you need not trouble about it. There is much more beyond the power of our comprehension than within its domain. Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, are in perpetual antagonism with each other. But it should be our object and duty as moral and rational beings to distinguish between them and to embrace the good and reject the evil. It appears to me that mankind are in nothing more beguiled and befooled than by religious ideas. Priestcraft of some kind or other, in every country, and in every age, has managed to victimise the common people by the assumption of superior knowledge relative to another life, and by playing upon the hopes and fears and sentimental feelings of the industrious part of mankind, in whose ignorance and ductility consists the web of their strength. But what does any clergy really know relative to anything beyond the precincts of the present life? Nothing whatever. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the most learned divines know no more respecting any hereafter than the most illiterate of the human species, although he (the Archbishop) draws by his pretensions £15,000 per year from the country. The hewers of wood and drawers of water, those that spin and toil, should exercise their brains more upon such important subjects, and bring all creeds and theories to the test of reason without fear. You need fear nothing but wrong-doing. But remember it is wrong to abstain from right-doing. The various priesthoods, with a view to keep the people in subjection to their craft, dwell upon the influence of supernatural beings, affirming their malevolent power over mankind. This specious theory they have wielded to their own worldly advantage and the subjugation of the people. Believe them not. Nor fear all the devils that have ever taken possession of the imagination of the most fertile and superstitious brains. But some may contend that they are so much absorbed in business to procure a living, that they have not time and opportunity to attend to these important matters. But the gravity and importance of these topics should induce you to give your best thought and judgment to the examination of them. You do not allow strangers to intermeddle with your money or other valuables. Then why depute to, or allow others, to decide for you important doctrines of a disputed and widely controversial character.

The want of time is the excuse generally given as a justification to cover our delinquencies. But we are apt to overlook the vast amount of precious time wasted in smoking, drinking and in following sports of different kinds such as football and cricket—sports quite unnecessary and even harmful for those connected with farming business. The industrious agriculturist finds in the pursuit of his calling quite as much use for the activity of his muscles as is beneficial to him, and sometimes to his hurt, and he cannot follow these athletic sports much without suffering in a business point of view. Another kind of sport injurious in many ways to the farmer is fox-hunting. That it is an exciting sport is admitted, but unless a farmer has some independency he had better abstain from it altogether. I have known farmers, even in a superior condition of life, brought to grief by following the hounds. They with their families have in consequence had to descend into the depths of poverty. Some think that by putting in an appearance in the hunting field they secure the good-will of the gentry. They may procure a smile—as the presence of the farmer serves as a cover for the intrusion of the gentry. But landlords uniformly admire the man that sticks to his farm far before him that takes pride in frequently shouting out "Tally Ho" in the hunt.

Now there is one day in the week called the Sabbath day, when labour is generally suspended by law. This I regard as a favourable opportunity for people generally to improve their minds. Some spend much of their time in attending places of worship, without, as I think, obtaining any corresponding improvement; and, were it not that they obtain information from other sources, they would be no further advanced to-day than a year ago. But I think that people having any desire to cultivate their mental powers should carefully secure their Sunday leisure for that important purpose, and they should endeavour to obtain the best publications within their reach, whether books or periodicals, for without these there is no progress. To obtain the opinion of the best, the most competent men on every side, should be our earnest desire. The ascertaining of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, upon all the important matters that present themselves to our understanding, should be our chief object. We should buy the truth, cost what it may, and when obtained prize it as gold, yea, as much fine gold. But

this is not always obtained without some adverse consequences. You may be sincere, earnest, truth-loving, conscientious, and moral in conduct, but if you take a road of your own, you may find friends whom you highly value on account of their amiable characteristics, turn their backs upon you because you cannot see as they see, nor walk the path they choose to adopt. And you may also find to your dismay that, notwithstanding the eulogistic description of charity given by St. Paul in his epistles to the Corinthians, that there is nothing more scarce in the religious world than true charity. Bigotry you may commonly find in the height of her arrogance, lifting her egotistic, haughty, Pharisaic brow, and whispering audibly, "I thank my God that I am not as other men." Now, according to the declaration of St. Paul, he holds charity up as a test question of religious sincerity. He ignores all other virtues in the absence of true charity. "Without charity," he says, "I am nothing." If we are to accept this dictum of the apostle as a fact, what a number of Nothingarians is Christian society composed of to-day! Personally, I should never select the Church as the home, or depository of charity, having experienced much greater liberality of thought outside, than within its precincts. To those in the earnest pursuit of truth, I would say that, whatever uncharitableness and unpleasantness you may meet with in the pursuit of such a commendable and honourable course, you will have the satisfaction and gratification of having used your judgment honestly and conscientiously, which cannot fail to secure that peace of mind which the world cannot give nor take away.

I now close this my humble Autobiography, leaving it, with all its imperfections, as my legacy to the industrious classes of the community, and as the only compensation I can render for the advantages, privileges, and comforts I have received therefrom. In wishing well to all classes of society, I desire that the industrious portion thereof should make greater progress in moral and material well-being, and that they should stand firmly by the principles of truth, justice, and equity, as their only security against error, despotism, and oppression.

A. Bonner, Printer, 34 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

Public Speaking & Debate

By

George Jacob Holyoake

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PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE

A Manual for Advocates and Agitators

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

AUTHOR OF 'SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE.'

'All who in the service of God or Man disseminate sentiments of truth and equity, are agitators in the better sense of the term.'

Maxim of Progress.

London

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

8

Inscribed

TO THE

REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

HIMSELF A MASTER IN THE ART

THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN TO COMMEND, WHOM THE AUTHOR

FOUND TO BE FAIR IN DISCUSSION, IN DAYS

WHEN FEW MINISTERS WERE SO;

AND WHO IN LATER YEARS WAS HIS FRIEND, NOTWITHSTANDING

HIS DIVERGENCY IN THEOLOGICAL OPINION.

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PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

MANY years ago I printed an outline book on this subject (*Public Speaking and Debate*) for the use of persons who found learned treatises on oratory uninteresting or too profound to be intelligible. Though dealing alone with the Rudiments of the art, it was reprinted in America, and in 1853 the *New York Tribune* described it as being 'unpretentious and practical.' It being now rewritten after the experience of forty years, I trust the reader will find the same qualities still in these new pages.

In 1862, the Rev. Mr Vickers of Boston, America, then visiting England, informed me that he took up, in a New York book-shop, a copy of a work entitled, *Public Speaking and Debate*, by John Bower. Upon opening it he found that it was an American edition of *Public Speaking and Debate*, by G. J. Holyoake, with the name of the author borne by another. This, I hope, may be taken as proof that the book was thought useful by the new author.

But a testimony of which I have always been proud was that of Wendell Phillips—whom Mr Bright said 'had the most eloquent voice which ever spoke the English tongue.' He sent me word that he had lent 'his well-thumbed copy of *Public Speaking and Debate* until he had lost it, upon

the theory [he benevolently held] that he who most needed a book had the greatest right to it.' Upon that principle, Mr Phillips certainly did not require it. Still, I sent him another copy. It was probably the ethical theory of debate contained in it, upon which we had had personal controversy,* which interested him.

The earliest and most generous of English critics was the Rev. Dr Joseph Parker, who, when he edited the *Pulpit Analist*, said to young preachers: 'There is Mr Holyoake's *Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate*. Get this book if you can. I am afraid it is out of print. It is full of wise and practical counsel, and rich with allusion and quotation of the best kind,' in illustration of which a passage of two pages was cited. Considering that Dr Parker's belief differed widely from mine, of which he was well aware, seeing that we had held a public debate thereupon for several nights, I cite his words (though it will seem egotistical to do it), since they exceed anything I could think of saying myself, to the end of engaging the attention of the reader to these pages, which I suppose to be the object of all introductions.

Another motive, higher than egotism, induces me to inscribe this book as the reader sees I do. When Mr Allsop proposed to supplement an annuity given me, Dr Parker sent a subscription and wrote a letter to the *Daily News*, intended to be of service to the fund. I cannot agree where I would—were coincidence of belief a matter of will, but an act of kindness I never forget, and I am glad when I can acknowledge it.

As respects the texture of the following pages, the reader will discern that it has no merit save incitement, if indeed it has that.

What is called a 'systematic treatise' is what is usually looked for on the subject of public speaking. But I have

* See 'Reply to Letter of Ion,' in the *Melodeon*, Boston—the only reply Mr Phillips told me he ever made to a European critic.

found those who have followed such have rarely become speakers of mark, until they have freed themselves from the 'system' and trusted to themselves. A system is a sort of machine, and one reared in it is apt to be entangled in wheels within wheels, when the time comes for action; or he finds that the machine, though of most excellent construction, will not work just when it is most wanted to do it. Now, a series of chapters on the essential parts of public speaking—not chained together, but capable of independent use on emergency, with a springing board in each of them from which a speaker of moderate activity can throw himself at will, as it were, into the heart of an argument—will best serve the practical student. The execution may not equal the design, but this is the rule on which these pages are written.

Whatever may conduce to improvement in the art and character of agitation, as it is the hope of the Author this book will do, may be of public service, seeing what an increase of voices will be heard in the land, as sure-footed democracy advances.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, being apparently only acquainted with the bad meaning of the term, lately spoke contemptuously of 'agitators,' whereupon the Rev. Stewart Headlam justly asked, 'Were not Paul, and even our Lord Himself, agitators? Surely it depends upon what you agitate for, and how you agitate, as to whether an "agitator" is to be condemned or praised.' Mr Headlam might have asked, where would the Archbishop be but for that superb agitator Luther? Not thought much of by the archbishops of his day.

Just-minded agitation prevents the putrefaction of opinion, which is as fatal to States as to Truth. Cowper wrote:—

> Winds from all quarters *agitate* the air,
> And fit the limpid element for use.

CHAPTER II

THE SOCIAL AND PUBLIC USES OF RHETORIC

In this country, where the political genius of the people lies in self-government, where liberty depends upon the capacity of stating its claims, the art of public speaking has public importance.

To be able to take a subject well in hand, like a stage-coach driver does his horses, to hold the reins of argument firmly, to direct and drive well home the burden of meaning, is a power useful to every man who rises to address a congregation or a council, or stands up in Parliament to persuade, or on a platform to convince, a meeting.

Perfect expression is ever an indispensable household acquisition—a social charm, an economy in explanation, and hourly ministers to good understandings. In public, a good speech, well-spoken, is part of the necessary defence of truth and right. In one of his famous letters to Mr Delane (1864), Mr Cobden remarks:—

'It is known that I am not in the habit of writing a word beforehand of what I speak in public. Like other speakers, practice has given me as perfect self-possession in the presence of an audience, as if I were writing in my closet. Now, my ever-constant and over-ruling thought while addressing a public meeting—the one necessity which long experience of the arts of controversialists has impressed on my mind, is to avoid the possibility of being misrepresented, and prevent my opponents from raising a false issue—a trick of logic as old as the time of Aristotle. If I have, as some favourable critics are pleased to think, sometimes

spoken with clearness, it is more owing to this ever-present fear of misrepresentation than any other cause.'

This remarkable autobiographical passage shows how the practice of rhetoric had trained great natural powers to explicitness and mastery in their use.

Progression is a series of stages—individuals first, then groups, then classes, then nations are raised. You can no more introduce the people at once to the highest results of philosophy than you can take them to the summit of a monument without ascending the steps, or reach a distant land without travelling the journey. But it is possible to impart method in classification, coherence in inferences, and inculcate justice in invective. The people are not waiting for new discoveries in thought; there is more wisdom extant than they master, more precepts than they apply. The scaling-ladders of the wise, which they, having mounted the citadel of wisdom, have kicked down, are yet of service to those who are below. The author has picked one of these ladders up, and reared it in these pages for the use of those who have yet to rise.

In the ancient state of society, war was the only trade, force the only teacher, and the battle-axe the only argument. A transition has, indeed, taken place; the times, and means, and ends are changed. The struggle now is for income and intelligence, and men are engaged in a double battle against want and error. Provided the literary sword will cut, few will quarrel about its polish. If the blade has good temper, he who needs it will put up with a plain hilt.

A poor man cannot rival the rich in luxury of life, but he can in luxury of knowledge. He cannot furnish his house as the wealthy can, but he can furnish his head. He cannot found a house of note, but he may found a mind of mark. Though some kingdoms may be adorned or afflicted with kings, learning has always been a republic, where all are equal who know.

CHAPTER III

THE NATURE OF RHETORIC

PLATO's definition of rhetoric is still bright and suggestive; namely: 'Rhetoric is the art of persuading the minds of men.' Rhetoric is commonly regarded as a pretentious, superfine, or ornate way of presenting an argument; whereas rhetoric merely means the art of speaking to a purpose. A rhetorician originally meant a public speaker, whose object was orally to influence opinion in courts, in council, or in public meeting. The highest effort of public speaking is seen when the object of the speaker is to persuade the minds of men to accept some great principle, or adopt some just policy in public affairs.

There were two Herberts of mark in literature—George (1581) and Edward (1593). Edward is commonly spoken of as Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It is he who likens rhetoric to 'a diamond which is of small use until it is cut and polished, when its angles send forth flashes of light which arrest and delight every eye.'

By reasoning we satisfy ourselves, by rhetoric we satisfy others. The rhetorician is commonly, but unwisely, considered most perfect who carries his point by whatever means. 'Men like to see the man who is a match for events, and equal to any exigency.' But it is plain we must make some distinction as to the manner in which a point is to be carried. We may as well say that a man may carry the point of life by any means, that is, fill his pockets

by any means, as influence men by any means. A low appeal to the passions we call claptrap. Dr Johnson, who put morality into his definitions, said, 'Oratory is the power of beating down your adversaries' arguments, and putting *better* in their places.'

It implies force and individuality of mind when a man desires to reason out things for himself. Most men prefer to be told what to think; they are perplexed, and find themselves lost in a maze of feeling, prejudice and interests; they cannot see far, nor appreciate what is near. They might have a commanding view of the field of difficulty from an eminence, but eminences are not to be attained without exertion, and most men are disinclined to exertion. They are therefore grateful to anyone who will climb the mount and tell them what he sees. But if he can do more—can tell them not only what they should do and why they should do it—he opens their minds, satisfies their judgment, and inspires them with a new and, let us hope with Dr Johnson, a right purpose. He who satisfies by right reason the conscience of others, commands them without fraud or force. He teaches no unmanly subjection of the understanding; he neither invokes nor needs submission to authority; he represents the only leadership consistent with progress—the leadership of ideas commended by reason. Such are the just aims of honest rhetoric.

CHAPTER IV

WHAT IS MEANT BY ELOCUTION

THE literal meaning of elocution is 'to speak out.' Dictionaries and writers on rhetoric define elocution as that pronunciation which is given to words when they are arranged into sentences and form discourse. This conception of it confines it to articulation, whereas elocution includes accurateness, distinctness and natural modulation of words, in private as well as public life. Modulation comes by nature and emotion, but accuracy and distinctness come by art.

The object of public speech is persuasion. It ought to be the object of private speech also. To persuade by public speech requires a voice articulate and audible. That is the beginning of effectiveness and influence in elocution. A man will speak all his life and never think that words are merely sounds. Accustomed to see words in books, he forgets, or does not realise, that words are merely sounds to the hearer. The difference between the foreign language and the English consists only in a different set of sounds. A man wonders, when he stands by a telegraph clerk, how he turns ticks into words, and does not know that the ticks are sounds of words made by a machine. Chicago is a fine Indian word, sounding as though written She-càr-go. If anyone should pronounce it Chick-a-go, nobody would understand what place he meant; or should he at dinner, wanting tomàtoes, pronounce the word tom-a-toes, the waiter would not know what to give him.

A speaker must use his ears to learn what sounds he should make, and be alert with his ears to note what sounds others make. People will listen to one who can be easily heard. The clear, strong speaking man can command a hearing. He who fills the ear carries weight. Few have minds to fill—all have ears.

A letter addressed as follows was a puzzle to the best readers in the Post Office for some time:—'Serum Fridavi, Londres;' when, by reading the address aloud, with the French as well as the English sound of the vowels, it was found to be—'Sir Humphry Davy, London.'

At one Anti-Corn Law meeting held in Glasgow, in 1845, I sat at half-distance from the platform. As my name had been given to the Lord Provost, I was uncertain whether I should not be called upon to take part in the proceedings, and therefore anxious to hear all that was said. It was at this time that I first felt perfectly the annoyance of indistinct speaking. At the Newhall Hill meetings in Birmingham I had been accustomed to hear Warwickshire orators vocal, but in Glasgow I found they only spoke, and spoke as though they were paid for the sound they made, and did not get a good price for it. At length the Rev. Dr King arose, who spoke with strong deliberateness—words well conceived and well delivered. The syllables fell on the ear like the steady tolling of a bell. His voice was the relief of the night. Whenever I go to a public meeting, I pray that one of the speakers may have Dr King's quality.

There are two ways of speaking—one from the throat, the other from the chest. The chest voice is louder, and lasts longer. The stage voice is a chest voice, whose uniformity and peculiarity everyone knows. Both actors and singers inflate the chest to deepen, strengthen, and prolong the tones.

Most grammars give a list of about twenty-two words beginning with *h* in which the *h* is not sounded. These have to be spoken as though they began with a vowel. All

other words beginning with *h* must have that letter distinctly heard. In illustration of this neglect of aspiration where proper, teachers of elocution say that if the Indian swallows the sword we (h)eat the poker. Care in speaking the aspirate words, and in not aspirating words where the *h* is silent, nor in words beginning with a vowel, will disappoint novelists who, unable to delineate character in which the person is identified by his mind, invent peculiarities of manners or of speech. Writers of small knowledge delight to sneer at those who have less, and write the names of Harriet and Harry without the H. Rapid utterance and a slovenliness of speaking, habitual with those who have not thought upon the intention of speech, make it difficult to them to aspirate when they should and avoid doing it when they should not. To speak the aspirate at will, or to omit it at will, comes easy to those who speak deliberately. Vowels should have a bold open tone—a slight, short, mincing pronunciation of the unaccented vowels is a fault to be well avoided.

Audibility depends chiefly on articulation, and articulation depends much on the distinctness with which we hear the final consonants. They need attention as well as vowels.

W. J. Fox, the great preacher of South Place Chapel, whose voice was neither loud nor strong, was heard in every part, and all over Covent Garden Theatre, when he made Anti-Corn Law orations there, by the clearness with which he pronounced the final consonants of the words he spoke.

I must myself have failed in this respect when speaking at the Walsall Literary Institute, and comparing the speaking of Pitt and Mr Chamberlain as having the same quality of 'overcomingness.' The report in the papers represented me as charging Mr Chamberlain with 'over-cunningness,' which was a sinister imputation neither in my mind nor on my tongue—but the error was owing to defect of the reporter's ear, or more probably to indistinctness in my pronunciation.

CHAPTER V

REPRESENTATIVE SPEECH

To speak or debate to any advantage, a person must possess some knowledge of the laws of speech. This means a practical idea of grammar—practical in the sense of being on a level with the average capacity of mankind. As I have said elsewhere, no department of knowledge is like grammar. A person may conceal his ignorance of any other art—but every time he speaks he publishes his ignorance of this. Other arts may be practised occasionally, but the art of speaking must be practised continually. Is it not strange that what all must do hourly, few care to do correctly? There can be no greater imputation on the intelligence of any man, than that he should talk from the cradle to the tomb, and never talk well.

It is as necessary to get knowledge as to *eat* and *drink*. You would not ask another to eat and drink for you. All are as well able to learn as to eat, and it is quite as needful. Lord Herbert, heretofore quoted, tells us that 'between grammar, logic and rhetoric there exists a close and happy connection, which reigns through all science and extends to all the powers of eloquence.'

Everybody knows what representation means in politics. A little thought will save a man from ordinary error. To make things plain in speech it only needs that a man makes up his mind as to what he is talking about. If he reasons, let it be not upon hearsay, or rumour, or imagination, but

upon ascertained facts, and he will seldom go wrong. What is called grammar is the same thing as the Franchise Bill. It is simply the full representation of the facts of speech. All our talk is of a man, or of a woman, or of a thing and of something they do. If when we speak of the man we allude to the man as *he*, if we refer to a woman we take care to say *she*, or if we speak of a thing we allude to the thing as *it*, we accord them all fair representation. What a man or woman, or a thing does is expressed by a verb. If one person does a thing we say *he* does it. If two persons do a thing we say *they* do it. If it be a thing which acts, as the sun, we say *it* shines. Just as every voter at the poll says, 'That is my house on the register, and I pay the rent there,' so in grammar all men and women and things have pronouns and verbs and delegate words which belong to them, and by which alone they can be identified and represented, and whoever gives them their proper representation makes his meaning plain to all men. Grammar is but the universal suffrage of common sense.

Inattention to conditions and care is expressed in an epigram of sensible if not elegant lines:—

> He started with lect'ring and ended with verse,
> And from first to last got gradually worse;
> He wrote without spelling, and spoke without rule,
> Long declaimed without knowledge, and ended a fool.
>
> How different another, who thinks night and day,
> Deciding what will best become him to say,
> And how best to say it when be has made up his mind!
> A contrast more useful is not easy to find.

The way in which nouns (which signify names) are represented by pronouns (or fornouns) is shown in an admirable sentence of Dr Johnson's:—

'Pope was not content to satisfy; *he* desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do *his* best; *he* did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of *his* reason,

and expecting no indulgence from others, *he* showed none to *himself*.'

Without the employment of pronouns the sentence would read, with many unpleasant repetitions, thus:—Pope was not content to satisfy; Pope desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do Pope's best; Pope did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of Pope's reader, and expecting no indulgence from others, Pope showed none to Pope's self.

There is the same kind of representation in verbs. Every verb is connected with or actuated by some noun or pronoun, expressed or understood.

Example:—'Hazlitt looked with despairing wonder on Burke's style. Year after year he tried to write a single essay that should please himself.'

If we inquire here who looked? the answer is Hazlitt. Who tried? Hazlitt. Whenever a verb is found, the actor must be found and both examined, to see if the two agree, for—every verb must be of the same number, and of the same person, as the noun or pronoun with which it is connected, whether it be expressed or merely understood.

When this representation is observed, a person is said to speak grammatically. Representation is grammar.

There may be good speaking and writing with a moderate knowledge of grammar. One who has authority in these matters asks,—'How would some of our fashionable writers stare if they could read Thucydides or Plato! The best authors had no authority before them. Pascal and Madame de Sévigné wrote before there was any French grammar, I believe; Demosthenes and Cicero before there was a Greek or a Latin one.'

When I conducted classes at Crutched Friars, about 1845, I wrote and printed an Act of Parliament for enforcing the Queen's English. Its clauses prescribed the rules of representation I have explained.

Nor did I find any difficulty in teaching little children to

write little letters to their parents in a week. As soon as a child can make a round O and a straight line it can make all the letters of the alphabet. A is composed of three straight lines, B of a line and two halves of O. A line and half O makes D. G is O left open with a short line. EFHIKLM NTVWXYZ are all made of straight lines. J is a line and half an O. P is made the same way. R is two lines and half an O. Q is an O and short line. S is two halves of O up end on end. U is made by half an O and two upright lines. There you have the whole alphabet, with which a child will spell its mother's name in an hour. *A Child's First Writing Book* I published, made this plain and easy to hundreds of children fifty years ago. A child will go forward himself as soon as his teacher finds for him a beginning, which the little learner can see, understand, and feel to be within his power. It is the same with older students on the threshold of a new subject.

CHAPTER VI

LOGIC OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

THE public speaker requires to know something of the rudiments of reasoning, which we may call the logic of every-day life. Logic is the basis of oratory, for no sensible man is moved to action unless he sees a reason for it. Genius in argument consists in seeing relevancies and in enabling others to see them.

Natural pride in the distinction of learning and the passion for superiority, from which the learned are not exempt, lead them to decry all capacity outside their own, so that common sense is belittled and discouraged, and many never use or cultivate the natural power they have, and cease to have confidence in themselves. All the while, common sense is the natural sense of mankind. It is the product of common observation and experience. It is modest, plain and unsophisticated. It sees with everybody's eyes and hears with everybody's ears. It has no capricious distinction, no perplexities, and no mysteries. It never equivocates and never trifles. Its language is always intelligible. It is known by its clearness of speech and singleness of purpose. The most prudent of all the children of fact, it never forsakes nature or reason. Some outline laws for its employment in reasoning—if they can be indicated—must be better than its distrustful, aimless and desultory use.

Why, in speaking, should not anyone express himself with grammatical coherence and a certain bold perspicuity, if

not able to reach refinement and elegance? Why, in pronunciation, should persons not speak with a certain manly openness of vowel sound and a distinct articulation, if not with all elocutionary modulation? Why should not their discourse be expressed in brief, clear sentences? If their punctuation went no further than placing capital letters at the commencement of sentences and of proper names, and periods at the conclusion of sentences, it would render their writing more intelligible than are half the communications they now send to the press. If they mastered only brevity and abrupt directness, and learned to omit tedious prolixity, they would command a hearing in many cases where now they are denied one. If in logic they made a shrewd mastery of plain facts—being as sure as they could, when once set on surety, eschewing conjecture and supposition—if they followed the methods of nature and good sense, where the elaborate methods of art are hidden from them, who will not admit that they would be more intelligible than now, exercise power, and extort attention and esteem where now they excite compassion, or outrage just taste? The people would be enabled to do these things, but that so many who prepare treatises for their guidance alarm them by the display of abstruse dissertation above their powers, their means, their time, and their wants.

There is less occasion to speak of the utility of logic than to show it to be easy of acquisition. John Stuart Mill observes:—

'We need not seek far for a solution of the question so often agitated respecting the utility of logic. If a science of logic exists, or is capable of existing, it must be useful. If there be rules to which every mind conforms in every instance in which it judges rightly, there seems little necessity for discussing whether a person is more likely to observe those rules when he knows the rules, than when he is unacquainted with them.*'

* *System of Logic*, p. 12. Second Edition.

Certainly people are not so much prejudiced against logic on account of its supposed uselessness as on account of its supposed difficulties. Logic has always had a good reputation. The popular impression has uniformly been in its favour. It has been valued like the diamond—but considered, like that precious stone, to be of very uncertain access and difficult to polish, save by experts.

Common sense—the exercise of the judgment unaided by scholastic rule—being the best sense the untutored have, they wisely use it, and no wonder if they laud what they are constrained to employ. Doubtless they perceive that common sense would be the better for being made orderly, as a spirited horse is the fitter for use after it has been 'broken.' If common sense can be rendered disciplined sense, it will have all the advantage of the trained soldier over the raw recruit.

A few years ago, England was interested in an American teacher of equine rhetoric, Mr Rarey, who won both money and renown by giving lessons in the art of persuading the minds of horses. Dean Swift, in his *Gulliver's Travels* shows that the kingdom of horses is in many respects a more rational kingdom than the kingdom of man. The horse is simple in its taste, temperate in its habits, graceful in its movements, proud in spirit, and wary in conduct—which is much more than can be said of many men. Mr Rarey showed that he believed in the reasoning power of horses, and that it is possible to persuade their minds to good conduct. If horses can learn to reason, why not men?

Reasoning is a simple business. To reason is to state relevant facts in support of a proposition. Reason is the faculty of perceiving coherences. Effective reasoning is stating them so that others cannot but see them too. Reasoning on the abstrusest questions consists in arriving at a remote truth by discovering its coherence with the preceding facts in the same chain.

A syllogism is a peculiar *form* of expression, in which every argument may be stated. It consists of three propositions.

1. Whoever have their heads cut off ought to be allowed to ask the reason why.

2. Women have their heads cut off.

3. Therefore women ought to be allowed to ask (politically) the reason why.

This is an argument of Madame de Staël in the days of the first Napoleon, in allusion to the beheading of women in France, without allowing them any voice in making the laws which determine the offences for which they suffered.

A syllogism is constructed upon the principle (known as the Dictum of Aristotle) that whatever is affirmed or denied universally of a whole class of things, may be affirmed or denied of anything comprehended in that class. Thus, the first proposition introduces the class of persons who have their heads cut off. Of this class it is affirmed that they ought to be allowed to ask the reason why. But women are included in the class of persons who have their heads cut off, and consequently that may be affirmed of them which is affirmed of the whole class—that they should be allowed to ask the reason why.

Logic may be defined as the art of recognising, stating and testing truth. To make a truth plain it is put in the form of a syllogism. All men have common sense. Peter Luton is a man. Therefore, Peter Luton has common sense. Now Peter may be a known idiot, but the syllogism is true. The logic of the schools has nothing to do with the truth of the facts, opinions, or presumptions, from which an inference is derived; but simply takes care that the inference shall certainly be true if the premises be true. But the chief premise in the syllogism given is not true—that all men have common sense, and therefore the inference is not true that Peter Luton has common sense.

This is the point that the reader should consider. It was Sir James Mackintosh, I think, who said that 'men fall into a thousand errors by reasoning from false premises to fifty they make by wrong inferences from premises they employ.' The late Professor Jowett is reported to have said that 'logic is neither an art nor a science, but a dodge.' It is little better than a 'dodge' when it is confined to making inferences from premises not known to be true. An assertion that represents things as they really are, is a truth — an assertion that represents things as in reality they are *not*, is a falsehood. Truth, in sculpture, means an exact similitude of some living form, chiselled in stone or marble. Truth, in painting, is a natural representation on canvas, or otherwise, of some person or object. In the same manner, moral truth is an exact image of things set forth in speech or writing. The logical definition of truth is given in these words: — 'Truth is that which admits of proof,' that is, an assertion or denial which can be substantiated by facts.

Tyranny, says Cobbett, has no enemy so formidable as the pen. Why? 'Because the pen pursues tyranny both in life and beyond the grave.' How is it proved to be the most formidable enemy of tyranny? From the fact that tyranny has no enemy so formidable as that which assails not only its existence, but its reputation, which pursues it in life and beyond the grave. Such interrogatories and replies generate the expository syllogism.

1. Tyranny has no enemy so formidable as that which assails not only its existence, but its reputation, which pursues it in life and beyond the grave.

2. The pen pursues tyranny in life and beyond the grave.

3. Therefore, tyranny has no enemy so formidable as the pen.

Syllogism need not begin with a universal proposition. But care must be taken not to draw an infinite conclusion from finite premises.

In the following syllogism the chief proposition is limited:

Aristides was virtuous,
Aristides was a pagan,
therefore
Some pagan was virtuous.

The inference is limited. The proof is that some one pagan was virtuous.

Induction—a mode of logic which Bacon established—means reasoning from facts. A proposition is concluded to be true when the number of facts relevant to it and in favour of it greatly exceed all the known facts against it. But the quality of the facts as well as the number must be carefully weighed. When a lady once consulted Dr Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard—'Madam,' said Johnson, 'it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my schoolfellow, Davy Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen orchards with impunity, but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree, for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why Justice is represented with a pair of scales.' This may not be the precise reason why Justice has a pair of scales, but the point goes to the root of the matter. Without weighing there can be neither justice nor fair induction. When Ali Pacha was at Janina, the case of a poor woman, who accused a man of the theft of all her property, was brought before him; but the plaintiff having no witnesses, the case was discharged, as the man asserted his innocence, and insisted, as a proof, that he had not a farthing in the world. On their leaving his presence, Ali ordered both to be weighed, and then released them without further notice. A fortnight afterwards he commanded both into his presence, and again weighed them; the woman had lost as much as the man had gained in weight, and Ali decided that the accusation was just. Ali Pacha was the

Burlamiqui of justice, who insisted on attention being given to the preponderance of relevant facts.

In the case of the Leigh Peerage a number of witnesses were examined in the House of Lords as to the existence of a certain monument in Stonely Church—'The first witness described the monument as being black; the second spoke of it as a kind of dove-colour; the third said it was black and white; the fourth said it was originally white, but dirty, when he saw it; the fifth, differing from the others, said it was blue; the next witness described it as a light marble, but said it had a dark appearance as if it had been bronzed; and the last witness spoke of it as being of a light grey colour. Then, as to the form of the monument, the first witness said it was oblong; the next said it was square at the top, and came down narrower to the bottom, and there rested on a single truss; the third witness described it as being square at the bottom, resting upon two trusses, and went up narrower and narrower to a point at the top; the fourth witness said it was angular at the top; the next said it was square at the bottom, was brought to a point in the middle, and was then curved into a sort of festoon; the sixth witness stated that it was square at the top and bottom, and had a curve; and the last said it was square at the top and bottom. As to the language of the inscriptions, the first witness stated that the names of Thomas and Christopher Leigh were in English; the next said the inscription was not in English; the third said there was a great deal in English; the fourth witness said the whole (with the exception of the name Christopher Leigh) was in a language which he did not understand; the next witness stated that the inscription was all in English, except the words *Anno Domini;* and the last witness said it was not in English.'

All these witnesses agree as to the fact in dispute, but their variances in testimony illustrate the common inattention of observation and indistinctness of memory; and this case further admonishes us that if such differences may exist a

to a question of fact, little wonder that differences exist as to matters of opinion, where intellectual capacity and information are so various.

If a man looks well to the truth of the premises from which he reasons he will never go far wrong. When Pope, in a moment of aberration, wrote,—

> Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside,

it only wants common sense—and not much of that—to see that if all men act on this advice, no one will ever try a new thing or leave off an old one, and the world would stand still.

A few years ago, a distinguished clergyman of the Universalist denomination was accused, while in Lowell, of 'violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him.' He replied: 'Firstly, I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting; secondly, my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings for any purpose whatever; thirdly, I never on any occasion forbade my wife to attend a revival meeting; fourthly, neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend those meetings; and fifthly, I never had a wife.'

This is a fair example of confutation without creating satisfaction. The clergyman gave a technical answer. The questioner assumed that the lady they had in their minds was his wife. She may have been his sister, or niece, or housekeeper, or relative in his house, over whom he had control—and used it. He would have been more instructive and given more satisfaction had he denied having interfered or sought to control anyone attending the meeting in question. Though he had 'no desire to attend' such place, he may have been there all the same. He merely fenced with his reply, which is clever but not creditable.

Imagine a tramcar director, waited upon by persons who

wanted to know whether the new car would leave at the usual time, and take up passengers at the usual places, who should answer:—Firstly, we have no 'new car,' and never had; secondly, we do not leave at the 'usual time'; thirdly, we do not 'take up passengers,' that is the business of the police; fourthly, we have no 'usual places.' This would be a good technical reply of the official type. But having regard to the interests of the company, he would explain that they had taken over the rolling stock of another company, and had built no 'new car' themselves; the 'usual time' was now a quarter of an hour earlier; that passengers 'step up' into the car, are not 'taken up'; and that they now stop for passengers wherever hailed. The representative of an interest is communicative, why not the representative of truth?

The schoolmen, by teaching that logic has only to do with inferences, and that if the inference is true, the thing reasoned upon has to be accepted, have caused great superstitions to have long life in the world. He who begins to reason without knowing what from, is trying to get a living inference out of dead premises. Be sure your premises are alive, or your inferences will smell like stale fish when brought into the market of debate.

Man should begin with himself. He loves truth—it is the first impulse of his nature. He loves justice—the bandit on the throne, as well as the bandit in the forest, respects justice in some form or other. Man loves cheerfulness—it is the attribute of innocence and courage. He loves fraternity—it knits society together in brotherhood. These are standards. His codes of life and judgment arise from these aspirations. That which accords with these principles is *reasonable.* Whatever develops these principles in conduct is *moral.* These sentiments are to be confirmed by his own observations. His experience in connection with these rules is the light with which he may examine religions, creeds, books, systems, opinions.

Pope, one of the few poets who had logic in his bones, writes:—

> Say first of God above or man below,
> What can we reason but from what we know?

Definition is the soul of argument, and therefore attention must be paid to it. Definition originates in accurate and comprehensive observation. 'There cannot be,' says Mill, 'agreement about the definition of a thing, until there is agreement about the thing itself. *To define a thing is to select from among the whole of its properties those which shall be understood to be designated and declared by its name;* and the properties must be very well known to us before we can be competent to determine which of them are fittest to be chosen for this purpose.'

To define a thing, says Dr Watts, we must 'ascertain with what it agrees, then note the most remarkable attribute of difference, and join the two together.' In fact, a true definition selects that particular in which the thing in question differs from every other. So that it cannot be confounded with any other.

Every man of common sense can tell upon reflection what course of conduct would be useful if all men followed it. At least, in affairs of daily life men can tell this, and in affairs of public life considering the effect of a thing upon society is a good guide. Dumont puts this very clearly in the following questions:—

'What is it to give a good reason for a law? It is to show the good and the evil which that law tends to produce; so much good, so much argument in its favour; so much evil, so much argument against it.'

'What is it to give a bad reason? It is to allege for or against a law, any other thing than its effects, whether good or evil.'

'Nothing more simple; yet nothing more new. It is not the principle of utility which is new; on the contrary, it is of

necessity as ancient as the race of man. Whatever there is of truth in morals, whatever there is of good in law, proceeds from this principle.'

There are five things which young logicians mistake for reasons :—(1) Antiquity of a thing is not reason, because mankind were never infallible. (2) Religious authority is not reason, for in every nation it has often been in the wrong. (3) Disowning innovation is not reason, for to reject all innovation is to reject all improvement. (4) Arbitrary definition is not reason, for using a word in a sense it has not been used in before, bewilders the reader or hearer by an appearance of depth and subtlety which is unreal. (5) Metaphor or analogy is not reason, they illustrate an argument but do not make one.

There are three maxims in law which may be usefully remembered in reasoning :—(1) Words spoken of one thing ought not to be perverted to another. (2) He who does not truly speak the truth is a betrayer of truth. (3) Contradictions cannot be brought into being.

CHAPTER VII

DELIVERY

DELIVERY relates primarily to ease, audibility, and expressiveness of speaking. Expressiveness includes fervour and gesture. But fervour and gesture belong to natural passion rather than to care and skill.

Delivery is a carrier's term, and sounds too mechanical for elocution; nevertheless, a speech is a delivery of information or incentive, and the manner of it is important. Delivery is, in fact, elocution in practice. Vigorous, sonorous delivery is called declamation. The speech of Brutus, defending the assassination of Cæsar, or that of Anthony denouncing it, are declaimed on the stage. Declamation is also applied to speech pompously spoken without adequate force of sense—to propositions daring in sound but meek in proof. Oriental speech is generally graceful and fascinating declamation — ornament without profit. Paul's famous declamation on charity includes no reason *why* anyone should have charity. Many contrive to do very well without it. Its beauty, its eminence as a virtue, the apostle excels in setting forth. It remained for Richard Hooker sixteen centuries later to show how much more any man needs the charity of all men than that all men need the charity of any one man, and that it is therefore prudent to establish a claim to the good-will of the world by showing good-will towards it. This is the reason which commends charity as a civil policy, were it not a principle of justice.

So much describes declamation intrinsically as regards matter. As respects manner, declamation means the loud, vigorous, impetuous utterance of resounding sentences. But force in delivery may be obtained in other ways—where there is mind behind the words.

The Rev. Robert Hall, whose talent for speaking was such that, when eleven years old, he was set up to preach *extempore* to a select auditory of full-grown men, says of himself: 'To me to speak slow was ruin. You know, sir, that force or momentum is conjointly as the body and the velocity; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body must be made up in velocity.' This is a mathematical figure of speech, and is more true of dynamics than rhetoric. Hall's remark has misled many young speakers. Unless there is strength of voice to sustain the momentum imparted, indistinctness and alternations of screechings and whispers will be the results.

Some years ago, we had in Parliament a momentum speaker of no mean repute. It is said of Mr Macaulay (I think by Francis, in his *Orators of the Age*), that when an opening is made in a discussion in the House of Commons, he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, and plunges at once into the very heart of his subject without exordium or apologetic preface. In fact, you have for a few seconds a high-pitched voice, monotonous and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the house, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering, with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance on his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for

thoughts, never halting for an instant even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as it proceeds, hauling the subject after him and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible, he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peroration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew, and the hearer is left prostrate by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions which has swept over him. A man may take this liberty with elocution if he has genius to compensate for it. That member must beware who attempts to charm the House of Commons by a monotonous tone without Macaulay's wit, his power of enlightenment and amazing fecundity of illustration.

In some persons real power of speaking is marred by a physical peculiarity, as in the case of the late Lord Derby, which cannot be overcome by any device. A weak voice may be made stronger by exercise; stammering may be mitigated as it is said Demosthenes did it, by declaiming with stones in his mouth; but a husky voice is incorrigible.

Lord Rosebery remarks of Pitt that 'unfriendly critics said that his voice sounded as if he had worsted in his mouth; but the general testimony is that it was rich and sonorous.' Pitt's voice when animated rose to sonorousness, but he must have had worsted moments. Not even 'unfriendly critics' would invent a peculiarity which would be confuted five nights a week. Such a voice is not a defect of oratory; where it exists, it is a defect of nature—still a disadvantage. Mr Goschen speaks as though he had once been a pedlar of worsted, and had accidentally swallowed a ball; or had suffered from a cold in the throat when young, and the flannel intended to encase it had been inadvertently put inside instead of out. This filamentariness of speech im-

parts a woollen effect to many wise things he says. There are times when Mr Goschen's impassioned tones expand into the volume of the fog-horn, when their impressiveness effaces all sense of defect.

Others have natural advantages. Lord Coleridge had deliberateness of speech, and, like Lord Westbury, was unresting and unerring in his choice of terms. When Lord Coleridge, then Sir John Duke Coleridge, first spoke in the Commons, his tones filled the House with the silvery accents of a lute. Sir John Bowring says, 'The Chinese shoot arrows to which a musical pipe is attached, and when launched, sing in the air.' That describes Lord Coleridge's sentences.

Some orators of mark on the political platform suffer their voice to fall at the closing words of a sentence—though in the last words lie the whole point they intend. Great is the disappointment of hearers who lose interest in an argument incompletely made known to them. The cleverer a speaker is the more surely the sting of his meaning will be in the tail of sentences of importance. What does he speak for save to make that word clear? Yet he will drop his voice just there. Just as a man seldom writes his own name plainly because, knowing it himself, he concludes all other persons know it. Yet a proper name obscurely written, like an argument whose culmination is undisclosed, no one can certainly make out. This negligence in speaking is counted defective elocution. There is a vanishing point in art, but none in sentences.

Droll misapprehensions through indistinctness of utterance or neglect of emphasis, are familiar to every reader. There is the case of the archdeacon, whose housemaid gave notice to leave because she was held up to detestation every day in the morning prayers. The archdeacon read with the slovenly indistinctness common with some Churchmen, the words, 'O Lord, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made,' sounded thus: 'O Lord, who hatest nothing *but the house-*

maid;' and Mary, with her honest red elbows, said she would stand it no longer.

A clergyman, who denied that emphasis was proper in the pulpit, one day found his mistake by the smiles of his congregation, on his reading the text: 'And he spake to his sons, saying, "Saddle *me*, the ass, and they saddled *him*."' He would have made the meaning clear had he, instead of 'saddled him,' said 'saddled the ass.' A man whom he reprimanded for swearing, replied that he did not see any harm in it. 'No harm in it?' said the minister. 'Why, do you not know the commandment "Swear not at *all*?"' 'I do not swear at *all*,' said the man, 'I only swear at those who annoy me.'

The emphasis which is suggested by the sense is the best guide. Let a person make sure of the sense and his emphasis will be natural and varied. By natural is meant giving the chief force to those words upon which the meaning turns. For instance, in so simple a phrase as 'Come here.' If you wanted the person to come, and he would not, the speaker would throw a tone of entreaty into the word *come;* but if the person spoken to did not understand where he was to come to, and the speaker wanted him where he stood, he would put distinctness and force into the word *here.* But more of this in another chapter. 'Sufficient unto the *place*—is the evil thereof.'

Attracted by the pretensions of a placard, adorned by a testimonial from the *Times*, I went, in Glasgow, to hear some professional recitations. One of them was the 'Story of a Broken Heart.' The unfortunate girl, of whom it was told, did not die immediately, but it struck me she would have done so had she heard Mr Wilson recite her story. The subject was that piece of graceful effeminacy, in which Washington Irving has told the story of the proud love of the daughter of Curran for the unhappy and heroic Emmet.

No one can recite with propriety what he does not feel, and the key to gesture as well as to modulation is earnest-

ness. No actor can portray character with truth unless he can realise it, and he can only realise it by making it for a time his own. It is said of one of the Kembles that his daughter had been forbidden to marry an actor, and her father was inexorable at her disobedience; but after he had seen her husband upon the stage, he relented, and forgave her with this observation, 'Well, well! I see you have not disobeyed me after all; for the man is not, and never will be, an actor.'

The prompting of Lucio to Isabel, when pleading before Angelo for the life of her brother, as rendered by Shakespeare in 'Measure for Measure,' is one of the happiest practical lessons in the art of persuasion on record. As a piece of preceptive teaching, neither the rhetoric of modern or of ancient times has produced anything so wise, so concise, and yet so comprehensive, as Hamlet's directions to his players. It is a manual of delivery in miniature.

Do manners matter? is a question a public speaker should put to himself. In social life, those who affect to despise manners as too superfine for persons of their manly taste, forget that every man has manners—good or bad. A good manner is but art in doing what you have to do with consideration for others. A tone means much. Even laughter is an art. Some women laugh like joy. Some laugh like a peal of bells. Others laugh and you feel worse for having heard them. Is there such a thing as *tone* in the world? One would think not when we hear men cry 'Matter not manner.' A man shall hate his friend, not for what he says but for the imperious tone in which he says it. How many malevolent purposes have been changed by a kindly spoken word; how many hearts have been broken by unkind tones.

There are tones, whatever their purport may be, so enchanting that no ear would willingly forget them. Yet tone is a matter of manner. All manner is but policy in the sense of being a chosen line of action. Manner is the half

of life. Without some refinement of manner life would not be worth having. Dress to the gentleman, skill to the workman, discipline to the soldier, knowledge to all—is manner. Grammar is manner of speech; poetry is manner of expression; rhetoric the manner of the passions; art the manner of genius.

Daily watchfulness in speech is of the greatest importance. Ordinary conversation should be well and clearly spoken—whether a question, an answer, or an anecdote; every word should be carefully said. Lord Wolseley wisely counselled English officers in command of Zulu or Indian troops, not to conclude that they were stupid or wilful because they disobeyed orders, unless they were quite sure the soldiers understood what was said to them. The stupidity might be on the part of the officer who was incapable of making himself understood.

Habitually audible and accurate speech will make it easy to speak in public. What anyone does well in daily life, he will do well in public, and have confidence that he can do it well. Well or ill, everybody is making short speeches in business or conversation, and a public speech is but the expansion or multiplication of short speeches.

No one has a right to speak unless he has something to say, and he has no right to say it publicly unless it is publicly important, and what it is publicly important to say should be said so distinctly and audibly that the public present can hear it.

Deliberation in delivery is more difficult to acquire or maintain than in former times. The world has been hurried by railways. They have originated a murderous punctuality in order to accelerate business. More deaths occur at railway stations through hurry to arrive there than on all the coaches by the old and tardy traffic.

Public meetings, as a rule, have neither order nor limit. Everybody is held to have a right to speak now a meeting may number 30,000, as everyone had when a public meet-

ing seldom numbered 300. Now, too many resolutions are proposed, and speaking is hurried.

Lord Palmerston was a speaker who knew the value of taking time. Once, at Tiverton, a vehement electoral opponent inquired whether he would give a plain answer to a plain question. To this Lord Palmerston assented. The question was—Would he vote for a Radical measure of reform? Palmerston at once answered: 'I will'—pausing, while the Liberals cheered—then adding, 'not,' whereupon the Conservatives applauded; waiting until they had done, Palmerston continued, 'tell you;' when the wily and evasive candidate retired amid laughter and distrust all round.

Without deliberateness, self-possession is unattainable, and self-possession sometimes makes the fortune of a speech; and if it does not, it conduces to the development of the speaker.

I have seen Mr John Stuart Mill in the House of Commons pause in an argument until the sequence occurred to him. The House would wait, as Mill's words were weighty. I have noticed Lord John Russell pause when the word he wanted did not occur to him. One night his son, Lord Amberley, paused twice in a short, wise speech, for the same reason. Being acquainted with him, I congratulated him upon the promise he gave of being a Parliamentary speaker, through self-possession, and the courage which waited for accuracy. Provide less to say than you might say at your ordinary rate of speaking, so that you must fill the time allotted to you by more deliberation and emphasis. Between deliberate, full-toned, and energetic speaking, and feeble, indistinct and spiritless utterances, there is the difference of live and dead oratory. A certain energy in delivery—which prevents drawling, and a slowness that avoids whirling accents, or clipping half the sounds away, as hasty speaking does—are conditions of elocution. Take time to utter well, speak trippingly with-

out tripping. If you must be extreme, better be heavy than hasty. A slowness carried too far would produce tedium, but without a certain slowness there can be no distinctness, nor will there be time for the speaker to think and for the auditors to apprehend the speaker's meaning.

It could never be meant that people should rush through this world, seeing how many advantages wait on those who take time to consider before they precipitate themselves into action. Difficulties, which seem insuperable to the beginner, vanish before those who have the wisdom to observe Pope's rule :—

> Learn to speak slow—all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places.

The graces may not follow then, but it gives them a chance of doing it if they have a mind to. Nevertheless, deliberation is the beginning of power in speech. The limit of slowness is drawling. Without a certain energetic slowness there can be no certain effect, and seldom any effect at all.

One who knew the House of Commons well has said :—

'Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth—who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double firsts—who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead and an unfaltering voice, from one end of a dinner-table to the other—who on all occasions have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about—no sooner rise in the House than their spells desert them. All their effrontery vanishes. Common-place ideas are rendered even more uninteresting by a monotonous delivery; and keenly alive, as even boobies are in those sacred walls, to the ridiculous—no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and an icy hand—repressing his

breath lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed; and clenching his fist that the pressure may secretly convince him he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation.'*

This passage has discouraged more persons than it ought. If a man goes into Parliament to make a demonstration at sight he will commonly fail. But if he modestly gives it information, and speaks when a sense of duty comes over him, upon what he understands, he will succeed according to what is in him.

One who acquired great reputation for capacity, Thomas Paine, confesses that the world (when he first came to America) could not have persuaded him that he should be either a soldier or an author. 'If I had any talents for either,' said he, 'they were buried in me, and might have ever continued so had not the necessity of the times dragged and driven them into action.' He was unconscious of his powers, as most persons are; hence, trusting yourself to events is good. It is prudent in men not to guess their abilities, but determine them by enterprise and achievement. The first step to success is to try. There is no learning to swim without going into the water. Had Hamlet contemplated being an orator, his soliloquies would have run thus:—

> To spout, or not to spout, that is the question:
> Whether 'tis better for a shamefaced fellow
> (With voice unmusical and gesture awkward)
> To stand a mere spectator in this business,
> Or have a touch of Rhetoric? To speak—to spout
> No more; and by this effort, to say we end
> That bashfulness, that nervous trepidation
> Displayed in maiden speeches—'twere a consummation
> Devoutly to be wished. To read—to speechify
> Before folks—perhaps to fail: ay, there's the rub;
> For from that ill success what sneers may rise,
> Ere we have scrambled through the sad oration,
> Must give us pause. 'Tis the same reason

* *Young Duke*, by Disraeli.

That makes a novice stand in hesitation,
And gladly hide his own diminished head
Beneath some half-fledged orator's importance,
When he himself might his quietus make
By a mere recitation. Who could speeches hear,
Responded to with hearty acclamation,
And yet restrain himself from holding forth—
But for the dread of some unlucky failure,
Some unforeseen mistake—some frightful blunder—
Some vile pronunciation or inflection,
Improper emphasis or wry-necked period,
Which carping critics note, and raise the laugh,
Not to our credit—nor so soon forgot?
We muse on this! Then starts the pithy question:
Had we not best be mute, and hide our faults,
Than spout to publish them?

Spout and publish them without hesitation if you wish to cure them. Had Raphael feared to daub, he had never been Raphael. Had Canova feared to torture marble, he had never been a sculptor. Had Charles Kean feared to spout, he had never been an actor. If you stammer like Demosthenes, or stutter like Curran, speak on. He who hesitates to hesitate will always hesitate.

CHAPTER VIII

GESTURE MEASURED BV CONVICTION

As genius in ideas will compensate for the neglect of elocutionary art in utterance, so earnestness and commanding thought will produce eloquence of effect without gesture in delivery. At the same time, fitting gesture which grows out of personal animation, is an advantage. To underdo it, rather than overdo it, is a safe rule. If the arm moves from the shoulder, rather than from the elbow, angularity of action, which is never well received, will be avoided. It is better to commence a speech with moderate action and leave it to the natural fervour of conviction to do the rest.

As a rule, a chaste, concise and energetic style is more effective than a florid, turgid and prolix one; so the judicious employment of moderate gesture is more effective upon the genius of the English people, who love moderation, than any possible amplification of spasmodic attitudes or redundancy of facial changes. He who commences with moderate gesture may increase it without danger of falling into exaggeration, while he who begins with affluence of action exhausts his resources of motion before the moment for supreme effect arrives.

Robert Hall had no oratorical action, scarcely any kind of motion, excepting an occasional lifting or waving of the right hand; and in his most impassioned moments an alternate retreat and advance in the pulpit by a short

step. Nor had W. J. Fox much gesture. His hands were crossed before him. One or other arm was raised (I do not remember to have seen both raised at once) and pointed towards, rather than at, the audience. The action seemed more effective from its moderation. Mr Bright had impressive gestures, which were moderately used. Mr Gladstone's animated gestures are one of the charms of his oratory. Gambetta was a master of gesture: but it was slow, imposing, sustained by his mighty voice and well-chosen words. He excelled in vigorous sentences, which none other could express with like luminousness. His gestures illustrated his sense; they were not, as with many animated speakers, a substitute for sense.

Sincerity is not always elegance, nor is earnestness always grace; nevertheless, earnestness is the best schoolmaster of gesture. Awkwardness and angularity of movement is forgiven to the sincere. In some, grace of gesture comes by nature, some acquire it by dancing. Grace mostly comes by training, but those who have it not should confine themselves to few motions. Awkwardness will not be so apparent then. Besides, there is another compensation—a little gesture goes a long way when there is manifest conviction behind it. However, gesture is but the outward and visible ornament of inward sources of effectiveness. To venture upon imitating Italian or French gesture, the speaker needs Italian grace and French animation.

CHAPTER IX

CONDITIONS OF EFFECTIVENESS

BESIDES the effectiveness which relates to manner of delivery, there is the effectiveness which depends upon the mind. Effectiveness is the chief aim in oratory. So far as it can be compassed—it can be compassed more or less by calculation in statement. There may be effectiveness without calculation, and effects unpremeditated are sometimes marvellous. But a wise speaker does not depend on chance—his aim is to foreknow. Manifest sincerity in speech may be depended upon to create a good impression on an audience. Earnestness is a quality which on the platform might degenerate into emotionalism, which, lacking self-possession, would be fatal to public effect. Sincerity is a manly, self-contained sentiment, less pretentious than earnestness. Nevertheless, earnestness, when good sense controls it, is a noble quality. Yet not even sincerity is everything. It does not imply the truth of what is said. That still requires to be proved. Some think sincerity is errorless. Once everybody, save a few philosophers, believed it to be a sign of truth. Robespierre was sincere: he was a man who made sincerity terrible. Some of his speeches, not all, read like a murder. There was a guillotine in them. His sentences dripped with blood. No genius, no talent, no sincerity is to be trusted or praised—unless it conduces, and is intended to conduce, to the welfare of others.

Nevertheless, with all its limitations, sincerity and capacity annihilate personal disadvantages. I knew a rotund orator, who appeared on the platform as Charles James Fox must have appeared in Pitt's days—like a sugar hogshead on two props, yet upon whom the audience looked with admiration while he spoke. Louis Blanc was diminutive in stature, but he was so entirely a man, and his speaking was so sonorous, pregnant and animated, that his small stature seemed an advantage to him. Robert Hall was a preacher who had ideas, as well as precision and energy of style, yet the spiritual and intrinsic charm of his speech was its earnestness. Foster said of Hall, 'Truth (to him) was a universal element, and to enforce its claims was his constant aim. Whether he attempted to engage the reason, the affections, or the fancy, all was subsidiary to this end. He was always in earnest,' as to the necessity of discerning truth, explaining it, and vindicating it.

Effectiveness lies also in proportion. Not in the beauty of a pillar, or the finish of a frieze, but in the command which the whole building has over the spectator—not in the brilliance of a passage, but in the coherence of the whole lies the effectiveness of a speech or a book.

One conspicuous element of effectiveness is a defined purpose. Better say nothing than not to the purpose. No part should attract the main attention entirely to itself. The chief merit of any part is its subserviency to the whole design. When parts are praised, a speaker is said to have brilliance; when the whole impresses, he is said to have power. In a speech, as in a drawing on a reduced scale, all the proportions have to be there. If a subject is too extensive for an ordinary speech, present a distinct portion which shows the quality of the whole. Hierocles carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen of the house he wanted to sell. It gave no idea of its situation, or convenience, but it proved his confidence in the quality of its material.

Lucidity of arrangement is intent made evident to an

assembly, and is no mean element of effectiveness. As reasoning proceeds from axioms which cannot be lost sight of without confusion—so an argumentative speech has a foregone object which must be disclosed to the hearers, or they will be unable to follow the speaker intelligently. The *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* has explained clearly the advantages of this course in the following terms:—

'In purely argumentative statement, or in the argumentative division of mixed statements, and especially in argumentative speeches, it is essential that the issue to be proved should be distinctly announced in the beginning, in order that the tenour and drift that way of everything that is said may be the better apprehended; and it is also useful, when the chain of argument is long, to give a forecast of the principal bearings and junctures, whereby the attention will be more easily secured and pertinently directed throughout the more closely consecutive detail, and each proposition of the series will be clenched in the memory by its foreknown relevancy to what is to follow.'

These are well-known rules, which it were superfluous to cite, except for the instruction of the young. But examples may be occasionally observed of juvenile orators who will conceal the end they aim at until they have led their hearers through the long chain of antecedents, in order that they may produce surprise by forcing a sudden acknowledgment of what had not been foreseen. The disadvantage of this method is that the hearer is apt to resent being trapped into assent. It puzzles and provokes the hearer during its sequence, confounds him in the conclusion, and gives an overcharged impression of the orator's ingenuity on the part of those who may have attended to him sufficiently to have been convinced. It is a method by which the business of the argument is sacrificed to ostentation in the conduct of it, and the ease and satisfaction of the auditors sacrificed to the vanity of the arguer. The novelist or dramatist will often conceal the secret of his plot to allure the reader to

the end, and take him by surprise then, if he can. In that case the story has to be entertaining up to that point, or the reader will not hold on till he reaches it. Unless a speaker is sure of enchanting his audience as he goes along, hearers will not wait for the point of his argument, which has been concealed from them. Besides, there is this difference between a novel and an argument. The novel is intended to amuse, the argument to convince, and when a link is lost, by ignorance of its relevance, the chain of proof is disconnected.

Yet though the aim of an argument must be divulged, the drift of an illustration, if brief, may be kept back. In one of the Anti-Corn-Law orations of W. J. Fox in Covent Garden Theatre, there occurred a striking example of this. He commenced by stating the case of certain poachers, related in the newspapers of that day, who had been sentenced at Ashby-de-la-Zouch to considerable terms of imprisonment. When to this punishment was added the loss and privation to which the families of the prisoners were subjected, the penalty was serious. No one foresaw the relevance of the story, but which the orator did not long withhold. He demanded to know 'if this shall be done to the poor man who steals the rich man's bird, what shall be done to the rich man who steals the poor man's bread?' I know of no first words of any speech which produced so great an effect. The argument was as a match applied to a funeral pyre where the fallacies of protection were burned before the meeting.

An appeal to experience is a force in due place. 'The argument,' says Emerson, 'which has not the power to reach my own practice, I may well doubt will fail to reach yours. I have heard an experienced counsellor say, that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict.' Samuel Bailey, in his *Review of Berkeley's 'Theory of Vision,'* says:—

'Many years ago, I held what may be styled a derivative opinion in favour of Berkeley's *Theory of Vision*, but having in the course of a philosophical discussion had occasion to explain it, I found, on attempting to state in my own language the grounds on which it rested, that they no longer appeared to me to be so clear and conclusive as I had fancied them to be. I determined to make it the subject of a patient and dispassionate examination. The result has been a clear conviction in my own mind of its erroneousness, and a desire to state to the philosophical world the grounds on which that conviction has been formed.'

This is an interesting instance of the truth of the observation that that statement only is fit to be made public which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity.

An editor of Shelley's posthumous poems apologises for the publication of some fragments in a very incomplete state, by remarking, 'how much more than every other poet of the present day, every line and word he wrote is instinct with beauty.' Let no man sit down to write with the purpose of making every line and word beautiful and peculiar. Sir Henry Taylor thought 'the only effect of such an endeavour will be to corrupt the judgment and confound the understanding.'

Augustine Birrell, in a criticism wise in a new way, like many other criticisms of his, remarks that 'Emerson writes like an electrical cat, emitting sparks and shocks in every sentence. The lights irradiate the forest, but disclose no path.' The same critic explains what many have felt.

'You never know what Emerson will be at. His sentences fall over you in glittering cascades, beautiful and bright, and for the moment refreshing. But after a very brief while the mind, having nothing to do on its own account but to remain wide open and see what Emerson will send it, grows first restive and then torpid. Admiration

gives way to astonishment, astonishment to bewilderment, and bewilderment to stupefaction.'

As a rule, men are not much in danger of being too brilliant. Happily for orators, occasional phrases of power are sufficient for effect and reputation. Brightness and force are attainable by him who, knowing what he wishes to say, knows *why* it should be said. Telling the audience the reason which has convinced the speaker is that explanation which produces impression. It fulfils Mr J. R. Green's rule—it takes the public into the speaker's confidence, who are addressed as though they knew as much as the speaker himself. An orator will be all the more explanatory, interesting and engaging, if he assumes in his own mind that his hearers know nothing upon the subject. A painting all white or all black allures no eye. It is light and shade that make the picture. A fixed beacon light is not seen at sea as far, nor as well, as a revolving light.

To be effective, study simplicity; abjure affectation and be natural. The natural voice is heard the farthest, and the natural effects the soonest. 'The costly charm of the ancient tragedy is that the persons speak simply, speak as persons who have great good sense without knowing it.' Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. Sincerity and simplicity carry all before them. On Thiers's first appearance in the French Chamber he experienced an almost universally unfavourable reception. He was diminutive with an expression of countenance—though intellectual, reflective and sarcastic—was far from possessing beauty. The face itself, small in form, was encumbered with a pair of spectacles so large that, when peering over the marble edge of the long narrow tribune whence all speakers address the Chamber, he was described as appearing suspended to the two orbs of crystal. With such an exterior M. Thiers, full of the impassioned eloquence of his favourite revolutionary orators, sought to impart those thrilling emotions recorded of Mirabeau. The attempt pro-

voked derision, but only for a time. In his new sphere, as in the others he had passed through, he soon outshone competition. Subsiding into the oratory natural to him—simple, vigorous and rapid, he proved himself one of the most formidable of Parliamentary champions.

Have a clear meaning and never obscure it. A wit may leave his words open to two interpretations if he intends to amuse and not to deceive. Dryden, a great poet, and Otway a poet also, but of lesser magnitude, lived in the same street in houses facing each other. One morning Otway wrote in chalk on Dryden's door the line:—

Here lives Dryden, a poet and wit.

Dryden, on coming out, saw it, and wrote underneath it:—

Written by Otway opposite.

It has never been settled to this day whether Dryden meant merely to say that the line of praise his neighbours would see written on his own door about him, was not written by himself—but written by a person living opposite; or that Otway was the *opposite* of 'a poet and wit.'

But in matters of moment, which will affect themselves and others, men like to know, and have a right to demand, with General Ludlow, that a speaker's words shall not only be such as can be understood, but such as cannot possibly be misunderstood.

For effectiveness in speech or writing, keep clear of philosophical fogginess and common-place sentiment. Avoid as far as possible abstract terms, abstract questions, and abstract ideas. Keep to palpable things, and such as pass before the auditors in daily life. It is very well to entertain Utopian ideas—it implies an outside mind; but it is not necessary to act on Utopian principles till you are in Utopia.

Beware of the transition epoch in argument, so common and so false, by which so many alarm the public at what

they call the decay of faith, which is being superseded by the evolution of higher truth. Transition is no new thing; it has been going on ever since time began. Transition is the step of eternal progress. Its determined and ceaseless tread is heard in every epoch. Transition is the change-bringer of time. The hills, the ocean, the climate, society, men and creeds are changing hourly and always. It is an open question whether a particular change is good or bad. It is reasonable to reason about it. But to talk of the present time as one of transition, which the speaker has found out, is no novelty of discovery. It is older than the hills. Transition is eternal.

Men so well-informed, and so self-conscious of infallibility as Carlyle was, could say in the days passing over him, 'Few men have seen more impressive days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded. If they are not days of endless hope too, then they are days of utter despair.' Public men, priests and politicians before the days of Noah, and ever since, have said the same thing. It is the common jargon of Parliament. I have seen the sun of England set for ever annually for sixty years, according to the predictions of our public Cassandras. It weakens public respect for a man's judgment to hear him talk thus. Foolishness destroys effectiveness.

No more should be said at any time than can be said well. Brevity is the instinct of art. If anything is prolonged it must be varied and perfect in every part. It is a mistake to try to say everything which can be said upon a subject. Confine yourself to so much as will make a distinct impression. Enough is as good as a feast and better, and too much is worse than a fast.

Against multitudes of words the poets have given many warnings. One who knew exclaims:—

> Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

There are those who, like Talleyrand, regard words as given to us to conceal our meaning. But where the intention is to make it clear, we must give heed to Moore's suggestion—

> The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies,
> And e'en when they most condescended to teach,
> They packed up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
> In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

Co-operators ought to be good speakers; their study being economy, and economy in words is the source of effectiveness in speech. Economy is honourable in war. Wellington was a greater general than Napoleon, inasmuch as he compassed greater effects with a smaller expenditure of men; as he is the greatest speaker who accomplishes conviction with the smallest number of words.

We can do without any article of luxury we never had, but when once obtained, it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily. Of twelve thousand clocks left by Sam Slick, only ten were returned. 'We trust to soft sawder,' said Sam, 'to get them into the house, and to human nature that they never come out of it.' Yet how many persons expect to produce effects upon assemblies of men who never bestow half the time upon the study of their natures as was given by our American clock-seller.

The young speaker will do well to notice that morality is better understood, at least in theory, than in former days, and that the public like sincerity on the part of a speaker. A life which shall illustrate what the orator seeks to enforce will add materially to his influence. Some will ask—May not a recommendation be a good one though the giver of it be bad? Yes; but is it not an advantage when both are worthy? The public may accept good advice from men who will not take it themselves. But is it not the object of a wise rhetoric to increase the number of men

who act on sound advice? If the public should be composed of men who hear only and never practise, who does not see that we may give over all exhortations of amendment? Mankind reason that that which is good for the public is good for individuals, since individuals make up the public. And when it is seen that a man does not follow his own advice, it is concluded that either he is a simpleton, and consequently is not to be heeded, or that he is secretly conscious of some inapplicability in his own recommendations, and therefore to be suspected.

The moral existence of men is made up of a few trains of thought, which, from the cradle to the grave, are excited and re-excited again and again. These leading ideas rule despotically over conduct, and, whoever awakens these, influence those whom he addresses. It is in these leading ideas that we see the source of character. These features the rhetorician studies. When Napoleon in Egypt was threatened by his disaffected generals, he vanquished them by an appeal to the three traits in their character—their pride, their honour and their bravery. Walking among them, he exclaimed: 'You are too many to assassinate me, and too few to intimidate me.' The fury of the men was subdued to admiration, and they turned away, exclaiming, 'Damn him, how brave he is.' It is said the heart has no avenue so open as that of flattery, which, like some enchantment, lays its guards asleep. But flattery which succeeds with the intelligent requires art. If honest, it is excellent. A famous politician, at a Royal Academy dinner, listening to insincere praise which others called 'clever,' he answered, 'I call it hellish.'

Youth should lay the foundation of eloquence on character and honesty. Let him speak for the right; let him not borrow the language of idle gentlemen or scholars, much less that of sensualists, absorbed in greed of purse and palate; let him speak for the absent, defend the friendless,

the poor, the slave, the prisoner and the lost. Let him look upon opposition as opportunity; he is one who cannot be defeated or put down. Let him feel that it is not the people who are in fault for not being convinced, but the speaker who cannot convince them.

CHAPTER X

LAWS OF DEBATE

DEBATE is a larger question than is generally understood. Every man is debating daily, either with himself or someone else. A man debates questions with his household or with friends. Whenever a difference of opinion arises between two persons, they instinctively debate it together. This term has, also, a public signification, and is applied to discussions in Parliament and formal debates on public platforms. Correspondence in newspapers, reviews and periodicals often takes the form of controversy. All forms of controversy, where one person seeks to justify his opinion against the differing opinion of another, is debate; for intellectual life is a perpetual discussion. Conversation is a friendly debate. Error of idea is everywhere an antagonist.

Some people are so disquieted by contrariety of opinion that they fear the fate of the Catholic and Jew, who debated together the grounds of their faiths, and ended by the Jew becoming a Catholic and the Catholic a Jew. Some fear discussion because they are like the judge who said he understood a case when he had heard only one side—it was the other side which perplexed him. The risk of this perplexity he must undergo who would be wise.

Before taking part in debate, a man has to vindicate to himself the uses of debate.

1. It creates two-sided people.

2. It instils toleration.
3. It proves truth which may be trusted.
4. It puts into the mind the sense of reasoned truth.
5. It sows the seeds of new truth.

Those who object to these things may as well keep clear of debate, for they will misuse it and distrust it.

The first rule to be observed in taking part in debate is :—

1. To state your case.
2. To clear your case.
3. To prove your case.
4. And then sit down.

There was once an old doctor, the lecturer on logic and rhetoric at a Scotch university, who received the fees from the pupils on entering, who used to say to them, when they had finished their term, that there were only two rules to follow—'One was, when you have anything to say, say it in as few words as you can; the other is, when you've said it, hold your tongue.'

General Ludlow held that a man should say what he means and mean what he says. This is as true in debate as in morals. In debate, you must not only say what you mean—but *know* what you mean. The audience will soon find out if you do not know it.

1. The speaker must state his case that the hearers may understand to what he asks their attention; without this information they cannot judge what his object is, nor tell when he is relevant or when he digresses. In stating your case give the other side of the case—if you know it. The contrast will make your meaning clear, and show that you know what your case is. There is a fine instance in the writings of Toulmin Smith*—'Decentralisation or administration by localities, is that system of government under which the greatest number of minds, knowing most about the special matter in hand, having the greatest opportunities of knowing about it, and having the greatest interests in its

* *Local Self-Government*, pp. 395 to 409.

well-working, have the management of it or control over it. Centralisation or administration by departments is that system of government under which the smallest number of minds, knowing the least about the special matter in hand, having the fewest opportunities of knowing about it, and having the smallest interest in its well-working, have the management of it or control over it.'

2. Then the speaker must clear his case—show plainly what he is aiming at, making his question quite distinct, that it may not be mixed up with something likely to be advanced by another disputant. He must free his main terms from ambiguity, so that ignorance cannot mistake what he intends, nor an adversary pervert his meaning. On a certain occasion a witness said he knew the accused 'the moment he obtained a full-faced view of his back.' A back may have its peculiarities, but a 'full-faced' view of it is difficult to obtain. General Grant said of his rival for the presidency (General Hancock) that, sitting behind him, 'you knew when he was pleased, for you could see him laugh behind his ears.' I have seen other Hancocks do this.

3. A speaker must next prove his case, so that the reasons of his argument may be evident. Here he should adduce facts which cannot well be disputed in support of his contention, and employ, if he can, such illustrations as make his meaning clearer.

4. Having done all he can to put the hearer in possession of his case—he gives place to his adversary within the allotted time—if the time be prescribed.

A barrister will occasionally state a complex case to the jury before him, beginning with the simplest circumstances, continuing with the more difficult, arranging the facts in such order that the series throw light on the most obscure points—that the whole case may be fully understood. When he feels this to be accomplished he returns, recapitulates, selects those points he wishes to have most weight, puts them before the jury prominently and as forcibly as

he can. If his brief affords it, and he has no scruples, he can, like Charles Phillips, in his defence of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell, seek to fix the guilt on an innocent man; or, like Sir Fitzroy Kelly, shed tears to attest his belief that Tawell was innocent, whom he knew to be guilty. But he who does this loses evermore the confidence of those who know him.

In debate, it is a great point to have the main point in mind, and never to lose sight of it. An argument is like a picture which has a point to which all lines converge. It was O'Connell who said an orator should always know what he is aiming at, for when a man aims at nothing he is almost sure to hit it.

Young debating societies have a tendency not to know what the point is, and to wander from it when they do know it. Upon the chairman is cast the trouble of discerning what the main points are in the mind of the person who opens the debate, and if this has not been made clear to the chairman, he should ascertain what the main points meant to be debated are, and state them himself to the meeting before the discussion commences. Having once made the question unquestionably plain, he should remind every speaker of it who forgets it, and point out to him when he is wandering therefrom. But a chairman should not use much strictness in doing this, because some speakers cannot see a point, and cannot keep to it if they do. Therefore, if they were strictly called to order they would be incapable of speaking at all. But though it might be desirable, for the sake of affording young speakers practice, and of training a society in the habits of debate, to allow disputants to speak in the best way they can, the meeting should be incidentally kept informed when the question is getting mixed up with something else. In a debate, if speakers introduce irrelevant subjects, the good or evil of these different subjects will be entered upon. Other speakers arise and combat what other speakers have said upon these subjects,

and in less than half an hour hardly anybody remembers what the actual subject before the meeting was. Now, the business of disputants is to discuss the speech of the opener of the debate, rather than the speeches of each other. What other speakers say should only be referred to incidentally, and so far as it relates to the topic before the meeting. Discussion is excellent discipline in the art of discovering what a point is and what relates to it. Discussion is always valuable, inasmuch as it elicits contrariety of opinion that nobody could suspect, and misconceptions which nobody could imagine. No person can be said to entirely understand any subject until he has debated it with sharp-witted people. In the art of seeing all round a question, a night in a discussion room will do more for a man than a month in a library, that is, supposing the president has sufficient knowledge of the speakers before him to bring their various powers into play, and at the same time supposing that the speakers have powers which the president can elicit and bring into action.

No opponent should be accepted whose sincerity cannot be assumed, since it ought not to be questioned in debate. To give an adversary credit for good faith is economy in reasoning, since you have only to refute his principles—not himself—which leaves you all your time and force for the greater and more useful task. Find no fault with his grammar, manner, intentions, tone. Attend only to the matter. Hear all things without impatience and without manifest emotion. Let your opponent fully exhaust his matter. Encourage him to say whatever he thinks relevant. Many persons believe in the validity and magnitude of their positions, because they have never been permitted to state them to others—and when they have once delivered themselves of their opinions, they often find for the first time how insignificant they are. There are some persons whom nobody can confute but themselves. When you distinguish such, your proper business is to let them do it.

Learn to satisfy yourself and to present a conclusive statement of your opinions, and when you have done so, have the courage to abide by it. If you cannot trust your statement to be canvased by others—if you feel anxious to add some additional remark at every step—suspect your knowledge of your own case and amend it on further reflection. Master as completely as you can your opponent's theories, and state his case with manifest fairness, and, if possible, state it with more force against yourself than your opponent did. The observance of this rule will teach you two things —your opponent's strength or weakness, and your own also. If you cannot state your opponent's case you do not know it, and if you do not know it you are not in a fit position to argue against it. If you dare not state your opponent's case in its greatest force, you feel it to be stronger than your own, and in that case you ought not to argue against it.

The course here suggested will be as useful to truth as to the disputant. Great prejudice may often be disarmed by daring it. In this manner, Gibbon delivered his argument in favour of an hereditary monarchy. 'Of the various forms of government which have prevailed in this world, an hereditary monarchy seems to present the fairest scope for ridicule. Is it possible to relate, without an indignant smile, that, on the father's decease, the property of a nation, like that of a drove of oxen, descends to his infant son, as yet unknown to mankind and to himself; and that the bravest warriors and the wisest statesmen, relinquishing their natural right to empire, approach the royal cradle with bended knees and protestations of inviolable fidelity? Satire and declamation may paint these obvious topics in the most dazzling colours, but our serious thoughts will respect a useful prejudice that establishes a rule of succession independent of the passions of mankind; and we shall cheerfully acquiesce in any expedient which deprives the multitude of the dangerous, and indeed the ideal power of giving themselves a master.'

In Gibbon's days the discovery of a removable master had not been made.

Debate should have for its object the vindication of some truth seriously disputed. The Dutchman regarded debate as a duty, who, being pressed as to the value of a dog for whose loss he had brought an action, said, 'Nothing; but let him pay for it.' When his adversary was asked whether it was true that he killed the dog, he said, 'To be sure I did, but let him *prove* it,' which was foolish, but not more silly than many disputants of pretension, who will dispute for disputation sake, where there is nothing real or useful to contend for.

For the adjustment of a difference a man should understate his case—should make no material assertion unaccompanied by the proof—make the fairest allowance for his rival's excitement (if he be excited), put a fair interpretation on his words and acts. All whose suffrages are worth having will make just judgment. The reason of so many departures from this rule is the want of courage, or the want of sense. It is the opinion of the ignorant that if a man does not bluster and retort, he is deficient in spirit. This apprehension often betrays weak men into violence, and to prove themselves independent they become rude and insolent—whereas courage pursues its own way without ostentation, preserves its independence, corrects misrepresentation, repairs any injury it may have unwittingly done, and answers slander (if there be slander) with the truth. No wise man answers a fool according to his folly. He shows that it *is* folly, and abandons it to die by its own hands.

Hamilton's *Parliamentary Logic* gives maxims, which that experienced tactician had treasured up, observed, or invented, many unworthy, some shrewd:—

'State what you censure by the soft names of those who would apologise for it.

'In putting a question to your adversary, let it be the last thing you say.

'Distinguish real from avowed reasons of a thing. This makes a fine and brilliant fund of argument.

'Upon every argument consider the misrepresentations which your opponent will probably make of it.

'If your case is too bad, call in aid the party: if the party is bad, call in aid the cause.*

'Nothing disgusts a popular assembly more than being apprised of your intention to speak long.'

Having had experience in the ways of adversaries—the unscrupulous and the fair—I noticed the rules they ordinarily followed, and found, as Wordsworth's little girl said of her brothers and sisters, 'We are seven,' which were these :—

1. To show that the objection made against what you have said is wrong, and that you were in the right. For this course to succeed one must be very clear upon the subject, and make it very clear to others that it is the objector alone who is in error. If this cannot be done, the matter requires some consideration.

2. Not to take any notice of the objection raised; but if he who advances it is a person whose opinion has weight, his objection will have force, and tell against you, whether you take notice or not.

3. To notice the objection made, and affect to see nothing in it. But it is necessary to bear in mind that, if other people happen to see something in it, your want of penetration will not serve you.

4. To admit there is 'something in it,' but maintain that it is a mere misapprehension of your meaning. In that case, you must explain what your meaning was, or that expedient will not answer.

5. To allege that your own statement is open to two distinct interpretations, and argue that your critic has

* 'If neither is good,' says Hamilton, 'wound your opponent,' which may be Parliamentary, but is discreditable in the speaker and a waste of public time.

adopted the wrong one. This course, however, is attended with some risk; since it is the duty of a speaker to be aware of double meanings, to choose one, and leave the hearer in no manner of doubt which sense was intended, and to fix that sense so that the meaning could not be intelligently misunderstood.

6. Admit that your statement was open to some objection, making light of it, giving the hearer the impression it was very unimportant, and that your critic could not have anything very serious on his mind to make so 'much ado about nothing'—by which means the unobservant hearer will be hardly sensible that you have fallen into any error at all, and even be disposed to regard the objector to what you have said, as a trivial and captious commentator. But the intelligent observer will distrust you.

7. The remaining course open is to admit frankly you were in the wrong. Careless phraseology, an inaccurate argument, or a conflicting statement (whether fallen into unawares or not), is an imposition upon the mind of the hearer, and a waste of language, since it weakens and obscures the proper argument. Therefore, the right thing is to express yourself under obligations to an auditor who pays you the great compliment of considering what you have said, and takes the trouble to amend what has been unwittingly left defective.

Persons, really honest-minded, do often find a difficulty in frankly admitting that they have made a mistake; but it is far better to cultivate the habit of admitting an error, which you see to be such, than to foolishly persist that you are right, and to persist in the foolishness of the mis-statement which everybody sees to be so, and which you ought to see yourself. To try to create the impression that you are never in error, is to pretend to infallibility—it is to pretend that you know everything, that you know it always, and that you are so perfect that you never forget it or overlook it. Everybody knows that there never was any person

of this description; and to pretend to be, or to imagine that you are, such a person is to betray to every reflecting reader that you are ignorant as well as conceited. A real lover of truth is glad to have any error into which he may have fallen pointed out, that he may avoid it in the future.

CHAPTER XI

PERSONALITIES THE DIGRESSIONS OF DEBATE

CONTROVERSY, though the pathway to, and final test of truth, is an unwelcome word in many ears. This, because it is so often protracted and unsatisfactory. It is protracted through digression, and unsatisfactory, being so often disfigured by personalities, which mainly cause digression and ill-feeling. Things evil, as well as things good, do not come by chance. Disease as well as health has its conditions; and personalities, however capricious and irregular they may seem, have their laws. These are briefly to be explained. St Jerome said: 'If an offence come out of the truth, better the offence come than that the truth be concealed.' There is no natural offence in truth. The offence is generally put into it by personalities, which cause digressions from the truth into the hateful and dishonouring imputations.

The *Edinburgh News* lately turned to the file of London papers as they existed in the pure and happy days of a fourpenny tax, and found a licence of speech quite edifying. Thus the *Times* calls its neighbour, the *Morning Chronicle*, 'that squirt of filthy water,' and the *Chronicle*, not to be behind, calls the *Post* 'that slop-pail of corruption.' The *Standard* describes the *Globe* as 'our blubber-head contemporary.' The *Morning Herald* accosts its neighbour, the *Courier*, as 'that spavined old hack,' while the *Morning Advertiser* hurls its wrath against the *Times* as 'that bully of

Berkshire and braggadocio of Printing House Square.' The *Times*, not to be outdone, commenced one of its leaders on the 13th of June 1835, with 'The Liberal liars,' and then turning on the *Chronicle*, continues, 'A disgraceful morning print, which actually feeds on falsehood and lies'; then going into the subject, it adds, 'The smaller rascal, Mr Gingall, copies the paragraph from the larger blackguard.' The *Times* of the same date, elsewhere referring to its opponent, says, 'The community must be shocked to know that there are such beings as these scribblers out of the treadmill, and because every exposure of the ragamuffins gives to foreigners an additional proof that there have crept into the press of this country a number of scoundrels, who not only are unfit for the society of gentlemen, but who would be a disgrace to the vilest *coteries* of Europe.' To this the *Standard* retorts, 'It can scarcely be doubted that the habits of writing down to the ignorance and below the brutality of the rabble, which the *Times* has acquired by long experience, acting, of course, upon original ignorance and intuitive brutality, has rendered this journal a more powerful organ of excitement than a whole workshop of railers.'

This was the way in which 'gentlemen wrote for gentlemen' in those days; and all agreed in one thing, that the abolition of the fourpenny stamp would lower the press, as though it could fall into a lower depth than that in which the fourpenny tax writers burrowed. The press has been freed from all taxation, and the standard of the cheap press is far higher than in its dearest days. The working-class have found a better way of expression. Nevertheless, the political and ecclesiastical controversy of our 'betters' still presents samples of the old manner.

Literature has not always had a civil tongue in its head, and was ready to assist political animosity. Bute pensioned Dr Johnson and Dr Shebbeare, which caused the wits to say he had pensioned a He-bear and a She-bear. Dr Shebbeare

had been in the pillory and lost his ears, which was the point of the lines—

> Witness, ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
> List to my call, for *some of you* have ears.

Byron and Shelley disagreed widely on several questions, but that made no difference in their regard for each other. Byron had hatreds—Shelley had fanaticisms. Vegetarianism was one. Byron did not hesitate to deny outright Shelley's coreal ideal. Byron sang—

> Man's a carnivorous production,
> And must have meals; at least one meal a day.
> He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
> But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;
> Although his anatomical construction
> Bears vegetables in a grumbling way,
> Your labouring people think, beyond all question,
> Beef, veal and mutton better for digestion.

Shelley, walking down Bond Street, composing a poem and munching a new roll for his dinner, would be likely to produce dyspeptic verse that day. Shelley wrote no line of malice in reply to Byron. But then these poets were gentlemen.

One way to disarm personalities when they come is to brave them. To court them is fatal to yourself; to retaliate fatal to union. The partisan of a cause ought to be able to dare all opinions. And all opinions might be dared by those in the right. There can be no quarrel unless *two* parties engage in it. And it is always in the power of one party to prevent a quarrel by refusing to be a party to it. No man can quarrel with another without the other's consent. Hence the veto of peace, if not of amity, is always in the hands of one of the disputants. It is often a duty; it is often indispensable to notice individual error. But the discharge of such a duty would not be so distasteful to the public as it now is, were it not for the personally disparaging

manner in which it is generally done. If, when objections to a public man must be made, the points were well selected and singly urged, without ill-will, the criticism would be felt to be useful and tolerable. Instead of this course a miscellaneous fire is often extended to every imaginable fault, and conjectures called in when facts are exhausted, until what was, or should be, public instruction becomes a gratification of private resentment.

Malevolence is not necessary on the platform, nor in the press. Canadian journalists told me that Mr Goldwin Smith, by showing in his own writing how a man of genius could be effective without employing dishonouring epithets, had raised the character of the whole Canadian press.

It is not just to refer to a man's lameness of body; but lameness of mind may be complained of, because that is remediable. A lame man would not enter himself in a public race with agile men, and if he enters into public controversy he must be assumed to have mental nimbleness. But, if he is always behind in his argument, his deficiency in pace may be ascribed to natural causes—to lameness of understanding. Misfortunes of nature are unlawful allusions. Canning has not been forgiven for alluding to a Parliamentary opponent as the 'revered and *ruptured* Ogden.' The permanent reason for avoiding outrage is that the mugwumps who can imitate nothing else, can imitate unpleasantnesses.

The debater should keep a sharp eye on an opponent who introduces personalities. It is the device by which an astute adversary allures his assailant from his gun—so that he is not at hand to discharge it—when the enemy is in front of it.

Civilisation has imposed laws on contests. An invading army must not poison the wells of the enemy; a duellist must stand at the assigned distance before he fires; a prize-fighter is forbidden to hit below the belt; neither man, nor horse, nor boat is allowed to foul a competitor

in a race. But in controversy there is no law, save that of honour, to prevent an adversary assailing an opponent by dishonouring imputations.

Once, in the United States Assembly, a member in audience, being weary of listening to the member in possession of the House, rose and said, 'Mr Speaker, I should like to know how long that blackguard is to go on tiring me to death in this manner.' In the Irish House of Commons, Mr Grattan said of Mr Corrie, 'I will not call him villain, because he is a Chancellor of the Exchequer; I will not call him liar, because he is a Privy Councillor; but I will say of him, that he is one who has taken advantage of the privileges of this House to utter language to which, in any other place, my answer would have been a blow.' A duel was the immediate result. And if a duel was intended the language was well chosen for the purpose.

De Morgan relates that the late Professor Vince was once arguing at Cambridge against duelling, and some one said, 'Well, but, Professor, what could you do if anyone called you a liar?' 'Sir,' said the fine old fellow, 'I should tell him to prove it, and if he did prove it, I should be ashamed of myself, and if he didn't he ought to be ashamed of himself.'

The obvious laws to be observed in controversy seem to be these:—

1. To consult the improvement of those opposed to you and to this end argue not for resentment, or gratification, or pride, or vanity, but for their enlightenment.

2. When surmising motives do not surmise the worst, but adopt the best construction the case admits.

3. To distinguish between the personalities which impugn the judgment and those that criminate character, and not to advance accusations affecting the judgment without distinct and indisputable proof; and never to assail character (where it must be done) on suspicion, probability, belief or likelihood.

4. Never make an imputation unless some public good is to come out of it. It is not enough that a charge is true, it must be useful to prefer it before a wise publicist will meddle with it.

5. Be so sure of your case as to be able to defy the judgment of mankind, and when assailed, maintain self-defence, self-respect, not forgetting justice to those to whom you are opposed.

Leigh Hunt prophesied long ago that the old philosophic conviction would revive among us, that 'the errors of mankind arise rather from the want of knowledge than the defect of goodness.' Stupidity can be informed, ignorance can be enlightened, but the collision of interest and passion, self-will and self-opinion, can destroy association, until men acquire justice in speech, and equity towards others.

The necessity of enforcing this most practical part of rhetoric (the Rhetoric of Dispute), which is taught in no Mechanics' or Literary Institution, is evidenced in the fact that an impartial, impersonal and dispassionate tone is in many eyes almost fatal to prosperity in newspaper and periodical literature. To the uneducated populace nothing that is just seems spirited. He who is not offensively personal is pronounced tame. The rancorous are most relished. The reason is that most men, when stung by a sense of injury, are naturally precipitated from extreme to extreme. Their opinions, when sincere, are not produced by the ordinary law of intellectual births, by induction or inference, but are equivocally generated by the heat of fervid emotion, wrought upon by some sense of unbearable oppression. But all this changes with the growth of knowledge. Art discards the gaudy colours of the savage; so rhetoric discards savage invective. Civilisation is a sense of proportion.

Personalities, even those which relate to defects of understanding, are allowable within the limits of not impugning sanity; but not personal allusions which relate to defect of honour, or veracity. If you call a man an idiot, you pass

the limit of allowable personalities of the mind. He who thinks another an idiot, should be silent with regard to him. If a person be an idiot it is of no use arguing with him. He is incapable of reasoning. To use such a term towards an adversary is to stop debate—if you believe what you say. The moment this word is said the friends of the alleged imbecile are up in arms to resent the insult to his understanding, and probably the 'idiot' himself leaps up to retort upon his accuser. Then there is an end of the subject in debate. Everybody digresses from it to join in the vindication of the assailed, or of the assailant.

The moment one person accuses another of want of honour or veracity, the reply is a blow, or a duel, which are held to be justifiable. If the term is believed it destroys the accused, and he feels justified in destroying his accuser. He who intends to make dishonouring charges should go before a magistrate. A term of personal dishonour is a breach of the peace, and the law court, and not the platform, is the proper place to make the charge. To introduce offensive accusation is to terminate debate by a pernicious digression, and arouses recrimination and passion, through which the rays of truth penetrate not. This consequence is so well understood that he who causes such digression may be suspected of intending it.

The mischief of personalities which offend is that persons who cannot argue can recriminate. A hundred persons can make imputations for ten who can reason. The discovery of truth in the maze of words and diversity of view requires concentration of attention. But irrelevancies require no thought and are popular with the majority of hearers who have not thought on these things, or to whom irrelevancies are a relief.

CHAPTER XII

POLICY OF DEBATE

THERE are three points of policy in debate.

1. The first is the search for the truth—its recognition when found, whether in the mouth of your adversary, or your own. As Dr Johnson says in his 'Irene':—

> Be virtuous ends pursued by virtuous means,
> Nor think the intention sanctifies the deed.

No talent, no genius is entitled to esteem, except as the use to which it is put is conducive to the welfare of others.

2. Since the adversary is the friend of truth, he should never be outraged or humiliated, or he will withdraw himself from the arena, or his friends will if he does not. Then debate is ended and discredited in public estimation.

3. Because discussion is the agency of establishing truth, the credit of debate should always be in the minds of both disputants. Do not be contemptuous or impatient of those whose faculties are not 'on sight,' or perhaps non-existent. I would listen a reasonable time to a madman. 'Light is still light, whether it pass through coloured glass or even a *cracked* window.'

As to whether ridicule and satire may be employed in debate, are questions of judgment as well as rule. Cicero condescended to employ ridicule against certain chimeras. 'Condescended' is Gibbon's word, admitting or implying that ridicule is at best but one of the lower forms of argument. Satire, in the hands of Lucian, was, Gibbon thinks, a

much more adequate as well as a more efficacious weapon. Shaftesbury regarded ridicule as 'one of those principal lights' under which things are to be viewed in order to their full recognition. Truth, it is supposed, may bear all lights. So it will, but the holders of the ridiculed truth will not. Most things, owing to time or circumstance—some intrinsically—have an absurd side. But it requires great dexterity to show it without giving offence. In politics it requires consummate art to employ ridicule without outraging those held up to laughter. In religion it is never successful, if the object is conversion. Instructive ridicule is so difficult; and foolish ridicule is so easy, and commonly coarse and buffoonish, that, without the instinct and cultivation of art, ridicule should not be attempted. One rule is clear—a cause in a minority should never ridicule the cause of the majority The wise profit by Coleridge's warning: 'Truth is a good dog, but beware of barking too closely at the heels of error, lest you get your brains kicked out.' Those in the majority, political and ecclesiastical, employ ridicule against the minority, without scruple or mercy, but are furious when it is employed against themselves, and resent it dangerously. It is said by omniscient and self-complacent writers, that 'to argue with folly is to make it feel important.' But what one may deem folly may be matter of honest and serious conviction on the part of others. The subject of our ridicule, or satire, may be sacred to them: and there is neither sense nor self-respect in inflicting pain, outrage or humiliation upon sincere persons, however foolish we may deem them. A master in advocacy, John Stuart Mill, held that, 'in general, opinion contrary to those received, can only obtain a hearing by studied moderation of language and the most cautious avoidance of *unnecessary* offence, from which they hardly ever deviate, even in the slightest degree, without losing ground.' Sarcasm is mocking, and when without bitterness is enlivening. Ridicule holds persons or things up to laughter or contempt. Satire is less offensive,

since it reflects on the intellectual oversight of adversaries. Ridicule is more common, because malice may inspire it. Satire is more difficult, since it is futile without wit.

> Satire, like a polished razor keen,
> Wounds with a touch which is scarcely felt or seen.

Sarcasm, ridicule and satire have always been regarded as bright weapons of controversy, but they require to be used with judgment and, above all, with good temper.

It is well to avoid words which may mean more than you can prove. Be chary of saying a thing is 'very' good or 'very' exact, when it may be merely good, and perhaps not that: its exactness may hardly come up to the average, when looked into. 'Most' is as dangerous as 'very.' It requires wide knowledge to say a thing is 'most' excellent. The words 'none' and 'all,' 'every' and 'always,' should be used very warily. It may require you to go over all mankind, over all time, and every event to justify such wide-reaching terms.

If you invite opposition, do it with circumspection. The value of free speech is too great to be trifled with. Seek conflict only with sincere men. Concede to your opponent the first word and the last. Let him appoint the chairman. Let him speak double time if he desires it. Debate is objected to as an exhibition in which disputants try to surprise, outwit, take advantage of, and discomfit each other. To obviate this objection, explain to your opponent the outline of the course you intend to pursue, acquaint him with the books you shall quote, the authorities you shall cite, the propositions you shall endeavour to prove, and the concessions you shall ask. And do this without expecting the same at his hands. He will not now be taken unawares. He will be pre-warned and pre-armed. He will have time to prepare, and if the truth is in him it ought to come out.

If you feel that you cannot give all these advantages to your opponent, suspect yourself and your side of the question. Every conscientious and decided man believes

his views to be true, and if consistent he believes them to be impregnable. Neither in minutes, months nor years are they to be refuted. Then a man so persuaded may concede advantages to his adversary, and enable him to arm himself beforehand.

In another particular discussions were esteemed unsatisfactory. When statement and reply have been made, then came the reply to the reply, and then the reply to that, till the cavil seemed perplexing, tiresome and endless.

Now, the object of discussion is not the vexatious chase of an opponent, but the contrastive statement of opinion. Therefore endeavour to select main points, to state them strongly and clearly, and when your opponent replies be content to leave his arguments side by side with your own, for the judgment of the auditors. Do not disparage an opponent, mis-state his views, or strain his words, and thus, for the sake of a verbal triumph, produce ill-feeling. Your sole business is with what he says, not how he says it, nor why he says it. Your aim should be that the audience should lose sight of the speakers, and be possessed with the subject; and that those who come the partisans of persons shall depart the partisans of principles. The victory in a debate lies not in lowering an opponent, but in raising the subject in public estimation. Controversial wisdom lies not in destroying the adversary, but in destroying his error —not in making him ridiculous, but in making the audience wise.

A principle is a path. Deviation is error and waste of time. Intellectual courtesy to persons is consideration for others; it is conceding to others the right of acting on their convictions. But courtesy does not apply to giving up your own conviction nor in concealing it. He who is without principle is without any guide, not knowing what to do himself. Relinquishing or concealing personal principle is being useless to others, who are instructed by knowing their neighbours' path as well as knowing their own.

Never invent opponents—never invent the opinions of opponents. Take real ones. The dangerous preference of imagination to reality is perhaps nowhere so apparent as in the construction of controversial books. Authors satisfy themselves with inventing the arguments of their opponents, when the easiest and most satisfactory course is to extract the most powerful reasoning the other side has produced. By this course real objectors can be answered instead of fictitious ones.

A perpetual device, or error of controversialists, is to state as a fact against an adversary their *inference* from his doctrines, and declare that he means what they say. After a while, if the assailants have a powerful party on their side, they will assert that the very terms used, in such inference, were the original language of their adversary. This used to be constantly done with applause in political, ecclesiastical and sectarian controversy. The practice has not wholly died out yet. The late Mr Delane inferred from Mr Cobden's expressed opinion in favour of land reform, that he would parcel out the land of the country among the people, and said in the *Times* that Mr Cobden advised this course—which was never in Mr Cobden's mind nor in his words. Mr Delane put forth his own inference as Mr Cobden's actual avowal, which he indignantly and successfully repudiated in letters which became famous.

Controversialists make much ado about the *onus probandi*, meaning the burden of proof, which rests with him who makes an assertion. He who denies what is asserted is often, without reason, called upon to prove his negative. Beyond remarking that it is the province of the assertor to prove, accept the logically unfair demand and give the reasons why you hold the negative opinion. This meets the case as far as a negationist can meet it. It continues the discussion, and compels it to proceed, and gives the negationist the opportunity of becoming the assailant by request of his adversary.

Debate requires self-possession—a power to think on your legs. But even in debate the victory is oftener with the foregone than with the impromptu thinker. A man who knows his subject well will be forearmed. He alone can distinctly see the points in dispute, and the nature of the proof or disproof necessary to settle the question.

Two persons of opposite opinions often mistake the way of coming to a common understanding: as, for instance, when one speaks *at* the other instead of explaining his own views *to* him. Each expects the other to come over to him, which neither is inclined to do, nor intends to do. A, in expecting B to come to him, assumes that on the part of his opponent there exists a predisposition for his views. This should never be assumed. It is the first endeavour of a wise propagandist to *create* it if it does not exist, and strengthen it if it does—and whether it exists or not, he should always reason as though it did not. The business of A, the converter, is to meet B on the platform B stands upon, to examine his principles, study his views and turn of thought until he finds some common ground of faith, morals, opinion, or practice, with which he can identify himself.

There is no easier method of commencing a conversation than by asking a question. There is no safer introduction to an argument than by asking an opponent what he means, where his meaning is doubtful. Time and circumstance have given new usage, new senses, and new associations of idea, to words that once had but one meaning. Most words have now many meanings. Where the sense in which a word is used is open to doubt—do not assume a meaning, but inquire the sense in which an opponent employs it.

The Socratic method of disputation or artful questioning (of which Zeno the Eleatic was the author), by which an opponent is entrapped into concessions, and thus confuted, is rather fit for wranglers and sophists than reasoners.

There is too much reason to believe that Socrates condescended to this course often at the expense of ingenuousness. It is said in his defence that *he* did it not as the sophists, for the sake of confounding virtue, but for the purer purpose of confounding dexterous vice. It is, however, beneath the dignity of a reasoner to *betray* his opponent into the truth.

Questioning, however, is an essential instrument. A high authority, Dr Arnold, has put this in a useful light:—'An inquiring spirit is not a presumptuous one, but the very contrary. He whose whole recorded life was intended to be our perfect example, is described as gaining instruction in the temple by hearing and asking questions—the one is almost useless without the other. We should ask questions of our books and of ourselves; what is its purpose—by what means it proceeds to effect that purpose—whether we fully understand the one—whether we go along with the other—do the arguments satisfy us—do the descriptions convey lively and distinct images to us—do we understand all the allusions to persons or things? In short, does our mind act over again from the writer's guidance what his acted before? do we reason as he reasoned, conceive as he conceived, think and feel as he thought and felt? or if not, can we discern where and how far we do not, and can we tell why we do not?'

Questioning has also a place in rhetoric as well as in research. Frankly conducted, it is a mode of conviction without offence. To whatever an opponent urges, with which we do not agree, of course we have some objection. Put this objection incidentally, or ask as a question, what answer can be given to it? This is a good conversational mode of debate, where the improvement of an opponent, rather than a triumph over him, is the object. It is not showy, but it is searching.

In a similar way confidence may be acquired by diffident speakers. A novitiate conversationalist is shy of taking

part in debating a topic, lest he should not be able to sustain himself. To such I have said—put your argument in the form of an objection which some would urge, and beg some one of the company to tell you what he would say in reply. If to this answer you have an objection further, put that also in the questioning form; for a man would be able to ask a question who would never be able to make a speech. Wise members of Parliament know this. Once in conversation, the diffident will speak freely enough —perhaps too freely. A coward will fight when he grows warm in strife. By questioning a novice may learn the best answers others can give to his own argument, and without exposure learn his own weakness or strength, or that of others.

In interpreting the words of an adversary, he who replies has to put some construction upon it. It is safest to put the best. He is nearly always wrong who puts the worst, whether in debate or in daily life. To put the best construction possible on a proposition in dispute is to raise debate to a higher level and maintain it there.

CHAPTER XIII

DEFENCE OF DEBATE

SPEAKING a few years ago at a Liverpool college, Mr Gladstone, who is always for fairness to adversaries, said: 'The day had gone by when reticence or railing at opponents was regarded as a sufficient defence of opinion.' Assailants of religious tenets must be met by reason and not by railing. In words to this effect he counselled that adversaries should be met by argument. Mr Gladstone is as much an ecclesiastical as a political authority, and no one of his eminence as a Christian has, in my time, justified reasoning controversy. It is only those who, consciously or unconsciously, lack confidence in the truth of their opinions who decry honest discussion. To him who believes he has the truth, opposition is his opportunity. He who understands that the sincere adversary is the friend of truth will find debate a great advantage. Your opponent may be the enemy of your opinions, but he is the friend of your improvement. The more ably he confronts you the more he serves you. The gods, it is said, have not given to mortals the privilege of seeing themselves as others see them; but, by a happy compensation in human affairs, it is given to adversaries to supply what the gods deny. They afford that indispensable light of contrast which enables you to discover the truth if hidden from you, or the opportunity to display the truth if you possess it. 'A good writer,' says Godwin, 'must have ductility of thought that shall enable him to put

himself in the place of his reader, and not suffer him to take it for granted, because he understands himself, that every one who comes to him for information will understand him. He must view his phrases on all sides, and be aware of all the senses of which they are susceptible.' But this facility can nowhere be so certainly acquired as in debate.

A master of debate amid orators of renown—Edmund Burke, said: 'He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amiable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.'

Discussion commences without prepossession, and ends without dogmatism when each disputant is more anxious to explain than defend his opinions. As an established truth is that which is generally received after it has been generally examined, it is evident that, though truth may be discovered by research, it can only be established by debate.

The only verification of truth possible, is when propositions supposed to be true are subjected to criticism. The most competent writers (as Samuel Bailey, to wit) on the means of ascertaining Truth, agree that, while true things are true in themselves, and may come to be accepted without controversy, no one can be sure of the truth of very important propositions until they have been openly, freely, and universally discussed in a fair field of inquiry. All Milton asked was 'a free and open encounter' for truth, and no one could doubt its victoriousness. Like all intrepid advocates of a cause in a minority, Milton was too sanguine. A 'free and open' encounter is not enough—it should be a *fair* encounter also. If disputants are unequally matched as to powers of expression, extent of knowledge or means of obtaining it, or leisure for preparation for the encounter—truth for that time may not obtain the advantage. People seem not to think that debaters should be as equally matched as may be. A savage undrilled against a soldier

trained—a racer lame against one swift of foot—a village spouter against a London actor—a pedagogue against a professor—would be no fair encounter however 'free and open' it might be.

> That is no fight—as everybody knows—
> Where only one side deals the blows,
> And the other merely bears them.

It is because common-sense conditions of fairness are overlooked in discussion that many decry debate as uninstructive or disappointing. The sureness of a truth is known only when it obtains acceptance after every competent person has been heard, who has anything to say against it. Freedom of thought, and the free and equal criticism of it, is a condition of truth and progress. It is the well-understood interest of every community to permit, to encourage, and to give every man who can think a chance of adding to the sum of Truth. At the same time, no person can hope to obtain from men of thought that indispensable criticism which they can give unless the advocate of truth is himself studiously fair and friendly in speech.

Every man, said Walpole, and later, Pitt, has his price. Whether either had sounded the venality of patriotism and fixed the market price of his own virtue I know not. If Pitt was incorruptible, as is believed, he should not have said what he did. But with more truth and less offensiveness it may be said that every man has his reason, which, when once presented to him, will sway him; and to find this out is the problem rhetoric has to solve. I am not more favourable than Hood to the plan of 'dropping truth gently, as if it were china, and likely to break.' But if a fair case be so stated as not to mortify others by arrogance, no annoy by ceaseless importunity, nor disgust by seeming vanity, but accompanied by evident indications of disinterested sincerity, it will generally prove acceptable. It is not the truth men hate, but the disagreeable auxiliaries

which so often attend its enunciation. Bacon, I think it is, who says in his regal manner:—

'Whosoever has his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation.'

Very few people are capable of charity without compromise, or can distinguish between them. Charity recognises how a man may come by his error without being conscious of it. Compromise is suffering some error to remain, out of courtesy or expediency, in order to obtain co-operation in carrying into practice a portion of truth which would otherwise be rejected.

It is of no use saying you cannot find a common ground for debate. He who cannot find it, cannot convert. How can persons, any more than bodies, cohere, who never touch? So long as each denies to the other a share of reason on his side—so long as each maintains an infallibility of pretension to complete truth—they both assume what is contrary to the nature of things, and exclude the common ground which must be established between them, where truth and error can join issue. There is no impassable gulf between contending men or contending opinions but that dug by pride and passion. We all have a common starting point. We have a common consciousness of impression—a common nature to investigate—a common sincerity to actuate us—truth is our common object, and we have a common interest in discovering it. Nature made us friends: it is mostly false pride or false impressions that make us enemies. A common ground exists between all disputants. This is a relevant fact too little attended to, or, indeed, too little understood. The common ground which exists is not one which policy makes, but one that nature provides.

These remarks regard conviction as depending upon truth, not upon forms of procedure. Nothing is recommended here which is inconsistent with truth—no cunning questioning, no sophistical entrapment. The sole precepts are those of condescension and contrast. Find a common ground of agreement, and you find a common point of sight, from which all objects are seen in the same light; and a clear plane is obtained on which principles can be drawn, and a perfect outline of truth and error displayed. He who has the truth will make it plainer by relevant elucidation. Differences are often made wider by irrelevant, repulsive debate. Differences which did not exist are often created in this way. All honest men desire the truth, and there is a way in which all can find it. The understandings of men commonly run in a given channel—each thinker looks as it were through a telescope of his own. It is only in debate that he sees it through the telescope of his opponent, which clarifies his own views. Let no man conclude because no immediate change of opinion is manifest in debate, that none has taken place. The life of thought may be begun. Seed brought from Egypt was found to grow more than eighteen centuries after it was garnered.

The supreme advantage of debate is that it compels a man to think. A man is not a man unless he is a thinker—he is a fool having no ideas of his own. If he happens to live among men who do think, he browses, like an animal, on their ideas. He is a sort of kept-man, being supported by the thoughts of others. He is what in England we call a pauper, who subsists upon out-door relief allowed him by men of intellect. Nevertheless, there are persons in every assembly who, like Curran, have powers and know it not; or, like Macklin, who was more than forty years old before he knew that

> He was the Jew
> Whom Shakespeare drew.

Thousands have powers unsuspected by themselves or

others. They may be compared to that daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough—

> All nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
> Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
> Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
> Seems undiscovered to herself alone.

The defence of debate—like that of national education—is that it discovers and trains latent talent for the service and exaltation of the nation.

Oral examination surpasses all other forms. Discussion after many addresses would be of great public value. The argument against it, that it would lead to strife and discord, is one reason why it should be practised. Men are childish intellectually, while in that state in which debate must be prohibited. If they be children, train them in the art of debate until they are translated into men. To admit debate after an address, it is said, enables factious individuals to destroy the effect of what has been said. It is often the fault of the speaker if anyone is able to efface the effect of his speech.

As a general rule, discussions, set and accidental, are good. A twofold reality by their means is brought to bear on the public understanding, more exciting than that of any other intellectual agency. An opinion that is worth holding is worth diffusing, and to be diffused it must be thought about; and when men think on true principles they become adherents—but only those adherents are worth having who have thought on both sides, and discussion alone makes them do that. True, men may read on both sides; but it seldom happens that men who are impressed by one side care to read the other. In discussions they are obliged to hear the other side. If men do read both sides, unless they read a 'discussion,' they do not find all the facts on one side specially considered on the other. In a discussion read, unless read at one sitting, the strength of any impres-

sion and the clearness of the argument on one side is partly lost before the opponent's side is perused. But in an oral debate, the adaptation of fact to fact is more complete—the pro and con are heard successively, the light of contrast is full and clear, and both sides are weighed at the same time, when the eye of the mind is sharply fixed on the balance. If the disputants are intellectual gladiators so much the better, provided they are in earnest. The stronger they are, the mightier and the more instructive the conflict. It is said that people come out of such discussions as they go into them, that the same partisans shout or hiss on the same side all through. This is not always true, and no matter if it is. The work of conviction is often done though the audience may not show it. They may break your head, and afterwards own you were right. Human pride forbids the confession, but change is effected in spite of pride. But if an audience remain the same at night, they will not be the same the next morning. Conviction is begun in discussion which is not ended there. He who hastily changes his views is to be suspected of weakness or carelessness; or caprice. The steady, inquiring and deliberate thinker is the safest convert.

It is a maxim of the schoolmen that we never really know what a thing is, unless we are also able to give a sufficient account of its opposite. This is the maxim of contrast that enters into all effective persuasion. Professor Bain, in his 'Essay on Early Philosophy,' remarks:—

The essence of the Dialectic Method is to place side by side with every doctrine and its reasons, all opposing doctrines and their reasons, allowing these to be stated in full by the persons holding them. No doctrine is to be held as expounded, far less proved, unless it stands in parallel array to every other counter-theory, with all that can be said for each. For a short time this system was actually maintained and practised; but the execution of Socrates gave it its first check, and the natural intolerance

of mankind rendered its continuance impossible. Since the Reformation, struggles have been made to regain for the discussion of questions generally—philosophical, political, moral and religious, the two-sided procedure of the law-courts, and 'perhaps never more strenuously than now.' Remember that—

> Through mutual intercourse and mutual aid,
> Great deeds are done, and great discoveries made;
> The wise new wisdom on the wise bestow,
> Whilst the lone thinker's thoughts come slight and slow.

Persons whom you take to be wise and are bound to think honest, will arrest discussion and conceal their own ignorance by insisting that the point in dispute is a mere affair of terms. 'What's in a name?' they say. Everything. Truth is in the right name. The wrong name misleads. Difference in terms means difference of ideas. To one who says he means the same as you, only under a different name, ask him to take your name and thus indicate the unity of his idea. He will do nothing of the kind, and you will soon see there is a difference in his mind. But for debate he would go on believing there was none.

It is no mean excellence in debate that it alone relieves a man of honourable conscience of responsibility. How can anyone bear the idea of putting forth opinions for which others, who adopt them, must in this life or the next be answerable—and he accords them no opportunity of the self-defence of debate? He who is not infallible must often be in error, even where he is most earnest, and he is answerable for whatever he says or does which influences the life of others. Discussion alone can save him from the consequences of his advocacy, so far as it may be erroneous.

CHAPTER XIV

THE THEORY OF EPITHETS—MORAL AS WELL AS RHETORICAL

THE question of epithets covers so wide a range of morals, manner of mind as well as policy of speech, that several considerations are necessary to adequately understanding it. At every step an observing student is admonished how conscientiously a man will say things he will one day wish he could recall. Carleton tells truly—

> Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
> You can't do that way when you're flying words.
> Careful with fire is good advice we know;
> Careful with words is ten times doubly so,
> Thoughts unexpress'd may sometimes fall back dead,
> But God Himself can't kill them once they're said.

Many enter the quagmire of recrimination without adequate reflection. The question is commonly put, 'Ought we not to state all we know to be true?' Not unless it can be shown to be useful. Every man knows a thousand things which are true, but which it would advantage nobody to hear. When we speak, the rule is absolute that we speak the truth, but *what* truth we will voluntarily communicate good sense must be the judge. If all truth must be published, without regard to fitness or justice, William Rufus, who drew a tooth a day from a rich Jew's head to induce him to tell truly where his treasures were concealed, was a great moral philosopher. 'Well, but what a man believes to be true and useful may he not

state?' will be asked by some. Not unless he can *prove* it. If every man stated his *suspicions*, no character would be safe from aspersion, all society would be a school of scandal. Suspicion is the food of slander. There is already more evil in existence than the virtuous are likely soon to correct, and little necessity exists for suspicion to supply hypothetical cases. 'But,' observes the reader, 'if two disputants have respectively proved the fitness of the epithets they have mutually applied, are they not justified in having used them?' Better leave that to the audience, unless, as has been said, the object is to end the discussion, for the auditors being assured they have two rascals before them, will leave the room. No disputant should unite the offices of witness, jury and judge, giving his own evidence, returning his own verdict, and pronouncing the sentence in his own favour. It is this habit which has been the discredit of religious, political and literary discussions. Lawyers are the philosophers of disputes, and have wisely taken out of the hands of interest, petulance and prejudice, the power of deciding upon their own case. Yet disputants will do that unhesitatingly with regard to each other which, in a court of justice, would long tax the patience and discernment of twelve uninterested, dispassionate men. The difficulty of being right as to epithets shows the necessity of being sparing in their use. Epithets are more safely applied to the characterisation of opinions than of persons. If you accuse stones of a certain property which is not possessed by all, the exceptional stones will not be scandalised, as the same number of men would whom you happened to include in a carelessly-worded, disparaging, general assertion. The wrongly accused are not pacified by your saying, 'Oh, I did not mean you; I meant to allow that there were exceptions.' Never forget that 'all' means everyone.

It is a wise maxim in law—in rhetoric as well—that ten guilty men had better escape than that one innocent man should suffer. So with personal judgments. The one

innocent man condemned will do both judge and justice more harm than the ten guilty who escape.

Persons who deem duels with daggers or pistols absurd and murderous will fight duels with their tongues or pens, though tragedies of domestic alienation, or public hatred and wreck of parties frequently follow therefrom. Since the perfect style of public invective can no longer be employed, why should the habit still linger? After Grattan had denounced Corrie as a liar, all progress in discussion was arrested until the two orators had attempted to murder each other.

Professor A. de Morgan, in his reply to Sir W. Hamilton, in their discussion on the origination of Formal Logic, makes these useful remarks:—

'In the days of swords it was one of the objects of public policy to prevent people from sticking them into each other's bodies on trivial grounds. We now wear pens; and it is as great a point to hinder ourselves from sticking them into each other's characters, without serious and well-considered reasons. To this end I have always considered it as one of the first and most special rules, that *conviction* of the truth of a charge is *no sufficient reason for its promulgation.* I assert that no one is justified in accusing another *until he has his proof ready;* and that in the interval, if indeed it be right that there should be any interval between the charge and the attempt at substantiation, all the leisure and energies of the accuser are the property of the accused.'

Improvement and not mortification of person or character should govern the employment of epithets as well as arguments. Disagreements are human and inevitable. Differences are in themselves as natural and as innocent as variation in form, colour or strength. It is the manner in which those who differ seek to adjust their differences that constitutes any disgrace there may be in any divergence of opinion or belief. Philosophy has been preached to us in vain, if we ever take up arms against an opponent without at the

same time keeping justice to him in view, as well as our own defence. To promote the welfare of those who probably hate us, is generous but difficult. Addison called his opponents 'miscreants,' Dr Clarke 'crazy,' Paley 'insane,' which did not produce amity or instruction. The profit of controversy lies in contrast of argument ever fresh and instructive. Recrimination, if common to both disputants, has, like the common quantities in an equation, to be struck out of the dispute as only making more difficult the finding of the true result. Epithets are better confined to error. Even in Parliament the Speaker seems to possess no dictionary of epithets. Members are not always checked when they use inadmissible terms, and when attention has been called to them the Speaker, for the time being, has not always been ready with a definition of the disputed word, and has sometimes been wrong when he has given it. Leaders of the House have sometimes been unready in supplying a decisive meaning, which shows that there is no Parliamentary Code of epithets in existence, and neither Sir Erskine May nor Mr Palgrave, who have written on Parliamentary procedure and practice, appear to have compiled any such work. Mr Gladstone, who appears to know the meaning of every word, and never errs in terms of imputation, might compile such a code at will. Indeed, one might be made from episodes in his speeches. Take two instances. Sir Stafford Northcote one day complained of what Mr Gladstone had just said. 'Of what do you complain?' Mr Gladstone asked. 'Of misrepresentation, answered Sir Stafford. 'The right honourable gentleman does not mend the matter by that rather rude expression.' Misrepresentation implies an intentional perversion of another's meaning. Speaking in reply to Lord R. Churchill, Mr Gladstone remarked—'My reference was this. The noble lord distinctly accused me and accused the Liberal party of traducing an adversary. It is impossible to conceive a charge more disgraceful. It is a charge which

implies falsehood in the first place. There is no traducing by error. Traducing is a wilful act, and that wilful act is imputed to me by the noble lord.'

A few examples of the meaning of terms disparaging or dishonouring may show the student the sort of attention which epithets meant to wound (the kind here considered) require.

Liar means that a person says what is not true and knows it to be untrue, and that he consciously and deliberately says what he does say with a view to deceive. 'Liar' is a favourite epithet with the lowest class of opponents. It puts a man who uses it out of any court save a court of law. No court of honour would adjudicate upon it. It would be referred to a court of scavengers, whose business it would be to remove it. The term is not a matter of taste; it is a breach of the peace, and would be resented by a blow, or a duel, or contempt which would keep him inexorably at a distance who used it. If a man thought his adversary was not to be believed on his word he might say so. But then he puts an end to the controversy, which it is useless to continue when one disputant does not believe what the other says. It is like cheating at cards. The playing is over as soon as the charge of cheating is made. One who wrote with authority said, if one says to another 'You lied there,' and we regard only the principle signification of that expression, it is the same thing as if he had said to him, 'You know the contrary of what you say.' But besides this principal signification, these words convey an idea of contempt and outrage; and they inspire the belief that he who uttered them would not hesitate to do us harm, which renders them offensive and injurious.'

The minor terms of turpitude are many, which contain dishonouring imputations. Of such is the term 'traduce.' To say another traduces you, implies that he vilifies and defames you, not only falsely but knowingly. I have seen a memorial addressed to Lord Palmerston, in which he was

accused of 'duplicity.' The term killed the memorial. What Minister could look at a request from persons who affixed to him the stigma of double dealing? To charge an opponent with 'quibbling' is to say he knows the truth is against him, and that he seeks to evade it. To accuse an adversary of 'garbling' is equally offensive. It means that he knowingly quotes what gives a false impression. It is lawful to warn an opponent that what he imputes to you, you regard as insulting; but to say he insults you is to charge him with an outrage upon you, and if he be a person of self-respect he will not hold further intercourse with you while you persist in the charge. A 'falsehood' is not only something untrue, but known to be untrue by the teller. If it is not intended to imply this, the statement must be described as untrue, erroneous, or founded on misinformation.

Any man of reflection can tell by one test whether a term is fit to be applied to another by asking himself whether he would submit to have it applied to himself. No term that implies consciousness of moral wrong can be used towards another without outrage. But there are a class of words which relate to errors of the mind which touch a man's capacity, and not his honour, which may be used. A sensible man is instructed by the most penetrating criticism or characterisations of his inconsistencies or narrowness of knowledge. To say a man is economical in the use of truth refers to the smallness of his hoard of it, and not to a fraudulent reservation of it. It may be allowable to refer to malformation in the mind in which the backbone of fact is evidently crooked. I have said to an adversary whom I did not intend to accuse of wilful misrepresentation, that he had a 'refracting mind.' The straightest stick put into a pail of water appears bent, and the straightest fact put before some minds will appear distorted; the trouble being with the medium and not with the intent.

Take a familiar instance of the difficulties of explicit expression. 'I said the gentleman lied, it is true. I am

sorry for it.' What is true? Did the gentleman lie? I said I was sorry for it. Does it mean he did not lie, and that I was sorry I said he did, or that it is true he did lie, and that I am sorry to have to admit it? This is a case which shows how difficult it is sometimes to say straight off what is intended.

If men understood half the trouble there is in making out what the truth really is, and half the trouble there is in making it plain to others, so that they cannot possibly misunderstand it, there would not be half the anger or half the wonder there now is when one person differs from another in opinion—and more hesitancy in applying disparaging epithets upon first impressions.

There is a point of extreme interest attaching to this question which it may be useful to mention, but irrelevant to discuss. What is to be done with persons who make dishonouring imputations? Should they be noticed? If persons 'of no importance'—as Oscar Wilde would say—should be raised from their noisome obscurity by reference to them as though they were authorities on manners and their opinion had weight, imputation would be good policy for the obscure. Should a man like Thackeray, having cause of offence against Edmund Yates, withdraw from his club unless Mr Yates was expelled? When a person who has a character to lose, uses aspersive words towards another, it seems sufficient to show they were unfounded, when their untruth must be admitted, or it is the asperser who is damaged and not the aspersed. The asperser is regarded as belonging to a class who have no sense of honour in the use of terms.

When a young man, I was appointed secretary to the Garibaldi Committee. Hearing one day an inquiry as to the accounts, I made them up and sent a cheque for the balance to the treasurer; whereupon a member of the committee, then in Parliament and afterwards in the Cabinet, came down and expressed vehement indignation,

saying gentlemen were not like common people who go by suspicion, but act on facts, and what I had done was an imputation upon them—adding, in a cordial tone, 'Remember, if I had not had great respect for you I would not have taken the trouble to express this resentment.' The storm broke in a compliment. But I never forgot the lesson that with a sensible man personal dissent from you, the rectification of your error, depends upon the respect in which an adversary holds the person to be put right. In a society like that of the co-operators a good deal turns upon how far a man should tolerate the comradeship of those who have made aspersive charges. Excellent and most useful members of a party will resign and leave it very much the poorer by their loss, because of some offensive thing said of them. We see this done in the House of Commons, and sometimes those driven from their party seek to destroy it in resentment. Why is it that some dishonouring epithet used by some coarse-minded, ill-tempered, inconsiderate member of a party should have conceded to it the power of driving its best members out of it, and even of breaking it up? This is not the place to pursue the subject, but so much as is said may serve to show the danger that lurks in evil epithets and phrases.

It is worth while asking—Cannot honour protect itself; cannot it stand upon its own well-earned repute without the hot explosion which a vicious epithet often calls forth? Lord Coleridge had the most silvery tongue on the Bench, but if assailed he could defend himself with words which had vitriol in them and burnt where they fell; yet he did not intend that the object of his resentment should believe all he said. How often are noble friendships cancelled, acts of kindness and generosity obliterated, and all for a word, probably spoken in choler, or under excitement, misinformation, or pressure of care which paralyse, if not unhinge, the mind. There is a good deal of empty, mean, timid pride which goes by the name of 'honour.'

Let two persons talk together with all deliberation and caution, and note how many expletives they employ—how many errors they commit—how insequential are their thoughts, and often how inexact their language. How few ready writers or speakers are precise—how few are continuously coherent—how much is said which is never meant, even by those who are careful! How few acquire the habit of thinking before they speak! Does not the lawyer, whose life is a study of accuracy, find the carefully debated Act of Parliament open to three or four interpretations? And does not the philosopher daily regret the vagueness of human language? Then on what principle of good sense can men, without careful inquiry as to the actual meaning of others, hurl at them noxious epithets? All might usefully bear in mind the Arab saying (which, indeed, is the moral of this chapter) lately rendered by Constantia Brooks in the *Century* :—

Remember, three things come not back :
The arrow sent upon its track—
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed ; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee ; but it has perished not ;
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will never more return.

CHAPTER XV

METHOD IN EXPRESSION

METHOD is policy in statement, and relates mainly to arrangement of the parts of a discourse. When I was a Social Missionary in Robert Owen's days, one of my colleagues was a tailor—Mr Speir—who had only such knowledge as a person of his occupation could acquire himself; but he had so fine a faculty of method that what he did know relating to any subject he spoke upon, was set forth with such masterly lucidity—each succeeding part following from the preceding one—that he produced more conviction than other lecturers with many times his knowledge. When I was a learner and a listener to lectures in the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, I observed that when a man of great repute in his department addressed us, he was the simplest and most lucid of all—said the least, and taught us most.

Coleridge asks, 'What is it that first strikes us, and strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind? Not always the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor always the interest of the facts which he communicates —for the subject of conversation may chance to be trivial, and its duration to be short. Still less can any just admiration arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases. The true cause of the impression made on us is that his mind is methodical. We perceive this in the unpremedi-

tated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, flowing spontaneously and necessarily from the clearness of the leading idea, from which distinctness of mental vision, when men are fully accustomed to it, they obtain a habit of foreseeing at the beginning of every sentence how it is to end, and how all its parts may be brought out in the best and most orderly succession. However irregular and desultory the conversation may happen to be, there is method in the fragments.' Those who try it will find that a little method is worth a great deal of memory.

'Since custom,' says the wise Bacon, 'is the principal magistrate of a man's life, let him, by all means, endeavour to obtain good customs.' Digressiveness is the natural action of the human faculties, till custom or habit come in to give them a settled direction. Man is as liable, and more liable, to be influenced by the last impression as by any preceding one; and the liability of man is the characteristic of children. The teacher knows this. It is the object of discipline to check the tendency to digression, and give stability to method. A man may be made to perceive method, but not to follow it, without the power of discipline. A child accustomed to it will go to bed in the dark with peace and pleasure, but all the rhetoric in the world would not accomplish the same end without habit. Nothing but habit will give the power of habit.

Drawing characters in novels or dramas is a matter of method. An original character of general interest is not easily conceived. Heroes or heroines must have some characteristic of speech or—better and more difficult to sustain—some manner of mind, by which the reader knows them whenever they appear. The method of the successful author is to keep these characteristics in sight. Coleridge has shown that the character of Hamlet is decided by the constant recurrence, in the midst of every pursuit, of philosophic reflections. Mrs Quickly's talk is marked by that lively incoherence so common with garrulous women,

whereby the last idea suggests the successor, each carrying the speaker further from the original subject. After this manner:—'Speaking of tails—we always like them that end well—Hogg's for instance—speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one a well-dressed man; the former had a ring in his nose, the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. A man is known by the company he keeps.' As Dr Caius clips English, some of Bulwer's characters amplify periods. Scott makes Dominie Sampson exclaim 'Prodigious.' Dickens's Sam Weller talks droll slang. In other and highest forms of art, an overwhelming passion pervades a character, or an intellectual idiosyncrasy is the peculiar quality, leading the possessor to look at everything in a given light. But whatever may be the feature fixed upon, its methodical working out constitutes individuality of character.

In the preceding paragraph the reader has met with this sentence: 'We saw the other day one of these animals (a pig) lying in the gutter, and in the opposite *one* a well-dressed man; the *former* had a ring in his nose, the *latter* had a ring on his finger.' He who would cultivate directness and vigour of speech, his method should be to avoid these hateful trouble-giving words 'former' and 'latter,' and even 'one' and 'other,' as representing things cited, unless they are close at hand and immediately before the eyes, as in Hamlet's remark, 'look on this picture and on that.' 'Former' and 'latter' are always detestable, as they interrupt attention while it goes back to look for the thing referred to. Suppose the pig sentence above quoted was put thus: We saw the other day a *pig* lying in the gutter, and in the opposite *gutter* a well-dressed man. The *pig* had a ring in his nose—the *man* had a ring on his finger. Here is methodical directness, and no doubts raised as to whether 'one' refers to pig or gutter, and no doubt as to the two animals referred to.

Next to those who talk as though they would never come to the point, are a class of bores who talk as though they did not know what the point was. Before they have proceeded far in telling a story, they stumble upon some Mr What's-his-name, whom they have forgotten, and, though it does not matter whether he had a name or not, the narrative is made to stand still until they have gone through the tiresome and fruitless task of trying to remember it—in which they never succeed.

When Fadladeen is asked his critical opinion on the poem of Feramoz he commences thus: —'In order to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that ever were told—' 'My good Fadladeen!' exclaimed Lalla Rookh, interrupting him, 'we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without further waste of your valuable erudition.' 'If that be all,' replied the critic—evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew—'if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched.' He then proceeded to analyse the poem. The wit of Moore here satirises a discursiveness common to the learned as well as to the uninstructed.

Prolixity, says Bentham, may be where redundancy is not. Prolixity may arise, not only from the multifarious insertion of unnecessary articles, but from the conservatism of too many necessary ones in a sentence; as a workman may be overladen not only with rubbish, which is of no use for him to carry, but with materials the most useful and necessary, when heaped up into loads too heavy for him at once. There is a limit to the lifting powers of each man, beyond which all attempts only charge him with the burthen to him immovable. There is in like manner a limit to the grasping power of man's apprehension, beyond

which, if you add article to article, the whole shrinks from under his utmost efforts. 'Too much is seldom enough,' say the authors of *Guesses at Truth*. 'Pumping after your bucket is full prevents it keeping so.' It belongs to method to limit information to the capacity of the hearers to deal with it, as well as to the capacity of the speaker to dispense it. The mind is often stricken with a palsy of thought; sometimes with a paralysis by weight of information which prevents it thinking. It was probably knowledge of this nature that made Hobbes exclaim, 'If I read as much as my neighbours I should be as ignorant as they are.' The word 'cramming' excludes a selection of knowledge for choice in use. Cramming is filling the mind with all the information relating to many subjects, so that thought has no room or power to move on any. It was said—when he became cantankerous—by Mr Somerville, the 'Whistler at the Plough,' that Mr Cobden employed him to cram him on Corn-Law questions. If Mr Cobden employed him to collect outlying facts for him, he did wisely. Cobden always kept his mind disengaged and free to deal with relevant facts, as was manifest in his judgment and decision in what he brought forward in argument. Mr Spurgeon employed a reader at the British Museum to look up for him droll sayings of humorous preachers, which he used with a discretion and fitness which made them his own. It is method which directs an orator in the uses of illustration, and keeps them from becoming the substance instead of the light of a discourse.

Method in common things is often important. A good deal may depend on how you place your facts. Some years ago it was the custom in Glasgow, when a fire broke out in the evening, for the police to enter the theatre and announce the fire and the locality, that if any person concerned was present, he might be apprised of his impending loss. On one occasion, when the watch commenced to announce 'Fire—45 Candleriggs,' the audience took alarm at the

word 'Fire,' and concluded that it applied to the theatre. A rush ensued, which prevented the full notice being heard, and several persons lost their lives. The inversion of the order of announcement, '45 Candleriggs on Fire,' would have prevented the disaster. But afterwards, the practice of such announcements was forbidden, it being impossible, I suppose, to reform the rhetoric of policemen.

A like want of method appeared on the tombstone of a preacher who died in India, which ran thus: 'Sacred to the memory of the Rev. David Zelus, who, after twenty years of unremitting labour as a missionary, was accidentally shot by his steward.' Then followed the line, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' The object was not to praise the man for killing his minister, but the line was so placed as to do it.

What eloquence is more touching, as a rule, than that of a simple tale of actual wrong? Dispassionateness gives the air of truth. The presence of passion leads us to suspect the partisan. Invective is the twin brother of exaggeration. The suffrage of mankind is always on the side of dignity. When a man feels that he has a strong case, we have less excitement and no self-returned verdict. A man who thinks he has a clear case can safely leave it to the judgment of others. No barrister makes a long speech to the jury when the evidence is all on his side. Sir Fitzroy Kelly never shed tears except when he had a Tawell to defend, nor did Sergeant Phillips weep save when he knew Courvoisier guilty.

As has been said, earnestness is an element of force; but earnestness must go only as far as the hearers will believe it to be real. No assembly is moved by an intensity they do not feel to be well founded and cannot share. It is not only in vain you say more than your hearers will believe; it is against you. For those who distrust your judgment cease to be under your influence.

Art in statement is like cultivated taste in exhibiting

treasures. The picture or statuette must be seen with the glory of space around it. All crowding is distraction and detraction. Multiplicity is not magnificence, as the uneducated think. All details have their place in statement. Out of place they are meaner things crowding about the nobler, hiding the proportions of beauty, distracting, tormenting and outraging the trained eye or ear. The mariner sees a revolving light easier than a fixed one. An object alternately dark and light is seen more clearly and noticed longer than uniformity of brightness. In the English International Exhibition there were ten times more objects of art and of industrial invention and skill than in the French Exhibition of the same character. But the French produced ten times more effect than we did, because the English less understand that space is a part of splendour. Thus in literature and eloquence, as well as in art, it is a rule of method to let the main points be distinctly seen without impedimentary obstacles or the shadow of an alien attraction. Bear in mind that diversion is dispersion of power.

On the principle of method, things related should go together, and this relationship kept in view not only assists the understanding of the hearer, but aids the memory of the speaker. Forty years ago (October 1854), the *Quarterly Review* gave the following instance without showing or knowing its origin or lesson. Macklin, himself a great actor, one evening gave a lecture on 'Memory in Connection with Oratory,' said that he had a system of memory by which he could repeat anything after once hearing it. Whereupon Foote, a wit of that day, handed him a paper, asking him to read and then repeat it from memory. The paper contained these words:—

'So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie: and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. "What? No soap." So he died, and she very imprudently married

the barber, and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garcelies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.'

Macklin's Art of Memory failed him straightway. The utter disconnection of every idea presented with that which went before—the total absence of all relationship defeated him. Relationship, the principle of method, is the handmaid of memory. The very rudiment of method is to have a point and keep to it—that is, to let the march of speech lead direct to it. Remember, the shortest distance to any point is a straight line. One who knew says: 'Keep always to the point, or with an eye upon it;' and instead of saying things to make people stare and wonder, say what will withhold them hereafter from wondering and staring. To make remote things tangible, common things extensively useful, useful things common, is philosophy.

If you wish a traveller to reach a distant town—by a way unknown to him—you endeavour to select for him a way free from cross-roads, lest he may turn aside and lose himself. An exordium should be of this character, that the understanding may pass uninterruptedly into the heart of the subject. Motley terms, questionable assertions, disputable dogmas, are the cross-roads; so much like the real road that the traveller after truth often loses himself before half way on his journey.

A discerning writer, John Morley, I think, in his book on Burke, says:—

'Of the effect of the want of method in neutralising the most magnificent powers, Burke is a remarkable instance. As an orator, Burke dazzled his hearers, then distracted them, and finished by fatiguing or offending them. And it was not uncouth elocution and exterior only which impaired the efficacy of his speeches. Burke almost always deserted his subject before he was abandoned by his audience. In

the progress of a long discourse he was never satisfied with proving that which was principally in question, or with enforcing the single measure which it was his business and avowed purpose to enforce — he diverged to a thousand collateral topics — he demonstrated as many disputed propositions — he established principles in all directions — he illuminated the whole horizon with his magnificent, but scattered, lights. Having too many points to prove, his auditors in their turn forgot that they had undergone the process of conviction upon any.'

But how can method in oratory be better illustrated than in the following passage from a morning sermon at South Place Chapel, London, delivered by W. J. Fox when he was preacher there?—

'From the dawn of intellect and freedom Greece has been a watchword on the earth. There rose the social spirit to soften and refine her chosen race, and shelter as in a nest her gentleness from the rushing storm of barbarism; there liberty first built her mountain throne, first called the waves her own, and shouted across them a proud defiance to despotism's banded myriads; there the arts and graces danced around humanity, and stored man's home with comforts, and strewed his path with roses, and bound his brows with myrtle, and fashioned for him the breathing statue, and summoned him to temples of snowy marble, and charmed his senses with all forms of eloquence, and threw over his final sleep their veil of loveliness; there sprung poetry, like their own fabled goddess, mature at once from the teeming intellect, gilt with arts and armour that defy the assaults of time and subdue the heart of man; there matchless orators gave the world a model of perfect eloquence, the soul the instrument on which they played, and every passion of our nature but a tone which the master's touch called forth at will; there lived and taught the philosophers of bower and porch, of pride and pleasure, of deep speculation, and of useful action, who developed all the acuteness

and refinement, and excursiveness, and energy of mind, and were the glory of their country when their country was the glory of the earth.'

Here the student discerns the hand of a master of method. There was no cheering at the close of this splendid period, but the rustle of dresses and stir of admiration as the congregation, who had bent forward, sat upright again, told of the enchantment diffused by the brilliant relevance of the preacher.

CHAPTER XVI

TACT AN ACQUISITION

No one can have tact who has not taste. How can a man tell which is the best thing to do who has no intelligent preferences? Tact consists in graceful conciliation.

The distinction between method and tact is illustrated by the following practical remarks of Paley :—'For the purpose of addressing different understandings—for the purpose of sentiment—for the purpose of exciting admiration of our subject we diversify our views, we multiply examples. [This is tact.] But for the purpose of strict argument one clear instance is sufficient; and not only sufficient, but capable, perhaps, of generating a firmer assurance than what can arise from a divided attention.' [This is method.] When an opponent urges an objection, one way of replying to it is to prove that the assertion contained in the objection is not true. Another is to show that if even the assertion be true, it is no objection to the position taken. It sometimes happens that the argument advanced against an opponent is really an argument in his favour. Tact discovers and avails itself of these advantages. Method arranges the materials, tact applies the resources of reasoning.

An obituary notice of Sir William Follet said :—

'We do not, by any means, mean to say that at any period of his life he could be described as a scientific lawyer. His professional position was attributed neither to the superi-

ority of his professional knowledge nor to any talent above his contemporaries. In Parliament he displayed no stores of political, literary and economical information, nor versatility, nor vigorous invective. It must be admitted that he was neither an orator, nor a man of genius, nor a man of learning, apart from the speciality of his profession. He had neither passion, nor imagination of the fancy or of the heart. In what, then, lay his barristerial superiority? His great skill consisted in presenting his case in the most harmonious and fair-purposed aspect. If there was anything false or fraudulent, a hitch, or a blot in his cause, he kept it dexterously out of view, or hurried it trippingly over, but if the blot was on the other side, he had the eye of the lynx and the scent of the hound to detect and run down his game. He had the greatest skill in reading an affidavit, and could play the "artful dodger" in a style looking so like gentlemanly candour, that you could not find fault; but in reading an affidavit on the opposite side, he was cunning of fence.'

Such an example illustrates legal tact. Tact so employed may denote a clever lawyer, but a very indifferent man.

Thom, the weaver poet, told a story in the best vein of Scotch shrewdness. He was one day recounting an anecdote of Inverary, or old Aberdeen—the point of the story rested on a particular word spoken in a fitting place. When he came to it he hesitated, as though at a loss for the term. 'What is it you say under these circumstances?' he asked; 'not this—nor that,' he remarked, as he went over three or four terms by way of trial, as each was endeavouring to assist him. 'Ah,' he added, apparently benevolent towards the difficulty into which he had thrown his hearers, 'we say ——! for want of a better word.' This of course was the word wanted, the happiest phrase the language afforded. He gained several things by this finesse. He enlivened a regular narrative by an exciting digression, which increased the force and point of the climax. He created

a difficulty for his auditors, who, when suddenly asked, would be unable to find a term which seemed denied to his happy resource, or, finding it, would distrust it and not have the courage to present it to such a fastidious epithetist. Thom thus exalted himself by finding what appeared out of their power, and excited an indefinite wonder at his own skill in bringing a story to so felicitous an end by the employment of a make-shift phrase. What would he have done if he could have found the right one? was naturally thought. This was tact. It was a case analogous to that given by Dickens in one of his early papers, where the president, at an apparent loss for a word, asks, 'What is that you give a man who is deprived of a salary which he has received all his life for doing nothing; or, perhaps worse, for obstructing public improvement?' 'Compensation,' suggests the Vice.

To do by design what Thom did it is necessary to choose some rare and happy word to use in some intended remarks, and keep in memory two or three other words which might be tolerable in that place. Hesitate on coming to the right term, inquire for it, and repeat the inferior words one by one and dismiss them; then name, as though it was just thought of, the fitting word. Spontaneity is the charm of the incident, but all is spoiled if calculation is perceived in it. As a device such experiments are useful to the student, since the difficulty of finding the right word at a critical point constantly occurs, when hesitation is not artifice but inevitable. As an artifice it begets distrust.

There is tact in the use of phrases free from any objection. E. S. Dallas cites Saint Beuve as throwing out his meaning in a happy phrase, which being insufficient, he tries another. That is not quite right. By one phrase which falls short, by another that goes too far, and others which are beside the mark, he indicates what he would be at.

It is the judicious application of means that constitutes tact. In journalism tact is indispensable. The history of

Mr Murray's daily paper, the *Representative*, published for six or eight months in Lord Byron's day, is proof that unlimited command of capital, great literary ability in every branch of knowledge, and the highest patronage, are all insufficient to establish a paper without tact. Mr Murray's regal and legal, ermined and coroneted, lay and clerical, civil and military friends, lacked that essential gift.

There is tact in reply, as when a gentleman who had been out shooting over a friend's estate with ill-success, and was anxious to learn the gamekeeper's opinion, inquired ingratiatingly whether he had ever seen a worse shot. The gamekeeper, unwilling to make an admission which might be discomforting to his master's guest, answered, 'Oh, yes, I have met with many much worse, for you misses them so cleanly.' An Irishman being asked by two ladies 'which he thought the older?' saw, with the quickness of his race, that if he answered the question he should get into trouble with one of them, replied brightly, 'To tell you the truth, you each look younger than the other.' With such an assurance both were satisfied. Douglas Jerrold excelled in extricating himself from a difficulty on the spur of the moment. Overtaking one whom he took to be a familiar friend, he slapped him on the back. The gentleman turned round, looking as black as a judge's hanging cap. Jerrold said, 'I beg your pardon, I thought I knew you—but I am glad I don't.' Tact of this kind depends on brightness and self-possession, qualities capable of cultivation.

It never occurs to some people that gaiety of mind is a charm on the platform as well as in the household. They do not understand that cheerfulness is a duty towards others, and tells upon an audience as well as upon friends. The grave are always dull. They belong to the charnel-house side of life. Others have hedgehog manners, and prick all who approach them. Hedgehogs are good roasted, but nobody thinks of embracing one in its natural state. No

one doubts that a moderate sense of tact would alter this.

The tact of consideration of others—in the respect of personal courtesies—goes a long way in politics, as in social life. The effect of the want of it Lord Lytton depicts in his 'New Timon' in describing Lord John Russell:—

> How formed to lead, if not too proud to please,
> His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze;
> Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
> He wants your vote, but your affections not;
> Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
> So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes;
> And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
> His frost-bit party pines itself away.

Public geniality had been good policy. Lord Lytton measured political duty by the standard of fashion, which regulates votes, not by principle, but by the courtesies of ministers. That Lord Russell had amenity of manners when duties of State left him leisure, is proved by his light-hearted friendship for men like Thomas Moore and Leigh Hunt, whose spirits were all sunshine.

Lately, when a distinguished peer explained a passage in a speech which was construed against him by adversaries, Mr Courtney said a man might do three things. 'The first was to stick to the assertion. Any fool could do that: but all the same, very few fools did. Second, he might say openly that when he came to reflect he found that his words went further than his thoughts. That was the heroic method. The third way was not withdrawing the words, but attenuating the meaning.' The best tact in a difficulty of misapprehension is frankness.

Everybody knows the difference between things said or done anyhow, and said or done with consideration.

> Hearts in love use their own tongues;
> Let every eye negotiate for itself,
> And trust no agent.

Shakspere understood tact in love.

Everyone has tact, more or less, when they are interested —and reflection and good sense will make it an acquisition. It has been well said that no one learns to think by getting rules for thinking, but by getting materials for thought.

CHAPTER XVII

CONTINGENCIES OF PUBLIC MEETINGS

It is of no mean importance to an orator or speaker, who is invited to address a meeting, to make himself acquainted how that meeting is likely to be conducted, and who are announced or are likely to address it. If there are many speakers, he who speaks first, or second, or at any time, must be brief, in courtesy to others. If the speakers are not brief, the orator who has decided upon, and arranged the order of his arguments, will find that he has to drop out, one by one, points he deems important. It is the duty of a chairman to take care that the meeting—unless one of unusual importance in the eyes of the auditors—should not exceed two or two and a half hours. It is the duty of the chairman to see the list of speakers invited to address the meeting, and arrange with the convenors of the meeting what time should be given to each, and notify to each that when that time is nearly up he will make known the same to him. Not one chairman in ten ever does this, nor reflects that, as the audience is responsible to him for maintaining order in the meeting, he is responsible to the audience for keeping time on the platform. For want of this thought half an hour of time is commonly wasted, which to a meeting of five hundred persons means a loss of twenty-five days of ten hours each. In fact, meetings are frequently prolonged till eleven o'clock, which might have been concluded at ten, which to an audience of a thousand persons implies a loss

of fifty working days of ten hours. This needless extension of the duration of the meeting means the adulteration of the proceedings, by prolixity, decrease of animation, and weariness to hearers, who become less inclined to attend meetings which no one knows when they will end. The speaker who is called upon late should understand these contingencies, and take them into account by speaking with what directness and energy he can. I have heard Mr Bright kindle a fire of enthusiasm at a Birmingham meeting which was breaking up late and listlessly. But this is only possible to orators of the type of those whom Mark Antony said once stirred the stones of Rome. Under such circumstances the ordinary speaker would be ineffectual; and late speakers at exhausted meetings will do well to say little or nothing—for a speech which would be successful when the meeting was fresh or unwearied, will command no attention later.

Sometimes a special paper is read at a meeting, under an announcement that no paper is to exceed twenty minutes in length. It will probably extend to forty or fifty minutes; and those who gave the pledge that twenty minutes should be its limit will actually print the extended paper and deliver it to the appointed reader, although they see that no one could gabble through it audibly in the prescribed period. Thus the succeeding commenters on the paper confront an assembly of wearied and baffled listeners, who have failed to retain its excess of matter in their minds. It is well that succeeding speakers understand this, lest they interpret the listlessness of the hearers as indifference to them. There is another liability from which a speaker whose voice is not loud must protect himself, by profiting from what he may know of the vocal capacity of others likely to precede him. If he is allotted to follow a Boanerges (a son of thunder) of the platform, the contrast will be against him—say what he will. But if he speaks before them he will be heard on his merits.

Frequently, a public meeting is called to consider and discuss some question of importance. Then the trouble is

cast upon the chairman of discerning what the main point or points are which he should state to the meeting—since it is his duty to see that speakers keep to them. Anyone intending to speak should get clear ideas on the subject himself, since he will speak most effectively who knows what the question is and keeps to it. The business of those who speak at conference or discussion is to consider alone the question stated by the chairman or other responsible person —the reader of a paper or the opener of the question—and not the speeches of others, except so far as they relate to the main point at issue. A speaker who understands these things can attain ascendency in the meeting, for all are ready to applaud anyone who sees clearly, clears up confusion, and leads distracted public attention back to the point.

When a speech or lecture is thrown open to criticism, each critic commonly expects to occupy the same time as the speaker, which often prevents more than one being heard in reply. In co-operative meetings this is prudently prevented by limiting the time of each speaker. It is not the work of any one speaker, but the work of many, to appraise and comment upon a whole lecture or paper, and each critic should select a leading point, and ten minutes would afford time for an effective objection if one could be raised. A speaker, therefore, who has talent by which he can advance a cause, or add to the public information, should seek, beforehand, conditions which give him a fair opportunity consistent with the equal chances of others.

At public meetings, where opposing parties often struggle to be heard, confusion, delay and ill-feeling might be obviated by each party pre-appointing a representative of ability, in whom confidence could be reposed, to speak on their behalf, and by those calling the meeting being made acquainted with and consenting to the arrangement—the views of half a dozen parties could be advocated, where the views of one are heard but inadequately and impatiently now.

Sometimes a speaker is confused and disconcerted at a public meeting by hearing loud calls for another person to speak, and thinks—as I have known a reverend orator do—the audience are impatient with him and want to hear some one else. All the while it was the plot of an ambitious publicist, who had personal admirers whom he encouraged to attend meetings and call for him, giving the impression that he was in public demand. There is the story of the auditor, at an American meeting, who kept calling, 'Mr Corkles; let Mr Corkles speak.' At length the Chairman said, 'Can't you be quiet? Mr Corkles is now speaking.' 'That Mr Corkles?' said the astonished interrupter, 'why, that is the man who engaged me to holler out his name.'

A case occurred at a northern meeting some time ago, where the hall was so crowded that those wedged far in wished they were outside. One man who tried in vain to make his way to the door, and for whom no one would make an opening, began to call out 'What did Mr Gladstone say? What *did* Mr Gladstone say?' until the speaker on the platform could not be heard and the audience were incensed. Whereupon cries arose, 'Turn him out,' and the man so anxious to hear 'what Mr Gladstone said,' was turned out. When one who had assisted in his ejection said to him, 'What was it Mr Gladstone said?' 'I have no idea,' was the answer. 'Then why did you call out?' The reply was, 'Because I wanted to get out; when by my becoming an interrupter everybody made way for me.' If the arts and expedients of public meetings are understood by a speaker, he will not be needlessly perturbed by interruptions. Many persons cry out whose object is not at once apparent, and whose intentions are not at all implied in what they say.

Public meetings in the country, and in the town also, are conducted on the crudest principles. If many men were disposed to take part in the meeting, it would be impossible that any business could be transacted under several days.

The assumption that *every* man has a right to be heard could not be acted upon if half who usually attend public meetings were to enforce that 'right.' In Saxon days, when a public meeting consisted of a small number of villagers under a tree, every one having a right to speak caused no inconvenience. It is strange that this right should remain in force after 1000 years, when public meetings consist of 30,000 persons, as was the case at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, when Mr Gladstone spoke there. Had each claimed the right to be heard, and insisted on it, the meeting had lasted six months.

CHAPTER XVIII

WRITING FOR THE PRESS

EVERY public speaker or debater is sure, sooner or later, to come in contact with the press. He will need it to assist in making known his view, or in vindicating himself against the adverse criticisms of opponents, or in correcting erroneous reports of what he has said. Even John Arthur Roebuck, the most direct speaker of his day, had to do this. Even Mr Cobden, whom it was difficult to misconstrue or misunderstand, had to do this. Even Mr Gladstone, the most circumambient speaker of all—that is, he travels all round his main idea, and not only explains it, but illustrates it—has had to write to the press, from time to time, in vindication of his meaning. Therefore humbler speakers, who may one day be publicists, may be interested in knowing something of the art of communicating to the press, with fewer of those disappointments usually ascribed to editorial malevolence or neglect of rising genius, when the fault is in the writer.

Every attempt at expressing opinion by the pen, however ill it may succeed, is a part of the process of self-education, and often the only mode available to the poor. Whatever shall render this more practicable and common among the people does good, and to this end a few rules are submitted for the guidance of correspondents unaccustomed to write to the press. Literature is a republic where all eminence is honourable, where none can

attain distinction save by effort and patience, which are the chief forces of genius. But by reason of the necessary conditions of admission being overlooked, many sustain disappointment, which to them is inexplicable. The conditions, which are very simple, I have heretofore expressed for students thus :—

1. Use large note-size paper, because a larger sheet covers the printer's case, and hinders his work. 2. Do not write on the back of the paper, as while one side is being 'set up' what is written on the back cannot be 'gone on with.' 3. Write with *dark-black* ink, for an editor will read with reluctance what he sees with difficulty, and the compositor, for the same reason, will dislike to set it up. 4. Always write a plain, bold hand; if you send an undistinguishable scrawl, it will be thrown aside until the editor has leisure to make it out, which may not be until the 'interest of the article has passed away,' and it may be too late to print it. 5. Remember, that whatever gives an editor trouble at his desk, may double expense in the printing office; the printers and readers waste time in deciphering bad MS., and out of any failure in interpretation commonly grows a charge against the journal for 'misrepresenting' the writer. 6. If you know that the editor will take any trouble to oblige you, and you have no scruples, give him any trouble you please. If you are rich, and can send the printers a guinea for making out your letter, you may scrawl like a gentleman. If you have a great name, so that the responsibility of anything you write will attach to yourself and not reflect on the paper, express yourself how you will; you may scribble with a pin on butter paper, and the editor will try to make it out. But if the editor is under no obligation to you, if you have no guineas to spare, if you are not so popular that anything must be printed that bears your name, you had better cleave to good sense, good taste, clear expression, black ink, and a plain hand. If you cannot write

plainly, have your communication copied by someone who can. Never fear that an editor will omit or abridge your communication without cause. If it have value he will be glad of it. If it contains only relevant facts, and be, as all relations of facts ought to be, briefly told, without declamation, digression, or personal imputation on others, it will be impossible to abridge it. A well-written letter or narrative is incapable of being altered or abbreviated for the better. Hardly anything is ever refused, if well written. The artistic taste of an editor for the literary perfection of his paper is a ruling passion, stronger than personal feeling or political prejudice, and next to the love of fair play he is attracted by a communication which is well done.

It is common to new writers to put all they have to say into one sentence. A long sentence is most difficult to construct clearly — and that is what the inexperienced first attempt, though not knowing how to separate distinct pieces of information. After a while, young writers discover that every separate idea should be separately expressed, in separate sentences. Long sentences are wearisome to read, difficult to understand, and almost impossible to correct. This fault in writing prevents many useful articles from appearing in print. Editors cannot find time for re-writing such papers. It is a common complaint that editors strike out the 'best parts' of papers sent them. They do this seldomer than is supposed, for editors in their own interest are commonly good judges of the 'best parts' of letters or other communications calculated to interest or allure readers.

In Mavor's *History of Greece*, which used to be a common school-book for young students, may be read in Chapter XI. such sentences as the following:—

'Nicias asked merely for quarter for the miserable remains of his troops who had not perished in the Asinarius, or upon its banks.' No one need be at loss to discover the

superfluous information given that Nicias asked for quarter for 'those who had not perished.' No general asks for quarter for those who have. The same writer tells us that 'discipline yielded to the pressure of necessity. They hurried down the steep in confusion and without order, and trod one another to death in the stream.' Necessity is all 'pressure,' and it is not necessary to specify the essence of a thing as operative. It is needless to tell us, that men all 'in confusion' 'were without order.' It had been better for Mavor's history and his own reputation had some editor put his pen through these silly superfluous words.

When we discover a number of emphatic words employed, we know the writer or speaker has no sense of measure. 'When Rigby,' says Disraeli, 'was of opinion he had made a point, you may be sure the hit was in italics, that last resource of the forcible feebles.' 'Ordinarily,' says Schlegel, 'men entertain a very erroneous notion of criticism, and understand by it nothing more than a certain shrewdness in detecting and exposing the faults of a work of art. Art cannot exist without nature, and man can give nothing to his fellow-men but himself.' This explains all the student need take to heart at this point. If he will give 'himself' in his communications he will be interesting. Cobbett said, 'the secret of good writing is to talk with the pen.' If a writer will put down his sentences in the free, natural, unaffected way he would speak them to a friend in talking over what interests him, he will find favour with editors. If a man is dull, and his dulness is absolute, perfect, complete in all its parts, and coherent—he will often obtain a hearing, like Mirabeau's head, whose entire ugliness rendered it alluring. Perfect stupidity or relevant, unaffected good sense will win attention. It is the mixture that gives editors trouble. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, once struck out a weak sentence and an irrelevant remark in a letter of mine, to my great advantage. I was very grateful

for it. But it is rarely an editor will do this. The writer is almost sure to charge him with emasculating his communication, and rather than risk this, the editor leaves out the letter.

One thing the correspondent of a newspaper should bear in mind is—not to make any dishonouring imputation upon the persons he writes about. Even if he thinks he has been wilfully misrepresented by an adversary, a reporter, or by the editor, he had better not say so. First, because he can hardly ever be sure of it. Second, because he can hardly ever prove it, and it is a serious thing to make a charge of dishonourable wilfulness, if you cannot prove it. Third, because human capacity for seeing things the wrong way, and drawing the wrong conclusion from the plainest premises, is so universally diffused among mankind that you can hardly ever be quite sure that a perversion of what has been said is really wilful. The Dutch proverb says, 'It is misapprehension which brings lies to town.' Now, the power of honest misapprehension is very strong in well-meaning people. Besides, the editor has to be consulted. To publish a personal imputation might render him liable to an action, and he may not like it. If he inserted the imputation, the person assailed might claim the right of reply, and might give his assailant 'as good as he had sent,' which might convert the journal into a bear garden, and the readers might not like this.

Finally, it may be worth while to consider what kind of person the editor to whom you write is. If he has strong prejudices, it is wisdom to say as little as you can which may excite him, and as much as you can which may conciliate him. If you wanted to borrow half a guinea you would not think of asking the first person you met, but would cast about among all the persons you knew for one likely to have half a guinea about him, and give some thought as to the best way of addressing him likeliest to induce him to part with the same. An editor's compliance

with your request may in one way or other, sooner or later, be worth many half-guineas. Thus editors are worthy of consideration in the way in which they are addressed, and especially in the nature and expression of the communication sent to them.

CHAPTER XIX

SOURCES OF TASTE

TASTE is a part of good oratory, and is no mean equipment of a great speaker. No man goes far in a speech without betraying to the auditor his coarseness or refinement. A man may be an orator without taste and command applause, but he never commands respect without it. An orator may ruin a cause by a single phrase. A secretary of a great political party in Manchester lost the election of its candidates by a single expression which wounded the self-respect of the city. When Mr Blane was presidential candidate in America his election was lost by one of his advocates, the Rev. Dr Burchard, who had coined an alliterative phrase, which he thought much of, but had never thought how it would be regarded by the great assembly to whom it was addressed. The publicans, the Catholics, and the southern party had been won over in sufficient numbers to give Blane a majority, when Dr Burchard must say that Blane would be victorious over 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion.' This rendered the publicans furious, the Catholics indignant, the south vindictive; and so Blane's majority was dissolved by this odious and high-sounding phrase. The phrase cited was said to be 'bad taste.' But bad taste means bad judgment, bad knowledge, and disregard for the feelings of others. To assail the self-respect of adversaries is not an act of taste—it is an outrage. Taste is preference and selection

in personal things, of that which neither annoys nor harms others. Persons who seek to excuse or escape the responsibility of the preferences of themselves or others, will say 'there is no accounting for tastes.' Yes, there is. Taste has its roots in habit, in education, and has its laws and standards. Town councillors who put and keep up hideousness in the town they are appointed to improve, no sooner visit the Continent than they acquire taste in streets and picturesque open spaces. Space is the first condition of a fine street. If dignity cannot be given to a town, gleams of brightness may be let into it, and it need not have monotoneness perpetuated in it. Bad taste in towns can be accounted for. It is owing to the ignorance of its chief inhabitants.

Taste in writing has its laws. There must be distinctness. There is writing so elegant that it cannot be read. The first law of writing is that every letter is distinct in form from every other letter. One form of letter should be decided on and not departed from. Neatness and plainness follow. Taste in writing is founded on the standard that it can be read easily without trouble or effort, and no single letter in it can be mistaken for any other letter.

Taste in truth depends on accuracy, clearness, vitalness—that is its usefulness and relevance.

Taste in books is determined by width of margin, clearness of type, strength and durability of paper, apart from the binding and contents.

Taste in mind has conditions of vividness, perspicacity, force, the sense of proportion, veracity and integrity.

Taste in manlikeness has reference to symmetry, grace of movement, resilience and health.

Taste, therefore, is not wantonness of choice, but depends on knowledge; and there would be better taste if it was understood that the quality of taste is the outward and visible sign by which a person betrays his attainments.

Taste in oratory has also its laws and conditions. One is

that no illustration should be used without reference to the subject. If the object is to lower the pretension of a person or thing, the illustration should do it. If the purpose is to exalt, the illustration should elevate it. I knew an agitator of no mean qualities of mind defend himself before a judge by quoting the simile of Bishop Warburton, who compared him to swine, which, though not popular animals, were yet useful in routing up acorns and fertilising trees. For the defendant to compare himself to unsavoury swine was to confirm the court in its unpleasant impression of him; whereas his interest was to exalt the character and services of the agitator, whom he might have compared to the explorer, who risks his reputation, and not unfrequently life or liberty, to discover new advantages or opportunities for his countrymen, who may never know him, and if they do neither regard him nor requite him. Such an illustration would be in good taste, having regard to the defendant's purpose. The first illustration was in bad taste, and he who used it, who was an orator by nature, would have seen it to be so had he reflected; by which I want the student to see that one of the conditions of good taste is reflection.

Proportion is one form of taste. To those who have that sense in art or eloquence, disproportion is an outrage, and he who is guilty of it loses the power of being impressive. Measured and relevant words intensify rather than decrease vividness and imagination. We are told of Dante that, great and various as his power of creating pictures in a few lines unquestionably was, he owed that power to the directness, simplicity and intensity of his language. In him 'the invisible becomes visible,' as Leigh Hunt says,—'darkness becomes palpable, silence describes a character, a word acts as a flash of lightning, which displays some gloomy neighbourhood where a tower is standing, with dreadful faces at the window.'

'In good prose' (says Frederic Schlegel) 'every word should be underlined'—that is, every word should be the

right word; and then no word would be righter than another. It comes to the same thing, where all words are italics, one may as well use roman. There are no italics in Plato, because there are no unnecessary or unimportant words. It is a sign of taste in writing or speaking that it needs few italicised or emphatic words.

Taste is also part of the art of commendation. Most persons carry a stock of hate on hand. Censure is always ready-made. But praise is a different thing. It only proceeds from generosity or gratitude, and those are deliberate sentiments. A man may rage without art, but he cannot applaud sensibly without it. This is why the quality of a man's mind is more easily seen in his praise than in his censure. Defamation shows his feeling, praise his understanding; and, if he wishes to give an idea of his strong sense of a service rendered him, he can best do it by showing that he accurately estimates it, and this is the only praise anyone, not vain, cares to receive, or which is an actual tribute to him who receives it. Taste in praise is rare. Its principle is that there can be no praise except from equals or superiors who can measure the difficulties overcome in the attainment of excellence. Inferiors may admire. Mrs Barbauld recognised this in her admirable line in reference to the inadequacy of the creature professing to praise the Creator. She wrote—

> Silence is our least injurious praise.

Taste in manners is no mean attainment, and goes for much in the public estimation of the orator. 'Do manners matter?' ask some who have not thought much upon the subject. There is reason to think manners do matter. The proverb says, 'Manners make the man.' No careful speaking man would say this. There are persons whose manners are coarse or brutal at times, quick, hasty, abrupt and inconsiderate, who are yet tender, full of feeling for others and generous. There are others who are all suavity and

courtesy, whose souls are base and selfish. Men must be judged by what they do, as well as by what they seem. Nevertheless, good manners are good as far as they go. Everybody knows this; even those who affect to despise courtesy as servility or mealy-mouthedness, are quickly stung themselves and irritated and implacable, if they find themselves treated with discourtesy. Bad manners give a bad impression of a good heart, and a bad presentment gives a bad impression of a good cause.

A definition should not only help you to find a thing, but help you to know it when you do find it. How many definitions of politeness and good breeding have you not heard, but who has defined it in such words of light and guidance as Swift, who said, 'Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred man in the company where he is.'

Politeness is thoughtfulness for others and forgetfulness of yourself. Good breeding is consideration for the pleasure of those about you. It is the same in palace and cottage; in the highest assembly and the lowest; in Parliament or a town council; in pulpit or on the platform; at the fireside or in the street. It is possible to all in the workshops, in the mill, or in the store. It is not rank, it is not wealth, it is not learning that constitutes good breeding. Good breeding is good feeling, and it is good taste to remember it.

CHAPTER XX

PREMEDITATION IN SPEECH

PREMEDITATION is but thoughtfulness in speech, and he who speaks without thought will soon have hearers who will pay him no attention. He who speaks without preparing what he will say is but a gambler in oratory who trusts to the right dice turning up as he proceeds. Preparation is premeditation.

A book is not written—a poem is not written—a play is not written—a picture is not painted—without premeditation. If they are, the book will lack arrangement—the poem will be wanting in grace, the play will be deficient in construction, and the picture will not be the best expression of the artist's powers. Of course there are exceptions. Inspiration may come like a flash of light and reveal a remarkable design; but though premeditation is not in it, and could not produce it, meditation alone can perfect the design. Speeches are the better for premeditation. Even sermons are improved by it. A young candidate for holy orders had to preach his trial sermon before Archbishop Whately. That experienced prelate discovered crudeness of arrangement and want of finish of expression in what he heard, and asked the young preacher whether he was accustomed to prepare his discourses. He answered that he was not, as he trusted to the divine promise—'In the hour in which you have to speak it shall be given to you what you shall say.' The Archbishop remarked that that promise was

given to the Apostles, and unless he was sure that he was an apostle it might not apply to him. The candidate had trust and piety, without which preaching is ineffective, but the shrewd prelate knew that without preparation piety could seldom commend its cause in the pulpit.

Orators of renown have not disdained to premeditate their speeches, both in Parliament and on the platform. Porson said that 'Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, but that Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again.' But those who lack the splendid confidence of Charles James Fox had better acquire that sureness in speech affirmed of a certain French speaker, whose sentences were like cats—he showered them into the air and they found their feet without trouble.

There is reason to believe that the greatest masters of oratory have been sensible of the value, and have practised premeditation. It is only the young, would-be speaker who expects to be great without effort, or whose vanity leads him to impose upon others the belief that he is so—who affects to despise preparation. One of the biographers of Canning tells us that he was himself fastidious to excess about the slightest terms of expression. He would correct his speeches and amend their verbal graces. He was not singular in this. Burke, whom he is said to have closely studied, did the same. Sheridan always prepared his speeches; the highly-wrought passages in his speech on the Hastings impeachment were written beforehand and committed to memory, and the differences were so marked that the audience could readily distinguish between the extemporaneous passages and those that were premeditated. Canning's alterations were frequently so minute and extensive that the printers found it easier to recompose the matter afresh in type than to correct it. This is to be amendment mad. Frugality in revision is as much a mark of sanity as frugality in metaphors.

Oratory in this country is less good than it would be owing to the foolish contempt for 'cut and dried speeches,' till it has come to be considered a sign of weakness for a man to think before he speaks. Those who travelled with Shiel when he spoke in the country, could hear him in the morning repeating his intended oration in his dressing-room. Disraeli said in the *Young Duke*, 'Mr Shiel's speech in Kent was a fine oration, and the boobies who taunted him for having got it by rote were not aware that in doing so he wisely followed the example of Pericles, Demosthenes, Lycias, Isocrates, Hortensius, Cicero, Cæsar, and every great orator of antiquity.'

The orations or compositions of Demosthenes are not distinguished by ornament and splendour. It is an energy of thought which raises him above his species. He appears not to attend to words but to things. We forget the orator, and think of the subject. Demades says, that Demosthenes spoke better on some few occasions when he spoke unpremeditatedly. Probably he spoke well in some of these instances, but it was the result of power acquired by the habit of preparation. As a general rule, he who thinks twice before speaking once, will speak twice the better for it.

When Macaulay was about to address the House of Commons his anxious and restless manner betrayed his intention. Still, he was regardless of the laugh of the witlings, and continued intent on his effort. This is the real courage that does things well—the courage that is neither laughed nor frowned from its purpose.

Macaulay spoke early in the evening, before the jarring of the debate confused him, or long attention enfeebled his powers. When the great Lord Chatham was to appear in public he took much pains about his dress, and latterly he arranged his flannels in graceful folds. It need not then detract from our respect for Erskine, says Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, that 'when he went down into

the country on special retainers, he examined the court the night before the trial, in order to select the most advantageous place for addressing the jury. On the cause being called, the crowded audience were perhaps kept waiting a few minutes before the celebrated stranger made his appearance; a particularly nice wig, and a pair of new yellow gloves, distinguished and embellished his person beyond the ordinary costume of the barrister of the circuit.'

Amid the applause bestowed upon premeditation, it would not be just to omit the ridicule with which it has been visited by Sydney Smith. 'It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervour of a week old? turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the trophes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardour of his mind, and so affected at a preconcerted line and page that he is unable to proceed any further.' True, 'it is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected.' But nature is always fresh; and he who reproduces nature will always be effective. Macready never stabbed his daughter to preserve her honour. Yet every man was moved at his Virginius. As Othello, Macready's 'indignation' at Iago was a glory of the stage for years; yet men were as much affected by its intensity as on the first day when he displayed it. The speech of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar was 'written in German text' in the days of Queen Elizabeth; it was 'cut and dried' near three hundred years ago. Yet, whatever our satirical canon may say, the idea of premeditation is extinguished by the charm of perfect expression and the passion excited, in those capable of realising its fitness and force, is fresh to every generation of hearers. Lord Brougham wrote out the last passages of his speech for the defence of Queen Caroline nine times. Its effect was a triumph of preparation.

When Dr Black had a class of young men at the Reform Association, he disciplined them in rhetoric by causing each to marshal his discourse on a chosen theme under certain heads. These once gone over, he required these heads to be spoken upon by inversion, beginning probably with the peroration, continuing with the argument, taking afterwards the statement, or other division belonging to the theme, and ending with the exordium. Not until a member could speak well on any one head, and in any order, was he deemed master of his subject.

Professor de Morgan remarks in a paper which he furnished to Dr Lardner's *Geometry*, that to number the parts of propositions is the only way of understanding them. To identify details and grasp the whole are the two indices of proficiency.

Margaret Fuller relates how backwoodsmen of America, whom she visited, would sit by their log-fire at night and tell 'rough pieces out of their lives.' This disintegration of events by men strong of will and full of matter, in order to set distinct parts before auditors, is a sign of that power which we call mastery. Ability is, always, power under command.

Elsewhere, in describing Colonel John Hay's account of Abraham Lincoln, I have said:—It has never been made so clear in what way, and by what qualities, the gaunt rail-splitter attained the Presidency. His speeches show that he excelled in seeing all the way into a State problem and in power of perfect statement of it. His account of his self-education is one by which many students may profit to-day. Lincoln said, 'When a child I used to get irritated when anyone talked to me in a way I could not understand; that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since.' He 'hunted after the idea in a dark saying' until he thought he had caught it, and was not satisfied until he had put it into language 'plain enough for any boy to understand it.' That was Lincoln's answer as to how he

acquired the art of 'putting things'—which does not come by nature, but by education. In studying law-books, he came upon the word 'demonstrate,' which excited his curiosity, and he studied Euclid until he had mastered what demonstration meant in geometry, and afterwards applied the knowledge in argument.

Gather relevant knowledge anywhere. Every man is indebted to others for much information. No man knows everything by his own research and verification, unless it be Mr Gladstone.

Preparation is power; nor does the hesitation which the desire of exactness sometimes begets, tell against the speaker. Mr T. P. O'Connor says of Mr Sexton on a famous occasion:—

'He spoke, I say, slowly—but at the same time it was evident that he had his mind well fixed on the end which he wished to reach. Nothing adds so much to the effectiveness of oratory as the sense that the man who is addressing you, is thinking at the very moment he is speaking. You have the sense of watching the visible working of his inner mind; and you are far more deeply impressed than by the glib facility which does not pause, does not stumble, does not hesitate, because he does not stop to think.'

Humanity is the instrument upon which the orator has to play, and he had better learn what notes it is capable of before he begins. Experience in Parliament and on the platform will soon teach any observer, that few speakers are worth hearing who do not prepare, and prepare carefully, what they want to say.

In writing we may be brief and suggestive, because each word remains to be pondered over. But that which falls on the ear not being so permanent as that which falls on paper, fulness, premeditation and varied treatment are indispensable.

CHAPTER XXI

REPETITION A NECESSITY

REPETITION has its uses and necessities, and is excellent in a speaker provided he does not repeat himself. Few persons, as a rule, ever understand anything on its first saying. It is by many repetitions in many forms that a new idea is comprehended. Leaders of opinion, even of the soberer sort, have within my knowledge been so captivated by reason, as to overlook the conditions under which reason acts. They have been so moved when the reason of a thing has become plain to them, that they have had no doubt that all men could be at once convinced by the same exposition of the facts. The processes of education should have taught them differently. First elementary principles are acquired, then successive stages are reached until the whole subject looms before the mind, impressing it by its completeness. Every step, like the steps in Euclid, recall—with less precision than in Euclid—but they do recall and repeat what has gone before.

The repetition here explained and commended is really variation in statement, and means presenting the same idea under different aspects. Every important principle has many relations and applications. To trace these and show them is to recall the cardinal idea without wearying the hearer, who, indeed, is often charmed with the range of view which reveals the same fact operative in divers circumstances. Bishop Hall said of moderation that it was the

'silken string running through the pearl chain of all our virtues.' To trace this silken cord wherever it runs in the channels of possible applications, is the kind of repetition meant in this chapter. It keeps one idea always in view under a brilliant diversity which instructs and charms. There is a 'damnable iteration' spoken of in the play. That is when the same thing is said in the same way in season and out of season. He who is always obtruding the same view upon others soon becomes tiresome, and people avoid him and his subject. Repetition as a part of rhetoric is an art, and is limited to one object, that of varying attention on a point until it is understood and no further. To go further is to provoke resentment and dislike. Robert Owen laid down five fundamental facts and twenty laws of human nature. There were a million ideas in them, but because he often repeated them in the same language, unrelieved by variation and illustration, he was regarded as a man of 'one idea.' Another generation who may look into his works, sayings and designs, will be of a different opinion. Splendid enthusiasts forget themselves in their desire to serve others, and leave it to posterity, who reap the advantages of their disinterested devotion, to do them justice—if so minded.

History acquaints us with the wondrous effects of eloquence upon multitudes, carried away to far crusades by the oratory of a hermit. Even in grave political assemblies and parliaments, a great speaker can persuade so that majorities hang upon his words. Persuasion is a task of skill. 'Inculcating an idea to disseminating it—winning conviction first, and inspiring enthusiasm after—is often like the dropping of a seed, and patiently waiting till it grows—fostering it, watering it, protecting it, until it expands into stem and flower. Such,' said the *Daily News* years ago, 'is the political eloquence of modern times. He who discovered it, and who practises it, is—Richard Cobden.' It is hardly true that Mr Cobden 'discovered' it. He was its

greatest illustrator, but it has grown with the growth and commercial character of the nation. Long before Cobden's time, the magic fancy of Burke, the ceaseless sentences of Pitt, the thundering declamation of Fox, all had like features in lesser degree. The king of American transcendentalists has said, that 'eloquence at first and last must still be at bottom a statement of facts. All audiences soon ask, "What is he driving at?" and if this man does not stand for anything, he will be deserted.' And he will be deserted unless his hearers see the same facts stand firm in different lights.

Matthew Arnold, says a writer in *Scribner*, had a repellent endowment of one kind of courage—'the courage of repeating yourself over and over again.' It is a sound forensic maxim—tell a judge twice whatever you want him to hear; tell a special jury thrice, and a common jury half a dozen times, the view of a case you wish them to entertain. 'Mr Arnold treated the middle-class as a common jury, and addressed them with remorseless iteration.' In introducing a new topic to an auditory, it is well to repeat the main idea in different forms of expression, each in itself brief, but all together affording an expansion of the sense to be conveyed, and detaining the mind upon it.

It is given to well-calculated reiteration to accomplish that which is denied to power. The reputation of Robespierre—now breaking a little through clouds of calumny as dense and dark as ever obscured human name—is a striking illustration of the omnipotence of repetition. The most eloquent of his vindicators has thus sketched his triumph:—

'Still deeper in the shade, and behind the chief of the National Assembly, a man almost unknown began to move. Agitated by uneasy thoughts, which seemed to forbid him to be silent, he spoke on all occasions, and attacked all speakers, indifferently, including Mirabeau himself. Driven from the tribune, he ascended it next day; overwhelmed

with sarcasm, coughed down, disowned by all parties, lost amongst the eminent champions who fixed public attention, he was never dispirited. It might have been said, that an inward and prophetic genius revealed to him the omnipotence of a firm will and unwearied patience, and that an inward voice said to him, "These men who despise thee are thine: all the changes of this revolution, which now will not deign to look upon thee, will eventually terminate in thee, for thou hast placed thyself in the way like the inevitable excess in which all impulse ends."'

Robespierre had power of thought, distinction of person; for, though a democrat, he was scrupulously careful of his dress and of his language, which was never mean or inexact. Had he not had unusual qualities, his pertinacity had done nothing for him. He had sunk into obscurity, or have been remembered only as an irrepressible fool. His relevance of thought, and his studied precision of expression, were the qualities which at last commanded attention.

In his *Historical Characters*, Sir H. L. Bulwer (Lord Dalling) remarks:—

'Napoleon complained of Talleyrand's repetitions, saying he could not conceive how people found M. de Talleyrand eloquent. "Il tournait toujours sur la même idée." (He always turned round the same idea.) But this was a system with him, as with Fox, who laid it down as the great principle for an orator who wished to leave an impression.

When the columns of the *Times* were crowded for five days with reports of the trial of Palmer of Rugeley, the leading article upon it, on the sixth day, when the trial had ended, gave a reiterated account of the fat, rascally, horse-racing surgeon who poisoned Cook, an article which the busy man could understand, though he had never read a line of the reports. The article was like a Scotch house—self-contained. It was lighted up, as it were, by freshness of statement, still but a reflection of facts the readers had seen day by day, but could not recall in the same order or

with the same effect. One object of repetition is to bring into view all that is necessary to present a complete case to auditor or reader. It is of no use listening to a speaker or reading an author, if you require first to hear or read some one else to understand him.

Reiteration, done without tiresomeness, is not only an advantage but a force. One who knew all things pertaining to the art of persuasion, wrote :—

> Truth can never be confirmed enough,
> Though doubt itself were dead.

CHAPTER XXII

SIGNS OF MASTERY

DR BLACK'S test of mastery (cited in Chapter XX.) is excellent, though arduous. But one instance alone is not sufficient to impress the reader with the advantages of mastery and the signs thereof.

A speaker, like an actor, is liable to the criticism of a casual hearing. The auditor who hears you but once may form an opinion of you for ever. Against this there is no protection but in acquiring such a mastery over your powers as to be able always to exert them well, and to impress a hearer, in some respect or other, at every appearance. He, therefore, who has a reputation to acquire or preserve, will keep silence whenever he is in danger of speaking indifferently. He will practise so in private, and train himself so perseveringly, that perfection will become a second nature, and the power of proficiency never desert him. Those who think genius is an impulsive effort that costs nothing, little dream with what patience the professional singer or actor observes regular habits and judicious exercise; how they treasure all their strength and power for the hour of appearance. There must, of course, be natural power of personation in an actor, a fine voice in a singer, and that instinctive aptitude and capacity of excellence which men call genius, or no cultivation will produce more than talent. At the same time, the highest natural endowment of genius will spend itself without effect, and

perish devoid of renown, unless application and study develop and mature it.

The triumphs of application are as remarkable as the triumph of genius. One day, an acquaintance, in speaking of Curran's eloquence, happened to observe that it must have been born with him.

'"Indeed, my dear sir," replied Curran, "it was not; it was born three-and-twenty years and some months after me. When I was at the Temple a few of us formed a little debating club. Upon the first night of meeting I attended, my foolish heart throbbing with the anticipated honour of being styled 'the learned member that opened the debate,' or 'the very eloquent gentleman who has just sat down,' I stood up—the question was the Catholic claims or the slave trade, I now forget which, but the difference, you know, was never very obvious—my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter, but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; but, remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded as far as 'Mr Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was turned upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the room could not have contained as many more; yet was it, to my panic-struck imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation, but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, upon coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow. So you see, sir, it was not born with me. However, though I was for the time silenced, I still attended our meetings with regularity, and even ventured

to accompany the others to a more ambitious theatre, the club of Temple Bar. One of them was on his legs; a fellow of whom it was difficult to decide whether he was most distinguished for the dirtiness of his person or the flippancy of his tongue—just such another as Harry Flood would have called 'the highly-gifted gentleman with the dirty cravat and greasy pantaloons.' I found this learned personage in the act of calumniating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms. He descanted upon Demosthenes, the glory of the Roman forum; spoke of Tully as the famous contemporary and rival of Cicero; and, in the short space of one half-hour, transported the Straits of Marathon three several times to the plains of Thermopylæ. Thinking I had a right to know something of these matters, I looked at him with surprise. When our eyes met, there was something like a wager of battle in mine; upon which the erudite gentleman instantly changed his invective against antiquity into an invective against me, and concluded by a few words of friendly counsel to "orator mum, who, he doubted not, possessed wonderful talents for eloquence, although he would recommend him to show it in future by some more popular method than his silence." I followed his advice, and, I believe, not entirely without effect. 'So, sir, you see that to try the bird the spur must touch his blood.'

But Curran had the blood of oratory in his veins, or the spur had pricked him in vain. The pretentious ignorance of the previous speaker afforded the very 'preface' that Curran wanted to his volume. Many persons of real power of speech can never present themselves to an audience unless called upon or provoked by some egregious thing said, or incited by a sense of duty that something not said ought to be said. Then the effect will be according to the knowledge, capacity and practice of the speaker.

Curran's defect in enunciation (at school he went by the cognomen of 'Stuttering Jack Curran') he corrected by a

regular system of daily reading aloud, slowly, and with strict regard to pronunciation. His person was short, and his appearance ungraceful and without dignity. To overcome these disadvantages, he recited and studied his postures before a mirror, and adopted a method of gesticulation suited to his appearance. Besides a constant attendance at the debating clubs, he accustomed himself to extemporaneous eloquence in private, by proposing cases to himself, which he debated with the same care as if he had been addressing a jury. It was thus the great advocate won his self-possession and power.

Professor de Morgan's rule was, when he wanted a pupil to work well seven places of decimals, to practise him in working fifteen. When Malibran was introduced to Rossini, as a girl of fourteen, by her father, Garcia, having sung a cavatina, the grand maestro said: 'Practise, mademoiselle, and you must inevitably rise to the highest point of your profession.'

Mr Vere Foster, an authority on copy-book art, remarks that 'the grand secret in teaching writing is to bestow much attention upon a little variety. The necessity of a continued repetition of the same exercise till it can be executed with correctness, cannot be too strongly insisted on. But, as this reiteration is tedious for an age so fond of novelty as that of childhood, we should keep as close to the maxim as possible, and by a judicious intermixture of a few slightly differing forms, contrive to fix attention and to insure repetition.' 'The method of teaching anything to children,' says Locke, 'is by repeated practice, and the same action done over and over again until they have got the habit of doing it well, a method that has so many advantages, which ever way we come to consider it, that I wonder how it could possibly be so much neglected.' This rule is also true in elocution, for on the verge of a new art men themselves are distrustful of their own powers.

Effectiveness in any art can only come by practice.

When Demosthenes was asked what was the secret of success on the platform, he is said to have answered: 'Action, action, action.' But action gives no power, and Dr Clair J. Grece must be right when contending that the answer of the great orator should be translated: 'Practice, practice, practice,' for there skill comes in. A man who wishes to speak well at a moment's notice should speak every night if he has an opportunity. Preachers and barristers speak better at will than other persons.

In speaking, as one writer has observed, it has often been a matter of curious consideration, that a person will explain his views to a single individual in such terms as to force conviction in many instances, and where he fails the exposition would be just such an one as would please an audience. At the same time it is notorious that what will not convince one or two will be most effective on many persons; yet when he who can succeed in the more difficult task with one or two, when he comes before an audience he is totally abashed, and cannot utter two consecutive sentences with propriety, energy or sense. Nevertheless, this incapacity will vanish at once under a sense of duty. Paul says perfect love casteth out fear; so does a sense of duty in speaking. But where the motive is not an incentive, there is no remedy for confusion of mind before an audience save practice and deliberation; practice gives confidence, and deliberation gives capacity a chance of manifesting itself—provided the assembly is not too large for the compass of the speaker's voice. No man speaks with confidence who is not sure that he is heard.

Whewell held that we are never master of anything till we do it both well and unconsciously. But there is no test of proficiency so instructive as that put by George Sand into the mouth of Porpora, in her novel of *Consuelo*. When Consuelo, on the occasion of a trial performance, manifests some apprehension as to the result, Porpora reminds her that if there is room in her mind for misgiving

as to the judgment of others, it is a proof that she is not filled with the true love of art, which would so absorb her whole thoughts as to leave her insensible to the opinion of others, and if she distrusted her own powers, it was plain they were not yet her powers, else they could not play her false.

Mastery is manifest when we have no misgiving as to the trial of our powers; we are then rather anxious for the opportunity and confident as to the result. In George Eliot's *Deronda* there is the little Jewess who sings for the first time undismayed before a critical assembly met to judge her capacity. On being asked why she was so unapprehensive, she answered, 'Because I knew what I could do, and because the audience, being well-informed, knew what I was doing, knew the difficulties I had overcome, and could appreciate what I did. I am never afraid of singing before those who know.'

In the first Lord Lytton's day there was a fashionable figure in society whom everybody regarded as a 'superior person.' Chancing next day to call on Lord Durham, Lytton said, 'I spent six mortal hours with Lord Spraggles' (the superior person), 'and I don't think there is much in him.' 'Good heavens!' exclaimed Lord Durham, 'how did you find that out? Is it possible he could have—talked?' The superior person had mastered nothing, and when he spoke it was apparent.

CHAPTER XXIII

NATURE AND CONDITIONS OF ORATORY

A GREAT oration has a great subject stated in a great way; it deals with large ideas in a large manner. Each orator of mark may move in a different orbit, but he is luminous in it, and shines by a light which is his own. Mr Cobden commanded attention by force of argument based on unnoticed facts. Mr Bright was volcanic, and suggested to landlords the danger of allowing explosive materials to accumulate under them. Mr Disraeli flashed with epigram and satire. Mr Gladstone is circumambient, compelling conviction by considerations drawn from a larger field than any other man is able to survey. In each, newness of insight and force of statement are the qualities by which concurrence was won.

No one in the House of Commons could ever tell whether Disraeli had sincerity—the key of all influence in oratory. Certainly he never gave anyone the impression that he had it. He charmed, he intimidated, but never convinced adversaries. As a clever writer in the *Fortnightly* said: 'You feel that he has come from another world, and that he must be judged by the law of his domicile.' In one thing he was human; he was, as Justin M'Carthy has said, 'master of the art of epithets.' In destroying any who stood in the way of the ascendency of himself, he had real passion. Had he had it in public affairs, he had moved the heart of the nation, and kept a

lasting place there. What is it that wins for the orator public affection? It is the burning word of passion. It knows no high, no low, no rich, no poor, no citizen, no alien, no foreigner, no class, no colour. Savage and civilised, learned and illiterate (the accidents of condition), sink into insignificance when man speaks to humanity. The orator penetrates to the heart of the race. It was said of Mr Cowen in Parliament that he had the great qualities rare among orators, 'fire, colour and imagination.' He had also conviction, which alone wins adherents, or retains them when won.

John Arthur Roebuck, whose own oratory in its coherence and cogency more resembled that of Demosthenes than any other orator of his day, says, in his *History of the Whig Ministry of* 1830:—

'The style of Lord Brougham, though vigorous and sometimes happy, was too often diffuse, loose and cumbrous, and always wanting in that exquisite accuracy, simplicity, and constantly equal and sustained force of his more sedate and self-collected antagonist. Looking back, however, and calmly weighing the merits of these celebrated efforts of these the two most distinguished orators of that day (Lyndhurst and Brougham), we cannot, I think, fail to feel that although in Lord Lyndhurst's speech there was nothing superfluous—that all was severity—and, if I may use the expression, serenely great—yet that in the higher, I ought to say the highest excellence of impassioned reasoning, his rival (Lord Brougham) was eminently superior. The cold sagacity of Lord Lyndhurst shines steadily throughout the whole of his discourse; *but we feel no enthusiasm—we are not touched by any appeal to a generous sentiment*—we never appear to *ourselves exalted by being called upon to share in and sympathise with any large and liberal policy.* The speech of Lord Brougham produces effects of a very different description. Discursive, sometimes even trivial, it contains splendid and exciting appeals—wise and gener-

ous sentiments—cogent, effective argument; and we are anxious to believe him right, because, while he attempts to satisfy the understanding, he enlists in his favour the emotions of his hearers by exhibiting an earnest solicitude for the well-being of his country and his kind.'

Lord Kames said the 'plainest man agitated with passion affects us more than the greatest speaker without it.' It is the passion of conviction which is meant. A man cannot acquire it by will. The spur of necessity will beget fervour, and interest in the welfare of others will beget convictions. But if a man has no convictions, he may as well keep silence, for he never can produce the highest effects nor any effect honourable to him. Lord Hartington was too rich to be in earnest about public affairs. He spoke half-asleep, and gave you the impression that he thought having to speak a bore, and he often bored his hearers. He had twelve famous or luxurious country seats—a fresh one every month for a change. You always heard these seats in his slothful speeches. What an audience like, is what Douglas Jerrold called the 'flesh and blood' of a speaker's thought, and they are not content unless they feel the strong bones of his meaning in great passages.

Great actors confess that they take time before stepping on the stage to possess their minds with the story, purport and genius of the play. Mrs Siddons used to stand at the wings and listen to the dialogue going on, so as to possess herself of the spirit of the piece, that when she had to appear she shared and exalted its excitement. Wordsworth said of Goethe that he was not 'inevitable enough.' Now inevitability is the first test of oratory, both as to speech and matter. To see that a man can't help speaking immediately arrests attention, and if the matter of the speech, its ideas and expressions, appear inevitably to belong to the subject and to be inseparable from it when said, the speaker has the fibre of the orator. Fire, compression and relevance are the elements of inevitableness

and inevitableness in speech is oratory. Mr Gladstone has it. It has been rightly said of him that 'he is the only man in Parliament who is an orator in the proper sense of the word—that is to say, to whom oratory is his element, natural to him as air is to a bird.'*

Eloquence is the talent of giving force to reason. Oratory compels action after argument has made duty clear. Health is a condition of most human efforts; but in oratory it is essential. In the cold thinness of a morning audience, mere energy and mellowness are inestimable; wisdom and learning would be harsh and unwelcome compared with a substantial man, who has radiant warmth of manner. What would Danton have been without his cannon voice? When Mirabeau spoke, his voice was like the voice of destiny, falling on the alarmed ear like broken thunder. He seemed as if moulded to be the orator of nature. It was his lion roar that gave him his splendid place in history. But without the ideas behind it, the voice would have been a nuisance. Yet the ideas without the voice would scarcely have made themselves legible on the great surface of obscurity which covers so many reputations, but upon which Mirabeau's name remains conspicuous. Bright's massive head, his clear sagacious glance, firm mouth, his organ tones, at once excited attention; while his slowly-spoken, deliberate words fell like the large drops of rain which precede a thunder-storm.

Bulk talking produces a greater effect than Bones talking. A large figure will have twice the advantage of a small figure when the intellectual power is equal in both. Of course health, nor stature, nor vocal power are to be had at will, but there are qualities of mind which cultivation will make capable of giving fame in speech, though not oratorical fame. In personal appearance, Hooker is described as a man of small stature and stooping gait. As a preacher his manner was grave. His eyes were always fixed on one

* William Hale White.

place, and he seemed to think out his discourse as he proceeded. His sermons were marked by brevity and simplicity, and were designed to convince and persuade rather than frighten men into goodness. He had a weak voice and an ineffective manner, but the weight and wisdom of his matter and the fascination of his composition did much to counteract these disadvantages. The arrangement of his sentences reveals a fine sense of proportion, and such mastery of expression that Ruskin might have taken him as a model. It has been finely said that 'the sweep and ease of his movements in the highest regions of thought, give him rank among the great philosophical thinkers and intellectual princes of all time.' The reader will see more to the same effect in Mr Ritson's article on Hooker.* It was from his rare faculty of discerning what was possible and what was probable that the author of *Ecclesiastical Policy* was named the 'Judicious Hooker,' whose reputation has endured three centuries.

An orator has everything for his purpose when he has stature, voice and sense. Bulk is imposing, but does not last unless mind goes with it. A great voice commands attention, but does not keep it unless there is quality in the thing said. To cite Mr Bright's sarcasm on one of these loud-voiced, idea-less orators, 'He speaks extremely well, if you do not listen to what he says.' Shiel has left a famous name, and yet he had a voice which squealed: it was his ideas and energy which saved him. Energy is the soul of oratory; and energy depends on health. Dr Samuel Johnson said, 'We can be useful no longer than we are well.' Of the rhetorician it may as safely be said that he is effective no longer than he is well. A variety of arts may be pursued in indifferent health; feebleness only prolongs execution; in rhetoric it mars the whole work. Even in the matter of efficient thinking, health is worth attention. The senses being the great inlets of knowledge,

* *Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review*, January 1894.

it is necessary that they be kept in health. It will be idle to conceal from ourselves that the physical is the father of the moral man. Morals depend greatly upon temperaments. The patience necessary for investigation cannot be preserved with impaired nerves. Long-continued wakefulness is capable of changing the temper, and mental disposition of the most placid nature. The wise orator will as much attend to the exercise which gives him health as to the exercise which gives him skill.

It may not be necessary, because Carneades took copious doses of hellebore as a preparative to refuting the dogmas of the Stoics, or because Dryden, when he had a grand design, took physic and parted with blood—that the searcher after truth should commence with an aperient; yet it will be useful that some attention be paid to the physiology of the

> ———intellect, whose use
> Depends so much upon the gastric juice.

Since oratory pertains to large subjects, treated in a large manner, a stately manner of speaking about a small subject would be absurd, and bring oratory into disrepute. No one having a sense of the fitness of things would think of speaking in a small room to a small audience as he would in a large hall to a great assembly. Before a small audience the voice is lower and the manner more subdued. Besides, the speaker should distinguish subjects. Some need only information to be given about them; others need argument. Lucidity and relevance are sufficient for making informing statements. Animation and directness are sufficient for argument. Oratory and stately language, passion and decision of purpose, pertain alone to issues which have pathos and tragedy in them. There are more tragical subjects in the social life of the day than many suppose. Preventible loss of life at sea, in mines, by neglect of sanitary precautions, poisonous trades, dwellings

which have death in them, as well as the issues of politics, have materials of oratory in them. Discrimination is needed in selecting the topics of oratory, and foresight in making it plain to the hearer that the issue before him has elements of danger to him in its neglect.

The subject treated in these chapters is the art of persuading the minds of men by oratory, argument or statement. Some may never excel in oratory, others do not excel when they might. Description is almost as difficult as an oration. Mr Bright acquired nearly as much fame by his descriptive as by his oratorical power. To this day people remember famous passages in which he described the effect of the Crimean War. Colonel Boyle was then member for Frome, and Colonel Blair member for a Conservative constituency. Mr Bright, with the slighest touches, and with not less eloquent gestures towards the empty seats, asked, Where was Colonel Boyle? and answered, 'He has found a grave in the stormy Euxine, his wife is a widow, his children orphans.' 'Who is there,' he continued, 'that does not recollect the frank, courageous and manly countenance of Colonel Blair? I doubt whether there were any men on either side of the House who were more capable of fixing the goodwill and affection of those with whom they were associated. Well, but the place that knew him shall know him no more for ever.'

Upon these instances the *Daily News* remarked :—'These two are not famous passages from the speeches of Mr Bright, but they illustrate with great force a peculiar characteristic of his oratory, and one which has much to do with establishing its power. It is a very simple gift to describe, and it is nearly as rare as it is simple.'

One object of these pages is to promote the cultivation of the art of clear, relevant statement, without pretentiousness, yet at the same time with decision. The student, aware of the nature and conditions of oratory, can, when fitting occasion occurs, employ that higher art. One of his

biographers, I think it is the Rev. Mr Wright, says: 'One characteristic of the Duke of Wellington strikes the reader. Confident in his own capacity, he thinks, decides and acts while other men are hesitating and asking advice. He is evidently conscious that decision and promptitude, even though sometimes a man may err for want of due deliberation, will, in the long run, more often conduct to success than a slow judgment that comes too late.' Innumerable people will strike out a course, pursue it, while all goes well, but the temper of greatness places its life on the hazard of a well-chosen plan, and looks for failures and defeats, but relies on the 'long run' of persistency for success.

In this country, where we have the ballot, a free press, a free platform, and a free parliament, violence is what Talleyrand called 'a blunder which is worse than a crime'—his meaning being, I suppose, the statesman can guard against a criminal easier than against a fool. You know what the vicious will be at, but you never know what a fool will do. A people with the four great instruments of freedom, above named, who cannot obtain public improvement without disorder, do not know their business. The great power in their hands is speech. To use a thought of Shakespeare, every speaker, by tongue or pen, in his own hand bears the means to cancel his captivity—if he be captive or wronged. The art of expression by argument or oratory is a great and invincible instrument. Orators in Parliament are estimated mainly by wealth and weight, or relevant and new knowledge. Wealth, as a rule, has a large following—weight is measured by position, because position means influence, and influence means character of a determinate kind. Mr Justin M'Carthy, in one of his admirable lectures on the House of Commons, says: 'Once let a man make it clear that he rose because he had something to say, and not because he had to say something, the House would soon give him a hearing.' It was long said and believed that the workman in Parliament would be useless, and be dis-

regarded. This objection was urged mainly by those who did not wish to see him there. There always are people who, having what they want, think that sufficient for others. We have had in this country politicians who, like Bismarck, make a hole through which he can crawl to power, but stop it up as soon as he is through it; or, like Lassalle, who, having mounted, would kick down the ladder —it not being desirable that others should get up it; or, like Louis Napoleon, shoot those who got upon it. It was honestly thought by many in this country that workmen must prove ineffective in Parliament. But this misgiving has been dissipated. Mr Burt has an easy force in speaking, and an accuracy of expression, which classical training does not always impart, but which often comes to a man from good reading, and an ear attentive to idiomatic terms in the speech of others. Book-learning has nearly obliterated in men's minds the sense of that knowledge without books which experience gives to a man of natural powers, observant eyes and original understanding. This kind of knowledge is so rare that it always makes a strong impression in the House of Commons. Parliament consists of a company of gentlemen too brave to be intimidated; and contains so many members of great pride and great powers that it cannot be looked down upon; it simply disregards all who treat it with contempt or conceit. But that assembly has to deal with subjects so many and so important that no member can pretend to know everything, and, therefore, the House will listen with respectful and greedy ears to any member who can give it information. And therefore, when any member addresses it with relevance, with unpretendingness and modesty, yet with that clearness and directness, which is possible only when a man knows that he knows, the House of Commons respects him, listens to him, from the Premier to the last member below the gangway, and count him as a real addition to the collective knowledge of the House.

Much has been said about working men going to the House of Commons. It was predicted they would be foolish or bumptious, timid or leadable. They proved to be neither the one nor the other, but independent without being impracticable, rightly regarding labour as one of the dignities of an honest state, and stand up for it with as much pride as they can do who represent rank or land. Before their day a young draper's assistant rose to fame in England, America and India by oratory — a power which he owed to himself alone, and which was attained under circumstances entirely against him. George Thompson was an anti-slavery reformer, an Indian reformer, a free trader, a political reformer, and a foremost man in all. He had not only the courage of his opinions, he had that other courage which did not shrink before Boston mobs organised to lynch him in America—real mobs, who understood their business, and who had done that kind of thing before. Learning eloquence, or discovering that the gift of it was natural to him, in a debating society in Marylebone, he emerged from behind a counter, and became one of the first advocates in Europe in the days of Berryer, O'Connell and Brougham. They were the compeers with whom he was compared. I heard Lord Brougham say, on introducing him to an Exeter Hall audience, thirty years or more ago, that 'George Thompson was the most persuasive speaker to whom he had ever listened.' I have heard him at the close of his speaking days address a meeting, in the National Hall, Holborn, at eleven o'clock at night, when three-fourths of the audience had gone home and only a wearied section was left, who were jaded, unexpectant, and longing for the vacation of the chair. Thompson arrested them, inspired them, set them aflame, caps and hats rose in the air, and for years after the tale of the wonderful speech of that night was told in workshops and committee meetings. Paralysis came upon him many years before his death. Oft when travelling I met him—his fine powers

of speech were arrested then. I consoled him by telling him that his splendid orations would live in men's memories; and I write these words in proof of it. He had his faults—as a few other persons I have known have; but he had the grand fervour of the orator. He spoke as Malibran sang—it was the natural expression of his nature. There was the accent of honesty and sincerity in his voice which neither O'Connel nor Brougham had in like degree. In that respect there was all the difference between Thompson and them as there was between Gladstone and Beaconsfield. There was a generation of slaves who would have died for Thompson. What a splendid memory is that for a deathbed! He did not exercise influence in Parliament like that which he did on the platform, but that was because he did not give his mind to that distinct kind of work. Had he sought occasions, he could have won distinction there. He had the orator's power of marshalling facts; and had he relinquished what he thought the wider sphere of influence in America and India, and the British platform, and laid in wait for parliamentary occasions, he had long been member for the Tower Hamlets, or elsewhere, at will. People have talked of Thompson as a great outdoor orator who failed in the House. He did not fail—he did not seek to succeed there. That is the explanation.

There was Serjeant Parry, whom I well knew. He rose from the ranks. As a Chartist orator he had fervour, readiness of speech, and a loud voice, but his style was loose wordy and gaseous. We all thought that if he went to Parliament as he wished—and would have done had he lived—he would surely fail there. Seeking distinction at the bar, he studied the nature and conditions of oratory and became a new man, the delight of clients and the admiration of courts. I never knew such a transformation on the platform. His style became compact, vigorous and exact. His sentences, formerly gaseous, were solid as a cannon ball, and as he had ideas, a good presence, and a strong voice, he would have soon won a high place in the House of Commons.

Labour members have now become a power in Parliament, and have to be counted with by every Government. Besides Mr Burt, Mr Broadhurst, Mr Howell, Mr John Burns, Mr Pickard, Mr J. H. Wilson, and others whom we have known on co-operative platforms, have abundantly vindicated the right of labour to personal representation.

A word ought to be said of the influence of pleasantry of mind in the orator. There are buffoons always in the House of Commons, and the other House also, like the late De Morny, the fellow-conspirator with Louis Napoleon, who on one occasion had to go into mourning. For this purpose he required a new hat; but regarding himself as a man of fashion, he told his hatter that he wanted it to be a mourning hat, but with 'a little gaiety in the brim.' There are wits in Parliament whose gaiety is in the brim, not in the brain. English humour is hearty and unaffected; Irish, brisk as mercury, setting propriety at defiance, but always bright with imagination. Scotch humour is sly, grave and caustic. But every nation is capable of delight when their great speakers or authors are capable of vindicating serious principle with relevant wit or humour.

When Sir Wilfrid Lawson entered Parliament, I was not aware that he belonged to a family in which humour was hereditary, and as it was known that he would represent the temperance cause, I ventured, needlessly, to suggest to him, that that cause would be much advanced by brightness and lightness of treatment. Those who had preceded him had manifested an oppressive heaviness: they made dead pop speeches, which infected the house with flatness. Their arguments were as tasteless as raw potatoes. The House soon found that, with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, humour was a natural endowment. He not only made temperance respectable, he made it entertaining, yet always keeping before the House the gravity of its issues. During the years when I was much at the House of Commons, I studied the wits of Parliament, and observed that one thing was always true of

Sir Wilfrid Lawson—he never jested with a principle, and he never gave us a jest instead of a principle. Sir Wilfrid is not a jester, and he was more than a wit. His wit was earnestness for the right, made radiant by the light of humour. Some speakers tell us that truth lies at the bottom of a well, and they almost drown us in getting at it. Sir Wilfrid Lawson always took us over land to it, and through a path so bright and pleasant that we were glad in our hearts to make the journey.

Years ago there was a Mr Bernal, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, who said that 'law was morality shaped by Act of Parliament.' What nobler occupation than that of speakers and orators whose business it is to convert morality into law?

He who gives directions for the attainment of oratory is supposed, if a public speaker, to be capable of illustrating his own precepts. He may be thought to challenge criticism, and his own performances may be condemned by a reference to his own precepts; or, on the other hand, his precepts may be undervalued through his own failures in their application. Should this take place in the present instance, I have only to urge, with Horace, in his *Art of Poetry*, that a whetstone, though itself incapable of cutting, is yet useful in sharpening steel. No system of instruction will completely equalise natural powers, and yet it may be of service towards their improvement. The youthful Achilles acquired skill in hurling the javelin under the instruction of Chiron, though the master could not compete with the pupil in vigour of arm.

But there is little danger in these days of serious judgment being passed upon the indifferent exemplar of the rhetorical maxims he lays down. Our orators escape as our statues do. Good public monuments are so scarce that the people are ill judges of art, and great speakers too seldom arise for the people to be good judges of oratory. England has not reached the age of excellence in this

respect. Great events can excite it, but only a national refinement, including opulence, and a liberal philosophy, can sustain it. Oratory ordinarily requires the union of intellect, leisure and health, discipline of thought, calculated expression and public spirit.

The speeches of great leaders are to hearers like walking along a pier, out far into the sea. Away from the air made dull and murky by mediocrity, the fresh breezes of reason like those of the ocean blow around the great questions of the day; everyone sees clearly the issue, and is braced to attain it.

Americans are a quick people, ready to project themselves into the second thing before they have done with the first; yet they will sit quietly under speeches, the length of which would shorten the lives of Englishmen. The French, who are yet brighter and more alert-minded, will keep their seats in patience under papers and speeches of seemingly endless length—and continue to live. Lord Bacon says that 'short speeches are like darts which fly about and are thought to proceed from some secret intention, whereas long discourses are flat and not to be noted.' French orators seem to place their trust in long orations. It is wonderful how so mercurial a people as the French can sit during a protracted address, when no national interest makes men curious, and no enterprise of thought inspires it.

At the first Co-operative Congress in France I had opportunity of observing characteristics of Parisian speaking. The action of the French orators was superb. When they sought the chairman's attention their arms were darted forward and upward, suddenly, as far as the arm could go. It was as though they would reach the chairman with it. Then one would leave his seat, and walk quietly and slowly down the meeting, soliloquising like Hamlet as he walked. That was part of his speech. Then facing the audience, the quiet stroller to the platform delivered entire volleys

of sentences as though they were ejected from a culverin. All at once the explosion stopped, and the speaker walked slowly back and sat down in his seat, just as though he had never left it. Another orator had risen to answer him, when you saw that he who had walked to his seat so placidly had thrown back his ears like a hare, and had caught every word said behind him; and when you turned on hearing another decided volley of words you found that it was your placid-walking speaker, who had found his way back to the platform, and was answering the delegate who had differed from him. When a speaker concluded, his gestures were often the wonder of the night to me. Every motion of emphasis, earnestness, decision, prediction, malediction, or benediction, with which some concluded, were all expressed by miraculous and rapid motions of the arms above, below, around, in broad wave or graceful whirling curve, until arms and body seemed to disappear in the air, and the head of the orator alone remained recognisable. In debates, a man in the gallery, or back of the meeting, would stroll down, or pass along the gangway, as though he was leaving the hall, but does not. He continues walking aimlessly, and when you think he has gone out, he turns up near the president. He watches anyone who is speaking, as an Indian looks out from the bush when he descries an enemy coming over the border of the plain. The moment the speech ceases, the man near the president projects himself into prominence and pours out a volley of words as incessant and prolonged as the firing of artillery. When it occurs to the new orator to return to his seat, he begins threading his way to the back of the meeting or gallery, whence he came, sometimes talking all along the pathway. No Englishman's arm can make the easy, graceful, pliable curves a Frenchman knows how to produce. In every way in which the arm can cleave the air or caress it—in whatever manner finger can point, or open palm or displayed hand can indicate emotion, emphasis, sentiment

or argument — the French orator is master of that expression.

All this shows how much oratory depends upon temperament for gesture and delivery. But the elements of oratory, force of argument, vividness of speech, concentration and boldness of idea, remain the same in all countries and all time, though the splendour of delivery varies with national vivacity and grace.

He who has listened to Italian oratory knows it is not the grand passion of impulse, which the French display—but the superb passion of the intellect. An Italian is speaking —you cannot say 'he rises' in his place. He is so quick, you hear him but do not see him rise. His movements are too rapid for that. Anon a low-toned, enchanted voice is heard; soon it becomes eager, resonant, filling the hall with mellow, resilient tones, and all the grace of sculpture in the speaker's gestures. Another appears with a bushy head of dark hair, handsome, well-cut features, and piqued beard; in person slender, tall and picturesque, with a penetrating voice and miraculous action. His hair and beard vibrate; his arms make every motion known in conic sections; his whole frame is circular and revolving. With outstretched arm and forefinger projected—now pointing laterally, now perpendicularly, then to the earth—anon the open palm is extended, entreating, darting, cleaving vacant space as though his purpose was to cut it into pieces, the voice orotund, beseeching, denouncing, declaiming. No carding machine, no spinning-jenny, no steam engine at high pressure, nor the most intricate action invented, was ever capable of so many motions, and such continuous energy. Next a bold, sonorous voice (like Gambetta's) would thunder through the hall, when people leaving returned, and others entering rush forward to see who has taken the floor, and learn what the surging intensity of tones, the polished energy, the controlled vehemence, and enchanted tumult of applause all means. It was Signor

Luzzatti who was speaking. Italian oratory is a musical tempest.

There is oratory in England equal to that of any nation, but more attention is given to its cultivation elsewhere than here. Good delivery is more common than with us, and there is more freedom in gesture and tone. Being alien to English taste to betray much emotion, we think it unreal in those to whom it is natural. French speaking seemed to me to have more personal fervour; Italian speaking more intellectual fervour. The French appear to speak with the force of feeling; the Italian from the force of conviction, who, in his most dramatic moods, maintains a certain dignity of self-possession. An Englishman speaks as though his words had wings and flew about in the air, and at times escape him when he most wants them. An Italian seems to carry his store of words within him, and delivers them at will, in full, melodious tones. Spontaneity, however, is the main charm of spoken words. The orator will have concentrated passages in his mind, but does not think too much of them—he may have seen all through his sentences when he first arranged them in his mind, but if the conclusion has passed for the moment from his mind—as was the case with Charles James Fox—he invents a new termination and extricates himself as best he can. It has been well said 'a certain free handling and disdain of literal exactitude is only one grace the more in speaking, just as it is in sketching. It is the human note. The most effective speakers are often those who have the courage of their verbal inaccuracies, and who leave on the minds of their hearers the sense of over-mastering possession by the subject itself that seems to preclude all other concern.' This is sometimes the case; but the student should not trust to it. An orator trained to accuracy of expression finds that it never deserts him, and in the very blaze of passion such self-possession comes to him that he plays with every detail of speech, and says things with grace, qualification and illustration that never

occurred to him before, and which he cannot often recall after. At the same time the 'free handling' commended in this passage is good, and gives the impression of mastery.

Mr William Hale White, who, like his father, wrote the best Parliamentary criticisms on time, many years ago remarked, in a memorable passage :—

'Old men, who know that they have at the best but a little breathing space before they are no more and are forgotten, may be excused if their zeal for affairs diminishes. They may ask themselves, "What does it matter to me?" But in Mr Gladstone it is wonderful to see, and admirable to see, that men and ideas are of more importance now than they were when life was before him. His enthusiasm on Tuesday reached that pitch of abandonment which is usually supposed to be characteristic of youth, but yet the centrifugal power was never so strong as to propel him into inanity. Like the perfect orator he is, he was always master of himself, and came again in complete curve. It was curious to see how his passion improved his style as he went along. I have often observed with him, but never so signally as on this occasion, that he falls into the most idiomatic English when he gets thoroughly warm, and that the warmer he grows the simpler he becomes, so that all verbiage and sesquipedalism disappear, and he is as compressed and simple as Lord Bacon. For example: "Gentlemen will recollect how we were fired with false rumours and mutilated telegrams. First of all Russia had been making some secret agreement. Nothing so much excited the country as the statement that there were secret agreements between Russia and Turkey. *It would have been so wicked of Russia, would it not?*"'

His hearers knew that the pigeon holes in our Foreign Office were stuffed with secret treaties we had made.

Let those who think an oration can be made at will, without premeditation or practice, read the following passage

from one of the famous sermons of Massillon. He had explained how men justify their conduct to their consciences because they live as the multitude live, and are no worse than others of their class and station. Massillon then exclaims:—

'On this account it is, my brethren, that I confine myself to you who at present are assembled here; I include not the rest of men, but consider you as alone existing on the earth. The idea which occupies and frightens me is this: I figure to myself the present as your last hour and the end of the world; that the heavens are going to open above your heads; our Saviour, in all His glory, to appear in the midst of this temple; and that you are only assembled here to wait His coming; like trembling criminals on whom the sentence is to be pronounced, either of life eternal or of everlasting death; for it is vain to flatter yourselves that you shall die more innocent than you are at this hour. All those desires of change with which you are amused will continue to amuse you till death arrives, the experience of all ages proves it; the only difference you have to expect will most likely be only a larger balance against you than what you would have to answer for at present; and from what would be your destiny were you to be judged this moment, you may almost decide upon what will take place at your departure from life. Now, I ask you (and connecting my own lot with yours I ask with dread), were Jesus Christ to appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, to judge us, to make the dreadful separation betwixt the goats and sheep, do you believe that the greatest number of us would be placed at His right hand? Do you believe that the number would at least be equal? Do you believe there would even be found ten upright and faithful servants of the Lord, when formerly five cities could not furnish so many? I ask you. You know not, and I know it not. Thou alone, O my God, knowest who belong to Thee.

But if we know not who belong to Him, at least we know that sinners do not. Now, who are the just and faithful assembled here at present? Titles and dignities avail nothing, you are stripped of all these in the presence of your Saviour. Who are they? Many sinners who wish not to be converted; many more who wish, but always put it off; many others who are only converted in appearance, and again fall back to their former courses. In a word, a great number who flatter themselves they have no occasion for conversion. This is the party of the reprobate. Ah! my brethren, cut off from this assembly these four classes of sinners, for they will be cut off at the great day. And now appear, ye just! Where are ye? O God, where are Thy chosen? And what a portion remains to Thy share.'

The resounding and commanding voice of the preacher —his penetrating and inevadable questions — his short clear sentences, which none could misunderstand, prevented the attention of any hearer from being diverted— his tones and gestures of alarm (for the fearful picture he drew had entered his own soul) overwhelmed his hearers with dismay and terror. All would resolve on amendment, and happily many would persevere in it.

There is an old Continental proverb which says: 'An Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and a Frenchman when it is over.' In oratory, and in other things, I could wish my countrymen to be both Italians and French—wise both before and after.

CHAPTER XXIV

ORIGINALITY IN ORATORY

ORIGINALITY is founded on nature—an inexhaustible field in which to find it. Genius is a glimpse of nature denied to others. Realism is truth and newness. There would be more originality than there is if, instead of following custom without thought, men went to nature, the source of all surprises. Edmund Kean, who had originality in him, augmented it by art. One day he saw Jack Painter, the prize-fighter, raise his arm to strike when he could no longer rise from the ground. When next Kean played Richard III. he did that, and 'brought down the house.' When asked how he came to think of expressing in that way undying valour, he said Jack Painter gave him the idea by what he did when beaten. Men wondered how Massillon, living in a cloister, could know the human heart as he did. When asked how he came by such knowledge, which exceeded that of other men, he answered: 'I learned it by studying myself.' Locke tells us, says Lord Byron, that 'all his knowledge of the human understanding was derived from studying his own mind.' Emerson, who excelled in the quality, advised him who would be original, thus :—

'Insist on yourself—never imitate. Your gift you can present every moment, with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. The way to

speak and write what shall not go out of fashion, is to speak and write sincerely. Take Sidney's maxim: "Look in thy heart and write." He that writes to himself writes to an eternal public.'

Originality is reality, instead of stereotype conventionalism. A dialogue between Bacon and Shakespeare ran as follows:—

Bacon: He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you do, Mr Shakespeare, need not fear scholars. A head naturally fertile and forgetive is worth many libraries, inasmuch as a tree is more valuable than a basket of fruit, or a good hawk better than a bag full of game, or the little purse which a fairy gave to Fortunatus more inexhaustible than all the coffers in the treasury. More scholarship might have sharpened your judgment, but the particulars whereof a character is composed are better assembled by force of imagination than of judgment. Although judgment perceives coherences, it cannot summon up materials, nor melt them into a compound with the felicity which belongs to imagination alone.

Shakespeare: My Lord, thus far I know, that the first glimpse and conception of a character in my mind is always engendered by chance and accident. We shall suppose, for instance, that I am sitting in a taproom, or standing in a tennis court. The behaviour of someone fixes my attention. I note his dress, the sound of his voice, the turn of his countenance, the drinks he calls for, his questions and retorts, the fashion of his person, and, in brief, the whole outgoings and incomings of the man. These grounds of speculation being cherished and revolved in my fancy, it becomes straightway possessed with a swarm of conclusions and beliefs concerning the individual. In walking home I picture out to myself what would be fitting for him to say or do upon any given occasion, and these fantasies, being recalled at some after period, when I am writing a play, shape themselves into divers manikins, who are not long

of being nursed into life. Thus comes forth Shallow and Slender and Mercutio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

An early commentator of Shakespeare's plays says it was watching a meat dealer sharpening skewers that gave the great dramatist the fine conception: 'There is a Providence doth shape our ends, rough hew them as we will.' Thus doth imagination find in the meanest things emblems of the loftiest.

In observation and experiment original information has its source. But the conventionalisms of society repress its manifestation. Lord Jeffrey has depicted its influence on young men in a passage of great instruction:—

'In a refined and literary community,' says he, 'so many critics are to be satisfied, so many rivals to be encountered, and so much division to be hazarded, that a young man is apt to be deterred from so perilous an enterprise, and led to seek distinction in some safer line of exertion. His originality is repressed till he sinks into a paltry copyist, or aims at distinction by extravagance and affectation. In such a state of society he feels that mediocrity has no chance of distinction; and what beginner can expect to rise at once into excellence? He imagines that mere good sense will attract no attention, and that the manner is of much more importance than the matter in a candidate for public admiration. In his attention to the manner, the matter is apt to be neglected; and in his solicitude to please those who require elegance of diction, brilliancy of wit, or harmony of periods, he is in some danger of forgetting that strength of reason and accuracy of observation by which he first proposed to recommend himself. His attention, when extended to so many collateral objects, is no longer vigorous or collected; the stream, divided into so many channels, ceases to flow either deep or strong; he becomes an unsuccessful pretender of fine writing, and is satisfied with the frivolous praise of elegance or vivacity.'

Young preachers, poetical from ardour, and enthusiastic

from passion, will often rush from libraries crammed with lore, with which nobody else is familiar, and pour out before a congregation what the speaker believes to be both sublime and impressive, but which his hearers cannot understand. They grow listless and restless, and he retires overwhelmed with a sense of failure.

On one occasion a young preacher of considerable promise, for whom I had a great friendship, failed in this way. I sought to console him by urging that failure with one of his quality should be but a stepping-stone to success. Persons of eminence have mostly failed many times before they succeeded. 'But why have I not succeeded?' he asked. 'I can never hope to say better things of my own than I have said to-night of others.' 'The cause of your non-success is explicable. A young preacher who had ascended the pulpit with great confidence, but who broke down in the middle of his sermon, was met by Rowland Hill as he was rushing from the pulpit. "Young man," said Rowland, "had you ascended the pulpit in the spirit in which you descended, you would have descended in the spirit in which you ascended." Something of this kind will explain your case. At first, then, you should address your hearers as though they were children, state your arguments as though they were learners, and then assume them to be well-informed men. On the threshold of a new subject men are as children—during its unfoldment they are learners; only when the subject is mastered are they men with manhood's understanding. To forget this is to be open to the sarcasm of Swift, who, when Burnet said, speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the civil war, 'The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches, or the reach of their voices,' Swift added, 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd. I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'

Mr Justin M'Carthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*, says that 'Cardinal Newman, like Mill, has the rare art that

dissolves all the difficulties of the most abstruse or perplexed subject, and shows it bare and clear even to the least subtle of readers. His words dispel mists. There are many passages of his works in which he rises to the height of a genuine and noble eloquence. In all the arts that make a great preacher or orator, Newman was strikingly deficient. His manner was constrained, ungraceful and even awkward, his voice was thin and weak. His bearing was not at first impressive in any way. A gaunt, emaciated figure, a sharp and eagle face, a cold, meditative eye, rather repelled than attracted those who saw him for the first time. Singularly devoid of affectation, Newman did not always conceal his intellectual scorn of men who made loud pretence with inferior gifts, and the men must have been few indeed whose gifts were not inferior to his. Newman had no scorn for intellectual inferiority in itself; he despised it only when it gave itself airs. Mr Gladstone said of him :—

'Dr Newman's manner in the pulpit was one which, if you considered it in its separate parts, would lead you to arrive at very unsatisfactory conclusions. There was not very much change in the inflection of his voice; action there was none; his sermons were read, and his eyes were always on his book; and all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching, Yes; but you take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and a seal upon him, there was a solemn music and sweetness in his tone, there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the manner, which made even his delivery such as I described it, and though exclusively with written sermons, singularly attractive.'

The Cardinal's originality lay in his ideas. Like Massillon he had a surprising knowledge of the human heart. Like his famous brother, Professor Francis William Newman, he had a musical voice, which, though not powerful, was expressive. A university is mainly a school of learn-

ing. It matters little to students how a professor speaks, it is what he says to which the greedy ear of the learner is lent. It is not the manner but the matter which is important to them. It is knowledge, not voice or gesture, which wins the degree. John Henry Newman had been lost or unregarded had he not had the good fortune to have for hearers men to whom ideas were everything. Originality there gave him his great fame.

Dr Channing had newness and boldness of thought where other preachers were conventional. He was a lean man, quite fragile. Americans, who always give the weight of their public men, and partly estimate them by their avoirdupois qualities, found that Dr Channing weighed only 100 lbs! But he was aided by a marvellous voice. Men wondered how such tones as his could proceed from so slender a throat. He cultivated this power, which grew by practice. When he read the line of the hymn,

'Angels roll that stone away,'

Dr Robert Collyer told me the congregation thought they heard the movement of the stone in the air.

Of the *Lowell's Offering*, published by Charles Knight in his day, the *Times* said:—

'It is the production of factory girls in Lowell—the American Manchester—and we much doubt if all the duchesses in England could write as much and so seldom offend against good taste. The secret of these girls' success in writing arises from their writing only about what they know—common life and their own affairs!'

A frequent cause of failure with young lecturers is neglecting to find a point of common understanding between themselves and their auditors. They do not comprehend the use of a brief explanatory exordium. We know that the geometer would in vain reason with others unless axioms were previously agreed upon for reference.

So with an audience. If they do not agree with the speaker as to the premises from which he reasons, the audience have no standard by which they can test his conclusions. Hence, though he may confound them, yet he will never convince them.

It is in this sense only that those who would improve the public must 'write down' to the public. They may, and they ought to, elevate the public by their sentiments, but they must found their reasoning on what the populace understand and admit, or they reason in vain. The people must be taken at what they are, and elevated to what they should be.

Thus the student may see that originality may be shown in various ways. Lucidity in itself is one source of it. Be plain, but not coarse. What is called plain speaking is generally insolent speaking. Keep clear of charnel-house terms, which appal the hearer, and turn him away. Be clear in a salubrious sense. Hint as little as possible. An inuendo is like scouring the doorstep with butter—it makes it slippery, not clean. Spare a general audience oyster ideas that lie in the deep beds of a subject, and require a professional knife to open them.

It is always pleasant to speak to a Scotch audience. They always understand you. If you have a point they see it, and if you have not a point they see that. They will forgive you being dull if you mean something. Depend on ideas, and be sure you have them. Ideas are the soul of speech.

A man sees best with his eyes well open. There are somnambulist auditors who seem to walk into an assembly asleep. The first thing which produces wakefulness on their part is the discovery that something pertinent is being said, in which they are concerned. A man who has expectations from his aunt looks at the old lady in a much more wakeful way than he would had she nothing to give. If the speaker is unknown, the mind of the audience is a mere

cold, hard surface, upon which an impression can hardly be made. Then there is no help for the speaker but a fiery statement, some flashing tone, some light of illustration which has warmth in it—which melts indifference into interest. Then attention becomes as wax, upon which the deepest or most delicate impression can be made—and time, instead of effacing it, hardens it into durability. It was said by Panchard that Mirabeau was 'the first man in the world to speak upon a question he knew nothing about.' That was because he had much general knowledge and knew more than he was known to know. Besides, he had confidence, self-possession and quickness of mind, which enabled him to see what might, or ought to be said on a new subject as soon as he heard it proposed. It might have been in reference to Mirabeau that Lord Brougham said 'Know everything about something and something about everything,' for Mirabeau's knowledge was far wider and out of the way than Panchard knew. In nine years' experience in the office of a public tutor in one of the Universities, Paley found, in discoursing to young persons upon topics of morality, that unless the subject was so drawn up to a point as to exhibit the full force of an objection, or the exact place of a doubt, before any explanation was entered upon, it was labour lost. In other words, unless some curiosity was excited before it was attempted to be satisfied, the labour of the teacher was wasted. When information was not desired it was seldom, he found, retained. Create in the mind of the audience a sense of want of the knowledge you have to give, and they will attend to it because they desire it. Paley had much original common sense acquired by observation.

Absolute repugnance to a pursuit is no proof of incapacity for excelling in it; the career of hundreds show they had the greatest aversion to the profession circumstances compelled them to follow. When a boy at a dame school, she boxed my ears for three days because I would not try

to make pothooks, of which I believed myself entirely incapable. All the while I had form in my blood, could make any letter, and had latent facility and delight in inventing new forms, and I knew it not.

We know not what we can do till we have made the experiment, and in mistrusting our powers we increase the difficulty we have to surmount. Charles Reece Pemberton whose delineations of Shakespeare's tragic heroes was second only to Macready's, avowed that when he first saw a play performed he felt conscious that he should never be equal to the duties even of a scene-shifter. Julius Cæsar, naturally of a weak and tender constitution, was determined, by exercise, inuring himself to exposure and other such means, to improve it; even he, afterwards so renowned, shed tears on reflecting that at his own age Alexander had done so much, whilst he himself had done nothing. Genius is perceived in its sagacity in attempting an untried course, and its singleness of purpose in pursuing it; for general excellence is an impossibility, and it is folly and dissipation of time to attempt it. Wellington possessed scarcely any quality which the world recognises as genius, save in purpose which he followed out. De Witt said, 'Do one thing at a time.' We must not only have a purpose, but keep to that purpose only, if we wish to succeed, for it is of no use having a purpose, with aptitude and opportunity for carrying it out, if we are deficient in the power of continuity. Excellence comes by continuity. The strength of genius is measured by the amount of perseverance used. Genius is a thing of degree; its elements are common to all, and if all do all they can, though not eminent, each will rise higher in the scale of power. Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, Napoleon, all worked hard. It is this working hard which has made the man of mediocrity pass by those to whom nature has been most prodigal of other gifts.

It is told of Frederic the Great, that being informed of

the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, he desired that his successor should not be behind him in these qualifications, and informed a candidate about to preach a trial sermon at the royal chapel, that he would himself furnish him with a text from which he was to make an extempore sermon. The king arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate ascending the pulpit, one of his majesty's aides-de-camp presented him with a sealed paper. The preacher opened it and found nothing written therein. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind, but turning the paper on both sides, he said, 'My brethren, here is nothing and there is nothing; out of nothing God created all things,' and he proceeded to deliver an admirable discourse upon the wonders of the creation.

'Hic Rhodus; hic salta' (Here is Rhodes—leap here). Do not wait for a change of outward circumstances, but take your circumstances as they are, and make the best of them. This saying, which was meant to shame a braggart, will admit of a very different application. Goethe has changed the postulate of Archimedes, 'Give me a standing-place and I will move the world,' into the precept, 'Make good thy standing-place if thou wouldst move the world.' This is what he did throughout his life.

There are few problems of events which do not also bring their solutions with them, were we cool enough to read them; but men do not believe what they see, or will not see what is before them. We make pre-conceived opinion, pre-determined judgment overrule new facts. We too often act the part of the man who is so much in love with his bark that he never ventures to sail in it. An orator should go to the rostrum mainly to announce conclusions, not to form them. Let him take advantage of the tide of feeling, temper and exclamations of the meeting; but unless he is firm in a previous purpose, these things will take advantage of him, and carry him away from his

subject, instead of his carrying away the audience. The main word or phrase should strike like a blow, or pierce through the flesh—and no words should precede or accompany the term intended to strike, save those which like feathers give wings to the arrow. All superfluous words are as friction in the air, and impede the shaft, or act as buffers mitigating its force, or protecting him against whom it is levelled. Every aimless phrase or word which points elsewhere than the target divert attention, so that no one sees when it is hit. Skill in rhetorical, that is intellectual markmanship (if there be such a word), will win for a man the repute of originality without his knowing how he came by it—the quality not being common.

One day, when Frederick Douglas first appeared on the platform, he was speaking against the northern 'doughfaces,' and quoted against them the text, 'And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.' Immediately arose the inevitable hiss, and, drawing himself up to his full height, Douglas, pointing to the sibilant creature, exclaimed, 'I told you so. Upon thy belly shalt thou go, dust shalt thou eat, and *hiss*, all the days of thy life.' This was not in the text, but it told all the same upon the serpents in the meeting.

There was a famous negress in America known as 'Sojourner Truth'—a name she gave herself, as she went from place to place preaching, even when she was 100 years of age. Hearing, during slavery days, Douglas lecture in despairing tone upon the termination of slavery, Sojourner raised her tall form, rendered more striking by her flowing grey hair, and exclaimed, with her deep, loud voice, 'Frederick, is God dead?' Her short oration evoked the hopes and enthusiasm of the assembly, who were astonished at the splendid question. She had pro-

bably nursed the orator, who was born in slavery, and called him Frederick, as in earlier days. In a striking speech in the House of Commons, Mr Stansfield said: 'The whole principle of the Home Rule Bill was to find a *modus vivendi* between the two nations. The geographical position of Ireland determined its political relations. There must be a union—but not too rigid and absolute a union, as though the British and the Irish were *monotonously one*.' Thus a phrase which has light in it makes the fortune of a speech.

Originality is like fortune—a man may inherit it at birth, or it may come to him after, with this difference: no one need wait for originality being given; he may find it by looking for it. When Turner wished to paint a storm he had himself lashed to the mast of a ship and went out into the tempest to see what it was like. When Massillon said he had studied his own heart, he knew that strange knowledge was to be found there. Fielding quotes the instructive saying, 'Man differs from man more than man differs from the beast.' Thus sources of originality lie thick wherever a man moves, if he gives his mind to observe them.

One thing has to be borne in mind. When Shakespeare says 'To thine own self be true,' a man who acts on the injunction should ask himself what his own self really is. Is it a base self, or a noble self? his ignorant self, or his cultivated self? Let not the appeal be to a base but to a best self.

Proportion of time, as well as proportion of parts, is essential, both for the sake of the speaker's strength as well as the hearer's patience. Whitfield is reported to have said that a man with the eloquence of an angel ought not to exceed forty minutes in the length of a sermon, and it is well known that Wesley seldom exceeded thirty. 'I have almost always found,' says another eminent preacher, 'that the last fifteen minutes of a sermon an hour in length was

worse than lost, both upon the speaker and congregation!' There is practical wisdom in these remarks. A man who determines to speak but a short time is more likely to command the highest energy for his effort, and to speak with sustained power. Half an hour is time enough for immortality. Mirabeau achieved it by efforts of less duration. It is not without reason that we keep the proverb, 'Brevity is wit.' There is originality in that brevity which fully informs, but never tires. The orator may wisely remember the lines of Mr E. E. Bowen, sung at Speech Day at Harrow, when John Lyon approaches Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, to plead for the School Charter—

> 'Marry come up,' says good Queen Bess,
> 'Draw it shorter, and prose it less;
> For speeches are things we mostly bless,
> When once we've got them over.'

CHAPTER XXV

THE OUTSIDE MIND OF THE ORATOR

MANY people have no outside mind (nor inside mind either), which deprives them of the greatest gift of the gods —that of 'seeing themselves as others see them.' Few attain to that power; but what is more important, rhetorically, is that the orator sees his subject as it may strike others, and provides that it shall strike them rightly. It has been told how Dr Burchard never thought how his fatal alliteration of 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion' would strike his Presidential audiences. Sir William Follet, the nature of whose forensic strength has been described, had no thought as to the outside impression he might make against the justice and impartiality of the law he was bound, as Attorney-General, to uphold and exalt. At the trial of Thomas Cooper he was so vindictive to the Chartist shoemaker at the bar that, despite Cooper's reconversion to Christianity, and the divine forgiveness which he preached, he never forgave Sir William Follet, who filled the hearts of thousands of Chartists with hatred of Whig Government. All the while, fair speech would have vindicated the law, and increased respect for the party he represented. Half the disaffection of the people in every nation is created by well-meaning vindicators of order who have no outside mind, and who betray the interests committed to them.

Very often a man betrays himself by not considering how

others may regard him, in consequence of what he says. Professor H. Morley, in his introduction to 'Julius Cæsar,'* shows that to continue to the death of Brutus was necessary to the design Shakespeare had.

Here he might have said reasonably and effectively, 'The reader who is of this opinion will think that the critics who have said that the play ought to have concluded with the assassination scene did not understand the theory on which the great tragedy was evidently written.' Instead of words to this effect, Professor Morley exclaims:—

'Shall we ask now where the wit lay under the wigs of critics who wondered why Shakespeare did not end the play of "Julius Cæsar" with the scene of the assassination?'

This is to say, now Professor Morley has spoken, there can be no doubt under *whose* wig the wit lies. This was quite apparent from his clear and instructive argument, without *his* saying so and repelling the reader by his conceit.

A man may be the first to conceive an idea of mark, or to discover a new method of public service—an idea which nobody thinks much of at the time—a method which nobody acts upon. Years after, somebody comes forward with the same thought, or the same device, who obtains both credit and attention. He may have originated the idea independently, and at a time when the public were better inclined than before to entertain the conception, or it may have been derived from the first promulgator, to whom no reference is made. If, however, he who was first in the field comes forward with clamorous or imputative claims for credit, he rarely gets it, however much it may be his due. But if he contents himself with expressng his pleasure at seeing views now accepted coincident with those which long ago, at a certain time, and in a certain way, were advanced by himself, but were then unnoticed or unregarded—the modesty of his reference will beget public interest in the question. Many would be

* Cassell's 'National Library.'

disposed to admit his originality who would refuse assent to it if it were put forward in a spirit of jealous and egotistical pretension. It is important to an advocate and an orator not to forget that every public question has an outside.

When I was a young man I was one of several lecturers engaged in debating and explaining the principles of the Communistic movement then advocated. It was our duty to report from time to time to the *New Moral World*, the journal of the movement (of which we were accredited missionaries), the proceedings in which we took part. The most eminent of my colleagues, Mr Lloyd Jones, never did this. When asked why no reports came from him, he answered, 'How could he praise himself?' Of course he could not usefully do so. Nobody wanted him to do it. But what he might have done was to describe the quality and number of the audiences whom he addressed, what adversaries appeared, the point of what they said, and briefly, the purport of his replies. This would be instructive to his colleagues elsewhere, and to the readers of the journal in question. He was not required to tell them how clever he was—how successfully he silenced his opponents—or how brilliantly he acquitted himself. All this would better appear in his arguments than in any eulogy he could write of himself. Could he have looked outside himself in that respect, as he did in many other things, he had been further useful and entertaining.

It was through the influence of Madame Maintenon that Massillon was appointed to preach before Louis XIV. at the Advent, 1699. Louis XIV. was then at the height of his power and glory; the military reverses which embittered his later years had not begun; he was 'The Grand Monarch' of Europe, intoxicated with flattery. It was customary for the court preachers to begin with a compliment to him. The courtiers were keenly expectant, as they watched the preacher's calm, rapt face as to how he would turn his

opening sentences. 'Blessed are they that mourn,' was the unexpected text. And again he paused. 'Sire,' he said, 'if the world were here speaking to your Majesty, and not Jesus Christ, it would not address you thus. It would say to you, "Blessed is the prince who has never fought but he has conquered; who has imposed peace on the nations at his will; who has filled the universe with his name; who through a long and flourishing reign has enjoyed at his ease the fruits of his glory, the love of his people, the admiration of his enemies, the wisdom of his laws, the noble hope of a numerous posterity." But, sire, Jesus Christ speaks not as the world speaks. "Happy," He saith to you, "not he who wins the admiration of the present world, but who is chiefly occupied with the world to come; who lives in forgetfulness of all that passeth away because his conversation is in Heaven. Happy not he whose reign will be immortalised in history, but he whose penitential tears shall have blotted out the history of his sins from the memory of God." Yea, it is he who is happy. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."'

A monk, who before this had been commanded to preach before the king, began his sermon thus: 'Sire, I mean not to pay any compliment to your Majesty—I have found none in the Gospel.' This monk was more intent on displaying his own cloistered asceticism than on displaying the truth, and he never more had opportunity of touching the conscience of the king. By obtruding 'faithfulness' out of season he lost his chance of being useful in season. Massillon was wiser. He knew that truth does better to knock at doors than break them open. You may indeed thrust truth through the splintered panels, but the occupant of the house will kick it out again as soon as you are gone. Violence begets contempt, except among cowards.

Once I had a house in which I designed to reside to the

end of my days, and in order that those days should not be unnecessarily shortened, I spent £150 in making it entirely healthy. To be sure of this, I called in a sanitary engineer. Only one thing was wanting in the end—a man-hole of eleven feet in depth to the main drain for access to a trap to be placed there. This I wished made outside the house, and application was sent to the town authorities for leave to do it. The answer was that they had refused 11,000 applications, involving an operation on the footpath where the shaft in question would be made. The builder who was making my alterations—himself an alderman—said 'nothing could be done; the shaft must be in the house, and he took up the floor of my front room, and dug nine feet down, before I was aware of it. I desired him to fill up the hole and replace the floor. I consulted the mayor —who happened to call upon me—who said he was afraid the permission I wanted could not be had. Seeing there was an outside to this question, I wrote to the works committee the following letter, with a view to show them how their refusal would appear to the public if made known to them :—

'GENTLEMEN,—Word has come to me that you decline to permit me to put a shaft outside my house. The town recently spent £1000 in vindicating its salubriousness as a place where visitors may come, or gentlemen reside, without having to make a preliminary engagement with their undertakers. Believing this, I became a resident, when I am informed that, if I desire to sink a shaft upon my premises for sanitary purposes, it must be within my house. Do you mean that I must ask my friends whether they will dine in the "Front sewer-room" or in the "Back sewer-room"? It would cost me less to have three burials from my house than the alterations for salubrity I am making. But as I may be one of the three to be buried, I object to this risk. True, I may let the house to a tenant, but, if I know that

the germs of death can percolate into it, I should feel, if a death ensued, that I was a murderer. Landlord law would permit me to do so, but I should not be less a scoundrel if, for the sake of rent, I did it. What say you, gentlemen?'

The Town Surveyor, a clear-headed officer, sent me the permission I sought. Afterwards, the mayor asked me for a copy of my letter which obtained for me this unexpected leave. I gained this point from my habit of looking to see whether a question has an outside. I cite this instance because a precept is never sufficiently recommended until you show how it comes out in practice. As far as my experience goes, the dialectic injunction is true—'Know more than you use. Read and think outside and all around.' Goldsmith, who greatly admired Burke's skill in statement, in argument, and in quietly mastering and crushing error, as a boa constrictor might, said 'Burke wound into a subject like a serpent.' He must therefore have looked outside to discover the most convenient aperture by which he could enter.

CHAPTER XXVI

PULPIT ORATORY

CONSIDERING the many thousands of preachers of all denominations who address every week more or less intelligent congregations, it would be conducive to the public taste as well as pleasure if each preacher spoke well. Mr Bright was of opinion that no one should be appointed to preach who had not a tolerable voice, and some knowledge of the art of expression. Soldiers of the cross, like other soldiers, should be selected with reference to their capabilities for discharging the duties of the service.

Oratory, the art of public persuasion, might exist in the Church to a greater extent than we find it, but for its dread of imitating the theatre. Art is mostly suppressed among the Dissenters by the influence of evangelism; did this not exist, their precarious pay would deter them from the pursuit of eloquence. The bar is too full of business and too anxious for fees to reach much distinction. The politician is generally indolent if not dependent; and if necessitous, he has to struggle for himself when he should be struggling for excellence. General Ludlow, whose maxim the reader has seen, said a man 'should say what he means, and mean what he says.' This is rhetoric, because it means sincerity, and sincerity is persuasion to all who know no more than the speaker. Sincerity is not errorless; the most honest man may be mistaken, but the logician should never be mistaken. Logic is the art of

avoiding error, and should be one of the attainments of every preacher. Cardinal Newman was of this opinion. In a remarkable passage, he says :—

'One main portion of intellectual education, of the labours of both school and university, is to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye, to strengthen and perfect its vision; to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly; to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision; to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to abstract, compare, analyse, divide, refine and reason correctly. There is a particular science which takes these matters in hand, and it is called logic; but it is not by logic—certainly not by logic alone—that the faculty I speak of is required. The infant does not learn to spell and read the hues upon his retina by any scientific rule; nor does the student learn accuracy of thought by any manual or treatise. The instruction given him, of whatever kind, if it be really instruction, is mainly, or at least pre-eminently, this—a discipline in accuracy of mind.'

Mr Spurgeon, who made pleasantry popular in the pulpit, used to tell young preachers how he went with a friend to the Crystal Palace one day, and going to the rifle range his friend took a shot and made a 'centre,' and he seemed proud of it. But there were two targets, one on the right, and the other on the left, and the man in charge said, 'Which target did the gent aim at?' His friend answered, 'The right-hand one.' 'I thought so,' said the man, 'for you hit the left one.' That was not a creditable thing to a marksman, though he succeeded in hitting something. Mr Spurgeon said it was no credit to a minister to win a soul by inadvertence. He should aim, and learn the art of hitting what he aimed at.

The principles of oratory, which conduce to secular efficiency, are necessary to excellence in the spiritual sphere. As the law of causation which reigns in matter extends

to mind, so the laws of rhetoric reign in divinity as well as in the drama.

A lecture, a speech, a sermon, or a conversation, is like a city in which you seek a destination. Unless the pathway of the meaning is clearly marked by relevant words, the listener will never find his way to it. If you leave any nameless openings, his thoughts will turn down there, and you will be at the end of your argument before the mind of the hearer gets back to it.

Sometimes preachers so treat their hearers that they know not what they are to get back to. Some years ago, I went to hear the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers and the Rev. Dr R. W. Dale, when those eminent ministers went through the land in exposition and vindication of Nonconformity of the Congregationalist type. But neither of them ever said what Congregationalism was. Its aim, we understand, was to increase the life of the Church, and so many of the great audience whom they attracted, who were of that persuasion, doubtless knew all about it. These brilliant propagandists appeared to assume that all the audience did. Three-fourths of the assembly, to my knowledge, had not the remotest idea of Congregationalism as a distinctive religious democracy. The first thing a preacher should think of is that three-fourths of a miscellaneous congregation have little knowledge of what he is talking about.

Though we must admit, with Lord Kames, that the plainest man animated with passion affects us more than the greatest speaker without it, we must keep in view that this passion is the passion of conviction. All the rest is, to Englishmen, rant. The passion of conviction is modest, manly and earnest. If the conviction is manifestly founded on knowledge and reason, and is seen to be based on what Grote happily called 'reasoned truth,' it is omnipotent.

Massillon, like Demosthenes, won renown by virtue of compression, coherency, energy of statement, and vigour of insight. He had the penetration to see what others

overlooked, and when he showed to his auditors what all might but did not see, they were astounded. How many profess to relinquish the things of this world—but how few do it.

'Where are they,' Massillon exclaims, 'who renounce, in good faith, the pleasures, customs, maxims and hopes of the world? All have made the promise—who have kept it? We see many people who complain of the world; who accuse it of injustice, ingratitude, caprice; who inveigh bitterly against it; who speak loudly of its abuses and errors; but in denouncing it they love it, follow it, and cannot do without it; in complaining of its injustices they are angry, but not disabused; they feel its evil treatments, but do not recognise its dangers; they censure it, but where are those who hate it? And by that may be very well judged the people who make pretence to salvation. In fine, you have uttered the anathema against Satan and his works; and what are his works? Those which compose, well-nigh, the thread and entire course of your life; the pomps, the plays, the pleasures, the spectacles, the illusions of which he is the father, the pride of which he is the model, the jealousies and the contentions of which he is the artificer.'

Massillon understood that overdoing was undoing, and stopped at the point of effect. It was Voltaire who, more than any other writer, made the fame of Massillon. At passages like these, and the one previously quoted, Voltaire said in the Encyclopædia, the audience were 'stirred by a sort of involuntary motion, the whole assembly started up from their seats, and such murmurs of surprise and acclamation arose as disconcerted the speaker, though they increased the effect of his discourse.'

The business of a preacher is to represent his Master—not himself. His art is but the light by which the great picture is seen. The purity and quality of that light is important. It reveals everything, but never draws attention

to itself. Edward Irving was very desirous that Robert Hall should hear him preach. This came to pass, and when Hall was asked what he thought of Irving's impassioned eloquence, he answered, 'He presented a magnificent picture, but stood too much in front of it himself.'

A story is told of Massillon which many have heard and supposed to be of more recent origin. It is said that one day, when he was preaching upon the Passion before Louis XIV. and all the court, he so affected his hearers that everybody was in tears except a citizen, who appeared as indifferent to what he heard as to what he saw. One of his neighbours, surprised at such insensibility, said to him, 'How can you refrain from weeping, while we are all bathed in tears?' 'That is not astonishing,' answered the citizen, 'I am not of this parish.' The eloquence which I have endeavoured to describe would have included this man also in the general weeping; just as the preaching of Whitfield emptied the pockets of Franklin, the greatest utilitarian economist who ever listened to him. Was it not Whitfield of whom it was written—

> Grant some of knowledge greater store,
> More learned some in teaching;
> Yet few in life did lighten more,
> Or thunder more in preaching?

The common impression is that Whitfield had revivalist rudeness and passion. On the contrary, he had extreme grace of manner. He had art as well as fervency, and the union made him irresistible to his hearers, to whatever parish they belonged.

Having regard to the dreadful message the majority of preachers have to deliver, which no art can render humane, which must freeze the manner of the deliverer, the sincere preacher must find his art more difficult than other speakers. The Duchess of Buckingham, who had heard Whitfield's message, wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon, who favoured his communion, saying,—

'It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretch who crawls the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good-breeding.'

No doctrine that is true ought to be deemed repulsive. The object of the pulpit orator is to persuade the minds of men to the acceptance of sacred truth. But to do this effectually, he must not only choose times and seasons, but his audience. In the earlier days of co-operation it suffered from neglect of this precaution. Some earnest speakers delighted to make statements which had the effect of an electric shock upon hearers. They exceeded Prudhon, who said in his sharp, naked way, that property was robbery, which represented all mankind as engaged in thieving. If any one desirous of arresting the attention of certain passengers in a crowded street should roll a skittle ball among them, all who had india-rubber ankles might find the percussion tolerable; but those with tender shins would be so wounded and wroth that they would, when they recovered, be disposed to kick the indiscriminate gentleman who had attacked them so sharply. If a man could pass an electric shock through a crowd, he might do good to some by the excitement he would create, but a good part of the feebler sort he would knock down. So it is when the shocks of logic are sent indiscriminately through the human understanding; some minds are knocked quite over by it, and never recover. This is too little thought of in preaching. It is a serious thing to shock the wrong persons. It may shatter them. The mind may be splintered as well as a bureau, and never be good for anything after. If we regard the process of treating conviction as a science, then we must be reasonable in the use of reason. Sterne cites it as a sign of Providence, that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Most persons who give attention to the art of diffusing new opinions will quite agree that it is wise sometimes to temper

the fierce wind of logic to the nervous intelligence shorn of robust strength. If the experienced eye is discerning enough, it may see lying all around the fierce logician, prostrate and shattered minds, in the last agonies of new ideas, which have struck them mercilessly and fatally. Beyond all doubt there are many persons whose notions are so heavy, dull and matted together, that thought cannot move within them, and a vigorous disintegrating shock is the best thing for them. Their minds are loosened thereby, and they become able to think. But this class of persons should be got together when addressed, and what is said to them should not be reported, or that will happen which Bishop Colenso relates. When he had explained to a Zulu chief the minatory character of salvation, he did not contradict the bishop, but answered like a gentleman, 'It may be true, but I would rather not believe it.' It is a maxim in modern hydropathy that what shocks, or pains, or creates revulsion, is wrong, and may create new diseases. Pressnitz killed his own discovery by severity in treatment. Smedley reanimated it by making hydropathic healing agreeable. When Fox was canvassing Westminister he asked a butcher in St James' market for his vote, who answered, 'Sir, I admire your head, but damn your heart.' To which Fox replied, 'Sir, I admire your candour, but damn your manners.' There should be faithfulness and candour in the pulpit, but it will be more effective if considerately expressed.

Though the clerical orator should not repel by austerity, neither should he seek to advance his views by jocoseness. The nature of religion demands a cheerful reverence—but reverence in language there must be. Mr Spurgeon sometimes stepped over the boundary which separates pleasantry from buffoonery. When Bishop Disney sent over to England some negro evangelists from Canada, one sang 'The Old Sexton.' The lines—

> I gather them in ! for man and boy,
> Year after year of grief and joy,

I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial-ground ;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Come to my solitude, one by one,
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
' I gather them in, I gather them in,'

were sung with a pathos that moved every heart. Then came a song beginning,—

I'm born of God, I know I am,
And you deny it, if you can,
I want to go to heaven when I die,
To shout salvation as I fly.

There was no palpitating hope here, as to who would 'gather them in' at the last day. The tone of the song was that of singers, who would gather themselves in. All this took place at the Mansion House in London. Merchants who had taken out their cheques to give to the mission put them up again as these jocose, irreverent songs proceeded. The Egyptian Hall contained many of the first Christian families of London. How could they be expected to subscribe for promoting theological teaching of this description? There may be poor negroes to whom this revivalist chatter has charms for their humble minds, but these Canadian coloured men and women, who were singers, were capable of nobler things, and gave proof how well they could sing songs of tenderness and moving sentiment. Why were they not advised to sing only such songs? Christianity should never be comic. Yet many ministers who would not commit this fault themselves will countenance it in others as good enough for the multitude—betraying their cause thereby.

But consistency is more difficult than decorum in piety. Criticism, like competition, is sharper in these days, when intelligence is more general, than heretofore; and the pulpit orator should understand that his hearers find it hard to believe in the sincerity of any man who tells you the words

of the Lord are true, and who knows he has said, 'My people shall not sow and another reap, they shall not plant and another gather,' yet see this done every day, and they aid and abet it, and act it themselves. The pulpit orator who is the advocate of well-discerned Christian consistency in social life would convince and conciliate adversaries as no mere rhetoric can.

A good voice has an advantage in the pulpit as well as on the platform, and he who is a master of sense as well as sound he will command a high place in public opinion. But, as popular education goes, voice will do more for a preacher than matter, since a man who can be heard has a chance of attention, while he who is not audible has none. Besides, people naturally like sounds which come to them of their own accord, and need no effort to hear. Moreover, a hundred persons may be entertained and even satisfied by cadence and vocalisation for ten who will be capable of intellectual appreciation of what is said and whose enjoyment depends upon its purport.

When a deputation of elders were sent from New York to Chicago to invite Dr Robert Collyer to be their minister, they had but one misgiving—'Would his voice fill the place?' 'If that is all,' said the doctor, 'I shall do, for my voice is cramped in Chicago.' His voice would reach across a prairie. If John the Baptist spoke with his pleasant power I do not wonder that the desert was crowded with hearers. Strong sense borne on a strong voice is influential speaking. When weighty sense sets out on a weak voice it falls to the ground before it reaches distant hearers.

Preachers have always had trouble with drowsy hearers of the word. Even Puritan ministers had to have recourse to 'woodchuck' contrivances to keep their congregations awake. In 1646, the Rev. Dr Samuel Whiting was minister of Lynn, Massachusetts. One Obadiah Turner kept a journal at that time. The following is an extract:—

'1646, June ye 3d. Allen Brydges hath bin chose to wake ye sleepers in meeting, and, being much proud of his place, must needs have a fox taile fixed to ye end of a long staff wherewith he may brush the faces of them yt will have naps in time of discourse; likewise a sharp thorn wherewith he may prick such as be most sounde. On ye last Lord his day, as he strutted about ye meeting house, he did spy Mr Tomkins sleeping with much comforte, his head kept steadie by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And soe spying, Allen did quickly thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard, to give him a grievous prick on ye hand. Whereupon Mr Tomkins did spring up much above ye floor, and with terrible force strike his hand against ye wall, and also, to ye great wonder of all, profainlie exclaim in a loud voice, "Curs the woochuch!" he dreaming, as it seemed, yt a woochuch had seized and bit his hand. But on comeing to know where he was, and ye great scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed, but did not speak. And I think he will not soone again go to sleepe in meeting. Ye women may sometimes sleep and none know it, by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr Whiting does pleasantli say yt from the pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw with men jotted here and there among them.'

Were there only natural art in reading Scriptures and collects in the churches there would be no need of an Allen Brydges the Waker to walk the aisles.

When in Washington, one of my delights was to wander into negro churches. There was another church of coloured people, well to do, and therefore more conventional in their worship. The humbler church, to which I preferred to go, I found more genuine, and therefore more entertaining and instructive.

The preacher who conducted the services was beyond the middle age, and of sedate, honest aspect. His reading of the Scripture was the only religious reading I heard on

my visits to America. It was slow, distinct, impressive, earnest, now hushed, now loud, now a cadence of alarm. His tone changed with the sense, with natural dramatic passion, as though the reader comprehended the words of Heaven, and was reading them aloud for the first time. It was not like the reading I had heard in the morning in the President's church, where the lessons were read with what seemed to me a cold propriety, in which all the tragic pathos of the sacred story was frozen in the preacher's throat; it was earnestness in a refrigerator.

The negro sermon was in keeping with the reading. The coloured gospel was not bad—peculiar, but seldom extravagant. Its discernment and candour would surprise any English hearer. 'My brethren,' said the preacher, 'Christ bid us love our enemies. David was a man after God's own heart, but David did not do this.' The preacher said this, and left it as a thing to be noted, and not to be explained away. 'We should have clean hands,' he remarked. 'Clean hands do not mean hands merely clean according to nature, it means clean souls.' The conclusion of his sermon was an exhortation, after the manner of preachers, but in the vein of his race. 'My brethren, pray! You can telegraph to God. You can telegram right away. The man is always at the other end. You can telegram at midnight, the man at the wheel is always awake. Always awake, my brothers and sisters. Pray! brothers, pray! The office is always open, the man is always at the wheel. Brothers and sisters, telegram right away.' The preacher had got his figures of speech a little mixed. He was thinking of the ship when he spoke of the 'man at the wheel.' Still, he managed his simile pretty effectively, and the comparison between the speed of a telegram and a prayer was creditable to his powers of illustration. He was quite understood. Some laughed, some smiled, some made audible assent, especially two rows of dark sisters dressed in

resplendent blue dresses—members of the 'Society of Moses.'

In days when only written books existed, those able to read them must have been impressed by them in a degree unknown to us. Then men knew less than now, but what they knew they knew better. When the Bible was chained to the altar of the church, men must have hung upon the lips of the reader as they heard for the first time what they took to be the actual words of God. What curiosity, impatience and astonishment were to be read in the faces of the auditors! What awe, what reverence, what pathos, what passion there would be in the tones of the reader! If preachers had the genuine belief of the coloured reader of Washington, and were to read as he read, churches would have more frequenters than they have now. It is recognised now that there is all the difference in the world between a man feeling not that he must say something, but that he has something to say. This is as true in the pulpit as Parliament.

The Rev. Dr Joseph Parker—who, when a young preacher, had merely a good presence, a good voice, facility and fervour of speech—owes all his distinction to himself, by the cultivation of strong natural powers. He has given it as his opinion that, 'until there is better hearing there will not be better preaching.' This may be true in one sense. No preacher would think of delivering the same quality of sermon before auditors of known intelligence which he would preach to a congregation not known to have any. Dr Parker can hardly intend to say that the hearers are to raise the preacher, whose duty it is to raise his hearers. Dr Parker did not wait for this. He has made his hearers. It is true that neither orator nor preacher can go much further than his auditors can see; for then he is out of sight and his influence ceases. A preacher is a leader, but he cannot lead unless he is ahead of his hearers. When his subject is beyond their range of knowledge he must be informing and

explanatory. He need not lower the truth, but raise the understanding of those to whom it is addressed. If that be the preacher's endeavour he will do much to elevate his hearers. Once I was the guest of a rector for whom I had personal affection. For two Sundays I sat in his family pew. His sermons had no relation to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. Such sermons, however well intended, could not elevate the parochial hearers in a century. Dr Parker is the only divine who has advised —what I thought I was alone in advising years ago, namely —that preachers who have to preach twice on a Sunday should preach a sermon of the great orators of the Church once in the day, and reserve their unwearied minds for their own discourse. The sermons of the Fathers of the Church and orators of the pulpit, from early times to the present, afford a mighty field of selection. Wealth of illustration, felicity of expression, splendour of ideas, and passion, lie there mostly unknown to preachers and almost entirely so to modern, busy, narrow-minded, uninformed congregations —narrow-minded because ignorant of the brilliant sermons with which the pulpit orators of every denomination have enriched and delighted the minds of the generation in which they lived. A preacher who knows how to read, has good discernment of relevant passages, judgment not to make them too long, and preface them by an account of who the preacher was, would command grateful hearers, whom he would reform, gratify and refine. A great play delights as often as it is well acted; why should not a great sermon, when well spoken? Acquaintedness with great discourses would often improve the preacher as well as his flock. As Butler said long ago:—

> All smatterers are more brisk and pert
> Than those that understood an art,
> As little sparkles shine more bright
> Than glowing coals that give them light.

Professor Francis William Newman, a man of wider infor-

mation than his brother, the cardinal, told me he deemed it beyond his power to preach a sermon every week—he who never spoke, or wrote any mean or incomplete thing, measured a sermon by a standard of his own. One minister I have known, who, though always preaching, was always fresh, was Henry Ward Beecher. His ideas were inexhaustible. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's definition of the essential requisites of modern preaching are 'simplicity, flexibility, spontaneity and earnestness'—qualities of his own preaching, aided by a voice which travels like a bird over the audience and along the galleries. Ward Beecher had the four qualities above named, with the addition of imagination; always bright and often poetical, when every sentence was tinted with a hue of its own, as is the case with sermons by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, which a connoisseur in pulpit orations would know when he saw them quoted, though no preacher's name was appended to them.

When a young man, I heard a sermon by the Rev. William Knibb, a Baptist minister, whose life was wasted in Jamaica, begin with these words, which I still remember, 'In the days when infantine Christianity went forth to battle with the full-grown powers of superstition and darkness.' His picturesque sentences continued to the end, his unfaltering swiftness and distinctness, I have never heard exceeded.

It was said of Morley Punshon, whom I sometimes heard —a preacher of renown in his day—'He did not create; he did not inform; he did not reason; he did not criticise —he set forth things vividly.' That was a great merit; he held the field but did not extend it.

'Parsons of York,' as he was called (as men spoke of Jay of Bath, or Hall of Leicester—preachers who are remembered as no one else of those towns is) in later years, whatever may have been the case earlier, broke up his sentences with a dry hacking cough for the first fifteen minutes. Still the sentences went on their coherent way.

Afterwards he suffered no interruption when the stately argument of his oration rose high before the hearer, who remembered it long after as though he had seen a great sight. It was in Whitfield Chapel, London, where I heard Parsons. Though unlike his famous predecessor in that place, those who heard Parsons left him, as men are said to have left Whitfield, with the impression that they had heard a master of the pulpit.

Sydney Smith complained in his day of the cold decorum of the pulpit. He said :—

'The great object of modern sermons is to hazard nothing; their characteristic is decent debility, which alike guards their authors from ludicrous errors, and precludes them from striking beauties. Every man of sense, in taking up an English sermon, expects to find it a tedious essay, full of common-place morality; and if the fulfilment of such expectations be meritorious, the clergy have certainly the merit of not disappointing their readers.'

Since his day, preachers of note have arisen in the church. Neither Kingsley, nor Maurice, nor Bishop Magee were conventional in their preaching. Still, too many Church preachers are dull. Many of them are happily sent abroad. I have heard a colonial bishop so insipid and unimpressive of speech, that he could not convert on his own coast, where hearers had the advantage of knowing his tongue, much less those to whom he would speak in a language foreign to them.

Preaching can never be what it might be, could the other side be heard after the discourse. The clergyman who told a great lawyer that his was a fascinating profession —was answered, 'Preaching is a better one, as the opposite party has no right of reply.' Ten lawyers have more alertness, many-sidedness, and circumspection than a hundred preachers. They know their learned brother lies in wait to question every unprovable statement they make. The Catholic clergy knew they lost weight by being all on one

side, and invented the Devil's Advocate that the other side might be heard. But this advocate seldom puts in an appearance. Were he to attend every Sunday, preaching would rapidly improve in truth, fairness and force. Then a hearer would seldom have to say of a preacher, as an observing woman did: In the first place he read his sermon; in the second he did not read it well; and in the third it was not worth reading.

As to the manner of preaching, Dr Leifchild's rules for preaching would ruin any preacher—

> Begin low,
> Go on slow;
> Rise higher,
> And take fire;
> When most impressed
> Be self-possessed;
> At the end wax warm
> And sit down in a storm.

A preacher would be ridiculous in a month who did this. Shakespeare's advice to players is far wiser. Warmth will vary with conviction, and energy with earnestness and the nature of the subject. The close of a discourse should be better spoken than the explanatory parts. It may end in resounding sentences, or, like a farewell song of love, its last cadence may die in the air, leaving an impression which will never die in the mind of the hearer.

If a preacher wants to know what he is going to say—or, better, wants to know what he ought to say—let him write out his sermon, not for the purpose necessarily of reading it to his congregation, but for the purpose of reading it to himself. He will never discover what links of argument he has omitted in an intended extempore speech—he will never become aware of the redundancies, contradictions, undesigned repetitions and incoherences of arrangement—without order or sequence—until he writes right off what is in his mind. When he has revised, pruned, amplified

where necessary, and given logical connection, let him make marginal notes of the purport of each essential passage, and preach from these notes. Such was the advice of Professor Hall to an American divinity class of which he had charge. There is no better rule to follow. It fixes a comprehensive outline of the intended sermon in the mind. Written passages and illustrations will recur to the memory. There will be confidence, flexibility and coherence—audibility and earnestness will do the rest.

CHAPTER XXVII

PLATFORM READING

No one would prefer a sermon or speech, poor in quality and incoherent in texture, extemporarily delivered—to a discourse or oration, compact in expression and strong in sense—read well. It is bad reading which brings reading into comparative contempt or dislike. Reading, like any other form of oratory, has its conditions, which are seldom thought of.

Sometimes a speech or an address will be read from a quarto book, written in a small hand, over which the reader stumbles. The hearer counts the turning over of the monotonously-spoken pages to calculate when the end of his misery will come, when, to his utter dismay, he perceives that the pages are written at the back, and when the end was thought to be in sight, the dreadful lecturer, or speaker, begins to turn the leaves over and read the backs, when the period of the hearer's release is indefinitely postponed.

I have seen a preacher read a sermon in small, badly-written, interlined pages, which no one who once took his eyes off it could, without delay, find the place again at which he was. I have seen a prize paper read from a small printed pamphlet which did not permit the reader once to look at his audience without missing a sentence or two, and so rapidly and insipidly was it spoken, that an audience from a penitentiary would not listen to it to the end. I

have seen a Dean read an address in minute handwriting. He, being near-sighted, had to hold the pages close to his face. All the auditors could see was a bundle of white leaves and a bald head behind it, and the voice issuing from the rear of the pages was so indistinct and cadenceless that the words were all swallowed by the persons three rows before him, for they reached no further, and the audience at the back had to seek from those in front a second-hand report of what was supposed to have been said, of which no one was sure.

At the British Association I have seen a president read his inaugural address from long proof slips, just as the printer sent them. The president had to ask the secretary for his address, of which the secretary had only one copy—and that he could not find when wanted. Nothing could be more humiliating to president or audience than to read to, or to be read to, from printers' slips, which takes all dignity out of the occasion, even if the reading was fairly spoken. But the president, being a professor, despised emphasis, inflection, or passion, as unphilosophical. The audience had a bad time of it, and applauded only when the address ended, and because it had ended. Philosophers might be expected to do things better.

University reading is, as a rule, more insipid than clerical. The professor's object is to say in a paper (when he reads one) exactly what ought to be known. Students bent upon knowledge, with their minds already occupied with the subject submitted to them, and seeking information important to them—bend a willing ear, and are grateful for the ideas they want, and heed not, and care not, how colourless and tame-toned are the words spoken. Many professors, as I have seen, when they come before the public as preachers or scientists, will deliver their message in the most spiritless manner to an audience ignorant alike of its matter and moment, whom they inspire not only with dislike but with resentment against speaker and subject.

The pulpit or platform orator who cares only for the judgment of the few, whose attainments give weight to their opinions, may read anyhow, provided he has ideas which the few covet. But if he calls together a miscellaneous audience, or connives at their being assembled, and does not intend to entertain or instruct them, he ought to be liable to indictment for obtaining attention under false pretences. Some preachers affect not to read their sermons; but they do it, and their congregations know it. If a man cannot speak—in pulpit or on platform—from notes of the kind described in the last chapter, he had better read openly; and if done properly it will be effective.

The method is this. After writing out the speech or discourse, twice or thrice if necessary, read it aloud to someone whom you wish to interest in it. A reader gets thereby quite a new idea of what he has written. If any part is not understood by the listener, that part must be made clear. If any part or phrase strikes the listener as not being in good taste, reconsider it. One object in reading the discourse aloud is to note the time it takes to read it with audibility. If it occupies an hour it should be abridged until it can be easily read in three-quarters of an hour. That allows one quarter for the expansion of public reading, which will be slower, fuller in tone, and allow for pauses between new paragraphs. No discourse, as a rule, should exceed one hour.

When the whole statement intended to be made is satisfactory as to terms and length, it should be copied out on large note-sized paper, in a handwriting sufficiently bold to be easily read at a distance from the eye. The initial capital letters should be print capitals, so as to mark clearly the beginning of a new sentence. Up strokes and down strokes should be short, so that one line does not hang down into another, nor project above, causing confusion or entanglement of words. The paper used should be some-

what stiff, so that one page can be easily raised by itself. The writing should be on one side only. The speaker or preacher should write out the copy himself. He will know better the words he himself has formed, and become so familiar with the text as to know it almost by heart. Finally, he should underline with a coloured pencil such words or sentences on which the emphasis is to fall, just as the acting copy of a play is under-scored. Then the speech is ready to be read. When the time comes to deliver it, the pages should be held in one hand, and by a careless movement let the auditors perceive that nothing is written at the back, and as each page is read it should be laid on a table at hand, so that the hearers may know that as the pages decrease the end of their detention draweth nigh. Now, a speech so prepared can be held at a distance from the reader. He will know at a glance the contents of the page, and the part marked for emphasis will tell him the important words. On reading the beginning of a sentence he will often know the rest, and feel himself free to look the audience in the face and use such gestures as the sentiment suggests. Additions or explanations—amplifications of phrases he may feel to need, and illustrations will come into his mind—for which he has left himself time. By holding his thumb at the sentence where he commenced to interpolate, he can come back instantly to the place, and thus acquire a freedom and spontaneity of delivery more effective than ordinary extempore speeches, which lack vigour, relevance and brightness.

The Rev. Mr Bellew, though a sonorous and eloquent preacher, delighted his congregation more by reading sermons than by preaching them. Mr J. S. Laurie, in his *Training of Teachers*, says, 'Reading aloud, in any sense other than the mere naming of vocables, is an act of intelligence, and an act requiring an even higher intelligence as the subject-matter of what is read grows in subtlety and complexity. Even with the help of more disciplined and

better-informed minds, very few of the middle and upper classes can read in a style that satisfies at once the understanding and the ear of a cultivated listener. Probably no accomplishment is more conclusive evidence that a boy has been educated than the power of reading well.' Good reading requires good judgment and good preparation, as oratory does. This means trouble, and trouble is not taken save by those whose aim is excellence. I remember a writer saying, 'I once spent the night with a clergyman, an old friend, who had the habit of reading his sermons. I asked him why he did so. He went on to give me the reasons, and became animated. "Well," said I, "I am tired to-night, but I have been very much interested in what you said. Nevertheless, if you had *read* your remarks I should have gone to sleep."' That was because the rector was a mere conventional reader. Had he read his sermons as he would read a letter to his family giving them information of a legacy, each bequest to each person would be read with congratulatory emphasis, and none would go to sleep.

French and American audiences will accept written speeches. The French read like an oration. The speeches which stirred all the world in the French Convention were written and read. Some Americans abuse the privilege of reading in the Legislative Chamber, making their speeches too long for any human purpose, and so reading them that nobody listens or ought to listen to them. The French read papers and addresses often too long for lasting impression, but then they do read them with an almost superhuman animation.

CHAPTER XXVIII

FIGURES OF SPEECH

It is by similes that ideas are made vivid, argument enlivened, and obscurity made clear. The term above—'Figures of Speech'— is used in the sense of comparisons, similitudes, symbols, likenesses, and generally such descriptions of things in which the imagination discovers an instructive resemblance to the subject to be explained. A figure of speech is a change in the subject without any change of meaning. A simile is the comparison of another thing to the one in question, the likening of two things which, though differing in other respects, have strong points of resemblance. An instance has already been given showing with what judgment these resemblances should be selected. The one rule being, if the object is to exalt a subject, to make a noble comparison. If the purpose is to degrade a subject, the comparison made should serve to lower it in the reader's estimation. Errors and oversights in these respects are of daily occurrence. A preacher to whom I often listened with pleasure in days when I was an habitual hearer of the word, one day reproached Christians with not using their minds for making sure of the grounds of their convictions, adding, that they put out their thinking as people did their washing, and got it done badly. This offended many of his congregation, for some of them could think. The preacher's simile implied that his congregation had dirty ideas—for that, and that alone, is why

garments are sent to the laundry. The laundress does not make garments, but merely cleans them; whereas, what the preacher—to his credit—wanted, was that his hearers should form ideas of their own, without which a man is mentally naked or bedizened in second-hand clothes, and he should have sought a simile which suggested this. The one he chose did not touch the case. The congregation did not suffer from dirty ideas, else he had badly instructed them. What they suffered from was scantness of ideas, which could only be worthily increased by their own efforts.

Some time ago a noble lord, who, like his father before him, had high regard for Mr Gladstone, told a public meeting of Liberals that it might be said of Mr Gladstone in the words of Shakespeare :—

> He doth bestride this narrow world
> Like a Colossus; and we, petty men,
> Walk under his huge legs, and creep about
> To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Now, the bestriding man referred to was a dangerous tyrant. It was a bad compliment to compare Mr Gladstone to him. Then it follows also that the lesser Liberals are 'petty men, who creep about to find themselves dishonourable graves.' So the speaker smote Mr Gladstone and all his adherents hip and thigh by one simile, of whose range and application he could have given no thought. Had the speaker compared Mr Gladstone to the King of Brobdignag, and his followers to men of good but lesser build; or by other simile which suggested that Mr Gladstone was the Saul of his party—head and shoulders above any of them—he had exalted him whom he intended to exalt, and not called up adverse reflections. It may serve to show with what circumspection similes should be employed if I point out that the last one I have given is open to objection on a political platform—for Saul was mad some-

times, a fact which a quick adversary would turn to good account.

Not long ago Lady Henry Somerset, in a much-applauded address, said that a bear leader whom she saw in Switzerland told her that when he wanted the bear to dance he kept pulling the string. That was what 'the people of England must do with their leaders in respect of temperance, and she was sure they would dance.' This should have been said when the reporters had left, as being better suited for private than for public consumption. To tell public men you consider them street bears, who will dance only when you pull the string round their necks, is to do all you can to prevent leaders doing anything you wish. It sets their self-respect against you. It is smart speaking if you do not think of the result. Lady Somerset is an engaging lady, and if she, or others like her, pulled the string, no doubt there would be dancing if the dancers could forget that she thinks them 'bears.'

There is an Australian weapon called a boomerang, which, when thrown, comes back and hits the thrower. Beware of boomerang arguments, or boomerang similes. For instance, if misled by pessimist texts you should say all men are corrupt, your opponent might say: 'As all men are so, so you must be. Thank you for the admission of your conscious rottenness, of which it did not occur to me to accuse you.' That was the reply I made to a Dr Rowbotham who asked me to assist his advocacy, after declaring on a London platform that all men had putrid principles. I thought such principles did not require aid in development.

Robert Owen's principles have often been described but never made so clear as by citing a simile of Victor Hugo. 'Men are like nettles. Cultivation will turn them from noxious to useful plants. There are no bad herbs or bad men; there are only bad cultivators.' This is Robert Owen's philosophy in a nutshell.

If kings were not better than they are supposed to be, they would be worse than they are, breathing the air of fulsomeness. Royalty has always been a patient, and at times a greedy, recipient of egregious adulation. It is Macaulay, I think, who says the oratory devoted to James I., on his progress through Scotland, was of no common cast. Officials who addressed him at the various towns at which he arrived, 'put together Augustus, Alexander, Trajan and Constantine. It was supposed that even the antipodes heard of his courtesy and liberality; the very hills and groves were said to be refreshed with the dew of his aspect; in his absence the citizens were languishing gyrades, in his presence delighted lizards, for he was the sunshine of their beauty. At Glasgow, Master Hay, the commissary, when attempting to speak before him, became like one touched with a torpedo, or seen of a wolf; and the Principal of the University, comparing his majesty with the sun, observed, to the luminary's disadvantage, that King James had been received with incredible joy and applause; whereas a descent of the sun into Glasgow would in all likelihood be extremely ill taken. Hyperbole was not sufficient—the aid of the prodigies was called—a boy of nine years old harangued the king in Hebrew, and the schoolmaster of Linlithgow spoke verses in the form of a lion.' That was better than a good deal of adulation of royalty, which is often presented in the form of an ass. When literature first became common, rhetoric grew tawdry, and degenerated into what Dr Parker calls the 'Berlin wool and fancy work' style of statement. A strong simplicity is always force.

To preserve peace, and to do good, is an old maxim of morality. Feltham thus enlivens it by this illustration:—'When two goats on a narrow bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, rather than he that would hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his

safety. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good.'

Paine, whom I have heard Ebenezer Elliot describe as the greatest master of metaphor he had known, said of a certain body in America, who professed that principle was higher than interest, were nevertheless 'hunting after their own advantage with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death.' Their insatiableness is rendered more evident by these similes. Describing the illuminated popularity of a political quack—one Silas Deene—Paine said, 'He went up like a rocket and came down like the stick.' Mirabeau, when asked to counsel an obstinate friend, answered, 'You might as well make an issue in a wooden leg as give him advice.' Emerson, at the *soirée* of the Manchester Athenæum, expressing the latent strength of Old England, said she 'had still a pulse like a cannon.' Speaking elsewhere of the freshness of the style of Montaigne, Emerson said his sentences were 'vascular and alive—if you cut them they would bleed.' The *Cork Magazine* says, that the preface of Thomas Davis to the speeches of Curran is in some parts as majestic as the orations which it prefaces; in others, displaying a wild pathos, which 'strikes upon the ear like the cry of a woman.'

Comparisons are implied by phrases. An instance occurs in Cardinal Newman's works, where he says, 'Heresy did but precipitate the truths before held in solution.' The allusion is chemical and a happy one. Contempt for the men-millinery of literature was forcibly expressed by Mirabeau—'My style readily assumes force, and I have a command of strong expressions, but if I want to be mild, unctuous and measured, I become insipid, and my flabby style makes me sick.' Dumont, a friend of Mirabeau's, recounting his own editorial experience in preserving brevity and a wise directness in his journal, says, 'The most diffuse complained of our reducing their dropsical and turgescent expressions.' Grattan, comparing the Irish Parliament to

a human career, exclaimed,' I have sat by its cradle and I followed its hearse.'

In the *Auditor*, Lord Viscount Barrington was described as 'a little squirrel of State, who had been busy all his life in the cage, without turning it round to any human purpose.' The clearness attained by this simile needs no explanation. Edward Vansittart Neale, when he wished to show how much the profits of productive labour exceed those of commerce, likened the store to the squirrel—

> Which, whether he turns wood or wire,
> Never gets an hair's-breadth higher,

while the workshop has unlimited possibilities before it. It is of value to intercept the difference between wholesale and retail prices. But the store moves between those two barriers. Mr Neale's simile made clear the advantages of labour acting without limitation.

When Mr Mould, the undertaker in *Nicholas Nickleby*, speaks of Shakespeare, it is as the theatrical poet who was 'buried' at Stratford. But it matters not whence the similes are drawn, provided they are appropriate and elevating, which was not the case in the sermon preached at Newgate after the escape of Jack Sheppard. The clergyman discoursed to this effect:—

'How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail, burst his fetters asunder, climb up his chimney, wrench out an iron bar—break his way through a stone wall, make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, reach the leads of the prison, fix a blanket to the wall with a spike stolen from the chapel, descend to the top of the turner's house, cautiously pass downstairs, and make his escape at the street door.

'I shall spiritualise these things. Let me exhort ye, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take thence the bar of good resolution;

break through the stone wall of despair, and force the stronghold in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourself to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the Church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation; descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape from the clutches of that old executioner the devil.'

This style, once popular, might divert a gaol audience, but would not be thought edifying now. Down to this chaplain's days this was thought to be clever composition. The chaplain ought to have been imprisoned for his effort. Its only excuse could be that it amused his gloomy congregation. It could not edify them, and was more likely to produce ridicule than reverence.

Prodigality of metaphors, like multitudes of superlatives, confound meaning. 'It is an idle fancy of some,' says Felton, 'to run out perpetually upon similitudes, confounding their subject by the multitude of likenesses, and making it like so many things, that it is like nothing at all!'*

The child, when he first learns to speak, will say anything, thinking he accomplishes much in continuing to talk. So with the public speaker when he first commences, and so with the early efforts of the young writer. When he first rises above the level of plain prose, he never knows when to descend to the earth; and instead of finding an elevation whence he can show his readers a wider landscape and new objects, he thinks he does enough by showing himself.

Goodrich relates that a boy being rebuked by a clergyman for neglecting to go to church, replied that he would go if he could be permitted to change his seat. "But why do you wish to change your seat?" said the minister. "You see," said the boy, "I sit over the opposite side of the meeting-house, and between me and you there's Judy

Vicars and Mary Staples, and half a dozen other women, with their mouths wide open, and they get all the best of the sermon, and when it comes to me it's pretty poor stuff.'

It is doubtful whether any boy ever made this reflection. The story must be pointed at those preachers whose voices are confined to the listeners nearest to them. Nevertheless, likening the sermon to something to be eaten, made vivid the disadvantage of not being able to hear what is said.

A resemblance of one thing to another is often cited in argument. It is then called an analogy. But it must be remembered that an analogy is not an argument, only an illustration. No two different things can be alike all through, and it is only the points of the analogy cited which should be taken notice of in reply.

There is sometimes an argument of no mean force in a simile. A soldier, sentenced for an attempt to leave his regiment on Indian service, said in his defence, 'We are not all bad at bottom, but we have at times fever and ague, and then the heart grows faint for England, and we have Europe on the chest.' That soldier, had he been educated, had been a great rhetorician who would have convinced in a few words.

A negro woman, though possessing a scantier vocabulary, can be more vivid of speech than her mistress:—A Washington lady, much surprised upon receiving notice from her dusky cook that she was about to leave her service, in order to be married. 'Why,' said the lady, 'I did not even know you had an admirer.' 'Oh, yes'm, for some time.' 'Who is it, Mary?' 'Don't you 'member, Miss Lissie, that I 'tended a fune'l 'bout two weeks ago? It's she corpse's husband!'

In using figures of speech care must be taken not to change the simile in an incongruous way. There is the well-known American example of the orator who, discovering the artfulness of an opponent, exclaimed, 'I smell a rat

—I see it floating in the air—I nip it in the bud.' In two sentences he converted the rat into a bird and a flower. The Irish have a gift for absurd similes, which are excusable in them because of the humour in which they excel. As when Sir Boyle Roche in affirming his loyalty said, 'I stand prostrate before the Throne.' It was an Hibernian prophet who announced—

> To-night's the day (I state it with great sorrow)
> When all of us will be blown up to-morrow.

But it was an English cleric of confused memory who told his congregation that 'sorrow may endure for a joy but night cometh in the morning.' 'My brethren,' said an aspiring young preacher, 'such a man as I have described is like the captain of a crewless vessel on a shoreless sea. Happy would such a man be to bring his men to land.' There was a glamour of imagination in these words, and it was only afterwards that the hearers reflected that a crewless vessel had no men, and that on a shoreless sea there was no land to put them on. These oratorical aberrations are confined to no country, though more frequent in some than others. It was only the other day that Herr Rickhert taunted the German Ministry, saying, 'We hear nothing upon the Ministerial benches, nothing but profound silence.' This could not be better said in Dublin.

The design of these chapters, which are now nearing their close—which the reader will be glad to hear—is to call into life the latent power for excellence that every man has, and to guard him against the easy errors into which one inexperienced or uninformed may fall. Errors are forgiven on their first, or even second committal, but the third time they cause distrust. At Muzart Pass, over the Tian Shan Range, a marble monument bears this inscription:—

'He who comes this way once may be pardoned, as not knowing what he is doing. He who comes twice is a fool. He who comes a third time is hopeless as a Kaffir.'

The reader, familiar with the maxims of the preceding pages, will be naturally and rightly desirous of illustrating his meaning, when necessary, by some apt figure of speech. He will do well to do so, provided he does it with taste, relevance and circumspection, or he will, as Uncle Eben observes, 'after toiling up the stairway of fame, slide down the bannister into obscurity.'

CHAPTER XXIX

POETRY IN RELATION TO RHETORIC

ALL the public speaker necessarily has to do with poetry is to read it, or speak it well. And he will be more likely to do this effectively if he knows that what he cites is poetry, or at least so felicitous in expression as to make vivid the idea he wishes to enforce. For instance, to move men to speech it is necessary that the speaker should know their nature. For human nature differs in different places as climate does. Did not Dr Angus Smith show that there are more than nineteen distinct climates in London. There are more than nineteen distinct orders of men. How else could there be so many distinct sects? One man believes in that which to another is absolutely incredible. In every town and village the nature of men is of a different texture. Doubtless there are general features in which humanity agrees. But if the object is to show that those who would master human nature had better study it—he may show its strange moods by quoting Mr Lecky's lines on one whose career was inscrutable to his friends,—

> What was the charm that wrought the spell,
> None but himself could see;
> There's a door in every heart that leads to hell,
> Could we but find the key.

Let us hope this is not true; but true or not they are striking lines, and vividly call attention to the unexpected characteristics of human nature.

Of great poets there are too few, and of minor poets too many—some say. But this is not a good judgment—being unfair to the minor rhymers, as though they were permanently inferior; whereas, the great poet was a minor one once, and some of them were very unpromising minors. In his 'Hours of Idleness' Byron gave no foretaste of the qualities of energy and fire which afterwards astonished the world. No poem ever opened with more enchanting lines than 'Endymion,' whose first words were—

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness: but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

The critics of Keats's day saw nothing in this as a presage of power, but the power was there. It was the youthful muse of Tennyson which produced the lines:—

> The roar of the wind is around me,
> The leaves of the year at my feet.

It was only W. J. Fox who saw the poet in them.

The reader might not take for poetry the following lines, but he would not make much of a mistake if he did:—

> He has forgotten the pathway to our door,
> Something has gone from nature since he died.

If the student looks for newness of thought and force of expression, he will meet with passages which may be successfully quoted.

Some say if, when you have written verses, you find you can better express the chief idea in prose your verses are not poetry. That does not follow, because there is good poetry in prose. Carlyle, for instance, was a poet who wrote in prose what he was entirely unable to express in verse. If, however, a man who has made verses finds he

can better express himself in prose, he should put his ideas into prose.

It is not easy to give a definition of poetry which shall enable everyone to detect poetry when he meets it. But an ordinary person who reads two stanzas of Rossetti's 'Blessed Damozel' would be arrested by its beauty of expression and splendour of imagination :—

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

There are astronomical objections to this vision, but Burke would have given it a place in his unfinished book on the Sublime and Beautiful.

A passage of no mean beauty occurs in Shelley's 'Prometheus' :—

It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses !
Till one in slumber bound
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around.
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

The melody of the language alone would inform the reader that he was in the hands of a master.

Sometimes a poet does not know his own beauty of expression, and changes a term of beauty for one without it, as when Tennyson, having written of Prince Albert dead—

Thou silent father of our kings to be,

altered it into—

Thou noble father of our kings to be.

'Silent' father has the dignity which no one challenges. 'Noble' father is controversial.

It is good practice to write verse. He who attempts it may not become a poet, but he will learn more of the terms, variety and infinite meanings of his own tongue, or of any other tongue he uses, than by any other means. Wordsworth, who was a master in song, wrote once to Sir William Hamilton :—

'Again and again I must repeat that the composition of verse is infinitely more of an art than men are prepared to believe, and absolute success in it depends upon innumerable *minutiæ*, which it grieves me you should stoop to acquire a knowledge of. Milton talks of pouring "easy his unpremeditated verse." It would be harsh, untrue and odious to say there is anything like cant in this, but it is not true to the letter and tends to mislead. I could point out 500 passages in Milton upon which labour has been bestowed, and twice 500 more on which labour would have been serviceable.'

Matthew Arnold, when he is not contemptuous, is instructive. If his sweetness was intermittent, he did not lack light.

'Homer's movement, he says, is a flowing, a rapid movement. Milton's is a laboured, a self-retarding movement. Milton charges himself so full with thought, imagination, knowledge, that his style will hardly contain them. He is too full-stored to show us in much detail one conception, one piece of knowledge; he shows it to us in a pregnant, allusive way, and then presses on to another. Homer is quite different; he says a thing and says it to the end, and then begins another, while Milton is trying to press a thousand things into one. So that in reading Milton you

never lose the sense of laborious and condensed fulness; in reading Homer you never lose the sense of flowing and abounding ease.'

Homer was a poet of life, Tennyson was mainly a poet of mind. Homer sang of actions, Tennyson of ideas. Sir Walter Scott has more of the Homeric quality than any other romance writer of renown. Poets and writers of that mould are better to quote in an oration than a metaphysical poet. Byron is better for the platform than Shelley. There are exceptions, of course, among the kaleidoscopic children of song. All are human at times. Even Browning, who requires a Society to explain him, has splendid flashes of nature, as witness these lines:—

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine—wonder, wealth, and—how far above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl.

Of prose which has all the qualities of poetry except the metrical form, the reader may find in a passage of Professor Heeren:—

'Persepolis rises above the deluge of years. Time sadly overcometh all things, and is now dominant, and sits upon a sphinx and looketh unto Memphis and Old Thebes; while his sister Oblivion reclineth semi-sensuous on a pyramid, making puzzles of Titanian erections, turning old glories into dreams. History sinketh beneath her cloud. The traveller, as he passeth amazedly through these deserts, asketh of her who builded them? She mumbleth something, but what it is he knoweth not.'

The poet hath not often excelled Heeren. Instance Bryant on the same subject:—

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Mere rhyme often assists the memory, and, if nervous, it may better strike the understanding than prose. Of this quality are some old lines on Feasting and Fasting, beginning thus:—

Accustom early in your youth
To lay embargo on your mouth;
And let no rarities invite
To pall and glut your appetite;
But check it always, and give it o'er
With a desire of eating more;
For where one dies from inanition
A thousand perish by repletion.

There is a mental repletion also enervating to intellectual health.

Dr Johnson, who had prose in his blood, sometimes put it into verse, and though not poetry it was near to it by its vigour and sense. In the prologue he wrote for Garrick on the opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, describing the reign of pedantry and degeneracy of the stage, he exclaims:—

Then, crushed by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept:
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remained though nature fled.

Pope, the greatest of our argumentative poets, has no passage more striking than one logical stanza in Lord Byron's 'Childe Harold.' It has vividness, felicity of phrase and condensation. It would be impossible to say the same things in prose in such few words.

What from the barren being do we reap?
Our senses narrow and our reason frail,

Life short, and truth a gem that loves the deep,
And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale;
Opinion an omnipotence, whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
And wrong seem accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes and earth have too much light.

Another example, though devoid of the range of insight manifest in Byron's lines, is the fine sonnet of Blanco White. As a poetic imaginative argument for a future life it is unsurpassed. Literature has no argument so brilliant that I can recall:—

Mysterious night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay conceal'd
Within thy beams, O Sun? Or who could find,
Whilst fruit, and leaf, and insect stood reveal'd,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light conceals so much—wherefore not Life?

For passages of point and fire the orator must go to the poets. One of them exclaims:

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

An agitator may say that without much risk. That means numbers must agree to act all together, and numbers are not given to agree; and if numbers do agree they must keep one counsel if they are to succeed, and numbers can seldom be depended upon to keep one counsel. Shakespeare supplies much more dangerous lines:—

Every bondsman in his own hands
Bears the means to cancel his captivity.

Let any man beware how he says these, to whom, and where.

The Talmud says, 'Life is but a shadow, not of a house, or of a tree, but of a bird passing overhead; another moment both bird and shadow are gone.' The simile is well conceived. For variety and felicity of figure upon this subject nothing known to me excels the following poem, ascribed to Dr Donovan, who made it, or took it from an old Irish manuscript. The reader will see that the Irish poet is a logician—a rare thing in poets—and sums up each stanza at its conclusion, and each simile is as it were proven.

Like to a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day
Or like the sun, or like the shade;
Or like the gourd, which Jonah made:
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan:
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,

Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream:
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from a bow,
Or like swift course of water flow:
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole:
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum:
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

The student in search of similes may take up a basket from this unrivalled poem.

Nobody could mistake the hand of the poet, in strength of conception and unchangeableness of terms, in Landor's lines:—

Alas! how soon the hours are over,
Counted us out to play the over;

> And how much narrower is the stage
> Allotted us to play the sage.
> But when we play the fool, how wide
> The theatre expands! Besides,
> How long the audience sits before us;
> How many plaudits! What a chorus!

But of this the author as well as the student may take warning.

CHAPTER XXX

STYLE EXPLAINED

STYLE is the manner in which ideas are expressed. Style is not in the mind—it is the mind. As Dr Johnson said of the wits of Charles the Second's reign :—

> Themselves they studied—as they felt they writ.

A bitter fountain cannot give forth sweet water. According to the quality of the information in the treasure house of the understanding will be the style—scant or plentiful in words, clear or confused in expression, vivacious or dull, yielding ideas leaden or golden, gems of paste or diamonds rich and rare. When a man can, like Cobbett, talk with his pen, his style is disclosed. It is said of John Morley that the chief features of his style are 'perfect sanity and reasonableness.' Its special charm, 'simplicity and courtesy.' His hold upon his reader is his 'scholarship and sincerity.' He has 'urbanity and wit,' still rare in literature.

Style is a quality peculiar to the writer, and where it has excellence not time itself can efface its charm. Facts may be forgotten, learning grow commonplace, truths dwindle into mere truisms, but a magnificent style can never lose its freshness. Someone has said, 'For style, even more than for his wonderful erudition, is Gibbon admired; and the same quality, and that alone, renders Hume a popular historian of England, in spite of his imperfect learning, the

untrustworthiness of his statements in matters of fact, and the anti-popular caste of his opinions.' Method, perspicuity, brevity, variety, harmony, are indeed separable from sense, but no combination of such qualities will give life to a book without sense. They are but the auxiliaries of meaning, not the substitutes for it.

If any one would know what style is not and how it is not acquired, let him read an article on Dickens in a quarter where there should be guidance, the *Dublin University Magazine*, in or about 1865. It says:—

'Dickens has achieved a great thing—he has created a style. The singular circumstance in this case is that, by careful study of previous styles, by imitation of them, this author has produced out of the heterogeneous elements a compound essentially differing from all its component parts, and claiming—claiming justly—the high merit of being original. That such a result should follow such a course ought to encourage writers who aim at true celebrity to adopt this humble and painstaking initiatory system.'

Dickens would smile at this attempt to make a literary alchemist of him, as one fusing all sorts of styles in his crucible of composition, and bringing out quite a new metal. Present society furnished him with materials; observation, freedom of thought and confidence did the rest—humour combined them and made the style. Tindal said of Pitt's first speech that 'it was more ornamental than the speeches of Demosthenes and less diffuse than those of Cicero.'

'That it should have been so often quoted,' says Macaulay, 'is proof how slovenly most people are content to think. It would be no very flattering compliment to a man's figure to say that he is taller than the Polish dwarf, shorter than Giant O'Brien, fatter than a skeleton, and more slender than Daniel Lambert. No speaking can be less ornamental than that of Demosthenes, or more diffuse than that of Cicero.'

Heldenmaier lays it down as a maxim of education, that freedom is the all-essential condition of growth and power. There can be no fervour while, in the language of Sam Slick, 'Talk has a pair of stays, and is laced up tight and stiff.' It is freedom which is the active element of all fresh and vigorous style. Dr Gilchrist observes that—

'What one of the ancient philosophers said of laws may be truly said of rhetorical rules: they are like cobwebs which entangle the weak but which the strong break through. The first rule of good composition is, that the composer be free and bold. Before a man can be a good thinker or a good writer he must be free and bold. . . . Can servile composers in the harness of rules, dreading the lash of criticism, limping upon quotations, with their eye upon precedents and authorities, create a style at once new and striking, yet just and proper? All real greatness is the offspring of freedom: there may be absurdity, folly, cant, hypocrisy, squeamish delicacy, finical politeness, sickly sentimentality, mawkish affectation in every possible fantastic form of fashion and variety; but there cannot be original, substantial excellence without intellectual independence, manly thinking and feeling.'

As soon as a man understands a subject, he is in a condition, so far as ideas go, to write or speak about it. If he has also courage to write himself in his words, he may be original. But if he forget that fulness and freedom are both blind, and that without the revealing lights of taste, perspicuity and brevity, he may offend, bewilder and tire.

An old woman who showed a house and pictures at Towcester expressed herself in these words:—

'This is Sir Richard Farmer; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built this house and paid for it, managed well, saved money, and died rich. *That* is his son; he was made a lord, took a place at Court, spent his estate, and died a beggar!'

A concise but striking account. The old exhibitor had

no doubt learned brevity by weariness of repetition and the desire of giving satisfactory information in a few words—difficult to acquire; but they can be acquired, and a style marked by sentences concise and short is no mean one. Butler, who knew so many things, tells us:—

> As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
> Of painting, to foreshorten any part,
> Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
> Of all perfections—to be plain and brief.

Douglas Jerrold wrote of the Bishop of Exeter:—'What a lawyer was spoiled in that bishop! What a brain he has for cobwebs! How he drags you along through sentence after sentence—every one a dark passage—until your head swims!' Jerrold, whose style was as bright as his mind, knew the darkness which prevails where perspicuity is absent.

Brevity and precision are more manifest among our French neighbours than among ourselves. The speeches made to mobs—the most hurried placards, abound in the felicities of condensation. Europe has been agitated with communism before our time. Few could tell you what was meant by it. Yet a century ago, Morelly thus expressed it:—'It is the solution of this excellent problem to find a situation in which it shall be nearly impossible for man to be depraved or poor.' We have never on this side the Channel exceeded the felicity of this description.

'The style of Bunyan,' says Macaulay, 'is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet, no writer has said more exactly what he wanted to say. For magnificence, for

pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, this dialect of plain working men, was sufficient.'

In the first edition of *Practical Grammar* (by the present writer), there was direction open to the charge of vagueness. If remarks had to be made at the end of a statement, it was directed that they should be neither 'too strong nor too tedious.' But when he subsequently asked his class at the City Mechanics' Institution at what point of effectiveness a man might be said to be 'too strong,' it was agreed that there was error somewhere. And the injunction not to be 'too tedious' was found to imply that we might be tedious in some degree—which hardly seemed desirable. Then it was asked, What is strength? Some answered power. What was power? Some said effectiveness. But it was soon felt that these definitions left us like Swift's definition of style, 'the use of proper words in proper places.' What were proper words and proper places still remained open questions. So, if power was strength, and strength effectiveness, what was effectiveness was still unknown. It was finally agreed that to be strong was to be just, and the remedy of tediousness was brevity. We therefore agreed that, 'remarks just and brief' was the proper expression to have used. For what was just could never be 'too' strong, and what was brief could never be 'too' tedious. From which we also learned that strength of comment lay in just sentiments, and that tedium was the tiresomeness of prolixity.

When Professor Huxley speaks or writes, his style seems the product of an original mind dwelling in an atmosphere of realities. His sentences are as fresh as bunches of grapes gathered the same morning, the bloom is upon them.

The Rev. J. R. Green was one of the few writers of recent years whose style is the envy and admiration of critics as well as his readers. Mr Green had his own preferences as

to who should write about him. Whether Mr W. J. Loftie, 'the Historian of London,' is one does not appear, but in the *New Princetown Review*, he describes Green's ideas of style :—

'A German in research, a Frenchman in writing—that was his formula; and a thorough familiarity with French historians, and novelists too, had more to do with the nervous, manly, graphic English of his works than is generally supposed. I have heard him say that English history should be written so as to be as entertaining as a French novel. I remember one of his maxims about composition: —'Take the public, as it were, into your confidence; write to them as if they knew as much as you do yourself; but in your own mind assume that they know nothing.' This is an intelligible, and therefore an instructive passage.

The loaded style never lasts in literature. Excellence lies in the thought expressed, and not in ornate phrases. The one thing the hearer or reader has to look to is the quality of the idea sought to be conveyed to his understanding. If it comes to him in terms which commend it or exalt it so much the better. The idea should be presented bright and clear, all phrases which merely glitter about it do but dazzle those who have to see it. When the orator describes the

Wide, grey, lampless depth of time,

his simple language best depicts the impressive vision.

A column has been erected at Monte Pincio, in Rome, to the memory of Galileo's imprisonment in the neighbouring palace of the Medicis. It bears the following epigraph: —'The neighbouring palace once the property of the Medicis, was the prison of Galileo-Galilei, guilty of having seen the earth revolve round the sun.' He who wrote this epitaph had a style worthy of Rome.

Joseph Barker was a man of slovenly power, and yet a moving influence in his day. He found his way to the popular understanding by a force of style all his own.

Ebenezer Elliot and other good judges of rhetoric in Sheffield, told me Barker excelled all other platform speakers they had known in the vigorous use of Saxon English. He was always understood by the multitude; like Dr Johnson (whom I do not think Barker ever read), he knew the literary force of repeating nouns; unless a pronoun could be used near to the noun. While the noun was in the memory of the crowd or congregation before him—he repeated the noun. The hearer, therefore, had never to go back upon what he had heard. The main noun being brought again before him, he always knew what the matter in hand was. This practice gives amazing force and clearness to popular speech. It is a mere mechanical element of style which everyone might employ with great advantage of hearer or reader.

He who wants to know whether he has written what he wishes to say, and as he ought to say it, let him read it aloud to himself. Even his own voice will seem apart from him as that of an auditor. Or let him do as the shrewd Molière did, read his composition to his cook, if no one else is at hand—read it to any one who will listen—and the reader will at once become sensible of redundancies, omissions, irrelevancies, and incongruities, of which his own wit will never make him sensible. Even stupidity as an auditor will improve style.

The text of a great writer resembles a piece of Gobelin tapestry or some golden embroidery. Every page is from the same loom. You know every sentence by the texture, the colour, and the design. Some books are like calico prints, you read them by the yard; the gay or gaudy pattern diverts or serves for common use. In some books, insipid, glaring pieces of flimsy meaning, without harmony or purpose—stare at the reader in every chapter. But in George Elliot's writing, for instance, every portion is part of one well-woven fabric, strong, dainty, and durable, and is as a wealthy garment of the mind.

All that is in the power of a student of style and who wishes to make one for himself, are clearness, brevity, and the use of relevant and vivid similes. 'Be clear' was the best thing Napoleon said to his secretaries. Clearness of statement can be acquired by anyone who has clear ideas. Brevity is almost a mechanical attainment, since a man has only to stop when he has written as much as his adversary would read if written to him—or would listen to if spoken to him. Meaning may be made clearer and even enlivened by comparison. Alma-Tadema says, 'As the sun colours the flowers, so does art colour life.' Comparisons and similes are the sun of style and impart colour to it.

A painter or sculptor will acquire taste and finish by studying the great masters of the twin arts; he may thus improve his own style, but the turn and quality of his mind will remain his own. In like manner, a rhetorician will profit by the study of great writers. For vigorous transparency and classical grace, Grote counted Mill's essay on *Liberty* to be the most striking production of modern time. Let the student keep as clear as he can of mean conversation or mean books. Buddha says:—

'Let no one think lightly of evil, saying, in his heart, "It will not come near me." Even by the falling of water drops a water-pot is filled; and the fool becomes full of evil, even if he gathers it little by little.'

Then let the good come near, and little by little the heart will become full of excellence.

A dinner cooked anyhow, a coat cut anyhow, without study of the figure or kind of person to be clothed, would neither delight the taste nor the sight. Style of speech means prevision and adaptability to the occasion and to the end sought. In every case, transparency and brevity are the permanent virtues.

Dean Swift, who saw further before him than any man in the great day in which he lived, said he who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before deserves well

of mankind. The contrary is true in literature. He who makes one sentence to express a meaning, while another would employ two to do it, confers a sensible benefit on all whom he addresses, and deserves the gratitude of every reader.

CHAPTER XXXI

WHAT HAS BEEN SAID

'WHAT am I going to say?' is a question a speaker may usefully put to himself before commencing his address. If he does not know, it will, in most cases, be bad for the audience. It is the principal thing, or two or three of the main things, which should be clear, distinct and uppermost in the orator's mind. Whether he keeps to notes he may have made for illustration will matter little if his distinctive objects are made evident to the hearers. But as a speech nears its end the need for a not less important interrogatory arises.

'What has been *said?*' is the next question many a speaker might put to himself before the conclusion of his speech. By that time he ought to know what he has been talking about—but may not—and it may be the audience are not quite sure themselves, so that a brief incidental as it were, an unpretentious, but nevertheless a salient recapitulation of the two or three, or three or four (they ought not to be more) essential points of the address will be useful. In cases where a statement made is clear, strong, vigorous and coherent, a few impressive sentences at the close are sufficient. At the same time the speaker should have in his mind—or recall if he has not—the few main points his speech was intended to set forth, and if he has reason to think his audience have not a clear

conception of them, to state them clearly in a few words at the close. In no case slavishly recapitulate all points made. Do no more than recall the animating principles, which should be fixed in the hearer's or reader's mind, as is sought to be done in this chapter. Let the speaker not forget that many persons never think, though they think they do.

The effectiveness of a speech is governed by its purpose. That implies that a purpose must animate the orator. And for effectiveness, unsurpassed clearness, if the speaker can attain to it, is the main condition. How can a man be moved or guided by what he does not see? It is like the large stone visible at low water in a river in Cavan, on which is carved the notice—'When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the stream.' But what traveller can read the warning when it is 'out of sight?'

The late Archbishop of York (Dr Magee) was so sensible of the value of purpose in speech, or essay, or sermon, that he advised young preachers when they had written a sermon and could not give a name to it, to throw it away, decide upon a name, and write to that, otherwise, 'a man who starts without a definite purpose is at the mercy of his words.' Words, and not a fixed intent, have the command of him. During the Mexican war one of the generals said to Captain Bragg, 'The crisis has arrived—fire.' The Captain said to his lieutenant, 'You hear what the General said—"The crisis has come—fire."' The lieutenant replied,—'But I see nothing to fire at.' 'Then,' said Captain Bragg, 'fire at the crisis.' No report states whether they hit it. But the moral of the incident is relevant. The orator, like the soldier, must aim at something, and have something to aim at. In rhetoric, as well as in morals, the saying of the Mogul Sultan Achar is true,—'I never knew a man lost on a straight road.'

'There are,' said the shrewd Archbishop Magee, 'three kinds of preachers:—First, the preachers you *can't* listen to.

Second, the preachers you *can* listen to. Third, the preachers you *can't help* listening to.'

The last kind of preacher is one who acts on the wise maxim of Vinet, and 'looks after himself as though he were somebody else'—as everyone must do who would become a successful public speaker. He who would practise Vinet's rule must court debate and engage in it, when he will learn that there are two sides, and sometimes more, to every question. Not knowing this, causes many persons to be blown about by every wind of doctrine, which confuses them when they encounter it, because they have not known it, and, of course, have not regarded it in forming their own judgment. Unfamiliar with opposite views, they are afraid of them, and are unhinged by them. William Black, the novelist, relates that it was by the merest accident in reading the proofs of his novel of *Wolfenberg*, that he discovered that the printer had made his heroine die by an 'overdose of opinion.' More people die in this way than are imagined. A well-informed man is never in danger from an overdose of opinion. A prudent man seeks every kind of relevant opinion before he forms his own. Dr Johnson, who was always for discussion, derided the fear of rival views, saying, 'If contrariety of opinion would poison a man, a politician would die in a day.' Contrariety of reasoned opinion—none others are entitled to attention—are the elements out of which a sound judgment is formed. He whose mind is set on sureness as to facts will never go far wrong, nor will he mislead others. 'If people,' says the Rev. Dr Edward Everett Hale, 'would only stop talking where they stop knowing, half the evils of life would come to an end.' He who takes the trouble of personal investigation will avoid many errors. It is when anyone relies, without suspicion or care, upon what he learns from others, that the necessity for circumspection comes in. Rumour seldom touches the fringe of truth. Reports are to be distrusted and hearsay more so. Miss Edna Lyall's *History*

of a Lie is the most instructive little book of the day, on careless, unintended, tragic mendacity of modern days. Before anyone believes what he is told, he ought to ask himself what is the teller's capacity for attentive hearing and accuracy of memory? What opportunity had he of knowing the truth of what he relates? What motives has he for telling it? Is the tale-bearer a person of vigilant observation and habitual veracity of mind? Has he prejudice, animus, or interest, which may bias his impressions? If he merely tells what he has been told, what is the character, qualifications and attainments as to trustworthiness of *that* informant? Under what circumstance was the thing said which he reports? Circumstances under which a thing is said are like the context of a passage. The context is a part of the story. Without due sifting of evidence on which a man reasons, he may be deceived himself and, what is worse, he may deceive all who trust to his judgment. For he who retails as facts what he has taken no precautions to verify, and has not warned hearer or reader to that effect, becomes himself responsible for what error or mischievousness may be in them.

Of course, a man speaks in vain when the auditors cease to attend to him. He must obtain and retain the ear of the assembly, or he will fail to influence them. To this end he must not lead attention down lanes of digressions, or it will lose sight of the main line on which the train of argument moves. Nor must the minds of the hearers be allowed to stumble at words above their comprehension. Every speaker of sense will follow, as far as the question under consideration will let him, that golden rule of Cæsar's—'To avoid an unusual word as one would a rock.' In character, in manners, in logic, in style, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

George Sand tells us there is a good Goddess of Poverty. If you have choice in Pagan deities, choose the good Goddess of Lucidity, if there be one.

Lord Dalling, when Sir Henry Bulwer Lytton, showed a high order of caution and precaution as a diplomatist. When trouble with America arose on the question of 'indirect damages,' at the close of the planter's war in defence of slavery, American statesmen drew up a Treaty which was to close the affair, but opened it wider. Lord Dalling found in it the terms 'growing out of,' which he said 'could hardly occur to anyone but a market gardener.' When he had to prepare a counter treaty, he took the trouble of going over all American Treaties, and in all important passages he only used such words as they had used before, in the sense in which American diplomatists had used them. To employ the language of Paley, this 'could not be gotten over.' Common ground was found and an international agreement came to pass.

On terms of imputation, Mr Serjeant Robinson, in his *Bench and Bar*, gives curious legal opinions. He relates that an action was brought before Mr Justice Maule by an attorney against a defendant for calling him a thief, a rogue, and a *fiend;* and as the plaintiff had no proof of any pecuniary special damage, he had to rely on the injury that must necessarily be inflicted on him in his professional capacity by such imputations.

In summing up, Maule said:—'As to the word thief, it is a very ambiguous one, and does not necessarily impute what the law considers an indictable offence. For instance, to steal a man's wife, to steal away the affections of another, to steal a march upon anyone, would be no crime in law. Wives, human affections, and such things as marches are not at present the subjects of larceny. Rogue is different; it might certainly affect the plaintiff professionally, because a rogue ought not to be allowed to practise as an attorney. But the same principle does not apply to the term *fiend.* It may not be a complimentary expression, but I do not think to be a fiend disqualifies a man from being an attorney. If the learned counsel will point out to me any

case where the Court has refused an application to place a fiend upon the rolls, I shall be happy to consider it.'

Contumelious epithets have the unpleasant tendency of suggesting the character and associations of the user. A cattle dealer of Berne being indicted for calling another in the same way of business a 'swindler, a dirty dog and a convict,' the Court held that such language was but the current expressions of the cattle market, and below the dignity of notice or censure.

John Addington Symonds, as remarkable for self-introspection as for his great attainments, said 'he found a pleasure in expression for its own sake, but he had not the *inevitable* touch of the true poet, nor the *unconquerable patience* of the conscious artist.' There is the genius of a great writer in this sentence, which explains with penetration and fitness of phrase the unregarded conditions of supreme excellence.

Paderewski is a famous master of his art, but his skill is won and sustained by application, which is instructive to those of indolent ambition who believe in off-hand excellence. On the eve of Paderewski's first appearance in New York, he left his hotel at nine at night, went direct to Steinway Hall, induced the watchman to let him in, had the gas lighted, opened the biggest piano he could find, and sat before it from ten at night till four the next morning, with only the watchman for an audience. Then he went home, and after ten hours' sleep astonished a large audience by what most of them took to be spontaneous skill. The 'unconquerable patience' commended by Symonds has its place in literature and speech as well as music.

One who lately died—Robert Louis Stevenson, whose praise for mastery in writing every critic sang—said: 'I can always tell when an author does not write over and over again. His clauses may be unmusical, his words colourless and inexpressive, yet, if the order is perfect

throughout, he will be a great writer.' Absolute rightness of order gives new force and significance to terms and expressions, which would be lifeless without it. Stevenson's clauses had melody, colour and expressiveness, but the rightness of order, which imparted to them splendour, he acquired himself with 'infinite labour.'*

Yet the labour necessary to excellence is less than is commonly imagined, if the aspirant confines himself to things essential. Relevant knowledge is all that is required, and relevance is limited. Excessive acquisition of many things is as useless as excessive eating, and equally inconvenient for action. There are learned persons who read themselves stupid. Hume, in his wise way, said, 'A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds.'

Mr Arthur W. Hutton, being for seven years a priest in the Oratory at Birmingham, knew Cardinal Newman well. Mr Hutton tells us that 'Dr Newman's two volumes of Catholic sermons were written out and carefully corrected. But his spoken sermons were, by comparison, deplorable—apparently unprepared and without plan or point; throughout he was rambling and dreary. He told me himself, says Mr Hutton, 'that he never *saw* the congregation he was addressing—a fact which, I suppose, by itself shows that he had no oratorical gift. But when he read with slow and musical enunciation the exquisite sentences he had penned in the privacy of his room, there was something almost magical in the effect.'

The noblest oration on oratory delivered in this century, so far as is known to me, is that by Lord Lytton, then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. In one passage he said, 'Without earnestness a man might be admired

* *Westminster Gazette*, at the time of Stevenson's death.

as a firework, but he would never guide as a star.' Further, 'Though delivery no doubt is the appropriate excellence of the mere orator, the three-fold gift of the Parliamentary speaker is earnestness. Have but fair sense and a competent knowledge of your subject, and then be thoroughly in earnest to impress your own honest conviction upon others, and no matter what your delivery, though your gestures shocked every rule in Quinctilian, you would command the ear and influence the debates of the most accomplished, the most fastidious, and, take it altogether, the noblest assembly of freemen in the world.' A man cannot be earnest at will. It is interest and conviction which makes anyone earnest. But though earnestness on any subject is not a quality at command, every man is in earnest about something, and if his desire is to speak well let him confine himself to questions in which he is sincerely concerned. A speaker may be entertaining without sincerity, but cannot be impressive without it.

Oratory is what Mr Goldwin Smith called it, 'the fusion of argument and passion.' Reason animated by human interest—new truth endowed with new life.

The manifest sincerity with which Lord Lytton commended maxims of oratory to the students of the University, served him well. The 'outburst of long-continued cheering' which followed its close, showed that. The brilliant sense of what he said implied conviction as well as premeditation. An engaging presence and physical power—two important conditions of oratory — he had, but his manner was greatly against him. It showed an entire lack of oratorical art. One who heard him said—'There were no winning tones; his action was ungainly; he moved his arms from his elbows; his voice was monotonous, and in the grander passages of his address he had no better mode of indicating their importance than by throwing himself into an extra erect attitude, and pronouncing his words louder and with a greater drawl than usual.' I have heard him

speak in the House of Commons in the same way, when he charmed all who listened to what he said, and were unregarding how he said it. It was his audibility and sense which saved him. Ever true is the saying of Buddha, who held that 'pleasant speech and the word that is well spoken are great blessings.'

For all students one rule holds good—not having all the talent you desire, nor all the genius you covet, cultivate what you have. None know what that is till they give their powers fair play, full play and reiterated play. Jenny Lind said, 'If I had nothing in the world but music it would be enough. I become a different thing when I sing—different body—different soul.' But she did not know this till long after she began to sing.

When Professor Arminius Vambéry was asked by the Empress Eugénie how he travelled through Asia with a defective foot, he answered, 'Oh, your Majesty, one does not walk on his feet, but on his tongue.' Oratory is the education of the tongue, with that befitting accompaniment of gesture and manner which lend life to language. All the while the merit of eloquence lies in its use. The valid use of the art of public speaking and debate is the protection of unfriended truth, and the vindication of imperilled right. Poets tell us that

> Ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever is justice done.

Beware how you believe that. The right never comes 'uppermost' unless some one helps it up. 'Justice is seldom or never done,' unless strong argument compels men to do it. Adolphe Fischer tells us you 'cannot kill a principle,' but the people can be killed who assert it, and that is sufficient. The principle is suppressed for generations. Truth is said to be 'immortal.' Let us hope it is, but I have seen its voice silenced through the intimidation of those who vindicated it. What is the good of dumb

truth? This is why bigotry, intolerance and persecution are so hateful. They can and do suppress truth and right. To resist these seemingly eternal agents of evil, all the arts of eloquence and reason are required. Speech and pen are brilliant weapons, by which the victory over error and injustice can be won.

The object of instruction in any art is to enable the student, in his hour of practice of it, to be master of all his powers. Could the minds of men be made palpable in bodily form, few would be found complete. The arms and limbs would be shrunken in some from want of due exercise—in many, the head would be entirely missing. As a man is himself the measure by which he judges other men, he will form a defective estimate of others who is defective himself.

Thus, to aim at excellence is to increase the power of understanding others. The quality of that self-knowledge, on which all efficiency is built, the Arabian proverb teaches us in the saying, 'Men are Four,' which is now put into English verse. *

> The man who knows not that he knows not aught—
> He is a fool; no light shall ever reach him.
> Who knows he knows not, and would fain be taught—
> He is but simple; take thou him and teach him.
>
> But whoso, knowing, knows not that he knows—
> He is asleep; go thou to him and wake him.
> The truly wise both knows, and knows he knows—
> Cleave thou to him, and nevermore forsake him.

The succeeding chapter is as it were a summary of the maxims and suggestions of preceding pages as illustrated in the characteristics of legislative orators.

* By C. E. J. in *The Spectator*.

CHAPTER XXXII

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY

It does not as I have said require an orator to write of oratory—else I should not take this subject. To live in the atmosphere of eloquence is not to acquire it. A man may be a good musical critic and be quite unable to play like Paganini, or sing like Malibran. An art-critic may appraise Leonardo da Vinci who could never paint the 'Last Supper.' Many have criticised 'Hamlet,' but none of them have written a better play. He who witnesses a boat-race can see which oarsman will come in first, though were he in the boat himself he would come in last. For myself, I have known a sufficient number of orators to become a connoisseur of oratory. But though I have lived near the rose, I have not myself acquired the scent.

Two things are mistaken for oratory—eloquence and splendid speaking—whereas eloquence alone is oratory, and is known by readiness, fitness, and velocity of speech. Splendid speaking is description touched with colour, as may be seen in Huxley, Goldwin Smith, and Green, the historian. George Dawson was a speaker of repute in his day as the greatest platform talker known in this century. He not only rewarded your attention, he engaged it. The difference between the speaker and the orator may be seen in this :—

A good speaker is one who explains things with distinct ness, terseness, and lucidity.

An orator displays energy, compression, and passion.

The object of the speaker is to give information—the object of the orator is to incite to action. The speaker illumines the understanding—the orator impels and directs the passions. The speaker is a guide, the orator is a master. A speech is light—an oration is force. Europe heard it in Gambetta's voice of storm, thunder, and fire. The late Sir Robert Peel's voice stands next in my mind for volcanic force, summoning attention and holding it. He who considers what the qualities of the public speaker are, will better understand what the qualities of the orator are. Pitt in the last century, and Chamberlain in this, are notable examples of commanding speakers. Romilly, in his *Dialogue with Percival*, says 'Pitt, who could speak fluently three hours together, came about us like the tide along the Lancashire sands, always shallow, but always just high enough to drown us.' Chamberlain who singularly resembles Pitt in personal features, is not 'shallow' save intermittently, but he has Pitt's overcomingness in his clearness and directness, lacking Pitt's commanding voice and dignity of gesture. I was present a few years ago in an assembly at which Mr Chamberlain spoke, as did also several other distinguished persons. A stranger who knew none of them would say that Mr Chamberlain was the most gentlemanly speaker of them all, save Mr Gladstone, in readiness, undemonstrativeness, in resolution of tone and directness of expression; displaying not the force of passion, but the force of will, which are characteristics of the gentlemanly speaking, I go no further. Other qualities of the gentlemanly manner are considerate courtesy, which is modest before genius, and whch never wounds the susceptibility of the humblest by contemptuousness or disparagement—attainments which do not always accompany gifts of speech.

The good speaker is the Light-giver. I once asked the late John Stuart Mill as to the qualities of the late Lord

Derby, then Lord Stanley; he said, 'Lord Stanley is the only young nobleman I know who thinks it necessary to give reasons for the opinions he holds.' Logic is the light of speech. John Arthur Roebuck was the most mathematical speaker in Parliament in his time. He knew that the shortest distance between one point and another was a straight line, and he took it. Sitting at his table one day, he told me what he was going to say at Salisbury, where, at the Bishop's request, he was to deliver prizes to students. A fortnight later, I read a report of his speech in the *Times*, which, so far as I remembered, was word for word what he had said to me. The reason was that the words of a perfect statement are not changeable. If any term can be changed for the better it means that a wrong word has been used. Thus, to a trained mind, understanding is in place of memory. The chosen words recur to the speaker because they are inevitable; none others will express the sense intended.

John Stuart Mill was a speaker of similar quality. He had principles, which guide the politician (as the Pole star does the mariner) through the tumultuous sea of party questions, which to other minds are trackless. A principle is a magnet which draws particles of sense, like steel, from all quarters to itself. He had also promptness in repartee, which always commands admiration in Parliament. When Lord Cranbrook, then Mr Gathorne Hardy, whom Mr Justin M'Carthy describes as 'fluent as the sand in an hour-glass, and stirring as the roll of a drum—but often as dry as the sand and empty as the drum'—when he (Mr Hardy) taunted Mr Mill with saying that the Tories were the 'stupid party,' Mr Mill at once rejoined: 'The honourable member misunderstands me. I never said that every Tory was stupid—what I said was, that if a man was stupid he was sure to be a Tory.'

Lord Cranbrook was a type of the explosive speaker. His father was an ironmaster, and Lord Cranbrook always

spoke like a blast furnace. He produced common-places red hot, and spoke them with a red face, as I have often seen him. He would have been leader of the House when his party was in power but for his explosive tendencies.

Lord Sherbrooke, when Mr Lowe, displayed a classical clearness and brightness of speech. When he was contemptuous his sentences had teeth in them, which left their mark upon the mind. In the grey of a morning in 1868, when the Liberals had deserted Mr Gladstone, and left him with only a majority of five on a question of State, Mr Gladstone, with his usual high spirit, at once resigned. The alarmed deserters thought they might reassure him by a vote of confidence in him, and as Mr Lowe emerged into the lobby they asked his opinion of the idea. His answer was, 'I think, gentlemen, that you cannot unpull a man's nose,' which ended that project.

Lord Derby was not a fluent speaker, but he excelled in vigorous lucidity. The hearer came to see exactly what Lord Derby saw, and what otherwise he would not see—the common-sense of a contested question, which only few persons ever do perceive.

In ease, in grace, in silvery tones, in the confidence he created that he could say, and continue to say, whatever he willed to say, no speaker, save one, in his parliamentary days exceeded Lord Coleridge.

Lord Westbury had in him the making of a Lord Chancellor, of the quality of Lord Bacon. All the details of the most complicated subject lay open before his mind, in clear order. Never from a form so lusty and bucolic in appearance did words proceed so low, so continuous, so pellucid, so keen, and so unerring. His sentences were as clear cut as though turned out of one of Sharp and Roberts' lathes. I once heard him plead a case, when the court adjourned for lunch as he arrived at the word sesquipedalian. He had got only 'sesqui' pronounced. When the court returned he went on with 'pedalian' as though no interrup-

tion had occurred. He never lost the continuity of his argument. In reply in the House of Lords to the Bishop of Oxford, then unfairly known as 'Soapy Sam,' Lord Westbury remarked, 'I will now answer the saponaceous oratory of the right reverend prelate.'

Of all the great speakers of our time none have been more instructive or more self-possessed than Cobden. He was the greatest master of statement in Parliament or on the platform. Demands of agitation left him too little time to predetermine what he would say, but he determined it while he was saying it. Like Bunyan—who saw principles like men walking in the streets—so Cobden saw sentences as palpable things. He saw his words in the air before him as they left his lips. If he had put a proposition in terms redundant he restated it with retrenchment—that it might be more clearly seen. If the terms used were too brief he supplied those lacking—lest his argument might be incomplete. If a phrase went too far he qualified it, so that when he left it ignorance could not misunderstand his meaning, nor malignity pervert it. When it was proposed in the House of Commons to go to war with America to procure cotton, so that our Lancashire weavers might not starve, Mr Cobden answered to the effect that war is not proposed by any honourable members from hatred to the American people—no one professes that; nor from love of war—no one had the inhumanity to avow that. The contention is that war would save us expense in supporting our unemployed weaver population by bringing cotton from the South. 'Since economy is the reason,' said Cobden, 'it might be well to observe that it would be far cheaper to feed all our unemployed people on turtle soup and champagne than go to war for cotton.' It would be better for the weavers, and neither make bad blood between kindred nor shed good blood in fratricidal battle.

Such is good public speaking—whose qualities are that it gives light, information, and direction without wasting time

by prolixity or perplexing the public understanding by ambiguity, or depraving the public ear by verbiage.

The orator is of a different order. He is a speaker inspired by purpose and passion. He has a torrid fervour—energy, action—the power of seeing the essential parts of his subject, velocity and fitness of expression, presenting an impelling argument with a directness that cannot be mistaken, and a force that cannot be evaded. Sometimes a single burst of scorn is a speech, as when Henry Clay, in his abolition days, made the famous retort to the slave-owners who tried to drown his voice by hisses, by exclaiming, 'That is the sound you hear when the waters of truth drop upon the fires of hell.'

There are six names in the memory of most persons which illustrate the characteristics of parliamentary oratory—Shiel, O'Connell, Beaconsfield, Cowen, Bright and Gladstone.

Shiel was a small man with a small voice, two disadvantages which only genius can cancel. He had a voice which squealed, but his sentences had a flame in them which scorched the adversary they touched. At other times, as Hawthorne said, 'He spoke with a strange wild sound like a language half blown away by the wind.' Shiel had Irish fervour of speech and French vivacity of action. There may be those who remember seeing Stella Colas as Juliet, in the garden scene with Romeo, throw herself forward as though she would fall out of the window; so Shiel threw his body across the table of the House of Commons in uttering his famous reply to the Duke of Wellington, who had said the Irish were aliens in race, blood and religion. His accents were in his hair, his eyes, in his arms, in every limb. He was alive all over, and from this confluence of action proceeded a piercing stream of sentences of scorn and fire.

O'Connell had the three greatest qualities of an orator, (1) a commanding figure—his words came from above you; (2) a voice which could be heard by everyone, without which the entire audience cannot be moved; (3) the sagacity to

say things which most interested those who heard them. O'Connell, besides a majestic stature, had a three-fold voice: one of persuasiveness in the law court, one of dignity in Parliament, another of resounding raciness on the platform. He told us at a meeting in London how the birth-rate in Dublin had decreased 5000 a year for four years, adding, 'I charge the British Government with the murder of those 20,000 infants who never were born.' He saw nothing absurd in it, nor under his magical voice did his hearers until the next day. An Irish schoolmaster, of Birmingham, who was present, was more self-possessed. Mr Sam Timmins told me that the discerning schoolman prodded a friend near him and said, 'That is worthy of my countrymen.'

Addressing the Newhall Hill meeting in Birmingham, at which 200,000 persons were computed to be present, O'Connell observed a compact mass of 400 women from Rowley Regis, who had marched to Birmingham in the early morning. Grim and stalwart, with lusty arms, they maintained their position against the pressure of the vast throng. O'Connell's quick eye rested upon them for a moment and began his oration, exclaiming, 'Surrounded as I am by the fair, the gentle, and the good.' They might be 'good'—the Black Country industries did not make women 'fair,' and had they been 'gentle' they had never been in that turbulent throng, but the intrepid compliment told. The women cheered, and cheered afterward everything he said. The men cheered because the women did, and the crowd behind cheered because those before them cheered, and so the fortune of the great oration was made. Anyone can read how it was done in the first Lord Lytton's *New Timon*, where he says:—

> Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
> Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven.
> Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
> And wave on wave flowed into space away.
> Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
> Even to the centre of the hosts around;

> And as I thought arose the sonorous swell,
> As from church tower swings the silver bell.
> Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
> It glided, easy as a bird may glide,
> To the last verge of that vast audience sent.
> It played with each wild passion as it went,
> Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
> And sobs or laughter answered as it willed.
> Then did I know what spell of infinite choice,
> To rouse or lull, has the sweet human voice.

No member of Parliament in my time won in so short a time the reputation of an orator as Joseph Cowen. This came to pass by his speech in the House of Commons on the Bill for giving the title of Empress to the Queen. The house, impatient for the vote, was filled with cries of 'Divide, divide,' when he rose for the first time to address it. All that could be seen was his dark, luminous eye, for his stature is short; all that could be heard was a new voice of manifestly honest tone. His argument was historical, compact, brief, in which three things were said never before or since heard in that House. He spoke of the Prince Napoleon as 'the son of a usurper;' he said 'the divine right of kings was killed on the scaffold with Charles I.;' and declared that 'the superstition of royalty had never taken deep hold on the people of this country.' All this was unusual and bold. Of all the sentences none were weak, and their impetuous rush never ceased until the end—and Mr Cowen acquired the fame of an orator in a single night.

If regard be had to the triumphs of public speaking, Lord Beaconsfield might be described as the greatest orator of our time. Race, religion, fortune, and character were against him—but he had the instinct and art of expression, and was the only man in Europe who had climbed on phrases to power. He did not study principles—he studied men, whom he labelled with disabling phrases as a professor would a plant, a shell, or a bird. His voice was an organ of policy, not of feeling. He might have been sincere in a way

of his own—but he never gave the impression, even by accident, that he believed what he said. He was no more English in his mind than Napoleon the Corsican was French, whom Madame de Staël said was 'a man of unknown nature.' Disraeli was as distinct in his ideas as though he belonged to another world. But he understood this world; he influenced men like a master. He advanced himself as only the unfriended can—by being of service to his employers or his party. He had audacity and his courage never forsook him. His ambition was to dazzle men. He bewildered others, but never lost himself. Once when he was overcome, not by what he felt but from what he had taken, he could not stand at the Treasury table without clutching it, when he exclaimed that 'he was thankful there was a table between him and Mr Gladstone, or that right honourable and impetuous gentleman might spring up and attack him personally.' All he meant was that he might, but for the table, fall into the arms of his adversary. Thus he gave the public to believe that he needed protection, when all he needed was support. His merit was that he introduced pleasantry into politics. His wit stood him in the place of principle. He touched public affairs with a light hand; and being without prejudices or preferences, he often stated with admirable force the case to which he was opposed, when it did not interfere with the purpose in hand. As Cobden once said of Palmerston, he was entirely impartial, he had no bias—not even towards the truth.

Disraeli's oratory was based on a Jewish craving for effect, an instinct of speech, and early knowledge of himself. In Vivian Grey he described himself as he always remained—gracious to those who aided his ambition, vindictive to any who opposed him. Mr Stansfeld, who had no mean power of his own, early expressed in Parliament that contempt for Disraelian principles, which Lord Salisbury—when Viscount Cranbourne—published a review to expose After Stansfeld's speech, Disraeli said to a friend, 'I will do

for that educated mechanic;' a well-chosen phrase of hatred and malice. Soon after, he commenced nightly attacks on Stansfeld, as a friend of Mazzini, saying there was an underground passage between Thurloe Square, where Mazzini visited Stansfeld, and the Treasury bench on which Stansfeld then sat. This continued until ended by Bernal Osborne, with his Jewish wit, often as effective as Disraeli's, but with a generous vein in it. Sir Richard Strachey, whose elongated visage was blue, rendered so by some gunpowder explosion, abetted the attack. After this had gone on for a month, Osborne broke in, 'Mr Speaker, I think this farce has gone on long enough. Here, every night towards twelve o'clock, in stalks the honourable member for Norwich, like a tragedy king, with his dagger and his poisoned bowl; and he not only acts the character, he looks it.' This hit at Sir Richard's blue visage extinguished him in ridicule and laughter. He probably disposed of his dagger and bowl in Wardour Street, for it no more appeared in the House. Thus wit succeeded where reason had failed. Whoever stood in Disraeli's way he stabbed with words as a bravo would with a dagger. Lord Beaconsfield was the most polished gladiator Parliament has known since the days of Canning, and he would have been the first of orators had he cared for anything save the effect of it on his own fortunes.

We now turn to him whom Mr Beresford Hope described as the 'White Lion of Birmingham'—Mr Bright, who had the voice of an organ, at once strong and harmonious, which swelled but never screeched. A resolute face, and a resolute tone, gave him a commanding manner; this, united to a stately way of thinking, gave him ascendency in oratory. Disregarding details, he puts the relevance of a question so strongly that it was difficult to express in other words the same idea with equal force. As I have said elsewhere, take this passage in one of Bright's orations, in which you see his passion for justice and his method of speech. He exclaims:—

'I believe there is no permanent greatness in a nation, except it be based on morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown; I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England less likely to speak irreverently of the crown and monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military displays, pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls and stately mansions do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage.'

Here is the Homeric trend of simplicity and power, not among metaphysical abstractions (which flit before the mind like shadows) but among men and things, palpable to every one, and touching living interests. But let anyone turn to the record of Mr Bright's speeches in the Anti-Corn Laws days, and compare the recurrence of famous figures of speech thirty years later, and he will see that the crude form of the earlier day and the finished expression of later years, is as different as the flint-headed spear of the Mongol from the rapier of Toledo. A famous statue is not cut out of the first block the sculptor lays his hands upon, nor is an oration perfected except by many efforts.

In the clearness and melody of a far-reaching voice, in spontaneity of expression, in fertility of thought, begotten by the subject while speaking upon it—in action animated by the sense of mastery and conviction, Mr Gladstone excels all living orators. He poises himself on words as an eagle poises himself in the air. When the Opposition speakers in Parliament have unexpectedly collapsed, Mr Gladstone (when leader of the House) is suddenly called upon by the Speaker to close the debate. To reply at once on what has not been said, as well as upon what has, requires consideration. I have heard Mr Gladstone on such

occasions speak for several minutes without saying anything. What you hear is a well-woven texture of articulation—an unbroken continuity of argumentative mist—an almost infinite and coherent extension of glittering vapour. The circumambient air is thick with words, all connected—with nothing. An Italian poet has described exactly what takes place :—

> I certainly beheld (nor do suppose
> My sight deceived me aught) that in the air,
> A fume or vapour thin and subtle rose,
> And by the wind began revolving there :
> Thence to the topmost clouds its sprays it throws,
> But of a substance so exceeding rare,
> That scarce the naked eye its form could see :
> It seemed as like the clouds composed to be.

All at once the cloud is cleared away with a sudden gesture and you hear the words 'Mr Speaker.' The orator then has made up his mind as to the scope of his reply, and then follows a stream of sentences direct, compact, and pungent—crisp as the curling wave, definite as the bullet. Mr Gladstone is the greatest orator of our time, who can be serious and humorous, earnest without being heavy, vehement without imputation—a very rare attainment. In all the hurricane of personalities, at one time blown upon him from every quarter, only one charge of imputation was brought against Mr Gladstone, and that was that he had described an opponent as a 'certain' person. It is not giving a political but a rhetorical opinion to say that there is no example on record of any speaker of Mr Gladstone's eminence who has displayed his abstinence from personal imputation—the easiest and most popular of all the arts of oratory. Invective relieves the speaker of the trouble of proof, and delights the auditor who ceases to think of the question at issue, and does not know that it is withdrawn from his mind. Outraged partisans then appear upon the scene and principles disappear.

Of the two great orators of whom I have spoken Mr

Gladstone has the subtler reason—Mr Bright had the stronger fire. Mr Gladstone is moved by a sense of duty, which seeks for reasons and waits for occasions. Mr Bright was incited by a sense of justice, which is impetuous and acts from indignation. Mr Bright's eloquence was more volcanic and imposing; Mr Gladstone's more resembles lightning—greater in vividness, and revealing under its flashes a greater extent of hidden country. Mr Bright seemed to take just the quantity of words upon the platform which he required, and, like parts of a well-fitting structure, each word fell into its place as the mighty oration proceeded. With Mr Gladstone it is as though he took upon the platform with him vast piles of the English language, from which he takes, with a swift hand, whatever he requires for the purpose of the moment; words of strength, or beauty, or brightness—of light, or shade, or force, until each passage is perfect. When a sentence is begun, you cannot always foresee how Mr Gladstone will end it. But the great artist never fails. His eye sees all the while the fitting word lying by his side, and he dashes it in with the spontaneity of a master, and light is diffused all over the argument, as in a picture which has just received the final touch of genius. That is Parliamentary oratory. The audience is the most cultivated and critical in the world. The finish which is applauded in the Senate would seem tameness on the platform.

In that arena where distinction won reaches to posterity, there are discerning plaudits for those felicities of speech which Tennyson describes in *Virgil*:—

> Landscape-lover, lord of language, more than he that sang the Works and Days,
> All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase;
> Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd,
> All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word.

The qualities of the noblest style are all comprised in this

splendid praise. But the House of Commons, though fastidious, is not foolish—neither is it impatient to do right; as a rule, it is not impatient to do anything, but it likes to know what it is doing. It thinks with Mark Antony—

> Who tells me true,
> Tho' in the tale lie death,
> I hear him as he flattered.

And the working-class member who, like Mr Burt, is diffident without being afraid and intelligent without being presumptuous, may gain the ear of the House. It may be charmed by a picturesque phrase, as it was by the Irish member who praised the whisky of his country above all other 'because it went down the throat like a torchlight procession.' The House gives ear to an honest voice. There are some members of Parliament in whose voice there is an accent of petty larceny. But he who, speaking with sincerity of manner, gives information upon subjects which he knows and is known to know, he is listened to, however unpretending or vernacular may be the language in which he tells his story.

I omit many high names and many illustrations of the distinction other speakers and orators have attained which would interest the readers as much as those I have cited. I omit them lest by too great variety I distract attention from the nature of oratory, which it is my duty to make clear and keep clear in the reader's mind. Most of us hope that the English Parliament may maintain its ascendency as the first political assembly in the world. Most of us hope that its members will always so comport themselves in dignity and excellence as to challenge the imitation of public men. Whatever time may be given to increase public interest in the high character of Parliament, or inspire any who may go there with the desire to sustain it, is of the nature of patriotism.

One merit always remains to Parliament. What a man says is more regarded than how he says it. Landor

warned one, inattentive to this, who had brilliance without purpose :—

Here lies our honest friend, Sam Parr,
A better man than most men are.
So learned, he could well dispense
Sometimes with merely common-sense ;
So voluble, so eloquent,
You little heeded what he meant.

The speaker and the orator alike must mean something, and something distinctive. All men cannot be orators, but every man will speak better and write better by knowing the qualities which go to make the orator. Lord Brougham defined oratory in the sense in which he himself excelled in it, as the power of seeing, when you begin a sentence, all through it, and of knowing at the opening what the end is to be.

Protracted and parenthetical as Brougham's sentences often were, there was never confusion in them ; they always terminated intelligibly. The parenthesis, when limited and direct, is a sign of mastery, showing that the speaker never looses sight of his subject. Concentration and directness make the force of speech. Too many objects presented to the mind prevent the points essential being seen. Too much said means something relevant hidden by a crowd of words, which essential something should stand distinct, clear, open, alone, and endowed with the glory of space. Economy in words, stopping at sufficiency, implies mastery of statement. Captain Cuttle said 'his power to put his hands on a few words whenever he wanted them came from his not wasting them as some do.' Walter Savage Landor, who himself equalled Plutarch in the vigour which comes of terseness, said :—

'Phocion conquered with few soldiers, and he convinced with few words. I know not what better description I could give you either of a great captain or a great orator.'

THE END.

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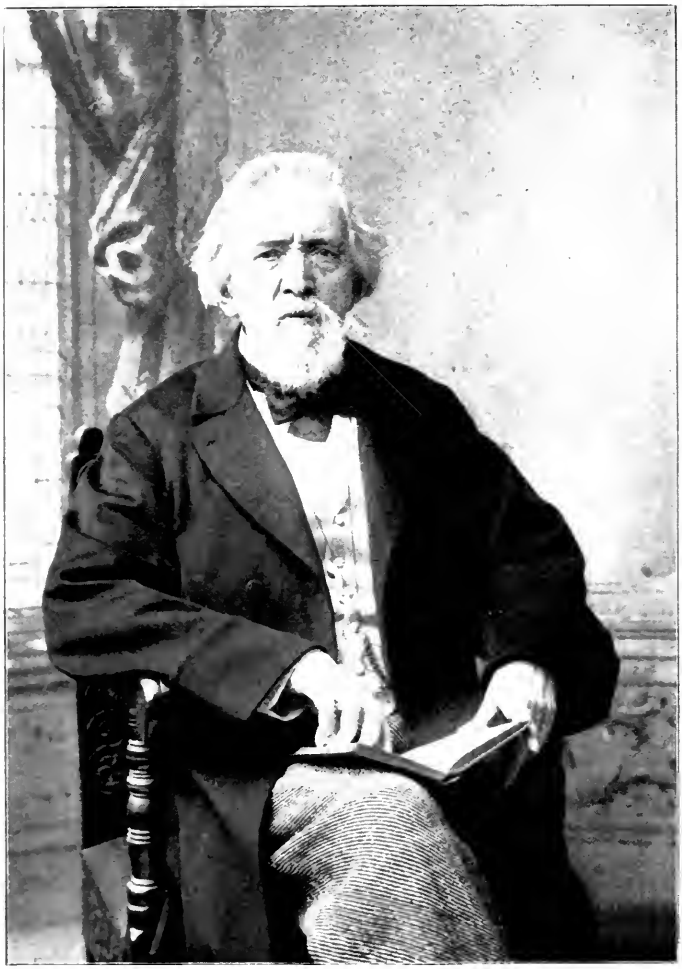

George Jacob Holyoake

ENGLISH SECULARISM

A CONFESSION OF BELIEF

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

THINK

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1896

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE OPEN COURT, in which the series of articles constituting this work originally appeared, has given account of many forms of faith, supplementary or confirmatory of its own, and sometimes of forms of opinions dissimilar where there appeared to be instruction in them. It will be an advantage to the reader should its editor state objections, or make comments, as he may deem necessary and useful. English Secularism is as little known in America as American and Canadian Secularisation is understood in Great Britain. The new form of free thought known as English Secularism does not include either Theism or Atheism. Whether Monism, which I can conceive as a nobler and scientific form of Theism, might be a logical addition to the theory of Secularism, as set forth in the following pages, the editor of *The Open Court* may be able to show. If this be so, every open-minded reader will better see the truth by comparison. Contrast is the incandescent light of argument.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

EASTERN LODGE, BRIGHTON, ENGLAND,
February, 1896.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

AMONG the representative freethinkers of the world Mr. George J. Holyoake takes a most prominent position. He is a leader of leaders, he is the brain of the Secularist party in England, he is a hero and a martyr of their cause.

Judged as a man, Mr. Holyoake is of sterling character; he was not afraid of prison, nor of unpopularity and ostracism, nor of persecution of any kind. If he ever feared anything, it was being not true to himself and committing himself to something that was not right. He was an agitator all his life, and as an agitator he was—whether or not we agree with his views—an ideal man. He is the originator of the Secularist movement that was started in England; he invented the name Secularism, and he was the backbone of the Secularist propaganda ever since it began. Mr. Holyoake left his mark in the history of thought, and the influence which he exercised will for good or evil remain an indelible heirloom of the future.

Secularism is not the cause which The Open Court Publishing Co. upholds, but it is a movement which on account of its importance ought not to be overlooked. Whatever our religious views may be, we must reckon with the conditions that exist, and Secularism is powerful enough to deserve general attention.

What is Secularism?

Secularism espouses the cause of the world *versus* theology; of the secular and temporal *versus* the sacred and ecclesiastical. Secularism claims that religion ought never to be anything but a

private affair; it denies the right of any kind of church to be associated with the public life of a nation, and proposes to supersede the official influence which religious institutions still exercise in both hemispheres.

Rather than abolish religion or paralyse its influence, The Open Court Publishing Co. would advocate on the one hand to let the religious spirit pervade the whole body politic, together with all public institutions, and also the private life of every single individual; and on the other hand to carry all secular interests into the church, which would make the church subservient to the real needs of mankind.

Thus we publish Mr. Holyoake's Confession of Faith, which is an exposition of Secularism, not because we are Secularists, which we are not, but because we believe that Mr. Holyoake is entitled to a hearing. Mr. Holyoake is a man of unusually great common sense, of keen reasoning faculty, and of indubitable sincerity. What he says he means, and what he believes he lives up to, what he recognises to be right he will do, even though the whole world would stand up against him. In a word, he is a man who according to our conception of religion proves by his love of truth that, however he himself may disclaim it, he is actually a deeply religious man. His religious earnestness is rare, and our churches would be a good deal better off if all the pulpits were filled with men of his stamp.

We publish Mr. Holyoake's Confession of Faith not for Secularists only, but also and especially for the benefit of religious people, of his adversaries, of his antagonists; for they ought to know him and understand him; they ought to appreciate his motives for dissenting from church views; and ought to learn why so many earnest and honest people are leaving the church and will have nothing to do with church institutions.

Why is it that Christianity is losing its hold on mankind? Is it because the Christian doctrines have become antiquated, and does the church no longer adapt herself to the requirements of the

present age? Is it that the representative Christian thinkers are lacking in intellectuality and moral strength? Or is it that the world at large has outgrown religion and refuses to be guided by the spiritual counsel of popes and pastors?

Whatever the reason may be, the fact itself cannot be doubted, and the question is only, What will become of religion in the future? Will the future of mankind be irreligious (as for instance Mr. Lecky and M. Guyau prophesy); or will religion regain its former importance and become again the leading power in life, dominating both public and private affairs?

The first condition of a reconciliation between religion and the masses of mankind would be for religious men patiently to listen to the complaints that are made by the adversaries of Christianity, and to understand the position which honest and sensible freethinkers, such as Mr. Holyoake, take. Religious leaders are too little acquainted with the world at large; they avoid their antagonists like outcasts, and rarely, if ever, try to comprehend their arguments. In the same way, freethinkers as a rule despise clergymen as hypocrites who for the sake of a living sell their souls and preach doctrines which they cannot honestly believe. In order to arrive at a mutual understanding, it would be necessary first of all that both parties should discontinue ostracising one another and become mutually acquainted. They should lay aside for a while the weapons with which they are wont to combat one another in the public press and in tract literature; they should cease scolding and ridiculing one another and simply present their own case in terse terms.

This Mr. Holyoake has done. His Confession of Faith is as concise as any book of the kind can be; and he, being the originator of Secularism and its standard-bearer, is the man who speaks with authority.

For the sake of religion, therefore, and for promoting the mutual understanding of men of a different turn of mind, we present his book to the public and recommend its careful perusal especially

to the clergy, who will learn from this book some of the most important reasons why Christianity has become unacceptable to a large class of truth-loving men, who alone for the sake of truth find it best to stay out of the church.

The preface of a book is as a rule not deemed the right place to criticise an author, but such is the frankness and impartiality of Mr. Holyoake that he has kindly permitted the manager of The Open Court Publishing Co. to criticise his book freely and to state the disagreements that might obtain between publishers and author in the very preface of the book. There is no need of making an extensive use of this permission, as a few remarks will be sufficient to render clear the difference between Secularism and the views of The Open Court Publishing Co., which we briefly characterise as "the Religion of Science."

Secularism divides life into what is secular and what is religious, and would consign all matters of religion to the sphere of private interests. The Religion of Science would not divide life into a secular and a religious part, but would have both the secular and the religious united. It would carry religion into all secular affairs so as to sanctify and transfigure them; and for this purpose it would make religion practical, so as to be suited to the various needs of life; it would make religion scientifically sound, so as to be in agreement with the best and most scientific thought of the age; it would reform church doctrines and raise them from their dogmatic arbitrariness upon the higher plain of objective truth.

In emphasising our differences we should, however, not fail to recognise the one main point of agreement, which is our belief in science. Mr. Holyoake would settle all questions of doubt by the usual method of scientific investigation. But there is a difference even here, which is a different conception of science. While science to Mr. Holyoake is secular, we insist on the holiness and religious significance of science. If there is any revelation of God, it is truth; and what is science but truth ascertained? Therefore

we would advise all preachers and all those to whose charge souls of men are committed, to take off their shoes when science speaks to them, for science is the voice of God.

The statement is sometimes made by those who belittle science in the vain hope of exalting religion, that the science of yesterday has been upset by the science of to-day, and that the science of to-day may again be upset by the science of to-morrow. Nothing can be more untrue.

Of course, science must not be identified with the opinion of scientists. Science is the systematic statement of facts, and not the theories which are tentatively proposed to fill out the gaps of our knowledge. What has once been proved to be a fact has never been overthrown, and the actual stock of science has grown slowly but surely. The discovery of new facts or the proposition of a new and reliable hypothesis has often shown the old facts of science in a new light, but it has never upset or disproved them. There are fashions in the opinions of scientists, but science itself is above fashion, above change, above human opinion. Science partakes of that stern immutability, it is endowed with that eternality and that omnipresent universality which have since olden times been regarded as the main attribute of Godhood.

There appears in all religions, at a certain stage of the religious development, a party of dogmatists. They are people who, in their zeal, insist on the exclusiveness of their own religion, as if truth were a commodity which, if possessed by one, cannot be possessed by anybody else. They know little of the spirit that quickens, but believe blindly in the letter of the dogma. It is not faith in their opinion that saves, but the blindness of faith. They interpret Christ's words and declare that he who has another interpretation must be condemned.

The dogmatic phase in the development of religion is as natural as boyhood in a human life and as immaturity in the growth of fruit; it is natural and necessary, but it is a phase only which will pass as inevitably by as boyhood changes into manhood, and as

the prescientific stage in the evolution of civilisation gives way to a better and deeper knowledge of nature.

The dogmatist is in the habit of identifying his dogmatism with religion; and that is the reason why his definitions of religion and morality will unfailingly come in conflict with the common sense of the people. The dogmatist makes religion exclusive. In the attempt of exalting religion he relegates it to supernatural spheres, thus excluding it from the world and creating a contrast between the sacred and the profane, between the divine and the secular, between religion and life. Thus it happens that religion becomes something beyond, something extraneous, something foreign to man's sphere of being. And yet religion has developed for the sake of sanctifying the daily walks of man, of making the secular sacred, of filling life with meaning and consecrating even the most trivial duties of existence.

Secularism is the reaction against dogmatism, but secularism still accepts the views of the dogmatist on religion; for it is upon the dogmatist's valuations and definitions that the secularist rejects religion as worthless.

* * *

The religious movement, of which The Open Court Publishing Co. is an exponent, represents one further step in the evolution of religious aspirations. As alchemy develops into chemistry, and astrology into astronomy, as blind faith changes into seeing face to face, as belief changes into knowledge, so the religion of miracles, the religion of a salvation by magic, the religion of the dogmatist, ripens into the religion of pure and ascertainable truth. The old dogmas, which in their literal acceptance appear as nonsensical errors, are now recognised as allegories which symbolise deeper truths, and the old ideals are preserved not with less, but with more, significance than before.

God is not smaller but greater since we know more about Him, as to what He is and what He is not, just as the universe is

not smaller but larger since Copernicus and Kepler opened our eyes and showed us what the relation of our earth in the solar system is and what it is not.

Secularism is one of the signs of the times. It represents the unbelief in a religious alchemy; but its antagonism to the religion of dogmatism does not bode destruction but advance. It represents the transition to a purer conception of religion. It has not the power to abolish the church, but only indicates the need of its reformation.

It is this reformation of religion and of religious institutions which is the sole aim of all the publications of The Open Court Publishing Co., and we see in Secularism one of those agencies that are at work preparing the way for a higher and nobler comprehension of the truth.

Mr. Holyoake's aspirations, in our opinion, go beyond the aims which he himself points out, and thus his Confession of Faith, although nominally purely secular, will finally, even by churchmen, be recognised in its religious importance. It will help to purify the confession of faith of the dogmatist.

In offering Mr. Holyoake's best and maturest thoughts to the public, we hope that both the secularists and the believers in religion will by and by learn to understand that Secularism as much as dogmatism is a phase—both are natural and necessary phases—in the religious evolution of mankind. There is no use in scolding either the dogmatist or the secularist, or in denouncing the one on account of his credulity and superstition, and the other on account of his dissent; but there is a use in—nay, there is need of—understanding the aspirations of both.

There is a need of mutual exchange of thought on the basis of mutual esteem and good-will. Above all, there is a need of opening the church doors to the secularist.

The church, if it has any right of existence at all, is for the world, and not for believers alone. Church members can learn from the secularist many things which many believers seem to have

forgotten, and, on the other hand, they can teach the unbeliever what he has overlooked in his sincere attempts at finding the truth.

May Mr. Holyoake's confession of faith be received in the spirit in which the author wrote it, which is a candid love of truth, and also in the spirit in which the publishers undertook its publication, with the irenic endeavor of letting every honest aspiration be rightly understood and rightly valued.

PAUL CARUS,
Manager of The Open Court Publishing Co.

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CHAPTER I.

OPEN THOUGHT THE FIRST STEP TO INTELLIGENCE.

> "It is not prudent to be in the right too soon, nor to be in the right against everybody else. And yet it sometimes happens that after a certain lapse of time, greater or lesser, you will find that one of those truths which you had kept to yourself as premature, but which has got abroad in spite of your teeth, has become the most commonplace thing imaginable.
>
> —*Alphonse Karr.*

ONE purpose of these chapters is to explain how unfounded are the objections of many excellent Christians to Secular instruction in State, public, or board schools. The Secular is distinct from theology, which it neither ignores, assails, nor denies. Things Secular are as separate from the Church as land from the ocean. And what nobody seems to discern is that things Secular are in themselves quite distinct from Secularism. The Secular is a mode of instruction; Secularism is a code of conduct. Secularism does conflict with theology; Secularist teaching would, but Secular instruction does not.

Persuaded as I am that lack of consideration for the convictions of the reader creates an impediment

in the way of his agreement with the writer, and even disinclines him to examine what is put before him; yet some of these pages may be open to this objection. If so, it is owing to want of thought or want of art in statement, and is no part of the intention of the author.

He would have diffidence in expressing, as he does in these pages, his dissent from the opinions of many Christian advocates—for whose character and convictions he has great respect, and for some even affection—did he not perceive that few have any diffidence or reservation (save in one or two exalted instances[1]) in maintaining their views and dissenting from his.

Open thought, which in this chapter is brought under the reader's notice is sometimes called "self-thought," or "free thought," or "original thought"—the opposite of conventional second-hand thought—which is all that the custom-ridden mass of mankind is addicted to.

Open thought has three stages:

The first stage is that in which the right to think independently is insisted on; and the free action of opinion—so formed—is maintained. Conscious power thus acquired satisfies the pride of some; others limit its exercise from prudence. Interests, which would be jeopardised by applying independent thought to received opinion, keep more persons silent, and thus many never pass from this stage.

[1] Of whom the greatest is Mr. Gladstone.

The second stage is that in which the right of self-thought is applied to the criticism of theology, with a view to clear the way for life according to reason. This is not the work of a day or year, but is so prolonged that clearing the way becomes as it were a profession, and is at length pursued as an end instead of a means. Disputation becomes a passion and the higher state of life, of which criticism is the necessary precursor, is lost sight of, and many remain at this stage when it is reached and go no further.

The third stage is that where ethical motives of conduct apart from Christianity are vindicated for the guidance of those who are indifferent about theology, or who reject it altogether. Supplying to such persons Secular reasons for duty is Secularism, the range of which is illimitable. It begins where free thought usually ends, and constitutes a new form of constructive thought, the principles and policy of which are quite different from those acted upon in the preceding stages. Controversy concerns itself with what *is*; Secularism with what *ought* to be.

It is pertinent here to say that Christianity does not permit eclecticism—that is, it does not tolerate others selecting portions of Christian Scriptures possessing the mark of intrinsic truth, to which many could cheerfully conform in their lives. This rule compels all who cannot accept the entire Scriptures to deal with its teachings as they find them expressed, and for which Christianity makes itself responsible.

All the while it is quite evident that Christians do permit eclecticism among themselves. The great Congress of the Free Churches, recently held in Nottingham, representing the personal and vital form of Christianity, had a humanness and tolerance unmanifested by Christianity before, showing that humanity is stronger than historical integrity. If any one, therefore, should draw up, as might be done, a theory of Christianity solely from such doctrines as are represented in the elliptical preaching, practice, and social life of Christians of to-day, a very different estimate of the Christian system would have to be given from that with which the author deals in the subsequent chapters. In them Christianity is represented as Freethought has found it, and as it exists in the Scriptures, in the law, in the pulpit, and in the school, which constitute its total force in the respects in which it represses and discourages independent thought. Science, truth, and criticism have engrafted themselves on historic Christianity. It has now new articles of belief. When it avows them it will win larger concurrence and respect than it can now command.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUESTION STATED.

"Look forward—not backward;
Look up—not down;
Look around:
Lend a hand." [1]
—*Edward Everett Hale, D. D.*

WHERE a monarchy is master, inquiry is apt to be a disturbing element; and though exercised in the interest of the commonwealth it is none the less resented. Where the priest is master inquiry is sharply prohibited. The priest represents a spiritual monarchy in which the tenets of belief are fixed, assumed to be infallible, and to be prescribed by deity. Thus the priest regards inquiry as proceeding from an impertinent distrust, to which he is not reconciled on being assured that it is undertaken in the interest of truth. Thus the king denounces inquiry as sedition, and the priest as sin. In the end the inquirer finds himself an alien in State and Church, and laws are made against his life, his liberty, property, and veracity.[2]

[1] Dr. Hale did not popularise these energetic maxims of earnestness in the connexion in which they are here used; but their wisdom is of general application.

[2] When martyrdoms and imprisonments ceased, disabling laws remained which imposed the Christian oath on all who appealed to the courts, and any

Thus from the time when monarch and priest first set up their pretensions in the world, the inquiring mind has had small encouragement. When Protestantism came it merely conceded inquiry *under direction*, and only so far as it tended to confirm its own anti-papal tenets. But when inquiry claimed to be independent, unfettered, uncontrolled,—in fact to be *free* inquiry,—then Papist, Lutheran, and Dissenter, alike regarded it as dangerous, and stigmatised it by every term calculated to deter or dissuade people from it.

But though this combined defamation of inquiry set many against it, it did not intimidate men entirely. There arose independent thinkers who held that unfettered investigation was the discoverer of truth and dangerous to error only, and that the freer it was the more effective it must be.

Still timorous-minded persons remained suspicious of *free* thought. At its best they found it involved conflict with false opinion, and conflict, to those without aspiration or conscience, is disquieting ; and where impartial investigation interfered with personal interests it was opposed. No one could enter on the search for truth without finding his path obstructed by theological errors and interdictions. Having taken the side of truth, all who were loyal to it, were bound like Bunyan's Pilgrim to withstand the Apollyons who opposed

who had the pride of veracity and declined so to swear, were denied protection for property, or credence of their word.

it, and a combat began which lasted for centuries, and is not yet ended. But though theology was always in power, men of courage at length established the right of free inquiry, and established also a free press for the publication of the results arrived at. These rights were so indispensable for progress and were so long resisted, that generations fought for them as ends in themselves. Thus there grew up, as in military affairs, a class whose profession was destruction, and free thinkers came to be regarded as negationists. When I came into the field the combat was raging. Richard Carlile had not long been liberated from successive imprisonments of more than nine years duration in all. Charles Southwell was in Bristol gaol. Before his sentence had half expired I was in Gloucester gaol. George Adams was there; Mrs. Harriet Adams was committed for trial from Cheltenham. Matilda Roalfe, Thomas Finlay, Thomas Paterson, and others were incarcerated in Scotland. Robert Buchanan and Lloyd Jones, two social missionaries—colleagues of my own —only escaped imprisonment by swearing they believed what they did not believe,—an act I refused to imitate, and no mean inconvenience has resulted to me from it. I took part in the vindication of the free publicity of opinion until it was practically conceded.

At the time when I was arrested in 1842, the Cheltenham magistrates who were angered at defiant remarks I made, had the power (and used it) of committing me to the Quarter Sessions as a "felon," where

the same justices could resent, by penalties, what I had said to them. On representations I made to Parliament—through my friend John Arthur Roebuck and others—Sir James Graham caused a Bill to be passed which removed trials for opinion to the Assizes. I was the first person tried under this act. Thus for the first time heresy was ensured a dispassionate trial and was no longer subject to the jurisdiction of local prejudice and personal magisterial resentment.

When overt acts of outrage were no longer possible against the adherents of free thought, Christians, some from fairness, and others from necessity, began to reason with them and asked: "Now you have established your claim to be heard. What have you to say?" The reply I proposed was: "Secularism—a form of opinion relating to the duty of this life which substituted the piety of useful men for the usefulness of piety."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST STAGE OF FREE THOUGHT: ITS NATURE AND LIMITATION.

> "He who cannot reason is defenceless; he who fears to reason has a coward mind; he who will not reason is willing to be deceived and will deceive all who listen to him.
>
> —*Maxim of Free Thought.*

FREE THOUGHT is founded upon reason. It is the exercise of reason, without which free thought is free foolishness. Free thought being the precursor of Secularism, it is necessary first to describe its principles and their limitation. Free thought means independent self-thinking. Some say all thought is free since a man can think what he pleases and no one can prevent him, which is not true. Unfortunately thinking can be prevented by subtle spiritual intimidation, in earlier and even in later life.

When a police agent found young Mazzini in the fields of Genoa, apparently meditating, his father's attention was called to the youth. His father was told that the Austrian Government did not permit thinking. The Inquisition intimidated nations from thinking. The priests by preventing instruction and prohibiting

books, limited thinking. Archbishop Whately shows that no one can reason without words, and since speech can be, and is, disallowed and made penal, the highway of thought can be closed. No one can think to any purpose without inquiry concerning his subject, and inquiry can be made impossible. It is of little use that any one thinks who cannot verify his ideas by comparison with those of his compeers. To prevent this is to discourage thought. In fact thousands are prevented thinking by denying them the means and the facilities of thinking.

Free thought means fearless thought. It is not deterred by legal penalties, nor by spiritual consequences. Dissent from the Bible does not alarm the true investigator, who takes truth for authority not authority for truth. The thinker who is really free, is independent; he is under no dread; he yields to no menace; he is not dismayed by law, nor custom, nor pulpits, nor society—whose opinion appals so many. He who has the manly passion of free thought, has no fear of anything, save the fear of error.

Fearlessness is the essential condition of effective thought. If Satan sits at the top of the Bible with perdition open underneath it, into which its readers will be pushed who may doubt what they find in its pages, the right of private judgment is a snare. A man is a fool who inquires at this risk. He had better accept at once the superstition of the first priest he

meets. It is not conceivable how a Christian can be a *free* thinker.

He who is afraid to know both sides of a question cannot think upon it. Christians do not, as a rule, want to know what can be said against their views, and they keep out of libraries all books which would inform others. Thus such Christians cannot think freely, and are against others doing it. Doubt comes of thinking; the Christian commonly regards doubt as sin. How can he be a free thinker who thinks thinking is a sin?

Free thought implies three things as conditions of truth:

1. Free inquiry, which is the pathway to truth.

2. Free publicity to the ideas acquired, in order to learn whether they are useful—which is the encouragement of truth.

3. The free discussion of convictions without which it is not possible to know whether they are true or false, which is the verification of truth.

A man is not a man unless he is a thinker; he is a fool having no ideas of his own. If he happens to live among men who do think, he browses like an animal on their ideas. He is a sort of kept man being supported by the thoughts of others. He is what in England is called a pauper, who subsists upon "outdoor relief," allowed him by men of intellect.

Without the right of publicity, individual thought, however praiseworthy and however perfect, would be

barren to the community. Algernon Sidney said: "The best legacy I can leave my children is free speech and the example of using it."

The clergy of every denomination are unfriendly to its use. The soldiers of the cross do not fight adversaries in the open. Mr. Gladstone alone among eminent men of piety has insisted upon the duty of the Church to prove its claims in discussion. In his Introduction to his address at the Liverpool College (1872 or 1873) he said: "I wish to place on record my conviction that belief cannot now be defended by reticence any more than by railing, or by any privileges or assumption." Since the day of Milton there has been no greater authority on the religious wisdom of debate.

Thought, even theological, is often useless, ill-informed, foolish, mischievous, or even wicked; and he alone who submits it to free criticism gives guarantees that he means well, and is self-convinced. By criticism alone comes exposure, correction, or confirmation. The right of criticism is the sole protection of the community against error of custom, ignorance, prejudice, or incompetence. It is not until a proposition has been generally accepted after open and fair examination, that it can be considered as established and can safely be made a ground of action or belief.[1]

These are the implementary rights of thought. They are what grammar is to the writer, which teaches him

[1] See *Formation of Opinions*, by Samuel Bailey.

how to express himself, but not what to say. These rights are as the rules of navigation to the mariner. They teach him how to steer a ship but do not instruct him where to steer to.

The full exercise of these rights of mental freedom is what training in the principles of jurisprudence is to the pleader, but it does not provide him with a brief. It is conceivable that a man may come to be a master of independent thinking and never put his powers to use; just as a man may know every rule of grammar and yet never write a book. In the same way a man may pass an examination in the art of navigation and never take command of a vessel; or he may qualify for a Barrister, be called to the Bar and never plead in any court. We know from experience that many persons join in the combat for the right of intellectual freedom for its own sake, without intending or caring to use the right when won. Some are generous enough to claim and contend for these rights from the belief that they may be useful to others. This is the first stage of free thought, and, as has been said, many never pass beyond it.

Independent thinking is concerned primarily with removing obstacles to its own action, and in contests for liberty of speech by tongue and pen. The free mind fights mainly for its own freedom. It may begin in curiosity and may end in intellectual pride—unless conscience takes care of it. Its nature is icon-

oclastic and it may exist without ideas of reconstruction.

Though a man goes no further, he is a better man than he who never went as far. He has acquired a new power, and is sure of his own mind. Just as one who has learned to fence, or to shoot, has a confidence in encountering an adversary, which is seldom felt by one who never had a sword in hand, or practised at a target. The sea is an element of recreation to one who has learned to swim; it is an element of death to one ignorant of the art. Besides, the thinker has attained a courage and confidence unknown to the man of orthodox mind. Since God (we are assured) is the God of truth, the honest searcher after truth has God on his side, and has no dread of the King of Perdition—the terror of all Christian people—since the business of Satan is with those who are content with false ideas; not with those who seek the true. If it be a duty to seek the truth and to live the truth, honest discussion, which discerns it, identifies it, clears it, and establishes it, is a form of worship of real honor to God and of true service to man. If the clergyman's speech on behalf of God is rendered exact by criticism, the criticism is a tribute, and no mean tribute to heaven. Thus the free exercise of the rights of thought involve no risk hereafter.

Moreover, so far as a man thinks he gains. Thought implies enterprise and exertion of mind, and the result is wealth of understanding, to be acquired in no

other way. This intellectual property like other property, has its rights and duties. The thinker's right is to be left in undisturbed possession of what he has earned; and his duty is to share his discoveries of truth with mankind, to whom he owes his opportunities of acquiring it.

Free expression involves consideration for others, on principle. Democracy without personal deference becomes a nuisance; so free speech without courtesy is repulsive, as free publicity would be, if not mainly limited to reasoned truth. Otherwise every blatant impulse would have the same right of utterance as verified ideas. Even truth can only claim priority of utterance, when its utility is manifest. As the number and length of hairs on a man's head is less important to know, than the number and quality of the ideas in his brain.

True free thought requires special qualities to insure itself acceptance. It must be owned that the thinker is a disturber. He is a truth-hunter, and there is no telling what he will find. Truth is an exile which has been kept out of her kingdom, and Error is a usurper in possession of it; and the moment Truth comes into her right, Error has to give up its occupancy of her territory; and as everybody consciously, or unconsciously harbors some of the emissaries of the usurper, they do not like owning the fact, and they dispute the warrant of truth to search their premises,

though to be relieved of such deceitful and costly inmates would be an advantage to them.

An inalienable attribute of free thought, which no theology possesses, is absolute toleration of all ideas put forward in the interests of public truth, and submitted to public discussion. The true free thinker is in favor of the free action of all opinion which injures no one else, and of putting the best construction he can on the acts of others, not only because he has thereby less to tolerate, but from perceiving that he who lacks tolerance towards the ideas of others has no claim for the tolerance of his own. The defender of toleration must himself be tolerant. Condemning the coercion of ideas, he is pledged to combat error only by reason. Vindictiveness towards the erring is not only inconsistency, it is persecution. Thus free thought is not only self-defence against error but, by the toleration it imposes, is itself security for respectfulness in controversy.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECOND STAGE OF FREE THOUGHT: ENTERPRISE.

"Better wild ideas than no ideas at all."
—*Professor Nichol at Horsham.*

THE emancipation of the understanding from intimidation and penal restraint soon incited thinkers of enterprise to put their new powers to use. Theology being especially a forbidden subject and the greatest repressive force, inquiry into its pretensions first attracted critical attention.

In every century forlorn hopes of truth had set out to storm one or other of the ramparts of theology. Forces had been marshalled by great leaders and battle often given in the open field; and unforeseen victories are recorded, in the annals of the wars of infantine rationalism, against the full-grown powers of superstition and darkness. In every age valiant thinkers, scholars, philosophers, and critics, even priests in defiance of power, ecclesiastical and civil, have, at their own peril, explored the regions of forbidden truth.

In Great Britain it was the courage of insurgent thinkers among the working class—whom no imprison-

ment could intimidate—who caused the right of free speech and free publicity to be finally conceded. Thus rulers came round to the conclusion of Caballero, that "tolerance is as necessary in ideas as in social relations."

As soon as opinion was known to be emancipated, men began to think who never thought before. The thinker no longer had to obtain a "Ticket of Leave" from the Churches before he could inquire; he was free to investigate where he would and what he would. Power is, as a rule, never imparted nor acquired in vain, and honest men felt they owed it to those who had won freedom for them, that they should extend it. Thus it came to pass that independence was an inspiration to action in men of intrepid minds. Professor Tyndall in the last words he wrote for publication said, "I choose the nobler part of Emerson when, after various disenchantments, he exclaims, 'I *covet* truth!'" On printing these words the *Westminster Gazette* added: "The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this." The energies of intellectual intrepidity had doubtless been devoted to science and social progress; but as philosophers have found, down to Huxley's day, all exploration was impossible in that direction. Murchison, Brewster, Buckland, and other pioneers of science were intimidated. Lyell held back his book, on the Antiquity of Man, twenty years. Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer were waiting to be heard. As Huxley

has justly said: "there was no Thoroughfare into the Kingdom of Nature—By Order—Moses." Hence, to examine theology, to discover whether its authority was absolute, became a necessity. It was soon seen that there was ground for scepticism. The priests resented criticism by representing the sceptic of their pretensions, as being sceptical of everything, whereas they were only sceptics of clerical infallibility. They indeed did aver that branches of human knowledge, received as well establisned, were really open to question, in order to show that if men could not be confident of things of which they had experience, how could the Churches be confident of things of which no man had experience—and which contradicted experience? So far from disbelieving everything, scepticism went everywhere in search of truth and certainty. Since the Church could not be absolutely certain of the truth of its tenets, its duty was to be tolerant. But being intolerant it became as Julian Hibbert put it—"well-understood self-defence" to assail it. The Church fought for power, the thinker fought for truth.

Free thought among the people may be likened to a good ship manned by adventurous mariners, who, cruising about in the ocean of theology came upon sirens, as other mariners had done before—dangerous to be followed by navigators bound to ports of progress. Many were thereby decoyed to their own destruction. The sirens of the Churches sang alluring songs whose refrains were:

1. The Bible the guide of God.
2. The origin of the universe disclosed.
3. The care of Providence assured.
4. Deliverance from peril by prayer dependable.
5. Original sin effaceable by grace.
6. Perdition avoidable by faith in crucifixion.
7. Future life revealed.

These propositions were subjects of resonant hymns, sermons, and tracts, and were not, and are not, disowned, but still defended in discussion by orthodox and clerical advocates. Save salvation by the blood of Christ (a painful idea to entertain), the other ideas might well fascinate the uninquiring. They had enchanted many believers, but the explorers of whom we speak had acquired the questioning spirit, and had learned prudently to look at both sides of familiar subjects and soon discovered that the fair-seeming propositions which had formerly imposed on their imagination were unsound, unsightly, and unsafe. The Syracusans of old kept a school in which slaves were taught the ways of bondage. Christianity has kept such a school in which subjection of the understanding was inculcated, and the pupils, now free to investigate, resolved to see whether such things were true.

Then began the reign of refutation of theological error, by some from indignation at having been imposed upon, by others from zeal that misconception should end; by more from enthusiasm for facts; by the bolder sort from resentment at the intimidation

and cruelty with which inquiry had been suppressed so long; and by not a few from the love of disputation which has for some the delight men have for chess or cricket, or other pursuit which has conflict and conquest in it.

Self-determined thought is a condition of the progress of nations. Where would science be but for open thought, the nursing mother of enterprise, of discovery, of invention, of new conditions of human betterment?

A modern Hindu writer[1] tells us that: "The Hindu is sorely handicapped by customs which are prescribed by his religious books. Hedged in by minute rules and restrictions the various classes forming the Hindu community have had but little room for expansion and progress. The result has been stagnation. Caste has prevented the Hindus from sinking, but it has also preventing them from rising."

The old miracle-bubbles which the Jews blew into the air of wonder two thousand years ago, delight churches still in their childhood. The sea of theology would have been stagnant centuries ago, had not insurgent thinkers, at the peril of their lives, created commotion in it. Morals would have been poisoned on the shores of theology had not free thought purified the waters by putting the salt of reason into that sea, freshening it year by year.

[1] Pramatha Nath Bose.

CHAPTER V.

CONQUESTS OF INVESTIGATION.

"The secret of Genius is to suffer no fiction to live."—*Goethe.*

THEOLOGIANS had so choked the human mind with a dense undergrowth of dogmas that it was like cutting through an African forest, such as Stanley encountered, to find the paths of truth.

On that path, when found, many things unforeseen before, became plain. The siren songs of orthodoxy were discovered to have strange discords of sense in them.

1. The Guide of God seemed to be very human—not authentic, not consistent—containing things not readable nor explainable in the family; pagan fictions, such as the Incarnation reluctantly believable as the device of a moral deity. Men of genius and of noble ethical sympathy do however deem it defensible. In any human book the paternal exaction of such suffering as fell to Christ, would be regarded with alarm and repugnance. Wonder was felt that Scripture, purporting to contain the will of deity, should not be expressed so unmistakably that ignorance could not misunder-

stand it, nor perversity misconstrue it. The gods know how to write.

2. The origin of all things has excited and disappointed the curiosity of the greatest exploring minds of every age. That the secret of the universe is undisclosed, is manifest from the different and differing conjectures concerning it. The origin of the universe remains unknowable. What awe fills or rather takes possession of the mind which comprehends this! Why existence exists is the cardinal wonder.

3. Pleasant and free from anxiety, life would be were it true, that Providence is a present help in the day of need. Alas, to the poor it is evident that Providence does not interfere, either to befriend the good in their distress, or arrest the bad in the act of crime.

4. The power of prayer has been the hope of the helpless and the oppressed in every age. Every man wishes it was true that help could be had that way. Then every just man could protect himself at will against his adversaries. But experience shows that all entreaty is futile to induce Providence to change its universal habit of non-intervention. Prayer beguiles the poor but provides no dinner. Mr. Spurgeon said at the Tabernacle that prayer filled his meal barrel when empty. I asked that he should publish the recipe in the interests of the hungry. But he made no reply.

5. There is reason to think that original sin is not anything more than original ignorance. The be-

lief in natural depravity discourages all efforts of progress. The primal imperfection of human nature is only effaceable by knowledge and persistent endeavor. Even in things lawful to do, excess is sin, judged by human standards. There may be error without depravity.

6. Eternal perdition for conscientious belief, whether erroneous or not, is humanly incredible. The devisors of this doctrine must have been unaware that belief is an affair of ignorance, prejudice, custom, education, or evidence. The liability of the human race to eternal punishment is the foundation on which all Christianity (except Unitarianism) rests. This awful belief, if acted upon with the sincerity that Christianity declares it should be, would terminate all enjoyment, and all enterprise would cease in the world. None would ever marry. No persons, with any humanity in their hearts would take upon themselves the awful responsibility of increasing the number of the damned. The registrar of births would be the most fiendish clerk conceivable. He would be practically the secretary of hell.

The theory that all the world was lost through a curious and enterprising lady, eating an apricot or an apple, and that three thousand or more years after, mankind had to be redeemed by the murder of an innocent Jew, is of a nature to make men afraid to believe in a deity accused of contriving so dreadful a scheme.

Though this reasoning will seem to many an argu-

ment against the existence of God whereas it is merely against the attributes of deity, as ascribed to him by Christianity. If God be not moral, in the human sense of the term, he may as well be not moral at all. It is only he whose principles of justice, men can understand, that men can trust. Prof. T. H. Huxley, conspicuous for his clearness of view and dispassionateness of judgment, was of this opinion, and said: "The suggestion arises, if God is the cause of all things he is responsible for evil as well as for good, and it appears utterly irreconcilable with our notions of justice that he should punish another for that which he has in fact done himself." The poet concurs with the philosopher when he exclaims:

> "The loving worm within its clod,
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid his worlds."[1]

Christianity indeed speaks of the *love* of God in sending his son to die for the security of others. But not less is the heart of the intelligent and humane believer torn with fear, as he thinks what must be the character of that God who could only be thus appeased. The example of self-sacrifice is noble—but is it noble in any one who deliberately creates the necessity for it? The better side of Christianity seems overshadowed by the worse.

7. Future life is uncertain, being unprovable and seemingly improbable, judging from the dependence

[1] Browning.

of life on material conditions. Christians themselves do not seem confident of another existence. If they were *sure* of it, who of them would linger here when those they love and honor have gone before? Ere we reach the middle of our days, the joy of every heart lies in some tomb. If the Christian actually believed that the future was real, would he hang black plumes over the hearse, and speak of death as darkness? No! the cemeteries would be hung with joyful lights, the grave would be the gate of Paradise. Every one would find justifiable excuse for leaving this for the happier world. All tenets which are contradicted by reason had better not be.

Many preachers now disown, in controversy, these doctrines, but until they carry the professions of the platform into the statute book, the rubric, and the pulpit, such doctrines remain operative, and the Churches remain answerable for them. Nonconformists do not protest against a State Church on account of its doctrines herein enumerated. When the doctrines which conflict with reason and humanity are disowned by authority, ecclesiastical and legal, in all denominations, the duty of controverting them as impediments to progress will cease.

It may be said in reply to what is here set forth as tenets of Christian Scripture, that the writer follows the letter and not the spirit of the word. Yes, that is what he does. He is well aware of the new practice of seeking refuge in the "spirit," of "expanding" the

letter and taking a "new range of view." He however holds that to drop the "letter" is to drop the doctrine. To "expand" the "letter" is to change it. New "range of view" is the term under which desertion of the text is disguised. But "new range" means new thought, which in this insidious way is put forward to supersede the old. The frank way is to say so, and admit that the "letter" is obsolete—is gone, is disproved, and that new views which are truer constitute the new letter of progress. The best thing to do with the "dead hand" is to bury it. To try to expand dissolution is but galvanising the corpse and tying the dead to the living.

CHAPTER VI.

STATIONARINESS OF CRITICISM.

"Zeal without knowledge is like expedition to a man in the dark."—*John Newton.*

CRITICISM in theology, as in literature, is with many an intoxication. Zest in showing what is wrong is apt to blunt the taste for what is right, which it is the true end of criticism to discover. Lord Byron said critics disliked Pope because he afforded them so few chances of objection. They found fault with him because he had no faults. The criticism of theology begets complacency in many. There is a natural satisfaction in being free from the superstition of the vulgar, in the Church as well as out of it. No wonder many find abiding pleasure in the intellectual refutation of the errors of supernaturalism and in putting its priests to confusion. Absorbed in the antagonism of theology, many lose sight of ultimate utility, and regard error, not as a misfortune to be alleviated, so much as a fault to be exposed. Like the theologian whose color they take, they do not much consider whether their method causes men to dislike the truth through its manner of being offered to them. Their

ambition is to make those in error look foolish. Free thinkers of zeal are apt to become intense, and like Jules Ferry (a late French premier), care less for power, than for conflict, and the lover of conflict is not easily induced to regard the disproof of theology as a means to an end[1] higher than itself. It is difficult to impart to uncalculating zealots a sense of proportion. They dash along the warpath by their own momentum. Railway engineers find that it takes twice as much power to stop an express train as it does to start it.

When I first knew free thought societies they were engaged in Church-fighting—which is still popular among them, and which has led the public to confuse criticism with Secularism, an entirely different thing.

Insurgent thought exclusively directed, breeds, as is said elsewhere, a distinguished class of men—among scholars as well as among the uninformed—who have a passion for disputation, which like other passions "grows by what it feeds upon." Yet a limited number of such paladins of investigation are not without uses in the economy of civilisations. They resemble the mighty hunters of old, they extirpate beasts of prey which roam the theological forests, and thus they render life more safe to dwellers in cities, open to the voracious incursions of supernaturalism.

Without the class of combatants described, in whom discussion is irrepressible, and whose courage neither

[1] Buckle truly says, "Liberty is not a means, it is an end in itself." But the uses of liberty are means to ends Else why do we want liberty?

odium nor danger abates, many castles of superstition would never be stormed. But mere intellectualism generates a different and less useful species of thinkers, who neither hunt in the jungles of theology nor storm strongholds. We all know hundreds in every great town who have freed themselves, or have been freed by others, from ecclesiastical error, who remain supine. Content with their own superiority (which they owe to the pioneers who went before them more generous than they) they speak no word, and lend no aid towards conferring the same advantages upon such as are still enslaved. They affect to despise the ignorance they ought to be foremost to dissipate. They exclaim in the words of Goethe's Coptic song:

"Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay,
Mules will be mules by the laws of their mulishness,
Then be advised and leave fools to their foolishness,
What from an ass can be got but a bray."

These Coptic philosophers overlook that they would have been "asses" also, had those who vindicated freedom before their day, and raised it to a power, been as indifferent and as contemptuous as believers in the fool-theory are. Coptic thinkers forget that every man is a fool in respect of any question on which he gives an opinion without having thought independently upon it. With patience you can make a thinker out of a fool; and the first step from the fool stage is accomplished by a little thinking. It is well to remember the exclamation of Thackeray: "If thou hast

never been a fool, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man."

It is, however, but justice to some who join the stationariness, to own that they have fared badly on the warpath against error, and are entitled to the sympathy we extend to the battered soldier who falls out of the ranks on the march. Grote indicates what the severity of the service is, in the following passage from his *Mischiefs of Natural Religion*:—"Of all human antipathies that which the believer in a God bears to the unbeliever, is the fullest, the most unqualified, and the most universal. The mere circumstance of dissent involves a tacit imputation of error and incapacity on the part of the priest, who discerns that his persuasive power is not rated so highly by others as it is by himself. This invariably begets dislike towards his antagonist."

Nevertheless it is a reproach to those whom militant thought has made free, if they remain unmindful of the fate of their inferiors. Yet Christian churches, with all self-complacent superiority to which many of them are prone, are not free from the sins of indifference and superfineness. This was conspicuously shown by Southey in a letter to Sir Henry Taylor, in which he says:—"Have you seen the strange book which Anastasius Hope left for publication and which his representatives, in spite of all dissuasion, have published? His notion of immortality and heaven is that at the consummation of all things he, and you, and I,

and John Murray, and Nebuchadnezzar, and Lambert the fat man, and the Living Skeleton, and Queen Elizabeth, and the Hottentot, Venus, and Thutell, and Probert, and the Twelve Apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and Genghis Khan and all his armies, and Noah with all his ancestors and all his posterity,—yea, all men, and all women, and all children that have ever been, or ever shall be, saints and sinners alike, are all to be put together and made into one great celestial, eternal human being . . . I do not like the scheme. I don't like the notion of being mixed up with Hume, and Hunt, and Whittle Harvey, and Philpotts, and Lord Althorp, and the Huns, and the Hottentots, and the Jews, and the Philistines, and the Scotch, and the Irish. God forbid! I hope to be I, myself, in an English heaven, with you yourself,—you and some others without whom heaven would be no heaven to me."

Most of these persons would have the same dislike to be mixed up with Mr. Southey. Lord Byron would not have been enthusiastic about it. The Comtists have done something to preach a doctrine of humanity, and to put an end to this pitiful contempt of a few men for their fellows,—fellows who in many respects are often superior to those who despise them.

All superiority is apt to be contemptuous of inferiors, unless conscience and generosity takes care of it, and incites it to instruct inferior natures. The prayer of Browning is one of noble discernment:—

"Make no more giants, God—
But elevate the race at once."

Even free thought, so far as it confines itself to itself, becomes stationary. Like the squirrel in its cage:

"Whether it turns by wood or wire,
Never gets one hair's breadth higher."

If any doubt whether stationariness of thought is possible, let them think of Protestantism which climbed on to the ledge of private judgment three centuries ago—and has remained there. Instead of mounting higher and overrunning all the plateaus of error above them, it has done its best to prevent any who would do it, from ascending. There is now, however, a new order of insurgent thought of the excelsior caste which seeks to climb the heights. Distinguished writers against theology in the past have regarded destructive criticism as preparing the way to higher conceptions of life and duty. If so little has been done in this direction among working class thinkers, it is because destructiveness is more easy. It needs only indignation to perfect it, and indignation requires no effort. The faculty of constructiveness is more arduous in exercise, and is later in germination. More men are able to take a state than to make a state. Hence Secularism, though inevitable as the next stage of militant progress, more slowly wins adherents and appreciation.

CHAPTER VII.

THIRD STAGE OF FREE THOUGHT—SECULARISM.

"Nothing is destroyed until it has been replaced."—*Madame de Staël.*

SEEING this wise maxim in a paper by Auguste Comte, I asked my friend Wm. de Fonvielle, who was in communication with Comte, to learn for me the authorship of the phrase. Comte answered that it was the Emperor's (Napoleon III.). It first appeared, as I afterwards found, in the writings of Madame de Staël, and more fully expressed by her.

Self-regarding criticism having discovered the insufficiency of theology for the guidance of man, next sought to ascertain what rules human reason may supply for the independent conduct of life, which is the object of Secularism.

At first, the term was taken to be a "mask" concealing sinister features—a "new name for an old thing"—or as a substitute term for scepticism or atheism. If impressions were always knowledge, men would be wise without inquiry, and explanations would be unnecessary. The term Secularism was chosen to express the extension of free thought to ethics. Free

thinkers commonly go no further than saying, "We search for truth"[1]; Secularists say we have found it—at least, so much as replaces the chief errors and uncertainties of theology.

Harriet Martineau, the most intrepid thinker among the women of her day, wrote to Lloyd Garrison a letter (inserted in the *Liberator*, 1853) approving "the term Secularism as including a large number of persons who are not atheists and uniting them for action, which has Secularism for its object. By the adoption of the new term a vast amount of prejudice is got rid of." At length it was seen that the "new term" designated a new conception.

Secularism is a code of duty pertaining to this life, founded on considerations purely human, and intended mainly for those who find theology indefinite or inadequate, unreliable or unbelievable.

Its essential principles are three:

1. The improvement of this life by *material* means.

2. That science is the available[2] Providence of man.

3. That it is good to do good. Whether there be other good or not, the good of the present life is good, and it is good to seek that good.

[1] M. Aurelius Antoninus said, "I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured." It would be true had he said mankind. Men are continually injured by the truth, or how do martyrs come, or why do we honor them?

[2] This phrase was a suggestion of my friend the Rev. Dr. H. T. Crosskey about 1854. I afterwards used the word "available" which does not deny, nor challenge, nor affirm the belief in a theological Providence by others, who, therefore, are not incited to assail the effectual proposition that material resources are an *available* Providence where a spiritual Providence is inactive.

Individual good attained by methods conducive to the good of others, is the highest aim of man, whether regard be had to human welfare in this life or personal fitness for another. Precedence is therefore given to the duties of this life.

Being asked to send to the International Congress of Liberal Thinkers, (1886), an account of the tenets of the English party known as Secularists, I gave the following explanation to them.

"The Secular is that, the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life.

"The ground common to all self-determined thinkers is that of independency of opinion, known as free thought, which though but an impulse of intellectual courage in the search for truth, or an impulse of aggression against hurtful or irritating error, or the caprice of a restless mind, is to be encouraged. It is necessary to promote independent thought—whatever its manner of manifestation—since there can be no progress without it. A Secularist is intended to be a reasoner, that is as Coleridge defined him, one who inquires what a thing is, and not only what it is, but *why* it is what it is.

"One of two great forces of opinion created in this age, is what is known as atheism,[1] which deprives superstition of its standing-ground and compels theism to reason for its existence. The other force is material-

[1] Huxley's term agnosticism implies a different thing—unknowingness without denial.

ism which shows the physical consequences of error, supplying, as it were, beacon lights to morality.

"Though respecting the right of the atheist and theist to their theories of the origin of nature, the Secularist regards them as belonging to the debatable ground of speculation. Secularism neither asks nor gives any opinion upon them, confining itself to the entirely independent field of study—the order of the universe. Neither asserting nor denying theism or a future life, having no sufficient reason to give if called upon; the fact remains that material influences exist, vast and available for good, as men have the will and wit to employ them. Whatever may be the value of metaphysical or theological theories of morals, utility in conduct is a daily test of common sense, and is capable of deciding intelligently more questions of practical duty than any other rule. Considerations which pertain to the general welfare, operate without the machinery of theological creeds, and over masses of men in every land to whom Christian incentives are alien, or disregarded."

CHAPTER VIII.

THREE PRINCIPLES VINDICATED.

"Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise."
—*Francis Quarles.*

FIRST PRINCIPLE: *Of material means as conditions of welfare in this world.*—Theology works by "spiritual" means, Secularism by *material* means. Christians and Secularists both intend raising the character of the people, but their methods are very different. Christians are now beginning to employ material agencies for the elevation of life, which science, and not theology, has brought under their notice. But the Christian does not trust these agencies; the Secularist does, and in his mind the Secular is sacred. Spiritual means can never be depended upon for food, raiment, art, or national defence.

The Archbishop of York (Dr. Magee), a clear-headed and candid prelate, surprised his contemporaries (at the Diocesan Conference, Leicester, October 19, 1889) by declaring that "Christianity made no claim to rearrange the economic relations of man in the State, or in society. He hoped he would be understood when he said plainly that it was his firm be-

lief that any Christian State, carrying out in all its relations, the Sermon on the Mount, could not exist for a week. It was perfectly clear that a State could not continue to exist upon what were commonly called Christian principles."

From the first, Secularism had based its claims to be regarded on the fact that only the rich could afford to be Christians, and the poor must look to other principles for deliverance.

Material means are those which are calculable, which are under the control and command of man, and can be tested by human experience. No definition of Secularism shows its distinctiveness which omits to specify *material* means as its method of procedure.

But for the theological blasphemy of nature, representing it as the unintelligent tool of God, the Secular would have ennobled common life long ago. Sir Godfrey Kneller said, "He never looked on a bad picture but he carried away in his mind a dirty tint." Secularism would efface the dirty tints of life which Christianity has prayed over, but not removed.

SECOND PRINCIPLE: *Of the providence of science.*—Men are limited in power, and are oft in peril, and those who are taught to trust to supernatural aid are betrayed to their own destruction. We are told we should work as though there were no help in heaven, and pray as though there were no help in ourselves. Since, however, praying saves no ship, arrests no dis-

ease, and does not pay the tax-gatherer, it is better to work at once and without the digression of sinking prayer-buckets into empty wells, and spending life in drawing nothing up. The word illuminating secular life is *self-help*. The Secularist vexes not the ear of heaven by mendicant supplications. His is the only religion that gives heaven no trouble.

THIRD PRINCIPLE: *Of goodness as fitness for this world or another.*—Goodness is the service of others with a view to their advantage. There is no higher human merit. Human welfare is the sanction of morality. The measure of a good action is its conduciveness to progress. The utilitarian test of generous rightness in motive may be open to objection,—there is no test which is not,—but the utilitarian rule is one comprehensible by every mind. It is the only rule which makes knowledge necessary, and becomes more luminous as knowledge increases. A fool may be a believer,[1] but not a utilitarian who seeks his ground of action in the largest field of relevant facts his mind is able to survey.

Utility in morals is measuring the good of one by its agreement with the good of many. Large ideas are when a man measures the good of his parish by the good of the town, the good of the town by the good of the county, the good of the county by the good of the country, the good of the country by the

[1] The *Guardian* told us about 1887 that the Bishop of Exeter confirmed five idiots.

good of the continent, the good of the continent by the cosmopolitanism of the world.

Truth and solicitude for the social welfare of others are the proper concern of a soul worth saving. Only minds with goodness in them have the desert of future existence. Minds without veracity and generosity die. The elements of death are in the selfish already. They could not live in a better world if they were admitted.

In a noble passage in his sermon on "Citizenship" the Rev. Stopford Brooks said: "There are thousands of my fellow-citizens, men, and women, and children, who are living in conditions in which they have no true means of becoming healthy in body, trained in mind, or comforted by beauty. Life is as hard for them as it is easy for me. I cannot help them by giving them money, one by one, but I can help them by making the condition of their life easier by a good government of the city in which they live. And even if the charge on my property for this purpose increases for a time, year by year, till the work is done, that charge I will gladly pay. It shall be my ethics, *my religion*, my patriotism, my citizenship to do it."[1] The great preacher whose words are here cited, like Theodore Parker, the Jupiter of the pulpit in his day, as Wendell Phillips described him to me, is not a Secularist; but he expresses here the religion of the

[1] Preached in reference to the London County Council election, March, 1892.

Secularist, if such a person can be supposed to have a religion.

A theological creed which the base may hold, and usually do, has none of the merit of deeds of service to humanity, which only the good intentionally perform. Conscience is the sense of right with regard to others, it is a sense of duty towards others which tells us that we should do justice to them; and if not able to do it individually, to endeavor to get it done by others. At St. Peter's Gate there can be no passport so safe as this. He was not far wrong who, when asked where heaven lay, answered: "On the other side of a good action."

If, as Dr. James Martineau says, "there is a thought of God in the thing that is true, and a will of God in that which is right," Secularism, caring for truth and duty, cannot be far wrong. Thus, it has a reasonable regard for the contingencies of another life should it supervene. Reasoned opinions rely for justification upon intelligent conviction, and a well informed sincerity.

The Secularist, is without presumption of an infallible creed, is without the timorous indefiniteness of a creedless believer. He does not disown a creed because theologians have promulgated Jew-bound, unalterable articles of faith. The Secularist has a creed as definite as science, and as flexible as progress, increasing as the horizon of truth is enlarged. His creed is a confession of his belief. There is more

unity of opinion among self-thinkers than is supposed. They all maintain the necessity of independent opinion, for they all exercise it. They all believe in the moral rightfulness of independent thought, or they are guilty for propagating it. They all agree as to the right of publishing well-considered thought, otherwise thinking would be of little use. They all approve of free criticism, for there could be no reliance on thought which did not use, or could not bear that. All agree as to the equal action of opinion, without which opinion would be fruitless and action a monopoly. All agree that truth is the object of free thought, for many have died to gain it. All agree that scrutiny is the pathway to truth, for they have all passed along it. They all attach importance to the good of this life, teaching this as the first service to humanity. All are of one opinion as to the efficacy of material means in promoting human improvement, for they alone are distinguished by vindicating their use. All hold that morals are effectively commended by reason, for all self-thinkers have taught so. All believe that God, if he exists, is the God of the honest, and that he respects conscience more than creeds, for all free thinkers have died in this faith. Independent thinkers from Socrates to Herbert Spencer and Huxley[1] have all agreed:

In the necessity of free thought.

[1] See *Biographical Dictionary of Free Thinkers of all Ages and Nations*, by J. M. Wheeler, and *Four Hundred Years of Free Thought from Columbus to Ingersoll*, by Samuel Porter Putnam, containing upwards of 1,000 biographies.

In the rightfulness of it.
In the adequacy of it.
In the considerate publicity of it.
In the fair criticism of it.
In the equal action of conviction.
In the recognition of this life, and
In the material control of it.

The Secularist, like Karpos the gardener, may say of his creed, "Its points are few and simple. They are: to be a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and a good workman. I go no further," said Karpos, "but pray God to take it all in good part and have mercy on my soul."[1]

[1] Dialogue between Karpos the gardener and Bashiew Tucton, by Voltaire.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW SECULARISM AROSE.

"We must neither *lead* nor *leave* men to mistake falsehood for truth. Not to undeceive is to deceive."—*Archbishop Whately.*

BEING one of the social missionaries in the propaganda of Robert Owen, I was, like H. Viewssiew, a writer of those days, a "student of realities." It soon became clear to me, as to others, that men are much influenced for good or evil, by their environments. The word was unused then, "circumstances" was the term employed. Then as now there were numerous persons everywhere to be met with who explained everything on supernatural principles with all the confidence of infinite knowledge. Not having this advantage, I profited as well as I could by such observation as was in my power to make. I could see that material laws counted for something in the world. This led me to the conclusion that the duty of watching the ways of nature was incumbent on all who would find true conditions of human betterment, or new reasons for morality—both very much needed. To this end the name of Secularism was given to certain princi-

ples which had for their object human improvement by material means, regarding science as the providence of man and justifying morality by considerations which pertain to this life alone.

The rise and development (if I may use so fine a term) of these views may be traced in the following records.

1. "Materialism will be advanced as the only sound basis of rational thought and practice." (Prospectus of the *Movement*, 1843, written by me.)

2. Five prizes awarded to me, for lectures to the Manchester Order of Odd-fellows. These Degree Addresses (1846) were written on the principle that morality, apart from theology, could be based on human reason and experience.

3. The *Reasoner* restricts itself to the known, to the present, and seeks to realise the life that is. (Preface to the *Reasoner*, 1846.)

4. A series of papers was commenced in the *Reasoner* entitled "The Moral Remains of the Bible," one object of which was to show that those who no longer held the Bible as an infallible book, might still value it wherein it was ethically excellent. (*Reasoner*, Vol. V., No. 106, p. 17, 1848.)

5. "To teach men to see that the sum of all knowledge and duty is *Secular* and that it pertains to this world alone." (*Reasoner*, Nov. 19, 1851. Article, "Truths to Teach," p. 1.

This was the first time the word "Secular" was

applied as a general test of principles of conduct apart from spiritual considerations.

6. "Giving an account of ourselves in the whole extent of opinion, we should use the word *Secularist* as best indicating that province of human duty which belongs to this life." (*Reasoner*, Dec. 3, 1851, p. 34.

This was the first time the word "Secularist" appeared in literature as descriptive of a new way of thinking.

7. "Mr. Holyoake, editor of the *Reasoner*, will lay before the meeting [then proposed] the present position of Secularism in the provinces." (*Reasoner*, Dec. 10, 1851, p. 62.)

This was the first time the word "Secularism" appeared in the press.

The meeting above mentioned was held December 29, 1851, at which the statement made might be taken as an epitome of this book. (See *Reasoner*, No. 294, Vol. 12, p. 129. 1852.)

8. A letter on the "Future of Secularism" appeared in the *Reasoner*. (*Reasoner*, Feb. 4, 1852, p. 187.)

This was the first time Secularism was written upon as a movement. The term was the heading of a letter by Charles Frederick Nicholls.

9. "One public purpose is to obtain the repeal of all acts of Parliament which interfere with Secular practice." (Article, "Nature of Secular Societies," *Reasoner*, No. 325, p. 146, Aug. 18, 1852.)

This is exactly the attitude Secularism takes with regard to the Bible and to Christianity. It rejects such parts of the Scriptures, or of Christianism, or Acts of Parliament, as conflict with or obstruct ethical truth. We do not seek the repeal of all Acts of Parliament, but only of such as interfere with Secular progress.

10. "The friends of 'Secular Education' [the Manchester Association was then so known] are not Secularists. They do not pretend to be so, they do not even wish to be so regarded, they merely use the word Secular as an adjective, as applied to a mode of instruction. We apply it to the *nature* of all knowledge." We use the noun Secularism. No one else has done it. With others the term Secular is merely a descriptive; with us the term is used as a subject. With others it is a branch of knowledge; with us it is the primary business of life,—the name of the province of speculation to which we confine ourselves.[1] When so used in these pages the word "Secularism" or "Secularist" is employed to mark the distinction.

A Bolton clergyman reported in the *Bolton Guardian* that Mr. Holyoake had announced as the first subject of his Lectures, "Why do the Clergy Avoid Discussion and the Secularists Seek it?" (*Reasoner*, No. 328, p. 294, Vol. 12, 1852.

These citations from my own writings are sufficient

[1] See article "The Seculars—the Propriety of Their Name," by G. J. Holyoake. *Reasoner*, p. 177, Sep. 1, 1852.

to show the origin and nature of Secularism. Such views were widely accepted by liberal thinkers of the day, as an improvement and extension of free thought advocacy. Societies were formed, halls were given a Secular name, and conferences were held to organise adherents of the new opinion. The first was held in the Secular Institute, Manchester (Oct. 3, 1852). Delegates were sent from Societies in Ashton-under-Lyne, Bolton, Blackburn, Bradford, Burnley, Bury, Glasgow, Keighley, Leigh, London, Manchester, Miles Platting, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oldham, Over Darwen, Owen's Journal, Paisley, Preston, Rochdale, Stafford, Sheffield, Stockport, Todmorden.

Among the delegates were many well known, long known, and some still known—James Charlton (now the famous manager of the Chicago and Alton Railway), Abram Greenwood (now the cashier of the Co-operative Wholesale Bank of Manchester), William Mallalieu of Todmorden (familiarly known as the "Millionaire" of the original Rochdale Pioneers), Dr. Hiram Uttley of Burnley, John Crank of Stockport, Thomas Hayes, then of Miles Platting, now manager of the Crumpsall Biscuit Works of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Joseph Place of Nottingham, James Motherwell of Paisley, Dr. Henry Travis (socialist writer on Owen's system), Samuel Ingham of Manchester, J. R. Cooper of Manchester, and the present writer.

CHAPTER X.

HOW SECULARISM WAS DIFFUSED.

"Only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced on reluctant minds."
—*Herbert Spencer.*

IN 1853 the Six-Night Discussion took place in Cowper Street School Rooms, London, with the Rev. Brewin Grant, B. A. A report was published by Partridge and Oakley at 2s. 6d , of which 45,900 were sold, which widely diffused a knowledge of Secularistic views. Our adversary had been appointed with clerical ceremony, on a "Three years' mission" against us. He had wit, readiness, and an electric velocity of speech, boasting that he could speak three times faster than any one else. But he proved to be of use to us without intending it,

"His acrid words
Turned the sweet milk of kindness into curds."

whereby he set many against the cause he represented. He had the cleverness to see that there ought to be a "Christian Secularism," which raised Secularism to the level of Christian curiosity. In Glasgow, in 1854, I met Mr. Grant again during several nights' discus-

sion in the City Hall. This debate also was published, as was one of three nights with the Rev. J. H. Rutherford (afterwards Dr. Rutherford) in Newcastle on Tyne, who aimed to prove that Christianity contained the better Secularism. Thus that new form of free thought came to have public recognition.

The lease of a house, 147 Fleet Street, was bought (1852), where was established a Secular Institute, connected with printing, book-selling, and liberal publishing. Further conferences were held in July, 1854, one at Stockport. At an adjourned conference Mr. Joseph Barker (whom we had converted) presided.[1] We had a London Secular Society which met at the Hall of Science, City Road, and held its Council meetings in Mr. Le Blond's handsome house in London Wall. This work, and much more, was done before and while Mr. Bradlaugh (who afterwards was conspicuously identified with the movement) was in the army.

It was in 1854 that I published the first pamphlet on *Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People.* It commenced by showing the necessity of independent, self-helping, self-extricating opinions. Its opening passage was as follows:

"In a state of society in which every inch of land, every blade of grass, every spray of water, every bird and flower has an owner, what has the poor man to do with orthodox religion which begins by proclaim-

[1] *Reasoner*, No. 428, Vol. XVII., p. 87.

ing him a miserable sinner, and ends by leaving him a miserable slave, as far as unrequited toil goes?

"The poor man finds himself in an *armed* world where might is God, and poverty is fettered. Abroad the hired soldier blocks up the path of freedom, and the priest the path of progress. Every penniless man, woman, and child is virtually the property of the capitalist, no less in England than is the slave in New Orleans.[1] Society blockades poverty, leaving it scarce escape. The artisan is engaged in an imminent struggle against wrong and injustice; then what has he the struggler, to do with doctrines which brand him with inherited guilt, which paralyse him by an arbitrary faith, which deny saving power to good works, which menace him with eternal perdition?"

The two first works of importance, controverting Secularist principles, were by the Rev. Joseph Parker and Dr. J. A. Langford; Dr. Parker was ingenious, Dr. Langford eloquent. I had discussed with Dr. Parker in Banbury. In his *Six Chapters on Secularism*[2] which was the title of his book, he makes pleasant references to that debate. The *Christian Weekly News* of that day said: "These Six Chapters have been written by a young provincial minister of great power and promise, of whom the world has not yet heard, but of whom it will hear pleasing things some day."

[1] Not entirely so. The English slave can run away—at his own peril.

[2] Published by my, then, neighbour, William Freeman, of 69 Fleet Street, himself an energetic, pleasant-minded Christian.

This prediction has come true. I had told Mr. Freeman that the "young preacher" had given me that impression in the discussion with him. Dr. Parker said in his first Chapter that, "If the New Testament teachings oppose our own consciousness, violate our moral sense, lead us out of sympathy with humanity, then we shall abandon them." This was exactly the case of Secularism which he undertook to confute. Dr. Langford held a more rational religion than Dr. Parker. His *Answer*, which reached a "second thousand, had passages of courtesy and friendship, yet he contended with graceful vigor against opinions—three-fourths of which justified his own.

In an address delivered Sept. 29, 1851, I had said that, "There were three classes of persons opposed to Christianity:—

"1. The dissolute.

"2. The indifferent.

"3. The intellectually independent.

"The dissolute are against Christianity because they regard it as a foe to sensuality. The indifferent reject it through being ignorant of it, or not having time to attend to it, or not caring to attend to it, or not being able to attend to it, through constitutional insensibility to its appeals. The intellectually independent avoid it as opposed to freedom, morality and progress." It was to these classes, and not to Christians, that Secularism was addressed. Neither Dr. Parker nor Dr. Langford took notice that it was in-

tended to furnish ethical guidance where Christianity, whatever might be its quality, or pretensions, or merit, was inoperative.[1]

The new form of free thought under the title of the "Principles of Secularism" was submitted to John Stuart Mill, to whose friendship and criticism I had often been indebted, and he approved the statement as one likely to be useful to those outside the pale of Christianity.

A remarkable thing occurred in 1854. A prize of £100 was offered by the Evangelical Alliance for the best book on the "Aspects, Causes, and Agencies" of what they called by the odious apostolic defamatory name of "Infidelity."[2] The Rev. Thomas Pearson of Eyemouth won the prize by a brilliant book, which I praised for its many relevant quotations, its instruction and fairness, but I represented that its price (10s. 6d.) prevented numerous humble readers from possessing it. The Evangelical Alliance inferred that the "relevancy" was on their side, altogether, whereas I meant relevant to the argument and to those supposed to be confuted by it. They resolved to issue twenty-thousand copies at one shilling a volume. The most eminent Evangelical ministers and congregations of the

[1] In 1857 Dr. Joseph Parker published a maturer and more important volume, *Helps to Truth Seekers, or, Christianity and Scepticism*, containing "The Secularist Theory—A Critique." At a distance of more than thirty-five years it seems to me an abler book, from the Christian point of view, than I thought it on its appearance.

[2] A term of intentional offence as here used. Infidelity means treachery to the truth, whereas the heretic has often sacrificed his life from fidelity to it.

day subscribed to the project. Four persons put down their names for one thousand copies each, and a strong list of subscribers was sent out. Unfortunately I published another article intending to induce readers of the *Reasoner* to procure copies, as they would find in its candid pages a wealth of quotations of free-thought opinion with which very few were acquainted. The number of eminent writers, dissentients from Christianity, and the force and felicity of their objections to it, as cited by Mr. Pearson, would astonish and instruct Christians who were quite unfamiliar with the historic literature of heretical thought. This unwise article stopped the project. The "Shilling Edition" never appeared, and the public lost the most useful and informing book written against us in my time. The Rev. Mr. Pearson died not long after; all too soon, for he was a minister who commanded respect. He had research, good faith, candor, and courtesy, qualities rare in his day.

CHAPTER XI.

SECULAR INSTRUCTION DISTINCT FROM SECULARISM.

"A mariner must have his eye on the rock and the sand as well as upon the North Star."
—*Maxim of the Sea.*

IT IS time now to point out, what many never seem to understand, that Secular instruction is entirely distinct from Secularism. In my earlier days the term "scientific" was the distressing word in connexion with education, but the trouble of later years is with the word "Secular." Theological critics run on the "rock" there.

Many persons regard Secular teaching with distrust, thinking it to be the same as Secularism. Secular instruction is known by the sign of separateness. It means knowledge given apart from theology. Secular instruction comprises a set of rules for the guidance of industry, commerce, science, and art. Secular teaching is as distinct from theology as a poem from a sermon. A man may be a mathematician, an architect, a lawyer, a musician, or a surgeon, and be a

Christian all the same; as Faraday was both a chemist and a devout Sandemanian; as Buckland was a geologist as well as a Dean. But if theology be mixed up with professional knowledge, there will be muddle-headedness.[1] At a separate time, theology can be taught, and any learner will have a clearer and more commanding knowledge of Christianity by its being distinctive in his mind. Secular instruction neither assails Christianity nor prejudices the learner against it; any more than sculpture assails jurisprudence, or than geometry prejudices the mind against music. If the Secular instructor made it a point, as he ought to do, to inculcate elementary ideas of morality, he would confine himself to explaining how far truth and duty have sanctions in considerations purely human—leaving it to teachers of religion to supplement at another time and place, what they believe to be further and higher sanctions.

Secular instruction implies that the proper business of the school-teacher is to impart a knowledge of the duties of this world; and the proper business of chapel and church is to explain the duties relevant to another world, which can only be done in a second-hand way by the school-teacher. The wonder is that the pride of the minister does not incite him to keep his own proper work in his own hands, and protest

[1] Edward Baines (afterwards Sir Edward) was the greatest opponent in his day, of national schools and Secular instruction, sent his son to a Secular school, because he wanted him to be clever as well as Christian. He was both as I well know.

against the school-teacher meddling with it. By doing so he would augment his own dignity and the distinctiveness of his office.

By keeping each kind of knowledge apart, a man learns both, more easily and more effectually. Secular training is better for the scholar and safer for the State; and better for the priest if he has a faith that can stand by itself.

If the reader does not distrust it as a paradox, he will assent that the Secular is distinct from Secularism, as distinct as an act is distinct from its motive. Secular teaching comprises a set of rules of instruction in trade, business, and professional knowledge. Secularism furnishes a set of principles for the ethical conduct of life. Secular instruction is far more limited in its range than Secularism which defends secular pursuits against theology, where theology attacks them or obstructs them. But pure Secular knowledge is confined to its own pursuit, and does not come in contact with theology any more than architecture comes in contact with preaching.

A man may be a shareholder in a gas company or a waterworks, a house owner, a landlord, a farmer, or a workman. All these are secular pursuits, and he who follows them may consult only his own interest. But if he be a Secularist, he will consider not only his own interest, but, as far as he can, the welfare of the community or the world, as his action or example may tell for the good of universal society. He will do "his

best," not as Mr. Ruskin says, "the best of an ass," but "the best of an intelligent man." In every act he will put his conscience and character with a view so to discharge the duties of this life as to merit another, if there be one. Just as a Christian seeks to serve God, a Secularist seeks to serve man. This it is to be a Secularist. The idea of this service is what Secularism puts into his mind. Professor Clifford exclaimed: "The Kingdom of God has come—when comes the Kingdom of man? A Secularist is one who hastens the coming of this kingdom: which must be agreeable to heaven if the people of this world are to occupy the mansions there.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DISTINCTIVENESS MADE FURTHER EVIDENT.

> "The cry that so-called secular education is Atheistic is hardly worth notice. Cricket is not theological; at the same time, it is not Atheistic."—*Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., Times*, October 11, 1894.

NOR is Secularism atheism. The laws of the universe are quite distinct from the question of the origin of the universe. The study of the laws of nature, which Secularism selects, is quite different from speculation as to the authorship of nature. We may judge and prize the beauty and uses of an ancient edifice, though we may never know the builder. Secularism is a form of opinion which concerns itself only with questions the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life. It is clear that the existence of deity and the actuality of another life, are questions excluded from Secularism, which exacts no denial of deity or immortality, from members of Secularist societies. During their day only two persons of public distinction—the Bishop of Peterborough and Charles Bradlaugh—maintained that the Secular was atheistic. Yet Mr. Bradlaugh never put a profession of

atheism as one of the tenets of any Secularist Society. Atheism may be a personal tenet, but it cannot be a Secularist tenet, from which it is wholly disconnected.

No one would confuse the Secular with the atheistic who understood that the Secular is separate. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, a Christian, writing in *Concord* (October, 1894), a description of the burial of Angelo Mazzoleni, said "the funeral was entirely Secular," meaning the ceremony was distinct from that of the Church, being based on considerations pertaining to duty in this world.

In the indefiniteness of colloquial speech we constantly hear the phrase, "School Board education." Yet School Boards cannot give education. It is beyond their reach. Most persons confuse instruction with education. Instruction relates to industrial, commercial, agricultural, and scientific knowledge and like subjects. Education implies the complete training and "drawing out of the whole powers of the mind."[1] Thus instruction is different from education. Instruction is departmental knowledge. Education includes all the influences of life; instruction gives skill, education forms character.

The Rev. Dr. Parker is the first Nonconformist preacher of distinction who has avowed his concurrence with Secular instruction in Board Schools. When Mr. W. E. Forster was framing his Education Act, I

[1] Henry Drummond gave this definition in the House of Commons, and it was adopted by W. J. Fox and other leaders of opinion in that day.

besought him to raise English educational policy to the level of the much-smoking, much-pondering Dutch. "The system of education in Holland dates from 1857. It is a Secular system, meaning by Secular that the Bible is not allowed to be read in schools, nor is any religious instruction allowed to be given. The use of the school-room is, however, granted to ministers of all denominations for the purpose of teaching religion out of school-hours. The schoolmaster is not allowed to give religious instruction, or even to read the Bible in school at any time."[1] No State rears better citizens or better Christians than the Dutch. Mr. Gladstone, with his customary discernment, has said that "Secular instruction does not involve denial of religious teaching, but merely separation in point of time." It seems incredible that Christian ministers, generally, do not see the advantage of this. I should probably have become a Christian preacher myself, had it not been for the incessantness with which religion was obtruded on me in childhood and youth. Even now my mind aches when I think of it. For myself, I respect the individuality of piety. It is always picturesque. Looking at religion from the outside, I can see that concrete sectarianism is a source of religious strength. A man is only master of his own faith when he sees it clearly, distinctly, and separately. Rather than permit Secular instruction and religious education to be

[1] Report from the Hague, by Mr. (now Right Hon.) Jesse Collings, M. P., May, 1870.

imparted separately, Christian ministers permit the great doctrines they profess to maintain to be whittled down to a School Board average, in which, when done honestly towards all opinions, no man can discern Christianity without the aid of a microscope. And this passes, in these days, for good ecclesiastical policy. In a recent letter (November, 1894) Mr. Gladstone has re-affirmed his objection to "an undenominational system of religion framed by, or under the authority of, the State." He says: "It would, I think, be better for the State to limit itself to giving Secular instruction, which, of course, is no complete education." Mr. Gladstone does not confound Secular instruction with education, but is of the way of thinking of Miltou, who says: "I call a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." Secular instruction touches no doctrine, menaces no creed, raises no scepticism in the mind. But an average of belief introduces the aggressive hand of heresy into every school, tampering with tenets rooted in the conscience, wantonly alarming religious convictions, and substituting for a clear, frank, and manly issue a disastrous, blind, and timid policy, wriggling along like a serpent instead of walking with self-dependent erectness. This manly erectness would be the rule were the formula of the great preacher accepted who has said: "Secular education by the State, and Christian education by the Chris-

tian Church is my motto."[1] Uniformity of truth is desirable, and it will come, not by contrivance, but by conviction.

Some one quoted lately in the *Daily News* (September 19, 1895) the following sentences I wrote in 1870:

"With secular instruction only in the day school, religion will acquire freshness and new force. The clergyman and the minister will exercise a new influence, because their ministrations will have dignity and definiteness. They will no longer delegate things declared by them to be sacred to be taught second-hand by the harassed, overworked, and oft-reluctant schoolmaster and schoolmistress, who must contradict the gentleness of religion by the peremptoriness of the pedagogue, and efface the precept that 'God is love' by an incontinent application of the birch. . . . It is not secular instruction which breeds irreverence, but this ill-timed familiarity with the reputed things of God which robs divinity of its divineness."

The Bible in the school-room will not always be to the advantage of clericalism, as it is thought to be now.

Mr. Forster's Education Act created what Mr. Disraeli contemptuously described as a new "sacerdotal caste,"—a body of second-hand preachers, who are to be paid by the money of the State to do the work which the minister and the clergyman avow they are called by heaven to perform,—namely, to save the souls of the people. According to this Act, the clergy are really no longer necessary; their work can

[1] The Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.

be done by a commoner and cheaper order of artificer. Mr. Forster insisted that the Bible be introduced into the school-room, which gives great advantage to the Freethinker, as it makes a critical agitation against its character and pretensions a matter of self-defence for every family. Another eminent preacher, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, wrote, not openly in the *Times* as Dr. Parker did, but in *The Sword and Trowel* thus: "We should like to see established a system of universal application, which would give a sound Secular education to children, and leave the religious training to the home and the agencies of the Church of Christ." It is worthy of the radiant common sense of the famous orator of the Tabernacle that he should have said this anywhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

SELF-DEFENSIVE FOR THE PEOPLE.

"What suits the gods above
Only the gods can know;
What we want is This World's sense
How to live below."

BY its nature, Secularism is tolerant with regard to religions. I once drew up a code of rules for an atheistic school. One rule was that the children should be taught the tenets of the Christian, Catholic, Moslem, Jewish, and the leading theological systems of the world, as well as Secularistic and atheistic forms of thought; so that when the pupil came to years of discretion he might be able, intelligently, to choose a faith for himself. Less than this would be a fraud upon the understanding of a man. In matters which concern himself alone, he must be free to choose for himself, and know what he is choosing from. That form of belief which has misgivings as to whether it can stand by itself, is to be distrusted.

It is the scandal of Christianity that, for twenty-five years, it has paralysed School Board instruction by its discord of opinion as to the religious tenets to

be imparted; while in Secularity there is no disunity. Everybody is agreed upon the rules of arithmetic. The laws of grammar command general assent. There are no rival schools upon the interpretation of geometrical problems. It is only in divinity that irreconcilable diversity exists. When Secular instruction is conceded, denominational differences will be respected, as aspects of the integrity of conscience, which no longer obstruct the intellectual progress of the people.

But there are graver issues than the pride and preference of the preacher; namely, the welfare of the children of the people. What the working classes want is an industrial education. Poverty is a battle, and the poor are always in a conflict—a conflict in which the most ignorant ever go to the wall. The accepted policy of the State leaves the increase of population to chance. It suffers none to be killed; it compels people to be kept alive, and abandons their subsistence to the accident of capitalists requiring to hire their services. Thus our great towns are crowded with families, impelled there by the wild forces of hunger and of passion. From the workingman thus situated, the governing class exacts four duties:

1. That he shall give the parish no disquietude by asking it to maintain his family.

2. That he shall pay whatever taxes are levied upon him.

3. That he shall give no trouble to the police.

4. That he shall fight generally whomsoever the Government may see fit to involve the nation in war with.

Whatever knowledge is necessary to enable the future workman to do these things, is his right, and should be given to him in his youth in the speediest manner; and any other inculcation which shall delay this knowledge on its way, or confuse the learner in acquiring it, is a cruelty to him and a peril to the community which permits it; and the State, were it discerning and just, would forbid it.

In April, 1870, in a letter which appeared in the *Spectator*, I wrote as follows:

"In the speech of the Bishop of Peterborough, delivered at the Educational Conference at Leicester, and published in a separate form by the National Education Union, his Lordship quotes from a recent letter of mine to the *Daily News* some words in which I explained that 'unsectarian education amounts to a new species of parliamentary piety.' It is a satisfaction to find that the Bishop of Peterborough is able to 'entirely endorse these words.' The Bishop asks: 'Whose words do you suppose they are? They are the words of that reactionary maintainer of creeds and dogmas —Mr. Holyoake.' So far from being a 'reactionary' in this matter, I have always maintained that every form of sincere opinion, religious or secular, should have free play and fair play. I have never varied in advocating the right of free utterance and free action of all earnest conviction. The State requires a self-supporting and tax-paying population. But the State cannot insure this, except by imparting *productive* knowledge to the people. It is necessary for the people to receive, it is the interest of the State to give, *productive* instruction in national schools."

If people realised how much extended secular instruction is needed, they would be impatient with the obstruction of it by contending sects. Children want industrial education to fit them for emigrants. A knowledge of soils, of cattle, of climate, and crops, and how to nail up a wigwam and grow pork and corn, is what they need. For want of such knowledge Clerkenwell watchmakers, Northampton shoemakers, Lancashire weavers, and Durham miners perish as emigrants, and their bones bleach the prairies. Yet all orthodox teaching turns out its pupils uninstructed, for, as Tillottson has said, "He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know beside." To know this world, and the Secular conditions of prosperity in it, is indispensable to the people.

Christianity is entirely futile in industry. If a workman cannot pay his taxes, the most devout Chancellor of the Exchequer will not abate sixpence in consideration of the defaulter's piety. The poor man may believe in the Thirty-nine Articles, be able to recite all the Collects; he may spend his Sundays at church, and his evenings at prayer-meeting; but the reverend magistrate, who has confirmed him and preached to him, will send him to gaol if he does not pay. The sooner workmen understand that Christianity has no commercial value, the better for them.

Why should purely Secular instruction be regarded

with distrust, when purely religious education does not answer? It does not appear in human experience that purely religious teaching, even when dispensed in a clergyman's family, is a security for good conduct. It is matter of common remark that the sons of clergymen turn out worse than the sons of parents in other professions.

We want no whining or puling population. The elements of science and morality will give children the use of their minds, and minds to use, and teach justice and kindness, self-direction, self-reliance, fortitude, and truth. There is piety in this instruction,—piety to mankind,—exactly that sort of piety for the want of which society suffers.

The principles for which during two centuries Nonconformity in England has contended are, that the State should forbid no religion, impose no religion, teach no religion, pay no religion. In 1870, the year in which Mr. Forster's Act came into operation, I was the only person who issued a public address to the "School Board Electors" in favor of free compulsory, and Secular instruction. Two of the proposals, the least likely to be favorably received, have since been adopted. The turn of the third must be near, unless fools are always at the polls.

CHAPTER XIV.

REJECTED TENETS REPLACED BY BETTER.

> "False ideas can be confuted by argument, but it is only by true ideas they can be expelled."—*Cardinal Newman.*

ERROR will live wherever vermin of the mind may burrow; and error, if expelled, will return to its accustomed haunt, unless its place be otherwise occupied by some tenant of truth. Suppose that criticism has established:

1. That God is unknown.
2. That a future life is unprovable.
3. That the Bible is not a practical guide.
4. That Providence sleeps.
5. That prayer is futile.
6. That original sin is untrue.
7. That eternal perdition is unreal.

What is free thought going to do? All these theological ideas, however untrue, are forces of opinion on the side of error. After taking these doctrines out of the minds of men, as far as reasoning criticism may do it, what is proposed to be put in their place? When we call out to men that they are going down a wrong

road, we are more likely to arrest their attention if we can point out the right road to take.

No mind is ever entirely empty. The objection to ignorance is not that it has no ideas, but that it has wrong ones. Its ideas are narrow, cramped, vicious. It likes without reason, hates without cause, and is suspicious of what it might trust. It is not enough to tell a man who is eating injurious food that it will harm him. If he has no other aliment, he must go on feeding upon what he has. If you cannot supply better, you cannot reproach him who takes the bad. But if you have true principles, they should be offered as substitutes for the false. Secularist truth should tread close upon the heels of theological error.

1. For the study of the origin of the universe Secularism substitutes the study of the laws and uses of the universe, which, Cardinal Newman admitted, might be regarded as consonant to the will of its author.

2. For a future state Secularism proposes the wise use of this, as he who fails in this "duty nearest hand" has no moral fitness for any other.

3. For revelation it offers the guidance of observation, investigation, and experience. Instead of taking authority for truth, it takes truth for authority.

4. For the providence of Scripture, Secularism directs men to the providence of science, which provides against peril, or brings deliverance when peril comes.

5. For prayer it proposes self-help and the employment of all the resources of manliness and indus-

try. Jupiter himself rebuked the waggoner who cried for aid, instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel.

6. For original depravity, which infuses hopelessness into all effort for personal excellence, Secularism counsels the creation of those conditions, so far as human prevision can provide them, in which it shall be "impossible for a man to be depraved or poor." The aim of Secularism is to promote the moralisation of this world, which Christianity has proved ineffectual to accomplish.

7. For eternal perdition, which appals every human heart, Secularism substitutes the warnings and penalties of causation attending the violation of the laws of nature, or the laws of truth—penalties inexorable and unevadable in their consequences. Though they extend to the individual no farther than this life, they are without the terrible element of divine vindictiveness, yet, being near and inevitable—following the offender close as the shadow of the offence—are more deterrent than future punishment, which "faith" may evade without merit.

The aim of Secularism is to educate the conscience in the service of man. It puts duty into free thought. Men inquired, for self-protection, and from dislike of error. But if a man was in no danger himself, and was indifferent whether an error—which no longer harmed him—prevailed or not, Secularism holds that it is still a duty to aid in ending it for the sake of others. It

was W. J. Fox, the most heretical preacher of his day, who said (1824): "I believe in the right of religion and the *duty* of free inquiry." He is a very exceptional person—as we know in political as well as in questions of mental freedom—who cares for a right he does not need himself. A man is generally of opinion, as I have seen in many agitations, that nobody need care for a form of liberty he does not want himself. It is as though a man on the bank should think that a man in the water does not want a rope. Duty is devotion to the right. Right in morals is that which is morally expedient. That is morally expedient which is conducive to the happiness of the greatest numbers. The service of others is the practical form of duty. "He," says Buddha, "who was formerly heedless, and afterwards becomes earnest, lights up the world like the moon escaped from a cloud."

Constructiveness is an education which attains success but slowly. Some men have no distinctive notion whatever of truth. It seems never to have occurred to them that there is anything intrinsic in it, and they only fall into it by accident. Others have a wholesome idea that truth is essential, and that, as a rule, you ought to tell it, and some do it. This is a small conception of truth, but it is good as far as it goes, and ought to be valued, as it is scarce. If any one asks such a person whether what he says is what he *thinks*, or what he *knows*, to be true, he is perplexed. The difference between the two things has not occurred to

him. He has been under the impression that what he believes is the same thing as what he knows, and when he finds the two things are very different, his idea of truth is doubled and is twice as large as it was before.

There is yet a larger view, to which many never attain. To them all truth is truth of equal value. All geese are geese, but all are not equally tender. Though all horses are horses, all are not equally swift. Yet many never observe that all facts are not equally succulent or swift, nor all truth of equal value or usefulness.

Social truth has three marks,—it must be explicit, relevant to the question in hand, and of use for the purpose in hand. But it requires some intelligence to observe this, and judgment to act upon it.

CHAPTER XV.

MORALITY INDEPENDENT OF THEOLOGY.

> "Religion, as dealing with the confessedly incomprehensible, is not the basis for human union, in social, or industrial, or political circles, but only that portion of old religion which is now called moral."
>
> —*Professor Francis William Newman.*

BISHOP ELLICOTT was the first prelate whom I heard admit (in a sermon to the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) that men might be moral from other motives than those furnished by Christianity. Renan says that Justin Martyr "in his *Apology*, never attacks the principle of the empire. He wants the empire to examine the Christian doctrines." A Secularist would have attacked the principle, regarding freedom as of more consequence to progress than any doctrine without it.

Those who seek to guide life by reason are not without a standard of appeal. "Secularism accepts no authority but that of nature, adopts no methods but those of science and philosophy, and respects in practice no rule but that of the conscience, illustrated by the common sense of mankind. It values the lessons of the past, and looks to tradition as presenting

a storehouse of raw materials for thought, and in many cases results of high wisdom for our reverence; but it utterly disowns tradition as a ground of belief, whether miracles and supernaturalism be claimed or not claimed on its side. No sacred Scripture or ancient Church can be made a basis of belief, for the obvious reason that their claims always need to be proved, and cannot without absurdity be assumed. The association leaves to its individual members to yield whatever respects their own good sense judges to be due to the opinions of great men, living or dead, spoken or written; as also to the practice of ancient communities, national or ecclesiastical. But it disowns all appeal to such authorities as final tests of truth."[1]

Morality can be inspired and confirmed by perception of the consequences of conduct. Theology regards free will as the foundation of responsibility. But free will saves no man from material consequences, and diverts attention from material causes of evil and good. Under the free will doctrine the wonder is that any morality is left in the world. It is a doctrine which gives scoundrels the same chance as a saint. When a man is assured that he can be saved when he believes, and that, having free will, he can believe when he pleases, he, as a rule, never does please until he has had his fill of vice, or is about to die,—either of disease or by the hangman. If by the hangman, he is

[1] I owe the expression of this passage, whose comprehensiveness and felicity of phrase exceed the reach of my pen, to Professor Francis William Newman.

told that, provided he repents before eight o'clock in the morning, he may find himself nestling in Abraham's bosom before nine. Free will is the doctrine of rascalism. It is time morality had other foundation than theology. The relations of life can be made as impressive as ideas of supernaturalism. But in this Christians not only lend no help, they disparage the attempt to control life by reason. When Secularism was first talked of, the President of the Congregational Union, the Rev. Dr. Harris, commended to the Union the words of Bishop Lavington of a century earlier (1750): "My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against mere moral preaching."[1] A writer of distinction, R. H. Hutton, writing on "Secularism" in the *Expositor* so late as 1881, argues strenuously that moral government is impossible without supernatural convictions. The egotism of Christianity is as conspicuous as that of politics. No ethic is genuine unless it bears the hall-mark of the Church. Secularism does not deny the efficacy of other theories of life upon those who accept them, and only claims to be of use as commending morality on considerations purely human, to those who reject theories purely spiritual.

Any one familiar with controversy knows that Christianity is advertised like a patent medicine which will cure all the maladies of mankind. Everybody who tries reasoned morality is encouraged to condemn it, and is denounced if he commends it.

[1] *British Banner*, October 27, 1852.

It is a maxim of Secularism that, wherever there is a rightful object at which men should aim, there is a Secular path to it.

Nearly all inferior natures are susceptible of moral and physical improvability, which improvability can be indefinitely advanced by supplying proper material conditions.

Since it is not capable of demonstration whether the inequalities of human condition will be compensated for in another life, it is the business of intelligence to rectify them in this world. The speculative worship of superior beings, who cannot need it, seems a lesser duty than the patient service of known inferior natures and the mitigation of harsh destiny, so that the ignorant may be enlightened and the low elevated.

Christians often promote projects beneficial to men; but are they not mainly incited thereto by the hope of inclining the hearts of those they aid to their cause? Is not their motive proselytism? Is it not a higher morality to do good for its own sake, careless whether those benefited become adherents or not?

Going to a distant town to mitigate some calamity there, will illustrate the principle of Secularism. One man will go on this errand from pure sympathy with the unfortunate; this is goodness. Another goes because the priest bids him; this is obedience. Another goes because the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew tells him that all such persons will pass to the right hand of the Father; this is calculation. Another goes be-

cause he believes God commands him; this is theological piety. Another goes because he is aware that the neglect of suffering will not answer; this is utilitarianism. But another goes on the errand of mercy because it is an immediate service to humanity, knowing that material deliverance is piety and better than spiritual consolation; this is Secularism.

One whose reputation for spirituality is in all the Churches says: "Properly speaking, all true work is religion, and whatsoever religion is not work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, the Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will. Admirable was that maxim of the old monks, *Laborare est orare* (Work is worship).[1] In his article on Auguste Comte, Mr. J. S. Mill says he "uses religion in its modern sense as signifying that which binds the convictions, whether to deity or to duty,—deity in the theological sense, or duty in the moral sense." This is the only sense in which a Secularist would employ the term. Religious moralism is a term I might use, since it binds a man to humanity, which religion does not. "Without God," said Mazzini to the Italian workingmen forty years ago,—"without God you may compel, but not persuade. You may become tyrants in your turn; you cannot be educators or apostles." One night, when Mazzini was speaking in this way, in the hearing of Garibaldi, arguing that there was no ground of duty unless based on the idea of God, the General

[1] Carlyle, *Past and Present*.

turned round and said: "I am an Atheist. Am I deficient in the sense of duty?" "Ah," replied Mazzini, "you imbibed it with your mother's milk." All around smiled at the quick-witted evasion.

In one sense Mazzini was as atheistic in mind as orthodox Christians. He disbelieved that truth, duty, or humanity could have any vitality unless derived from belief in God. Devout as few men are, in the Church or out of it, yet Mazzini believed alone in God. Dogmas of the Churches were to him as though they were not; yet there were times when he seemed to admit that other motives than the one which inspired him might operate for good in other minds. In a letter he once addressed to me there occurred this splendid passage:—

"We pursue the same end,—progressive improvement, association, transformation of the corrupted medium in which we are now living, the overthrow of all idolatries, shams, lies, and conventionalities. We both want man to be, not the poor, passive, cowardly, phantasmagoric unreality of the actual time, thinking in one way and acting in another; bending to power which he hates and despises; carrying empty popish or Thirty-nine Article formulas on his brow, and none within; but a fragment of the living truth, a real individual being linked to collective humanity,—the bold seeker of things to come; the gentle, mild, loving, yet firm, uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that is just and heroic,—the Priest, the Poet, and the Prophet."

Mazzini saw in the conception of God the great "Indicator" of duty, and that the one figure, "the most deeply inspired of God, men have seen on the

earth was Jesus." Mazzini's impassioned protest against unbelief was itself a form of unbelief. He believed only in one God, not in three. If Jesus was inspired of God, he was not God, or he would have been self-inspired. But, apart from this repellent heresy, if Theism and Christianism are essential to those who would serve humanity, all propaganda of freedom must be delayed until converts are made to this new faith.

The question will be put, Has independent morality ever been seen in action?

Voltaire, at the peril of his liberty and life, rescued a friendless family from the fire and the wheel the priests had prepared for them. Paine inspired the independence of America, and Lloyd Garrison gave liberty to the slaves whose bondage the clergy defended. The Christianity of three nations produced no three men in their day who did anything comparable to the achievement of these three sceptics, who wrought this splendid good, not only without Christianity, but in opposition to it. Save for Christian obstruction, they had accomplished still greater good without the peril they had to brave.

None of the earlier critics of Secularism, as has been said (and not many in the later years), realised that it was addressed, not to Christians, but to those who rejected Christianity, or who were indifferent to it, and were outside it. Christians cannot do anything to inspire *them* with ethical principles, since they do

not believe in morality unless based on their supernatural tenets. They have to convert men to Theism, to miracles, prophecy, inspiration of the Scriptures, the Trinity, and other soul-wearying doctrines, before they can inculcate morality they can trust. We do not rush in where they fear to tread. Secularism moves where they do not tread at all.

CHAPTER XVI.

ETHICAL CERTITUDE.

> "You can tell more about a man's character by trading horses with him once than you can by hearing him talk for a year in prayer meeting."—*American Maxim.*

A FORM of thought which has no certitude can command no intelligent trust. Unless capable of verification, no opinion can claim attention, nor retain attention, if it obtains it.

If a sum in arithmetic be wrong, it can be discovered by a new way of working; if a medical recipe is wrong, the effect is manifest in the health; if a political law is wrong, it is sooner or later apparent in the mischief it produces; if a theorem in navigation is erroneous, delay or disaster warns the mariner of his mistake; if an insane moralist teaches that adherence to truth is wrong, men can try the effects of lying, when distrust and disgrace soon undeceive them. But if a theological belief is wrong, we must die to find it out. Secularism, therefore, is safer. It is best to follow the double lights of reason and experience than the dark lantern of faith. "In all but religion," ex-

claims a famous preacher,[1] "men know their true interests and use their own understanding. Nobody takes anything on trust at market, nor would anybody do so at church if there were but a hundredth part the care for truth which there is for money."

Mr. Rathbone Greg has shown, in a memorable passage, that "the lot of man—not perhaps altogether of the individual, but certainly of the race—is in his own hands, from his being surrounded by *fixed laws*, on knowledge of which, and conformity to which, his well-being depends. The study of these and obedience to them form, therefore, the great aim of public instruction. Men must be taught:

"1. The *physical laws* on which *health* depends.

"2. The *moral laws* on which *happiness* depends.

"3. The *intellectual laws* on which *knowledge* depends.

"4. The *social* and *political laws* on which *national prosperity* and *advancement* depend.

"5. The *economic laws* on which *wealth* depends."

Mr. Spurgeon had flashes of Secularistic inspiration, as when engaging a servant, who professed to have taken religion, he asked "whether she swept under the mats." It was judging piety by a material test.

There is no trust surer than the conclusions of reason and science. What is incapable of proof is usually

[1] W. J. Fox.

decided by desire, and is without the conditions of uniformity or certitude.

Duty consists in doing the right because it is just to others, and because we must set the example of doing right to others, or we have no claim that others shall do right to us. Certitude is best obtained by the employment of material means, because we can better calculate them, and because they are less likely to *evade* us, or *betray* us, than any other means available to us.

Orthodox religions are pale in the face now. They still keep the word of material promise to the ear, and break it to the heart; and a great number of people now know it, and many of the clergy know that they know it. The poor need material aid, and prayer is the way *not* to get it; while science, more provident than faith, has brought the people generous gifts, and inspired them with just expectations. What men need is a guide which stands on a business footing. The Churches administer a system of foreign affairs in a very loose way, quite inconsistent with sound commercial principles. For instance, a firm giving checks on a bank in some distant country—not to be found in any gazetteer of ascertained places, nor laid down in any chart, and from which no persons who ever set out in search of it were ever known to return—would do very little business among prudent men. Yet this is precisely the nature of the business engaged in by orthodox firms.

On the other hand, Secularism proposes to transact the business of life on purely mercantile principles. It engages only in that class of transactions the issue of which can be tested by the experience of this life. Its checks, if I may so speak, are drawn upon duty, good sense, and material effort, and are to be cashed from proceeds arising in our midst—under our own eyes—subject to ordinary commercial tests. Nature is the banker who pays all notes held by those who observe its laws. To use the words of Macbeth, it is here, "on this bank and shoal of time" upon which we are cast, that nature pays its checks, and not elsewhere; which are honored now, and not in an unknown world, in some unknown time, and in an entirely unknown way. By lack of judgment, or sense, the Secularist may transact bad business; but he gives good security. His surety is experience. His references are to the facts of the present time. He puts all who have dealings with him on their guard. Secularism tells men that they must look out for themselves, act for themselves, within the limits of neither injuring nor harming others. Secularism does not profess to be infallible, but it acts on honest principles. It seeks to put progress on the business footing of good faith.[1] Adherents who accept the theory of this life for this life dwell in a land of their own—the land of certitude. Science and utilitarian morality are kings in that country, and rule there by right of

[1] See *Secularism a Religion which Gives Heaven no Trouble.*

conquest over error and superstition. In the kingdom of Thought there is no conquest over men, but over foolishness only. Outside the world of science and morality lies the great Debatable Ground of the existence of Deity and a Future State. The Ruler of the Debatable Ground is named Probability, and his two ministers are Curiosity and Speculation. Over that mighty plain, which is as wide as the universe and as old as time, no voice of the gods has ever been heard, and no footsteps of theirs have ever been traced. Philosophers have explored the field with telescopes of a longer range than the eyes of a thousand saints, and have recognised nothing save the silent and distant horizon. Priests have denounced them for not perceiving what was invisible. Sectaries have clamored, and the most ignorant have howled—as the most ignorant always do—that there is something there, because they want to see it. All the while the white mystery is still unpenetrated in this life.

But a future being undisclosed is no proof that there is no future. Those who reason through their desires will believe there is; those who reason through their understanding may yet *hope* that there is. In the meantime, all stand before the portals of the untrodden world in equal unknowingness. If faith can be piety, work is more so. To bring new beauty out of common life—is not that piety? To change blank stupidity into intelligent admiration of any work of nature—is not that piety? If our towns and streets be

made to give gladness and cheerfulness to all who live or walk therein—is not that piety? If the prayer of innocence ascend to heaven through a pure atmosphere, instead of through the noisome and polluted air of uncleanness common in the purlieus of towns and of churches, and even cathedrals—is not that piety? Can we, in these days, conceive of religious persons being ignorant and dirty? Yet they abound. If, therefore, we send to heaven clean, intelligent, bright-minded saints—is not that piety? It is no bad religion—as religions go—to believe in the good God of knowledge and cleanliness and cheerfulness and beauty, and offer at his altar the daily sacrifice of intelligent sincerity and material service.

We leave to others their own way of faith and worship. We ask only leave to take our own. Carlyle has told us that only two men are to be honored, and no third—the mechanic and the thinker: he who works with honest hand, making the world habitable; and he who works with his brain, making thought artistic and true. "All the rest," he adds with noble scorn, "are chaff, which the wind may blow whither it listeth." The certainty of heaven is for the useful alone. Mere belief is the easiest, the poorest, the shabbiest device by which conscientious men ever attempted to scale the walls of Paradise.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ETHICAL METHOD OF CONTROVERSY.

> "It was one of the secrets of my craft in the old days, when I wanted to weld iron or work steel to a fine purpose, to begin gently. If I began, as all learners do, to strike my heaviest blows at the start, the iron would crumble instead of welding, or the steel would suffer under my hammer, so that when it came to be tempered it would 'fly,' as we used to say, and rob the thing I had made of its finest quality."
>
> —*Robert Collyer, D. D.*

"THEY who believe that they have truth ask no favor, save that of being heard; they dare the judgment of mankind; refused co-operation, they invoke opposition, for opposition is their opportunity." This was the maxim I wrote at the beginning of the Secularistic movement, to show that we were willing to accept ourselves the controversy, which we contended was the sole means of establishing truth. No proposition, as Samuel Bailey showed, is to be trusted until it has been tested by very wide discussion. We soon found that the free and open field of Milton was not sufficient. It needed a "fair" as well as a "free and open encounter." Disputants require to be equally matched in debate as in arms.

The Secularist policy is to accept the purely moral teaching of the Bible, and to controvert its theology, in such respects as it contradicts and discourages ethical effort. Yet theological questions are always sought to be forced upon us. The Rev. Henry Townley followed me to the *Leader* office (1853–1854) to induce me to discuss the question of the "existence of God." I never had done so, and objected that it would give the impression that Secularism was atheistic. He was so insistent and importunate that I consented to discuss the question with him. Never after did I do so with any one. The Rev. Brewin Grant endeavored to get my acceptance of propositions which pledged me to a wild opposition to Christianity. Mr. Samuel Morley, honorable in all things, admitted I had objected to it, but in the end I assented to it, that the discussion might not be broken off. Thomas Cooper was persistent that I should discuss with him the authenticity of the Scriptures. What I proposed was the proposition that the authenticity of the Scripture, its miracles, and prophecies are quite apart from moral truth.

The discussion took place in the city of York, lasting five nights. Canon Robinson and Canon Hey presided alternately. Mr. Cooper was an able man in dealing with the stock propositions of Christianity; but their relevance as tests of morality was an entirely new subject to him. He protested rather than reasoned, and declared he would never discuss the question of

the ethical test of the truth of Scriptures; nor have I ever found any responsible minister willing to do so down to this day. Thus Christians should condemn with reservation the tendency in Secularists to debate theology, seeing how reluctant they are to do otherwise themselves. Christians seem incapable of understanding how much the objection to their cause arises in the revolt of the moral sense against it.

On first meeting Richard Carlile in 1842, some years before Secularism took a distinctive form, he invited me to hear him lecture upon the principles of the *Christian Warrior*,[1] of which he was editor, and to give my opinion thereon. In doing so I explained the ideas from which I have never departed; namely, that no theologic, astronomic, or miraculous mode of proving Scriptural doctrine could ever be made even intelligible, except to students of very considerable research. Such theories, I contended, must rest, more or less, on critical and conjectural interpretation, and could never enable a workingman to dare the understanding of others in argument. Scientific interpretation laid entirely outside Christian requirements, and seemed to Christians as disingenuous evasion of what they took to be obvious truths. My contention was that the people have no historic or critical knowledge enabling them to determine the divine origin of Christianity.

On the platform he who has most knowledge of

[1] The last periodical Mr. Carlile edited.

Hebrew, Greek, and Latin will always be able to silence any dissentient who has not equal information. If by accident a controversialist happen to possess this knowledge, it goes for nothing unless he has credit for classical competency. In controversy of this nature it is not enough for a man to know; he must be known to know before his conclusions can command attention. To myself it was not of moment whether the Scriptures were authentic or inspired. My sole inquiry was, Did they contain clear moral guidance? If they did, I accepted that guidance with gratitude. If I found maxims obviously useful and true, judged by human experience, I adopted them, whether given by inspiration or not. If precepts did not answer to this test, they were not acceptable, though all the apostles in session had signed them. To miracles I did not object, nor did I see any sense in endeavoring to explain them away. We all have reason to regret that no one performs them now. It was our misfortune that the power, delegated with so much pomp of promise to the saints, had not descended to these days. If any preacher or deacon could, in our day, feed five thousand men on a few loaves and a few small fishes, and leave as many baskets of fragments as would run a workhouse for a month, the Poor Law Commissioners would make a king of that saint. But if a precept enjoined me to believe what was not true, it would be a base precept, and all the miracles in the Scriptures could not alter its character; while, if a precept be

honest and just, no miracle is wanted to attest it; indeed, a miracle to allure credence in it would only cast suspicion on its genuineness. The moral test of the Scriptures was sufficient, since it had the commanding advantage of appealing to the common sense of all sorts and conditions of men, of Christian or of Pagan persuasion. Ethical criticism has this further merit, that on the platform of discussion the miner, the weaver, or farm-laborer is on the same level as the priest. A man goes to heaven upon his own judgment; whereas, if his belief is based on the learning of others, he goes to heaven second-hand.

When Mr. J. A. Froude wrote for John Henry Newman the Life of St. Belletin, he ended with the words: "And this is all that is known, *and more than all*, of the life of a servant of God." In the Bible there appears to be a great deal more than was ever known. This does not concern the Secularist, though it does the scholar. If there be moral maxims in the Scripture, what does it matter how they got there?

CHAPTER XVIII.

ITS DISCRIMINATION.

"There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight."—*Goethe.*

IN 1847 I commenced in the *Reasoner* what I entitled "The Moral Remains of the Bible,"—a selection of some splendid moral stories, incidents, and sentences having ethical characteristics such as I doubted not would "remain" when the Bible came to be regarded as a human book. I wrote a "Logic of Life."[1] My *Trial of Theism* was only "as accused of obstructing Secular life," as stated on the title-page. The object was to show how much useful criticism could be entered upon without touching the questions of authenticity, or miracles, or the existence of deity. Thus it was left to opponents to declare that things morally incredible were inspired by God. In this case it was not I, but *they*, who blasphemed.

Take the case of Samson's famous engagement with the Philistines at Ramath,—Lehi surrounded by a band of warlike Philistines (though, as the text im-

[1] Companion to the "Logic of Death," both contained in *The Trial of Theism.*

plies, 3,000 of his own armed countrymen were at hand). Samson, who had no weapon, was not given one by them, but had to look about for a "new jawbone of an ass." With this singular instrument he killed, one after the other, a thousand Philistine soldiers, who were big, strong men, and, unless every blow was fatal, it must have taken several blows to kill some of them.

Are there three places in the human body where a single blow will be sure to kill a man? Did Samson know those places? And was he always able to direct his blow with unerring precision to one or other of those particular spots? If the thousand Philistines "surrounded" him, how did he keep the others off while he struggled with the one he was killing? It is not conceivable that the Philistines stood there to be killed, and meekly submitted to ignoble blows, death, and degradation. The jawbone must have been of strange texture to have crashed through armor, and have turned aside spears and swords of stalwart warriors without chipping, splitting, or breaking in two. What time it must have taken Samson to pursue each man, beat off his comrades, drag him from their midst, give him the asinine *coup de grâce*, drag and cast his dead body upon the "heaps" of slain he was piling up! What struggling, scuffling, and turmoil of blood and blows Samson must have gone through! Spurted all over with blood, Barnum would have bought him for a Dime Museum as the deepest-colored Red Indian

known. No Deerfoot could have been nimbler than Samson must have been on this mighty day. When this Herculean fight was over, which, with the utmost expedition, must have occupied Samson six days,—which would give 166 killed single-handed per day,—the only effect produced upon Samson appears to have been that he was "sore athirst." Even after this extraordinary use of the jawbone it was in such good condition that, a hollow place being "clave" in it, a fount of water gushed forth for refreshing this remarkable warrior. Were it not recorded in the Bible, it would be said that the writer intended to imply that the jawbone of the ass is to be found only in the mouth of the reader.

Can it need miracle or prophecy, authenticity, or inspiration, to attest this story of the Jewish Jack-the-Giant-killer? What moral good can arise from a narration which it is reverence to reject? By leaving it to the Christian to say it is given by "inspiration" of God, it is he who blasphemes. But if the question of authenticity were raised, the character of the narrative would be lost sight of, and would not come into question; while the test of moral probability decides the invalidity of the story within the compass of the knowledge of an ordinary audience.

In the same manner, keeping to the policy of affirmation, he who maintains the self-existence, the self-action, and eternity of the universe can be met only by those who defame nature as a second-hand

tool of God. Such are atheists towards nature, the author of their existence, and God must so regard them.

A single precept of Christ's, "Take no thought for the morrow," has bred swarms of mendicants in every age since this day; but a far more dangerous precept is "Resist not evil," which has made Christianity welcome to so many tyrants. Christ, whatever other sentiments he had, had a slave heart. Every friend of freedom knows that "resistance is the backbone of the world." The patriot poet[1] exclaims:

> "Land of our Fathers—in their hour of need
> God help them, guarded by the passive creed."

No miracle could make these precepts true, and he who proved their authenticity would be the enemy of mankind.

Whether Christ existed or not affects in no way what excellence and inimitableness there was in his delineated character. His offer of palpable materialistic evidence to Thomas showed that he recognised the right of scepticism to relevant satisfaction. His concession of proof in this case needed no supernatural testimony to render it admirable.

The reader will now see what the policy of Secularist advocacy is,—mainly to test theology by its ethical import. To many all policy is restraint; they cry down policy, and erect blundering into a virtue.

[1] Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Whereas policy is guidance to a chosen end. Mathematics is but the policy of measurement; grammar but the policy of speech; logic but the policy of reason; arithmetic but the policy of calculation; temperance but the policy of health; trigonometry but the policy of navigation; roads but the policy of transit; music but the policy of controlling sound; art but the policy of beauty; law but the policy of protection; discipline but the policy of strength; love but the policy of affection. An enemy may object to an adversary having a policy, because he is futile without one. The policy adopted may be bad, but no policy at all is idiocy, and commits a cause to the providence of Bedlam.

CHAPTER XIX.

APART FROM CHRISTIANISM.

"What is written by Moses can only be read by God."—*Bikar Proverb.*

SECULARISM differs from Christianism in so far as it accepts only the teachings which pertain to man, and which are consonant with reason and experience.

Parts of the Bible have moral splendor in them, but no Christian will allow any one to take the parts he deems true, and reject as untrue those he deems false. He who ventured to be thus eclectic would be defamed as Paine was. Thus Christians compel those who would stand by reason to stand apart from them.

To accept a part, and put that forward as the whole —to pretend or even to assume it to be the whole—is dishonest. To retain a portion, and reject what you leave, and not say so, is deceiving. To contend that what you accept as the spirit of Christianity is in accordance with all that contradicts it, is to spend your days in harmonising opposite statements—a pursuit demoralising to the understanding. The Secularist has, therefore, to choose between dishonesty, the de-

ception of others and deception of himself, or ethical principles independent of Christianity—and this is what he does:

The Bible being a bundle of Hebrew tracts on tribal life and tribal spite, its assumed infallibility is a burden, contradicting and misleading to all who accept it as a divine handbook of duty.

In papers issued by religious societies upon the Bible it is declared to be "so complete a system that nothing can be added to it, or taken from it," and that "it contains everything needful to be known or done." This is so false that no one, perceiving it, could be honest and not protest against it in the interest of others. Recently the Bishop of Worcester said: "It was of no use resisting the Higher Criticism. God had not been pleased to give us what might be called a perfect Bible."[1] Then it is prudence to seek a more trustworthy guide.

If money were bequeathed to maintain the eclectic criticism of the Scripture, it would be confiscated by Christian law. So to stand apart is indispensable self-defence. Individual Christians, as I well know, devote themselves with a noble earnestness to the service of man, as they understand his interests; but so long as Christianity retains the power of fraud, and uses it, Christianism as a system, or as a cause, remains outside the pale of respect. Prayer, in which the oppressed and poor are taught to trust, is of no avail for

[1] *Midland Evening News*, 1893.

protection or food, and the poor ought to know it. The Bishop of Manchester declared, in my hearing, that the Lord's Prayer will not bring us "daily bread," but that "it is an exercise of faith to ask for what we shall not receive." But if prayer will not bring "daily bread," it is a dangerous deception to keep up the belief that it will. The eyes of forethought are closed by trust in such aid, thrift is an affront to the generosity of heaven, and labor is foolishness. But, alas! aid does not come by supplication. The prayer-maker dies in mendicancy. It is not reverence to pour into the ears of God praise for protection never accorded. Dean Stanley, admirable as a man as well as a saint, was killed in the Deanery, Westminster, by a bad drain, in spite of all his Collects. Dean Farrar has been driven from St. Margaret's Rectory, in Dean's Yard, by another drain, which poisons in spite of the Thirty-nine Articles; and Canon Eyton refuses to take up his residence until the sanitary engineers have overhauled[1] the place, which, notwithstanding the invocations of the Church, Providence does not see to. To keep silence on the non-intervention of Providence would be to connive at the fate of those who come to destruction by such dependence.

"O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor! While thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave!"

[1] See *Westminster Gazette* London Letter, November 19, 1895.

True respect would treat God as though at the least he is a gentlemen. Christianity does not do this. No gentleman would accept thanks for benefits he had not conferred, nor would he exact thanks daily and hourly for gifts he had really made, nor have the vanity to covet perpetual thanksgivings. He who would respect God, or respect himself, must seek a faith apart from such Christianity.

A divine, who excelled in good sense, said: "Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the doings of the Most High. Our soundest knowledge is, to know that we know him not; *and our safest eloquence concerning Him is our silence*; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few."[1]

Mrs. Barbauld may have borrowed from Richard Hooker her fine line:

"Silence is our least injurious praise."[2]

An earnest Christian, not a religious man (for all Christians are not religious), assuming the professional familiarity with the mind of God, said to me: "Should the Lord call you to-day, are you prepared to meet Him?" I answered: Certainly; for the service of man in some form is seldom absent from my thoughts, and must be consonant with his will. Were I to pray, I should pray God to spare me from the presumption of

[1] *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book I., § 2.

[2] Charles Lamb was of this opinion when he remarked: "Had I to say grace, I would rather say it over a good book than over a mutton chop." Christians say grace over an indigestible meal. But perhaps they are right, since they need supernatural aid to assimilate it.

expecting to meet him, and from the vanity and conceit of thinking that the God of the universe will take an opportunity of meeting me.

Who can have moral longing for a religion which represents God as hanging over York Castle to receive the soul of Dove, the debauchee, who slowly poisoned his wife, and whose final spiritual progress was posted day by day on the Castle gates until the hour of the hangman came? Dove's confession was as appalling as instructive. It ran thus:

"I know that the Eternal One,
Upon His throne divine,
Gorged with the blood of His own Son,
No longer thirsts for mine.

Many a man has passed his life
In doing naught but good,
Who has not half the confidence I have
In Jesus Christ, His blood."[1]

By quoting these lines, which Burns might have written, the writer is sorry to portray, in their naked form, principles which so many cherish. But the anatomy of creeds can no more be explained, with the garments of tradition and sentiment upon them, than a surgeon can demonstrate the structure of the body with the clothes on. Divine perdition is an ethical impossibility.

Christianism is too often but a sour influence on

[1] From a volume of verse privately circulated in Liverpool at the time, by W. H. Rathbone.

life. It tolerates nature, but does not enjoy it. Instead of giving men two Sundays, as it might,—one for recreation and one for contemplation,—it converts the only day of the poor into a penal infliction. It is always more or less against art, parks, clubs, sanitation, equity to labor, freedom, and many other things. If any Christians eventually accept these material ideas, they mostly dislike them. Art takes attention from the Gospel. In parks many delight to walk, when they might be at chapel or church. Clubs teach men toleration, and toleration is thought to beget indifference. Sanitation is a form of blasphemy. Every Christian sings:—

> "Diseases are Thy servants, Lord;
> They come at Thy command."

But sanitation assassinates these "servants of the Lord." In every hospital they are tried, condemned, and executed as the enemies of mankind. If labor had justice, it would be independent, and no longer hopeless, as the poor always are. Freedom renders men defiant of subjection, which all priests are prone to exercise. Secularism has none of this distrust and fear. It elects to be on the side of human progress, and takes that side, withstand it who may. Thus, those who care for the improvement of mankind must act on principles dissociated from doctrines repellent to humanity and deterrent of ameliorative enterprise.

CHAPTER XX.

SECULARISM CREATES A NEW RESPONSIBILITY.

"Mankind is an ass, who kicks those who endeavor to take off his panniers."
—*Spanish Proverb.*

NO ONE need go to Spain to meet with animals who kick you if you serve them. Spanish asses are to be found in every land. Could we see the legs of truth, we should find them black and blue with the kicks received in unloosening the panniers of error, strapped by priests on the backs of the people. Even philosophers kick as well as the ignorant, when new ideas are brought before them. No improvement would ever be attempted if friends of truth were afraid of the asses' hoofs in the air.

He who maintains that mankind can be largely improved by material means, imposes on himself the responsibility of employing such means, and of promoting their use as far as he can, and trusting to their efficacy,—not being discouraged because he is but *one*, and mankind are many. No man can read all the books, or do all the work, of the world. It is enough that each reads what he needs, and, in matter

of moral action, does all he can. He who does less, fails in his duty to himself and to others.

Christian doctrine has none of the responsibility which Secularism imposes. If there be vice or rapine, oppression or murder, the purely Christian conscience is absolved. It is the Lord's world, and nothing could occur unless he permitted it. If any Christian heart is moved to compassion, it commonly exudes in prayer. He "puts the matter before the Lord and leaves it in His hands." The Secularist takes it into his own. What are his hands for? The Christian can sit still and see children grow up with rickets in their body and rickets in their soul. He will see them die in a foul atmosphere, where no angel could come to receive their spirit without first stopping his nose with his handkerchief, as I have seen Lord Palmerston do on entering Harrow on Speech Day. The Christian can make money out of unrequited labor. When he dies, he makes no reparation to those who earned his wealth, but leaves it to build a church, as though he thought God was blind, not knowing (if Christ spake truly) that the Devil is sitting in the fender in his room, ready to carry his soul up the chimney to bear Dives company. Why should he be anxious to mitigate inequality of human condition? It is the Lord's will, or it would not be. When it was seen that I was ceasing to believe this, Christians in the church to which I belonged knelt around me, and prayed that I might be influenced not to go out into the world to

see if these things could be improved. It was no light duty I imposed on myself.

A Secularist is mindful of Carlyle's saying, "No man is a saint in his sleep." Indeed, if any one takes upon himself the responsibility of bettering by reason the state of things, he will be kept pretty well awake with his understanding.

Many persons think their own superiority sufficient for mankind, and do not wish their exclusiveness to be encroached upon. Their plea is that they distrust the effect of setting the multitude free from mental tyranny, and they distrust democracy, which would sooner or later end political tyranny.

These men of dainty distrust have a crowd of imitators, in whom nobody recognises any superiority to justify their misgivings as to others. The distrust of independence in the hands of the people arises mainly from the dislike of the trouble it takes to educate the ignorant in its use and limit. The Secularist undertakes this trouble as far as his means permit. As an advocate of open thought and the free action of opinion, he counts the responsibility of trust in the people as a duty.

It will be asked, What are the deterrent influences upon which Secularism relies for rendering vice, of the major or minor kind, repellent? It relies upon making it clear that in the order of nature retribution treads upon the heels of transgression, and, if tardy in doing it, its steps should be hastened.

The mark of error of life is—disease. Science can take the body to pieces, and display mischief palpable to the eyes, when the results of vice startle, like an apparation, those who discern that:

> "Their acts their angels are,—if good; if ill,
> Their fatal shadows that walk by them still."

A man is not so ready to break the laws of nature when he sees he will break himself in doing it. He may not fear God, but he fears fever and consumption. He may have a gay heart, but he will not like the occupation of being his own sexton and digging his own grave. When he sees that death lurks in the frequent glass, for instance, *that* spoils the flavor of the wine. He takes less pride in the beeswing who sees the shroud in the bottle. He may hope that God will forgive him, but he knows that death will not. He who holds the scythe is accustomed to cut down fools, whether they be peers or sweeps. Death knows the fool at a glance. To prevent any mistake, Disease has marked him with her broad arrow. The young man who once has his eyes well open to this state of the case, will be considerate as to the quality of his pleasures, especially when he knows that alluring but unwholesome pleasure is in the pay of death. Temperance advocates made more converts by exhibiting the biological effects of alcohol than by all their exhortations.

The moral nature of man is as palpable as the physical to those who look for its signs. There is a

moral squint in the judgment, as plain to be seen as a cast in the eyes. The voice is not honest; it has the accent of a previous conviction in it. The speech has contortions of meaning in it. The sense is limp and flaccid, showing that the mind is flabby. Such a one has the backbone of a fish; he does not stand upright. As the Americans say, he does not "stand square" to anything. There is no moral pulse in his heart. If you could take hold of his soul, it would feel like a dead oyster, and would slip through your fingers. Everybody knows these people. You don't consult them; you don't trust them. You would rather have no business transactions with them. If they are in a political movement, you know they will shuffle when the pinch of principle comes.

Crime has its consequences, and criminals, little and great, know it. When Alaric A. Watts wrote of the last Emperor of the French:—

> "Safe art thou, Louis!—for a time;
> But tremble!—never yet was crime,
> Beyond one little space, secure.
> The coward and the brave alike
> Can wait and watch, can rush and strike.
> Which marks thee? One of them, be sure,—"

few thought the bold prediction true; but it came to pass, and the Napoleonic name and race became extinct, to the relief of Europe.

Trouble comes from avowing unpopular ideas. Diderot well saw this when he said: "There is less

inconvenience in being mad with the mad than in being wise by oneself." One who regards truth as duty will accept responsibilities.

It is the American idea

"To make a man and leave him be."

But we must be sure we have made him a man,—self-acting, guided by reasoned proof, and one who, as Archbishop Whately said, "believes the principles he maintains, and maintains them because he believes them."

A man is not a man while under superstition, nor is he a man when free from it, unless his mind is built on principles conducive and incentive to the service of man.

CHAPTER XXI.

THROUGH OPPOSITION TO RECOGNITION.

"So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs."
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

LADY HESTER STANHOPE said she knew "Lord Byron must be a bad man, for he was always *intending* something." Any improvement in the method of life is "intending something," and society ought to be tolerant of those whose badness takes no worse form. The rules Secularism prescribes for human conduct are few, and no intelligent preacher would say they indicate a dangerous form of "badness." They are:

1. Truth in speech.
2. Honesty in transaction.
3. Industry in business.
4. Equity in according the gain among those whose diligence and vigilance help to produce it.

"Though this world be but a bubble,
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

Learning and fortune do but illuminate these virtues. They cannot supersede them. The germs of these qualities are in every human heart. It is only necessary that we cultivate them. Men are like billiard balls—they would all go into the right pockets in a few generations, if rightly propelled. Yet these principles, simple and unpretending as they are, being founded on considerations apart from modes of orthodox thought, have had a militant career. The Spanish proverb has been in request: "Beware of an ox before, of a mule behind, and of a monk on every side." The monk, tonsured and untonsured, is found in every religion.

In Glasgow I sometimes delivered lectures on the Sunday in a quaint old hall situated up a wynd in Candleriggs. On the Saturday night I gave a woman half-a-crown to wash and whiten the stairs leading to the hall, and the passage leading to the street and across the causeway, so that the entrance to the hall should be clean and sweet. Sermons were preached in the same hall when the stairs were repulsively dirty. The woman remarked to a neighbor that "Mr. Holyoake's views were wrang, but he seemed to have clean principles." He who believes in the influence of material conditions will do what he can to have them pure, not only where he speaks, but where he frequents and where he resides. The theological reader, who by accident or curiosity looks over these pages, will find much from which he will dissent; but I hope he

will be able to regard this book as one of "clean principles," as far as the limited light of the author goes.

Accepting the "golden rule" of Huxley—"Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct that they cannot be doubted"—causes the Secularist to credit less than his neighbors, and that goes against him; being, as it were, a reproach of their avidity of belief. One reason for writing this book is to explain—to as many of the new generation as may happen to read it—the discrimination of Secularism. Newspapers and the clerical class, who ought to be well informed, continually speak of mere free-thinking as Secularism. How this has been caused has already been indicated. Two or three remarkable and conspicuous representatives of free thought, who found iconoclasticism easier, less responsible, and more popular, have given to many erroneous impressions. When Mr. Bradlaugh, Mrs. Besant, and Mr. Foote came into the Secularistic movement, which preceded their day, they gave proof that they understood its principles, which they afterwards disregarded or postponed. I cite their opinions lest the reader should think that this book gives an account of a form of thought not previously known. One wrote:

"From very necessity, Secularism is affirmative and constructive; it is impossible to thoroughly negate any falsehood without making more or less clear the opposing truth."[1]

[1] "Secularism: What Is It?" *National Secular Society's Tracts*—No. 7. By Charles Bradlaugh.

Again:

"Secularism conflicts with theology in this: that the Secularist teaches the improvability of humanity by human means; while the theologian not only denies this, but rather teaches that the Secular effort is blasphemous and unavailing unless preceded and accompanied by reliance on divine aid."[1]

Mrs. Besant said:

"Still we *have* won a plot of ground—men's and women's hearts. To them Secularism has a message; to them it brings a rule of conduct; to them it gives a test of morality, and a guide through the difficulties of life. Our morality is tested only—be it noted—by utility in this life and in this world."[2]

Mr. Foote was not less discerning and usefully explicit, saying:

"Secularism is founded upon the distinction between the things of time and the things of eternity. . . . The good of others Secularism declares to be the law of morality; and although certain theologies secondarily teach the same doctrine, yet they differ from Secularism in founding it upon the supposed will of God, thus admitting the possibility of its being set aside in obedience to some other equally or more imperative divine injunction."[3]

For several years the *National Reformer* bore the subtitle of "Secular Advocate."

We could not expect early concurrence with the policy of preferring ethical to theological questions of

1 "Why Are We Secularists?" *National Secular Society's Tracts*—No. 8. By Charles Bradlaugh.

2 "Secular Morality." *National Secular Society's Tracts*—No. 3. By Annie Besant.

3 *Secularism and Its Misrepresentation*, by G. W. Foote, who subsequently succeeded Mr. Bradlaugh as President of the National Secular Society.

theism and unprovable immortality. We accepted the maxim of Sir Philip Sydney—namely, that "Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to leave reasoning on things above reason." We are not in the land of the real yet, common sense is not half so romantic to the average man as the transcendental, and an atheistical advocacy got the preference with the impetuous. The Secularistic proposal to consult the instruction of an adversary proved less exciting than his destruction. The patience and resource it implies to work by reason alone are not to the taste of those to whom a kick is easier than a kindness, and less troublesome than explanation. Those who have the refutatory passion intense say you must clear the ground before you can build upon it. Granted; nevertheless, the signs of the times show that a good deal of ground has been cleared. The instinct of progress renders the minority, who reflect, more interested in the builder than the undertaker. What would be thought of a general who delayed occupying a country he had conquered until he had extirpated all the inhabitants in it? So, in the kingdom of error, he who will go on breaking images, without setting statues up in their place, will give superstition a long life. The savage man does not desert his idols because you call them ugly. It is only by slow degrees, and under the influence of better-carved gods, that his taste is changed and his worship improved. The reader will see that Secularism leaves the mystery of deity to the chartered

imagination of man, and does not attempt to close the door of the future, but holds that the desert of another existence belongs only to those who engage in the service of man in this life. Prof. F. W. Newman says: "The conditions of a future life being unknown, there is no imaginable means of benefiting ourselves and others in it, except by aiming after present goodness."[1]

Men have a right to look beyond this world, but not to *overlook* it. Men, if they can, may connect themselves with eternity, but they cannot disconnect themselves from humanity without sacrificing duty. The purport of Secularism is not far from the tenor of the famous sermon by the Rev. James Caird, of which the *Queen* said:

"He explained in the most simple manner what real religion is—not *a thing to drive us from the world*, not a perpetual moping over 'good' books; but being and doing good."[2]

This end we reach not by a theological, but by a Secular, path.

[1] Prof. F. W. Newman, who is always clear beyond all scholars, and candid beyond all theologians, has published a Palinode retracting former conclusions he had published, and admitting the uncertainty of the evidence in favor of after-existence.

[2] The *Queen* on the Rev. J. Caird's sermon, *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands.*

CHAPTER XXII.

SELF-EXTENDING PRINCIPLES.

"Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son."
—*Dryden.*

SO FAR as Secularism is reasonable, it must be self-extending among all who think. Adherents of that class are slowly acquired. Accessions begin in criticism, though that, as we have seen, is apt to stop there. In all movements the most critical persons are the least suggestive of improvements. Constructiveness only excites enthusiasm in fertile minds.

After the Cowper Street Discussion with the Rev. Brewin Grant in 1853, see Chapter X, page 50, societies, halls, and newspapers adopted the Secular name. In 1863 appeared the *Christian Reasoner*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Rylance, a really reasoning clergyman, whom I afterwards had the pleasure to know in New York. His publication was intended to be a substitute for the *Reasoner*, which I had then edited for seventeen years. But when the *Reasoner* commenced, in 1846, Christian believing was far more thought of than Christian reasoning. One line in Dr. Rylance's *Chris-*

tian Reasoner was remarkable, which charged us with "forgetfulness of the necessary incompleteness of Revelation." So far from forgetting it, it was one of the grounds on which Secularism was founded. However, it is to the credit of Dr. Rylance that he should have preceded, by thirty years, the Bishop of Worcester in discerning the shortcomings of Revelation, as cited in Chapter XIX, page 101.

In 1869 we obtained the first Act of Secular affirmation, which Mr. J. S. Mill said was mainly due to my exertions, and to my example of never taking an oath. In obtaining the Act, I had no help from Mr. Bradlaugh, he being an ostentatious oath-taker at that time. It was owing to Mr. G. W. Hastings (then, or afterwards, M. P.), the founder of the Social Science Association, that the Affirmation clause was added to the Act of 1869. One of the objects we avowed was "to procure a law of affirmation for persons who objected to take the oath."[1]

Another of our aims was stated to be: "To convert churches and chapels into temples of instruction for the people . . . . to solicit priests to be teachers of useful knowledge."[2] We strove to promote these ends by holding in honor all who gave effect to such human precepts as were contained in Christianity. This fairness and justice has led many to suppose

1 *Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People*, p. 12; 1854. Fifteen years before the first Act was passed.

2 *Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People*, by G. J. Holyoake, p. 12; 1854.

that I accepted the theological as well as the ethical passages in the Scriptures. But how can a Christian preacher be inclined to risk the suspicion of the narrower-minded members of his congregation, if no one gives him credit for doing right when he does it?

With our limited means and newness of doctrine, we could not hope to rival an opulent hierarchy and occupy its temples; but we knew that the truth, if we had it, and could diffuse it in a reasonable manner, would make its way and gradually change the convictions of a theological caste. The very nature of Freethought makes it impossible for a long time yet, that we should have many wealthy or well-placed supporters. Where the platform is open to every subject likely to be of public service—subjects suppressed everywhere else, and open to the discussion of the wise or foolish present who may arise to speak, outrages of good taste will occur. Persons who forget that abuse does not destroy use, and that freedom is more precious than propriety, cease to support a free-speaking Society. The advocacy of slave emancipation was once an outrage in America. It is now regarded as the glory of the nation. In an eloquent passage it has been pointed out what society owes to the unfriended efforts of those who established and have maintained the right of free speech.

"Theology of the old stamp, so far from encouraging us to love nature, teaches us that it is under a curse. It teaches us to look upon the animal creation with shuddering disgust; upon the

whole race of man, outside our narrow sect, as delivered over to the Devil; and upon the laws of nature at large as a temporary mechanism, in which we have been caught, but from which we are to anticipate a joyful deliverance. It is science, not theology, which has changed all this; it is the atheists, infidels, and rationalists, as they are kindly called, who have taught us to take fresh interest in our poor fellow denizens of the world, and not to despise them because Almighty Benevolence could not be expected to admit them to Heaven. To the same teaching we owe the recognition of the noble aspirations embodied in every form of religion, and the destruction of the ancient monopoly of divine influences."[1]

Those who, in storm and stress, bring truth into the world may not be able to complete its triumph, but it makes its own way, and finally conquers the understanding of mankind.

Priestley, without fortune, with only the slender income of a Unitarian minister, created and kept up a chemical laboratory. There alone he discovered oxygen. Few regarded him, few applauded him; only a few Parisian philosophers thanked him. He had no disciples to spread his new truth. He was not even tolerated in the town which he endowed with the fame of his priceless discovery. His house was burnt by a Church-and-King mob; his instruments, books, and manuscripts destroyed; and he had to seek his fortune in a foreign land.

Yet what has come out of his discovery? It has become part of the civilisation of the world, and mankind owe more to him than they yet understand.

[1] Leslie Stephens's *Freethinking and Plain Speaking.*

When a young man, he forsook the Calvinism in which he was reared. "I came," he said, "to embrace what is called heterodox views on every question."[1] He cared for this world as well as for another, and hence was distrusted by all "true believers." Though he had "spiritual hopes," he agreed that he should be called a materialist.

We have now had (1895) a London Reform Sunday, more than two hundred and fifty (one list gave four hundred) preachers of all denominations taking for their unprecedented text, "The Duties and Responsibilities of Citizenship,"—a thing the most sanguine deemed incredible when suggested by me in 1854.[2] Within twenty years Dr. Felix Adler has founded noble Ethical Societies. Dr. Stanton Coit is extending them in Great Britain. They are Secularist societies in their nature. South Place Chapel now has taken the name of Ethical Society. Since the days of W. J. Fox, who first made it famous, it has been the only successor in London of the Moral Church opened by Thomas Holcroft. Though modern Secular societies, to which these pages relate, have been anti-theological mainly, the Secular Society of Leicester is a distinguished exception. It has long had a noble hall of its own, and from the earliest inception of Secularism it has been consistent and

1 See *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (1888); article: Priestley.

2 We have now a Museum Sunday. Even twenty years ago those who advocated the Sunday opening of museums were counted irreverent and beyond the pale of grace. Their opening is now legalised (1896).

persistent in its principles. As stated elsewhere,[1] the "Principles of Secularism" were submitted to John Stuart Mill in 1854, and his approval was of importance in the eyes of their advocates. In the first issue of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* a special article appeared upon these views, and in the later issue of that work in 1888 a new article was written on Secularism. In the Rev. Dr. Molesworth's *History of England* a very clear account was given of the rise of Secularist opinions. This will be sufficient information for readers unacquainted with the subject.

The cause of reason has had more to confront than the cause of Christianity, which has always been on the side of power since the days of Christ. The two most influential ideas which, in every age since Christianity arose, have given it currency among the ignorant and the credulous, have been the ideas of Hell and prayer. Hell has been the terror, and prayer the bribe, which have won the allegiance of the timid and the needy. These two master passions of alarm and despair have brought the unfortunate portions of mankind to the foot of the Cross.

The cause of reason has no advantages of this nature, and only the intelligent have confidence in its progress. If we have expected to do more than we have, we are not the only party who have been prematurely sanguine. The Rev. David Bogue, preaching in Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-Court Road,

[1] *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*, Chap. CX.

at the foundation of the Foreign Missionary Society (1790) of the Congregational denomination, exclaimed amid almost unequalled enthusiasm: "We are called together this evening to the funeral of bigotry." Judging from what has happened since, bigotry was not dead when its funeral was prepared, or it was not effectually buried, as it has been seen much about since that day.

Bigotry, like Charles II., takes an unconscionable time in dying. Down to Sir Charles Lyell's days, so harmless a study as geology was distrusted, and Lyell, like Priestley, had to seek auditors in America. While he lectured at Boston to 1,500 persons, 2,000 more were unable to obtain tickets, which were bought at a guinea each *extra*. At our great ancient seat of learning, Oxford, Buckland lectured on the same interesting subject to an audience of three.

Secularism keeps the lamp of free thought burning by aiding and honoring all who would infuse an ethical passion into those who lead the growing army of independent thinkers. Our lamp is not yet a large one, and its supply of oil is limited by Christian law; but, like the fire in the Temple of Montezuma, we keep it burning. In all the centuries since the torch of free thought was first lighted, though often threatened, often assailed, often dimned, it has never been extinguished. We could not hope to captivate society by splendid edifices, nor many cultivated advocates; but truth of principle will penetrate where those who

maintain it will never be seen and never heard. The day cometh when other torches will be lighted at the obscure fire, which, borne aloft by other and stronger hands, will shed lasting illumination where otherwise darkness would permanently prevail. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning has said: "Truth is like sacramental bread,—we must pass it on."

SECULARIST CEREMONIES.

"Death is the decisive test of the value of the education and morality of society; Secular funerals are the symbol of the social renovation."—*J. P. Proudhon.*

CERTAIN ceremonies are common to all human society, and should be consistent with the opinions of those in whose name the ceremonies take place. The marriage service of the Church contains things no bride could hear without a blush, if she understood them; and the Burial Service includes statements the minister ought to know to be untrue, and by which the sadness of death is desecrated. The Secularist naturally seeks other forms of speech. It being a principle of Secularism to endeavor to replace what it deems bad by something better—or more consistent with its profession—the following addresses are given. Other hands may supply happier examples; but, in the meantime, these which follow may meet with the needs of those who have no one at hand to speak for them, and are not accustomed to speak for themselves.

ON MARRIAGE.

Marriage involves several things of which few persons think beforehand, and which it is useful to call their attention to at this time. The bridegroom, by the act of marriage, professes that he has chosen out of all the women of the world, known to him, the one to whom he will be faithful while life shall last. He declares the bride to be his preference, and, whoever he may see hereafter, or like, or love, the door of association shall be shut upon them in his heart for ever. The bride, on her part, declares and promises the same things. The belief in each other's perfection is the most beautiful illusion of love. Sometimes the illusion happily continues during life. It may happen —it does happen sometimes—that each discovers that the other is not perfect. The Quaker's advice was: "Open your eyes wide before marriage, but shut them afterwards." Those who have neglected the first part of this counsel will still profit by observing the second. Let those who will look about, and put tormenting constructions on innocent acts: beware of jealousy, which kills more happiness than ever Love created.

The result of marriage is usually offspring, when society will have imposed upon it an addition to its number. It is necessary for the credit of the parents, as well as for the welfare of the children, that they

should be born healthy, reared healthy, and be well educated; so that they may be strong and intelligent when the time comes for them to encounter, for themselves, the vicissitudes of life. Those who marry are considered to foreknow and to foresee these duties, and to pledge themselves to do the best in their power to discharge them.

In the meantime, and ever afterwards, let love reign between you. And remember the minister of Love is deference towards each other. Ceremonial manners are conducive to affection. Love is not a business, but the permanence of love is a business.

Unless there are good humor, patience, pleasantness, discretion, and forbearance, love will cease. Those who expect perfection will lose happiness. A wise tolerance is the sunshine of love, and they who maintain the sentiment will come to count their marriage the beginning of the brightness of life.

NAMING CHILDREN.

In naming children it is well to avoid names whose associations pledge the child, without its consent, to some line of action it may have no mind to, or capacity for, when grown up. A child called "Brutus" would be expected to stab Cæsar—and the Cæsars are always about. The name "Washington" destroyed a politician of promise who bore it. He could never live up to it. A name should be a pleasant mark to be known by, not a badge to be borne.

In formally naming a child it is the parents alone to whom useful words can be addressed.

Heredity, which means qualities derived from parentage, is a prophecy of life. Therefore let parents render themselves as perfect in health, as wise in mind, and as self-respecting in manners as they can; for their qualities in some degree will appear in their offspring. One advantage of children is that they contribute unconsciously to the education of parents. No parents of sense can fail to see that children are as imitative as monkeys, and have better memories. Not only do they imitate actions, but repeat forms of expression, and will remember them ever after. The manners of parents become more or less part of the manners and mind of the child. Sensible parents, seeing this, will put a guard upon their conduct and speech, so that their example in act and word may be a store-house of manners and taste from which their children may draw wisdom in conduct and speech. The minds of children are as photographic plates on which parents are always printing something which will be indelibly visible in future days. Therefore the society, the surroundings, the teachers of the child, so far as the parents can control them, should be well chosen, in order that the name borne by the young shall command respect when their time comes to play a part in the drama of life. To this end a child should be taught to take care what he promises, and that when he has given his promise he has to keep it, for

he whose word is not to be trusted is always suspected, and his opinion is not sought by others, or is disregarded when uttered. A child should early learn that debt is dependence, and the habit of it is the meanness of living upon loans. There can be no independence, no reliance upon the character of any one, who will buy without the means of payment, or who lives beyond his income. Such persons intend to live on the income of some one else, and do it whether they intend it or not. He alone can be independent who trusts to himself for advancement. No one ought to be helped forward who does not possess this quality, or will not put his hand to any honest work open to him. Beware of the child who has too much pride to do what he can for his own support, but has not too much pride to live upon his parents, or upon friends. Such pride is idleness, or thoughtlessness, or both, unless illness causes the inability.

Since offspring have to be trained in health and educated in the understanding, there must not be many in the family unless the parents have property. The poor cannot afford to have many children if they intend to do their duty by them. It is immoral in the rich to have many because the example is bad, and because they are sooner or later quartered upon the people to keep them ; or, if they are provided for by their parents, they are under no obligation to do anything for themselves, which is neither good for them

nor good for the community, to which they contribute nothing.

Believing this child will be trained by its parents to be an honor to them, and a welcome addition to the family of humanity, it is publicly named with pleasure.

OVER THE DEAD.

I.—READING AT A GRAVE.

Esdras and Uriel.

[An argument in which the Prophet speaks as a Secularist.]

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, said:—I am sent to show thee three ways, and to set forth three similitudes before thee: whereof, if thou canst declare me one, I will show thee also the way that thou desirest to see . . . .

And I said, Tell on, my Lord.

Then said he unto me, Go thy way; weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.

Then answered I and said, What man is able to do that, that thou shouldest ask such things of me?

And he said unto me, If I should ask thee how great dwellings are in the midst of the sea, or how many springs are in the beginning of the deep, or how many springs are above the firmament, or which are the outgoings of Paradise, peradventure thou wouldst say unto me, I never went down into the deep, nor

as yet into Hell, neither did I ever climb up into Heaven.

Nevertheless, now have I asked thee but only of the fire, and wind, and of *the day wherethrough* thou hast passed, and of *things from which thou canst not be separated*, and yet canst thou give me no answer of them.

He said, moreover, unto me, Thine own things, and such as are *grown up with thee*, canst thou not know? How should thy vessel, then, be able to comprehend the way of the Highest? . . . .

Then said I unto him, It were better that we were not at all than that we should live still in wickedness and to suffer, and not to know wherefor.

He answered me and said, I went into a forest, into a plain, and the trees took counsel, and said, Come, let us go and make war against the sea, that it may depart away before us, and that we may make us more woods.

The floods of the sea also in like manner took counsel, and said, Come, let us go up and subdue the woods of the plain: that there also we may make us another country.

The thought of the wood was in vain, for the fire came and consumed it. The thought of the floods of the sea came likewise to nought, for the sand stood up and stopped them.

If thou wert judge now betwixt these two, whom

wouldest thou begin to justify? or whom wouldest thou condemn?

I answered, and said, Verily it is a foolish thought that they both have devised; for the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea also hath his place to bear his floods.

Then answered he me and said, Thou hast given a right judgment; but why judgest thou not thyself also? For like as the ground is given unto the woods, and the sea to his floods, even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing but that which is upon the earth: and he that dwelleth upon the heavens may only understand the things that are above the height of the heavens.

Then answered I and said, I beseech thee, O Lord, let me have *understanding*.

For it was not my mind to be curious of the high things, but of such as pass by us daily.

Harriet Martineau's Hymn.[1]

[The only hymn known to me in which a Supreme Cause is implied without being asserted or denied, or the reader committed to belief in it.]

Beneath this starry arch
Nought resteth or is still,
But all things hold their march
As *if* by one great will:
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

[1] Which may be sung where it can be so arranged.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed.
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, for ever!

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain:
Moves one, move all:
Hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid bright verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever!

II.—AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD.

THE death of a child is alone its parents' sorrow. Too young to know, too innocent to fear, its life is a smile and its death a sleep. As the sun goes down before our eyes, so a mother's love vanishes from the gaze of infancy, and death, like evening, comes to it with quietness, gentleness, and rest. We measure the

loss of a child by the grief we feel. When its love is gone, its promise over, and its prattle silent, its fate excites the parents' tears; but we forget that infancy, like the rose, is unconscious of the sweetness it sheds, and it parts without pain from the pleasure it was too young to comprehend, though engaging enough to give to others. The death of a child is like the death of a day, of which George Herbert sings:

> "Sweet day, so clear, so calm, so bright
> Bridal of the earth and sky;
> The dew shall weep thy fall to-night—
> For thou must die."

It is no consolation to say, "When a child dies it is taken from the sorrows of life." Yes! it is taken from the sorrows of life, and from its joys also. When the young die they are taken away from the evil, and from good as well. What parents' love does not include the happiness of its offspring? No! we will not cheat ourselves. Death is a real loss to those who mourn, and the world is never the same again to those who have wept by the grave of a child. Argument does not, in that hour, reach the heart. It is human to weep, and sympathy is the only medicine of great grief. The sight of the empty shoe in the corner will efface the most relevant logic. Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death. Yet, though sorrow cannot be checked at once by reason, it may be chastened by it. Wisdom teaches that all

human passions must be subordinate to the higher purposes of life. We must no more abandon ourselves to grief than to vice. The condition of life is the liability to vicissitude, and, while it is human to feel, it is duty to endure. The flowers fade, and the stars go down, and youth and loveliness vanish in the eternal change. Though we cannot but regret a vital loss, it is wisdom to love all that is good for its own sake; to enjoy its presence fully, but not to build on its continuance, doing what we can to insure its continuance, and bearing with fortitude its loss when it comes. If the death of infancy teaches us this lesson, the past may be a charmed memory, with courage and dignity in it.

III.—MEN OR WOMEN.

The science of life teaches us that while there is pain there is life. It would seem, therefore, that death, with silent and courteous step, never comes save to the unconscious. A niece of Franklin's, known for her wit and consideration for others, arrived at her last hour at the age of ninety-eight. In her composure a friend gently touched her. "Ah," murmured the old lady, "I was dying so beautifully when you brought me back! But never mind, my dear; I shall try it again." This bright resignation, worthy of the niece of a philosopher, is making its way in popular affection.

Lord Tennyson, when death came near to him, wrote:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

There is just a touch of superstition in these genial lines. He writes: "After death the dark." How did he know that? What evidence is there that the unknown land is "dark"? Why not light? The unknown has no determinate or ascertained color.

Where we know nothing, neither priest nor poet has any right to speak as though he had knowledge. Improbability does not imply impossibility. That which invests death with romantic interest is, that it may be a venture on untried existence. If a future state be true, it will befall those who do not expect it as well as those who do. Another world, if such there be, will come most befittingly and most agreeably to those who have qualified themselves for it, by having made the best use in their power of this. By best use is meant the service of man. Desert consists alone in the service of others. Kindness and cheerfulness are the two virtues which most brighten human life.

Wide-eyed philanthropy is not merely money-giving goodness, but the wider kindness which aids the ascendancy of the right and minimises misery everywhere.

Death teaches, as nothing else does, one useful lesson. Whatever affection or friendship we may have shown to one we have lost, Death brings to our memory countless acts of tenderness which we had neglected. Conscience makes us sensible of these omissions now it is too late to repair them. But we can pay to the living what we think we owe to the dead; whereby we transmute the dead we honor into benefactors of those they leave behind. This is a useful form of consolation, of which all survivors may avail themselves.

Mrs. Ernestine Rose—a brave advocate of unfriended right—when age and infirmity brought her near to death, recalled the perils and triumphs in which she had shared, the slave she had helped to set free from the bondage of ownership, and the slave minds she had set free from the bondage of authority; she was cheered, and exclaimed: "But I have lived."

The day will come when all around this grave shall meet death; but it will be a proud hour if, looking back upon a useful and generous past, we each can say: "I have *lived.*"

IV.—ON A CAREER OF PUBLIC USEFULNESS.

In reasoning upon death no one has surpassed the argument of Socrates, who said: "Death is one of two things: either the dead may be nothing and have no feeling—well, then, if there be no feeling, but it be like sleep, when the sleeper has no dream, surely death would be a marvellous gain, for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night. If, on the other hand, death be a removal hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this?"

Sir Edwin Arnold, in his *Secret of Death*, writes:

"Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
'These will I wear to-day!'

So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh."

This may be true, and there is no objection to it if it is. But the pity is, nobody seems to be sure about it. At death we may mourn, but duty ceaseth not. If we desist in endeavors for the right because a combatant falls at our side, no battle will ever be won. "Life," Mazzini used to say, "is a battle and a march." Those who serve others at their own peril are always in

"battle." Let us honor them as they pass. Some of them have believed:

> "Though love repine and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply—
> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die.'"

They are of those who, as another poet has said, "are not to be mourned, but to be imitated."[1] The mystery of death is no greater than the mystery of life. All that precedes our existence was unseen, unimaginable, and unknown to us. What may succeed in the future is unprovable by philosopher or priest:

> "A flower above and the mould below:
> And this is all that the mourners know."[2]

The ideal of life which gives calmness and confidence in death is the same in the mind of the wise Christian as in the mind of the philosopher. Sydney Smith says: "Add to the power of discovering truth the desire of using it for the promotion of human happiness, and you have the great end and object of our existence."[3] Putting just intention into action, a man fulfils the supreme duty of life, which casts out all fear of the future.

A poet who thought to reconcile to their loss those whose lines have not fallen to them in pleasant places wrote:

1 W. J. Linton. 2 Barry Cornwall. 3 *Moral Philosophy.*

"A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam on a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave."

This is not true; the proud and mighty have rest at choice, and play at will. The "sunbeam" is on them all their days. Between the cradle and the grave is the whole existence of man. The splendid inheritance of the "proud and mighty" ought to be shared by all whose labor creates and makes possible the good fortune of those who "toil not, neither do they spin"; and whoever has sought to endow the industrious with liberty and intelligence, with competence and leisure, we may commit to the earth in the sure and certain hope that they deserve well, and will fare well, in any "land of the leal" to which mankind may go.

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BYGONES WORTH REMEMBERING

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

"The best prophet of the future is the past"
LORD BYRON

VOLUME I

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E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
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Preface

If the preface of a book be a plea to the reader, its force must lie in the aims of the author. In the following pages his main aim has been to be of service to somebody. That is a principle, which, amid the ravelment, perplexity, and entanglements of the world, always finds a pathway open. Such a principle is as an All-Seeing Eye, to which he who acknowledges it, is amenable, since it makes plain to him the devious, time-serving byways he should avoid.

The writer has no interest, no taste, no trust, save in definite, verifiable ideas. His aim has been to keep clear of the Sin of Pretension, which consists in declaring, or assuming to be true, that which the writer or speaker does not know to be true. What errors negligence of this rule has bred! What misdirection it has perpetuated! Into how many labyrinths, where truth was not to be found, has it led men! What can be more useful, or holier, than inciting the reader to beware of pretension in speech, in morals, in politics, and in piety? To keep as clear as possible of this universal sin may serve many and mislead none.

Professor Jowett has told us that "where Inquiry is denied at the door, Doubt gets in at the window." This is the way it came to the writer of this preface, and accounts for a certain liberty of expression the reader may meet with, if he ventures further into these pages.

A sentence of Mr. Allen Upward will sufficiently describe the

T X 9 8 5

spirit of this book: "Let us try to tolerate each other instead of trying to convert each other." The author disclaims belonging to that class who have "great expectations," which are as vain in literature as in life. The utmost the author looks forward to is that semi-friendly applause which is accorded to a platform speaker, not so much for any merit in his oration as for his unexpected consideration for the audience by concluding.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

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CHAPTER I

CONCERNING BYGONES

(*PREFATORY*

It was a saying of Dryden that "Anything, though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much." This depends upon what a writer says. No man is required to give an opinion of himself. Others will do that much better, if he will wait. But if a man may not speak of himself at all—reports of adventure, of personal endeavour, or of service, will be largely impossible. To relate is not to praise. The two things are quite distinct. Othello's imperishable narrative of his love of Desdemona contained no eulogy of himself. A story of observation, of experience, or of effort, or estimate of men or of opinions, I may venture upon—is written for the reader alone. The writer will be an entirely negligible quantity.

Lord Rosebery, who can make proverbs as well as cite them, lately recalled one which has had great vogue in its day, namely, "Let bygones be bygones." Life would be impossible or very

unpleasant if every one persisted in remembering what had better be forgotten. Proverbs are like plants : they have a soil and climate under which alone they flourish. Noble maxims have their limitations. Few have universal applicability. If, for instance, the advice to "let bygones be bygones" be taken as universally true, strange questions arise. Are mistakes never more to teach us what to avoid? Are the errors of others no more to be a warning to us? Is the Book of Experience to be closed? Is no more history to be written? If so philosophy could no longer teach wisdom by examples, for there would no longer be any examples to go upon. If all the mistakes of mankind and all the miscalculations of circumstance be forgotten, the warnings of the sages will die with them.

He who has debts, or loans not repaid, or promises not kept, or contracts unfulfilled in his memory, had better keep them there until he has made what reparation he can. The Bygone proverb does not apply to him. There are other derelictions of greater gravity than fall under the head of intellectual petty larceny, such as the conscious abandonment of principle, or desertion of a just cause, which had better be kept in mind for rectification.

If an admiral wrecked his ships, or a general lost his army, or a statesman ruined his country, by flagrant want of judgment—ever so conscientiously

—it is well such things should be borne in mind by those who may renew, by fresh appointment, these opportunities of calamity. It would be to encourage incapacity were such bygones consigned to oblivion. It may be useless to dwell upon "spilt milk," but further employment of the spiller may not be prudent.

Slaves of the saying, "Let bygones perish," would construct mere political man-traps, which never act when depredators are about. In human affairs bygones have occurred worth remembering as guides for the future.

It is said that "greatness is thrust upon a man"—what is meant is a position of greatness. Greatness lies in the quality of the individual, and cannot be "thrust" on any man. It is true that intrinsic greatness is often left unrecognised. It would be a crime against progress were these cases, when known, consigned to forgetfulness. Noble thoughts as well as noble acts are worth bearing in mind, however long ago they may have occurred.

My friend Joseph Cowen, who from his youth had regarded me as a chartered disturber of the unreasoning torpidity of the public conscience, described me as an agitator. All the while I never was a Pedlar of Opinions. I never asked people to adopt mine, but to reason out their own. I merely explained the nature of what I took to be erroneous in theological and public

affairs. Neither did I find fault with prevailing ideas, save where I could, or thought I could, suggest other principles of action more conducive to the welfare of all who dwell in cottages or lodgings—for whom I mainly care. I was for equal opportunities for all men, guaranteed by law, and for equitable participation in profit among all who, by toil of hand or brain, contributed to the wealth of the State.

Yet, though I never obtruded my convictions, neither did I conceal them. No public questioner ever went empty away,—if his inquiry was relevant and I had the knowledge he sought. Sometimes, as at Cheltenham (in 1842), when an inquiry was malicious and the reply penal, the questioner got his answer. My maxim was that of Professor Blackie :—

> "Wear thy heart not on thy sleeve,
> But on just occasion
> Let men know what you believe,
> With breezy ventilation."

Thus, without intending it, I came to be counted an "agitator."

As to the matter of the following pages, they relate, as all autobiographical reminiscences do, to events that are past. But whether they relate to acts, or events, or opinions, to tragedy or gaiety, they are all meant to fulfil one condition—that of having instruction or guidance of some kind in

them—which bring them within the class of "bygones worth remembering."

One day as I was walking briskly along Fleet Street, a person in greater haste than myself running down Johnson's Court collided with me, and both of us fell to the ground. On rising, I said, "If you knocked me down, never mind; if I knocked you down, I beg your pardon." He did not reciprocate my forgiveness, thinking I had run against him intentionally. Nevertheless, I say to any resenting reader who does me mischief, "never mind." If I have done him any harm it has been unwittingly, and I tender him real apologies.

CHAPTER II

PERSONAL INCIDENTS

THESE pages being autobiographic in their nature, something must be said under this head.

I was born April 13, 1817, which readers complained I omitted to state in a former work[1] of a similar kind to this, probably thinking it a "Bygone" of no importance.

* * *

It was in 1817 that Robert Owen informed mankind that "all the religions in the world were in error," which was taken to mean that they were wrong throughout; whereas all the "Prophet of the City of London Tavern" sought to prove was that all faiths were in error so far as they rested on the dogma that men can believe if they will—irrespective of evidence whatever may be the force of it before them. Mr. Owen's now truistical statement set the dry sticks of every church aflame for seventy years. In many places the ashes

[1] "Sixty Years or an Agitator's Life," afterwards referred to as "Sixty Years."

smoulder still. By blending Theology with Sociology, the Churches mixed two things better kept apart. Confusion raged for years on a thousand platforms and pulpits. I mention this matter because it was destined to colour and occupy a large portion of my life.

* * *

The habit of my thoughts is to run into speeches, as the thoughts of a poet run into verse; but if there be a more intrinsic characteristic of my mind it is accurately described in the words of Coleridge:—

"I am by the law of my nature a Reasoner. A person who should suppose I meant by that word, an arguer, would not only not understand me, but would understand the contrary of my meaning. I can take no interest whatever in hearing or saying anything merely as a fact—merely as having happened. I must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. I require in everything a reason why the thing *is* at all, and why it is *there* or *then* rather than elsewhere or at another time."

This may be why I entitled the first periodical edited in my name, *The Reasoner*.

* * *

My firstborn child, Madeline, perished while I was in Gloucester Prison.[1] There is no other word which described what happened in 1842. In 1895 (as I

[1] See "Last Trial for Atheism."

had always intended), I had a brass tablet cast bearing the simple inscription—

"Near this spot was buried
MADELINE,
Daughter of George Jacob and Eleanor Holyoake,
WHO PERISHED
October, 1842."

This tablet I had placed on the wall over the grave where the poor child lay. The grave is close to the wall. The cemetery authorities had objections to the word "Perished." When I explained to them the circumstances of Madeline's death, they permitted its erection, on my paying a cemetery fee of two guineas. The tablet will endure as long as the cemetery wall lasts. The tablet is on the left side of the main entrance to the cemetery, somewhat obscured by trees now.

* * *

Dr. Samuel Smiles published a book on Self-Help in 1859. In 1857, two years earlier, I had used the same title "Self-Help by the People." In a later work, "Self-Help, a Hundred Years Ago," the title was continued. I had introduced it into Co-operation, where it became a watchword. I have wondered whether Dr. Smiles borrowed the name from me. He knew me in 1841, when he was editing the Leeds *Times* to which I was a contributor. He must have seen in Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," "Self-Help by the

People—History of Co-operation in Rochdale," quoted in Mill's book (book iv. chap. viii.).

* * *

The phrase "Science is the Providence of Life" was an expression I had used in drawing up a statement of Secular Principles twenty-four years before I found it in the poem of Akenside's.

* * *

Two things of the past I may name as they indicate the age of opinions, by many supposed to be recent. Co-operators are considered as intending the abolition of competition, but as what we call nature—human, animal, and insect—is founded upon competition, nobody has the means of abolishing it. In the first number of the *Reasoner*, June 3, 1846, in the first article, I stated that Mr. Owen and his friends proclaimed co-operation as the "Corrector of the excesses of competition in social life"—a much more modest undertaking than superseding it.

* * *

The second thing I name that I wrote in the same number of the *Reasoner* is a short paper on "Moral Mathematics," setting forth that there is a mathematics of morality as well as of lines and angles. There are problems in morality, the right solution of which contributes as much to mental discipline as any to be found in Euclid. These I thus set forth—

Problem 1.

Given—an angry man to answer without being angry yourself.

Problem 2.

Given—an opponent full of bitterness and unjust insinuations to reply to without asperity or stooping to counter insinuations.

Problem 3.

Given—your own favourite truths to state without dogmatism, and to praise without pride, adducing with fairness the objections to them without disparaging the judgment of those who hold the objections.

Problem 4.

Given—an inconsistent and abusive opponent. It is required to reply to him by argument, convincing rather than retorting. All opportunities of "thrashing" him are to be passed by, all pain to be saved him as far as possible, and no word set down whose object is not the opponent's improvement.

Problem 5.

Given—the error of an adversary to annihilate with the same vigour with which you could annihilate him.

Problem 6.

Required—out of the usual materials to construct a public body, who shall tolerate just censure and despise extravagant praise.

* * *

One day I found a piece of twisted paper which I picked up thinking I had dropped it myself. I found in it a gold ring with a snake's head. It was so modest and curious that I wore it. Four years after, on a visit to Mr. W. H. Duignan, at Rushall Hall, on the border of Cannock Chase, I lost it. Four days later I arrived by train at Rugby Station with five heavy-footed countrymen. I went to the refreshment room. On my return only one man was in the carriage. The sun was shining brightly on the carriage floor, and there in the middle, lay, all glittering and conspicuous, my lost ring unseen and untrodden. I picked it up with incredulity and astonishment. How it came there or could come there, or being there, how it could escape the heavy feet of the passengers who went out, or the eyes of the one remaining, I cannot to this day conceive. After I had lost it, I had walked through Kidderminster, Dudley Castle, and Birmingham, and searched for it several times. I had dressed and undressed four times. I lost it finally during Lord Beaconsfield's last Government, at the great Drill Hall meeting at Blackheath,[1] in a Jingo crush made to prevent Mr. Gladstone entering to speak there on the Eastern policy of that day. In future times should the ground be excavated, the spot where I stood will be marked with gold—the only place so marked by me in this world.

* * *

[1] November 30, 1878.

It is probably vanity—though I disguise it under the name of pride—that induces me to insert here certain incidents. Nevertheless pride is the major motive. When I have been near unto death, and have asked myself what has been the consolation of this life, I found it in cherished memories of illustrious persons of thought and action, whose friendship I had shared. There are other incidents —as Harriet Martineau's Letter to Lloyd Garrison, Tyndall's testimony, elsewhere quoted—which will never pass from my memory.

* * *

The first dedication to me was that of a poem by Allen Davenport, 1843—an ardent Whitechapel artisan. The tribute had value in my eyes, coming from one of the toiling class—and being a recognition on the part of working men of London, that I was one of their way of thinking and could be trusted to defend the interests of industry.

* * *

The next came from the theological world—a quite unexpected incident in those days. The Rev. Henry Crosskey dedicated his "Defence of Religion" to me. He was of the priestly profession, but had a secular heart, and on questions of freedom at home and abroad he could be counted upon, as though he was merely human. The dedication brought Mr. Crosskey into trouble with Dr. Martineau. Unitarians were personally courteous

to heretics in private, but they made no secret that they were disinclined to recognise them in public. Dr. Martineau shared that reservation.

Letter from Dr. James Martineau to Rev. W. H. Crosskey :—

"It is very difficult to say precisely how far our respect for honest conviction, and indignation at a persecuting temper, should carry us in our demonstrations towards men unjustly denounced. I do confess that, while I would stoutly resist any ill-usage of such a man as Holyoake, or any attempt to gag him, I could hardly dedicate a book to him : this act seeming to imply a special sympathy and admiration directed upon that which distinctively characterises the man. Negative defence from injury is very different from positive homage. After all, Holyoake's principles are undeniably more subversive of the greatest truths and genuine basis of human life than the most unrelenting orthodoxy. However, it is a generous impulse to appear as the advocate of a man whom intolerance unjustly reviles." [1]

Thus he gave the young minister to understand —that while there was nothing wrong in his having respect for me, he need not have made it public. At that time it was chivalry in Mr. Crosskey to do what he did, for which I respected him all his days.

* * *

[1] From "Life of W. H. Crosskey," p. 90.

A third dedication I thought more of, and still value, came from the political world, and was the first literary testimony of my interest in it. It came from "Mark Rutherford" (William Hale White), who knew everything I knew, and a good deal more. He inscribed to me, 1866, a remarkable "Argument for the Extension of the Franchise," which had all the characteristics of statement, which have brought him renown in later years. He said in his prefatory letter to me: "If my argument does any service for Reform, Reformers will have to thank you for it, as they have to thank you for a good many other things." They were words to prize.

* * *

Recently a letter came from Professor Goldwin Smith, who was Cobden's admiration and envy, as he once told me, for the power of expressing an argument or a career in a sentence. His letter to me was as follows:—

"You and I have lived together through many eventful and changeful years. The world in these years has, I hope and believe, grown better than it was when we came into it. In respect of freedom of opinion and industrial justice, the two objects to which your life has been most devoted, real progress has certainly been made."

The main objects of my life are here distinguished and expressed in six words.

* * *

Reviewers of the autobiographic volumes preceding these, complained that they contained too little about myself. If they read the last four paragraphs given here they will be of opinion that I have said enough now.

* * *

At the Co-operative Congress held in Gloucester, 1879, a number of delegates went down to see the gaol. When they arrived before it, Mr. Abraham Greenwood, of Rochdale, exclaimed, "Take off your hats, lads! That's where Holyoake was imprisoned." They did so. That incident—when it was related to me—impressed me more than anything else connected with Co-operation. I did not suppose those tragical six months in that gaol were in the minds of co-operators, or that any one had respect for them.

* * *

The chapter, "Things which went as they Would," shows that serving co-operators had its inconveniences, but there were compensatory incidents which I recount with pleasure. One was their contribution to the Annuity of 1876, which Mr. Hughes himself commended to them at the London Congress. It was owing to Major Evans Bell and Mr. Walter Morrison that the project was successful.

* * *

The other occurred at the Doncaster Congress, 1903. In my absence a resolution had been passed

thanking me for services I had rendered in Ten Letters in Defence of Co-operation. When I rose to make acknowledgment, all the large audience stood up. It was the first time I had ever been so received anywhere, showing that services which seemed un-noted at the time, lived in remembrance.

* * *

Here I may cite a letter from Wendell Phillips. Of the great American Abolitionists, Phillips, with his fine presence and intrepid eloquence, was regarded as the "noblest Roman of them all." Theodore Parker, he described to me as the Jupiter of the pulpit; and Russell Lowell has drawn Lloyd Garrison, in the famous verse—

> "In a dark room, unfriended and unseen,
> Toiled o'er his types, a poor unlearn'd young man.
> The place was low, unfurnitured and mean,
> But there the freedom of a race began."

I corresponded with them in their heroic days. It is one of the letters of Phillips to me I quote here:—

"BOSTON,
"*July* 22, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought long ago to have thanked you for sending me copies of your pamphlets on John Stuart Mill and the Rochdale Pioneers—and with so kind and partial a recognition of my co-operation with you in your great cause.

"That on Mill was due certainly to a just estimate of him, but how sad that human jackals should

make it necessary. That on Co-operation I read and read again, welcoming the light you throw on it, for it is one of my most hopeful stepping-stones to a higher future. Thank you for the lesson—it cleared one or two dark places—not the first by any means—for I've read everything of yours I could lay my hands on. There was one small volume on Rhetoric—'Public Speaking and Debate,' methods of address, hints towards effective speech, etc.—which I studied faithfully, until some one to whom I had praised and lent it, acting probably on something like Coleridge's rule, that books belong to those who most need them—never returned me my well-thumbed essay, to my keen regret. Probably you never knew that we had printed your book. This was an American reprint—wholly exhausted—proof that it did good service. We reprinted, some ten years ago, one of your wisest tracts, the 'Difficulties that obstruct Co-operation.' It did us yeoman service. But enough, I shall beg you to accept a volume of old speeches printed long ago, because it includes my only attempt to criticise you—which you probably never saw. In it I will put, when I mail it, the last and best photograph of Sumner, and if you'll exchange, I'll add one of

"Yours faithfully, and ever,

"WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"Mr. G. J. Holyoake."

* * *

With Mr. Charles Bradlaugh I had personal

relations all his life. I took the chair for him at the first public lecture he delivered. I gave him ready applause and support. At the time of what was called his "Parliamentary struggle," I was entirely with him and ready to help him. It was with great reluctance and only in defence of principle, to which I had long been committed, that I appeared as opposed to him. He claimed to represent Free Thought, with which I had been identified long before his day. My conviction was that a Free Thinker should have as much courage, consistency, and self-respect as any Apostle, or Jew, or Catholic, or Quaker. All had in turn refused to make a profession of opinion they did not hold, at the peril of death, or, as in the case of O'Connell and the Jews, at the certainty of exclusion from Parliament. They had only to take an oath, to the terms of which they could not honestly subscribe. Mr. Bradlaugh had no scruple about doing this. In the House of Commons he openly kissed the Bible, in which he did not believe—a token of reverence he did not feel. He even administered to himself the oath, which was contrary to his professed convictions. This seemed to be a reflection upon the honour of Free Thought. Had I not dissented from it, I should have been a sharer in the scandal, and Free Thought—so far as I represented it—would have been regarded as below the Christian or Pagan level.

The key to Mr. Bradlaugh's character, which unlocks the treasure-house of his excellences and

defects, and enables the reader to estimate him justly, is the perception that his one over-riding motive and ceaseless aim was the ascendancy of the right *through him*. It was this passion which inspired his best efforts, and also led to certain aberration of action. But what we have to remember now, and permanently, is that it was ascendancy of the *right* in political and theological affairs that he mainly sought for, fought for, and vindicated. It is this which will long cause his memory to be cherished.

At the time of his death I wrote honouring notices of his career in the *Bradford Observer* and elsewhere, which were reproduced in other papers. Otherwise, I found opportunity on platforms of showing my estimate of his character and public services. I had never forgotten an act of kindness he had, in an interval of goodwill, done me. When disablement and blindness came in 1876, he collected from the readers of his journal £170 towards a proposed annuity for me. It was a great pleasure to me to repay that kindness by devising means (which others neither thought of nor believed in) of adding thrice that sum to the provision being made for his survivors. It was a merit in him that devotion to pursuits of public usefulness did not, in his opinion, absolve him from keeping a financial promise, as I knew, and have heard friends who aided him testify—a virtue not universal among propagandists. No wonder the coarse environments

of his early life lent imperiousness to his manners. In later years, when he was in the society of equals, where masterfulness was less possible and less necessary, he acquired courtesy and a certain dignity—the attribute of conscious power. He was the greatest agitator, within the limits of law, who appeared in my time among the working people. Of his own initiative he incurred no legal danger, and those who followed him were not led into it. He was a daring defender of public right, and not without genius in discovering methods for its attainment. One form of genius lies in discovering developments of a principle which no one else sees. Had he lived in the first French Revolution, he had ranked with Mirabeau and Danton. Had he been with Paine in America, he had spoken "Common Sense" on platforms. He died before being able to show in Parliament the best that was in him. Though he had no College training like Professor Fawcett, Indian lawyers found that Mr. Bradlaugh had a quicker and greater grasp of Indian questions than the Professor. It was no mean distinction—it was, indeed, a distinction any man might be proud to have won—that John Stuart Mill should have left on record, in one of his latest works, his testimony to Mr. Bradlaugh's capacity, which he discerned when others did not. Like Cobbett, the soldiers' barracks did not repress Bradlaugh's invincible passion for the distinction of a political career. In the House of Commons he took, both

in argument and debate, a high rank, and surpassed compeers there of a thousand times his advantages of birth and education. That from so low a station he should have risen so high, and, after reaching the very platform of his splendid ambition, he should die in the hour of his opportunity of triumph, was one of the tragedies of public life, which touched the heart of the nation, in whose eyes Mr. Bradlaugh had become a commanding figure.

* * *

It was in connection with the controversy concerning the Oath that I received a letter from John Stuart Mill, which when published in the *Daily News*, excited much surprise. Mr. Mill was of opinion, that the oath, being made the condition of obtaining justice, ordinary persons might take it. But one who was known to disbelieve the terms of it, and had for years publicly written and spoken to that effect, had better not take it. This was the well-known Utilitarian doctrine that the consequences of an act are the justification of it. Francis Place had explained to me that Bentham's doctrine was that the sacrifice of liberty or life was justifiable only on the ground that the public gained by it. A disciple should have very strong convictions who differs from his master, and I differ with diffidence from Mr. Mill as to the propriety of carrying the Utilitarian doctrine into the domain of morals. Truth is higher than utility, and goes before it. Truth is a measure of utility, and not utility the

measure of truth. Conscience is higher than consequence. We are bound first to consider what is right. There may be in some cases, reasons which justify departure from the right. But these are exceptions. The general rule is—Truth has the first claim upon us.

To take an oath when you do not believe in an avenging Deity who will enforce it, is to lie and know that you lie. This surely requires exceptional justification. It is nothing to the purpose to allege that the oath is binding upon you. The security of that are the terms of the oath. The law knows no other. To admit the terms to be unnecessary is to abolish the oath.

* * *

When a youth, attending lectures at the Mechanics' Institution, I soon discerned that the more eminent speakers were the clearer. They knew their subjects, were masters of the outlines, which by making bold and plain, we were instructed. Outline is the beginning of art and the charm of knowledge. Remembering this, I found no difficulty in teaching very little children to write in a week.

It is a great advantage to children to take care that their first notions are true. The primary element of truth is simplicity—with children it is their first fascination. I had only to show them that the alphabet meant no more than a line and a circle. A little child can make a "straight stroke" "and a round O."

The alphabet is made up of fifteen straight line and eleven curved line letters. The root of the fifteen straight line letters is I placed in various ways. The root of the eleven curved line letters is O or parts of O and I joined together.

A is made by two straight lines leaning against each other at the top, and a line across the middle.

H is made of two upright lines with a straight line between them.

V is made of two straight lines meeting at the bottom. If two upright lines are added to the V it becomes M.

Two V's put together make W. The letters L and T and X and Z make themselves, so easy is it to place the straight lines which compose them.

O makes itself. A short line makes it into Q. If the side of O be left open it is a C. If two half O's are joined together they make S. Half O and an upright line make D. An upright line and a half O make P. Another half added and B is made.

After a second or third time a child will understand the whole alphabet.

Such is the innate faculty of imitation and construction in children that they will put the letters together themselves when the method is made plain to them, and within a week will compose their own name and their mother's. At the same time they learn to read as well as to write. What they are told they are apt to forget, what they write they remember.

Reason is the faculty of seeing what follows as a consequence from what is, but to define distinction well is a divine gift. My one aim was to make things clear.

* * *

One of my suggestions to the young preachers, who had two sermons on Sunday to prepare, was that they should give all their strength to the evening discourse and arrange with their congregation to deliver the other from one of the old divines of English or Continental renown, which would inform as well as delight hearers. It would be an attraction to the outside public. Few congregations know anything of the eloquence, the happy and splendid illustrations and passages of thought to be found in the fathers of the Church of every denomination. Professor Francis William Newman, whose wide knowledge and fertility of thought had few equals in his day, told me that he should shrink from the responsibility of having to deliver a proficient and worthy discourse fifty-two times a year. Anyhow, for the average preacher, better one bright ruddy discourse, than two pale-faced sermons every Sunday.

* * *

Those who remained true to Chartism till the end of it are recorded in the following paragraph under the title of the "National Charter Association," which appeared in *Reynolds's Newspaper*, January 4, 1852 :—

"On Wednesday evening last, the scrutineers appointed by the metropolitan localities attended at the office, 14, Southampton Street, Strand, and having inspected the votes received, gave the following as the result, in favour of the following nine :—

"Ernest Jones (who received 900 votes), Feargus O'Connor, John Arnott, T. M. Wheeler, James Grassby, John Shaw, W. J. Linton, J. J. Bezer, G. J. Holyoake.

"Messrs. J. B. O'Brien, Gerald Massey, and Arthur Trevelyan having declined to serve, the votes received on their behalf have not been recognised.

"We, the undersigned, hereby declare the nine persons first named to be duly elected to form the Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

"John Washington, City Locality.

"Edwd. John Loomes, Finsbury Locality.

"December 31, 1851."

* * *

After I became an octogenarian, I was asked whether my years might be ascribed to my habits. I could only explain what my habits were. In the first half of my life I ate whatever came to hand, and as not enough came I easily observed moderation. But then I was disposed to be moderate on principle, having read in the *Penny Magazine*, about 1830, that Dr. Abernethy told a lady "she might eat anything eatable in moderation." In the second and later half of my life I gave heed to Carnaro, and sought to limit each meal to the least quantity

necessary for health. The limitation of quantity included liquids as well as solids, decreasing the amount of both "in relation to age and activity," as Sir Henry Thompson advised. Not thinking much of meat, I limited that to a small amount, and cereals to those that grow above ground. A tepid bath for the eye (on the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. Molesworth, of Rochdale) and a soap bath for the body every morning ends the catalogue of my habits.

My general mode of mind has been to avoid excess in food, in pleasure, in work, and in expectation. By not expecting much, I have been saved from worry if nothing came. When anything desirable did arrive, I had the double delight of satisfaction and surprise. Shakespeare's counsel—

> "Be not troubled with the tide which bears
> O'er thy contents its strong necessities,
> But let determined things to destiny
> Hold, unbewailed their way"—

ought to be part of every code of health.

The conduciveness of my habits to longevity may be seen in this. More than forty of my colleagues, all far more likely to live than myself, have long been dead. Had I been as strong as they, I also should have died as they did. Lacking their power of hastening to the end, I have lingered behind.

* * *

For the rest—

> "From my window is a glimpse of sea
> Enough for me,
> And every evening through the window bars
> Peer in the friendly stars."

The principles and aims of earlier years are confirmed by experience at 88. Principles are like plants and flowers. They suit only those whom they nourish. Nothing is adapted to everybody.

* * *

Goethe said: "When I was a youth I planted a cherry-tree, and watched its growth with delight. Spring frost killed the blossoms, and I had to wait another year before the cherries were ripe—then the birds ate them—another year the caterpillars ate them—another year a greedy neighbour stole them—another year the blight withered them. Nevertheless, when I have a garden again, I shall plant another cherry-tree." My years now are "dwindling to their shortest span"; if I should have my days over again, I shall plant my trees again—certain that if they do grow they will yield verdure and fruit in some of the barren places of this world.

CHAPTER III

OTHER INSTANCES

My first public discussion in London was with Mr. Passmore Edwards—personally, the handsomest adversary I ever met. A mass of wavy black hair and pleasant expression made him picturesque. He was slim, alert, and fervid. The subject of debate was the famous delineation of the Bottle, by George Cruikshank, which I regarded as a libel on the wholesome virtue of Temperance. Exaggerations which inform and do not deceive, as American humour, or Swift's Lilliputians, Aztecs, and giants of Brobdingnag, have instruction and amusement. The exaggeration intended to deride and intimidate those who observe moderation is a hurtful and misleading extreme. Mr. Edwards took the opposite view. Cruikshank could not be moderate, and he did right to adopt the rule of absolute abstinence. It was his only salvation. To every man or woman of the Cruikshank tendency I would preach the same doctrine. To all others I, as fervently, commend the habit of use

without abuse. Without that power no man would live a month. Had Mr. Edwards been of this way of thinking, there had been no debate between us.

Mr. Edwards had much reason on his side. Mankind are historically regarded as possessing insufficiency of brains, and it is bad economics to put an incorrigible thief into their mouths to steal away what brains they have.

I had respect for Mr. Edwards' side of the argument. For when a man makes a fool of himself, or fails to keep an engagement, or departs, in his behaviour from his best manner—through drink—he should take the next train to the safe and serene land of Abstinence.

The first person who mentioned to me the idea of a halfpenny newspaper was Mr. Passmore Edwards. One night as we were walking down Fleet Street from Temple Bar, when the Bar stood where the Griffin now stands, Mr. Edwards asked me, as I had had experience in the publishing trade whether I thought a halfpenny newspaper would pay, which evidently had for some time occupied his mind. The chief difficulty I foresaw was, would newsagents give it a chance? It afterwards cost the house of Cassells'—the first to make the experiment—many thousands. The *Workman*, in which I had a department, was intended, I was told, to be a forerunner of the halfpenny paper. But that title would never do, as I ventured to predict. Workmen, as a rule with

no partnership in profits, had enough of work without buying a paper about it. Tradesmen, middle-class and others, did not want to be taken for workmen, and the *Workman* was discontinued. But, strange to say, the same paper issued under the title of *Work* became successful. Everybody was interested in work but not in being workmen. Such are the subtleties of titles! Their right choice—is it art or instinct? The *Echo* was the name fixed upon for the first halfpenny paper. Echo of what? was not indicated. It excluded expectations of originality. Probably curiosity was the charm. It committed no one to any side. There were always more noises about than any one could listen to, and many were glad to hear the most articulate. I wrote articles in the earliest numbers under the editorship of Sir Arthur Arnold.

* * *

The House of Allsop, as known to the world of progress in the last century, is ended. The first who gave it public interest was Thomas Allsop, who assisted Robert Owen in 1832 in the Gray's Inn Lane Labour Exchanges. He was a watchful assistant of those who contributed to the public service without expecting or receiving requital. His admiration of genius always took the form of a gift—a rare but encouraging form of applause. Serjeant Talfourd somewhere bears testimony to the generous assistance Mr. Allsop rendered to

Hazlitt, Lamb, and Coleridge. To Lamb, he continually sent gifts, and Coleridge dined at his table every Sunday for nineteen years. Landor, who had always nobility of character, and was an impulsive writer—represented Mr. Allsop's interest in European freedom as proceeding from "vanity," forgetful of his own letter to Jessie Meriton White, offering £100 to any assassin of Napoleon III.; and John Forster preserves Landor's remark upon Mr. Allsop, but does not, so far as I remember, give Landor's Assassin Letter. The fact was, no man less sought publicity or disliked it more than Mr. Allsop. When Feargus O'Connor was elected member for Nottingham, Mr. Allsop qualified him by conferring upon him lands bringing an income of £300. He divided his Lincoln estate into allotments for working men, but he never mentioned these things himself. His son Robert held his father's intellectual views. His eldest son Thomas, who was class-mate with Mr. Dixon Galpin at Queenwood, a considerable landowner in British Columbia, was the philosopher of the family, and like Archbishop Whately, had a power of stating them with ever apt and ready illustrations.

They were like Mr. Owen, Conservative in politics; but in social and mental matters they were intrepid in welcoming new truth. It was at Thomas's suggestion that I omitted his father's

name altogether in my chapter, "Mr. Secretary Walpole and the Jacobin's Friend."[1] Landor was quite wrong, there was no "vanity" in the Allsop family. Were Thomas Allsop the younger now living I should not write these paragraphs. As it is, I may say that I owed to his generosity an annuity of £100. He commenced it by a subscription of £200, and by Mr. Robert Applegarth's friendly secretaryship, which had devotion and inspiration in it, a committee to which the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, with his intrepid tolerance, gave his name, was formed, and an annuity of £100 was purchased for me.

* * *

When the Taxes on Knowledge were repealed, Mr. Collet and I attempted to procure the repeal of the Passenger Tax on Railways. For forty years after the imposition of the tax of Lord Halford, 1832, the workman was taxed who went in search of an employer. When a poor sailor, arriving in London after a long voyage, desired to visit his poor mother in Glasgow, the Government added to his fare a tax of three shillings, to encourage him in filial affection. In the interests of locomotion and trade, two or three associations had attempted to get this pernicious tax repealed, without success. It was remarked in Parliament in 1877 that no committee representing the working class asked for the repeal of this discreditable impost, which most

[1] "Sixty Years," chap. lxx. p. 72.

DR. PARKER.

1869.

From an Engraving by J. Cochran.

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NEW YORK
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concerned them. This was the reason of the formation of the Travelling Tax Abolition Committee, of which Mr. Collet became secretary and I the chairman. We were assisted by an influential committee of civic and industrial leaders. After six years' agitation we were mainly instrumental (that was in Mr. Gladstone's days) in obtaining the repeal of the penny a mile tax on all third-class fares, effected by Mr. Childers in 1883, which ever since has put into the pocket of working-class travellers £400,000 a year, besides the improved carriages and improved service the repeal has enabled railway companies to give. We continued the committee many years longer in the hope of freeing the railways wholly from taxation, which still hampers the directors and is obstructive of commerce. I was chairman for twenty-four years, during which time twenty-two of the committee died. Our memorials, interviews with ministers, correspondence with officials, petitions to Parliament, public meetings and various publications, involved a large and incessant amount of work without payment of any kind. Subsequently a committee of publicists, journalists and members of Parliament, for whom Mr. Applegarth was the secretary, caused £80 to be given to me, in recognition of my services. Though it represented less than £4 a year as the salary of the chairman, it was valuable in my eyes from the persons who gave it, as they were not the persons much bene-

fited by the work done, and who really taxed themselves on behalf of others. A subscription of a halfpenny each from the working-class travellers who had profited by the repeal would have amounted to a handsome acknowledgment. But from them it was impossible to collect it. Testimonials, I believe, are often given by persons who generously subscribe for others upon whom the obligation of making it more properly rests.

* * *

It would seem insensibility or ingratitude not to record, that on my eightieth birthday—now eight years ago—I was entertained at a numerously attended dinner party in the National Liberal Club, at which to my gratification, Mr. Walter Morrison presided. The speakers, and distinction of many in the assembly, were a surprise, transcending all I had foreseen. The words of Mr. Morrison's speech, to use Tennyson's words, were like

> "Jewels
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of all time
> Sparkle forever"

in my memory.

On my eighty-sixth birthday a reception was given me by the Ethical Society of South Place Chapel, Finsbury—the oldest Free Thought temple in London, where the *duty* of free inquiry was first proclaimed by W. J. Fox. The place was filled with

faces familiar and unfamiliar, from near and far, of artists, poets, publicists, journalists, philosophers, as at the National Liberal Club, but in greater numbers. Lady Florence Dixie purchased a large and costly oil painting,[1] and sent it for me to present to the Library of the Rationalist Press Association. Among the letters sent was one, the last sent to a public meeting, by Herbert Spencer. The reader will pardon the pride I have in quoting it.

Writing from 5, Percival Terrace, Brighton, March 28, 1903, Mr. Spencer said: "I have not been out of doors since last August, and as Mr. Holyoake knows, it is impossible for me to join in the Reception to be given to him on the occasion of his eighty-sixth birthday. I can do nothing more than express my warm feeling of concurrence. Not dwelling upon his intellectual capacity, which is high, I would emphasise my appreciation of his courage, sincerity, truthfulness, philanthropy, and unwearied perseverance. Such a combination of these qualities, it will, I think, be difficult to find."

* * *

For a period I had the opportunity accorded me of editing a daily newspaper—*The Sun*. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker had been my predecessor. I was left at liberty to say whatever I pleased, and I did. In one week I wrote twenty-nine articles.

[1] By my nephew, Roland Holyoake.

But opulent opportunity of working was afforded me. As I was paid ten times as much as I had received before, I thought myself in a paradise of journalism.

* * *

In the correspondence of Robert Owen, now in possession of the Co-operative Union Memorial Committee, Manchester, is the following letter from his customary legal adviser, who then resided at Hornsey.

"6, Old Jewry, London,

"*February* 17, 1853.

"R. Owen, Esq.,

"Dear Sir,—I am glad to see your handwriting upon an envelope conveying to me a pamphlet of yours.

"Holyoake I expect will breakfast with me on Sunday morning. He comes down by the railway to Hornsey, which leaves London at nine o'clock precisely.

"I am afraid it is too cold for you, and that the walk from the railway to our house, which is three quarters of a mile, may not be agreeable.

"Yours truly,

"W. H. Ashurst.

"H. will return about 12 or 1."

After breakfast Mr. Owen walked briskly with me into town. He was then eighty-two. On his way he explained to me that, when walking as I

often had done from Birmingham to Worcester, or from Huddersfield to Sheffield—to lecture, I should find it an advantage to use the horse road, as on the footpath there is more unevenness and necessity of deviation to allow persons to pass, which increases the fatigue of a day on foot. So thoughtful and practical was the reputed visionary.

* * *

Of letters on public affairs I confine myself to three instances. When the South Kensington Exhibitions were in force, more than twenty thousand visitors a day thronged the Exhibition Road. Mothers with their children had to cross the wide Museum Road, where policemen, stationed to protect the passengers, had enough to do to keep their own toes on their feet, in the undivided traffic of cabs. I wrote to the *Times* suggesting that a lamp should be erected in the middle of the wide road serving as a light, a retreat, and a division of traffic. All the cabmen who could write protested against the danger, or the necessity, and possibility of the proposal. But it was done, to the great joy of mothers and advantage to the public.

* * *

After the fall of the French Assassin at Sedan when Marshal Bazaine was hanging about Europe in obscurity and ignominy, Mr. Arthur Arnold proposed that he should be invited to a banquet in London. Seeing that the citizens of Paris went out at night in bands of twenty or thirty heroically to

help to raise the siege—on what ground could we offer to honour Bazaine, who with 192,000 soldiers under his command, was afraid to attempt it? I asked the question in the Press, and the proposal, which had a sentiment of chivalry in it to a fallen general, and was commanding some concurrence—went out—like the Marshal—into outer darkness.

* * *

When public opinion was in the balance respecting the South American War, Mr. Reverdy Johnson and a Copperhead colleague arrived in London and began to do a respectable business in public mystification. From information supplied to me I wrote letters explaining the real nature of that sinister mission, in consequence of which the two emissaries of slavery made tracks for New York.

But of instances, as of other things, there must be an end.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST STEPS IN LITERATURE

Surely environment is the sister of heredity? Mr. Gladstone once said to me that "The longer he lived the more he thought of heredity." Next to heredity is environment—the moulder of mankind. My first passion was to be a prize-fighter. Nature, however, had not made me that way. I had no animosity of mind, and that form of contest was not to my taste. But prize-fighting was part of the miasma the Napoleonic war had diffused in England. It was in the air; it was the talk of the street. "Hammer" Lane, so called from the iron blow he could deliver, was the local hero of the Ring in the Midlands in my youth. He was a courtier of my eldest sister, and created in me a craving for fistic prowess. I fought one small battle, but found that a lame wrist, which has remained permanent, cut me off from any prospect of renown in that pursuit. Next, to be a circus jester seemed to me the very king of careers. My idea was to leap into the arena exclaiming :—

"Well, I never! Did you ever? I never did."

"Never did what?" the clown was to ask me, when my reply was to be :—

"I could only disclose that before a Royal Commission"—alluding to a political artifice then coming into vogue in Parliament. When a Minister did not know what to say to a popular demand, or found it inconvenient to say it if he did know, he would suggest a Commission to inquire into it, as is done to this day.

Then the clown would demand, "What is the good of a Royal Commission?" when the answer would be : "Every good in the world to a Ministry, for before the Commission agreed as to the answer to be given, the public would forget what the question was." Under this diversion of the audience, no one noticed that no answer was given to the original question put to the jester. Whether I could have succeeded in this walk was never decided. It was found that I lacked the loud, radiant, explosive voice necessary for circus effects, and I ceased to dream of distinction there.

I suppose, like many others who could not well write anything, I thought poetry might be my latent—very latent—faculty. So I began. For all I knew, my genius, if I had any, might lie that way. To "body forth things unknown," which I was told poets did, must be delightful. To "build castles in the air"—as my means did not enable me to pay ground rent—was at least an economical project. So

I began with a question, as new Members of Parliament do, until they discover something to say. My first production, which I hoped would be mistaken for a poem, was in the form of a "Question to a Pedestrian":—

> "Saw you my Lilian pass this way?
> You would know her by the ray
> Of light which doth attend her.
> Her eye such fire of passion hath,
> That none who meet her ever pass,
> But they some message send her."

The critics said to me, as they said to Keats, to whom I bore no other resemblance, "This sort of thing will never do. It is an imitation of Shenstone, or of one of the Shepherd and Shepherdess School of the Elizabethan era"—of whom I knew nothing. So I was lost to the Muses, who, however, never missed me.

But my career was not ended. I was told there might be an opening for me in criticism, especially of poetry, as there were many persons great in the critical line, who could not write a verse themselves—and yet lived to become a terror to all who could. My first effort in this direction was upon the book of a young poet whom I knew personally. Not venturing upon longer pieces at first, I selected two sonnets—as the author, Emslie Duncan, called them. The opening was very striking, and was thus expressed:—

> "Great God: What is it that I see?
> A figure shrimping in the sea."

How natural is the exclamation, I began. The poet invokes the Deity on the threshold of a great surprise. Luther did the same in his famous hymn beginning—

"Great God! What do mine eyes behold!"

Our sonneteer may be said to have borrowed the exclamation from Luther.[1] But we have no doubt the exclamation of our poet is purely original. He next demands an interpretation of his vision. It is early morning, though the poet does not mention it (great poets are suggestive, and stoop not to detail). An evasive grey mist spreads everywhere, like the new fiscal policy of the Bentinckian type (then in the air), obscuring the landmarks of long-time safety. Still there is one object visible. The poet's eye in "fine frenzy rolling" sees something. He is not sure of the personality that confronts him, and with agnostic precaution worthy of Huxley, he declines to say what it is—until he knows—and so contents himself with telling the reader it is a "figure" out shrimping. The scene is most impressive. As amateurs say, when they do not understand a picture they are praising, "It grows upon you." So this marvellous sonnet grows upon the

[1] The opening of Luther's fine hymn:—

"Great God! What do mine eyes behold!
The end of things created"—

which long imposed on my imagination and does so still.

reader. If there be not imagination and profundity here, we do not know where to look for it.

Next our poet returns to town, and in Whitechapel meets with the statue of a lady attired only in a blouse. Notwithstanding his astonishment he varies his abjuration, and exclaims—

> "Judge ye gods, of my surprise,
> A lady naked in her chemise!"

This is unquestionably very fine. True, there is some contradiction in nudity and attire; but splendid contradiction is an eternal element of poetry. What would Milton's "Paradise Lost" be without it? The reader cannot tell whether the surprise of the poet is at the lady or her drapery. There is no use in asking a great poet what he meant in writing his brilliant lines. If as candid as Browning, he would answer as Browning did, that "he had not the slightest idea what he meant." Nothing remains for us but to congratulate the public on the advent of a new poet who is equally great on subjects of land or sea.

There is a good deal of reviewing done on this principle, and reputations made by this sort of writing as fully without foundation, and I looked forward to further employment.

The editor to whom I sent these primal specimens of my new vocation seemed undecided what to do with them—throw them into his waste-paper basket or submit them to his readers. I assured him I had

seen a number of criticisms less restrained than mine, on performances quite as slender as the sonnets I had described. With kindly consideration, lest he might be repressing a rising genius in me, he asked me to give my opinion upon a charming little poem by Longfellow—to commend, as he hoped I could, as a new edition in which he was interested was about to be published.

The object of the poet, I found, was to awaken certain young ladies, whose only fault consisted in getting up late in the morning. The lines addressed to them, if I rightly remember, began thus :—

> "Awake! Arise! and greet the day.
> Angels are knocking at the door.
> They are in haste and may not stay,
> And once departed come no more."

This verse reminds the readers of Omar Khayyám. Two ideas in it are his, and the terms used are his; but I resisted this temptation to imitate those popular critics, whose aim is not to discover the graces of a new poet, but his plagiarisms, and to show that everybody reproduces the ideas of everybody else, and prove that—

> "Nothing is, and all things seem
> And we the shadows of a dream"—

and of old, antediluvian dreams. Disdaining this royal road to critical renown, I commenced by praising the enchanting invocation of the poet,

who when the ladies heard it would leap out of bed and dress. I observed that to the reader who did not look below the surface—did not "read between the lines," is the favourite phrase—the poem presented some mysteries of diction. Instead of appearing as the angel in Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem" did, who diffused himself in the room like a vision, these peripatetic visitants presented themselves like celestial postmen "knocking at the door." Then why were they out so early themselves? Had they more calls to make than they could well accomplish in the time allowed them? Why were they "in haste"? No wonder mankind lack repose if angels are in a hurry. The Kingdom of the Blest is supposed to be the land of rest. Manifestly these morning angels had to be back by a stipulated time, and like a tax-collector could make no second call. Apparently Longfellow's angels are like Mr. Stead's favourite spirit Julia. They are harassed with appointments, commissions, and cares. It is of no use being a spirit if you cannot move about with regal leisureliness, such as was displayed by the first Shah of Persia who visited us. The writer has seen nothing like it in any European monarch. While in the lines now in question supernatural misgivings of angelic perturbation are awakened. But as an example of poetry, irrespective of its meaning and suggestions, every reader will covet a new edition of the American

poet, and no library could be complete without a copy upon its shelves.

I had visited the poet at his Cambridge home, and was proud of the opportunity of adding ever so small an addition to the pyramid of regard raised to his memory.

The editor looked dubious on reading this review, and said the higher criticism might be entertaining in theology, but the higher criticism of poetry, which dealt with its meaning, was a different thing and might not be well taken. In vain I suggested that a poet ought to mean something, as Byron did, whose fascination is still real, and there was pathos and beauty, tragedy, tenderness and courtesy enough in the world to employ more poets than we have on hand. I received no more commissions in the way of criticisms, and had to think of some other vocation.

Some of the happiest evenings of younger days were spent in the rooms of university students. It was pleasant to be near persons who dwelt in the kingdom of knowledge, who could wander at will on the mountain tops of science and literature, and have glimpses of unknown lands of light which I might never see. Who has seen London under the reign of the sun, after a sullen, fitful season, knows how wondrous is the transformation. Like the sheen of the gods the glittering rays descend, dispelling and absorbing the sombre clouds. A radiance rests on turret and

roof. Then hidden creatures that crawl or fly come forth and put on golden tints. The cheerless poor emerge from their fireless chambers with the grateful emotions of sun worshippers.

How like is all this to the change which comes over the realm of ignorance! Light does not change vegetation more than the light of knowledge changes the realm of the mind. The thirsty crevices of thought drink in, as it were, the refreshing beams. Once conscious of the liberty and power which comes of knowing—ignorance itself becomes eager, impatient—covetous of information. Faculties unsuspected disclose themselves. Qualities undreamed-of appear. So it came to be my choice to enter the field of instruction. It seemed to me a great thing to endow any, however few, in any way, however humble, with the cheeriness and strength of ideas. True, I began to teach what I did not know—or knew but partially—yet not without personal advantage, since no one knows anything well until he has tried to teach it to another. The dullest pupil will make his master sensible of defects in his own explanation. Formerly, the dulness of a learner was supposed to discover the necessity of a cane, whereas all it proved was incapacity or unwillingness to take trouble—on the part of the teacher. The result was that I wrote several elementary books of instruction. All owed their existence, or whatever success attended them, to the experience of the class-room.

All things have an end, as many observant people know, and before long I turned my attention to journalism. I had read somewhere a saying of Aristotle—"Now I mean to speak conformably to the truth." That seems every man's duty—if he speaks at all. Anyhow, Aristotle's words appeared to constitute a good rule for a journalist. I had never heard or never heeded the injunction of Byron :—

> "Let him who speaks beware
> Of whom, of what, and when, and where."

The Aristotelian rule I had adopted soon brought me into difficulties, probably from want of skill in applying it. It was in propagandist journalism that I had ventured, which I mention for the purpose of saying that it is not, as many suppose, a profitable profession. It is excellent discipline, but it is not thought much of by your banker. Its securities are never saleable on the Stock Exchange. Nevertheless, the Press has its undying attraction. It is the fame-maker. Without it noble words, as well as noble deeds, would die. Day by day there descend from the Press ideas in fertilising showers, falling on the parched and arid plains of life, which in due season become verdant and variegated. Difficulties try men's souls, but true ideas expand them. And they have done so. Literature is a much brighter thing than it was when I first began to meddle or "muddle" in it, as Lord Salisbury would say.

Nothing was thought classical then that was not dull. No definition of importance was found to be utterly unintelligible until a University man had explained it. All is different now—let us hope.

Instances of the progress of literary opinion are perhaps more instructive and better worth remembering. In 1850, when George Henry Lewes and Thornton Hunt included my name in their published list of contributors to the *Leader*, it cost the proprietors, I had reason to know, £2,000. It set the Rev. Dr. Jelf, of King's College, on fire, and caused an orthodox spasm of a serious kind in Charles Kingsley and Professor Maurice, as witness their letters of that day.

One journal projected by me in 1850 is still issued—*Public Opinion*. Mr. W. H. Ashurst asked me to devise a paper I thought the most needed. As Peel had said, "England was governed by opinion," I suggested that this opinion should be collected. I wrote the prospectus of the new journal, specifying that each article quoted should be prefixed by a few words, within brackets, setting forth what principles, party, or interest it represented—whether English or foreign. Mr. Ashurst put the prospectus into the hands of Robert Buchanan, father of the late Robert Buchanan, and the earlier issues followed the plan I had defined. The object was to collect intelligent and responsible opinion.

In 1866 the *Contemporary Review* announced

that it would "represent the best minds of the time on all contemporary questions, free from narrowness, bigotry, and sectarianism." It professed "to represent those who are not afraid of modern thought, in its varied aspects and demands, and scorn to defend their faith by mere reticence, or by the artifices commonly acquiesced in." This manifesto of 1866 far surpassed in liberality any profession then known in the evangelical world. It was at the time a bold pronouncement. When it is considered that Samuel Morley was the most influential of the supporters of the *Contemporary*, it shows that intellectual Nonconformity was abreast of the age —as Nonconformity never was before.

In 1877 I was taken by Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, to dine at Mr. Alfred Tennyson's (Lord Tennyson later). I believe my invitation was owing to Mrs. Tennyson's desire to make inquiries of me concerning the advantages of Co-operation in rural districts, in which, like the Countess of Warwick, she was interested. The Poet Laureate gave me a glass of sack, the royal beverage of poets, of more exquisite flavour than I had tasted before. I did not wonder that it was conducive to noble verse—where the faculty of it was present.

Mr. Knowles, now Sir James, founder of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, was of the party, and the new review—then projected—being mentioned, it came to pass that my name was put down

among possible contributors. The *Nineteenth Century* proposed to go further, and include a still wider range of subjects, with free discussion on personal responsibility. Its prospectus said "it would go on lines absolutely impartial and unsectarian." The Prefatory Poem, written by Tennyson twenty-seven years ago, which may not be in the memory of many now, was this :—

> "Those that of late had fleeted far and fast,
> To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
> Of others their old craft, seaworthy still,
> Have charter'd this; where, mindful of the past,
> Our true co-mates regather round the mast;
> Of diverse tongues, but with a common will,
> Here in this roaming moor of daffodil
> And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast.
> For some, descending from the sacred peak
> Of hoar, high-templed Faith, have leagued again
> Their lot with ours to rove the world about,
> And some are wilder comrades, sworn to seek
> If any golden harbour be for men
> In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt."

Tennyson, with all his genius, never quite emerged from the theologic caves of the conventicle. The sea of pure reason he took to be "the sea of Death." Doubt was a "sunless gulf." He did not know that "Doubt" is a translucent valley, where the light of Truth first reveals the deformities of error—hidden by theological mists. The line containing the words "wilder comrades" was understood to include me. Out of the "One Hundred Contributors," whose names were published in the

Athenæum (February 10, 1877), there were only six:—Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Clifford, George Henry Lewes, myself, and possibly Frederic Harrison, to whom the phrase could apply. If the remaining ninety-four had any insurgency of opinion in them, it was not then apparent to the public, who are prone to prefer a vacuum to an insurgent idea. New ideas of moment have always been on hand in the *Nineteenth* if not of the "wilder" kind.

After issuing fifty volumes of the *Nineteenth Century Review*, the editor published a list of all his contributors, with the titles of the articles written by them, introduced by these brief but memorable words:—

"More than a quarter of a century's experience has sufficiently tested the practical efficacy of the principle upon which the *Nineteenth Century* was founded, of free public discussion by writers invariably signing their own names.

"The success which has attended and continues to attend the faithful adherence to this principle, proves that it is not only right but acceptable, and warrants the hope that it may extend its influence over periodical literature, until unsigned contributions become quite exceptional.

"No man can make an anonymous speech with his tongue, and no brave man should desire to make one with his pen, but, having the courage of his opinions, should be ready to face personally all

the consequences of all his utterances. Anonymous letters are everywhere justly discredited in private life, and the tone of public life would be raised in proportion to the disappearance of their equivalent —anonymous articles—from public controversy."

Than the foregoing, I know of no more admirable argument against anonymity in literature. There is nothing more unfair in controversy than permiting writers, wearing a mask, to attack or make replies to those who give their names—being thereby enabled to be accusative or imputative without responsibility. There is, of course another side to this question. Persons of superior and relevant information, unwilling to appear personally, are thereby excluded from a hearing—which is so far a public loss.

But this evil is small compared with the vividness and care which would be exercised if every writer felt that his reputation went with the work which bore his name. Besides, how much slovenly thinking, which is slovenly expressed—vexing the public ear and depraving the taste and understanding of the reader—would never appear if the writer had to append his signature to his production? Of course, there is good writing done anonymously, but power and originality, if present, are never rewarded by fame, and no one knows who to thank for the light and pleasure nameless writers have given. The example of the *Nineteenth Century and After* is a public advantage.

CHAPTER V

GEORGE ELIOT AND GEORGE HENRY LEWES

More than acquaintanceship, I had affectionate regard for George Henry Lewes and George Eliot. Lewes included me in the public list of writers and contributors to the *Leader*—the first recognition of the kind I received, and being accorded when I had only an outcast name, both in law and literature, I have never ceased to prize it.

George Eliot's friendship, on other grounds I have had reason to value, and when I found a vacant place at the head of their graves which lie side by side, I bought it, that my ashes should repose there, should I die in England.

On occasions which arose, I had vindicated both, as I knew well the personal circumstances of their lives. When in America I found statements made concerning them which no editor of honour should have published without knowledge of the facts upon which they purported to be founded, nor should he have given publicity to dishonouring statements without the signature of a known and

responsible person. On the first opportunity I spoke with Lewes's eldest son, and asked authority to contradict them. He thought the calumnies beneath contempt, that they sprang up in theological soil and that they would wither of themselves, if not fertilised by disturbance. I know of no instance of purity and generosity greater than that displayed by George Eliot in her relation with Mr. Lewes. Edgar Allan Poe was subject to graver defamation, widely believed for years, which was afterwards shown to be entirely devoid of truth. George Eliot's personal reputation will hereafter be seen to be just and luminous.

For myself, I never could see what conventional opinion had to do with a personal union founded in affection, by which nobody was wronged, nobody distressed, and in which protection was accorded and generous provision made for the present and future interest of every one concerned. Conventional opinion, not even in its ethical aspects, could establish higher relations than existed in their case. There are thousands of marriages tolerated conventionally and ecclesiastically approved, in every way less estimable and less honourable than the distinguished union, upon which society without justification affected to frown.

Interest in social and political liberty was an abiding feature in George Eliot's mind. When Garibaldi was at the Crystal Palace, she asked me to sit by her and elucidate incidents which arose.

On the publication of my first volume of the History of Co-operation, I received the following letter from Mr. Lewes :—

"The Elms, Rickmansworth,
"*Aug.* 15, 1875.

"My dear Holyoake,—Mrs. Lewes wishes me to thank you for sending her your book, which she is reading aloud to me every evening, much to our pleasure and profit. The light firm touch and quiet epigram would make the dullest subject readable ; and this subject is *not* dull. We only regret that you did not enter more fully into working details. Perhaps they will come in the next volume.

"Ever yours truly,
"G. H. Lewes."

The second volume of the work mentioned supplied to her the details she wished.

In 1877 I visited New Lanark and saw the stately rooms built by Robert Owen, of which I sent an account to the *Times*. The most complete appliances of instruction known in Europe down to 1820 are all there, as in Mr. Owen's days. A description of them may be read in the second volume of the "History of Co-operation" referred to. When George Eliot saw the letter she said, "the thought of the Ruins of Education there described filled her with sadness." I made an offer to buy the neglected and decaying relics, which was

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

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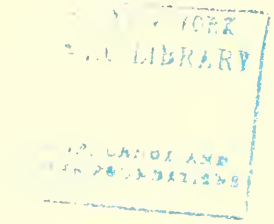
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declined. I wrote to Lord Playfair, whose influence might procure the purchase. I endeavoured to induce the South Kensington Museum authorities to secure them for the benefit of educationists, but they had no funds to use for that purpose.

Some women, not distinguished for personal beauty when young, become handsome and queenly later in life. This was so with Harriet Martineau. George Eliot did not come up to Herbert Spencer's conception of personal charm. One day when she was living at Godstone, she drove to the station to meet Mr. Lewes. He and I were travelling together at the time, and he caused the train to be delayed a few minutes that I might go down into the valley to meet his wife. I had not seen George Eliot for some years, and was astonished at the stately grace she had acquired.

One who knew how to state a principle describes the characteristic conviction of George Eliot, from which she never departed, and which had abiding interest for me.

"She held as a solemn conviction—the result of a lifetime of observation—that in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from the earth on which they live, are diverted from their own mutual relations and responsibilities, of which they alone know anything, to an invisible world, which can alone be apprehended by belief, they are led to neglect their duty to each other, to squander their strength in vain

speculations, which can result in no profit to themselves or their fellow-creatures, which diminish their capacity for strenuous and worthy action during a span of life, brief, indeed, but whose consequences will extend to remote posterity."[1]

[1] *Congregationalist*, April, 1881, p. 297. Bray's Autobiography.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN BIRMINGHAM WAS A TOWN

When Birmingham was a town it had a national reputation for Liberalism. At present I prefer to call myself a "townsman" rather than a "citizen." The old pride of owning to being a Birmingham man is merged into the admission of being born in Warwickshire. Some of the political scenes in its town days may be instructive to its present-day citizens.

The famous Birmingham Political Union of 1832 was "hung up like a clean gun" on G. F. Muntz's suggestion and never taken down. Many years later a new Union was projected. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was in the chair. I was on the platform, and the only person present who was a member of the former Union. I had no opportunity of speaking—nor indeed had anybody, save movers and seconders of motions. There was nothing radical about the proceedings. Nobody's opinion was asked. No opportunity of discussion was given. The meeting was a mere instrument for registering the business of the chair. The

impression that afternoon made upon me has never left me. Nothing afterwards surprised me in the performances of the "quick-change artiste" of the Parliamentary music-hall.

Mr. John Morley wrote an article in the *Fortnightly* on Mr. Chamberlain, which first gave him a position before the public. Not even in Birmingham could any one see adequate justification for it. But Mr. Morley proved right, and had discerned a capacity which had not then unfolded itself.

About that time Mr. Chamberlain made some remark on Mr. Disraeli in the Birmingham Town Council, which did not amount to much. Mr. Disraeli did the municipal speaker the honour to call him to account. Had any one in like case called Mr. Disraeli to account he would have said in his airy and evasive way: "Every public speaker is liable to the misconstruction of unheeding and ill-hearing reporters, and he could not be expected to answer for them." Mr. Chamberlain gave no sign of any such adroitness which was ready to his hand, but wrote what read like an abject apology. He did not dare to say to Mr. Disraeli "What I have said I have said."

Mr. Jesse Collings was one of the minor merchants of Birmingham. He came originally from Exeter, and was held in great respect for his earnest Liberalism, and for promoting the education of the people—though he was himself a sectarian pure and simple, with little, if any, secularity in

him. When he came to be Mayor, the Tories of Birmingham—who had not then and never had any man of mark or genius among them—were capable of outrage. It was the only art they knew. When Mr. Collings presided one day at a public meeting in the town hall, they drew an ass's head on a large sheet of pasteboard, and hung it over the clock in front of the chair labelled—the "Portrait of the Mayor." For two hours they made all business impossible by shouting "Mr. Mayor, look at your portrait." At length the Mayor took courage and ordered the Chief Constable—Major Bond—to remove the picture placard and the ringleader of the disturbance. This was construed as an insult, which Mr. Kynersley, the principal Tory magistrate, supported. I was one who urged Mr. Collings to apply to the bench for a case, that it might be determined in the higher courts whether a mayor had legal power to preserve order at a public meeting. The case was refused by Mr. Kynersley. This was the treatment of the Right Honourable Jesse Collings for being a Liberal. Is there a stranger sight in England than seeing this Liberal mayor dressed in Tory livery, fetching and carrying in Parliament for the intolerant party which treated him with such ostentatious indignity? What must be his sense of humiliation under his new convictions? Equally tragic and unforeseen must be the humiliation of the Tory party in Parliament who used to boast of

their pride, their dignity, and self-respect at having to accept as a leader the great "caucus-monger," as they called Mr. Chamberlain, who was the object of their epithets and hatred during so many sessions. The tragedy of political convictions can no further go.

Far be it from me to deny that Mr. Collings and Mr. Chamberlain have not honest reasons for their strange professions, though I do not understand them. Like gravitation, I admit the fact, though its cause is inscrutable. In politics motives are as though they were not. They cannot be taken into account. If alleged, they admit of no proof. Resentment rages among the partisans of the accused and the tendency of their principles, which it is alone instructive to discuss, is lost sight of. It is common for partisans to disparage those who have left their ranks—forgetting that conviction depends upon evidence. Those who leave a party may be as honest as those who remain. Whoever has rendered aid to liberty and gone over to the other side should be honoured for what he has done. He who has once stood upon the side of humanity deserves more respectful treatment than he who never took the part of the right. Mr. Collings and Mr. Chamberlain rendered important service to the cause of public progress, and their abandonment of it was a loss. For the rest, the career of Joseph Chamberlain, like that of Joseph Cowen, has its explanation in the passion for paramountcy.

CHAPTER VII

THE TENTH OF APRIL, 1848—ITS INCREDIBILITIES

It is not easy to determine which of many historic incidents of interest should take precedence. The 10th of April, known as the day of Chartist Terror —still spoken of in hysterical accents—will do, as it shows the wild way with which sober, staid men can write history. I was out that day with the Chartists, and well know how different the facts were from what is believed to be the peril of the metropolis on that day. I have long regarded it as one of the "bygones" having instruction in them.

The French have their 9th Thermidor (July 27, 1794), when the Reign of Terror ended, and their 18th Brumaire (November 9, 1799), when the Napoleonic Terror began, and the English have their 10th of April, 1848, when a million special constables were out staff in hand, to prevent a National Petition of the people being presented to the House of Commons. Yet no conspiracy existed—nor even had the police fabricated a plot (as they often did in those days)—no disorder had been

threatened, not a man was armed ; the only imaginable enemy was the Chartist Convention of less than two hundred persons. The most distinguished of the Special Constables was Louis Napoleon, who four years later became known as the assassin of French liberty, and whose career is one of the infamies of Imperialism.

The 10th of April, 1848, has for more than half a century held a place in public memory. The extraordinary hallucination concerning it has become historic, and passes as authentic. Canon Charles Kingsley was the chief illusionist in this matter. He wrote : "On the 10th of April, the Government *had* to fill London with troops, and put the Duke of Wellington in command, who barricaded the bridges and Downing Street, and other public buildings." [1] Nobody "*had*" to do what Kingsley relates. Nine years had elapsed since any one had taken the field against the Government, and that was in a Welsh town 147 miles away. John Frost and his tiny band of followers were the insurgents. All were put down in twenty minutes by a few soldiers. Frost came to London in 1839 to consult James Watson, Henry Hetherington, Richard Moore, William Lovett, and other responsible Chartists, whom he most trusted. They besought Frost to abandon his idea of an attack upon Newport, as no one would support him. There were no arms in London on April, 1848, no persons

[1] Introduction to "Alton Locke," by Thomas Hughes.

were drilled, no war organisation existed, and no intention of rising anywhere. The Government knew it, for they had spies everywhere. They knew it as well or better in 1848 than in 1839. For nine years John Frost had then been in penal servitude, and no one had attempted to imitate him. Nor had he any followers in London in 1848. At his trial no noblemen, no aristocratic ladies, crowded the court to cheer him by their sympathy, or mitigate his sentence by their influence—as they did when Dr. Jameson and others were on trial for their wanton and murderous raid on the Government of South Africa. Such is the difference between the insurgency of poverty seeking redress, and the insurgency of wealthy insolence seeking its further aggrandisement. There was absolutely nothing in the field against the Duke of Wellington in London but a waggon, on which a monster petition was piled.

Politically speaking, London has seen no tamer day than the 10th of April, 1848. There was less ground for alarm than when a Lord Mayor's procession passes through the city. The procession of actual Chartists, able to leave their work to join it, could never have amounted to four thousand. There was not a single weapon among them, nor any intention of using it had they possessed it. There was only one weapon known to be in London, in the hands of the Chartists, and that was a Colonel Macerone's spear, fabricated in 1830, to

assist in carrying the first Reform Bill. That was hidden up a chimney in 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row. It came into my possession, and I have often shown it to members of the Government to convince them what risks Society ran in Wellington's days—and are exposed to still.

The Chartists had held a Convention in London the week before the 10th, and were unable to obtain any place of meeting except a small social institution in John Street, Tottenham Court Road, which could not seat 150 persons at the Convention table. The hall was lent to them by the most pacific body of politicians in London—the followers of Robert Owen. Yet Mr. Thomas Hughes adopted and authenticated Kingsley's incredible belief, that the country was in danger of these earnest but entirely impotent Chartist petitioners; and Mr. Hughes actually quotes believingly in his introduction to "Alton Locke" a statement that: "The Duke of Wellington declared in the House of Lords that no great society had ever suffered as London had during the proceeding, while the Home Secretary telegraphed to all the chief magistrates of the kingdom the joyful news that the peace had been kept in London."[1]

Never did the craziest despotic Government in Europe engage in such a political imposture. It was pitiable that the Duke of Wellington should have had no more self-respect than to compromise

[1] Prefatory Memoir of Kingsley's Works, by Thomas Hughes, p. 13.

his great career by fortifying London against an imaginary enemy. The Government had plentiful information and must have known the truth—the contrary of what they alleged.

It may be said in extenuation of these affected Ministerial terrors, that the Parisian revolution of that year had communicated unrest to the people of England. It had inspired them with pleasure, but not with insurgency, for which they were as uninclined as they were unprepared, and none knew this better than the Duke of Wellington. The Parisian population had seen military service. They understood the use of arms, had them, and knew how to settle their differences at the barricade. London had never seen a barricade. The people were all unused to arms, and were without the means or the knowledge to storm a police station. Yet, according to Canon Kingsley, Wellington told the Government "that no capital had gone through such days as England had on the 10th of April," when no man was struck—no man was killed—no riot took place anywhere. It would seem that ignorance, rashness, wildness, and irresponsible language are by no means peculiar to the working classes. We must cease to wonder at the Duke of Wellington when an accredited publicist like Judge Thomas Hughes, who was educated at Rugby, could tell the world himself that "It is only by an effort that one can realise the strain to which the nation was subjected."

On that awful day, nobody was reported as found looking into a shop window with a predatory glare in his eyes, and no account came up from the provinces that a single Chartist was observed to peep over a hedge in a menacing manner.

I was out on the 10th of April. On Sunday, the night before, I was the lecturer at John Street The audience was composed largely of delegates to the dreadful Convention that so perturbed the "Iron Duke."

My advice to them, published at the time, was to "Beware of the police," and not to strike again if they were struck. Many of them, I knew, were willing to die for their country, if that would save it. They would serve it much better by dying without resistance, than dying with it. If any were killed whilst walking in the procession their comrades should move quietly on. Nothing would tell more strongly on public opinion than such heroic observance of order. Hetherington, one of the bravest who walked in the ranks, told me he would do it. The Government, by their ostentatious provocation, in garrisoning the Bank with soldiers, crowding Somerset House with them, parading troops on Clerkenwell Green, had brought, it is computed, more than two millions of persons into the streets. The conclusion to which the Chartist leaders came, was that the Government wanted to create a conflict, shoot down a number of the people, and then proclaim to Europe that

they had "saved Society," by murder, as one of their chief special constables did soon after in Paris.

As I had been personally associated with all the chief Chartists, in prison and out, from the beginning of the movement, I can speak with some knowledge of them on that day.

On the morning of the 10th of April, Mr. C. D. Collet, the well-informed Secretary of the People's Charter Union, myself, Richard Moore, and others, organised a band of forty persons, who were to distribute themselves over London, note-book and pencil in hand, in the character of reporters. The police took kindly to us, and gave us good positions of advantage, where we could see everything that took place thereabouts, and even protected us from being incommoded. We were there to watch the police, not the people, as the disorder, if there were any, would come from them. My station was in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, where a row of constables was drawn up. I found a coarse, plethoric alderman, going from man to man, saying only three words: "Strike hard to-day."

The people behaved admirably. Not a blow was struck which gave a colourable ground for outrage on the part of the police. In justice to the police, it ought to be said, neither did they incite disorder.

At night the Home Secretary spent the money of the State, in telegraphing to all the mayors in

the land "the day had passed off quietly," thus creating a false terror everywhere that London had been in danger — danger of the Government's creating.

The Bull Ring Riots in Birmingham in 1839, when I was resident there, were created entirely by the magistrates, who introduced a hundred London policemen into the town, which led to the loss of life and property.

I and others on the deputation to Mr. Walpole told him at the time, when the railings were broken down in Hyde Park, that if he made a show of soldiers and policemen, people were sure to be killed. At the peril of his own reputation, he kept them out of sight, and no disorder took place, though violent members of the Government tried to destroy Mr. Walpole for his wise and noble forbearance. Dean Stubbs, in his interesting book on Charles Kingsley, says (p. 97): "On the 10th of April, 1848, a revolution was threatened in England. One hundred thousand *armed men* were to meet on Kennington Common and thence to march on Westminster, and there to compel, by physical force, if necessary, the acceptance of the People's Charter by the Houses of Parliament." Could such a lunatical statement be written by any one, and his friends not procure a magistrate's order for his removal to the nearest asylum? How were the "hundred thousand" to get the arms into London—if they had them. Whence were they

to procure them? Where could they store them, seeing that at that time there was not a single place of Chartist meeting that was not known to be in debt, unless its rent was paid by the charity of some well-to-do sympathiser? What were muskets or pikes to do against the stone walls of the Houses of Parliament or the Bank? How were cannon to be drawn from the centre of London to Kennington Common with ample service of powder and shot? Marvellous is the history which Churchmen can write!

The utterly groundless and incredible representations of the "10th April," which Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes published, as we have seen, were to my amazement resuscitated as late as 1902 for the historic instruction of the students of the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, London, by Mr. R. P. Lichfield, vice-principal of the college, who for forty-seven years has rendered it important service, for which all friends of education for workmen are grateful. Yet in his address to the students (October 1, 1902), he tells them that in 1848 "the wave of democracy which swept over Europe gave fresh impetus to the Chartist agitation. On the memorable 10th of April it looked as if we were to have a revolutionary outbreak on the Parisian pattern. This we were saved from, partly by an army of volunteers, special constables, partly by the Duke of Wellington's discreet placing of his troops. . . . The attempt to

overawe Parliament by a 'physical force' demonstration was a fiasco." The world knows a good deal of historians who draw upon their imagination for their facts, but here is a responsible teacher, drawing upon his terrors of fifty years ago, for statements which nobody believes now or believed then, who knew the facts. The Duke of Wellington's great name in war imposed upon amateur politicians. The Duke—contrary to his reputation for military veracity—readily lent himself to the Government of that day, that they might figure before the country as the deliverers of England, from the nation-shaking assault of a miscellaneous crowd of penniless and unarmed combatants, who had neither cannon nor commissariat. Everybody was aware that the knowledge of the Iron Duke, outside war, was very limited, and his political credulity was unbounded. At the end of the Peninsular War he wrote to the Government of that day, informing them "the bankers of Paris were furnishing large sums to Revolutionists in England." Only old residents in Bedlam would believe that. There were no leaders of Revolutionists in England, to whom the money could be assigned or consigned, and bankers were the last persons in the world to subscribe money for a wild, speculative, and uncertain enterprise. No spy of Pitt, or Sidmouth, would have sent home so insane a report, from fear of instant dismissal from their sinister employment.

This is but a sample of the airy, false, and fictionary foundation on which the Legend of the Tenth of April was built. These incidents of historic perversion, though bygones of half a century ago, are worth remembering.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHARTISTS OF FICTION

The Chartists have made as much noise in the world as they knew how—yet to the generation of to-day they are ambiguous. They have had no historian. Carlyle went to look at them in prison, and defamed them with that bitterness and contempt he had for partisans who lacked the sense of submission to the dictates of those superior persons who knew what was best for everybody, of whose aspirations they knew nothing, and for whose needs they had no sympathy. Chartism, however, has won conspicuous treatment in fiction. What it was in fact, is a very different thing. There is the Church Chartist by Canon Kingsley, and the Positivist Chartist by George Eliot, drawn by two famous artists. The pictures are hung upon the line in the great gallery of literature. So brilliant is the work of Kingsley that it has imposed on so accomplished a connoisseur as Dean Stubbs, who, in his life of the fervid Rector of Eversley, has taken it for

a painting from real life. I present the Church Chartist first.

In my time I have seen much good done by Christians with a view to extend their faith. Some few, like Samuel Morley, who excelled all lay Dissenters I have known in the manly sense of the dignity and independence of Nonconformity, would do generous things from the humaneness of their own minds alone. Some Quakers and Unitarians have had this quality. Others, Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and orthodox Christians, I have known to mitigate privation for the "Lord's sake," not for humanity's sake. This was to some extent the case of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, Canon Kingsley, and their noble colleagues, Edward Vansittart Neale, Judge Thomas Hughes, and J. M. Ludlow. They became Christian Socialists not so much because they cared for Socialism, as Maurice owned his "object was not to Socialise society, but to Christianise Socialism." Startled by the dislike and even resentment against Christianity expressed by men of poverty and intelligence at being asked to adopt a belief which brought them no relief, Maurice, Kingsley, and their associates concluded that privation was the cause of alienation from the Church. In like manner Dissenters thought that it was the bad condition of industrial life which kept working people from chapel. None realised that alienation from Christianity had its seat in the understanding—in intellectual dissatisfaction with

the tenets of Theology. The absentees from church and chapel alleged that no relief came of belief, and never had since the days when manna fell in the Jewish wilderness, and loaves and fishes were miraculously plentiful on the hills of Galilee. There was no sense or profit in adopting a faith which had been unproductive for nearly 2,000 years. It had taken the slave, the serf, and the hired worker a long time to see this. But at last experience had told upon the thoughtful. But the theologians neither in the dominant, nor dominated camps perceived it.

Very generous is Kingsley's sympathy, in "Alton Locke," with the lot of working people, but he believed that when the rebellious shoemaker fully realises that good priests would mitigate the lot of those who labour in workshops or in fields and mines, he will become reconciled to the Thirty-nine Articles. Alton Locke is a Church Chartist—not one of the Chartists of real life whom I knew, who were current in Kingsley's days, who signed the famous document which Place drew and Roebuck revised. They had principles. They did not seek paternal government of friendly Churchmen, nor of Positivists, nor that nobly organised kind of passive competence which Mr. Ruskin meditated for the people. The real Chartists—like the Co-operators —sought self-government for the people by the people. The alienation of the people from church and chapel was not founded on lack of spiritual

patronage, or thirst for it, but from intellectual dissatisfaction with theological tenets.

Christians, from the Vatican to the Primitive Methodist conventicle, are all so persuaded of the infallibility of their interpretation of the Scriptures, and are so convinced of the perfect sufficiency of their tenets for the needs of all the world, that they regard difference of opinion as springing from wilful misunderstanding, or from the "evil heart at enmity with God"—a mad doctrine beneath the notice of the average lunatic. Natural variety of intellect, the infinite hosts of personal views, and the infinitude of individual experience—which silently create new convictions—are not taken into account, and conscientious dissent seems to the antediluvian theologian an impossibility. Even the most liberal of eminent Unitarians in England, W. J. Fox, regarded, what we now know as the Agnostic—hesitation to declare as true that which the declarer does not know to be so—as a species of mental disease.

That Kingsley lived in a refracting medium, in which the straightest facts appeared bent when placed in it, was evident when he wrote: "Heaven defend us from the Manchester School, for of all narrow, conceited, hypocritical, and atheistic schemes of the universe the Cobden and Bright one is exactly the worst." There was no reason why Kingsley should be a Chartist, since he had all he wanted secured, and had contempt in his heart for

Chartist tenets. He wrote: "The Bible gives the dawn of the glorious future, such as no universal suffrage, free trade, communism, organisation of labour, or any other Morrison pill measure can give." He exulted in the existence of the forces which made against the people. He exclaimed: "As long as the Throne, the House of Lords, and the Press are what I thank God they are!" he was grateful. The state of things which existed, it was the object of Chartism to change.

These rampant ideas of Kingsley were far from being Chartist sentiments. At a meeting in Castle Street, London, the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Mr. Thomas Hughes were present, working men comprising the audience, an old grey-headed Chartist, of a Republican way of thinking, whose experience of monarchy was limited to his share of taxation for its support, hissed at the introduction of the Queen's name. Mr. Hughes, then a young athlete, turned upon the old Six Points politician and said: "Any one who hissed at the Queen's name would have to reckon with him"—meaning that he would knock him down, or put him out of the meeting. If, at a Chartist meeting, one athletic leader had similarly threatened an old grey-headed Royalist who hissed some Republican name, it would have been described, in all respectable papers, as "a ruffianly proceeding." The Hughes incident showed Christian Socialist sympathy with

Chartism was not of an enthusiastic character. At other times Mr. Hughes had nobler moods, but he, like Kingsley, had few qualifications for delineating Chartists.

Judge Hughes, like Canon Kingsley and his Christian Socialist colleagues, saw everything in the light of Theology. He saw nothing else by itself. He relates "the appearance of a little grey, shrivelled man at the grave of Mr. Maurice at the cemetery at Hampstead, one of the staff of the leading Chartist newspaper," as a proof of his conversion. This was gratitude, not conversion. Had I not been at the Bolton Co-operative Congress at the time, I should have been at the same grave. When the news came of Maurice's death, it did not occur to his friend, Mr. Neale, that the Congress would pass a resolution in honour of Maurice. I suggested it to him, and he said to me, "You had better draw up the resolution," which I did, and moved it. It was unanimously and gratefully passed. Though I was foremost to express the respect of working men, and the sense of obligation they were under, for Maurice's great services to Co-operation, and his establishment of the Working Men's College, it did not imply that I had come to accept the Thirty-nine Articles. Relevant appreciation, real gratitude, and admiration, do not imply coincidence of opinion on other and alien questions.

How little the creator of Alton Locke was a Chartist, or a sympathiser with Chartism, was seen

when he described "Mr. Julian Harney and Feargus O'Connor and the rest of the smoke of the pit." Kingsley said "his only quarrel with the Charter was that it did not go far enough." All his meaning was that it should have comprised social, instead of political reform, which was what all who were opposed to political freedom said. This only meant that he wanted Chartists to take up social, and drop political reform. This appears in the passage in which he said, "The Charter disappointed me bitterly when I read it. It seemed a harmless cry enough, but a poor, bald, constitution-mongering cry as ever I heard. The French cry of organisation of labour is worth a thousand of it." [1] Organisation of labour is a great thing, but it is not political equality or liberty. Kingsley's Chartist had no political soul.

There is noble sympathy with labour, and there are passages which should always be read with honour in "Alton Locke." But the book is written in derision of Chartism and Liberal politics. Alton Locke himself was like his creator. Kingsley's acts were the acts of a friend, his arguments the arguments of an enemy; and Alton Locke, despite the noble personal qualities with which he is endowed, was a confused political traitor, who bartered the Kingdom of Man for the Kingdom of Heaven, when he might have stood by both.

[1] Prefatory Memoir, by T. Hughes, p. 16.

So much for the Church Chartist. Now turn to the Positivist Chartist, and see whether there be any backbone of political emancipation in him, or whether his vertebra is of jelly, like Alton Locke's. To the Positivist Chartist is given the stronger name of "Radical."

One of the remarkable volumes George Eliot gave to the world bears the name of "Felix Holt, the Radical." But when she comes to delineate the Radical, he turns out to be a Positivist—of good quality of his kind, but still not a Radical.

As Canon Kingsley drew the Church Chartist, so George Eliot drew the Positivist Radical. Neither drew the selected hero as he was, but as each thought he ought to be.

A Radical is one who goes to the root of things. He deals with evils having a political origin, which he intends to remove by political means. Radicals were far older than the Chartists. Radicalism was a force in reform before Chartism began. The Radical more or less evolves his creed by observation of the condition of things surrounding him; the Chartist had his creed ready made for him. The Chartist may be said to begin with political effects, the Radical with political causes. Anyhow, the Radical was always supposed to know what he was, and why he was what he was. Felix Holt was not built that way. George Eliot had greater power of penetrating into character than Kingsley, but she

made the same mistake in Felix Holt that Kingsley made in Alton Locke. Felix Holt is a revolutionist from indignation. His social insurgency is based on resentment at injustice. Very noble is that form of dissatisfaction, but political independence is not his inspiration. Freedom, equality of public rights, are not in his mind. His disquiet is not owing to the political inability of his fellows to control their own fortunes. Content comes to Felix when the compassion of others ameliorates or extinguishes the social evils from which his fellows suffer. He is the Chartist of Positivism without a throb of indignation at political subjection. That may be Positivism, but it is not Radicalism.

Felix Holt discloses his character in his remark that "the Radical question was how to give every man a man's share in life. But I think that is to expect voting to do more towards it than I do."

"A man's share in life" was the Babœuf doctrine of Communism, which English Radicals never had. Holt's depreciation of the power of voting was the argument of the benevolent but beguiling Tory. It was part of the Carlylean contempt of a ten-thousandth part of a voice in the "national palava." This meant distrust, not only of the suffrage, but of Parliament itself. When both are gone, despotism becomes supreme. When Felix Holt talked so, he had ceased to be a Radical—if he ever was one.

The power of voting has changed the status and dignity of working men—not much yet, but more will come. Hampered and incomplete as the suffrage is, it has put the workers on the way to obtain what they want, though they are a little puzzled which turning to take now they are on the road.

Felix Holt continues: "I want the working men to have power . . . and I can see plainly enough that our all having power will do little towards it at present. . . . If we have false expectations about men's characters, we are very much like the idiot who thinks he can carry milk in a can without a bottom. In my opinion the notions about what mere voting will do, are very much that sort." Felix declares that all the "scheme about voting and districts and annual parliaments [all points of the Charter] will not give working men what they want."[1]

Felix has much more to say in disparagement of political aspiration which is like reading one of Lord Salisbury's speeches when he was Lord Cranborne, but without the bitterness and contempt by which we knew the genuine Salisbury mind. The Eliot spirit is better—the argument more sympathetic, but the purport is the same. It means: "Leave politics alone. You will find all the redress that is good for you elsewhere."

[1] See "Felix Holt, the Radical," vol i. pp. 265–266, Blackwood's edition of George Eliot.

This, if true, is not Radicalism which sought to help itself, and not rise by compassion. Radicals may have expected too much from political reform—they may have thought political power to be an end instead of a means whereby better public conditions can be obtained, by which social effort could better be compassed, and its projects carried out. It is true that social condition can be improved by men of purpose and character under despotism, but this does not prove that despotism is desirable, since it can make itself at will an effectual obstacle to progress, and as a rule does so. The policy of seeking the best political condition in which social progress can be made, is Radicalism. The policy of contentment with things as they are, seeking social condition apart from politics, is Socialism, as it has been understood in England. "Felix Holt," like "Alton Locke," abounds in noble sentiments, exalts the character of working men, vindicates their social claims with eloquence. But Felix Holt was no more a Radical than Alton Locke was a Chartist. Alton Locke is against Chartism. Felix Holt is against Radicalism. Sir Leslie Stephen has written the most fascinating estimate of the writings and genius of George Eliot that has been produced. He has interesting things to say of Felix Holt, but it does not occur to him to say what he was so well able to say, whether he was a Radical or not—or if one, of what species. Therefore it has been necessary to place before the

reader the evidence which will enable him to decide the question for himself.

[In reference to this chapter, Mr. J. M. Ludlow wrote to me, saying:

"That you above all men should find fault with Kingsley or any one else for setting social above political reform, I own, amazes me. But it is not true in any sense of the words that Kingsley wanted Chartists to 'take up social and drop political reform.' In his first letter to Thomas Cooper (Life, vol. i. p. 182), he expressly says: 'I would shed the last drop of my blood for the social and *political* emancipation of the people.' [The italics are mine.] Again, you misquote General Maurice's (not Mr. Maurice's) words, when you say that 'Maurice owned that his object was not to socialise society, but to Christianise Socialism.' General Maurice's words are: 'Beyond all doubt he dreaded becoming the head of a *party* of Christian Socialists. His great wish was to Christianise Socialism, not to Christian-socialise the universe' (Life, vol. ii. p. 47).

"Your story about the 'old grey-headed Chartist' and T. Hughes does not tally altogether with the statement in Mr. Maurice's Life (vol. ii. p. 13), but as I do not recollect being present (nor, I believe, were you) on the occasion, I cannot say which is right. I should have thought that an 'old grey-headed Chartist' would have had more courtesy as well as more sense than to hiss the Queen."

Mr. Ludlow's letter throws a flood of light on the mistakes of Canon Kingsley and his colleagues. Mr. Ludlow "is amazed that I above all men should blame any man for setting social above political reform." It is now some fifty years since Mr. Ludlow first did me the honour to notice what I wrote or said. Yet I think he never knew me to subordinate political to social reform. I always thought it base to teach men to barter political freedom for social benefits. The leaders of early co-operation in the days before Mr. Ludlow knew it—being like Robert Owen, mostly of a Tory way of thinking—deprecated political reform, and thought its pursuit unnecessary, as their social remedy would do everything for the people. I always dissented from this doctrine and resented it, as the politician, if you do not watch him, will come some day and throw the savings of a century into a sea of imperial blood. Mr. Ludlow quotes a letter from Kingsley to Thomas Cooper, in which he says he "would shed the last drop of his blood for the social and political emancipation of the people." What! for the "smoke of the pit"? as he described the agitation for the Charter. What! "shed his blood" for a "Morrison pill measure"—shed the last drop of his blood "for a poor, bald, constitution-mongering cry as ever he heard"? I agree that this is extraordinary political enthusiasm. Still it was no proof that Kingsley was a Chartist, and that was my point. General Maurice's version of his

father's saying that "his object was not to socialise society," shows that Maurice cared no more for Socialism (which at that time meant co-operative communism) than Kingsley cared for Chartism. Both meant well to the people in a theological—not a political way. The old grey-headed Chartist hissed the Queen's office, not herself. Republicans ever made that distinction.]

CHAPTER IX

THE OLD POSTILLION

Besides Church Chartists and Positivist Chartists, there were Tory Chartists, of whom I add an account, and a list of those among them who were paid in the days of their hired activity. But the business of this chapter is with the Old Postillion, the founder of the real Chartists, who taught them and who knew them all.

Of course I mean Francis Place, who was always ready to mount and drive the coach of the leaders of the people. Though he took that modest and useful position, it was he who determined the route, made the map of the country, and fixed the destination of the journey. Joseph Parkes himself, known as "The People's Attorney-General," first addressed Place as the "Old Postillion."[1] James Watson, a working-class politician (whom Place could always trust), wrote of him at his death as the "English Franklin,"[2] a very good

[1] Wallas's "Life of Place," p. 346. Longmans, Green & Co., 1898.

[2] *Reasoner*, No. 409, vol. xvi., March 28, 1854.

title, having regard to the strength of the common-sense characteristics of Place.

One advantage (there were not many) of my imprisonment which I have never ceased to value, was that it led to my acquaintance with Place. From him I learned many things of great use to me in after life. One thing he said to me was: "A man who is always running after his character seldom has a character worth the chase." Some far-seeing qualification was generally present in what he said. For a man who is "always" vindicating himself becomes tiresome and ineffectual. Yet now and then, sooner or later, and often better later then sooner, a personal explanation may be useful. Printed actionable imputations were made against Cobbett of which no notice was taken—so far as I knew—which created in many minds an ineffaceable personal prejudice against him.

Once imputations were published concerning me which justified contradiction. It came to pass that they were certified as true by a person of mark. Then I proposed to show that the allegations were untrue. Whereupon I was assured it would be to my disadvantage with many with whom I stood well, which meant that should I prove I was not a rascal I should lose many of my best friends, which shows the curious perplexities of personal explanation. Nevertheless, I made it.[1] Mr. Place

[1] "Warpath of Opinion."

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told me that in the course of his career as defender of the people, "he had been charged with every crime known to the Newgate Calendar save wilful murder." A needless reservation, for that would have been believed. He let them pass, merely keeping a record of the accusations to see if their variety included any originality. There was one charge brought against him which to this day prejudices many against him. The one thought to be most overwhelming was that he was a "tailor" at Charing Cross. After that, argument against the principles he maintained was deemed superfluous; as though following a trade of utility disqualified a man's opinions on public affairs; while one who did nothing, and whose life and ideas were useless to mankind, might be listened to with deference.

In 1849 *Chambers's Journal* published an article on the "Reaction of Philanthropy," against which I made vehement objection in an article in the *Spirit of the Age*, of which *Chambers's Journal* took, for them, the unusual course of replying. The *Spirit of the Age* coming under Place's notice, he sent me the following letter, which I cite exactly as it was expressed, in his quaint, vigorous and candid way :—

"Brompton Square,
"*March* 3, 1849.

"Master Holyoake,—I have read your paper of observations on a paper written by Chambers,

and dislike it very much. You assume an evil disposition in Chambers, and have laid yourself open to the same imputation. This dispute now consists of three of us, you and I and Chambers —all three of us, in vulgar parlance, being philanthropists. I have not read Chambers, but expect to find, from what you have said and quoted, that he, like yourself, has been led by his feelings, and not by his understanding, and has therefore written a mischievous paper. I will read this paper and decide for myself. Knowledge is not wisdom. The most conspicuous proof of this is the conduct of Lord Brougham. He knows many things, more, indeed, than most men, but is altogether incapable of combining all that relates to any one case, *i.e.*, understanding it thoroughly, and he therefore never exhausts any subject, as a man of a more enlarged understanding would do. This, too, is your case. I think I may say that not any one of your reasonings is as perfect as it ought to be, and if I were in a condition to do so, I would make this quite plain to you by carrying out your defective *notions*—reasonings, if you like the term better.

"It will, I am sure, be admitted, at least as far as your thinking can go, that neither yourself, nor Chambers, nor myself, would intentionally write a word for the purpose of misleading, much less injuring the working people; yet your paper must, as far [illegible] known to them, not

only have that tendency, but a much worse one; that of depraving them, by teaching them, in their public capacity, to seek revenge, to an extent which, could it pervade the whole mass, must lead to slaughter among the human race—the beasts of prey called mankind; for such they have ever been since they have had existence, and such as they must remain for an indefinite time, if not for ever. Their ever being anything else is with me a forlorn hope, while yet, as I can do no better, I continue in my course of life to act as if I really had a strong hope of immense improvement for the good of all.—Yours, really and truly,

"Francis Place."

There was value in Mr. Place's friendship. He was able to measure the minds of those with whom he came in contact, and for those for whom he cared he would do the service of showing to them the limits within which they were working. It was thus he took trouble to be useful to those who could never requite him, by putting strong, wise thoughts before them.

Elsewhere[1] I have related how Place on one occasion—when all London was excited, and the Duke of Wellington indignant and repellant—went on a deputation to him, and was dismissed with the ominous words: "You seem to have heads

[1] "Sixty Years," vol. i. chap. 40.

on your shoulders; take care you keep them there." The courage of seeking this interview, at which Place was the chief speaker, is well shown in the experience of George Petrie, who was known to Place. Petrie was an intelligent soldier, who served under Wellington in the Peninsular War, and was wounded in several engagements. It often happened that the commissary was in arrears to the troops with their rations, but when the supply arrived the arrears were faithfully served out to the soldiers. On one of these occasions, when some days' rations were due, Corporal Petrie was absent on duty when the rations were served out, and on his return he found himself without his arrears. To a half-starved soldier this was a serious disappointment, and Petrie applied to the quartermaster, to the adjutant, and to the captain of his company, but without effect, until he arrived at the commanding officer of his regiment. Being as unsuccessful as he had been with the other officers, and becoming hungrier by delay, he requested permission to make his complaint to the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Wellington), which was granted. Upon being introduced he found his lordship seated at a table perusing some documents. "Well," said the Commander, without raising his eyes from the papers before him, "what does this man want?" "He is come to appeal to your lordship about his rations," replied the officer

in attendance; whereupon the Commander-in-Chief, without asking or permitting a single word of explanation from the injured soldier, without discovering (as he ought in common justice to have done) whether the soldier had a real grievance for the redress of which he had sought the protection of the head of the army, Wellington hurriedly exclaimed, "Take the fellow away and give him a d——d good flogging!" Petrie, naturally indignant and a determined man, lay in wait two nights to shoot Wellington, who escaped by taking one night a different route, and on another being closely accompanied by his staff. The facts were published in 1836. Petrie's appeal shows that the Duke was not a pleasant person for Mr. Place to call upon. No biography or book about Wellington has anything to say of his sympathy with men who died in making his fame. He took the same care of his men, and no more, that he did of his muskets, which it must be owned is more than many employers do, who take more care of their machinery than of the workers. Wellington kept his men dry, but he had no more feeling for them than he had for their carbines. Petrie's story will be instructive to men who shout for war without knowing what the soldier's fate is. They were told by Tennyson "not to ask the reason why." Their business is to die without inquiring whether they are murderers or patriots, or what treatment will befall them in the ranks. If they

do they may expect some form of the Petrie treatment.

To Place, the experience of social reformers was as valuable as that of politicians. Social life gives its character to public life, and the politician is most to be valued whose measures tend to exalt the daily life of the people. Near the end of his days Place addressed the following (his last) letter to Robert Owen, with whom he had been acquainted since 1813 :—

" 21, Brompton Square,
" *March* 26, 1847.

" Dear Owen,—It is some years since you and I had a conversation, and it is time we had one. Will you call upon me, or shall I call upon you? I go out but little, having an asthmatic complaint, which at times treats me sadly, and from which I am never wholly free. Worst of all, I have an affection of the brain, which will not permit me either to read or write, and when these two complaints co-operate I am something worse than good for nothing. You are, I conclude, in a much better state than I am, although you are not much younger, yet the doctors tell me that after having lived through seventy years without illness, I have nothing to complain of in the usual circumstances of old age now that I approximate to eighty.—Yours truly,

" Francis Place."

From a condition of absolute penuriousness, he

raised himself to the position of master tailor, from which, at the age of forty-five, he was able to retire upon an income of £1,100. Shrewd, hard-headed, painstaking, vigilant and prudent as he was, he found, when more than sixty, that £650 of his income was irrevocably lost. He had put a large part of his capital into house property, and left the investment of it to an incompetent or dishonest solicitor.[1] The fate befel him which afterwards befel Cobden, Thomas Bayley Potter, and some others.

Why did Place let his prudence sleep? Why, in his walks with Jeremy Bentham,[2] did he not turn his steps to the sites of his investments, and judge for himself their value? His absorbed interest in public affairs is the only explanation. Yet he had often warned others that such engrossment, however honourable, should be limited, and not suffered to endanger necessary personal security.

On the death of Place in 1854, at the age of eighty-two, the *Spectator* and the *Reasoner* expressed a hope that a life of Place would be written as one of supreme utility to the great class which he had served so conspicuously.

Happily this was done, forty-four years after, in 1898,[3] by Mr. Graham Wallas. When he men-

[1] See Wallas's "Life of Place," p. 329.

[2] See "Sixty Years," vol. i. p. 215.

[3] "Life of Francis Place," by Graham Wallas, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co.

tioned to me his intention of writing a biography of Place, I told him where, in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, he would find virgin material in Place's own compact and clear hand. By research there and elsewhere, Mr. Wallas has produced a valuable and remarkable book, of which there is no similar one so instructive to a working-class politician.

The most notable of all the insurgent publicists Place inspired and counselled, Richard Carlile, an impassable defender of a Free Press, whom pitiless power in the darkest days of its supremacy could not subdue, thus wrote of Place: "Though by circumstances (meaning those of nine years' imprisonment) separated from the immediate acquaintance of Mr. Place for several years past, I can, by experience of eighteen and the well-founded report of forty years, pronounce him a prodigy of useful, resolute, consistent political exertion and indefatigable labour, which evidently continues unabated to this day. . . . Francis Place, by his assistant labours and advice given to the members of the House of Commons, has produced more effect in that House than any man who was ever a member." [1]

This testimony from one who bore the heat and burden of the day with Place, agrees with all

[1] See article on the "Real Nobility of the Human Character," by A. P. (*i.e.*, Richard Carlile) in the *Monthly Magazine*, May 1835, p. 454.

recorded of him. Carlile wrote in 1835, and the public work Place was engaged in then he continued until his death in 1854, at which time he was chairman of the Committee for Repealing Taxes on Knowledge. The Old Postillion was on the saddle to the last.

CHAPTER X

MEETING BREAKERS—LIST OF THOSE PAID FOR DOING IT

The enfranchisement of the working class, for which Place worked so unceasingly, could not come —in the ordinary course of things English—until the middle class had succeeded in their contest with their feudal masters. By the possession of the vote in 1832, the middle class became a rival power to the aristocracy; and that power would be greatly augmented if the middle class should favour the extension of the franchise to the working class, as many of them were naturally inclined to do. The Tory policy then was to sow animosity between the middle and the working classes, which might prevent them acting together. Their method was to suggest that the middle class, having obtained what they wanted, cared nothing for the people, notwithstanding that Hume, Leader, Roebuck, Grote, Mill, Cobden, and Bright, were the great champions of the franchise for the people, who incurred labour, peril, and obloquy for them.

Temple Leader said: "Do not be too sure workmen will not turn against you, do what you may for them. If sheep had votes they would give them all to the butcher"—as we have seen them do in this generation. The Tories had spite against the Whigs, who gave the people the first Reform Bill. Disraeli began to denounce the Whigs, and he soon found ostensible leaders of the people to help. Chartist speakers were bribed to take up the cry. The Irish in England, who thought their chances lay in English difficulty, willingly preached distrust of the middle class, and their eloquent tongues gave them ascendency among the Chartists, many of whom honestly believed that spite was a mode of progress, and under the impression that passion was patriotism, they took money to express it. The Liberal portion of the middle class had long contributed to the support of workmen's political societies. But when they found their own meetings broken up by Chartists, and their Tory adversaries aided at elections, their subscriptions decreased, and a new charge of hostility to the working class was founded on that.

This chapter is a statement, not a plea. Considering the superior information and means of the middle class, they have not shown themselves so solicitous for the political claims of Labour as they ought—having regard to their own interests alone. Nor have the Labour class shown that regard for the rights of the middle class, by which Labour

could have furthered its own advantages. Friendliness between them is the interest of both.

Who would have thought that if you scratched a Chartist you would find a Tory agent under his skin? Yet so it proved with many of them. George Julian Harney was a Republican. In early Chartist days he wore on Winlaton platforms a Red Cap of Liberty, after the manner of Marat, and called himself "L'Ami du Peuple," after Marat's famous "Journal of Blood." Yet he was not the Friend of the People, in the sense we all thought. He went to America with the reputation of a fiery patriot. It procured for him a welcome from the Liberals of Boston, and he was given a clerkship in the State House soon after his arrival. He might have grown grey in England before a place would have been given him in any Government department here.[1] To my astonishment Harney soon began to write home disparagements of the American people and their Government, such as we were familiar with from aristocratic pens. When the Bulgarian massacres were stirring the indignation of English Liberals, he sent me a pamphlet he had written, in the spirit of Disraeli's "Coffee House Babble" speech. I wrote to him, saying "it read like the production of a full-blown

[1] Sam Bamford, who wrote the "Pass of Death," when Canning died, was old before we accorded him a seat in a cellar in Somerset House, copying papers at a few shillings a week. It was all his Parliamentary friends could procure for him.

Tory." He resented the imputation—when all the time it was true. He had cast off his Liberal garments, and was naked, and ashamed. Afterwards he cast off the shame. When I was in Boston, in 1879, American Liberals expressed to me their disappointment that Mr. Harney neither associated with them nor lent them any assistance in their societies, such as they had expected when they welcomed him to their shores. Yet to the end of his days I remained his personal friend, in consideration of services in agitations in which we had worked together. I had helped him when he issued *The Republic* and had written words in honour of his first wife, a Mauchline beauty of the Amazon type, whose heroism was notable. In times of danger she would say to her husband, "Do what you think to be your duty, and never mind me."

I first knew Harney at the time of the Bull Ring Riots in Birmingham in 1839. He was "wanted" by the authorities. I alone knew where he lodged. He knew he was safe in my hands, and we never ceased to trust each other. I never change my friendship for a colleague because he changes his opinions; but I never carry my friendship so far as to change my convictions for his.

Happily it is now thought a scandal to say that Chartist politicians took money from Tories to break up Liberal meetings. This shows there is a feeling against it. But they did take it. Thomas Cooper, as well as Ernest Jones, the two poets of

Chartism, were themselves in this disastrous business.

When Thomas Cooper came to London he went, as most Chartists of note did, to see Francis Place. After some conversation Place asked, "Why did you take money to prevent Liberal meetings being held?" Cooper vehemently denied it. Place then showed him a cheque which Sir Thomas Easthope, the banker, had cashed for him. Place said, "You had £109, so much in gold, so much in silver, and so much in copper, for the convenience of paying minor patriots." Years after Cooper in his Life expressed regret that he had denied receiving Tory money.

Mr. Bright, in the House of Commons, June 5th, 1846, told the honourable member, Mr. Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, that those parties with whom he was found at public meetings out of doors had been the greatest enemies of the repeal of the Corn Laws. (Cries of "Name!")

In answer to the cries of "Name" (says a leading article of the *League* newspaper), we will mention a few only of the most prominent and active of these:— Feargus O'Connor, Leach, McDowall, Pitkeithly, Nightingale, O'Brien, Marsden, Bairstow, Cooper, Harney—some of whom, to our knowledge, and as we are ready to prove, were well paid for their opposition to the Free Traders. Nor would it be difficult to show where the money came from. Let one fact suffice. In June, 1841, on the occasion

of a great open-air Anti-Corn Law meeting being held in Stevenson Square, Manchester (in answer to the taunt of the Duke of Richmond that no public meeting could be held against the Corn Laws), the monopolists made a great effort to upset the meeting. Every Chartist leader of any notoriety was brought to Manchester from places as distant as Leicester and Sunderland. The most prominent leader and fugleman of the opposition was Mr. Charles Wilkins, Dr. Sleigh and he moving and seconding the amendment to the Free Trade resolution. On that very morning Mr. Wilkins cashed a cheque for £150, drawn by the Duke of Buckingham at Jones and Lloyd's Bank. At that meeting of 10,000 working men the Chartists were driven off the ground. Blows being exchanged and blood spilt in the fray, the aim of the Chartist party to create confusion was so far gained; and the moral effect of the demonstration was effectually marred. For more than three years at the beginning of the agitation every public meeting called by the Free Traders was subjected to outrages of a similar kind by the followers of O'Connor.[1]

A short time ago Mr. Chamberlain made a point of declaring that the working classes were against Free Trade in Cobden's days. The only portion of the working class known to oppose Free Trade were the Chartists. Why they did so, Mr. Chamberlain ought to know. If he does not, he

[1] The *League* newspaper, No. 142, vol. iii. p. 625.

may learn the reason in these pages. The list of the payments made to them was published, when it could have been contradicted if untrue. But no disproof was ever attempted. Even "Honest Tom Duncombe," as the Chartists affectionately called him, was known to be in the pay of the French Emperor, of sinister renown, as documents found in the Tuileries showed. The Chartists, who became the hired agents of Tory hostility, did more to delay and discredit the Charter and to create distrust of the cause of Labour than all outside enemies put together.

Those who censure the middle class for indifference to the Parliamentary claims of Labour, should bear in mind the provocation they received. Their meetings were frustrated for years after the Anti-Corn Law agitation was ended.

In the light of what we know it seems hypocrisy in the Tories to speak of Chartists with the horror and disdain which they displayed, when all the while the Chartists were doing their work. It seems also ingratitude that when questions were raised in Parliament of mitigating the condition of Chartist prisoners, the Tories never raised a single voice in their favour.

We know there were Tory Chartists, because they took money from the Tories to promote their interests. We know it also by the sign that while they denounced the Whigs they were always silent about the Tories. Now the Whigs are practically

dropped and Liberals are denounced, there is the same tell-tale silence as to the Tories. Now we see a party arise so virtuous, philosophic and impartial that no party suits their fastidious taste, and they will have nothing to do with Liberals or Tories. When they speak, Liberals are referred to as very unsatisfactory persons, but no objections are made to Tories. The reticence is still instructive.

So be it. In art, every man to his taste; in politics, every man according to his conscience. I only describe species. There is a science of political horticulture, and it is only by knowing the nature of the plant that any one can tell what flower or fruit to expect. Yet there are politicians who go mooning about looking for nectarines on crab-apple trees. The Old Postillion made no such mistake.

CHAPTER XI

TROUBLE WITH HER MAJESTY

I.

REFERENCES are continually made in the Press to certain events recorded in this chapter founded upon statements made by myself, but lacking details and without the official substantiating documents. The original summonses and other legal instruments were preserved, and copies of them are given herein. Reports only would be incredible to the new generation, and it is necessary to publish them to give authenticity to the narrative of what really took place.

It seems better to say "Trouble with Her Majesty" than Trouble with the Queen, "Majesty" being more official than personal. The three indictments to be recorded in this narrative all took place in the Victorian reign. It seems a disadvantage of the monarchical system that the name of the head of the reigning House should be attached to all proceedings, great or petty, noble or mean, honourable or infamous. It as-

sumes the personal cognisance and interference in everything by the occupant of the Throne. It is the same in the theological system, where the Deity is assumed to personally cause or permit whatever takes place in this inexplicable universe. If the glory of the mountain be his, the devastation of the inhabitants of the valley by a volcano is also his act. The Church is beginning, not too soon, to discourage this theory. The curate rescued from a wreck who reported to Archbishop Whately that he had been "providentially" saved, was asked by the logical prelate, "Do you intend to say that the lost have been 'providentially' drowned?" Thus blasphemy is made one of the wings of religion—just as sedition becomes a wing of loyalty, when discreditable incidents are represented as the personal acts of the Crown. Lawyers know that the King or Queen is not directly answerable, but by acute legal fiction, odious responsibility is transferred to others. But the people always think that he or she, in whose name a thing is done, is answerable for it, and theologians all teach that everything, even rascality, occurs by the will of God.

References to my indebtedness to the Exchequer of £600,000 of fines incurred by publishing unstamped newspapers, seem to readers of to-day a factless tradition. This is not so, as will appear from the warrants and notices of prosecution which follow, copied from the original documents in my

possession, which have never until now been published.

Early in 1855, I received the following message from Her Majesty, in the 18th year of her reign :—

"Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, to George Jacob Holyoake, GREETING. We command and strictly injoin you that (all excuses apart) you appear before the Barons of our Exchequer at Westminster, on the thirty-first day of January instant, To answer us concerning certain Articles then and there on our behalf to be objected against you. And this in no wise omit under the penalty of One Hundred Pounds, which we shall cause to be levied to our use upon your Goods and Chattels, Lands and Tenements, if you neglect this our present command. Witness, Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Knight, at Westminster, the eleventh day of January, in the eighteenth Year of our Reign. By the Barons.

"H. W. VINCENT, Q.R."

"Mr. George Jacob Holyoake,—You are served with this Process to the intent that you may by your Attorney, according to the practice of the Court, appear in Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, at the return thereof in order to your defence in this prosecution.

"Mr. George Jacob Holyoake.

"At the suit of Her Majesty's Attorney-General,

"By Information.

"Folio 9—1855.

"Joseph Timm,

"Solicitor of the Inland Revenue,

"Somerset House, London.

"Folio 9—55.

"Inland Revenue, Somerset House.

"Solicitors' Department.

"The Attorney-General against George Jacob Holyoake.

"The penalties sought to be recovered by this prosecution are several of £20 each, which the defendant has incurred by publishing certain newspapers called *War Chronicle* and *The War Fly Sheet* on unstamped paper."

As I had published 30,000 copies, the penalties incurred were £600,000.

These alarming documents were accompanied by intimation as to the question at issue, and the penalties to be recovered. My solicitors, Messrs. Ashurst, Waller and Morris, No. 6, Old Jewry, put in an appearance for me, but on the repeal of the duty shortly after, a hearing was never entered upon, and the penalties have not been collected. How they came to be incurred in respect of the

War Chronicles the reader may see in "Sixty Years," vol. i. p. 287.

No intimation was ever given to me—there is no courtesy, I believe, in law—that these intimidating summonses were withdrawn. I had no defence against the charge. I could not deny, nor did I intend to deny, that I had knowingly and wilfully published the said papers. In justification I could only allege that I had acted, as I believed, in the public interest, which, I was told, was no legal answer. The law, which ought to be clear and plain, was, I knew, full of quirks and surprises; and, for all I knew, or know to this day, the payment of the fines incurred might be demanded of me. It was communicated to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) that in case of the full demand being made upon me, I should be under the necessity of asking him to take it in weekly instalments, as I had not the whole amount by me.

The position of an "unstamped" debtor was not, in those days, a light one. My house in Fleet Street could be entered by officers of the Inland Revenue; every person in it, printers, assistants in the shop, and any one found upon the premises could be arrested. The stock of books could be seized, and blacksmiths set to break up all presses and destroy all type, as was done to Henry Hetherington; and for many weeks I made daily preparations for arrest.

The *St. James's Gazette* (April 13, 1901) referred

to the fines of £600,000 incurred by me. What I really owed was a much larger sum, had the Government been exacting. Previously to the *War Chronicle* liability, I had published the *Reasoner* twelve years, of which the average number issued may have exceeded 2,000 weekly, or 104,000 a year—every copy of which, containing news and being unstamped, rendered me liable to a fine of £20 each copy. Now 104,000 × 12 × £20 exceeded more millions of indebtedness than I like to set down. Any arithmetical reader can ascertain the amount for himself. A friend in the Inland Revenue Office first made the calculation for me, which astonished me very much, as it did him. Had the whole sum been recoverable it might have saved the Budget of a Chancellor of the Exchequer struggling with a deficit.

The Government were frequently asked to prosecute me. It was not from any tenderness to me that they did not. It was their reluctance to give publicity to the *Reasoner* that caused them to refrain. It was the advocacy of unusual opinion which gave me this immunity.

The *St. James's Gazette* asked me: "Is it justifiable for a good citizen to break a law because he believes it to be wrong?" I answered "No! unless the public good seems to require it, and that he who breaks the law is prepared to take the consequences." I never evaded the consequences, nor complained of them when they came.

If every one who breaks a law first satisfies himself that public interest justifies it, and he is ready to meet the penalty, only bad laws would be broken. It is also the duty of a citizen to find out whether there is any practical way open for procuring the repeal of a bad law before breaking it. Respect for law, under representative government, in which the law-breaker has a share, is a cardinal duty of a citizen.

On my violation of the law in the matter of the *War Chronicles*, Mr. Gladstone (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) said to a deputation, that he knew "my object was not to break the law, but to try the law."

The impulsive and the ambitious of repute may overlook this consideration, but as I sought neither distinction nor martyrdom, I acted as I did because no other course was open, and no other person would take this.

II.

In the year following the prosecution in the Court of Exchequer, Her Majesty gave me further trouble in discharge of the odious duty imposed upon her as collector of debts for the Church. As few know to-day how hateful this impost was, it will be informing to see how the clerical case was officially stated to me. It began as follows :—

"Mr. George Jacob Holyoake,—Take Notice

that in and by certain Rates or Assessments made by virtue of and for the purposes mentioned in the Act of Parliament passed in the 4th Year of the Reign of her late Majesty Queen Ann, Cap. 27, intituled, 'An Act for settling the Impropriate Tythes of the Parish of Saint Bridgett, alias Bride's, London,' You are assessed in respect of the Houses, Shops, Warehouses, Cellars, Stables, Tofts, Grounds, or other Tenements or Hereditaments, within the said Parish occupied by you, in four several Sums amounting to One pound four shillings and eightpence for four several Quarters of a Year commencing at the Feast of The Birth of our Lord Christ, 1854, and ending at the same Feast in the Year 1855, and that such assessments are made on a Rental of £74. Dated this 22nd day of May, 1856.

"JOHN WILLIAM THOMAS,
"Collector of the said Rates."

These ecclesiastical cormorants took a hungry survey of every place containing property on which they could lay hands. After the Rathcormac massacre, where two sons of the widow Ryan were shot by the soldiers, employed by the Church in collecting its rates—how appropriate and consoling it must be to a bereaved mother to read that the rates commenced to be due at "The Feast of the Birth of our Lord Christ!" Yet there are people who go about promoting prosecutions for blas-

phemy, and with a holy partiality leave untouched outrages like these. The summons sent to me speaks of the "late Queen Ann," who had been dead 140 years. Her name being spelt "Ann" shows that she had been dead long enough to lose the final "e" of her name. The rent of the Fleet Street house was £74, £400 having been paid for the lease. Each time there came on the scene the local agent of the Church, who delivered an interesting intimation as follows :—

"Mr. George Jacob Holyoake,—I do hereby demand payment of One pound four shillings and eightpence, due from you for Rates made in pursuance of the Act of Parliament passed in the 4th Year of the Reign of her late Majesty Queen Ann, Cap. 17, intituled, 'An Act for settling the Impropriate Tythes of the Parish of Saint Bridgett, alias Bride's, London.' And take notice that unless the same be paid to me within Four Days next after the demand thereof hereby made, I shall Distrain your Goods and Chattels, and sell and dispose thereof, and out of the Monies arising thereby pay the said Sum of Money, and the Costs allowed by the Acts of Parliament in that case made and provided.

"Dated this 22nd day of May, 1856.

"JOHN WILLIAM THOMAS,
"Collector of the said Rates."

The predatory Vicar of St. Bride's, for whose

advantage the contemplated seizure was being made, remained in the background, praying for my soul while he picked my pocket, as I regarded his action.

After two or three seizures of property, I sent to the vicar payment "in kind"—the form in which the payment of tithe was originally contributed. The chief produce of my farm in Fleet Street consisted in volumes of the *Reasoner*. I sent the vicar three volumes, which exceeded in value his demand. He troubled me no more.

The last citation relates to a trial in which Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was concerned, and Henry Thomas Buckle made a splendid defence of a poor well-sinker who was afraid of killing the world.

III.

In a Cornish village in 1857 small patch advertisements broke out like small-pox, of which the following is a copy :—

"BLASPHEMY.

"Any person who has seen a man writing Blasphemous sentences on Gates or other places in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, is requested to communicate immediately with Messrs. Pedler and Grylls, Liskeard, or with the Rev. R. Hobhouse, St. Ive Rectory."

Whether the perturbed Rector of St. Ive found out anything, or whether ashamed, as he might well

be, at being mixed up in so miserable a business, he retired from it, and the Rev. Paul Bush appeared in his place as a spiritual detective on the pounce, and a poor, eccentric well-sinker, one Thomas Pooley, was accused of writing in chalk incoherent words in a hand only intelligible to the all-construing eyes of the policeman of the Church, who caused to be issued the following ponderous summons in her Majesty's name :—

"To Thomas Pooley, of the Borough of Liskeard in the County of Cornwall, Labourer.

"Cornwall to wit } Whereas Information and Complaint (a) hath this day been laid before the undersigned, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and (b) for the said County of Cornwall by The Reverend Paul Bush of the Parish of Duloe, in the said County, for that you the said Thomas Pooley on the twenty-second of May last at the Parish of Duloe, in the said County, did unlawfully and wilfully compose, write and publish a certain scandalous, impious, blasphemous and profane Libel of and concerning the Holy Scriptures and the Christian Religion, and for having blasphemously spoken against God and profanely scoffed at the Holy Scripture, and exposed it to contempt and ridicule, and also for having spoken against Christianity and the established religion.

"These are therefore to command you in Her Majesty's name, to be and appear on Wednesday

the 1st day of July next at 11 o'clock in the Forenoon, at Treean Gate in the Parish of Lanewath in the said County, before such said Justices of the Peace for the County as may then be there, to answer to the said Information and Complaint, and to be further dealt with according to Law.

"Given under my hand and Seal this 27th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, at Liskeard in the County aforesaid.

"JAMES GLENCROSS."

Notes on the summons were:—"(a) If upon Oath insert 'On Oath.' (b) Erase the words in italic when summons is issued by Justice acting out of jurisdiction in which he resides."

There is more untruth and holy malevolence in this summons than Pooley was ever known to be guilty of in all his life. Mr. Bush charges Mr. Pooley with "wilfully composing" the words complained of. Everybody in the parish knew that he had not the mental coherence to "compose" anything. He had neither spoken against God—for he was a believer in Him—nor was he a preacher either in pulpit or on street corner. Nor did he "speak" about God, except when he was being stripped in gaol. His "scoffing against the Holy Scriptures" merely meant that he was incensed against priests. The charge that he had published a "scandalous, impious, blasphemous, and

profane libel" was simply the reckless, false, professional language of the clergyman and lawyer who drew up the summons, which would be counted unscrupulous and venomous in other persons. In this summons we have the same profanation of the Queen's name as we have already seen. How can a monarch expect his office or character to be held in esteem who permits his or her name to be cited for the purposes of any bigot who has spite in his heart and falsehood on his lips? People cease to respect a monarch who has no respect for himself.

There was more of the evil spirit of untruth in the charges in the summons than in all Mr. Pooley's vague and honest anger. I went down to Duloe to see Mr. Bush, and found him residing in a spacious house, with a pleasant outlook of roads and fields before it, while poor Pooley lived in wells. Why should one so well-placed as the Rev. Paul Bush conspire to procure twenty-one months' imprisonment for this friendless, half-demented parishioner? Very likely Mr. Bush was by nature a kind-hearted clergyman in whom theology generated —

> "Words,
> Which turned the milk of kindness into curds."

At the trial Pooley, who was entirely undefended received a sentence of twenty-one months' imprisonment. The son of the judge, Sir John Duke Coleridge, who prosecuted, said, "It was not the prosecution of opinion in any sense, but society was

to be protected from outrage and indecency." If so, six weeks' imprisonment was more than sufficient in a case in which there was no wantonness and only half-insane conviction in it. Mr. Thomas Henry Buckle, the famous historian of Civilisation, wrote in *Fraser* an indignant and generous denunciation of the sentence, and those concerned in it. It was the last great letter of a philosopher in defence of the mental liberty of a poor man, and no equal to it appeared in the century. I published an account of Pooley's case, which Buckle saw. Sir John Duke (who afterwards became Lord Chief Justice Coleridge) had behaved, as prosecuting counsel, better than I knew, as I admitted when I did know it. Still, the sentence (twenty-one months' imprisonment) will always stand on record as atrocious, apart from the irresponsible condition of the offender. The words said to be "spoken," and which were made a count in his indictment, were mere exclamations, provoked by the irritation of gaolers, which the prisoner had neither means nor intent of publishing. A barrister in court was struck by the signs of insanity in Pooley, unnoticed by the preoccupied eyes of the judge and his son.

Pooley, as we have said, was a well-sinker, a tall, strongly-built man of honest aspect and of good courage and fidelity, who had descended into a deep well and rescued his master from death. Though not a philosopher, Pooley, like some who were, was a wild sort of Pantheist. He thought this world

to be an organism, and believed it to be alive; and such was the tenderness and reverence of his devotion that nothing could persuade him to dig a well beyond a certain depth, lest he should wound the heart of the world.

Some years later Lord Coleridge informed me that he did not press the case against Pooley, and that he had no idea he was of uncertain mind, nor did his father suspect it. I thought it was impossible they could be unaware of it, as it was well known to all Liskeard. In justice to Lord Coleridge's father, I ought to say, that when he subsequently became aware of Pooley's condition of mind, he at once consented to his liberation, and Pooley was taken home, after four months' imprisonment, in the carriage of the governor of the gaol, who had sympathy for him. Sir William Molesworth and Sir Erskine Perry were, after Mr. Buckle, the chief instruments of his liberation. The facts I have related of the Coleridges were not known to me when I first saw Mr. Buckle, who wrote upon the information I gave him. Pooley was a resolute man, who had self-respect and would not wear the prison dress. When it was put upon him he tore it to shreds, and he was left naked in the dark cell in which he was confined. He would have been made quite mad had he not been released when he was.

IV.

The last case in which I supply documentary evidence is that concerning the limelight placed on the Clock Tower at Westminster. No member of Parliament had thought of it, nor should I, had I not needed it for my own convenience. I was then secretary to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Cowen. When he wished to take part in a division he would ask me to ascertain whether the House was sitting. In those days there were two lamp-posts in Palace Yard with three lights each, which were kept in while the "House was sitting," but when the "House was up" two of the lights were extinguished. There was no other sign, and I had often to ride from Redcliffe Square, Brompton, to Palace Yard before the signal-light could be seen. The limelight had just been perfected, and it occurred to me that if an effective light was placed on the Clock Tower it would be conspicuous for miles around, and members of Parliament, dining in the suburbs, could learn by that sign when the House was sitting and its absence would indicate that the House was up. I wrote to Lord John Manners, giving reasons of Parliamentary convenience for the institution of such a light. Lord John was then First Commissioner of Works. The following is a copy of the letter directed to be sent to me :—

"Office of Works, 12, Whitehall Place, S.W.

"It is requested that any answer to this letter

may be directed to The Private Secretary to the First Commissioner of H.M. Works.

"8—1—68.

"Sir,—I am desired by Lord John Manners to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter, and suggestions.

"Your faithful servant,

"H. Stuart Wortley.

"G. J. Holyoake, Esq."

Nothing was done during Lord John Manners' reign as Commissioner of Works, but when Mr. A. S. Ayrton became Commissioner of the Board, he found the letter in the archives of the office, and had the light erected.

CHAPTER XII

UNFORESEEN QUALITIES IN PUBLIC MEN

I.

WITHOUT noticing unexpected qualities now and then, and remembering them, many are needlessly discouraged in purposes of improvement. The two Bramwells, the judge and his brother Frederick, were both men of great parts. This narrative relates to the Judge, who could do mischief at will —and did it. It was Baron Bramwell who protected the bribers of Berwick. It is to judges of his political proclivities, to whom bribers look still for countenance. Young men of to-day enjoy advantages unknown to their forefathers, and the new generation are mostly ignorant how their good fortune, which Liberalism brought them, came to them—and they make no inquiry. Not only have they no pride in sustaining the political traditions of their famliy, but their base ambition is to give the influence of the position they have attained to that

party who put every impediment in the way of their ever emerging from social and industrial obscurity —a condition from which they did not deserve to be rescued.

Political reformers used to complain of bribery at elections, by which a few wealthy political adventurers tempted the baser sort of citizens to sell the liberties of the nation to them. Tories, by the law of their being, seek authority by which the majority of them intend the control of public affairs for their own advantage. They supply money for corruption, intending to refund themselves by place and profit when the resources of the State come under their manipulation. Even judges of their party accord them legal security in their political nefariousness.

When the Liberals of Newcastle-on-Tyne claimed that Parliament should terminate electoral bribery, Lord John Russell said the law was already against it, and that the Newcastle applicants to the House of Commons should put bribery down at their own door, meaning in Berwick-on-Tweed, notorious for it. Lord John had never tried to do this, or he would not have advised the attempt. His counsel at the time seemed reasonable, and what came of it was shown in a petition from the Northern Reform Union, sent to Parliament (1859), which set forth as follows :—

That the petitioners were members of a society named "The Northern Reform Union," which was

instituted for the purpose of obtaining a further Reform of the Representation of the People of these Realms in Parliament, and for the purpose of vindicating that purity and freedom of election which is essential to a true representative system. Amongst other steps with a view to these purposes, the said petitioners were induced to institute inquiries into certain corrupt practices, alleged to have taken place in the election of a member for the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

The result of these inquiries was, that the petitioners were induced, as a matter of public duty, to prosecute certain electors of the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed for the offence of offering bribes at the election aforesaid. The prosecution was instituted under the provision of the Act of 1854, known as "The Corrupt Practices Prevention Act," when one or more of the persons upon whom writs were served in accordance with the provisions of the Act, made affidavit that to the best of their belief, Mr. Richard Bagnall Reed, the secretary of the Northern Reform Union and the nominal prosecutor in these cases, was not of ability to pay the costs of suit in case of nonsuit, and applied through their counsel to Sir G. W. Bramwell, one of the Barons of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer, to make order that security should be lodged for payment of the costs in these actions if proceeded with. A report of the particulars of this application was published in a newspaper printed at Newcastle

under the title of the *Northern Daily Express*, which report is verbatim, as follows :—

"LONDON, *December* 16, 1859.

"Actions have been commenced, at the suit of Mr. R. B. Reed, the secretary of the Northern Reform Union, against several persons suspected of bribery at the last Berwick election. The actions are founded on the 5th Section of 'The Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854,' which provides that 'any one who shall be guilty of using any undue influence at any Parliamentary election shall not only be guilty of a misdemeanour, but shall also be liable to forfeit the sum of fifty pounds to any person who shall sue for the same, together with full costs of suit.'

"An application was made at chambers before the Hon. Mr. Baron Bramwell, on the part of the defendants in the above actions, for an order that the plaintiff should give security for costs.

"Mr. Chitty appeared in support of the application.

"Mr. Rutherford appeared on behalf of the secretary of the Northern Reform Union to oppose the granting of the order.

"Mr. Chitty founded his application on an affidavit, which stated that Mr. Reed was not the real plaintiff in the action ; he was only instigated by the Northern Reform Union, who were the real plaintiffs. A copy of the *Northern Daily Express* was

annexed as an exhibit to the affidavit, and a passage was read from it relating to the proceedings of the Northern Reform Union. Mr. Chitty cited cases to prove that where a plaintiff in an action was for the benefit of third parties, he is bound to give security for costs; and he endeavoured to show that in the event of the action being decided in the defendant's favour, it would be in vain to look to the plaintiff for costs.

"Mr. Baron Bramwell hereupon made the following extraordinary remark: 'This Northern Reform Union is a purity society. It consists of patriots, and surely these gentlemen will only be too eager to give any security that may be desired, if it were merely to show their high-mindedness and integrity.'

"Mr. Rutherford said that his Lordship, on looking into the case, would find that the application now made was a vexatious proceeding to throw obstacles in the way of the plaintiff. Mr. Reed was the secretary of the Union, and the proper person to sue. The Union must sue in the name of some one, and who so proper as their secretary? The authorities that had been cited on the other side did not touch the case, because the plaintiff was suing for penalties, which, if recovered, would be for his own benefit. It mattered not at whose instigation he was suing. He was suing for a penalty, which the Act of Parliament gave him the right to sue for.

"Mr. Baron Bramwell: 'What is the plaintiff's position? Is he a man of substance?'

"Mr. Rutherford: 'He is, I am told, a gentleman of a respectable position. But that is not the question; it appears clearly from the authorities that in penal actions the courts have refused to order security, even in cases where the common informer was a person of great poverty. In one case Mr. Justice Bayley says, "Many *qui tam* actions have been brought by men who were worth nothing, but there is no instance of their being compelled to give security for costs. It might happen that the penalties had been incurred, but their recovery would be defeated by requiring such a security."'

"Mr. Baron Bramwell here observed: 'There is great force in that. Men of property are not likely to trouble themselves about such things. I think I cannot make the order. Cannot some agreement be come to between the parties? Mr. Chitty, will you name any other member of the Union to be substituted as plaintiff instead of Mr. Reed? Some one must be plaintiff; and the same argument you have used against Mr. Reed would apply to any one else.'

"A long discussion here ensued.

"Mr. Rutherford said he could not, without the consent of his clients, agree to substitute another person as plaintiff. The Act would become a dead letter if the judges allowed obstacles to be thrown

in the way of carrying it out. There was no ground at all for this application, and if his Lordship granted it, it was impossible to conceive under what circumstances a similar application would be refused.

"Mr. Chitty insisted that his clients would not be able to recover their costs if the action were decided in their favour. It was a very hard thing to be compelled to defend an action at the suit of invisible personages. His Lordship had said that 'purity principles were all very fine.'

"Mr. Baron Bramwell: 'No doubt they are. It is very easy to go about professing integrity. To commence actions against people for penalties when the plaintiff cannot pay the costs, is a cheap way of becoming a patriot—cheap and, I think, nasty. I find that the Act gives me a discretion. The affidavits made by the defendants have not been answered. I shall make the order.'

"The order was made accordingly.

"The petitioners were informed and believed that the report quoted was substantially and literally correct. It was reprinted and commented upon by various other journals, and no attempt to question its accuracy was made, either on the part of the learned judge or of any other person.

"The petitioners were persuaded that the language asserted to have been used by the learned judge on this occasion cannot be deemed by, nor appear to Parliament either befitting the station of him who

used it, or just towards the suitors in this prosecution, who were taking legal steps, under a sense of public duty, to put a stop to practices which tend to corrupt the source of all law.

"The petitioners submitted that the order made on this occasion is contrary to all precedent, and inconsistent with the intention and enactments of the said Corrupt Practices Act, which by Section 13 expressly limits the obligation on the plaintiff to find security for costs to those cases only where he may seek to recover, by order of the judge, the costs of prosecution for offences against the Act.

"The petitioners urged that they did not deserve to have their motives and characters thus questioned and sneered away, nor did they think that such language as that imputed to Baron Bramwell can tend to add to that respect for the law and those who administer it which the petitioners trusted may never be lost amongst Englishmen.

"On the contrary, such language appeared to the petitioners calculated to cause the people to believe that a complicity with such practices exists amongst the administrators of the law; subversive at once of justice and of the representative portion of the Legislature.

"The petitioners, therefore, prayed the honourable House of Commons to take such steps as might appear to it most fitting, to bring the matter under the notice of Her Majesty and her advisers

in such a mode as may prevent a repetition of the same."

This remarkable petition, which may be read in the records of the House, bore the signatures of the following persons :—

Thomas Doubleday,	James Eadie,
James Watson,	James Hay,
Jos. Cowen, jun.,	Robert Sutherland,
Thomas Gregson,	Thomas Allen,
Jos. Barlow,	Thomas Spotswood, jun.,
John Emerson,	Robert Ramsay,
William Douglas,	James Reed,

and thirty-three others.

The character of Baron Bramwell's remarks—the impediments he must well know he was putting in the way of any prosecution for bribery in Berwick; the words by which he sought to intimidate the prosecutors by holding them up to public ridicule—the language of the petition appropriately characterised. Baron Bramwell could not be ignorant of the great expense which had been incurred in taking legal proceedings against the persons accused of bribery and in collecting evidence long after the time when the acts of bribery occurred. Such evidence is expensive to collect at the time, and much costlier at a later stage. After obtaining witnesses it was necessary to protect them from being spirited away at the time of the trial—no uncommon occurrence in these cases. Many hun-

dreds of pounds must have been spent before the case reached the stage when Baron Bramwell was appealed to by the accused to put obstacles in the way of the charges against them being tried. The penalties recoverable under the Act would not have covered a tenth part of these costs. Those who appealed to Baron Bramwell for protection knew perfectly well, as all Durham and Northumberland knew, that any costs they might be able to claim against Mr. Reed would be met. Baron Bramwell, by the remarks he uttered and the order he made, aided and abetted the bribery, and protected those who committed it. The Baron's observation that "men of property would not be likely to trouble themselves" to put the Act in force against electoral corruption, was true and significant. The "men of property" were they who profited by it; and if any man of property had justice and patriotic spirit sufficient to prosecute bribers, he was certain to incur annoyance and loss, and subject himself to offensive comments such as Baron Bramwell made. It was the duty of a judge, to whom the Act gave discretion, to use it in favour of public purity, and not to favour public corruption. Though no other judge behaved so flagrantly ill as Baron Bramwell, there were few who could be trusted to render justice to Reformers.

The Tory judge, Baron Bramwell, sneered away all chance of a just verdict, and Mr. Joseph Cowen's noble effort to vindicate electoral purity cost him

£2,000 and whatever obloquy and derision the venomous tongue of the judge could heap upon him

Let men beware of principles which render corruption congenial—and let them honour the memory of those who made heroic sacrifices for electoral integrity.

* * *

It is happily exceptional when political partisanship perverts the sense of justice in a judge. Sometimes the sense of truth, characteristic of Liberalism (for it is not worth while being a Liberal unless it implies the ascendency of truth) is perverted by political exigency or obscured by excitement. An instance of this occurred where it was little expected.

II.

Mr. J. Humffreys Parry drew up the legal part of my defence at Gloucester in 1842. He was then a young law student, living in lodgings at (what was then) No. 5, Gray's Inn Road, near Theobalds' Road. His grandfather was editor of the *Cambro-Briton*, and one of the founders, in 1820, of the Cymmrodorion Society. But we knew nothing of this. We only knew young Humffreys as a stalwart, energetic platform speaker. Radical, bold, and impetuous, but so manifestly sincere, that it atoned for his somewhat gaseous style of speaking. Like O'Connell, he acquired eventually two

styles. Parry's legal style became Demosthenic in its terseness. For the research and care he took to prepare my legal defences, he ought, even at that stage of his career, to have received twenty guineas, but for it he received nothing, nor asked for anything. When he became Mr. Serjeant Parry he abandoned his platform style altogether, for one of uncoloured vigour, which gave him ascendency at the Bar. Had he lived a few years longer than he did he would have become one of our judges. His son—known as Judge Parry—was shot by a suitor, while presiding at a Manchester court, but not shot fatally. He is still known with distinction as a judge, as an author, and dramatic critic. Thus three generations of Parrys have been notable.

Years ago propagandists of new opinion were often assisted by Mr. Robert Mackay, author of a powerful work on the "Progress of the Intellect." A silent, unobtrusive man, Mr. Mackay would be seen at times at meetings or lectures, but never taking any public part. He seemed to shrink back when addressed, and was as reserved as an affrighted man. In his quiet way, of his own initiative, he took much trouble to promote the opening of the National Gallery on Sundays, and went personally to men of note in law, science, and art, to solicit their signatures to a memorial in favour of opening public treasures on Sundays for the refinement of the poor, that being the only day

when they had a leisure hour to see them. Among others, Mr. Mackay called on Mr. Serjeant Parry, who signed the memorial. Later the Serjeant was a Parliamentary candidate for Finsbury. Some super-fervid free Sunday advocate went to electoral meetings, asking Mr. Parry whether he would vote for the opening of the National Gallery. There are always "fool-friends" of progress, who are ever ready to ruin it by their Pauline zeal of doing things in season and out of season. It was well known to all concerned that he would vote for an "Open Door" of art. But if the constituency knew it, it would cost him the votes of most of the Puritan portion of the electors. Forgetful, at the moment, of the incident that he had signed the memorial, the candidate denied that he had. One morning when due in court, he had hurriedly signed his name to some documents brought before him, among them the memorial sent in by Mr. Mackay. Whereupon this modest, retiring, shrinking, impalpable gentleman went into turbulent meetings, vindictively parading the actual memorial to confront the candidate. This proceeding cost Mr. Parry his election. It was a warning to public men against signing a liberal document which might be needlessly obtruded against them at a critical conjuncture. Thus the Sunday League lost a Parliamentary defender, who, from persuasion of the righteousness and rightfulness of its objects, would have stood by it. The word of Mr. Mackay would have

been quite sufficient to vindicate the honour of the League, had he waited till the election was over. But the unexpected thing was to see Mr. Mackay—who had never spoken at a meeting before — appearing at crowded and tumultuous assemblies, where a strong and resolute man might have hesitated to present himself.

The answer of Mr. Serjeant Parry in question was given without premeditation ; it was evident to the audience that it was made under the inspiration of an after-dinner speech, when robust barristers, in those days, were liable to airiness or eccentricity of statement. Being pursued vindictively, he became too indignant to give the obvious explanation of the inadvertency of his denial of his signature.

* * *

III.

There are saints of the Church and saints of humanity ; Lord Shaftesbury was a saint of both churches. There are two kinds of Conservatives, as I have elsewhere said.[1] One class seek power for personal aggrandisement ; another, and better class, covet it as a means of doing good. Lord Shaftesbury belonged to this class. Through not making this distinction, the whole Conservative body are made answerable for the actions of a part. Discrimination is as just in politics as in morals.

[1] "Life of Joseph Rayner Stephens, Preacher and Political Orator."

Lord Shaftesbury was a nobleman of two natures. In politics he would withhold power from workmen. In humanity he would withhold nothing from them which could do them good. In theology he knew no measure. Of Professor Seeley's book, "Ecce Homo," he said it was "vomited from the mouth of hell." Surely something ought to be pardoned to a writer who made Satan sick. At an earlier day such language had handed the luckless Professor over to Torquemada. Yet Lord Shaftesbury was so courteous, tender, and friendly to Nonconformists, that he laid more foundation stones of Dissenting chapels than any other peer or patron. Should England one day be counted among extinct civilisations, and some explorers arrive to excavate its ruins, they will come upon so many stones deposited by Lord Shaftesbury and bearing his name, that report will be made of the discovery of the king of the last dynasty. Whatever contradictions biographers may have to record of the character of Lord Shaftesbury, everything will be forgiven him in consideration of his noble exertions on behalf of factory children. He sought to improve the condition of women in mines and collieries. Public health, emigration, ragged-schools, penny banks, drinking-fountains, and model lodging-houses were subjects of his generous solicitude. Lord Shaftesbury was one of the earliest of slum visitors. He was essentially and exclusively a social reformer. He took no part in political amelioration. He believed

that working people only clamoured for political enfranchisement because they were ill-used and uncomfortable. He saw no further. Their desire for independence never occurred to him. His sympathy with co-operators was on moral grounds. It was quite unforeseen by any, and had little acceptance in his day, that he should advise, that the agencies for planting Christianity among heathen nations should include the secular missionary, who must precede the Christian teacher to prepare the soil of the soul by social amelioration before the seeds of Christianity could take root. Like Faraday, Lord Shaftesbury had a dual mind. Faraday reasoned like a Sandemanian on questions of faith and like a philosopher on questions of science. In like manner Lord Shaftesbury was a sectarian in piety and a latitudinarian in humanity.

CHAPTER XIII

THE COBDEN SCHOOL

THERE never was a "Manchester School," though a volume has been published upon it. It never had professor nor special tenets. Manchester stands for Free Trade and nothing more. Its three great leaders—Thomas Thomasson, Richard Cobden, and John Bright—were also for Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, for the extension of the suffrage, and the repeal of the taxes upon knowledge, because they were essential to the popularity and maintenance of Free Trade. But Manchester took no special interest, save in Free Trade, which was a local manufacturing necessity, as well as a national one.

Mr. John Morley uses the term "Manchester School," as embodying the personal convictions of the great Free Trade leaders. Manchester did a great thing in adopting, adhering to, and enforcing Free Trade. That itself is a noble distinction. The advocacy of Thomasson, Cobden, and Bright

included principles loftier and wider than Manchester. The "Manchester School" is but a term of courtesy used for convenience of reference, far less definite than the "School of Bentham." The "School of Cobden" is intelligible, as covering a larger area of thought than Manchester. As to Cobden, no one can presume to give any new estimate of him, after John Morley has written his Life. Therefore I confine myself to such personal incidents as came under my own observation.

Once, when I had the pleasure to be a guest of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at Highbury, Mr. John Morley was present. Conversation in the library turning upon Cobden, I remarked that he had introduced more immorality into politics than any other public man in my time. "How?" asked Mr. Morley, with a quick, questioning look. I answered, "By advising electors to vote for any candidate, irrespective of his politics, who would vote for the repeal of the Corn Laws." This was in effect saying, "Vote for the devil, provided the devil will vote for you," who, even if he keeps faith with you, is a dangerous ally to put in power. In a speech to the council of the Anti-Corn Law League in Manchester in September, 1842, Mr. Cobden said: "We are no political body. We have refused to be bought by the Tories;[1] we have kept

[1] Would the Tories have bought them? What could they have done with them?

aloof from the Whigs, and we will not join partnership with either Radicals or Chartists ; [1] but we hold out our hand, ready to give it to all who are ready to advocate the total repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws."

This doctrine, sanctioned by Cobden's illustrious name, has demoralised politics and placed every Prime Minister at the mercy of every conscientious party strong enough to defeat him by an unscrupulous conspiracy in Caves, or at the poll. The Independent Labour Party founded their Ishmaelitish policy (of *more* than aloofness) upon this contagious Manchester speech—leaving out the friendly condition of " readiness to give their hands " to any who advocate the interests of Labour, which is their professed reason of being. Women who seek the political emancipation of their sex adopt the policy of voting for Tories, and Mr. Woodall, in their name, risked the wrecking of a Liberal Government if it did not accede to their claim. Mr. Cobden, in inviting electors to vote for Conservatives who were against the Corn Laws, would have established Tory ascendancy in the land. Considering that the stricken condition of the people was through their food being taxed,

[1] Neither Radicals nor Chartists asked them. Both parties conditionally opposed the Corn Law Repealers. Thomasson held that the repeal of the Corn Laws could precede the Charter. The Chartists contended that the Corn Laws could not be repealed until the people had universal suffrage. Thomasson was right.

Toryism might be a lesser evil than the denial of Free Trade. Cobden might reasonably be of opinion that no party can do so much harm as starvation, and therefore felt justified in possibly destroying the Liberal party to save the people. But he should have qualified his policy by restricting it to extreme cases, where the arrest of a progressive Government is a lesser peril than refusing a particular and paramount claim. Without such qualification Cobden's precedent proclaimed a policy of selfishness which fights for its own hand against the general interest of the State. This is the charge which Liberals bring against the aristocracy. It is the policy of Self which makes the multiplication of parties a public danger. Such unqualified advocacy of reforms carries with it an element of national hostility. Justifying himself by the example of Cobden, we have seen the publican going for the bung, and the teetotaler for the teapot. The anti-vaccinator will risk poisoning the nation by Toryism in order to arrest the lancet; as certain workmen will destroy Liberalism in the interest of Labour. Thus, generally speaking, every party is for its own hand and none for the State.

The great French Revolution, which promised the emancipation of Europe, was destroyed by the determination of each party to obtain the ascendancy of its own theories, at the peril of the Republic.

The Society for Repealing the Taxes upon Knowledge met in many places. When Francis Place was chairman we met in Essex Street. At one time we met in the rooms of the secretary, Mr. C. D. Collet, in Great Coram Street, within a door or two of the house where a girl was killed, for which a Dutch clergyman was arrested, and falsely and ignominiously imprisoned for a time. Bright and Cobden attended committee meetings in Great Coram Street.

One day when Cobden came, he walked to the House of Commons after the meeting, through falling snow, in the quiet, meditative way peculiar to him. As I had some duties in the House of Commons in those days, I followed him, curious to see what streets he would go through, wondering as I went along, at the disinterested and unnoted services so great a man, of European fame, rendered to the interests of the working people. Mistaken Chartists were denouncing Cobden, Bright, and Milner-Gibson as Whigs—as mere middle-class advocates—these libelled leaders were generously and disinterestedly labouring to confer upon the working class the enfranchisement of the Press—although they knew full well it would put larger means of assailing them into the hands of their defamers. Why should Mr. Cobden walk through the snow to put new power in their hands—save from nobleness of nature, which helped others, irrespective of any advantage to himself—irrespective even of their

RICHARD COBDEN.

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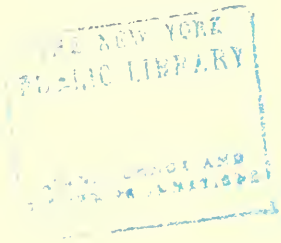
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goodwill? He not only personally attended committees, as Bright and Gibson also did, but often sent us letters explaining principle or policy which implied constant thought upon the movement as well as labour for it.

The "pale-faced manufacturer" was a champion of the industrial classes, which he foresaw would come into the field, which were thought then good enough for paying taxes, but who were to be kept out of the pale of the governing classes.

Thus I conceived and retained a personal affection for Cobden, notwithstanding his aversion for some views he supposed me to hold.

When it was advised that I should appear at the London Tavern to oppose Mr. Peter Borthwick's design of setting up a separate society for the repeal of the paper duty, which would divide the forces for the repeal of the whole of the taxes upon knowledge, Bright hesitated as to the propriety of sending me on that mission. "What I am thinking of," said Bright, "is whether we shall not be taken as seeking the repeal of the Thirty-nine Articles instead of the taxes on knowledge." Cobden was more fearless in things intellectual. I was deputed to speak at the Borthwick meeting.

Though Cobden's mind was engrossed in public affairs, public affairs were never master of him. He always possessed himself.

Sir Alexander Burne's despatches were long

withheld, and when produced, at Mr. Bright's instigation, they were found to be so mutilated that they were spoken of as the "forged" despatches. It was of that transaction that Cobden said, "Palmerston was so impartial, that he had no bias, not even towards the truth," showing that he could speak epigrams that cut into a reputation.

One night Mr. Cobden brought to me in the Bill Room of the House of Commons a blind young man, whom he said he wished to introduce to me. It was Mr. Henry Fawcett, of whom he said great things might be expected in the future. Mr. Cobden had procured for Mr. Fawcett an order for the Speaker's Gallery. He was waiting for admission, as the doorkeeper told him there was no room. Amid all the chatter and bustle of the Lobby, Mr. Fawcett's ears were up that staircase, and he said, "I hear footsteps coming down," which meant there was a vacant seat, and Mr. Fawcett was admitted. No one else had heard the descending feet. It was that night that Mr. Cobden told me, in answer to a question put to him, that he "believed, had it not been for the occurrence of the Irish famine, all the vast educative efforts of the Anti-Corn Law League would not have effected the repeal of the Corn Laws at that time." Nevertheless, the great propagandist activity of the League was the main element of success. The Anti-Corn Law

agitation of the League was a triumph of argument aided by calamity. Subsequently Mr. Fawcett became a professor, and an authority on political economy. At Social Science meetings, wherever or whenever I asked him to aid the Co-operative question of Co-partnership — by defining it in debate, as public ideas were confused about it—he would always find or make occasion to do so.

In order that Co-operation should be represented at his funeral, I travelled across country through the early morning fog, from Leicester to Trumpington, where he was buried. I found in the churchyard my early friend, Sir Michael Foster, who had like regard for the dead Postmaster-General. I was the only person known to be connected with the Co-operative movement who was present at his grave that day.

How well Cobden could take care of himself appeared in a matter in which my friend, Thornton Hunt, to my great regret, was in the wrong. The *Times* had published defamatory imputations on Mr. Cobden, who took the editor, Mr. Delane, by the throat and held him with a grasp of such vigour that when he died the marks of Cobden's fingers were upon the neck of his reputation. The *Daily Telegraph*, of which Mr. Thornton Hunt was consulting editor, published comments in defence of the *Times* on Cobden's letter to

Delane, but refused to insert Cobden's letter of self defence. Mr. Hunt, who had real regard for Cobden, wrote to assure him of it, and gave as the reason for declining to insert his letter, his fear lest it should damage his reputation. It was the same as saying to Cobden, "Our readers have a great regard for you, but if you should prove you are not a knave, you will sink in their estimation." The ineffable meanness and audacity of this inspired Mr. Cobden with a contemptuous indignation, and he told Mr. Hunt there was only one favour he could do him, and that was not to take his reputation under his repellent patronage.

Apart from instances such as the perfidy to Cobden, Mr. Delane was a great editor, determining the fluctuating policy of the *Times* (the policy of the ascendancy of prevailing opinion, right or wrong), selecting leading articles and defining the lines to be taken by the writers. Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) received directions which might themselves be printed as leaders in brief. As it was Mr. Lowe's custom to throw Mr. Delane's letters into his paper basket, they came into the hands of his butterman, who, having practical curiosity, took them to Mr. James Beal, who, upon the advice of Mr. Bright, sent them back to Mr. Lowe. All who saw the letters were surprised at the fidelity of the articles as they appeared in the *Times* to Mr. Delane's precon-

ceived comprehensive, explicit, and well-defined tenor.

It was a favourite story told against Cobden by his adversaries, that when he visited the Central Illinois Railway, the company gave free tickets to residents near each station, that the seeming crowd of travellers might impose on Cobden to report well on its prospects.

It is what sharp business Americans might be supposed to do. But it did not impose on the popular traveller, whom many naturally strove to see. The chief of the company was candid to him. Mr. Morley has made clear that what did influence Cobden was the prospect of advancing the welfare of emigrants abroad.

At the Great Exhibition of 1851 a belief arose that international commerce would increase. A friend of mine, Mr. Allsop, like Cobden, lost a large fortune by premature enthusiasm. Mr. Cobden's was a like error, but a generous one.

On the night of Cobden's last speech in Rochdale, I was one of the audience in the great Mill Room in which he spoke. He sent to me a note from the platform. It was the last I received from him. I was that night more conscious than ever before of his wonderful self-possession in speaking. He held up as it were, in the air, a chief sentence as he spoke it, and supplied, before he left it, the qualification he saw it needed, or the amplification he saw it required, so that malignity could not

pervert it, nor ignorance misunderstand it. After making the longest speech of his life to the largest audience he had ever met in one room, he was taken to the house of a friend, where he was kept standing on the cold marble hearth in a fireless room, while his friends greeted him until late that November night. To a man of Cobden's temperament standing is painful after mental exhaustion. A cold followed the fireless reception. I knew in Birmingham a speaker of great promise, Mr. J. H. Chamberlain (unrelated to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain) who was surrounded by his friends after a long and brilliant lecture, and when at last he sat down, he died.

I was in Lavington Churchyard when Cobden was buried. On our walk from the station there, Mr. Gladstone, who was before me, turned round to shake hands with a friend. I saw at once that he was a Lancashire man, which had never struck me before. He shook hands from the shoulder, which I had observed Lancashire men did. In the churchyard I lingered behind, and stood within a clump of trees overlooking the grave. When Mr. Bright, who had left the other mourners, came there himself, I moved noiselessly away. He remained alone, looking down on the last resting-place of his star-bright colleague in counsel and in fight.

Cobden excelled among politicians of the people in enthusiasm of the intellect. He regarded

strong, lucid argument as the omnipotent force of progress. When one morning the news came, "*Cobden is dead*," it was felt in every workshop in the land that a great power for peace and industry was lost to the nation. His disciples have grown with succeeding years, and if he be regarded as the founder of a school, no nobler one exists among politicians. He laid the foundations of Free Trade, not only for Manchester, but for the world. As Mr. Morley tells us in his great "Life," Mr. Gladstone "ranked the introduction of cheap postage for letters, documents, patterns, and printed matter, and the abolition of all taxes on printed matter as in the catalogue of Free Trade legislation." "These great measures," says Mr. Morley, "may well take their place beside the abolition of prohibitions and protective duties, the simplifying of revenue laws, and the repeal of the Navigation Act." These were all Cobden's ideals. Most of them he called into being, and he was the principal enchanter who gave them a local habitation and a name.

As with the "Manchester School," so with the term "Manchester men," it is used with a geographical indefiniteness; as when we speak of any one belonging to a shire instead of a town. Hence Cobden, who was a Midhurst man, and Bright, who was a Rochdale man, are taken as typical "Manchester men." As few readers have any definite idea of what a "Manchester man" of the

nobler sort individually is, I give a brief biography of one of the most influential of them, who might be regarded as the founder of the Cobden School.

Thomas Thomasson [1808–1876], manufacturer and political economist, born at Turton, near Bolton, December 6, 1808, came of a Quaker family settled in Westmoreland (1672). His grandfather came from Edgeworth, near Bolton, about the middle of the seventeenth century, where he owned a small landed estate, and built a house known as "Thomasson's Fold." He gave the site for the Friends' Meeting House and burial ground at Edgeworth. Mr. Thomasson's father, John, was born in 1776. He was manager of the Old Mill, Eagley Bridge, Bolton, having also a share in the business, and subsequently became a cotton spinner on his own account. His son, Thomas Thomasson, the subject of this notice, erected No. 1 Mill in Bolton in 1841, at a time of great depression in trade, and great distress in the town—a fact which was mentioned by the Prime Minister (Sir R. Peel) in the House of Commons as evidence that persons did not hesitate to employ their capital in the further extension of the cotton trade, notwithstanding its condition. Thomas Thomasson married a daughter of John Pennington, of Hindley, a Liverpool merchant. Though brought up a member of the Society of Friends, Thomasson attended the Bolton Parish Church, his wife being a Church-

woman. But in 1855 he heard the clergyman preach on the propriety of the Crimean War, which he thought so un-Christian that he never went to church again. By his vigorous speeches he gave the impression that he knew more of the political economy of trade and commerce than any other manufacturer of his time. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden may be said to have learned from him. When Mr. Bright went out to deliver his first speech at a public meeting, he went to Mr. Thomasson on his way to take his opinion upon what he had in his mind to say. At Thomasson's decease Mr. Bright bore testimony to his remarkable capacity as a man of business, saying, "He will be greatly missed by many who have been accustomed to apply to him for advice and help." He was not merely an eminent manufacturer, he was distinguished for his interest in public affairs. He assisted by money, counsel, and personal exertions in securing the incorporation of Bolton. He consented to join the first Council and was at the head of the poll, considering it his duty to take part in promoting the improvements he had advocated. He remained a member of the Council over eighteen years. Under the old government it was usual to call out armed police, or the military, for comparatively trifling disturbances, which greatly excited Thomasson's indignation. He was a vigorous advocate for the town being supplied with cheap gas and cheap water, which involved watchfulness and advocacy extending

over several years. He was foremost in insisting on the sanitary improvements of the town, and that the inspector should proceed against those who suffered nuisances on their premises. He gave the instance of "a family living in a cellar, outside of which there was a cesspool, the contents of which oozed through the walls and collected under the bed." £300 being left towards the formation of an industrial school, Thomasson gave £200 more that it might be put into operation. On one occasion, when he was much opposed to the views of the Council, he resigned rather than frustrate a compromise in which he could not concur, but which others thought beneficial. He promoted petitions in favour of Decimal Coinage, and refused to join in a petition against the Income Tax, deeming direct taxation the best. For some time he was a member of the Board of Guardians, but resigned because he "could not sit and see men slaughtered by a stroke of the pen," alluding to what he considered the illiberal manner in which relief was dispensed. He promoted the establishment of a library and museum, and gave £100 towards establishing a school on the plan of the British and Foreign Bible Society. When new premises were required for a Mechanics' Institution, he gave £500 towards that project. He subscribed fifty guineas towards a memorial statue of Crompton, the inventor, and proposed that something should

be given to his descendants, saying: "If Crompton had been a great general and had killed thousands of people, the Government would have provided him with a small county, and given him a peerage; but as he had given livelihood to thousands of mule spinners, it was left to the people to provide for his distressed descendants." The town would have given Thomasson any office in its power, but he would neither be Alderman, Mayor, nor Member of Parliament. He declined testimonials or statue. He sought no distinction for himself and accepted none; he cared alone for the welfare of the nation and the town, and the working people in it.

At a time when the votes of workpeople were generally regarded as the property of employers, Thomasson said: "If the men in his employ were Tories and voted so"—which meant voting for the Corn Laws, to which he was most opposed—"they would remain perfectly undisturbed by him—their public opinion and conduct were free." He was distinguished beyond any Quaker of his day for political sympathy and tolerance. His principle was "to extend to every man, rich or poor, whatever privilege, political or mental, he claimed for himself."

At a memorable occasion in the Bolton Theatre, when the Corn Law question was contested, he may be said to have called Mr. Paulton into public life, by sending him on to the platform to defend the

cause of repeal. Mr. Paulton became the first effective platform advocate of that movement. Thomasson was the chief promoter of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, and the greatest subscriber to its funds. When the great subscription was raised in 1845, he was the first to put down £1,000. When it was proposed to make some national gift to Mr. Cobden, Thomasson gave £5,000. He subsequently gave £5,000 to the second Cobden subscription. This is not all that he did. Mr. John Morley relates, in his "Life of Cobden," that Thomasson, learning that Cobden was embarrassed by outstanding loans, raised to pay for his Illinois shares, amounting to several thousand pounds, Thomasson released the shares, and sent them to Cobden, with a request that "he would do him the favour to accept that freedom at his hands in acknowledgment of his vast services to his country and mankind." On a later occasion, when aid was needed, Mr. Thomasson went down to Midhurst and insisted that Cobden should accept a still larger sum, refusing a formal acknowledgment and handing it over in such a form that the transaction was not known to any one but Cobden and himself. After Mr. Thomasson's death there was found among his private papers a little memorandum of these advances containing the magnanimous words : "I lament that the greatest benefactor of mankind since the invention of printing was placed in a

position where his public usefulness was compromised and impeded by sordid personal cares, but I have done something as my share of what is due to him from his countrymen to set him free for further efforts in the cause of human progress."

In the repeal of the Corn Laws he always had in mind the welfare of his own townsmen, who, he said, "were paying in 1841 £150,000 more for food than they did in 1835," and every town in the country in a similar proportion. He constantly sought opportunities of generosity which could never be requited, nor even acknowledged, as he left no clue to the giver. When in London, he would, two or three years in succession, call in Fleet Street at my publishing house—then aiding in the repeal of the taxes on knowledge and defending the freedom of reasoned opinion—and leave £10, bearing the simple inscription, "From T.T." Several years elapsed before it was known whose name the initials represented. All this was so unlike the popular conception of a political economist, that such incidents deserve to be recorded. Workmen whose views he did not share would invite lecturers to the town, whom he would sometimes entertain, and judging that their remuneration would be scant, he would add £5 on their departure to cover their expenses. Thinking that Huxley might need rest which his means might not allow, Thomasson offered to defray the cost of six months' travel abroad with his family. It was

not convenient to the Professor to act upon the offer. At Thomasson's death a note was found among his papers, saying, "Send Huxley £1,000," which his son, afterwards member for Bolton, did in his father's name.

Thomasson was not one of those who strongly *wish* improvement, but feebly *will* it. He willed what he wished, and gave his voice and fortune to advance it. He was not a foolish philanthropist, with emotion without wisdom ; his aid was never aimless, but given discerningly to reward or aid others who rendered public service. His merit was like circumstantial evidence—if special acts did not exceed those of some other men, the accumulated instances made a record which few have excelled.

That was the character of a real "Manchester man"—on whom Charles Kingsley poured out the vitriolic vials of his holy wrath. Yet Kingsley had noble qualities—far above those with which the country clergyman is usually credited. It requires discrimination to speak of men of the "Manchester School" as persons—

> "Who have only to close their eyes,
> Be selfish, cold, and wise,
> And they never need to know
> How the workers' children grow,
> And live out only half their time."

Thomasson did know this—wished to know this—

took trouble to know it—and gave both thought and fortune to make their lot better. Thomas Bayley Potter was of that class, which includes Manchester careers worth remembering.

CHAPTER XIV

HARRIET MARTINEAU, THE DEAF GIRL OF NORWICH

THERE is a romance in the title of this chapter, should some one arise to write it. It was Lord Brougham who first spoke of Harriet Martineau as the "deaf girl of Norwich," which does more than any other words written about her to suggest a great disadvantage under which she accomplished more than any other woman ever attempted. The phrase quoted occurs in one of those letters which show that kindly feeling and genuine interest in progress was natural to Lord Brougham, though obscured by the turbulence of his later life. He first brought Miss Martineau into notice. He wrote: "There is at Norwich a deaf girl, who is doing more good than any man in the country. Last year she (Harriet Martineau) called upon me several times, and I was struck with such marks of energy and resolution in her, which I thought

must command success in some line or other of life."

If the reader can realise what deafness means, he will know how great was her disablement. Asking questions is the surest way of acquiring knowledge, or verifying it. Harriet Martineau was discouraged in asking questions, because she could not hear the answers, unless given through a speaking-tube, which imposed efforts on her friends she was loath to subject them to. She could hear no great singer, actor, or orator. These noble sources of pleasure and ideas were denied to her. She could take no part in public meetings or conferences, save those of which the business was foreknown to her. Then she was dependent upon some friend who indicated to her the time when she might intervene. Not hearing conversation, she could only learn indirectly what had gone before. Nor was it always possible to hear accurately, or interpret what was told to her. How, under these disadvantages, she acquired her large knowledge, her wonderful judgment of character, her unrivalled mastery of political questions of the day—which made her the greatest political woman in English history—proves the possibility of seemingly impossible things. She wrote some twenty small volumes of "Tales of Political Economy," which were as eagerly looked forward to as the small volumes in which Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" appeared, or Dickens's "Pickwick Papers." James Mill and Charles Buller told

her it was impossible to make the "Dismal Science" entertaining, but she did it, and she was the first who did it. She translated Comte's "Positive Philosophy" so well that Comte had it retranslated from English into French, as being better than his own work.

In 1852–3 Harriet Martineau invited me to visit her at Ambleside, saying, "I should like a good long conversation with you on the Abolitionists and American slavery, and also on the intolerable iniquities of the *Leader*." What they were I do not recall—probably Copperheadism[1] in one of the editors, which she could sharply detect.

On Sunday, the day after my arrival, she drove me to Wordsworth's house and other places of interest. At my request she extended the drive to Coniston Water, some miles away, and on to Brantwood, the place Mr. Ruskin afterwards bought of Mr. Joseph Cowen, who held a mortgage of £7,000 upon it. Brantwood was then the residence of W. J. Linton, and Col. Stolzman and his wife were inmates. The Colonel was an old Polish officer, who, when a young man, was present at Fontainebleau, when Napoleon took leave of his Old Guard. Miss Martineau's quick eye took in at a glance the

[1] "Copperhead" was the name of a venomous American snake, which gave no warning of its approach. The slavery Copperhead during the Civil War proclaimed his attachment to the Union, and argued against it. There are Copperheads in every movement.

surroundings of the dwelling, and she explained to Mrs. Linton, who looked delicate, what should be done to render the house healthier, as the rains falling on the hill behind made the undrained foundation damp. Miss Martineau had an instinct of domesticity.

I never knew a more womanly woman. Her life was an answer to those who think that active interest in public affairs is incompatible with household affection. After my return home she wrote: "I enjoyed your visit very much; and I hope you will come as often as you conveniently can. It will be a great benefit, as well as pleasure to me. My good girls, Caroline and Elizabeth, send you respectful thanks for your remembrance of them. I, too, am obliged by your thoughtfulness of them. But let this be once for all. You will come again, I hope; and my girls will enjoy being hospitable, in their own way, to one whom I had led them to respect as they do you"—mentionable as showing the tact, judgment, independence, and friendliness of the hostess to visitors and those of her household.

She aided the diffusion of opinions she thought ought to have a hearing without altogether coinciding with them. She sent £10 towards the establishment of the Fleet Street House. She took in the *Reasoner*, sending a double subscription. Many editors will appreciate so excellent an example. Her interest in the *Reasoner* was less in the subjects

discussed, than in its endeavour to maintain in controversy that fairness to adversaries, which we should have wished (but did not even expect) to be shown towards ourselves.

Of the £500 given by Mr. Loombs in aid of her translation of Comte's great work, she arranged to reserve £150 for Comte, whose rights, as author, she considered ought to be respected. Many unrequited authors would be glad if all translators held the same opinion.

In 1854–5 she was told by her physicians that she had heart disease, which might end her life any day. I mentioned to Professor Francis William Newman the jeopardy she was said to be in. At times restoratives had to be administered before she could be brought down to dinner. Mr. Newman desired me to tell her that he had had, some years previously, heart trouble. All at once a shock came as though a pistol had been discharged in his brain, and he expected fatal results. Yet he recovered his usual health and lived to a great age. Harriet Martineau lived twenty-two years after her friends were instructed to expect her death daily. Fearless and indifferent when the end might come, she was saved from the apprehensiveness by which the timid invite what they dread.

It was during this—the period when her physicians apprehended her early death—that I one day (February 5, 1855) received the following note at 147, Fleet Street :—

"Miss H. Martineau presents her compliments to Mr. Holyoake, and is happy to find that she may hope to see him this week, and to thank him for his kindness in sending her some interesting papers by post.

"Miss H. Martineau will be happy to see Mr. Holyoake at tea on Wednesday evening next, if he can favour her with his company at seven o'clock.

"55, Devonshire Street, Portland Place."

In accordance with this note I took tea with her. She conversed in her accustomed unperturbed way, and said, "I sent for you that you may bear witness that I die on your side. An attempt will be made to represent that my opinions have vacillated. Whereas I have gone right on, as, I believe, from truth to truth. My views may not, however, have been those of progress."

I remarked that I had bought her earlier works to satisfy myself of the successiveness of her convictions, as expressed in her writings, and thought she rightly described them as being intrinsically progressive.

"Yes," she added, "my views from time to time were at successive stages, as they are now, clear and decided. Certainly I was never happier in my life than at the present time. Christians, if they think it worth while to attempt it, will not be able to

make a 'Death Bed' out of me. I wish you to know my opinions at this time. We have to vindicate the truth as well as to teach it."[1]

For myself, I was neither priest nor confessor. Had I been, I should have felt it presumption to attempt to confirm one better able to teach me than I was to teach her. All I said was: "It is certainly a moral relief not to hold the cardinal Christian tenets of faith, as so many preachers speaking, as they assume to do, in the name of God, explain them. To act according to conscience and speak according to knowledge, never ceasing to consider what we can do for the service of others, is the one duty which a future life, if it comes, will not contradict."

Though no one was so well able as herself to write her biography, it was not in her mind to do it, and she wrote to me to give her the names of persons I thought might undertake it. I named three: Charles Knight, who knew more of her life than any one else, eligible to write it; next Francis William Newman, who, being a many-sided thinker, and largely coinciding with her views, could justly estimate her earlier and later convictions. The third was Mr. H. G. Atkinson, who was entirely conversant with her convictions and career, but who declined with expressions of diffidence, though I urged him to undertake the work. At length she

[1] I put these words down the same night; thus I am able to quote them.

did it herself, in a way which showed no one else could have done it so well. She left instructions in her will that I should receive a copy of her Autobiography, which appeared in three volumes, and came to me (February 28, 1877) from Mr. Thomas Martineau, one of her executors.

No autobiography produced in its day a greater impression. The treatment Miss Martineau had received from eminent adversaries astonished a generation in which greater controversial fairness had come to prevail. The friends of those who had assailed her felt some consternation at the imperishable descriptions of their conduct, which would never cease to be associated with their names, and they made public attempts to explain the facts away.

Her mind was photographic in other respects. She saw social facts and their influences, their nature and sequences, with a vividness no other writer of her day did. Her charming romance, the "Feats of the Fiord" impressed Norwegians with the belief that she was personally familiar with the country, where she had never been. There was "caller" air in the pages which made the reader hungry.

The autobiography contains a small gallery of statues of contemporaries, of note in their time, sculptured from life, as perfect in their way as Grecian statues. Their excellencies are generously portrayed for admiration, and their defects des-

cribed for the guidance of survivors. Not like the false eulogies of the dead, which, by pretending perfection, lie to the living, where silence on errors or deficiencies are of the nature of deceit, and sure to be resented when the truth comes to be known. Only that admiration is lasting which is fully informed.

No character of Lord Brougham so striking and true as hers, has ever been drawn. Eminent biographers and critics, including Carlyle, have delineated him, but her portrait—drawn twenty years before theirs appeared—Professor Masson assured me her character of Brougham was the most perfect of all.

Her two-sided estimate gave discomfort to those content with obliqueness in knowledge, but those who have the impartial instinct seek reality, by which no one is deceived. The light and shade of character, like the light and shade of a painting, alone give distinctiveness and truth. But whoever delineates so must suffer no distorting tints of pique, or spite, or prejudice on his palate.

Miss Martineau entered into a correspondence on "Man's Nature and Development," with Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, which, when published, was reviewed by her brother, Dr. James Martineau, in the *Prospective Review*, No. xxvi., Art. 4, for which he selected the offensive and ignorant title of "Mesmeric Atheism." It was misleading,

because mesmerism has no theology. It was ignorant, because neither Mr. Atkinson nor Dr. Martineau's sister were Atheists. Their disavowal of Atheism was in the book before him.

CHAPTER XV

HARRIET MARTINEAU—FURTHER INCIDENTS IN HER SINGULAR CAREER

If the reader is curious to know what really were the opinions of these two distinguished offenders (H. Martineau and H. G. Atkinson), I recite them. In the book Dr. Martineau reviewed, Mr. Atkinson said :—

"I am far from being an Atheist. I do not say there is no God, but that it is extravagant and irreverent to imagine that cause a Person."

Miss Martineau herself writes in the same series of letters :—

"There is no *theory* of a God, of an author of Nature, of an origin of the universe, which is not utterly repugnant to my faculties; which is not (to my feelings) so irreverent as to make

me blush; so misleading as to make me mourn."

Yet Dr. Martineau wrote of his sister and her friend in terms which seemed, to the public, of studied insult and disparagement, which, in educated society, would be called brutal. It was merely spiritual malignity, of which I had in former years sufficient experience to render me a connoisseur in it.

All the while Dr. Martineau had heresies of his own to answer for, yet he wrote words of his sister which no woman of self-respect could condone, unless withdrawn. During her long illness of twenty years Dr. Martineau, her brother, never wrote to her nor addressed one word of sympathy to one who had loved him so well. He had told the world that the "subtle, all-penetrating spirit of Christ has an inspiring nobleness philosophy cannot reach, nor science, nor nature impart." Then how came Dr. Martineau to miss it? The nobleness of mind of his illustrious sister all the world knew—before the world knew him—and Mr. Atkinson was a gentleman of as pure a life and of as good a position in society as Dr. Martineau himself. O Theology, into what crookedness dost thou twist the straightest minds! I have seen in a "Life of Dr. Martineau" that Professor Newman assented to what Dr. Martineau wrote of his sister. This fact I ought not to withhold from the reader.

But Mr. Newman only knew what Dr. Martineau told him.

Mr. Atkinson was the son of a London architect who left him an income which enabled him to devote himself to philosophy, which was his taste. He was personally conversant, as visitor or guest, with a wide range of distinguished thinkers and writers of his time. He was full of curious knowledge and notable sayings gathered in that opportune intercourse. With a mind devoid of prejudice, he looked on scientific discoveries as a veteran and seasoned spectator. No new idea surprised him, no expression of thoughtful opinion awakened in him resentment. He cared only for truth, in whatever form or quarter it appeared. He had none of the indifference of the arm-chair philosopher, but aided struggling opinion to assert itself. Once I was his guest in Boulogne. To my surprise I was the only passenger in the packet boat. The quay of Boulogne was deserted. At Hughes's Hotel I was the only guest in the dining-room. On inquiring the reason, I learned that Gilbert a'Beckett had died a few days before of diphtheria, and that Douglas Jerrold had left for England since. Mr. Atkinson, not expecting me, had gone for a day's sea trip to Calais. On his return we spent pleasant hours at a café. He had no idea of leaving the hotel where he had rooms. Some years later Mr. Atkinson died in Boulogne,

where he had resided many years. Personally he was tall, of good presence and refined manners. He was clean shaven, and might be taken for an Evangelical Bishop. Save a mobile expression, his face was as shadowless as one of Holbein's portraits.

The object of his letters to Miss Martineau was to ascertain if there could be found a real basis of a science of mind. The common idea in those days was that mind was a "vital spark" which shone at will—originating without conditions—acting of its own caprice and obeying no law. Only the theological spirit could see harm in this investigation.

Not only fidelity, but chivalry towards her friends was a characteristic of Miss Martineau. When W. J. Linton, for whom I had great regard, as appears in what I have written of him in the "Warpath of Opinion," had become vindictive —because I had obtained 9,000 shillings for European Freedom from readers of the *Reasoner* at the request of Mazzini, Mr. Linton — equally desirous and equally devoted, had not succeeded —wrote to the *Liberator* of New York, edited by Lloyd Garrison, assailing me politically and personally, whereupon Miss Martineau sent to the *Liberator* the following generous letter—which, though it be counted egotism in me to cite, I accept the risk, since such friendship was without parallel in my experience :—

"DEAR SIR,—I see with much surprise and more concern an attack in your paper upon the character of Mr. G. J. Holyoake, signed by Mr. W. J. Linton. I could have wished, with others of your readers, that you had waited for some evidence, or other testimony, before committing your most respected paper to an attack on such a man from such a quarter. Of Mr. Linton it is not necessary for me to say anything, because what I say of Mr. Holyoake will sufficiently show what I think of his testimony.

"I wish I could give you an idea of the absurdity that it appears to us in this country to charge Mr. Holyoake with sneaking, with desiring to conceal his opinions, and get rid of the word 'Atheism.' His whole life, since he grew up, has been one of public advocacy of the principles he holds, of weekly publication of them under his own signature, and of constant lecturing in public places. One would think that a man who has been tried and imprisoned for Atheism, and has ever since continued to publish the opinions which brought him into that position, might be secure, if any man might, from the charge of sneaking. The adoption of the term Secularism is justified by its including a large number of persons who are not Atheists, and uniting them for action which has Secularism for its object, and not Atheism. On this ground, and because by the

adoption of a new term a vast amount of impediment from prejudice is got rid of, the use of the name Secularism is found advantageous; but it in no way interferes with Mr. Holyoake's profession of his own unaltered views on the subject of a First Cause. As I am writing this letter, I may just say for myself that I constantly and eagerly read Mr. Holyoake's writings, though many of them are on subjects—or occupied with stages of subjects—that would not otherwise detain me, because I find myself always morally the better for the influence of the noble spirit of the man, for the calm courage, the composed temper, the genuine liberality, and unintermitting justice with which he treats all manner of persons, incidents, and topics. I certainly consider the conspicuous example of Mr. Holyoake's kind of heroism to be one of our popular educational advantages at this time.

"You have printed Mr. Linton's account of Mr. Holyoake. I request you to print mine. I send it simply as an act of justice. My own acquaintance with Mr. Holyoake is on the ground of his public usefulness, based on his private virtues; and I can have no other reason for vindicating him than a desire that a cruel wrong should be as far as possible undone. And I do it myself because I am known to your readers as an Abolitionist of sufficiently long standing not to be likely to be deceived in

regard to the conduct and character of any one who speaks on the subject.

"I am, yours very respectfully,

"HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"LONDON, *November* 1, 1855."

Born June 12, 1802, at Norwich, she died June 27, 1876, at Ambleside. In 1832, when she was twenty-eight, Lucy Atkin wrote to tell Dr. Channing that "a great light had arisen among women," which shone for forty-four years. When she was a young woman, Lord Melbourne offered her a pension, which she declined on the ground that a Government which did not represent the people had no right to give away their money — an act of integrity so infrequent as to be always fresh. In her case it explains a career.

Two of the greatest women in Europe, George Sand and Harriet Martineau, of nearly equal age, died within a few weeks of each other. "Passed away" is the phrase now employed, as though the writer knew that a journey was intended, and was in progress, whereas as Barry Cornwall wrote :—

> "A flower above and a mould below
> Is all the mourners ever know."

Mrs. Fenwick Miller relates that Miss Martineau began writing for the Press, like the famous nove-

list mentioned, under a man's name, "Deciphalus." Once when at Mr. W. E. Forster's, at Burley, it fell to me to take Mrs. Forster down to dinner. Being in doubt as to what was etiquette in such cases, preferring to be thought uncouth than familiar, I did not offer my hostess my arm. Afterwards I asked Miss Martineau what I might have done. She answered that "a guest was an equal, and any act of courtesy permissible in him was permissible in me," but in better terms than I can invent. Recurring to the subject at another time, she said, "I was well pleased at your consulting me as you did. It would save a world of trouble and doubt and energy, if we all asked one another what the other is qualified to tell. I, who have to be economical of energy and time, always do it. I ask, point blank, what it is important for me to know, from any one who can best tell me, and I like to be inquired of in the same way. I hope no guest will feel puzzled in my house, but ask, and what I can answer I will." The readiness with which she placed her wisdom at the service of her friends might have given Matthew Arnold (as she was a frequent visitor at Fox Howe) his idea of "Sweetness and Light."

Greater than the difficulty of deafness was the fact that Miss Martineau wrote on the side of Liberalism. Tory writers dipped their pens in the best preparation of venom sold by Conservative chemists. The Church and King party, which

burnt down Dr. Priestley's house, soon discovered that Miss Martineau was guilty of the further crime of being a Unitarian. Nevertheless, she abandoned no principle, nor apologised for maintaining what she believed to be true. Spinoza, as Renan has told us, gave great offence to his adversaries by the integrity of his life, as it did not give them a fair opportunity of attacking him, for the enormity of his conduct in believing less than they believed. This was the case with Harriet Martineau, who had said in one of her books, "A parent has a considerable influence over the subsistence fund of his family, and an absolute control over the numbers to be supported by that fund." The *Quarterly Review*, "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," added, "We venture to ask this maiden sage the meaning of this passage." Why not ask the Rev. Thomas Malthus, whose words Miss Martineau merely repeated? All that was meant was "deferred marriages." The reviewer put an obscene construction upon it, and imputed to her his own malignant inference. This was a common rascality of logic alike in theology and politics in those days.

The intrepid authoress happened to believe there was some truth in mesmerism. Dr. Elliotson, who thought so too, told me that his temerity that way cost him £7,000 a year in fees. This mesmeric episode brought the doctors upon the poor lady, who never forgave her being alive when they

said she ought to be dead. Eminent physicians predicted that she would sink down in six months. When, instead of sinking down, she rode on a camel to Mount Sinai and Petra, and on horseback to Damascus, they said "she had never been ill"!

She had the unusual capacity which the gods only are said to give—that of seeing herself as others saw her. She saw her own life and intellectual power in its strength and in its limitation, as though she stood away from them and looked at them; she saw them, as it were, palpable and apart from herself. Of imagination, which sheds sunshine over style, she had little. Her pictures were etchings rather than paintings. Her strength lay in directness of expression and practical thought. She saw social facts and their influences, their nature and sequences, with a vividness no other writer of her day did. When she had completed the translation of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," she placed at my disposal twenty-five copies to give to persons unable to buy them, but able to profit by them; and to extend the knowledge of its principles. She offered me the publication of an edition of "Household Education." No book like it had been written before, and none since. Four hundred copies were sold by my arrangement. The book was mainly intended for women. The review of it for the *Reasoner*[1] was written by my wife, as

[1] *Reasoner*, vol. vi. pp. 378–9 and 390.

I advocated that women should take their own affairs in the press into their own hands, and give their own opinion on what concerned them. Miss Martineau's object in writing "Household Education" was, she told me, "to indicate that, in her opinion, education should be on a philosophical basis," adding: "I should see the great point of it is ignoring *rank* in so important a matter as the development of human beings. It was written for Buckingham Palace and the humblest cottage where life is decently conducted." Miss Martineau lived twenty-two years after receiving prognostications of early decease. Had she not been a woman of courage she would have died, as was suggested to her. She understood that she must accept new conditions of life. She had a bed made in a railway carriage, and went down with her maids to Ambleside, and never left her house except to take air and get the relief which the smoking of a cigarette gave her, as she sat on summer evenings just outside the open windows of her sitting-room. She might have given herself greater liberty, for she did not die of heart ailment after all.

As I have seen in women of thought, Harriet Martineau, like George Eliot, grew handsomer as she grew older, and acquired that queenly dignity, such as is seen in George Richmond's painting of Miss Martineau in mature years.

She devoted all her diversified genius to inspire public affairs with loftier aims and persistent pur-

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pose. She was one of those Christians mentioned by Shakespeare who "mean to be saved by believing rightly."[1] Harriet Martineau did, and these words of Flavius might be her epitaph.

[1] "Twelfth Night," act iii., scene 2.

CHAPTER XVI

THE THREE NEWMANS

In one of the last conversations I had the pleasure to hold with Mr. Gladstone, I referred to the "three Newmans" and their divergent careers. He said he never knew there were "three." He knew John Henry, the Cardinal (as he afterwards became), at Oxford. He knew Francis William there, who had repute for great attainments, retirement of manner, and high character; but had never heard there was a third brother, and was much interested in what I had to tell him. The articles of Charles Newman I published in the *Reasoner*, and their republication by the late J. W. Wheeler, were little known to the general public, who will probably hear of them now for the first time.

Though I name "three Newmans," this chapter relates chiefly to the one I best knew, Francis William, known as Professor Newman. The eldest of the three was John Henry, the famous

Cardinal. The third brother, Charles, was a propagandist of insurgent opinion. Francis was a pure Theist, John was a Roman Catholic, and Charles a Naturist, and nothing besides; he would be classed as an Agnostic now. Francis William was the handsomest. He had classical features, a placid, clear, and confident voice, and an impressive smile which lighted up all his face. John Henry manifested in his youth the dominancy of the ecclesiastic, and lived in a priestly world of his own creation, in which this life was overshadowed by the terrors of another unknown. Francis believed in one sole God—not the head of a firm. His Theism was of such intense, unquestioning devotion, of such passionate confidence, as was seen in Mazzini and Theodore Parker, of America. Voltaire and Thomas Paine were not more determined Theists. In all else, Francis was human. Charles believed in Nature and nothing more. In sending me papers to print in the *Reasoner* on "Causation in the Universe," he would at times say, "My mind is leaving me, and when it returns a few months hence, I will send you a further paper." Like Charles Lamb's poor sister, Mary, who used to put her strait waistcoat in her basket and go herself to the asylum, when she knew the days of her aberration were approaching, Charles Newman had premonition of a like kind. He had the thoroughness of thought of his family. The two brothers—the Cardinal and the Professor

—united to supply Charles with an income sufficient for his needs. The Cardinal, though he knew Charles' opinions, readily joined.

When some questioning remark on Professor Newman was made incidentally in the House of Commons, in consequence of his uncompromising views, the Cardinal wrote saying that "for his brother's purity he would die," which, considering their extreme divergence of opinion, was very noble in the Cardinal.

Professor Newman, I believe, wrote more books, having regard to their variety and quality, than any other scholar of his time. Science, history, poetry, theology, political economy, mathematics, travel, translations—the Iliad of Homer—among them a Sanscrit dictionary. He wrote many pamphlets and spoke for the humblest societies, regardless of the amazement of his eminent contemporaries and associates. On questions relating to marital morality, he did not hesitate to publish leaflets. I published a series of letters for him in the *Reasoner* —now some fifty years ago, so we were long acquainted. These earlier communications came to me at a time when the authorities of University College in London, where he was Professor of Latin, were being called upon to consider whether his intellectual Liberalism might deter parents from sending their sons there. But it was bravely held that the University had no cognisance of the personal opinions of any professor. Like Professor

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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Key, Mr. Newman took an open interest in public affairs. Though variedly learned, Professor Newman's style of speech, to whomever addressed by tongue or pen, was fresh, direct, precise, and lucid.

Mr. Newman's quarto volume on Theism, written in metre, is the greatest compendium of Theistical argument published in my time, and until Darwin wrote, no entirely conclusive answer was possible.

Francis Newman had a travelling mind. From the time when I published his "Personal Narrative" of his early missionary experience at Aleppo, he grew, year by year, more rationalistic in his religious judgment. In one of his papers, written in the year of his death, he said: "It may be asked, 'Is Mr. Newman a disciple of Jesus?' I answer, 'Of all nations that I know, that have a religion established by law, I have never seen the equal to what is attributed to Jesus himself. But much is attributed to Him—I disapprove of.' On the whole, if I am asked, 'Do you call yourself a Christian?' I say, in contrast to other religions, 'Yes! I do,' and so far I must call myself a Christian. But if you put upon me the words Disciple of Jesus, meaning the believing all Jesus teaches to be light and truth I cannot say it, and I think His words variously unprovable. Now all disciples, when they come to full age, ought to seek to surpass their masters. Therefore, if Jesus had faults, we, after more than two thousand years' experience, ought to

expect to surpass Him, especially when an immense routine of science has been elaborately built up, with a thousand confirmations all beyond the thought of Jesus."

What a progressive order of thought would exist now in the Christian world had Mr. Newman's conception of discipleship prevailed in the Churches!

Mr. Newman's words about myself, occurring in his work on "The Soul," I remember with pride. They were written at a time when I had an ominous reputation among theologians. When residing at Clifton as a professor, Mr. Newman came down to Broadmead Rooms at Bristol, and took the chair at one of my lectures, and spoke words on my behalf which only he could frame. But he was as fearless in his friendship as he was intrepid in his faith. He wrote to me, April 30, 1897, saying: "I appeal to your compassion when I say, that the mere change of opinion on a doubtful fact has perhaps cost me the regard of all who do not know me intimately." The "fact" related to the probability of annihilation at death. He regretted the loss of friendship, but never varied in his lofty fidelity to conscience. Whatever might be his interest in a future life, if it were the will of God not to concede it, he held it to be the duty of one who placed his trust in Him to acquiesce. The spirit of piety never seemed to me nobler, than in this unusual expression of unmurmuring, unpresuming resignation.

His first wife, who was of the persuasion of the Plymouth Brethren, had little sympathy with his boldness and fecundity of thought. Once, when he lived at Park Village, Regent's Park, his friend, Dr. James Martineau, came into the room ; she opened the window and stepped out on to the lawn, rather than meet him. Mr. Newman was very tender as to her scruples, but stood by his own. When I visited him, he asked me, from regard to her, to give the name of "Mr. Jacobs"—the name I used when a teacher in Worcester in 1840, where I lectured under my own name and taught under another.

On February 12, 1897, Mr. Newman wrote :— "My dear Holyoake,—I am not coming round to you, though many will think I am. On the contrary, I hope you are half coming round to me, but I have no time to talk on these matters." He then asked my advice as to his rights over his own publications, then in the hands of Mr. Frowde, printer, of Oxford ; but with such care for the rights of others, such faultless circumspection as to the consequences to others in all he wished done, as to cause me agreeable surprise at the unfailing perspicacity of his mind, his unchanging, scrupulous, and instinctive sense of justice.

He regarded death with the calmness of a philosopher. He wrote to me April 30, 1897: "Only those near me know how I daily realise the near approach of my own death (he was then ninety-three). I grudge every day wasted by things un-

finished which remain for me to do." No apprehension, no fear, and he wished I could "appear before him, with a document drawn up," by which he could consign to me the custody of all the works under his control. At the time, as he said, he might "easily be in his grave" before I could accomplish his wishes. He says in another letter that his "wife, like himself, abhorred indebtedness." He provided for the probable cost of everything he wished done. His sense of honour remained as keen as his sense of faith. He was a gentleman first and a Christian afterwards.

Mr. Gladstone told me he was under the impression that he had, in some way unknown to himself, lost the friendship of Mr. Newman, from whom he had not heard for several years; and Mr. Newman was under an impression that Mr. Gladstone's silence was occasioned by disapproval of his published views of the "Errors of Jesus"—an error of assumption respecting Mr. Gladstone into which Mr. Newman might naturally, but not excusably, fall; for Mr. Newman should have known that Mr. Gladstone had a noble tolerance equal to his own, or should personally have tested it, by letter or otherwise, before nurturing an adverse conjecture. I mentioned the matter to Mr. Gladstone, and found Mr. Newman's surmise groundless. At the same time I gave him a copy of Mr. Francis Newman's "Secret Songs" (as one copy given to me was called) which revealed

to Mr. Gladstone a devotional spirit he did not, as he said, imagine could co-exist in one whose faith was so divergent to his own.

The following letter, which has autobiographical value, may interest the reader:—

"Norwood Villa, 15, Arundel Crescent,
"Weston-super-Mare.
March 22, 1890.

"Dear Mr. George Jacob Holyoake,—I had no idea of writing to Mr. Gladstone, yet am glad to hear that you gave him my 'Secret Hymns.' Probably my contrast to my brother, the late Cardinal, always puzzled him. That we were in painful opposition ever since 1820 had never entered his mind, much less that this opposition made it impossible to me to endure living in Oxford, which also would have been my obvious course.

"I did send my 'Paul of Tarsus' to Mr. Gladstone, which partially opened his eyes. For my brother's first pretentious religious book was against the Arians, which I *think* I read at latest in 1832. Mr. Gladstone has *written* that my brother's secession to Rome was the greatest loss that the English Church ever suffered. Of what kind was the loss my little book on 'Paul' indirectly states, in pointing out that, as our English New Testament shows, Paul in his own epistle plainly originated the doctrine, three centuries later *called* Arianism, and held by all the Western Church until young Athanasius introduced his new and therefore 'false' doctrine.

My brother, with Paul's epistle open before him, condemned the doctrine of Arian, and did not know that it was the invention of Paul, and thereby prevailed in the whole Western Church. Moreover, I read what I cannot imagine met Mr. Gladstone's eyes, that 'It is not safe to quote any Pre-Athanasian doctrines concerning the Trinity, since the *Church* had not yet taught them how to express themselves.' After this, *could* Mr. Gladstone, as a decent scholar, mourn over my brother's *loss* to the Church? I hope Mr. Gladstone can now afford time to read something of the really early Christianity. He will find the Jerusalem Christianity perishing after the Roman revolt, and supplanted by Pauline fancies (not Christian at all) and by Pauline morality, often better than Christian. To me our modern problem is to eschew Pauline fancies and further to improve on Pauline wisdom.

"But since I have reached the point of being unable to take Human Immortality as a Church axiom, I cannot believe that the problem is above fully stated, or that Christianity deserves to become coetaneous with man's body.

"Perhaps I ought to thank you more, yet I may have said too much.—Yours truly,

"F. W. Newman."

One day as Mr. Newman was leaving my room in Woburn Buildings, he looked round and said: "I did not think there were rooms so large in this

place"; and then descending the stairs, as though the familiarity of the remark was more than an impulse, he said: "Do you think you could join with me in teaching the great truth of Theism?" Alas! I had to express my regret that my belief did not lie that way. Highly as I should think, and much as I should value public association with Mr. Newman, I had to decline the opportunity. If the will could create conviction, I should also have accepted Mazzini's invitation—elsewhere referred to—for Theism never seemed so enchanting in my eyes as it appeared in the lives of those two distinguished thinkers who were inspired by it.

CHAPTER XVII

MAZZINI IN ENGLAND—INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI, whom Englishmen know as Joseph Mazzini, was born in Genoa, June 22, 1805, and died in Pisa, March 10, 1872. He spent the greater part of forty years of his marvellous life in London.[1] Some incidents of his English career, known to me, may increase or confirm the public impression of him.

Never strong from youth, abstemious, oft from privation, and always from principle, he was as thin as Dumas describes Richelieu. Arbitrary imprisonment, which twice befel him, and many years of voluntary confinement, imposed upon himself by necessity of concealment—living and working in a small room, whence it was dangerous for him to emerge by day or by night—were inevitably enervating. When he first came to London in

[1] First in Devonshire Street, Queen Square; in Chelsea; in Brompton; in earlier years in penury. Where he had command of a sitting-room, birds were flying about. Uncaged freedom was to Mazzini the emblem of Liberty.

1837, he brought with him three exiles, who depended upon his earnings for subsistence. The slender income supplied him by his mother might have sufficed for his few wants,[1] but aid for others and the ceaseless cost of the propaganda of Italian independence, to which he devoted himself, had to be provided by writing for reviews. At times cherished souvenirs had to be pledged, and visits to money-lenders had to be made.

It was the knowledge all his countrymen had that he sought nothing for himself, never spared himself in toil or peril, that was the source of his influence. He wrote: "We follow a path strewn with sacrifices and with sorrows." But all the tragedies of his experience we never knew until years after his death, when his incomparable "Love Letters" were published in the *Nineteenth Century*, No. 219, May, 1895.

He appeared to others to have "the complexion of a student," the air of one who waited and listened. As Meredith said, it was not "until you meet his large, penetrating, dark eyes, that you

[1] Of Mazzini's great abstemiousness it was written later in life:

"A cheaper world no one can know,
Where he who laughs grows fat;
Man wants but little here below—
Mazzini less than that."

Mr. Bolton King has published a notable book on the great Italian, containing more incidents in his career than any other English writer has collected. I confine myself mainly to those within my knowledge.

were drawn suddenly among a thousand whirring wheels of a capacious, keen, and vigorous intellect."

When anything had to be done, in my power to do, I was at his command. I had numerous letters from him. His errorless manuscript had the appearance of Greek writing. Two letters "t" and "s," such as no other man formed, were the signs of his hand and interpreters of his words. Of all the communications I ever received from him or saw, none had date or address, save one letter which had both. Many sought for conversation, if by chance they were near him, or by letter, or interview—for ends of their own. But no one elicited any information he did not intend to give. His mind was a fortress into which no man could enter, unless he opened the door.

Kossuth astonished us by his knowledge of English, but he knew little of the English people. Louis Blanc knew much; but Mazzini knew more than any foreigner I have conversed with. Mazzini made no mistake about us. He understood the English better than they understood themselves—their frankness, truth, courage, impulse, pride, passions, prejudice, inconsistency, and limitation of view. Mazzini knew them all.

His address to the Republicans of the United States (November, 1855) is an example of his knowledge of nations, whose characteristics were as familiar to him as those of individuals are to their associates, or as parties are known to poli-

ticians in their own country. There may be seen his wise way of looking all round an argument in stating it. No man of a nature so intense had so vigilant an outside mind.

He knew theories as he knew men, and he saw the theories as they would be in action. There was no analysis so masterly of the popular schools—political and socialist—as that which Mazzini contributed to the *People's Journal.* His criticisms of the writings of Carlyle, published in the *Westminster Review*, explained the excellencies and the pernicious tendencies—political and moral—of Carlyle's writing, which no other critic ever did. But Mazzini wrote upon art, music, literature, poetry, and the drama. To this day the public think of him merely as a political writer—a sort of Italian Cobbett with a genius for conspiracy.

The list of his works fills nearly ten pages of the catalogue of the British Museum.

Under other circumstances his pen would have brought him ample subsistence, if not affluence. Much was written without payment, as a means of obtaining attention to Italy. It was thus he won his first friends in England.

No one could say of Mazzini that he was a foreigner and did not understand us, or that the case he put was defective through not understanding our language. The *Saturday Review*, which agreed with nobody, said, on reading Mazzini's "Letter to Louis Napoleon," which was written in English,

"The man can write." The finest State papers seen in Europe for generations were those which Mazzini, when a Triumvir in Rome, wrote—notably those to De Tocqueville. De Tocqueville had a great name for political literature, but his icy mystifications melted away under Mazzini's fiery pen of principle, passion, and truth. This wandering, homeless, penniless, obscure refugee was a match for kings.

Some day a publisher of insight will bring out a cheap edition of the five volumes of his works, issued by S. King and Co., 1867, and "dedicated to the working classes" by P. A. Taylor, which cost him £500, few then caring for them. Mrs. Emilie Ashurst Venturi was the translator of the five volumes, which were all revised by Mazzini. The reader therefore can trust the text.

Mazzini did me the honour of presenting to me his volume on the "Duties of Man," with this inscription of reserve: "To my friend, G. J. Holyoake, with a very faint hope." Words delicate, self-respecting and suggestive. It was hard for me, with my convictions, to accept his great formula, "God and the People." It was a great regret to me that I could not use the words. They were honest on the lips of Mazzini. But I had seen that in human danger Providence procrastinates. No peril stirs it, no prayer quickens its action. Men perish as they supplicate. In danger the people must trust in themselves.

Thinking as I did, I could not say or pretend otherwise.

Mazzini one day said to me, "A public man is often bound by his past. His repute for opinions he has maintained act as a restraint upon avowing others of a converse nature." This feeling never had influence over me. Any one who has convictions ought to maintain a consistency between what he believes, and what he says and does. But to maintain to-day the opinions of former years, when you have ceased to feel them true, is a false, foolish, even a criminal consistency. To conceal the change, if it concerns others to know it, is dishonest if it is misleading any persons you may have influenced. The test, to me, of the truth of any view I hold, is that, I can state it and dare the judgment of others to confute it. Had I new views—theistical or otherwise—that I could avow with this confidence, I should have the same pleasure in stating them as I ever had in stating my former ones. When I look back upon opinions I published long years ago, I am surprised at the continuity of conviction which, without care or thought on my part, has remained with me. In stating my opinions I have made many changes. Schiller truly says that "Toleration is only possible to men of large information." As I came to know more I have been more considerate towards the views, or errors, or mistakes of others, and have striven to be more accurate in my own statement of

them, and more fair towards adversaries. That is all. Mazzini understood this, and did not regard as perversity the prohibition of conscience.

In his letter to Daniel Manin, which I published in 1856, Mazzini described as a "quibble" the use of the word "unification" instead of "unity." "Unification" is not a bad thing in itself, though very different from unity. To put forth unification as a substitute for unity was forsaking unity. It was a change of front, but not "quibbling." The Government of Italy were advised to contrive local amelioration, as a means of impeding, if not undermining, claims for national freedom. Mazzini condemned Manin for concurring in this. All English insurgent parties have shown similar animosity against amelioration of evil, lest it diverted attention from absolute redress. Yet it is a great responsibility to continue the full evil in all its sharpness and obstructiveness, on the grounds that its abatement is an impediment to larger relief. Every argument for amelioration is a confession that those who object to injustice are right. What is to prevent reformers continuing their demand for all that is necessary, when some of the evil is admitted and abated? Paramount among agitators as I think Mazzini, it is a duty to admit that he was not errorless. High example renders an error serious.

The press being free in England, there needed no conspiracy here. An engraved card, still hanging

in a little frame in many a weaver's and miner's house in the North of England, was issued at a shilling each on behalf of funds for European freedom, signed by Mazzini for Italy, Kossuth for Hungary, and Worcell for Poland. When editing the *Reasoner* I received one morning a letter from Mazzini, dated 15, Radnor Street, King's Road, Chelsea, June 12, 1852. This was the only one of Mazzini's letters bearing an address and date I ever saw, as I have said. It began :—

"My dear Sir,—You have once, for the Taxes on Knowledge question, collected a very large sum by dint of sixpences. Could you not do the same, if your conscience approved the scheme, for the Shilling Subscription [then proposed for European freedom]? I have never made any appeal for material help to the English public, but once the scheme is started, I cannot conceal that I feel a great interest in its success. A supreme struggle will take place between Right and Might, and any additional strength imparted to militant Democracy at this time is not to be despised. Still, the *moral* motive is even more powerful with me. The scheme is known in Italy, and will be known in Hungary, and it would be extremely important for me to be able to tell my countrymen that it has not proved a failure.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"Joseph Mazzini."

I explained to the readers of the *Reasoner* the great service they might render to European freedom at that time by a shilling subscription from each. Very soon we received 4,000 shillings. Later (August 3, 1852) Mazzini, writing from Chelsea, said :—

"My dear Sir,—I have still to thank you for the noble appeal you have inserted in the *Reasoner* in favour of the Shilling Subscription in aid of European freedom. My friend Giovanni Peggotti, fearing that physical and moral torture might weaken his determination and extort from him some revelations, has hung himself in his dungeon at Milan, with his own cravat. State trials are about being initiated by military commissions, and General Benedek, the man who directed the wholesale Gallician butcheries, is to preside over them. At Forli, under Popish rule, enforced by Austrian bayonets, four working men have been shot as guilty of having defended themselves against the aggression of some Government agents. The town was fined in a heavy sum, because on that mournful day many of the inhabitants left it, and the theatres were empty in the evening.

"Faithfully yours,

"Joseph Mazzini."

People of England have mostly forgotten now

what Italians had to suffer when their necks were under the ferocious heel of Austria.

In a short time I collected a further 5,000 shillings, making 9,000 in all, and I had the pleasure of sending to Mazzini a cheque for £450.[1]

A shilling subscription had been previously proposed mainly at the instigation of W. J. Linton, which bore the names of Joseph Cowen, George Dawson, Dr. Frederic Lees, George Serle Phillips, C. D. Collet, T. S. Duncombe, M.P., Viscount Goderich, M.P. (now Marquis of Ripon), S. M. Hawks, Austin Holyoake, G. J. Holyoake, Thornton Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, David Masson, Edward Miall, M.P., Professor Newman, James Stansfeld, M.P. Some of these names are interesting to recall now. But it was not until Mazzini asked me to make an appeal in the *Reasoner* that response came. Its success then was owing to the influence of Mazzini's great name. Workmen in mill and mine gave because he wished it.

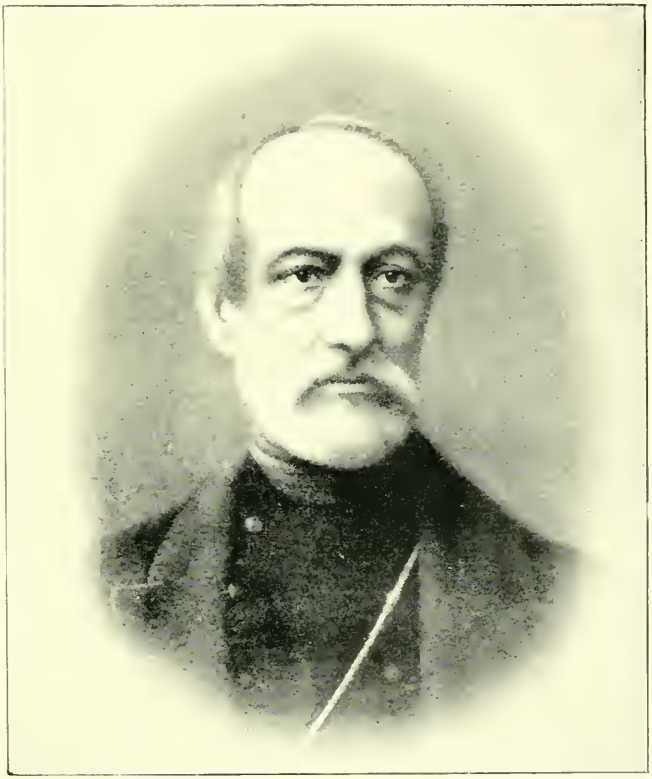
I published Weill's "Great War of the Peasants," the first and only English translation, in aid of the war in Italy. The object was to create confidence in the struggle of the Italian peasantry to free their country, and to give reasons for subscriptions from English working men to aid their Italian brethren. Madame Venturi made the translation, on Mazzini's suggestion, for the *Secular World*, in which I published it.

[1] The expenses of collection I defrayed myself.

In 1855, wishing to publish certain papers of Mazzini's, I wrote asking him to permit me to do so, when he replied in the most remarkable letter I received from him :

"Dear Sir,—You are welcome to any writing or fragment of mine which you may wish to reprint in the *Reasoner*. Thought, according to me, is, as soon as publicly uttered, the property of *all*, not an *individual* one. In this special case, it is with true pleasure that I give the consentment you ask for. The deep esteem I entertain for your personal character, for your sincere love of truth, perseverance, and nobly tolerant habits, makes me wish to do more; and time and events allowing, I shall.

"We pursue the same end—progressive improvement, association, transformation of the corrupted medium in which we are now living, overthrow of all idolatries, shams, lies, and conventionalities. We both want man to be not the poor, passive, cowardly, phantasmagoric unreality of the actual time, thinking in one way and acting in another; bending to power which he hates and despises, carrying empty Popish, or thirty-nine article formulas *on* his brow and none within; but a fragment of the living truth, a real individual being linked to collective humanity, the bold seeker of things to come; the gentle, mild, loving, yet firm, uncompromising, inexorable apostle of all that



GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

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is just and heroic—the Priest, the Poet, and the Prophet. We widely differ as to the *how* and *why*.

"I do dimly believe that all we are now struggling, hoping, discussing, and fighting for, is a *religious* question. We want a new intellect of life; we long to tear off one more veil from the ideal, and to realise as much as we can of it; we thirst after a deeper knowledge of *what* we are and of the *why* we are. We want a *new heaven* and a *new earth*. We may not all be now conscious of this, but the whole history of mankind bears witness to the inseparable union of these terms. The clouds which are now floating between our heads and God's sky will soon vanish and a bright sun shine on high. We may have to pull down the despot, the arbitrary dispenser of *grace* and *damnation*, but it will only be to make room for the Father and Educator.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"Joseph Mazzini."

Another incident has instruction in it, still necessary and worth remembering in the political world. In 1872 I found in the *Boston Globe*, then edited by Edin Ballou, a circumstantial story by the *Constitutional* of that day, setting forth that Sir James Hudson, our Minister at Turin, begged Cavour to accord an interview to an English gentleman. When Cavour received him, he was surprised by the boldness, lucidity, depth, and perspicacity of his

English visitor, and told him that if he (Cavour) had a countryman of like quality, he would resign the Presidency of the Council in favour of him, whereupon the "Englishman" handed Cavour his card bearing the name of Joseph Mazzini, much to his astonishment.

There are seven things fatal to the truth of this story received and circulated throughout Europe without question :—

1. Sir James Hudson could never have introduced to the Italian Minister a person as an Englishman, whom Sir James knew to be an Italian.

2. Nor was Mazzini a man who would be a party to such an artifice.

3. Cavour would have known Mazzini the moment he saw him.

4. Mazzini's Italian was such as only an Italian could speak, and Cavour would know it.

5. Mazzini's Republican and Propagandist plans were as well known to Cavour as Cobden's were to Peel; and Mazzini's strategy of conspiracy was so repugnant to Cavour, that he must have considered his visitor a wild idealist, and must have become mad himself to be willing to resign his position in Mazzini's favour.

6. Cavour could not have procured his visitor's appointment in his place if he had resigned.

7. Mazzini could not have offered Cavour his card, for the reason that he never carried one. As

in Turin he would be in hourly danger of arrest, he was not likely to carry about with him an engraved identification of himself.

Nevertheless, the *Pall Mall Gazette* of that day (in whose hands it was then I forget) published this crass fiction without questioning it.

The reader will rightly think that these are the incredible fictions of a bygone time, but he will conclude wrongly if he thinks they have ceased.

Lately, not a nameless but a known and responsible person, one Sir Edward Hertslet, K.C.B., a Foreign Office official, published a volume in which he related that in 1848 (the 10th of April year, when no political historian was sane) a stranger called at the Foreign Office to inquire for letters for him from abroad. A colleague of Sir Edward's suggested that he should inquire at the Home Office. The strange gentleman replied indignantly, "I will not go to the Home Office. *My name is Mazzini.*" This answer Sir Edward put in quotation marks, as though it was really said. Sir Edward has been in the Diplomatic service. He has been a Foreign Office librarian, and is a K.C.B., yet for more than fifty years he has kept this astounding story by him, reserved it, cherished it, never suspected it, nor inquired into its truth.

Mazzini was not a man to give his name to a youth (as Sir Edward was then) at the Foreign Office. He never went there. It is doubtful

whether any letter ever came to England bearing his name. He was known among his friends as Mr. Flower or Mr. Silva. When the late William Rathbone Greg wished to see him, he neither knew his name nor where he resided, and his son Percy—who was then writing for a journal of which I was editor—was asked to obtain from me an introduction, and it was only to oblige me that Mazzini consented to see Mr. W. R. Greg. Sir James Graham never opened any letter addressed to Mazzini, for none ever came. He opened letters of other persons, as every Foreign Secretary before him and since has done, in which might be enclosed a communication for Mazzini. Was it conceivable that the Foreign Office, then known to secretly open Mazzini's letters, would be chosen by the Italian exile as a receiving house for his letters, and have communications sent to its care, and addressed in his name? Was it conceivable that Mazzini would go there and announce himself when the Foreign Office was acting as a spy upon his proceedings in the interest of foreign Governments? This authenticated Foreign Office story would be too extravagant for a "penny dreadful," yet not too extravagant, in Sir Edward Hertslet's mind, to be believable by the official world now, and was sent or found its way to Foreign Embassies and Legations for their delectation and information. Yet Sir Edward was not known as a writer of romance, or novels, or theological works, nor a poet, or other dealer in

imaginary matters. His book was widely reviewed in England, and nowhere questioned save in the *Sun* during my term of editorship in 1902.

Mazzini preached the doctrine of Association in England when it had no other teacher. Much more may be said of him—but Sir James Stansfeld is dead, and Madame Venturi and Peter Alfred Taylor. Only Jessie White Mario and Professor Masson remain who knew Mazzini well. But this chapter may give the public a better conception than has prevailed of Mazzini's career in England.

CHAPTER XVIII

MAZZINI THE CONSPIRATOR

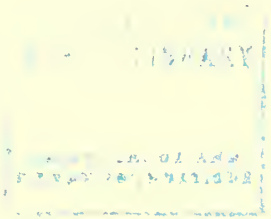
THERE have been many conspirators, but Mazzini appears to have been the greatest of them all. In one sense, every leader of a forlorn hope is a conspirator. Prevision, calculation of resources, plans of campaign—mostly of an underground kind—are necessary to conspiracy. The struggles of Garrison and Wendell Phillips for the rescue and sustentation of fugitive slaves are well-known instances of underground conspiracy. There the violence of the slave-owner made conspiracy inevitable. In despotic countries, without a free platform and a free press, the choice lies between secret conspiracy and slavery. When Mazzini began to seek the deliverance of Italy he had to confront 600,000 Austrian bayonets. How else could he do it than by conspiracy?

Those are very much mistaken who think that the occupation of promoting or taking part in a forlorn hope is a pastime to which persons disinclined to business or honest industry, betake themselves. The spy, for instance, who is a well-

known instrument in war, takes the heroism out of it. The sinister activity of the spy turns the soldier into a sneak. Honourable men do, indeed, persuade themselves that if by deceit they can obtain knowledge of facts which may save the lives of many on their own side, it is right. At the same time they also betray to death many on the other side, including some who have trusted the spy in his disguise. But whatever success may attend the deceit of the spy, he can never divest himself of the character of being a fraud ; and a fraud in war is only a little less base than a fraud in business. But it is the perils of even the patriotic spy, which are so often under-estimated. If discovered by the enemy, he is sure to be shot ; and he runs the risk of being killed on suspicion by friends on his own side—too indignant to inquire into the nature of the suspicions they entertain. The spy dare not communicate the business he is upon to his friends. Somehow it would get out ; then the spy would surely walk the plank, or hang from the gallows as André did. The spy's own friends being ignorant of the secret duty he has undertaken, observe him making the acquaintance of the enemy—hear of him being seen in communication with them—and he becomes distrusted and disowned by those whom he perils his life to serve. Mazzini detested the Cabinets, or the Generals, who employed spies. He made war by secrecy—open war being impossible to him—but never by treachery. Some who had suffered and

were incensed by personal outrage or maddening oppression, would act as spies in revenge. Because these were done on the side of Italian independence, Mazzini was accused of inspiring them and employing them.

Mazzini had another difficulty. Like Cromwell, he sought his combatants among men of faith. Mazzini was, as has been said, a Theist, like Thomas Paine, or Theodore Parker, or Francis William Newman, he was that and nothing more; and, as with them, his belief was passionate. He did not believe that political enthusiasm could be created or sustained without belief in God. He seemed unable to conceive that a sense of duty could exist separately from that belief. Hence his motto always was "God and the People," which limited his adherents largely to Theists, and implied a propaganda to convert persons to a belief in Deity, before they could, in his opinion, be counted upon to fight for Italian independence. Yet there were contradictions; but contradictions seldom disturb passionate convictions, and Mazzini himself could not deny that he had often been faithfully served by men who were not at all sure that God would fight on their side, if disaster overtook them. One night at a crowded Fulham party Mazzini was contending, as was his wont, that an Atheist could not have a sense of duty. Garibaldi, who was present, at once asked, "What do you say to me? I am an Atheist. Do I lack the sense of duty?"



To face page 221. (Vol. I.)

JESSIE MERITON WHITE MARIO.

(p. 41.)

EMILIE ASHURST VENTURI.

"Ah," said Mazzini, playfully, "you imbibed duty with your mother's milk"—which was not an answer, but a good-natured evasion. Garibaldi was not a philosophical Atheist, but he was a fierce sentimental one, from resentment at the cruelties and tyrannies of priests who professed to represent God. To disbelieve unwillingly from lack of evidence, and to disbelieve from natural indignation is a very different thing.

All the many years Mazzini was in London, Madame Venturi was constantly in communication with him, and was present at more conversations than any one else. Had she possessed the genius of Boswell, and put down day by day criticisms she heard expressed, the narratives of his extraordinary adventures, and such as came to her knowledge from correspondence, now no longer recoverable, we might have had as wonderful a volume of political and ethical judgment as was Boswell's "Johnson." Sometimes I expressed a hope that she was doing this. Nevertheless, we are indebted to her for the best biography of him that appeared in her time. I add a few sayings of his which show the quality of his table talk :—

"Falsehood is the art of cowards. Credulity without examination is the practice of idiots."

"Any order of things established through violence, even though in itself superior to the old, is still a tyranny."

"Blind distrust, like blind confidence, is death to all great enterprises."

"In morals, thought and action should be inseparable. Thought without action is selfishness; action without thought is rashness."

"The curse of Cain is upon him who does not regard himself as the guardian of his brother."

"Education is the bread of the soul."

"Art does not imitate, it interprets."

Only those who were in the agitation for Italian freedom can understand the exhausting amount of labour performed by those who were adherents or sympathisers. How much greater was the labour of the commander of the movement, who had to create the departments he administered, to provide the funds for them, to win and inspire its adherents, and correspond incessantly with agents scattered over Europe and America, and to vindicate himself against false accusations rained upon him by a hostile, ubiquitous European press.

Orsini was a man of invincible courage, and could be trusted to execute any commission given him. No danger deterred him, but in enterprises requiring prevision of contingencies, he was inadequate. Mazzini thought so; and Orsini secretly contrived to plot against the French usurper, to extort from Mazzini the confession that he (Orsini) could carry out an independent enterprise. All the same, the adversaries of Italian freedom made Mazzini responsible for it.

A writer in the press, who did not give his name (and when a writer does not do that, he can say anything), published, in editorial type, this passage: "By the way, I remember that Orsini, the day before he left England to make his attempt upon the life of Napoleon III., had a solemn discussion with Joseph Cowen and Mazzini, as to the justice of tyrannicide." Mazzini being then dead, I sent the paragraph to Mr. Cowen and asked him if there was any truth in it, who replied :—

"Blaydon-on-Tyne, *March* 2, 1891.

"My dear Holyoake,—I have no idea where the writer of the enclosed paragraph gets his information. I cannot speak as to Orsini having a conversation with Mazzini, but I should think it is in the highest sense improbable, because long before Orsini went to France, Mazzini and he had not been in friendly intercourse. There was a difference between them which kept them apart. I had repeated conversations with Orsini about tyrannicide —a matter in which he seemed interested—but I did not see him for some weeks before he went to France. "Yours truly,

"Joseph Cowen."

Mazzini always repudiated the dagger as a political weapon. It answered the purpose of his adversaries in his day and since, to accuse him of advocating it. He pointed out that calumny was

a dagger used to assassinate character, but to that form of assassination few politicians made objection. Sometimes partisans of Mazzini would supply a colourable presumption of the truth of this accusation.

A circumstantial story appeared in the "Life of Charles Bradlaugh" (vol. i. p. 69), signed W. E. Adams, as follows :—

"The year 1858 was the year of Felice Orsini's attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon. I was at that time, and had been for years previously, a member of the Republican Association, which was formed to propagate the principles of Mazzini. When the press, from one end of the country to the other, joined in a chorus of condemnation of Orsini, I put down on paper some of the arguments and considerations which I thought told on Orsini's side. The essay thus was read at a meeting of one of our branches ; the members assembled earnestly urged me to get the piece printed. It occurred to me also that the publication might be of service, if only to show that there were two sides to the question of 'Tyrannicide.' So I went to Mr. G. J. Holyoake, then carrying on business as a publisher of advanced literature. Mr. Holyoake not being on the premises, his brother, Austin, asked me to leave my manuscript and call again. When I called again Mr. Holyoake returned me the paper, giving, among other reasons for declining to publish it, that he was already in negotiation with

Mazzini for a pamphlet on the same subject. 'Very well,' said I, 'all I want is that something should be said on Orsini's side. If Mazzini does this, I shall be quite content to throw my production into the fire.'"

It is true that the pamphlet was brought to me by Mr. Adams, entitled, "Tyrannicide: A Justification." What really took place on my part, as I distinctly remember, was this. I said: "I was unwilling to publish a pamphlet of that nature which did not bear the name of the writer, which the MS. did not. The author answered that "a name added no force to an argument; besides, his name was unimportant, if put on the title-page," which was reasonably and modestly said. My reply was, "That in an affair of murder, 'Justification' was a recommendation, and that any one acting on his perilous suggestion ought to know who was his authority." Nothing more was said by me. The writer made no offer to add his name to his MS., nor to meet my objection by a less assertive title. As any prosecution for publishing it would be against me, and not against him, I thought I had a right to an opinion as to the title and authorship of the work I might have to defend. It was afterwards issued by Mr. Truelove, a bookseller of courage and public spirit, but who suggested the very changes I had indicated to the author; and by Mr. Truelove's desire the author not only gave his name, but changed the title into "Tyrannicide: Is it Justi-

fiable?" which was quite another matter. It asked the question; it no longer decided it.

As to Mazzini, it is impossible I could have said what is imputed to me. I was not "in negotiation with Mazzini" to write anything upon the Orsini affair. I knew he would not do so. Orsini, as I have said, concealed his plot from Mazzini, who never incited it, never approved it, never justified it—he deplored it. Only enemies of Mazzini sought to connect him with it. If I left this story uncontradicted, it might creep into history that, in spite of the disclaimers of Mazzini's friends, he actually "entered into negotiation" to write in defence of Orsini's attempt, which must imply concurrence with the deplorable method Orsini unhappily took; and, moreover, that a publisher, regarded as being in Mazzini's confidence, had, in an open, unqualified way, told a writer on assassination of it. The publisher was speedily arrested on the issue of the pamphlet, as I should have been, but that would not have deterred me from publishing it in a reasonable and responsible form.

Soon after I printed and published a worse pamphlet by Felix Pyat, which was signed by "A Revolutionary Committee." The Pyat pamphlet was under prosecution at the time I voluntarily published it. As what I did I did openly—I wrote to the Government apprising them of what I was doing.

Besides, I commenced to issue serial "Tyrannicide Literature," commencing with pamphlets

written by Royalist advocates of assassination. Because I did not publish the Adams Tyrannicide pamphlet right off without inquiry or suggestion, I was freely charged with refusing to do it from fear. No one seems to have been informed of the reasons I gave for declining. No one inquired into the facts. Adversaries of those days did not take the trouble. But, as I had to take the consequences of what I did, I thought I had a right to take my own mode of incurring them.

On the last night of Orsini's life, Mazzini and a small group of the friends both of Orsini and himself, of which I was one, kept vigil until the morning, at which hour the axe in La Roquette would fall.

The favourite charge of the press against the great conspirator was that he advised others to incur danger, and kept out of it himself. This was entirely untrue—but it did not prevent it being said. The principle these critics go upon is, that whoever is capable of advising and directing others, should do all he can to get himself shot—a doctrine which would rid the army of all its generals, and the offices of all newspapers of their editors. Upon Mazzini's life the success of twenty small cohorts of patriots depended, ready to give their lives for Italy. Mazzini was not only the commander of the army of Liberation, but, as has been indicated, the provider of its reserves, its commissariat and recruits. His life was also of priceless value to

other struggling peoples. He was the one statesman in Europe who had a European mind—who knew the peoples of the Continent, whose knowledge was intimate, and whose word could be trusted. So far from avoiding danger, he was never out of it. With a price set upon his head in three countries, hunted by seven Governments, with spies always following him and by assassins lying in ambush, his life for forty years passed in more peril than any other public man of his time. Yet it was fashionable to charge him with want of courage whose whole "life," to use his own phrase, "was a battle and a march."

Could there be a doubt of the intrepidity of a man who, with the slender forces of insurgent patriots, confronted Austria with its 600,000 bayonets.

No sooner was Garibaldi in Rome than Mazzini was there in the streets inspiring its defenders. What dangers he passed through to reach Rome, knowing well that his arrest meant death!

Rome was not a safe place for Mazzini, neither was London. His life was never safe. I have been asked by his host to walk home with him at night from a London suburban villa where he dined, because a Royalist assassin was known to be in London waiting to kill him.

Mazzini died at Pisa, March 10, 1872, from chill by walking over the Alps in inclement weather, intending to visit his English friends once more. A few of his English colleagues protested against his

embalmment. I was not one. Gorini, the greatest of his profession, undertook to transform the body into marble, and for him Mazzini had friendship. Dr. Bertani, Mazzini's favourite physician, approved embalming. It could not be done by more reverent hands. How could England—who disembowelled Nelson and sent his body home in a cask of rum; who embalmed Jeremy Bentham, and took out O'Connell's heart, sent it to one city, and his mutilated remains to another—reproach Italy for observing the national rites of their illustrious dead?

The personal character of Mazzini never needed defence. In private life and state affairs, honour was to him an instinct. He saw the path of right with clear eyes. No advantage induced him to deviate from it. No danger prevented his walking in it.

Carlyle, whom few satisfied, said he "found in him a man of clear intelligence and noble virtues. True as steel, the word, the thought of him pure and limpid as water."

It may be by experience that a nation is governed, but it is by rightness alone that it is kept noble. It was to promote this that Mazzini walked for forty years on the dreary highway between exile and the scaffold. It was from belief in his heroic and unfaltering integrity that men went out at his word, to encounter the dungeon, torture, and death, and that families led all their days alarmed

lives, and gave up husbands and sons to enterprises in which they could only triumph by dying.

No one save Byron has depicted the self-denial incidental to Mazzini's career, which involved the abnegation of all that makes life worth living to other men.

> "Such ties are not
> For those who are called to the high destinies
> Which purify corrupted commonwealths.
> We must forget all feeling save the *One*
> We must resign all passions, save our purpose.
> We must behold no object, save our country.
> And only look on death as beautiful
> So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,
> And draw down freedom on her evermore." [1]

Mazzini left a name which has become one of the landmarks, or rather mindmarks, of public thought, and, though a bygone name, there is instruction and inspiration in it yet.

[1] "Marino Faliero."

CHAPTER XIX

GARIBALDI—THE SOLDIER OF LIBERTY

DINING one day (June 29, 1896) at Mr. Herbert Spencer's, thirty years after Garibaldi left England, Professor Masson, who was a guest of Mr. Spencer, told me that Garibaldi said to Sir James Stansfeld that "the person whom he was most interested in seeing in England was myself." This Garibaldi said at a reception given by Mr. Stansfeld to meet the General—as we had then begun to call him. I was one of the party; but Mr. Stansfeld did not mention the remark to me, and I never heard of it until Professor Masson told me. Of course I should have been gratified to know it. We had met before, but it was years earlier, and Garibaldi had forgotten it. The vicissitudes and battles of his tumultuous career may well have effaced the circumstance from his mind.

The first occasion of my meeting Garibaldi was

at an evening party at the Swan Brewery, Fulham, when I was asked to accompany him to Regent Street, where he was then residing. My name would be given to him at the time, which he might not distinctly hear, as is often the case when an unfamiliar name is heard by a foreign ear, as occurs when a foreign name is mentioned to an English ear. On our way he asked me "how it was that the English people had accorded such enthusiastic receptions to Kossuth, and yet they appeared to have done nothing on behalf of Hungary?" I explained to him that "our Foreign Office was controlled by a few aristocratic families who had little sympathy with and less respect for the voteless voices of the splendid crowds who greeted Kossuth with generous acclaim. That was why large and enthusiastic concourses of people in the streets produced so little effect upon the English Government." The great Nizzard insurgent had been mystified by the impotence of popular enthusiasm. In such plain, brief and abrupt sentences as I thought would be intelligible, I explained that "he must distinguish between popular sympathy and popular power. He might find himself the subject of the generous enthusiasm of the streets, but he must take it as the voice of the people, not the voice of the Government." Kossuth, who had a better knowledge of English literature and the English press, never made the

distinction, which led him into mistakes and caused him needlessly to suffer disappointments. To this day the House of Lords is an alien power in England.

It was at the party which we left that night that I was first struck with the natural intrepidity of Garibaldi. His square shoulders and tapering body I had somehow come to associate with military impassableness, and the easy, self-possessed way in which he moved through the crowd in the room confirmed my impression. I was told afterwards by one of his fellow combatants that unconscious courage was his characteristic on the field. Calmness and imperturbable modesty were attributes of his mind, as seen in his heroic acts, deemed utterly impossible save in romance. He had received the triumphal acclamation of people he freed, whose forefathers had only dreamed of liberation.

Since the time of that casual acquaintanceship, Garibaldi had heard of me from Mazzini, from Mr. Cowen, and as acting secretary of the Committee who sent out the British Legion to him. We had collected a considerable sum of money for him, which was lying in unfriendly hands, but which his treasurer had been unable to obtain. I had sent him other help, when help was sorely needed by his troops. Besides, I had defended him and his cause under the names of "Landor Praed," "Disque," and my own name,

in the press. Garibaldi sent me one of the first photographs taken of himself after his victorious entry into Naples, on which he had written the words, "Garibaldi, to his friend, J. G. Holyoke." He had got name and initials transposed in those eventful days. After the affair of Micheldever,[1] he charged his son Menotti to show me personal and public attention on his visit to the House of Commons. To the end of his life he saw every visitor who came to him with a note from me.

When Menotti Garibaldi died, the family wished that the flag which the "Thousand" carried when they made their celebrated invasion of the Neapolitan kingdom, should be borne at the funeral. They therefore telegraphed to the mayor of Marsala, who was supposed to be the guardian of the relic. The mayor replied that he had not got it, but that it was at Palermo; so the mayor of Palermo was telegraphed to. He also replied that he had not got it, and said it was in the possession of Signor Antonio Pellegrini, but that its authenticity was very doubtful. General Canzio, one of the survivors of the expedition, says that the flag possessed by Signor Pellegrini is nothing like the real one, which was merely a tricolor of three pieces of cotton nailed to a staff. At the battle of Calatafimi the standard-bearer was shot and the flag lost. It was said to

[1] See "Sixty Years," chap. lxxix.

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have been captured by a Neapolitan sub-lieutenant, but all traces of it have now disappeared. The wonder is not that the flag has disappeared, but that so many official persons should declare it to exist elsewhere, of which they had no knowledge. The flag of the *Washington* would have been lost had it not been taken possession of by De Rohan. The last flag carried by the Mazzinians, which was shot through, would have been lost also had not Mr. J. D. Hodge sought for it before it was too late. Both flags are in my possession.

Walter Savage Landor sent me (August 20, 1860) these fine lines on Garibaldi's conquest of the Sicilies :—

> "Again her brow Sicaria rears
> Above the tombs—two thousand years,
> Have smitten sore her beauteous breast,
> And war forbidden her to rest.
>
> Yet war at last becomes her friend,
> And shouts aloud
> Thy grief shall end.
> Sicaria ! hear me ! rise again !
> A homeless hero breaks thy chain."

How often did I hear it said, in his great days of action, that had Garibaldi known the perils he encountered in his enterprises, he would never have attempted them. No one seemed able to account for his success, save by saying he was "an inspired madman." His heroism was not

born of insanity, but knowledge. His wonderful march of conquest through Italy was made possible by Mazzini. In every town there was a small band, mostly of young heroic men, who were inspired by Mazzini's teaching, who, like the brothers Bandiera, led forlorn hopes, or who were ready to act when occasion arose. I well remember when seeking assistance for Mazzini, how friends declined to contribute lest they became accessory to the fruitless sacrifice of brave men. There was no other way by which Italy could be freed, than by incurring this risk. Mazzini knew it, and the men knew it, as Mazzini did not conceal it from those he inspired.

The following letter to me by one of the combatants was published at the time in the *Daily Telegraph*. It is a forgotten vignette of the war, drawn by a soldier on the battlefield who had been wounded five times before, fighting under Garibaldi :—

"Dear Sir,—Just time to say that we are in full possession, after streams of blood have flowed. Fights 'twixt brothers are deadly.

"We want money; we want, as I told you, a British steamer chartered, with revolving rifles and pistols of Colt's (17, Pall Mall), also some cannon *rayé*; but for the sake of humanity and liberty do hurry up the subscriptions. The sooner we are

strong the less the chance of more fighting. We muster now some 30,000 all told, though not all armed. We want arms and ammunition, and caps—Minié rifles. Or the rifle corps pattern the General would as soon have. He is well and radiant with joy and hope, though sighing over the necessity to shed blood. Oh! will the world never learn to value the really great men of the earth until the grave has closed over them? Garibaldi has written only one or two of all the things published over his name. The rest are the inventions of enemies or over-zealous friends.

"Messina must capitulate. If the King grant a constitution, all will be lost. The Bourbons must be driven from Italy, for it will never be quiet without. Warn the papers against trusting the so-called letters, etc., from Garibaldi. He writes little or none, and dislikes to be made prominent.

"Do try and urge on the subscriptions. The English admiral here has behaved bravely, and Lord John Russell's praises are in every one's mouth; but he must not falter or hesitate.

"The Royal Palace was burned down, and the fighting was desperate indeed.

"Of all the defeats imputed to the 'insurgents,' not one has really taken place. The General was at times obliged to sacrifice some lives for strategical purposes.

"Now, pray use your influence for England not to allow Naples to patch up a peace, for I tell

you it is useless. Garibaldi and his friends will never consent to anything short of 'Italy for the Italians.'

"You may communicate this as 'official' if you wish to the *Times* or *News*, reserving my name, Yours truly, in great haste, "————

"G. J. Holyoake, Esq.

"P.S.—I need hardly say this will have to take its chance of getting to you. I trust it to a captain whom I have given the money to pay the postage in Genoa, where he is going. Will you let me hear from you?"

He did hear from me. Whether it is good to die "in vain," as George Eliot held, I do not stay to determine. Certainly, to die when you know it to be your duty, whether "in vain" or not, implies a high order of nature. Sir Alfred Lyall has sung the praise of those English soldiers captured in India, who, when offered their lives if they would merely pronounce the name of the Prophet, refused. It was only a word they had to patter, and Sir Alfred exclaims, "God Almighty, what could it matter?" But the brave Englishmen died rather than be counted on the side of a faith they did not hold. Dying for honour is not dying in vain, and I thought the Italians entitled to help in their holy war for manhood and independence.

When Garibaldi was at Brooke House, Isle of Wight, I was deputed by the Society of the Friends

of Italy to accompany Mazzini to meet Garibaldi. Herzen, the Russian, who kept the "Kolokol" ringing in the dominions of the Czar, met us at Southampton. The meeting with Garibaldi took place at the residence of Madame Nathan. The two heroes had not met in London when the General was a guest of the Duke of Sutherland. As soon as Garibaldi saw Mazzini, he greeted him in the old patois of the lagoons of Genoa. It affected Mazzini, to whom it brought back scenes of their early career, when the inspiration of Italian freedom first began.

Mrs. Nathan, wife of the Italian banker of Cornhill, was an intrepid lady, true to the freedom of her country, who had assisted Garibaldi and Mazzini in many a perilous enterprise. After the interview at her house, she had occasion to consult Garibaldi on matters of moment. Misled or deterred by aspersion, which every lady had to suffer, suspected of patriotic complicity, Mrs. Nathan was not invited to Brooke House. Under these circumstances she could not go alone to see the General, and she asked me to take her. Offering her my arm, we walked through the courtyard and along the corridors of the house to Garibaldi's rooms. Going and returning from her interview, I was much struck by the queenly grace and self-possession of Mrs. Nathan's manner. There was neither disquietude nor consciousness in her demeanour of the disrespect

of not being invited to Brooke House, though her residence was known.

On the night of Garibaldi's arrival at Brooke House, Mr. Seely, the honoured host of the General, invited me to join the dinner party, where I heard things said on some matters, which the speakers could not possibly know to be true. Garibaldi showed no traces of excitement, which had dazed so many at Southampton that afternoon. The vessel which brought him there was immediately boarded by a tumultuous crowd of visitors. All the reporters of the London and provincial press were waiting for the vessel to be sighted, and they were foremost in the throng on the ship. Before them all was Mrs. Colonel Chambers, with her beseeching eyes, large, luminous and expressive, and difficult to resist. Garibaldi gave instant audience to Joseph Cowen, whose voice alone, or chiefly, influenced him. Years before, when Garibaldi was unknown, friendless, and penniless, he turned his bark up the Tyne to visit Mr. Cowen, the only Englishman from whom he would ask help. Garibaldi's first day at Southampton was more boisterous than a battle. Everybody wanted him to go everywhere. Houses where his name had never been heard were now open to him. Mr. Seely was known to be his friend. The Isle of Wight was near. Brooke House lay out of the way of the "madding crowd," and there his friends would have time to arrange things for him. The end of his visit to England was

sudden, unforeseen, inexplicable both to friend and foe, at the time and for long after.

He had accepted engagements to appear in various towns in England, where people would as wildly greet him as the people of London had done. When it was announced that he had left England, it was believed that the Emperor of the French had incited the Government to prevail upon Garibaldi to leave the country. Others conjectured that Mr. Gladstone had whispered something to him which had caused the Italian hero to depart. I asked about it from one who knew everything that took place—Sir James Stansfeld—and from him I learned that no foreign suggestion had been made, that nothing whatever had been said to Garibaldi. His leaving was entirely his own act. He had reason to believe that Louis Napoleon was capable of anything; but with all his heroism, Garibaldi was imaginative and proud. He fancied his presence in England was an embarrassment to the Government. He being the guest of the nation, they would never own to it or say it. But his departure might be a relief to them, nevertheless. And therefore he went. His sensitiveness of honour shrank from his being a constructive inconvenience to a nation to whom he owed so much and for whom he cared so much. It was an instance of the disappointment imagination may cause in politics.[1]

[1] Some who read Mr. Morley's account of "Garibaldi's Departure" in his "Life of Gladstone" will think that Garibaldi did

But Garibaldi was a poet as well as a soldier. Like the author of the "Marseillaise," Korner and Petöfe, he could write inspiring verse, as witness his "Political Poem" in reply to one Victor Hugo wrote upon him, which Sir Edwin Arnold, the "Oxford Graduate" of that day, translated in 1868. Those do not understand Garibaldi who fail to recognise that he had poetic as well as martial fire.[1]

not require much imagination to see that he was not wanted to stay in England. He heard, even from Mr. Gladstone, words of solicitude for his health, if he visited the many towns he had promised—and not one suggestion that he should limit the number, which could do him no harm. There could be but one inference from this and Garibaldi drew it.

[1] Both poems, the one by Hugo and Garibaldi's in reply, were published with a preface by the present writer.

CHAPTER XX

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH LEGION—NEVER BEFORE TOLD

General de Lacy Evans is no longer with us, or he might give us an instructive account of the uncertainty and difficulty of discipline in a patriotic legion which volunteers its services without intelligently intending obedience. When I became Acting Secretary for sending out the British Legion to Garibaldi, I found no one with any relevant experience who knew what to expect or what to advise. Those likely to be in command were ready to exercise authority, but those who were to serve under them expected to do it more or less in their own way. The greatest merit in a volunteer legion is that they agree in the object of the war they engage in. They do not blindly adopt the vocation of murder—for that is what military service means. It means the undertaking to kill at the direction of others — without knowledge or conviction as

to the right and justice of the conflict they take part in.

General De Lacy Evans being a military man of repute, and marching with his Spanish Legion, had disciplinary influence over them. Two of my colleagues in other enterprises of danger were among the Spanish volunteers, but they were not at hand—one being in America and the other in New Zealand—otherwise I might have had the benefit of their experience.

The project of sending out to Garibaldi a British Legion came in the air. It was probably a suggestion of De Rohan's, who had gathered in Italy that British volunteers would influence Italian opinion; be an encouragement in the field; and, if sent out in time, they might be of military service. Be this as it may, the Garibaldi Committee found themselves, without premeditation, engaged in enlisting men, at least by proxy. It was a new business, in which none of us were experts. We knew that men of generous motive and enterprise would come forward. At the same time, we were opening a door to many of whom we could not know enough to refuse, or to trust. However, the army of every country is largely recruited from the class of dubious persons, over whom officers have the power to compel order — which we had not.

As I was the Acting Secretary, my publishing house, 147, Fleet Street, was crowded with inquirers

when the project of the Legion became known. Many gave their names there. For convenience of enrolment, a house was taken at No. 8, Salisbury Street, Strand, where the volunteers, honest and otherwise, soon appeared—the otherwise being more obtrusive and seemingly more zealous. Among them appeared a young man, wearing the uniform of a Garibaldian soldier, of specious manners, and who called himself "Captain Styles"—a harmless rustic name, but he was not at all rustic in mind. Being early in the field, volunteers who came later took it for granted he had an official position. It was assumed that he had been in Italy and in some army, which was more than we knew. His influence grew by not being questioned. Without our knowledge and without any authority, he invented and secretly sold commissions, retaining the proceeds for his own use. To avoid obtruding our military objects on public attention, I drew up a notice, after the manner of Dr. Lunn's tourist agency, as follows :—

EXCURSION to SICILY and NAPLES. — All persons (particularly Members of Volunteer Rifle Corps) desirous of visiting Southern Italy, and of AIDING by their presence and influence the CAUSE of GARIBALDI and ITALY, may learn how to proceed by applying to the Garibaldi Committee, at the offices at No. 8, Salisbury Street, Strand, London.

The Committee caused, on my suggestion, applicants to receive notice of two things :—

(1) That each man should remember that he goes

out to represent the sacred cause of Liberty, and that the cause will be judged by his conduct. His behaviour will be as important as his bravery.

(2) Those in command will respect the high feeling by which the humblest man is animated—but no man must make his equal patriotism a pretext for refusing implicit obedience to orders, upon which his safety and usefulness depend. There no doubt will be precariousness and privation for a time, which every man must be prepared to share and bear.

Further, I wrote an address to the "Excursionists" and had a copy placed in the hands of every one of them. It was to the following effect :—

Before leaving Faro, Garibaldi issued an address to his army, in which he said :—"Among the qualities which ought to predominate among the officers of an Italian army, besides bravery, is the amiability which secures the affection of soldiers—discipline, subordination, and firmness necessary in long campaigns. Severe discipline may be obtained by harshness, but it is better obtained by kindness. This secret the numerous spies of the enemy will not discover. It brought us from Parco to Gibil-Rosa, and thence to Palermo. The honourable behaviour of our soldiery towards the inhabitants did the rest. Of bravery, I am sure!" exclaims the General. "What I want is the discipline of ancient Rome, invariable harmony one

with another—the due respect for property, and above all for that of the poor, who suffer so much to gain the scanty bread of their families. By these means we shall lessen the sacrifice of blood and win the lasting independence of Italy." To this address was added the following paragraph :—

"In these words the volunteer will learn the quality of companionship he will meet with in the field, and the spirit which prevails among the soldiers of Italian independence."

When we had collected the Legion, the thing was to get it out of the country—international law not being on the side of our proceedings. As many as a thousand names [1] were entered on the roll of British volunteers for Italy. The Great Eastern Railway was very animated.

When they were about to set out at a late hour for Harwich, a "Private and Confidential" note was sent to each saying :—

"As the arrangements for the departure of the detachment of Excursionists are now complete, I have to request your attendance at Caldwell's Assembly Rooms, Dean Street, Oxford Street, at three o'clock precisely, on Wednesday, the 26th instant (September, 1860), when you will receive

[1] I have preserved all letters of application for curiosity and conjecture. They might be of interest in the future. Some joined personally.

information as to the time and place of departure, which will be speedy.

"(Signed) E. Styles, Major."

By this times the "Captain" had blossomed into a "Major." Owing to urgency the Committee had to acquiesce in many things. Garibaldi being in the field, and often no one knew where, it was futile to ask questions and impossible to get them answered.

The Government no doubt knew all about the expedition. Captain De Rohan, or, as he styled himself, "Admiral De Rohan," was in command of the "Excursionists." He marched up and down the platform, wearing a ponderous admiral's sword, which was entirely indiscreet, but he was proud of the parade. By this time he had assumed the title of "Rear" Admiral. De Rohan was not his name, but he was, it was said, paternally related, in an unrecognised way, to Admiral Dalgren, of American fame. Of De Rohan it ought to be said, that though he had the American tendency to self-inflation, he was a sincere friend of Italy. Honest, disinterested, generous towards others—and the devoted and trusted agent of Garibaldi, ready to go to the ends of the earth in his service. When the English Committee finally closed, and they had a balance of £1,000 left in their hands, they were so sensible of the services and integrity of De Rohan that they gave it to him, and on my introduction he

deposited it in the Westminster Bank. He was one of those men for whom some permanent provision ought to be made, as he took more delight in serving others than serving himself. In after years, vicissitude came to him, in which I and members of the Garibaldi Committee befriended him.

As our Legion was going out to make war on a Power in friendly relation to Great Britain, Lord John Russell was in a position to stop it. The vessel (the *Melazzo*) lay two days in the Harwich waters before sailing. There were not wanting persons who attempted to call Lord John's attention to what was going on, but happily without recognition of their efforts. No one was better able than Lord John to congeal illicit enthusiasm.

Mr. E. H. J. Craufurd, M.P., chairman of the Committee, myself, my brother Austin,—who was unceasing in his service to the Committee and the Legion—W. J. Linton, and other members of the Committee, travelled by night with the Legion to Harwich. Mr. George Francis Train went down with us and explained to me vivaciously his theory, that to obtain recognition by the world was to make a good recognition of yourself. Train did this, but all it gave him was notoriety, under which was hidden from public respect his great natural ability and personal kindness of heart. When I last met him, I found him—as was his custom—sitting on the public seat in a New York square, interesting

himself in children, but ready to pour, in an eloquent torrent, the story of his projects into the ear of any passer-by who had time to listen to him.

It was early morning when we arrived at Harwich. As the ship lay some distance out, it took some time to embark the men, and it was the second day before she set sail. To our disappointment De Rohan did not go with the troops, which we thought it was his duty to do, but suddenly left, saying he would meet them at Palermo. He alone had real influence over the men. No one being in authority over them, feuds and suspicions were added to their lack of discipline.

The vessel was well provisioned, even to the pleasures of the table. There was that satisfaction.

It may interest readers who have never sailed in a troopship to read the regulations enforced:—

1. The men will be allotted berths and divided into messes, regularly by companies, and their packs are to be hung up near their berths.

2. With a view to the general health and accommodation of the men, they will be divided into three watches, one of which is to be constantly on deck.

3. A guard, the strength of which is to be regulated by the sentries required, is to mount every morning at nine o'clock.

4. The men of each watch are to be appointed to stations.

5. The men not belonging to the watch are to be ordered below, when required by the master of the ship, in order that they may not impede the working of the vessel.

6. In fine weather every man is to be on deck the whole day.

7. The whole watch is to be constantly on deck, except when the rain obliges them to go down for shelter.

8. Great attention is to be paid to the cleanliness of the privies. Buckets of water are to be thrown down frequently.

9. The bedding is to be brought on deck every morning, if the weather will permit, by eight o'clock, and to be well aired.

10. The men are to wash, comb, and brush their heads every morning.

11. At sunset the bedding is to be brought down, and at any time during the day on the appearance of bad weather.

12. At ten o'clock in the evening, every man is to be in his berth, except the men on guard and of the watch.

13. The chief of the watch is to be careful that no man interferes with the windsails, so as to prevent the air from being communicated.

14. The men are strictly forbidden sleeping on deck, which they are apt to do, and

which is generally productive of fevers and flushes.

With a view of preventing accidents from fire, a sentry will be constantly placed at the cooking place or caboose, or one on each side, with orders not to allow fire of any kind to be taken without leave.

1. No lights are to be permitted amongst the men except in lanterns. All are to be extinguished at ten o'clock at night, except those over which there may be sentries.

2. No smoking on any account to be permitted, except on upper deck.

3. No lucifer or patent matches to be allowed.

4. The officers are strictly charged to trace when going their rounds between decks, and to report instantly any man who shall presume either to smoke there, or to use any lights except in lanterns.

Every possible precaution is to be taken to prevent liquor being brought on board ship.

Regularity and decency of conduct are peculiarly required on board ship. It is the duty of those in command to repress, by the most decided and summary measures, any tendency to insubordination, to check every species of immorality and vice, and to discountenance to the utmost of their power whatever may disturb the comfort of others, or interrupt the harmony and good understanding which should subsist on board.

We had trouble in London. One day at a Committee, held at my house, an applicant, who was contracting to supply 900 rifles, attended to show certificates of their efficiency. The legal eye of the chairman (Mr. Craufurd, M.P., one of the prosecuting counsel of the Mint), detected them to be forgeries. On his saying so, the applicant snatched them from his hand. The chairman at once seized the knave, when a struggle ensued to obtain the false credentials. As it was not prudent in us to prosecute the presenter and have our proceedings before a court, we let him go.

There being no legal power to enforce order was the cardinal weakness of the British Legion. A competent commander should at least have been appointed, and an agreement of honour entered into by each volunteer, to obey his authority and that of those under him, on penalty of dismissal, and a certain forfeiture of money. These conditions, though not of legal force, would be binding on men of honour, and place the turbulent without honour at a disadvantage.

At the Queenwood community, in Robert Owen's day, no contract of this kind was thought of, and any one who declined to leave could defy the governor, until he was ejected by force—a process which did not harmonise with "Harmony Hall."

De Rohan met the Excursionists at Palermo on their disembarkation. "Captain Styles" was prudently absent, and no more was heard of him. The

spurious commissions could not be recognised, and commotion naturally arose among those who had been defrauded. Captain Sarsfield, Colonel Peard, known as "Garibaldi's Englishman," De Rohan, Captain Scott, and others on the spot, with colourable pretensions to authority, took different views of the situation. Appeals were made to the Committee in London, on whose minutes stormy telegrams are recorded. Mr. Craufurd, though he had the prudent reticence of his race, would sometimes fall into impetuous expressions. Yet the second statement of his first thought would be faultless. This quality was so conspicuous that it interested me.

The first man of the Legion killed was young Mr. Bontems, only son of a well-known tradesman in the City of London—a fine, ingenuous fellow. He was shot by the recklessness of a medical student of the London University, as Bontems stood in a mess-room at Palermo. It was said not to be the first death caused by the criminal thoughtlessness of the same person. Mr. Southall, another London volunteer like young Bontems, was a man of genuine enthusiasm, character, and promise. He became an orderly officer to Garibaldi, by whom he was trusted and to whom he gave the black silk cravat he wore on entering Naples.[1]

When Garibaldi retired to his island home, he

[1] Southall forwarded it to me. A revolver and case was sent me by request of a soldier who died on the field.

sent to England the following testimony of the services and character of the Excursionists :—

"Caprera,
"*Jan.* 26, 1861.

". . . They [the British Legion] came late. But they made ample amends for this defect, not their own, by the brilliant courage they displayed in the slight engagements they shared with us near the Volturno, which enabled me to judge how precious an assistance they would have rendered us had the war of liberation remained longer in my hands. In every way the English volunteers were a proof of the goodwill borne by your noble nation towards the liberty and independence of Italy.

"Accept, honoured Mr. Ashurst, the earnest assurance of my grateful friendship, and always command yours,

"G. Garibaldi."

Allowing for Garibaldi's generosity in estimating the services of the Legion, it remains true that the majority deserved this praise. Many were of fine character. Many were young men of ingenuousness and bright enthusiasm, prompt to condone lack of military knowledge by noble intrepidity in the field.

The Legion cost the Italian Government some expense. Claims were recognised liberally. The men were sent back to England overland, and each one had a provision order given him to present

at every refreshment station at which the trains stopped. Count Cavour was a better friend of Italian freedom than even Mazzini knew. It was only known after Cavour's death, how he had secretly laboured to drag his country from under the heel of Austria. Cavour had the friendly foresight to give orders that the members of the English Legion were to be supplied on their journey home with double rations, as Englishmen ate more than Italians. The Cavourian distinction was much appreciated.

The sums due to the men until their arrival in England were paid by the Sardinian Consul (whose office was in the Old Jewry), on a certificate from me that the applicant was one of the Legion.

A request came to me from Italy for a circumstantial history of the Legion and such suggestions as experience had furnished. The story made quite a book, which I sent to Dr. Bertani. When after his death I was in Milan, I learned from a member of his family that no one knew what had become of it. And so I briefly tell the story again, as there is no one else to tell it. Bertani was the confidant and favourite physician of Mazzini and Garibaldi. No one knew so well or so much as he who were the makers of Italian Unity. What has become of his papers?

Among friends of Italy who appeared at our council in London was Captain Sarsfield, the son of the Duke of Somerset. Pallid, with an ex-

pression of restrained energy, handsome beyond any face I had seen, it might have been carved by a Grecian sculptor. His high breeding struck me before I knew who he was. He took out for me an important letter to Garibaldi, who had then no postal address. On Sarsfield's return home, he took, as was his delight, a furious ride in a high wind. Washington did the same, and it killed him, as it did Captain Sarsfield. Difficulty of breathing ensued, and it was necessary that Dr. Williams should be called in to perform an operation—all in vain. The Duchess of Somerset lay all night on the carpet-floor by the dead body of her son, for whom she grieved exceedingly. In her distress she said Dr. Williams had been wanting in promptness or in skill. His great reputation could not be affected by an accusation made in agony, and his own explanation would vindicate him. But he took the brutal course of dragging the distressed and distracted mother into the law courts. In consequence of remarks I published upon this unfeeling and egotistic outrage, the Duchess sent me a letter of thanks, and requested me to call at her residence.

So much for the two men who mainly made Italy a nation. What Castelar said to the Italian patriots in general, he might have addressed to Garibaldi and Mazzini individually :—

"That which Julius II. could not effect with his cannon, nor Leo X. with his arts, that which

Savonarola could not make a reality by giving himself to God, nor Machiavelli by giving himself to the Devil, has been done by you. You have made Italy one, you have made Italy free, you have made Italy independent."

CHAPTER XXI

JOHN STUART MILL, TEACHER OF THE PEOPLE

One reason for commencing with the remark that John Stuart Mill was born on May 20, 1806, at No. 13, Rodney Street, Islington, London, is to notify the coincidence that Gladstone, another man of contemporaneous distinction, was born in Rodney Street, Liverpool, three years later. Rodney Street, London, where Mill was born, was a small, narrow, second-rate, odd, out-of-the-way suburban thoroughfare. But in those days Islington had the characteristics of a rural retreat. A little above this Rodney Street, in what is now known as the Pentonville Road, stood the "Angel," a favourite hostelry, where Thomas Paine wrote part of one of his famous books, near the period of Mill's birth.

The familiar books concerning J. S. Mill,[1] treat mainly of his eminence as a thinker. I concern

[1] Notably those of Professor A. Bain and Mr. Courtney.

myself with those personal characteristics which won for him the regard and honour of the insurgent industrial classes—insurgent, not in the sense of physical rebellion against authority, but of intellectual rebellion against error, social inferiority and insufficiency of means. Mill regarded the press as the fortress of freedom. All his life he gave money to establish such defences, and left the copyright of his works to Mr. John Morley, to be applied in aid of publications open to the expression of all reasoned opinion, having articles signed by the names of the writers. Mr. Mill was the first who made provision for the expression of unfriended truth. It would be a surprising biography which recorded the causes he aided and the persons whom he helped. He was not one of those philosophers, "selfish, cold and wise," who, fortunate and satisfied with their own emancipation from error, leave others to perish in their ignorance. Mill helped them,[1] as did Place, Bentham, Grote, Roebuck, Molesworth, and other leaders of the great Utilitarian party. For ten years I knew Mr. Mill to receive and write letters of suggestion from the India House. He would see any one, at any hour, interested in the progress of the people. As Mr. John Morley has said in the *Fortnightly Review*, "It was easier for a

[1] Like Samuel Morley, he took trouble to aid honest endeavour, often irrespective of agreement with it.

workman than for a princess to obtain access to him."

A pamphlet by me on the "Liberal Situation" in 1865[1] being sent to Mr. Mill, he wrote me the following letter:—

"Avignon,
"*April* 28, 1865.

"Dear Sir,—I have received your pamphlet (the 'Liberal Situation') which I think is one of the best of your writings, and well calculated to stir up the thinking minds among the working classes to larger views of political questions. So far as I am myself concerned I cannot but be pleased to find you in sympathy with some of the most generally unpopular of my political notions. For my own part, I attach for the present more importance to representation of minorities, and especially to Mr. Hare's plan, combined with opening the suffrage to women, than to the plural voting which, in the form proposed by Mr. Buxton, of attaching the plurality of votes directly to property, I have always thoroughly repudiated. But I think what you say of it likely to be very useful by impressing on the working people that it is no degradation to them to consider some people's votes of more value than others. I would always (as you do) couple with the plurality the condition of its being accessible to any one, however poor,

[1] It was in the form of a letter addressed to Joseph Cowen, jun.

who proves that he can come up to a certain standard of knowledge.—I am, yours truly,

"J. S. Mill.

"G. J. Holyoake."

One night when a great Reform League meeting was held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, I accompanied him from the House of Commons to it. There were rumours of danger in attending it. This did not deter him. The meeting itself was ill spoken of by the press—still he went. The crowd about the place made it perilous for one so fragile-looking as he, to force a way in. He never hesitated to try it. When we arrived on the thronged platform, it was a struggle to get to the front. The vast amphitheatre, with its distant lights and dense crowds—the horsepit presenting a valley of faces, the higher ground hills of men, the iron rafters overhead were alive with hearers who had climbed there—was a strange Miltonic scene. No sooner did the stout voice of Manton —which alone all could hear—announce the arrival of Mr. Mill than every man was silent; though few would catch the low, wise, brave words he uttered. Afterwards I returned to the House of Commons with him, he being interested in an expected division.

The Islington meeting that night had been denounced as illegal. He went to justify the right of public meeting by his presence, and to

share the responsibility of those who convened it. What man eminent as a thinker, save he, or Mr. John Morley, would incur the odium, peril, and discomfort of attending, for such a purpose, a workman's meeting such as that?

The first time he made a speech at a public meeting was at the Whittington Club, before a gathering of co-operators. I asked him to address them. I was as glad as surprised when he consented. Had it not been for the presence of women taking interest in co-operative economy, he probably had not spoken then. In a sentence he defined the higher co-operation. He never spoke in vain.

When in business in Fleet Street I signed bills for the convenience of a city friend, who, like William Ellis—Mill's early associate—was a munificent supporter of progressive endeavour. By putting my name on his bills I incurred a liability beyond my means of meeting. My more than imprudence was indefensible because it involved the business in which the money of others was invested. Learning that my resources fell short by £70 of the amount for which I was answerable, Mr. Mill sent me the £70 from himself and a friend. When the bills were repaid me from the estate of him for whom I had signed them, I sent the £70 to Mr. Mill, who returned me half as a gift, on the condition that I did not sign another bill, which I never did, unless I was able to pay it if my

friend did not, and I was willing to pay it if he could not.

Mr. Mill had quoted portions of my "History of the Rochdale Pioneers," in his "Political Economy," which was a great advantage to a cause whose success I much desired. In many ways I was much indebted to his friendship, and have never changed in my regard for him. Yet this did not involve spontaneous acquiescence in all his views. Upon the ballot I dissented from him. It seemed to me a just condition that the people should be, for one minute in seven years, free to vote for their political masters (as members of Parliament are) without control, intimidation, or fear of resentment. Mr. Bright himself and Mr. Berkeley were impressed by my view as stated to a meeting of the Reform League. Mill thought it conduced to manliness that the elector should withstand adverse influences at whatever peril—which assumed the universal existence of a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice. Since the elector by his vote subjects his fellow-citizens, it may be, to perilous mastership, Mill inferred every man had a right to know from whose hand came the blessing or the blow. There is still force in Mill's view which commands respect. On the other hand, secret voting is not without its disadvantages. The citizen may be surrounded by disguised adversaries. The fair-seeming dissembler he trusts may stab him at the poll. The

independence given by the ballot may betray the State, and the traitors be shielded from responsibility. The secret vote also rests on a vast assumption—that of the universal paramountcy of conscience and honesty in electors—which paramountcy is as scarce as political heroism. Those who so trust the people incur the greater and ceaseless responsibility of educating them in political honour. They who have shown their trust in the people, alone have the right of claiming their fidelity. Mr. Mill was foremost in teaching the duty of independent thought, and, to do him justice, my dissent from a principle he had come to hold strongly, made no difference in his friendship. He was once a believer in the ballot himself.

Mr. Mill was an instance which shows that even the virtues of a philosopher need, as in lesser men, good sense to take care of them, lest the operation of lofty qualities compromise others. His unguarded intrepidity in defence of the right cost him his seat for Westminster. Things were going well for him, on his second candidature, when one morning it appeared in the newspapers that he had sent £10 to promote the election of Mr. Bradlaugh. That £10 was worth £10,000 to his Tory opponent, and cost Mill's own committee the loss of £3,000, which was contributed to promote his election. When I was a candidate in the Tower Hamlets, Mr. Mill sent a similar sum to promote my election ;

but I prohibited the publication of an intrepid act of generosity, which might prove costly to Mr. Mill. At his first election Dean Stanley nobly urged Christian electors to vote for Mr. Mill; but at the second election, when it became known that Mr. Mill was subscribing to bring an Atheist into Parliament, most Christians were persuaded Mr. Mill was himself an Atheist, and only the nobler sort would vote for him again. It was right and honourable in Mr. Mill to stand by his opinion, that an Atheist had as much right as a Christian to be in Parliament, and that ecclesiastical heresy was no disqualification for public or Parliamentary service. To maintain your opinions at your own cost is one thing, but to proclaim them at the cost of others, without regard to time, consent or circumstance, is quite a different matter.

Mr. Mill had refused on principle to contribute to the expense of his own election, on the ground that a candidate should not be called upon to pay for his own election to a place of public service, though it was perfectly consistent that he should contribute to the election of others. But his committee could not convert the electorate to this view. There is nothing so difficult as the election of a philosopher. Mr. Mill was in favour of the civil equality of all opinions, but it did not follow that he shared all opinions himself. But the electors could not be made to see this after the £10 sent to Northampton became known, and England saw the

most famous borough in the land handed over for unknown years to a Tory bookseller, without personal distinction of his own, and a book writer of the highest order rejected by the electors in favour of a mere bookseller.

Mr. Mill's father, openly advocating the limitation of families in the interest of the poor, bequeathed to his son a heritage of disadvantage—of liability to frenzied imputation. No man is to be held responsible save for what he himself says and what he himself does. No man is answerable, or ought to be held answerable, for the construction others put upon his conduct, or for their inference as to his opinions. No writer ever guarded his words and conduct more assiduously than J. S. Mill. Yet few have been more misrepresented by theological and Conservative writers. Upon the question of "limitation of families," Mr. Mill never wrote other or more than this :—

"No prudent man contracts matrimony before he is in a condition which gives him an assured means of living, and no married man has a greater number of children than he can properly bring up. Whenever this family has been formed, justice and humanity require that he should impose on himself the same restraint which is submitted to by the unmarried."[1]

Further instruction of the people upon this subject J. S. Mill might not deprecate, but he never gave

[1] "Principles of Political Economy," Book ii.

it. He never went so far as Jowett, who wrote: "That the most important influences on human life should be wholly left to chance, or shrouded in mystery, and instead of being disciplined or understood, should be required to conform to an external standard of propriety, cannot be regarded by the philosopher as a safe or satisfactory condition of human things."[1]

Mill's views, or supposed views, naturally excited the attention of wits. Moore's amusing exaggeration, which, like American humour, was devoid of truth, yet had no malice in it, was :—

"There are two Mr. Mills, too, whom those who like reading
What's vastly unreadable, call very clever;
And whereas Mill senior makes war on *good* breeding,
Mill junior makes war on all *breeding* whatever."

The way in which opinions were invented for Mill is shown in the instance of the London Debating Club (1826–1830), which was attended by a set of young men who professed ultra opinions. Mr. J. A. Roebuck was one. It was rumoured that at a meeting at which Mr. Mill was present, a pamphlet was discussed entitled, "What is Love?" attributed to a man of some note in his day, and of unimpeachable character in private life. Mr. Mill might have been present without knowledge of the subject to be brought forward, and may have been a listener without choice.

[1] "Dialogues of Plato." Introduction to "Republic," vol. ii.

But in those days (and down to a much later period) the conventional fallacy was in full vogue—that civility to an opponent implied a secret similarity of opinion. Courtesy was regarded as complicity with the beliefs of those to whom it was shown. He who was present at an unconventional assembly was held to assent to what took place there—though neither a member, nor speaker, nor partisan.

CHAPTER XXII

JOHN STUART MILL, TEACHER OF THE PEOPLE (*continued*)

Mill was so entirely serious in his pursuit of truth, and entirely convinced of the advantages of its publicity, that he readily risked conventional consequences on that account. He held it to be desirable that those who had important convictions, should be free to make them known, and even be encouraged to do so. In thinking this he was in no way compromised by, nor had he any complicity with, the convictions of others. But this did not prevent him being made answerable for them, as in the case of the distribution of papers sent to him by friends in his company. A copy of it came into my possession which assuredly he did not write, and the terms of which he could never have approved, had they been submitted to him. On one occasion he sent to me a passionate repudiation of concurrence or recommendation in any form, of methods imputed to him.

These eccentricities of imputation, supposed to have died by time, were found to be alive at Mill's death.

The chief resurrectionist was one Abraham Hayward, known as a teller of salacious stories at the Athenæum. He was a man of many gifts, who wrote with a bright, but by no means fastidious, pen. In some unexplained, inconsistent, and inexplicable way, Mr. Gladstone was on friendly terms with him. No sooner was Mill dead, and illustrious appreciators of the great thinker were meditating some memorial to his honour, than Mr. Hayward sent an article to the *Times*, suggesting intrinsic immorality in his opinions. He also sent out letters privately to deter eminent friends of Mill from giving their names to the memorial committee. He sent one to Mr. Stopford Brooke, upon whom it had no influence. He sent one to Mr. Gladstone, upon whom it had, and who, in consequence, declined to join the committee.

Hayward was, in his day, the Iago of literature, and abused the confiding nature of our noble Moor.[1] Yet, when Mr. Mill lost his seat for Westminster, Mr. Gladstone had written these great words: "We all know Mr. Mill's intellectual eminence before he entered Parliament. What his conduct

[1] My little book, "John Stuart Mill, as the Working Classes Knew Him," was written to show Mr. Gladstone the answer that could be given to Hayward.

principally disclosed to me was his singular moral elevation. Of all the motives, stings and stimulants that reach men through their egotism in Parliament, no part could move or even touch him. His conduct and his language were in this respect a sermon. For the sake of the House of Commons, I rejoiced in his advent and deplored his disappearance. He did us all good, and in whatever party, in whatever form of opinion, I sorrowfully confess that such men are rare."

There was no tongue in the House of Commons more bitter, venomous, or disparaging of the people than that of Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury ; yet I record to his honour he subscribed £50 towards the memorial to Mr. Mill. One of the three first persons who gave £50 was Mr. Walter Morrison. The Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Derby, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Charles and Lady Dilke, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Taylor were also among the subscribers of £50 each. Among those who gave large but lesser sums were Mr. Herbert Spencer, Stopford Brooke, Leonard H. Courtney, Frederic Harrison, G. H. Lewes, W. E. H. Lecky, Sir John Lubbock, G. Croome Robertson, Lord Rosebery, Earl Russell, Professor Tyndall, and Professor Huxley. So Mr. Mill had his monument with honour. It stands on the Thames Embankment, and allures more pilgrims of thought than any other there.

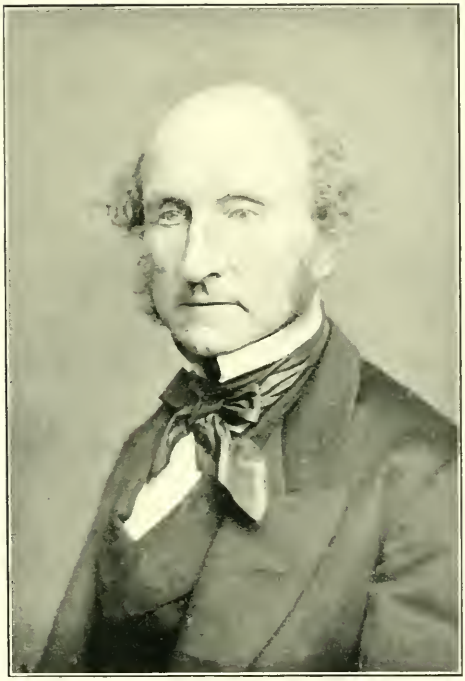
Purity and honour, there is reason to believe, were never absent from Mill's mind or conduct; but trusting to his own personal integrity, he assumed others would recognise it. His admiration of Mrs. Taylor, whom he frequently visited, and subsequently married, was misconstrued—though not by Mr. Taylor, who had full confidence in Mr. Mill's honour. No expression to the contrary on Mr. Taylor's part ever transpired. It might be due to society that Mr. Mill should have been reserved in his regard. But assured of his own rectitude, he trusted to the proud resenting maxim, "Evil be to him who evil thinks," and he resented imputation—whether it came from his relatives or his friends. Any reflection upon him in this respect he treated as an affront to himself, and an imputation upon Mrs. Taylor, which he never forgave. A relative told me after his death, that he never communicated with any of them again who made any remark which bore a sinister interpretation. If ever there was a philosopher who should be counted stainless, it was John Stuart Mill.

In the minds of the Bentham School, population was a province of politics. It would seem incredible to another generation—as it seems to many in this—that a philosopher should incur odium for being of Jowett's opinion, that the most vital information upon the conduct of life should not be withheld from the people. To give it is to incur conventional

reprehension ; as though it were not a greater crime to be silent while a feeble, half-fed, and ignorant progeny infest the land, to find their way to the hospital, the poor house, or the gaol, than to protest against this recklessness, which establishes penury and slavery in the workman's home. Yet a brutal delicacy and a criminal fastidiousness, calling itself public propriety, is far less reputable than the ethical preference for reasonable foresight and a manlier race.

Mr. Mill's success in Parliament was greater than that of any philosopher who has entered in our time. Unfortunately, very few philosophers go there. The author of "Mark Rutherford" (W. Hale White) writing to me lately, exclaimed : "Oh for one session with Mill and Bright and Cobden in the House! What would you not give to hear Mill's calm voice again? What would you not give to see him apply the plummet of Justice and Reason to the crooked iniquities of the Front Benches? He stands before me now, just against the gangway on the Opposition side, hesitating, pausing even for some seconds occasionally, and yet holding everybody in the House with a kind of grip ; for even the most foolish understood more or less dimly that they were listening to something strange, something exalted, spoken from another sphere than that of the professional politician."

Mr. Christie relates that in the London Debating Society, of which Mill was a member when a



JOHN STUART MILL.

To face page 274. (*Vol. I.*)

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young man, it used to be said of him in argument, "He passed over his adversary like a ploughshare over a mouse." Certainly many mice arguers heard in Parliament, who made the public think a mountain was in labour, ended their existence with a squeak when Mr. Mill took notice of them.

The operation of the suffrage and the ballot, questions on which Mill expressed judgment, are in the minds of politicians to this day, and many reformers who dissented from him do not conceal their misgivings as to the wisdom of their course. "Misgivings" is a word that may be taken to mean regret, whereas it merely signifies occasion for consideration. The extension of the franchise and the endowment of the ballot have caused misgivings in many who were foremost in demanding them. The wider suffrage has not prevented an odious war in South Africa, and the ballot has sent to the House of Commons a dangerous majority of retrograde members. John Bright distrusted the vote of the residuum. John Stuart Mill equally dreaded the result of withdrawing the vote of the elector from public scrutiny. I agreed with their apprehensions, but it seemed to me a necessity of progress that the risk should be run. While the Ballot Act was before the House of Lords, I wrote to the *Times* and other papers, as I have elsewhere related, to say that the Ballot Act would probably give us a Tory government for ten

years—which it did. I thought that the elector who had two hundred years of transmitted subjection or intimidation or bribery in his bones, would for some time go on voting as he had done—for others, not for the State. He would not all at once understand that he was free and answerable to the State for his vote. New electors, who had never known the responsibility of voting, would not soon acquire the sense of it. Mr. Mill thought it conduced to manliness for an elector to act in despite of his interest or resentment of his neighbours, his employer, his landlord, or his priest, when his vote became known. At every election there were martyrs on both sides; and it was too much to expect that a mass of voters, politically ignorant, and who had been kept in ignorance, would generally manifest a high spirit, which maintains independence in the face of social peril, which philosophers are not always equal to. No doubt the secrecy of the vote is an immunity to knaves, but it is the sole chance of independence for the average honest man. The danger of committing the fortune of the State to the unchecked votes of the unintelligent was an argument of great power against a secret suffrage. Lord Macaulay, though a Whig of the Whigs, gave an effective answer when he brought forward his famous fool, who declared "he would never go into the water until he had learnt to swim." The people must plunge into the sea of liberty before they can learn to swim

in it. They have now been in that sea many years, and not many have learned the art yet. Then was found the truth of Temple Leader's words, that "if the sheep had votes, they would give them all to the butcher." Then when reformers found that the new electors voted largely for those who had always refused them the franchise, the advocates of it often expressed to me their misgivings as to its wisdom. Lord Sherbrooke (then Robert Lowe) saw clearly that if liberty was to be maintained and extended, the State must educate its masters.

But has this been done? Has not education been impeded? Have not electoral facilities been hampered? Has not the franchise been restricted by onerous conditions, which keep great numbers from having any vote at all? Has not the dual vote been kept up, which enables the wealthy to multiply their votes at will? Before reformers have misgivings concerning the extension of liberty to the masses, they must see that the poor have the same opportunity of reaching the poll as the rich have. George Eliot, who had the Positivist reluctance to see the people act for themselves, wrote: "Ignorant power comes in the end to the same thing as wicked power."[1] But there is this difference in their nature. "Ignorant power" can be instructed, and experience may teach it; but

[1] "Felix Holt," p. 265. Blackwood's stereotyped edition.

"wicked power" has an evil purpose, intelligently fixed and implacably determined.

Does any reflecting person suppose, that when the vote was given to the mass of the people, they would be at once transmuted into intelligent, calculating, and patient politicians—that their passions would be tamed, and their vices extinguished—that they would forthwith act reasonably? Much of this was true of the thoughtful working men. But for a long time the multitude must remain unchanged until intelligence extends. We have had renewed experience that—

> "Religion, empire, vengeance, what you will,
> A word's enough to rouse mankind to kill.
> Some cunning phrase by fiction caught and spread,
> That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed."

But the reformer has one new advantage now. He is no longer scandalised by the excesses of ignorance, nor the perversities of selfishness. Giving the vote has, if we may paraphrase the words of Shakespeare, put into

> "Every man's hands
> The means to cancel his captivity."

It is no mean thing to have done this. There is no reason for misgiving here. If the people misuse or neglect to use their power, the fault is their own. There is no one to reproach but themselves.

Abolitionists of slavery may, if supine, feel misgivings at having liberated the negroes from their masters, where they were certain of shelter, subsistence, and protection from assault of others, and exposed them to the malice of their former owners, to be maltreated, murdered at will, lynched with torture on imaginary or uninvestigated accusations. Those who aided the emancipation of the slaves are bound to ceaseless vigilance in defending them. But despite the calamities of liberty, freedom has added an elastic race (who learn the arts of order and of wealth) to the family of mankind, and misgivings are obsolete among those who have achieved the triumphs and share the vigils and duties of progress.

Mr. Mill was essentially a teacher of the people. He wished them to think on their own account—for themselves, and not as others directed them. He did not wish them to disregard the thoughts of those wiser than themselves, but to verify new ideas as far as they could, before assenting to them. He wished them not to take authority for truth, but truth for authority. To this end he taught the people principles which were pathways to the future. He who kept on such paths knew where he was. Herbert Spencer said he had no wrinkles on his brow because he had discovered the thoroughfares of nature, and was never puzzled as to where they led. Mr. Mill was a chartmaker in logic, in social economy, and in politics. None before him

did what he did, and no successor has exceeded him. By his protest against the "subjection of women," he brought half the human race into the province of politics and progress. They have not all appeared there as yet—but they are on the way.

CHAPTER XXIII

ABOUT MR. GLADSTONE

Mr. Gladstone's career will be the wonder of other generations, as it has been the astonishment of this. Mr. Morley's monumental "Life" of him will long be remembered as the greatest of all contributions to the education of the British politician. It is a life of Parliament as well as of a person. Those who remember how Carpenter's "Political Text Book" was welcomed will know how much more this will be valued.

Never before was a biography founded on material so colossal. Only one man was thought capable of dealing with a subject so vast and complicated. Great expectations were entertained, and were fulfilled in a measure which exceeded every anticipation. The task demanded a vaster range of knowledge than was ever before required of a biographer. Classic passages, not capable of being construed by the general reader, are translated, so that interest is never diverted nor baffled by flashes

of learned darkness. When cardinal and unusual terms are used, which might be dubiously interpreted, definitions are given which have both delight and instruction. He who collects them from Mr. Morley's pages would possess a little dictionary of priceless guidance. A noble action or a just idea is recognised, whoever may manifest it. Some persons, as Mr. Gladstone said of Kinglake's famous book, "were too bad to live and too good to die." Nevertheless, their excellence, where discernible, has its place in this biographical mosaic. Thus unexpected pieces of human thought emerge in the careers of the historic figures who pass before the reader, by which he becomes richer as he proceeds from page to page. Illuminating similes abound which do not leave the memory—such fitness is there in them. Historic questions which interested those who lived through them, are made clear, by facts unknown or unregarded then. Men whom many readers detested in their day are discovered to have some noble feature of character, unrevealed to the public before. Mr. Morley is a master of character - a creator of fame by his discernment, discrimination, impartiality, and generosity to adversaries, from which the reader learns charity and wisdom as he goes along. Knowledge of public life, law, and government, come as part of the charm of the incidents related. Memorable phrases, unexpected terms of expression, like flashes of radium, gleam in every chapter. The narrative

is as interesting as the adventures of Gil Blas—so full is it of wisdom, wonder, and variety. From all the highways, byways, and broadways of the great subject, the reader never loses sight of Mr. Gladstone. All paths lead to him. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, the biographer goes on his shining way, guiding the reader to the shrine of the hero of the marvellous story. Mr. Gladstone moves through Mr. Morley's pages as a king—as he did among men. He sometimes fell into errors, as noble men have done in every age, but there was never any error in his purpose. He always meant justly, and did not hesitate to give us new and ennobling estimates of hated men. His sense of justice diffused, as it were, a halo around him. Mr. Morley's pages give us the natural history of a political mind of unusual range and power which was without a compeer. As Mr. Gladstone began, he advanced, listening to everybody, to use one of Mr. Morley's commanding lines: "He was flexible, persistent, clear, practical, fervid, unconquerable."

In "Vivian Grey," Disraeli foreshadowed his bright and vengeful career. In the same way, Mr. Gladstone wrote the whole spirit of his life in his first address to the electors of Newark. His career is in that manifesto, which has never been reprinted. The reader will be interested in seeing it. Here it is :—

To the Worthy and Independent Electors of the Borough of Newark.

"Gentlemen,—Having now completed my canvass, I think it my duty as well to remind you of the principles on which I have solicited your votes as freely to assure my friends that its result has placed my success beyond a doubt. I have not requested your favour on the ground of adherence to the opinions of any man or party, further than such adherence can be fairly understood from the conviction that I have not hesitated to avow that we must watch and resist that uninquiring and undiscriminating desire for change amongst us, which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief, which I am persuaded would aggravate beyond computation the deep-seated evils of our social state, and the heavy burthens of our industrial classes; which, by disturbing our peace, destroys confidence and strikes at the root of prosperity. This it has done already, and this we must, therefore, believe it will do.

"For a mitigation of these evils we must, I think, look not only to particular measures, but to the restoration of sounder general principles—I mean especially that principle on which alone the incorporation of Religion with the State in our constitution can be defended; that the duties of governors are strictly and peculiarly religious, and that legislatures, like individuals, are bound to carry

throughout their acts the spirit of the high truths they have acknowledged. Principles are now arrayed against our institutions, and not by truckling nor by temporising, not by oppression nor corruption, but by principles they must be met. Among their first results should be sedulous and especial attention to the interests of the poor, founded upon the rule that those who are the least able to take care of themselves ought to be most regarded by others. Particularly it is a duty to endeavour by every means that labour may receive adequate remuneration, which unhappily, among several classes of our fellow-countrymen, is not now the case. Whatever measures, therefore, whether by the correction of the Poor Laws, allotment of cottage grounds, or otherwise, tend to promote this object, I deem entitled to the warmest support, with all such as are calculated to secure sound moral conduct in any class of society.

"I proceed to the momentous question of slavery, which I have found entertained among you in that candid and temperate spirit which alone befits its nature, or promises to remove its difficulties. If I have not recognised the right of an irresponsible Society to interpose between me and the electors, it has not been from any disrespect to its members, nor from any unwillingness to answer their or any other questions on which the electors may desire to know my views. To the esteemed secretary of the Society I submitted my reasons for silence, and I

made a point of stating those views to him in his character of a voter.

"As regards the abstract lawfulness of slavery, I acknowledge it simply as importing the right of one man to the labour of another; and I rest upon the fact that Scripture—paramount authority on such a point—gives directions to persons standing in the relation of master to slave for their conduct in that relation; whereas, were the matter absolutely and necessarily sinful, it would not regulate the manner. Assuming sin is the cause of degradation, it strives, and strives most effectually, to cure the latter by extirpating the former. We are agreed that both the physical and moral bondage of the slave are to be abolished. The question is as to the order and the order only; now Scripture attacks the moral evil before the temporal one, and the temporal through the moral one, and I am content with the order which Scripture has established.

"To this end I desire to see immediately set on foot, by impartial and sovereign authority, an universal and efficient system of Christian instruction, not intended to resist designs of individual piety and wisdom for the religious improvement of the negroes, but to do thoroughly what they can only do partially. As regards immediate emancipation, whether with or without compensation, there are several minor reasons against it, but that which weighs most with me is, that it would, I much fear, exchange the evils now affecting the

negro for others which are weightier—for a relapse into deeper debasement, if not for bloodshed and internal war.[1] Let fitness be made the condition of emancipation, and let us strive to bring him to that fitness by the shortest possible course. Let him enjoy the means of earning his freedom through honest and industrious habits, thus the same instruments which attain his liberty shall likewise render him competent to use it; and thus, I earnestly trust, without risk of blood, without violation of property, with unimpaired benefit to the negro and with the utmost speed which prudence will admit, we shall arrive at the exceedingly desirable consummation, the utter extinction of slavery.

"And now, gentlemen, as regards the enthusiasm with which you have rallied round your ancient flag, and welcomed the humble representative of those principles whose emblem it is, I trust that neither the lapse of time nor the seductions of prosperity can ever efface it from my memory. To my opponents my acknowledgments are due for the good humour and kindness with which they have received me, and while I would thank my friends for their zealous and unwearied exertions in my favour,

[1] Isaiah could not have prophesied more definitely. Friends of the slaves stoutly denied that the Scriptures sanctioned their bondage. They were afraid the fact would go against Christianity. It was true nevertheless, and the American preachers pleaded this for their opposition and supineness towards abolition.

I briefly but emphatically assure them that if promises be an adequate foundation of confidence, or experience a reasonable ground of calculation, our victory is sure. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Clinton Arms, Newark, *Tuesday*, *Oct.* 9, 1832."

The sincerity, the intrepidity, the sympathy with those who labour, the candour of statement, the openness of mind, the sentiments of piety and freedom (so rarely combined) of his life, are all there. His whole career is but a magnificent enlargement of that address. I have lingered before the hotel in the market-place, where he stayed and from which he made speeches to the electors. There is no one living in Newark now who heard them. Byron lived in the same hotel when he came to Newark with his early poems, which he had printed at a shop still standing in the market-place. The township is enlarged, but otherwise unchanged as the Conservatism he then represented. I have thrice walked through all the streets along which he passed, for he visited the house of every elector. What a splendid canvasser he must have been, with his handsome face, his courtesy, his deference, his charm of speech, and infinite readiness of explanation!

I first saw him in the old House of Commons in 1842. Mr. Roebuck had presented a petition from

me that sitting, and I remained to witness subsequent proceedings. I only remember one figure, seemingly a young-looking man, tall, pallid-faced, with dark hair, who stood well out in the mid-space between the Ministerial benches and the table, and spoke with the fluency and freedom of a master of his subject. Every one appeared to pay him attention. I was told the speaker was Mr. Gladstone.

When he visited the Tyne in 1862, I did not need to be told his name. At that time I was connected with the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and it fell to me to write the leaders on Mr. Gladstone. The miners were told, when they came up from the pits on that day, they would see a sight new in England, which they might not soon see again—a Chancellor of the Exchequer who was known to have a conscience. Other holders of the same office may have had that commodity about them, but not employing it in public affairs, its existence had not been observed. The penny paper which gave the miners that information, we told them would not exist but for Mr. Gladstone. Thousands of miners came up from the pits of Durham and Northumberland, and great numbers succeeded in shaking hands with Mr. Gladstone as he approached the *Harry Clasper*, named after the well-known oarsman of the Tyne, who was on the river with Bob Chambers, who had won a hundred contests. Clasper and Chambers were always named together. Men swam before Mr. Gladstone's vessel a considerable distance, as

though they were the water gods of the Tyne, preparing the way for their distinguished and unwonted visitor. And what a journey it was! Twenty-two miles of banks, counting both sides, were lined with people. The works upon the Tyneside, with their grim piles high in the air, crowned with clouds of blackest smoke, out of which forks of sulphurous flames darted, revealing hundreds of persons surmounting roofs and pinnacles, cheering in ringing tones, above, while cannon boomed at their feet below. Amid it all you could see everywhere women holding up their children to see the great Chancellor of the Exchequer go by. The Tyne has seen no other sight like this.

It was of this visit that I first wrote to Mr. Gladstone. The arrangements for his wonderful reception were the work of Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun. His father was Chief Commissioner for the Tyne—in person taller than Mr. Gladstone, with a gift of speech which sincerity made eloquent. His son, who had organised the reception, never came in sight of Mr. Gladstone from first to last. As I knew Mr. Gladstone liked to know what was below the surface as well as upon it, I sent him two informing notes.

"Going to and fro in the land"—not with inquisitive malice as a certain sojourner mentioned in Job is reputed to have done—on lecturing purpose bent, sometimes on political missions, I knew the state and nature of opinion in many places. The soul and Liberalism of the country was Noncon-

formist and religious. Many in Parliament thought that London newspapers, published mainly for sale, and which furnished ideas for music-hall politicians —represented English opinion at large. At times I wrote to members of Parliament that this was not so. Mr. Walter James (since Lord Northbourne) was one who showed my reports to Mr. Gladstone.

One day in 1877 Mr. Gladstone sent me a post-card, inviting me to breakfast with him. He was as open in his friendship as in his politics. In all things he was prepared to dare the judgment of adversaries. Incidentally I mentioned the invitation to two persons only, but next day a passage appeared in a newspaper—much read in the House of Commons at that time—to the effect that Mr. Gladstone was inviting unusual persons to his house, who might be useful to him in his campaign on the Eastern question, so anxious was he to obtain partisan support in the agitation in which he was engaged. There was no truth whatever in this, as Mr. Gladstone never referred to the subject, nor any of his guests. But I took care at that time not to mention again an invitation lest it should occasion inconvenience to my host. The visit to the Tyne had some picturesque incidents. By happy accident, or it might be from thoughtful design, Mrs. Gladstone wore an Indian shawl having a circle in the centre, by which she was distinguishable. Every person whom thousands come out to see, should have some individual mark

of dress, and should never be surrounded by friends, when recognition is impossible and disappointing to the crowd.

At Middlesboro', Mrs. Gladstone was taken to see molten metal poured into moulds. I knew the ways of a foundry, and that if the mould happened to be damp, a shower of the liquid iron would fall upon those near. The gentlemen around her seemed to think it an act of freedom to warn her of her danger, so I stepped up to her and told her of the risk she ran. She said in after years, that if I did not save her life, I saved her from great possible discomfort.

Middlesboro' was then in a state of volcanic chaos. Mr. Gladstone predicted that it would become what it is now, a splendid town. It was in the grey of a murky evening, when blast furnaces were flaming around him, that Mr. Gladstone began in a small office — the only place available — a wonderful comparison between Oxford and the scene outside. Alas! the dull-minded town clerk stopped him, saying that they wished him to make his speech in the evening—not knowing that Mr. Gladstone had twenty speeches in him at any time. The evening came, but the great inspiration returned no more.

The night before he had spoken in Newcastle, when he made the long-remembered declaration on the war then raging in America, the reporter of the Electric Telegraph Company had fallen ill, and

Mr. Cowen asked me to take his place. It is easier to report Mr. Gladstone verbatim than to summarise his speech as he proceeded on his rapid, animated, and unhesitating way. So I condensed the famous passage in these words: "Jefferson Davis had not only made a navy, he had made a nation (Sensation)." The word was too strong. There was no "sensation;" there was only a general movement as of unexpectedness, and "surprise" would have been a more appropriate word; but it did not come to me at the moment, and there was no time to wait for it, and the "sensational" sentence was all over London before the speech was ended. The next night he recurred to the subject at Middlesboro' with qualifications, but the Press took no notice of them. The "sensation" appended to the sentence had set political commentators on fire.

A notable speech was made by the Mayor of Middlesboro'. In presenting addresses to Mr. Gladstone, local magnates complimented him upon his distinction in Greek, which none of them were competent to appraise. The Mayor of Middlesboro', an honest, stalwart gentleman, said simply, "Mr. Gladstone, if I could speak as well as you can speak, I should be able to tell you how proud we are to have you among us." No speech made to him was more effective or relevant, or pleased him more.

By the courtesy of Mr. Bright, who procured me a seat in the Speaker's gallery when there was only

one to be had, I heard Mr. Gladstone deliver, at midnight, his famous peroration, when, with uplifted hand, he said, "Time is on our side."

I remember the night well. The Duke of Argyll came into the gallery, where he stood four or five hours. I would gladly have given him my seat, but if I did so I must relinquish hearing the debate, as I must have left the gallery, as no stranger is permitted to stand. So I thought it prudent to respect the privileges of the peerage—and keep my seat.

In the years when I was constantly in the House of Commons, I was one day walking through the tunnel-like passage which leads from Downing Street into the Park, I saw a pair of gleaming eyes approaching me. The passage was so dark I saw nothing else. As the figure passed me I saw it was Mr. Gladstone. On returning to "The House," as Parliament is familiarly called, I mentioned what I had seen to Mr. Vargus, who had sat at the Treasury door for fifty years. "Yes," he answered, "there have been no eyes enter this House like Mr. Gladstone's since the days of Canning."

Yet those eyes of meteoric intensity so lacked quick perception that he would pass by members of his party in the Lobby of Parliament without accosting them, fearing to do so when he desired it, lest he should mistake their identity and set up party misconceptions. Mr. Gladstone ignored persons because he did not see them. It should not have been left to Sir E. Hamilton to make this

known after Mr. Gladstone's death. The fact should have been disclosed fifty years before.

To disappointed members with whom I came in contact, I used to explain that Mr. Gladstone's apparent slightingness was owing to preoccupation. He would often enter the House absorbed by an impending speech—which was true—and thought more of serving his country than of conciliating partisans. Lord Palmerston was wiser in his generation, who knew his followers would forgive him betraying public interest, if he paid attention to them.

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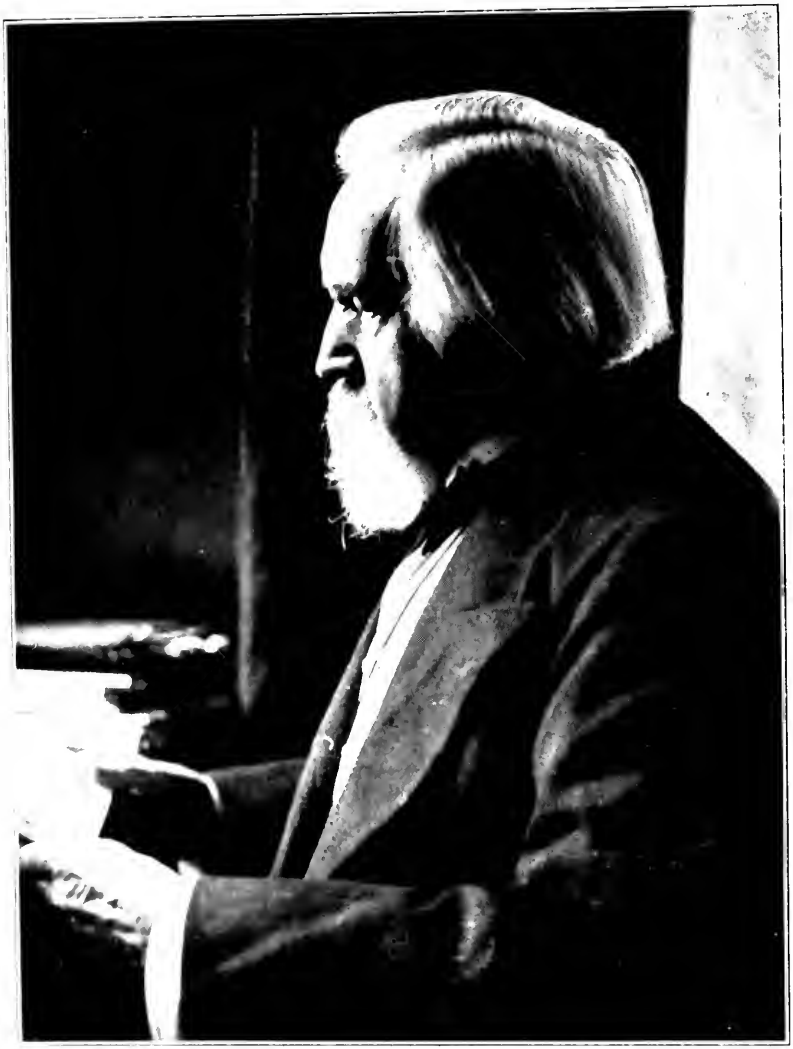

George Jacob Holyoake

THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

Author of
"SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE," "BYGONES WORTH REMEMBERING," ETC.

REVISED AND COMPLETED

Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create.—MILTON

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To

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WHOSE INTREPID ELOQUENCE

HAS EVER VINDICATED

THE CLAIMS OF THE SLAVE, BLACK OR WHITE,

IN BONDAGE TO PLANTER OR CAPITALIST,

THIS STORY OF PIONEER VICISSITUDES

IS DEDICATED

PREFACE, 1906

EMERSON begins a poem with the words, "God says, I am tired of kings." Lest the reader should say he is tired of prefaces, I make this one very short.

Other histories on this subject will be written, but whatever their merits may be, they cannot be written by any one caring more for Co-operation than myself, or who has been concerned in its career from the days of the Rochdale Pioneers, or been personally conversant with the incidents and persons who made the movement. I have known the motives of those who have promoted it, of those who have retarded it, and those who have withstood it, and for seventy years have vindicated it against its adversaries. The story of this movement is that of an eyewitness.

The Third Part of this work brings the History down to this date, with brevity, but with sufficient explicitness to enable the reader to understand the growth and trend of this new Order of Labour.

Industrial Co-operation—voluntary concert, with equitable participation and control among all concerned in any enterprise—is a definition that would now be accepted by political economists and journalists.

G. J. H.

EASTERN LODGE,
BRIGHTON,
January, 1906.

[It is but consistent with the principle of Participation represented in this History that the Author should acknowledge his indebtedness to his daughter, Mrs. Holyoake Marsh and his amanuensis, Miss Amy Baum, for assiduous reading of the proofs, when sustained attention by him was impossible—and for suggestions which familiarity with the subject enabled Mrs. Marsh to make.—G. J. H.]

PREFACE TO VOL. I. OF 1875

My desire has been to write an account of the origin and growth of Co-operation, of the literature which fostered it, of the persons who aided it, the principles which directed it, and the influence of Co-operation on the future welfare of labour. To this end I have sought facts of all informed persons, in England and America, saying to them that any books, pamphlets, rules, placards, papers, letters relating to the early Co-operative movements, or articles in reviews or periodicals about it, of sermons preached against it, I should be glad to hear of, to borrow, or to buy. Recollections of early meetings for promoting it, names of persons who took part in founding the early stores, or as promoters, managers, committee-men, writers or lecturers in any place, and what became of the persons themselves, would be welcome to me. I desired that none would assume that I might know what they knew. I wanted to be sure that I knew it. It was said of Hume that his "History of England" would have been more accurate but for the obligation he was under of sometimes imagining his facts, from the difficulty of transporting himself to the book-shelf, where means of their identity lay. For myself, being as lithe as an Indian and resilient as an American, I might be depended upon to get at any fact which came within reasonable distance of me.

My wish has been to give particulars of the persons who made the movement—it being not enough to treat Co-operation as a bale of cotton, and discourse of its fineness and value in the market. It concerns the reader to know who were the

artificers of the ultimate fabric; what were its pattern and colour, its texture and durability.

Let no one fear to pester me with suggestions. Many counsellors bring no perplexity, provided an author takes his own wilful way in the end; and he takes it with many advantages, who has his eyes well open, knowing all that can be said on the subject in hand. The real peril of the historian is that he may paralyse his readers by tameness, or kill curiosity by monotony. There are persons who have a well-founded terror of making suggestions. We have ministers of State who teach that persons with ideas are to be distrusted, and it is not counted safe for any one with "notions" in his mind to go about certain Government departments now.

In some cases, however, information transmitted has not been very apparent, though worth all the trouble of deciphering. All penmen are not gifted. A bird pattering out of an inkpot over a page would be a rival writer to some correspondents, who seem the natural and ready-made secretaries of Secret Societies, since no expert of the most suspicious Government known would be able to make much out of their caligraphy.

It has, however, occurred to many correspondents, as it did to Lord Palmerston, that the purpose of writing is to be read, and that what is to be readable must be intelligible, and they have practised the unappreciated art of plainness to my great profit. My letter of inquiry inserted in the *New York Tribune* brought many communications from that wide-awake land. No case of any undecipherable caligraphy arose in American letters; they make things pretty plain out there.

Where suggestions have not been acted upon, the reader must ascribe the error to that opinionativeness, phrase-love, and general self-contentedness, with which Nature indulgently endows some writers in lieu of other gifts.

While sitting at the Bolton Congress of 1872, when news came of the death of Professor Maurice, and seeing with the mind's eye the old familiar faces flitting, as it were, round the hall—the faces which have gone, as Bamford expresses it, through the "Pass of Death," and greet us no more—watching the vacant places (growing more numerous every Congress) of those who bore the heat and burden of the unregarded day of

Co-operation—whose buoyant, cheery voices we shall never hear again—I desired, more than before, to write some history of that new power of industry which will grow mightier year by year.

For loans of works of reference my acknowledgments are due to Wm. Henry King Spark, of Skirsgil Park, Penrith, for a valuable collection of books in his possession, collected, bound, and annotated by Francis Place. Save for the discerning foresight and interest of Mr. Place in the welfare of the working people, many of the most remarkable facts concerning their social and political life would be now unknown; also to Mr. Thomas Allsop, of Redhill; Mr. Truelove, of London; Mr. David Crossley, of Brighouse; Mr. Melsom, of Liverpool; Mr. George Simpson, of Prospect House, Mottram; Mr. R. B. Reed, senr., of Winlaton; and Mr. Henry Slatter, of Tunbridge Wells, for the use of volumes, pamphlets, and papers illustrative of my subject.

G. J. H.

Newcastle Chambers,
Essex Street, Temple Bar, London,
June, 1875.

PREFACE TO VOL. II. OF 1879

In inscribing this volume to Mr. Bright, a representative of my native town of Birmingham, my object was to acknowledge how much the working class owed to him for maintaining in hostile days the great principle of political and commercial freedom, without which self-help is impossible to the people.

At that time I was not aware of what Abraham Greenwood related years after, that one morning subsequent to the resolution being carried, putting an end to profit sharing in the Spinning Mill of the pioneers, Mr. Bright met him in the street, and suggested that the resolution should be reconsidered at another meeting. Mr. Bright had spoken at times to his parliamentary friends of the great Partnership enterprise in the Pioneer Mills of his townsmen, and regretted what had taken place. Had the resolution been rediscussed, with the knowledge of Mr. Bright's interest in it, the decision, I believe, would have been different, and the fortune of labour changed for the better by it.

Evil days befel me during the progress of the First Part. Though I could see my way through my subject, I could not see my subject when it was through. Fortunately for the reader, Mr. Walter Morrison, to whose friendship I owed the means of writing this History, had the kindness to see the book through the press for me. Otherwise I might have been afraid to recover my sight, lest I should come to read my own pages.

Once I had a printer—not deficient in care and intelligence—who would insert an enraging misconception of some doubtful word I had written. I asked, "How came you to think I meant that? It is neither common sense, nor theological sense, nor legal sense" (the most uncertain sense known). "Well," he answered. "I thought so too, but I supposed it one of your quaintnesses of expression." So I

counselled the Co-operative Printers when sending them my MS. to stop at any "quaintness" at which they stumbled. In some places I am afraid they have betrayed me. The previous volume met with more favour from critics, both in Great Britain and America, than I expected. If this volume fares as well, I shall be more than content; for those who said it "was not interesting" said it was "useful," and those who said it "was not useful" thought it was "interesting."

Travelling to distant places of new co-operative enterprise, seeing for myself the conditions under which they had been made; editing reports of Co-operative Congresses; listening to the speeches and daily conversation of the new race of co-operators, in order to be sure what manner of men they were, and to judge from what they said, what mastery they had of its principles; then writing controversial pamphlets in order to elicit the views of adversaries and learn their quality and reach of discernment; taking part in discussions at store meetings to discover what thoughts were uppermost and what passions lay below, have been well rewarded. It would be an abuse of the attention of the reader, to beguile him with mere picturesque incidents, and conceal from him the motives. The only useful history of a movement is a history of its ideas. The animating idea which never slept or slumbered, which moved the most diverse co-operators, which was oft defeated, but never extinguished, covered with ridicule, but never made ashamed, which returned again and again to generous-minded, equity-loving men, was not distrust of succeeding themselves by competition, but dislike of it as the sole method of progress. Co-operation was born of the feeling that at best unmitigated competition was war, and though war had its bards and its heroic memories, there was murder in its march; and humanity was imposture, if progress could not be accomplished by nobler means. What an enduring truce is to war, Copartnership Co-operation is to the never-ceasing conflict between Labour and Capital. It is the Peace of Industry.

G. J. H.

Newcastle Chambers,
22, Essex Street, Temple Bar, London,
December 1, 1878.

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NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

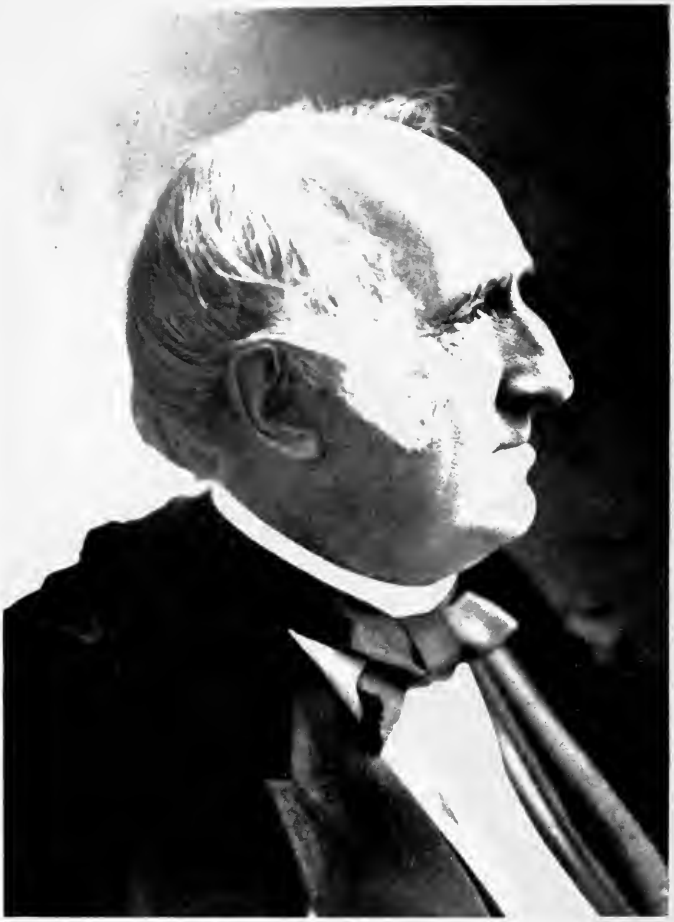
1. Wendell Phillips was invited to our Co-operative Congress in 1876. He was the greatest American orator in the perilous Anti-Slavery agitation whenever equity to industry was in question. He was always spoken of in America as the "noblest Roman of them all." His portrait is from a photograph which he gave me in his own house in Boston but a short time before his death.

2. The old Socialist Institution is the type of many of the earliest places of meeting, and remains unchanged. Rochdale Co-operation began there. (See "History of the Rochdale Pioneers.")

3. At the end of the eighteenth century the Corn Mill of Hull charged high prices; to remedy this a few co-operators set up an Anti-Mill—a mill against mills. It is the earliest relic of Co-operation in England.

4. The portrait of Robert Owen is by his friend the elder Pickersgill, in the days of Owen's early popularity. The original is in the possession of William Tebb, of Rede Hall, Burstow.

5. The Toad Lane Store is where the Rochdale Pioneers commenced business in 1844. A Swiss artist has delineated the Doffers from the mill who assembled to ridicule the humble beginning.



Yr cordially
Wendell Phillips

Frontispiece, p. 1.

PART I

THE PIONEER PERIOD

1812–1844

CHAPTER I

NATURE OF CO-OPERATION

"Distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough."—*King Lear.*

It is the duty of him who pleads a cause, or solicits the attention of the public to any subject, to state distinctly what the subject is—if he knows it; so that those who confer upon him the favour of their attention at the outset may possess the means of deciding whether or no they will continue it.

Dr. Furnivall could tell all about the origin of the term Co-operation and when it first crept into our language. I find less of it than I expected in quarters in which I have looked. "The Encyclopædia Metropolitana," 1845, says the French have the word *co-operer*, the Spaniards *co-operar*, the Italians *co-operare*, the Latin *co-operare*, and derive it from *co-* and *operari*, which simply means to work—to labour together, to endeavour for some common purpose. Sir Thomas More, speaking of the Sacrament, mentions that "in certain respects it doth nothing work, nor *co-operāt* thereto." Crashaw, in his "Sacred Poems," writes :—

"Bring all your lutes and harps of heav'n and earth;
Whate'er *co-operates* to the common mirth."

Hammond, in his "Sermons," was, so far as I am aware, the first to use the word in the form with which we are now so familiar. He says, "Men will see the original of all the wealth, called such, immediately from God; without any *co-operation* of ours." Holland, in his "Plutarch," makes a

quotation from Timotheus, the poet, in which a form of the word which has never come into use, is employed :—

> "Both boldness stout and fortitude,
> With mental discipline,
> In war, which are *co-operant*,
> With virtue doth combine."

In Boyle's Life there is given a pretty instance of the personal form of the term : "And the success will perhaps invite many more to be *co-operators* with the truth."

Co-operation, in the industrial sense of the word, means the equitable division of profits with worker, capitalist, and consumer, concerned in the undertaking. From the commencement of human society Co-operation has been common in the sense of two or more persons uniting to attain an end which each was unable to effect singly. As society grew, crowds were coerced into acting together by king or chief, who took the profit. In modern days the capitalist has it. It is still common to regard the labourer as being under great obligation for mere subsistence, while he aids in creating the wealth of his employer. The new Co-operation, of which I here write, begins in mutual help, with a view to end in a common competence. A co-operative society commences in persuasion, proceeds by consent, seeks success by common efforts, incurs risks, and shares losses, intending that all its members shall proportionately share whatever benefits are secured. The equality sought is not a mad equality of

> "Equal division of unequal earnings," [1]

but an equitable award of gains proportionate to work done. There is equality under the law when every man can obtain justice, however low his condition or small his means; there is equality of protection when none may assault or kill the humblest person without being made accountable ; there is civil equality when the evidence of all is valid in courts of justice,

[1] Ebenezer Elliott wrote the best description in our language of what communism is *not*. Elliott repeated it to me amid the charming hedgerows, where he wrote his song of "The Wonders of the Lane" :—

> "What is a Communist ? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings,
> Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

irrespective of speculative opinion ; there is equality of citizenship when all offices and honours are open to merit ; there is equality of taxation when all are made to contribute to the support of the State according to their means ; and there is equality in a co-operative society, when the right of every worker, shareholder, or purchaser is recognised to a share of the common profit, in the proportion to which he contributes to it, in capital, or labour, or trade—by hand or head. There is no complete Co-operation where this equality is not the rule.

Co-operation, after being long declared innovatory and impracticable, has been discovered to be both old and ordinary. Mr. John Macdonell counts Jacob tending Laban's flocks as a very early co-operator, he being a servant directly interested in the profits of his master.[1] Mr. Nasse has shown that there existed agricultural communities in Europe in the Middle Ages, and that there was a co-operative use of land in England which it would be deemed revolutionary to propose now. It is remembered now that Greek sailors in the Levant, American sailors engaged in the whale fishery and China trade, the Chinese traders in Manilla, the Cornwall lead miners, and the lead and copper miners of Flintshire and Cumberland, have long been either equal or partial participators in profits. The Metayer system[2] is a familiar illustration with political economists. A modern author, who has written with discernment of social theorists, says, "The words Co-operation and Co-operative have been used by communist writers to denote that all the members of a community are to work together for the common benefit, instead of working, as at present, each on his own account."[3] This explanation is on the line of truth, and goes forward some distance upon it.

Co-operation turns toil into industry, which is labour animated—working willingly, knowing the reason why—because the profit of each, in proportion to his work, is

[1] "Survey of Political Economy," chap. xv. p. 213.

[2] "The principle of the Metayer system is that the labourer, or peasant, makes his engagement directly with the landowner, and pays, not a fixed rent, either in money or in kind, but a certain proportion of the produce, or rather of what remains of the produce, after deducting what is considered necessary to keep up the stock. The proportion is usually, as the name imports, one-half ; but in several districts in Italy it is two-thirds" (Mill, "Political Economy," People's Edition, p. 183).

[3] Charles Morrison, "Labour and Capital," p. 111.

secured to him. Co-operation leaves nobody out who works. Those who do not know this do not understand Co-operation ; those who do know it and do not mean it, are traitors to the principle. Those who mean it and do not take steps to secure it, or are silent when others evade it, or do not advocate it when occasion offers, are unseeing or supine. Co-operation touches no man's fortune ; seeks no plunder ; causes no disturbance in society ; gives no trouble to statesmen ; it enters into no secret associations ; it needs no trades union to protect its interests ; it contemplates no violence ; it subverts no order ; it envys no dignity ; it accepts no gift, nor asks any favour ; it keeps no terms with the idle, and it will break no faith with the industrious. It is neither mendicant, servile, nor offensive ; it has its hand in no man's pocket, and does not mean that any other hands shall remain long or comfortably in its own ; it means self-help, self-dependence, and such share of the common competence as labour shall earn or thought can win.

CHAPTER II

THE EVIL DAYS BEFORE CO-OPERATION BEGAN

"Defend me, therefore, Common Sense, say I,
From reveries so airy—from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."—COWPER.

MATTERS were at a very bad pass—as they had often been before—with the working people in England when Co-operation began. There was a certain statute of Edward VI., which set forth in its preamble "that partly by the foolish pity and mercy of them which should have seen godly laws executed" the poor and unemployed had become troublesome: and therefore, in order that godliness might do its duty to society, it was enacted that—"If any person shall bring to two justices of peace any runagate servant, or any other which liveth idly or loiteringly by the space of three days, they shall cause that idle and loitering servant or vagabond to be marked with a hot iron on the breast with the mark of V, and adjudge him to be slave to the same person that brought him for two years after, who shall take the said slave and give him bread, water, or small drink, and refuse him meat, and cause him to work, by beating, chaining, or otherwise, in such work as he shall put him unto, be it never so vile: and if he shall absent himself from his said master, by the space of fourteen days, then he shall be adjudged by two justices of peace to be marked on the forehead, or the ball of the cheek, with a hot iron, with the sign of an S, and further shall be adjudged to be slave to his said master for ever."

In the days when this Act was passed, it was easy to see that gentlemen knew what they were about; and at the beginning

of the last century there were worthy and worshipping persons, who regretted, as many do still, the decay of vigour in the governing classes. What they had come to in 1822 Francis Place has recorded.[1] In that year a poor farrier had travelled from Alnwick, in Northumberland, to London in search of work. On the same day a shopman to a grocer—long out of employ—arrived penniless from Shropshire. Both had come up to London, and met, companions in destitution, in the pens of Smithfield market, where they ventured to think they might be allowed to sleep in the bed of beasts. They were seized by constables and taken before a magistrate of the city. Both begged to be discharged, and promised to make their way home in the best way they could; but to this humble request the magistrate would not accede. He said "he was of opinion that the prisoners were not justified in coming to town without any prospect before them, for they must have known that, in the present state of trade, no one would take them in, nor would any one be justified in taking in a perfect stranger; but whether their conduct arose solely from ignorance or not he considered was immaterial; the magistrates could not know the minds of the prisoners, and could make no distinction."

The Lord Mayor agreed with the Alderman on the bench who had delivered this decision, and who consulted him. "The City magistrates," the Mayor said, "wish it to be known in the country at large that in future they should feel themselves bound to send all to hard labour for the term enacted (which was not less than one, and as much as three, months), whether they were actuated by a vicious spirit of vagabondage, or with whatever professed object or speculation they came to town. In short, they would put the law in full force against all who could not prove reasonable assurance or certainty of employment as their motive for coming to London." Farriers and shopmen unable to obtain employment in their own parish were warned that they must stay there and perish.

In 1825 a dinner was given to Joseph Hume, M.P., in Edinburgh, on which occasion Francis Jeffrey made a speech in favour of the combination of workmen. The substance of Mr. Jeffrey's speech occupies twenty-three pages octavo.

[1] "Principles of Population."

Judging from the facility and persistence with which some Scotch bailies who come to England on deputations speak,[1] this dinner may have lasted a week. The purport of Mr. Jeffrey's speech was to explain the toast "Freedom of Labour," which was expressed as follows: "Freedom of Labour. But let the labourer recollect that in exercising his own rights he cannot be permitted to violate the rights of others." It was generous of Francis Jeffrey, himself a Whig reviewer, to speak at all in defence of combination by workmen ;[2] but at that time, and for years after, it was a perilous business for the labourer to attempt to unite, or to be known to be friendly with those who counselled him to do it. There was no necessity to warn them not to abuse the power they dare not use.

Now homilies are read to them against cultivating class feeling. In the day of which I write, it was a great point to get them to understand that they were a class at all. At that time a very uncomfortable monitor of the people existed, who attracted a large share of attention, and who gave the poor a "bit of his mind," which they have not forgotten yet—the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus. This is what he said to them, in deliberately chosen sentences, and in large type: "There is one right which a man has been generally thought to possess, which I am sure he neither can nor does possess—a right to subsistence when his labour will not fairly purchase it."[3] "I firmly believe," he says, "that such persons, by the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have no claim to support." Only the rich had the right to live. Malthus had the ear of legislators, and he wrote for them ; and this is what he said to them : "As a previous step to alteration in the poor-law, which would contract or stop the increase of the relief to be given, it appears to me that we are bound in justice and honour formally to disclaim the right of the poor to support."

[1] A Scotch deputation to Downing Street, headed by a Lord Provost of Edinburgh, first caused me to notice this. The chief speaker was Robert Chambers. He had been kept some years out of his well-earned dignity, because he was suspected of writing the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" (it being unlawful to consider creation natural) ; yet I saw him fasten on a Prime Minister, who was overdue in Parliament, but could not extricate himself from that pertinacious visitor.

[2] The Combination Laws were repealed the year before the speech—1824.

[3] Essays, vol. iii. p. 154.

"To this end," he continues, "I should propose a regulation to be made declaring that no child born from any marriage, taking place after the expiration of a year from the date of this law, and no illegitimate child born two years from same date, should ever be entitled to parish assistance." [1]

This language informed the poor that they had better get good information as to how things are going on in the world before they come into it. He would logically interdict "lying-in" houses as encouraging sexual improvidence—he would abolish hospital aid for diseases arising from poverty. The St. Augustine tone prevailed in the churches. Piety was not only dogmatic, it was insolvent. It dictated to men their beliefs. The struggling, whom it could not help—the miserable, whom it could not save, it interdicted from thinking for themselves. The workman was regarded as holding his soul under a ticket-of-leave from the churches; and men of free thought in religion, or politics, or science were treated as a criminal class. Common men were vassals—the mitre their souls—the State their means. And, what was worse, many of them had no more sense than to put themselves, like dry sticks, under the cauldron of corruption.

Historical knowledge was a weak point of the people. Those of them who were politicians believed that the history of the world began with the French Revolution. Old Midland politicians half believe now that liberty began with the Birmingham Political Union of 1830. A stout Radical of mark in Bradford, Squire Farrar, built himself a house early in the last century, and over the door, cut in stone, still appears the date of the declaration of American Independence; and there is a general impression in many quarters here, as well as across the Atlantic, that the world recommenced at that period.

However, without troubling much when the world began, workmen were to be found who were bent on improving it. Trades unionists were among the most active of this class. We need not go far for an example which will sufficiently illustrate their condition and their sense as well as their spirit.

The wool combers and stuff weavers of Bradford published

[1] Essays, vol. iii.

in 1825 a notable statement of the workman's case in local verse, which commences thus :—

"Lads, pray what's the matter ?
Are you with master about to fight ?
'Yes, sir, we are, and well we might,
For let us work hard as we will,
We're ne'er the better for it still.'"

Bradford men always had a stout, unyielding way of expressing dissatisfaction with their condition. So the Bradford Homer proceeds to sound this note of battle, of which the world has heard a good deal since. Answering the masters, the poet sings :—

"We are most willing
To work twelve pen'orth for a shilling.
But more we neither can nor will ;
We'd rather all at once, stand still,
And form a UNION of our own
As men have done in many a town."

The verse of the stuff weavers' bard, it must be owned, is a little woolly, but its texture is virile.

Things were not in a satisfactory state in England when men like Southey and Coleridge thought of seeking in another land more hopeful conditions of life. Southey's noble invocation to the wealthier classes, said—

"Train up thy children, England.
Where hast thou mines—but in their industry ?
Thy bulwarks where—but in their breasts ?
O grief, then—grief and shame,
If in this flourishing land there should be dwellings
Where the new-born babe doth bring unto its parents' soul
No joy !—where squalid poverty
Gives it the scanty bread of discontent."[1]

The rise of machinery was the circumstance that filled the working class with despair. The capitalist able to use machinery grew rich, the poor who were displaced by it were brought in great numbers to the poor-house. A man so strong-thinking as Horace Greeley had his mind inclined to protection by the misery he witnessed in his father's household, when handloom weaving was superseded by merciless inventions. Even Owen exclaimed, "We are pressed down by

[1] It was a popular quotation long after, and is not untrue in 1905. The *Economist* of 1821 considered that "it deserved to be written in diamonds."

the weight of inventions and improvements."[1] Indeed, in 1807, things were so hopeless for the people that Mrs. Barbauld wrote that "they considered even depredators usefully employed in lessening the inequalities of rank."

Goldsmith relates how he found the reflective shoemaker who had but one regret, that by changing his street he had abandoned a stall where a successor "had amassed a handsome fortune," and died at last over his lapstone, "with seven pounds, all in hard gold," stitched in the waistband of his lucky breeches.

The introduction of machinery for years lowered wages, and pushed the mass of the workmen with increased force against the walls of the workhouse. Mr. Thompson, of Cork, commenced an address, in 1826, to the distressed Spitalfields weavers, thus: "All kinds of labour, agricultural and manufacturing, are rapidly approaching their fated equality—the starvation price, the lowest that even in times of average employment will support a miserable existence." If one whom fortune had placed above want, and education above prejudice, had these impressions, no wonder the poor desponded.

No wonder Social Reformers became world-sick. They called this the "old" world, as though they had a new one on hand. Mr. Charles Bray, the early friend of George Eliot, wrote so late as 1844 to ask whether "commerce and the mechanical arts do not really point to a *declining age?*" All the dismal facts of the day were brought to the front, as though society had the small-pox and had never been vaccinated; whereas the great creature called society has "a pulse like a cannon." True, there is "something the matter with its head," since the rich could display themselves conspicuously in the midst of a squalid people, as some one has said, like jewels in the hair of a mendicant woman.

True, Carlyle is a grim and often a brutal preacher, but to him is greatly owing the improved regard since shown for craftsmen. He created "captains of industry," who thought

[1] Mr. Owen's speech at the Holkham agricultural meeting, on his health being proposed by Mr. Coke. Even landlords had their vicissitudes in those days. Then Mr. Coke's land let at 15s. per acre; a fall in the value of produce might throw it out of cultivation, reducing it to 5s. per acre, involving a loss of £40,000 a year. Even then the owner would probably not need to come upon the parish, while the weaver or mechanic would.

of equity as well as gain.[1] The capitalist was a new feudal lord more cruel than the king who reigned by conquest. The old feudal lord had some care for his vassal, and provided him with sustenance and dwelling. The new lord of capital charges himself with no duty of the kind, and does not even acknowledge the labourer's right to live. His condition is no affair of his employer. Thoughtfulness for the workman might be manifested as an act of patronage, but not as an act of duty or right.

Nevertheless there are few so poor or miserable in civilised society as they would be in savage society. They may die early of insufficient food and through an unhealthy dwelling in a civilised town, but they would die earlier and suffer more as savages; while every one may find twenty chances of rising to some sort of comfort, and even to riches, which would never happen to one savage in ten thousand.

Sir Richard Burton, in his "Unexplored Syria," relates that he went out to visit Mount Lebanon. Lured by writers, whom he says had "Holy Land on the brain," he found life there, though ages removed from the barbarian state, such that he exclaims: "Having learned what it is, I should far prefer the comfort of Spitalfields, the ease of the Seven Dials, and the society of Southwark." Hoarded earning is the beginning of progress. Capital is the handmaid of civilisation. Lord Brabazon points out that "the higher the civilisation of a country the more marked is the difference between rich and poor."[2] This only means that as the refinements and luxuries of the wealthy increase, the contrast grows greater between the condition of rich and poor. This does not necessarily imply that the condition of the poor is worse than it was. This is hardly possible, seeing that in every age it is declared to be as bad as it can be, and always worse than it ever was before. Civilisation gives the poor, who are wise, a better chance than the starvation stage. If a man is Lazarus it is

[1] Yet he could applaud those who added pianoforte wire to the cats with which they flogged working men and women of Jamaica. Men in the negro condition, black and white, will one day have their turn of power, and Mr. Carlyle's ferocious approval will invigorate many a cat, and sharpen many a knife, for use on respectable backs and throats, unless working people learn that fairness alone brings security.

[2] Reports of the Condition of the Industrial Classes in Foreign Countries.

better for him to catch the crumbs falling from the table of Dives than lie waiting for those which may drop from brother Lazarus's table.

The sole sensible question for the poor to ask is, Can they better themselves ? The French, demoralised by centralisation, lacked the English habit of working for majorities and winning them by agitation. The tradition of the camp in France was their disqualification for progress by reason. It is showier, swifter, and more natural to man to fight out a difference than persuade men out of it. The peril and imprisonments which resulted from political movements in England the first half of the last century were occasioned by men who had been in the army and wanted their associates to arm.

To live in a state in which capital can exist is an advance. It is only in that stage that emancipation is possible. It is by concert in industrial operations that wealth arises. A man being one of the chief instruments in creating wealth, he ought to get a reasonable share of it. This he may obtain, not by taking it from those who have amassed it, which can only be done by bloodshed, and waste, and by setting a precedent which will expose him to similar attacks in his turn. One remedy is by employing the economy of Co-operation to save capital and entering into industrial partnerships to earn it. This has been the lesson taught by co-operative thinkers, and by them alone.

CHAPTER III

THE UTOPIANISTS WHO FORESAW BETTER TIMES

"Now if . . . any one should propose anything that he had either read in history or observed in his travels, the rest would think that the reputation of their wisdom would sink, and that their interests would be much depressed if they could not run it down, . . . as if this were a great mischief, that any should be found wiser than his ancestors."—SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia*.

"WORLD-MAKERS" seems a more relevant term than Utopianists. Those conversant with the history of social projectors will know that the phrase "world-making" is a fair description of the ambitious schemes of most of them.

Co-operation in England was born of world-makers, and it becomes more intelligible when its order of descent is seen. An idea recurring from age to age, and among various peoples, may be a pertinacious one, since experience shows that silly ideas are more likely to recur than wise ones—folly being ever ready-made, while sense has to be acquired. But if it be a matter of history that certain ideas, oft recurring and widely agitating dissimilar peoples, have been mostly originated by philosophers and only promoted by thinking people, the presumption is that there is something relevant to human needs in such projects. Co-operative ideas have been of this character. Men of sense and spirit want to know how it is that knaves are born on the bank and honest men in the ditch. Only the wise and bold venture on untried existence. Then there have been in all ages classes of men who found things so much to their advantage that they loudly recommended mankind not on any account to disturb them, knowing well that men are never the same any more after they have once seen a new thing.

When Co-operation arose nearly everybody said it was contrary to human nature. What was new to them they concluded was new to humanity.[1]

The sentiment of mine and thine, which now seems part of human nature, was once an invention. "Even when agriculture had been introduced," Herder remarks, "it cost some pains to limit men to separate fields and establish the distinctions of mine and thine."[2] Mr. James Mill says, in his "History of British India," that "the different benefits included under the idea of property, at different periods of society, are not the offspring of nature but the creatures of will chosen by society as that arrangement with which is, or is pretended to be, the best for all." According to Aristotle, there were nations who held the land in common and divided the produce, and there were others who divided the land and stored the produce in common. Minos, who, according to the legend, aimed at establishing equality among the Cretans, would not suffer any of them, whatever might be their rank, to lead an indolent life. Persons of all classes sat at common tables, partook of the same diet, and at the public expense. These laws subsisted in force for nearly a thousand years—a long time for a scheme of life to last which would now be held to be contrary to human nature. Lycurgus governed Sparta as grandly as Minos did Crete. Obedience to the law, and the dread of living for himself, were the earliest lessons imprinted on the mind of a Lacedemonian ; and this education is reputed to have endured four hundred years. This "dread" of a man living for himself alone has been long extinct in modern society. It is a true saying that it is liberty which is old ; it is despotism which is new. Plato had the sagacity to foresee and reason upon the danger of over-population, and considered it would be impossible to preserve equality in any State without regulating the number of the inhabitants—a question society has not made up its mind to look at yet.

The noblest body of Jews, unlike any others of which history has made mention, were the Essenes. They deemed

[1] Like the Irish peasant whom Dr. King met, and asked whether he would rather live upon wheaten bread or potatoes, answered, "Sir, I like bread well enough once in a way, but potatoes are more *natural*" (*Co-operative Magazine*, 1826).

[2] Herder, "Phil. Hist.," vol. i. p. 372.

riches to consist in frugality and contentment; nor had they any slaves among them. All were free, and all in their turn administered to others. Among them there was no house, however private, which was not open to fraternal reception. Nor were they enervated by their communistic principles. Josephus attests the heroic fortitude with which they met their sufferings in defence of their opinions and mode of life. Jesus evidently thought well of their principles, and commended them. But not himself foreseeing the rise of the commercial and manufacturing systems of Europe, he left no directions—which approve themselves to practical men—for continuing a plan of life in which men should have "all things in common." Indeed, political economists, with one consent, ignore him in that great department of progress which is their especial study. Nothing can be more disastrous to the struggling poor than that a teacher of the highest repute among them should bequeath to them plans of social life so crudely stated that men should be contemptuously counted as "enthusiasts" who seek to reduce them to practice.

The "Utopia" had great influence on social thinkers. Considering More's position, and the eminence of the persons and interests which were satirised in his "Utopia," it was a bold book.[1] What kind of book the "Utopia" is, and what manner of man the brave author was, has been told by one whose pen lends charm to the meanest fact and worthily recounts the noblest. Mr. Ruskin says: "We have known what communism is—for our fathers knew it. . . . First, it means that everybody must work for his dinner. That much, perhaps, you thought you knew. The Chelsea farmer and stout Catholic, born in Milk Street, London, three hundred and ninety-one years ago, 1480,[2] planned a commune flowing with milk and honey, and otherwise Elysian, and called it the 'Place of Well-being,' or Utopia. . . . Listen how matters really are managed there." [It is Sir Thomas More who says what follows.] "Consider how great a part of all other nations is quite idle. First, women generally do little, who

[1] Bishop Burnet says the tenderest part of the whole work is the representation he gives of Henry the Seventh's Court, in which his disguise is so thin that the matter would not have been much plainer if he had named him.

[2] "Fors Clavigera," Letter 7. 1871.

are the half of mankind ; and if some few women are diligent their husbands are idle. Then consider the great company of idle priests, and of those that are called religious men ; add to these all the rich men, chiefly those that have estates in lands, who are called noblemen and gentlemen, together with their families, made up of idle persons that do nothing but go swaggering about. Reckon in with these all those strong and lusty beggars that go about pretending some disease in excuse for their begging ; and upon the whole account you will find that the number of those by whose labours mankind is supplied is much less than you did perhaps imagine. Then consider how few of those that work are employed in labours that men do really need ; for we, who measure all things by money, give occasion to many trades that are both vain and superfluous, and that serve only to support riot and luxury. . . . If all those who labour about useless things were set to more profitable trades ; and if all that number that languish out their life in sloth and idleness, of whom every one consumes as much as any two of the men that are at work do, were forced to labour, you may easily imagine that a small proportion of time would serve for doing all that is either necessary, profitable, or pleasant to mankind." He who said this, Mr. Ruskin adds, "was one of the sternest Roman Catholics of his stern time ; and at the fall of Cardinal Wolsey became Lord High Chancellor of England in his stead."

Sir Thomas More wrote in 1516. One hundred and forty years later—1656 — Harrington dedicated his agrarian "Oceana" to Cromwell. Hume considered it to be "a work of genius and invention, and the most valuable model of a commonwealth which had been offered to the public." Cromwell thought there was mischief in it, and is stated to have said that "what he had won by the sword he was not going to be scribbled out of by Mr. Harrington."

One hundred and fifty years after his death any espousal of his scheme brought persons into difficulties ; and His Majesty's Attorney-General, in 1793, spoke of him in a very unpleasant way. When the abusive Attorney-General sat down, Erskine rejoined : "Yet this very Harrington, this low blackguard as he is described, was descended (you may see his pedigree at

the Herald's office for sixpence) from eight dukes, three marquises, seventy earls, twenty-seven viscounts, and thirty-seven barons, sixteen of whom were knights of the Garter." He was the most affectionate servant of Charles I., from whom he never concealed his opinions, for it is observed by Wood that the king greatly affected his company; but when they happened to talk of a commonwealth he could scarcely endure it. "I know not," says Toland, "which most to commend—the king for trusting an honest man, though a republican, or Harrington for owning his principles while he served a king." At Charles's death the "Oceana" was written. It was seized by Cromwell as a libel, and the way in which it was recovered was remarkable. Harrington waited on Cromwell's daughter to beg for his book, and on entering her apartment snatched up her child. He said: "I know what you feel as a mother; feel, then, for me. Your father has got my child," meaning the "Oceana." It was afterwards restored on her petition, Cromwell answering, in his tolerant way, "Let him have his book; if my government is made to stand, it has nothing to fear from paper shot."[1]

Forty years after Harrington's scheme of public life founded on equipoise, came the proposal, by John Bellers, of a College of Industry—a remarkable instance of practical and co-operative sagacity. It appeared in 1696, and was the first known instance of a complete plan of an industrial community for immediate adoption. Robert Owen, who received it from Francis Place, had it printed in the old type in which it first appeared. Bellers' scheme required £18,000 in the money of that time to carry it out. Had it been adopted by the statesmen to whom he addressed it, pauperism would have become a tradition in England before this time. Like Mr. Owen, Bellers appealed directly to the heads of the State, and prayed the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled to give ear to his plan, "by which the common people could be trained in the art of taking care of themselves." He also addressed the "thinking and public-spirited," who appear not to have been more numerous in those days than now. He adopted for his motto the wholesome words, "Industry brings plenty," and

[1] Erskine's defence of Paine, before Lord Kenyon, 1793. This was the occasion, according to Erskine, when Cromwell made the remark quoted.

the uncompromising intimations that "a sluggard should be clothed with rags," and "he that will not work shall not eat." Lest these sentiments should escape notice, Bellers placed them on his title-page. His pamphlet was "printed and published by T. Sowle, in White Hart Court, in Gracious Street, London, 1696." Bellers began by quoting Lord Chief Justice Hale, who said that "they that are rich are stewards of their wealth"—a doctrine which was thought very new when first Sir John Sinclair and afterwards Mr. Thomas Drummond preached it in the House of Commons. "The best account," according to Lord Chief Justice Hale, "which the rich could give of their wealth was to employ it in the reformation and relief of those who want either money or wisdom;" and reminded them that "he who said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' was one of the worst of men." "The want of a due provision," the Chief Justice said, "for the education and relief of the poor in a way of industry is that which fills the gaols with malefactors and the kingdom with idle persons. A sound, prudent method for an industrious education of the poor will give a better remedy against these corruptions than all the gibbets and whipping-posts in the kingdom." Bellers himself remarks that "it is the *interest* of the rich to take care of the poor." He seems to have had an idea in his mind that there were no poor, some of whose ancestors had not been rich, and that there were none rich then, some of whose ancestors had not been poor; and that in the revolutions of society the posterity of the rich might be poor again, and that it would be good sense to put a stop to any more people becoming poor. He insisted that an industrial college could produce all its members required. The shopkeepers of this generation will be astonished to learn that their original enemy was Bellers. He enumerated persons and things of which he intended to save the cost in his system: He named shopkeepers and all their servants and dependents. Bad debts. (He was evidently opposed to the credit system.) Saving the labour of many women and children. Saving of much separate house room, firing, and cooking. Securing that the land should be better tilled by the labourers being owners.

The profits of the college were to be divided among the shareholders, but the workers were to be guaranteed security

in and for all things necessary in health or sickness, single or married, wife or children, and if the parents die early, the children would be well educated and preserved from misery. The workers as they grew older were to be abated one hour a day of their work. Punishments were to be rather abatements of food than stripes, and that those deserving of greater punishments should be expelled. His plan for teaching languages to the children contained the germ of that system which Mr. Prendegast has since made famous, and Bellers proposed the same abridgment of the hours of learning for children which Sir Edwin Chadwick mercifully justified. Bellers proposed, as Pestalozzi and Froebel have since done, "to *raise the child's love* to what he should learn." Beating children to make them learn he thought silly, and spoiled their natural parts. "Understanding," he contended, "must rather be distilled as children can take it, than be driven into them." He was for giving them sensible employment, as he thought a silly employment left the mind silly. "A good education," he said, "though with but a little estate, makes a happier man than a great estate without it."

Bellers gave no account of himself as to who he was—what station he occupied—from what reading or experience he derived his thoughts, and nobody has asked; but he was clearly sensible and original. His scheme is worth consulting by any community-maker, for it defines the number and proportions of persons in every department of industry who should be brought together. His was not a voluntary, but a State scheme of co-operation, and the only one ever proposed in England. He ended his proposal by answering a number of objections which he considered might be brought against it. One is: "Why should he propose to get the chief share of the profit of the poor's labour, and not let them have all the profit themselves, but give the larger portion to the rich, who are to supply the funds to the college?" His answer is: "Because the rich have no other means of living but by the labour of others; as the landlord by the labour of his tenants, and the tradesmen by the labour of the mechanics." It did not much matter that Bellers gave the surplus to the capitalists, seeing that he first made it a condition that every reasonable want of every member should be well provided for.

His college of labour would have stood a good chance of succeeding because it would have been *governed*. It was no sentimental scheme in which those who set it going found the capital, and those who used it did as they pleased. Bellers' college was a despotism founded on industrial justice—*i.e.*, free participation by the workers in the advantages they created. I learn, through the researches of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, that John Bellers was a member of the Society of Friends, the father of Fettiplace Bellers. John Bellers died February 8, 1725, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

The reprint by Owen of Bellers' book made a great impression when it appeared, and was reproduced in periodicals. There was another writer subsequent to this social-minded Quaker—one Morelly, a Frenchman, who wrote in the eighteenth century. Mr. Owen was much influenced by what he came to know of his views. Francis Place gave some account of Morelly. Morelly was distinguished for the precision of his ideas and for the mathematical nature of his mind. He said the "problem" of social reform was "to find that state of things in which it should be impossible for any one to be depraved or poor." No theorist ever expressed the work to be done so well before,—no social reformer has expressed it better since. This is what social thinkers are always aiming to bring about.

The Marquis of Mirabeau, in a letter dated 1762, made mention of a family of the name of Pinon, living a few leagues from the town of Thiers, in Auvergne, France, the head of which, a farmer, having lived to see his sons marry, requested them to continue a distinct tribe, and to maintain inviolably the sacred bond of union, by community of wealth and property amongst them. "After having been established, at this period, above a century," says the marquis, "this amicable institution has so greatly prospered, that the Pinons have not only a family seat in the mountains, supplied with all the conveniences of life, with elegant apartments for strangers of the highest rank, who are treated with the most generous hospitality, but they have also several villages appertaining to them, whose clergy, lawyers, and other professional persons are branches of the same stock. The necessary arts of life are exercised in this tribe for the emolument of the whole; and

the superfluities sold at the adjacent fairs and markets, where every one carries with him his family credentials. One tradition of their origin is that an ancestor of great wealth and a numerous progeny, well advanced in years, explained to his children "that their splendid way of living must be greatly diminished if, after his death, they should, as was customary, divide his fortune into separate portions; but that, if they desired to be better economists than the rest of mankind, they should live in the united state they had done under his roof."

The Pinon case is cited because its success was based on secular reasons, which alone are of universal weight. Certain Jesuits are credited with very great success in carrying out arrangements of common life in Paraguay. But Jesuits do not encourage self-dependence in life or thought, and when their enfeebling paternalism ended, the population were impotent and idealess as children. The noble aspiration after truer and higher life, with all the perils, conflicts, and vicissitudes it involves, is better than the softest, smoothest, sleekest, and most steadfast stagnation.

The only instance in which social equality was the subject of conspiracy occurred in Paris, 1796. Its great leader was Babeuf. In those days a blind love of innovation prevailed, not alone in France but in Europe, and was strongest in Paris. Then hope and eagerness had the force of a passion. M. de Talleyrand used to say "that only those who had lived near the conclusion of the seventeenth century could realise the worth of the world to man." Gracchus Babeuf was a young man when the French Revolution occurred. Ardent, well-informed, of penetrating mind, and able to write with clearness and fire, he soon got himself into difficulties. Of what kind nothing more need be said than that it was Marat who saved him from the consequences of an order of arrest. At a later period he obtained the post of secretary to a district administration, and subsequently he got employment in the bureaux of the old commune of Paris. Mrs. Wollstonecraft, who knew Babeuf well, declared that "she had never seen any person who possessed greater abilities, or equal strength of character." His plan was to establish a system of equality by force—needless in a country which has a free press, free speech, and the right of public meetings. For these means

of progress an Englishman would fight; but, having won them, he would count himself a fool if he could not make his way with them. Babeuf was not a wild reformer in the sense of not knowing what he wanted. He had a clear and complete idea of what he would put in the place of that he intended to supersede. His object was to establish a despotism of justice and equality. Robespierre, on the other hand, held that "without the people's consent none have a right to thrust systems upon them; but with their consent, all systems should be equally accessible to them." To the credit of the French Liberals many of them objected to violent modes of attaining just objects. Certainly many of the aims of the conspirators were good. They were for abolishing mendicity as dishonouring to a free State, and for establishing a system of education in common. They regarded ignorance as a national danger. They were friendly to a policy of peace. They adopted a doctrine of non-intervention. They would not intermeddle with other nations, nor suffer other nations to intermeddle with the affairs of France. There were to be no idlers. "Nature," they said, "had imposed upon every one the obligation to work." They kept no terms with those who did nothing. Their words were: "They do nothing for the country who do not serve it by some useful occupation, and can exercise no rights in it." The common accusation is that men of social convictions seek other people's property—whereas the fact is they seek to make everybody work. This may be a very disagreeable passion; but it is not laziness, nor is it plunder. All the schemes of Utopians prove at bottom to be schemes of work and wealth-making. Shopkeepers will be interested to hear that Babeuf and his colleagues proposed to retain retail dealers. They meditated censorship of the press, which the Napoleon family afterwards put in execution. But the conspirators had a ferocious thoroughness and vigour for which Carlyle and other eminent friends of Governor Eyre, of Jamaica, would very much esteem them. They decreed on the day on which they commenced their insurrection, that "to give or execute in the name of the existing Government ('tyranny' they called it) any order whatever should be punished with instant death." Some were "to be buried under the ruins of their palaces; which ruins were

to be left in that state, as a monument to the latest posterity of the just punishment inflicted on the enemies of equality."[1] A dismal kingdom of equality France would have been with these murderous ruins defacing it.

Babeuf and his compatriots failed through a traitor,[2] and came to the block. They were brave men, neither afraid to avow their designs nor die for their cause. Babeuf's last letter to his wife contained some wise and lofty sentiments: "It belongs," he said, "to the family of a martyr of liberty to give the example of every virtue, in order to attract the esteem of all good people. I would desire my wife to do all in her power to give education to her children. I hope you will believe you were always most dear to me. Speak often of me to Camille; tell him a thousand times I bore him tenderly in my heart. Tell Caius as much when he will be capable of understanding it. I knew no other way to render you happy than by promoting the happiness of all. I have failed. I have sacrificed myself; it is for you as well as for liberty I die."

When the conspirators were sentenced, Babeuf and Darthe, the chief leaders, stabbed themselves with their daggers, and were dragged from the court by the gendarmes. Babeuf's poignard broke, and a piece remained imbedded near his heart. Both lived long enough to be beheaded next day, but their courage never forsook them. Their bodies were flung into a ditch. Some country people buried them. So ended the first and last conspiracy for equality! Its conduct justifies the high repute for ability Babeuf won. It was a masterpiece of organisation. Nothing was forgotten. Proclamations, songs, manifestoes, decrees, laws, declarations of rights, were all prepared for issue, conceived with sagacity, and written with brevity, eloquence, and fire. The labour and secret discussions

[1] This design shows that the *pétroleuse* business, which got connected with the honest and just aims of the communalist party in France, was no new madness. Indeed, it would not be new in England. An English Conservative lord some time ago had at his breakfast-table one whom I knew to have acted in a plot to blow up London in 1848. It was a police-agent's project, but the person in question fell in with it, and it took some trouble to divert him from it. The said lord did not know of this little affair. The enterprising patriot left the country but kept up a correspondence with his noble friend.

[2] This was Grisel, in whom they had confided, and who had flattered, inflamed, and caressed them, as is the way of suspicious patriots. The club of Babeuf assembled in the vaults of the Pantheon, and this Grisel was the most open-mouthed scoundrel there.

gone through were immense. Nothing is more astonishing than the sublime confidence of the conspirators in human nature, to believe that no traitor would betray plans to which hundreds must have been privy. That only one was false shows that equality must have been a noble inspiration. Phillipo Buonarroti, a Florentine of high family, a reputed descendant of Michael Angelo—and his brillant powers and daring services corroborated the belief—was a colleague of Babeuf, and afterwards published a history—with documents which he had the courage to preserve—of the famous attempt of Babeuf. Among them were the "Songs for the Streets," which had not been overlooked. Equality had its Marseillaise as well as Republicanism, though its notes got stifled with daggers. I quote it as giving some idea of the aspirations of the time. Let the reader remember that the French had found no way out of the long oppression under which they and their forefathers had lived save by insurrection; that they believed kingly luxury and tyranny to have been the causes of their misery and subjection; that the people had delivered themselves by the knife; that they had never seen any other means succeed; that the philosophers had all pleaded for them in vain; that they were firmly convinced that before kings arose equality, freedom, and means of subsistence were enjoyed by all who toiled; that everlasting emancipation from slavery and want depended upon themselves alone; and that one united, uncompromising, and thorough blow would redress for ever the wrongs of ages. Let the reader recall all this, and he is not English if his blood is not stirred by the—

BATTLE SONG OF THE CONSPIRATORS FOR EQUALITY.

By tyrant codes enthralled, by knaves borne down,
Man stoops to man, and villains wear the crown:—
Where is the freeman's voice? the warrior's steel?—
Shall we not stoutly fight, as well as keenly feel?
Awake! arise, at Liberty's command!—
Th' Aurora of our freedom is at hand—
And slavery's night is o'er if we'll but bravely stand!

Oh, Nature, or whatever power it be,
Which said to man, "*Be happy and be free!*"
Say by what strange mischance thy laws o'erthrown
Have yielded place to slavery and a throne.
Is there not *one* will dare assert the cause
Of outraged manhood and thy broken laws?

How long shall man quail 'neath the despot rule
Of a usurper or a king-born fool?
Nations! arise, at Liberty's command!—
Th' Aurora of your freedom is at hand!—
And slavery's night is o'er if you'll but bravely stand!

In ancient times, when yet our race was young—
Nor gold nor war the soul to madness stung—
Each in the land possessed an equal share;
No kingly luxury known, no gaunt despair.
Then peace and competence went hand in hand,
Unfear'd the assassin's knife, the foeman's brand—
These days are ours again if we'll but bravely stand!

In those bless'd days when man, of man the friend,
Nor yet had learn'd to borrow or to lend,
Nature on all alike her bounty poured;
No starving wretch was seen, no pampered lord—
Till fraud and priestcraft, by ambition led,
Taught man his kind to hate, his blood to shed;
Then princes, subjects, masters, serfs were known,
And shuddering Freedom fled before—a THRONE!
Nations! arise, at Liberty's command!—
Th' Aurora of your freedom is at hand—
And slavery's night is o'er if you'll but bravely stand!

Where is the difference 'tween the serf and peer?
Why meanly quail ye, then, with idiot fear?
Bring front to front the oppressor and the oppressed;
Wealth cannot strength impart, nor title steel the breast.
Lay on! lay on! the death-sigh of the brave
Be ours, and not the death-bed of the slave!
Nations! arise, at Liberty's command!—
Th' Aurora of your freedom is at hand—
And slavery's night is o'er if you'll but bravely stand!

The only English account of this disastrous conspiracy is the translation of James Bronterre O'Brien, who rendered great service when boldness and historical knowledge were very important to the populace. He was one of the best-informed of the Chartist leaders. His translation and comments on Buonarroti's History are still cherished by a few surviving old Chartists. Traditions of the camp contributed to disqualify the French Liberals for seeking progress by reason. It is showier, swifter seeming, to fight out a difference than to reason men into the right. Reason is no doubt ineffective for a time with those who do not understand how to manage a weapon in the use of which they have not been drilled. Most of the peril and imprisonments in England which occurred in Chartist movements were occasioned by persons who had been in the army. They said, "What is the use of reasoning when you know you are in the right? Why waste time in trying

to convince those who know they are in the wrong?" And while their plodding comrades were holding meetings, they were planning fights in the streets—declaring an hour's drill was worth a week of speeches.

Violence and spoliation are still charged against social improvers. Judge Thomas Hughes relates in his "Memoir of a Brother" how George Hughes said to him, "You, Tom, don't want to divide other people's property?" "No." "Then why call yourselves Socialists?" Tom answered, "It is only fools who believe or say that a desire to divide other people's property is the essence of Socialism." "That may be very true," answered his shrewd brother George, "but if you are called Socialists, you will never persuade English people that this is not your object" (pp. 113, 114).

Godwin's political justice was regarded, next to the works of Paine, as a text-book of working-class politicians. Published 1793, three years before Babeuf fell, it contained no sanction of his desperate methods. It advocated equality as broadly as Babeuf did; but Godwin added these warning words: "As the equality contemplated would be the result *not of force*, but of the serious and deliberate conviction of the public at large, it would be permanent." English partisans of equality declared themselves in favour of peace, industry, economy, and reason.

Its historic policy was that of progress by persuasion. Among our social innovators have been men who have cared nothing for political freedom. Many have come among them and have encouraged it, like Napoleon III., because they thought social ideas would beguile them out of political aspirations. The majority of them, however, have been men and women steadfastly caring for political improvement—not shrinking from sacrifice or peril when it came; but they put not change upon issues of violence.

Considérant gives an interesting account of the fabrication of Gruyêre cheese in the Jura mountains: "The peasants rent a small house, consisting of a workshop and dairy, with a cellar. In the workshop they place an enormous copper, destined to receive the milk of two hundred cows. A single man suffices to make two or three cheeses of from sixty to eighty pounds weight. These cheeses are placed in a cellar to be salted and cured. Every day the quantity of milk

brought to the dairy is noted on two pieces of wood—one for the milker, the other for the manager. It is therefore known exactly how much each family contributes. They can even keep an account of the relative qualities of milk by means of an acrometer. They sell wholesale to the merchants. They deduct rent, fuel, and implements, pay the manager in proportion to the general result, and divide the rest among the families, proportionately to the value of their respective investments." It is clear that Gruyêre should be the favourite cheese of co-operators, as it is the first cheese made on their system. If Protestants of historic taste take ox-tail soup (Huguenot soup) because the Huguenots taught us to make it, co-operators ought to eat Gruyère.

St. Simon, a member of an illustrious French family, born in Paris in 1760, was one of the world-makers. He served in several campaigns under Washington, but out of the ranks he proposed no violence, nor did any, except when he came to poverty and neglect he attempted to shoot himself. He, however, survived, regained his generous enthusiasm for human improvement, and prided himself on being the apostle of Industry—a worthy species of apostle who have come rather late in the world. He took no part in the destructive movement of the French Revolution, but spent nearly all his fortune in instituting "A Grand Establishment of Industry and a School of Scientific Perfection." In 1814 he published a scheme for the "Reorganisation of Europe." In 1817 (a notable year, as will appear in amother chapter), with English social aspirants, St. Simon published his work on "Industry," upon the organisation of which he never ceased to write. "Industry," he declared, "was holy, for it serves to ameliorate the condition of the poor." His system was known by the formula—"To each according to his capacity: to each capacity according to its works"; which meant that the community would expect from each member the best he was able to do, and would reward him according to what he did. The followers of St. Simon acquired a grand way of speaking. "If Moses," they said, "had promised men universal fraternity, Jesus Christ had prepared it, St. Simon had realised it." His system attracted many noble minds in France. St. Simon himself shared the common fate of those who think for others more than for themselves,

and died poor and neglected in 1825. One disciple and two or three friends were with him when he expired, to whom his last exhortation was "Be of courage, and go forward constantly."

In 1832 St. Simonian missionaries came to London to call attention to their principles and plans. They described themselves as representing the holy religion of progress—a very good religion in its way, but it is one that never had many followers.

Charles Fourier was the next French dreamer of social worlds who attained great celebrity. He was born at Besançon, in 1772. He began his career in a way that gave no promise of the sublime schemes of passional harmony he was destined to amaze mankind with. His first literary effort was a poem on the death of a pastrycook, which astonished the professors of the college in which he was placed. He was hardly seven years old when tarts inspired his muse. Though of poetical temperament he was attached to business. His life was several times in danger during the fearful times of the Revolution. Notwithstanding that he was compelled to enter the army and serve six years, his gentle and kind disposition never changed. He believed the miseries of humanity to proceed from ignorance; and held that pain, either physical or moral, was the sign of error—pleasure the sign of truth. He issued in 1808 a statement of his views, under the title of "The Theory of the Four Movements." His ultimate work of most mark was "The New Industrial World"; but it was not until Victor Considérant became his disciple that his views began to allure cultivated minds. Fourier founded Phalansteres, and bewildered men more than St. Simon. His plans were as boundless as the visions of the "Arabian Nights"—his statement of them as dry as mathematical rigour could make them; his divisions and subdivisions were such that no Englishman could hope to master them and live. Never were such pomp and perplexity presented to working people before. If Fourier had had his way nobody would have known the earth again. If the disease of social reformers be world-making, Fourier may be said to have had it in a very violent form. We have had bad attacks of it in England, but nothing like what Frenchmen have suffered from. Fourier ends his work on the

future of man by the astounding remarks: "The duty of God is to compose a social code, and reveal it to man. . . . The duty of man is to search for the Divine code. . . . It is manifest that human reason has not fulfilled its task. This neglect has now been repaired, and the passional code discovered"[1]—by Fourier. His last work, "La Fausse Industrie," was published in 1835. In 1837 he died, after the manner of his kind, sad and dejected at the non-realisation of his grand and gracious dreams.

These generous Utopianists put new ideas into the mind of the world. They made it possible for new men to do more. The careless verdict of the unregarding public was that they had all discovered perpetual motion, but none of them could get their machines to move. Before pioneers, for their encouragement, stand the dying words of St. Simon, "Be of courage, and go forward constantly."

[1] "Social Destiny of Man."

CHAPTER IV

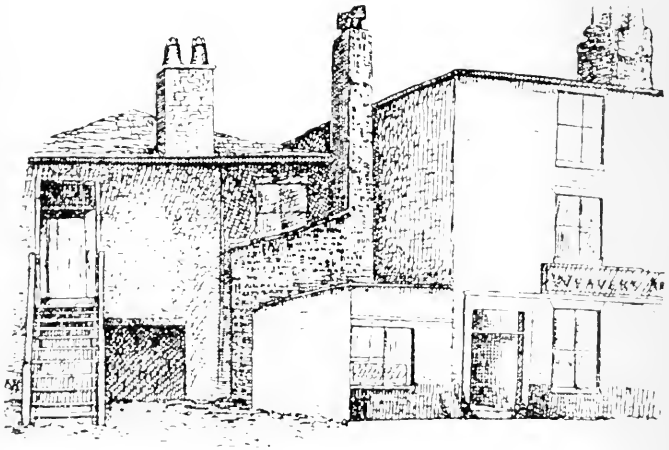
HOW CO-OPERATION ITSELF BEGAN

"All around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him."
GEORGE ELIOT, *Jubal.*

THE originator of Co-operation was Robert Owen, born so far back as 1771, a year before Fourier. Nature was in one of her adventurous moods at that period. In the four years from 1769 to 1772 there appeared Napoleon, Wellington, Goethe, Owen, and Fourier—all historic men in their line : bane and antidote, war and art, world-destroyers and world-makers. Robert Owen was born May 14, 1771, in Newtown, Montgomeryshire. He was afterwards known as Robert Owen, of New Lanark. Many will consider that he was not a proper person to be brought forward in legitimate history. But history is unceremonious. Its natural food is facts ; and when it gets them it has no choice, no scruples, and no remorse. In Mr. Owen's days few "proper persons" had the faculty of improvement in them of the kind that the world most wanted, and therefore a wilful Welshman took it into his benevolent and fertile head to do what he could. And thus it came about that Co-operation was a Welsh inspiration.

Mr. Owen was a very unusual man. By patience, industry, sagacity, and kindness he raised himself to eminence and opulence. His life illustrates how much knowledge a man of observation may acquire without books. He attained distinction by two things—the observance of truth in conduct and experience in practice. He was known from the first as a man of veracity and reflection. From being a draper's assistant he became a manager of cotton mills at Manchester. He had a large population of the working class under his direction in

THE ANTI CORN MILL, HULL.



THE SOCIALIST INSTITUTION, ROCHDALE.

Manchester, from 1791 to 1799, and a still larger number for many years afterwards at New Lanark, where, in 1810, he planned an Institution for the Formation of Character. He built commodious schoolrooms (one of them 90 feet by 40 feet) for the separate instruction from the time when as infants they were able to walk alone until they were intelligent. No school board with a town rate to aid it now would venture upon erecting premises so spacious for little children.[1] These proceedings being too far in advance for his partners, the building was suspended when the walls were half up. In 1814 he separated from these school-fearing colleagues, made arrangements for new partners, and purchased the whole establishment. Assent to his measures, for the improvement of the population and the finishing of the institution, were the conditions on which he accepted his new allies into partnership. The new institution was completed, fitted up, and furnished in the year 1815. On the first day of the following year, January, 1816, "The Institution" was formally opened, in the presence of all the villagers with their children. The assemblage exceeded two thousand in number. There were present also the principal nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, with some of the clergy of various denominations. The parents present were astonished at being called upon to send their children to school the very next day. This was the first infant school ever established. Lord Brougham—then Henry Brougham—visited it twice. It was by Mr. Owen's aid in supplying them with teachers that Mr. Brougham, Mr. James Mill, and others were able to open the first infant school set up in England, in Brewer's Green, Westminster. The first little scholars met there on the 14th of February, 1819.[2] Mr.

[1] "Owen, like Plato, laid great stress on the value of singing, dancing, and drill, as means of education, much to the horror of his Quaker partners. Like Plato, he considered ease, graceful bearing, self-possession, and politeness principal tests and objects of any system of education. Where even now could you find such a school as the New Lanark, for rich or poor, setting up these qualities as among its main and principal objects?" (Lecture on "Foreshadowings of Co-operation in Plato," by Walter Morrison, M.P., Co-operative Institute, London, 1874.)

[2] This school failed. Not satisfied with the moral training and instructive amusement, as at New Lanark, the managers sought prematurely to develop the intellectual powers. The tender brain of the infant was overexcited; more harm than good was done; and the system fell, in a measure, into disrepute, until Fröbel, in his "Kindergartens," brought back things to a more rational way (R. D. Owen: Autobiography).

Owen was incessant in translating his theories into practice. It was in these skilfully-devised and long-continued arrangements for uniting intelligence with industry, and industry with working-class competence, that Co-operation was generated. Mr. Owen acted on the principle that intelligence would prove a good investment. It did prove so, and thus it came to pass that the education of members has always been deemed a part of the co-operative scheme among those who understood it.

Though Mr. Owen earned an honourable name for benevolence he was not a man who played at philanthropy. The working people in his employ were in ignorance, viciousness, and discomfort. Their great employer's object was to show them how much could be done by mutual arrangement to improve their condition and prospects. Mr. Owen's provisions in the attractions of the schoolroom, in the appliances for teaching, and the extent and quality of what was taught, have not been excelled in the most generous state in America, and it has never yet entered into the imagination of any English minister to offer, or of any workpeople to ask for such in Great Britain. The weavers and their wives at New Lanark who witnessed this more than princely concern for their children's welfare, knew that Mr. Owen meant them well, as was manifest also in a thousand acts of thoughtfulness and respectful treatment towards them. Had Mr. Owen lived in more appreciative days he had been offered a baronetcy. However, grateful workpeople offered him what he was prouder of, their confidence and co-operation, and their will and skill were new elements of profit in the workshop. Thus the foundations of Co-operation were laid by Mr. Owen and his associated capitalists by sharing with the labourers and their families a portion of the common gain. The share falling to the employers was greater than it otherwise could have been.

Mr. Owen, in his letter to the *Times* newspaper in 1834, addressing his early friend, who had then become Lord Chancellor Brougham, said: "I believe it is known to your lordship that in every point of view no experiment was ever so successful as the one I conducted at New Lanark, although it was commenced and continued in opposition to all the oldest and strongest prejudices of mankind. For twenty-nine years we did without the necessity for magistrates or lawyers;

without a single legal punishment; without any known poors' rate; without intemperance or religious animosities. We reduced the hours of labour, well educated all the children from infancy, greatly improved the condition of the adults, diminished their daily labour, paid interest on capital, and cleared upwards of £300,000 of profit."

Lord Brougham, in reply, stated in the *Times*, what he many years afterwards repeated in the House in Lords, that Mr. Owen was the originator of infant schools in England. Lord Brougham said: "I have not the least hesitation in stating that the infant school system never would, in all probability, have been established but for Mr. Owen's Lanark schools. I most distinctly recollect Mr. Mill (Mr. James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill, was the person referred to), Sir C. Grey (afterwards Chief Justice of Calcutta), and myself discussing for some weeks what name we should give these new schools, and . . . after rejecting various names, we fixed upon that of Infant Schools. The thing as well as the name were equally unknown till then in England." Mr. Owen added, in a further letter to the *Times*, that in 1799 he purchased the New Lanark mills for £60,000, and entered upon the premises on the 15th of August of that year; that he published a very full and detailed account of the new institution, which included the infant schools, in his third essay on the "Formation of Character," and that a mutual friend of his and Lord Brougham (Mr. James Mill) corrected the press for him. It was candid in Mr. Owen to make this acknowledgment of the assistance of Mr. Mill.[1] The reader is conscious of vigour and directness of statement in those essays greater than other works of Mr. Owen's.

Owen instigated Fellenberg to commence an infant school at Hofwyl, which subsequently uniting industry with education became celebrated. The self-supporting Pauper Colonies of Holland were owing to Owen's suggestion. He originated the short-time agitation on behalf of children in factories; he assisted Fulton with money to try his inventions in steam navigation; he purchased the first bale of American Sea Island cotton imported into England, foreseeing at once the future

[1] Mr. Francis Place told me that he also was concerned in the revision of the Owen MS.

importance to the spinning trade of England of encouraging the foreign supply of raw material. The great "Utopian" (as persons call him who, following the bent of their own faculties, believe nothing which is not commonplace) "had," his son Dale Owen states, "been received respectfully, and sometimes with distinction, by those highest in position: by Lords Liverpool, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and by Mr. Canning; by the Royal Dukes of York, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and especially by the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father); by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sutton), and by the Bishops of London, St. David's, Durham, Peterborough, and Norwich. Besides Bentham, his partner, he was more or less intimate with Godwin, Ricardo, Malthus, Bowring, Francis Place, Joseph Hume, James Mill, O'Connell, Roscoe, Clarkson, Cobbett, Sir Francis Burdett, the Edgeworths, the statistician Colquhoun, Wilberforce, Macaulay (father of the historian), and Nathan Rothschild, the founder of the house. He had received as guests at his own house at Braxfield, Princes John and Maximilian of Russia, the Duke of Holstein-Oldenburg, Baron Goldsmid, Baron Just (Saxon ambassador), Cuvier, Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Stowell, father-in-law of Lord Sidmouth. When he visited Paris he took letters from the Duke of Kent to the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe), and from the French ambassador to the French minister; and he was invited to the Visitor's Chair by the French Academy. In Europe he made the acquaintance of La Place, Humboldt, La Rochefoucauld, Camille Jourdain, Pastor Oberlin, Pestalozzi, Madame de Stäel, and many other eminent persons." [1]

These illustrious intimacies show that Robert Owen carried co-operative industry into good company, for the discussion of this subject was the sole reason why eminent persons sought Mr. Owen, or he sought them.

The gains and economies of Lanark Mill had taught that the working class could, if they had sense to unite, make something by shopkeeping. One oven, Mr. Owen pointed out, might suffice to bake for one hundred families with little more cost and trouble of attendance than a single household took, and set free a hundred fires and a hundred domestic

[1] Robert Dale Owen, *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1873, pp. 735–6.

cooks. One commodious washhouse and laundry [1] would save one hundred disagreeable, screaming, steaming, toiling washing-days in common homes. It was not far to go to infer that one large well-stocked shop would, properly served, supply the wants of a thousand families, and supersede twenty smaller shops, and save to the customers all the cost of the twenty shopmen and twenty shop rents and rates, in addition to the economy in prices and advantage in quality in buying wholesale, in a degree small shops could not compass.

When Mr. Owen's plans for the reconstruction of society first dazzled the imaginations of men, hope begat belief that the day of great change was nigh. Many had a sense that society was ravel and cruelty, as far as competition went. But the formation of character was more arduous than was thought. Science has taught men that the improvement of mankind is an affair of a million influences and unknown time. None now can tell the fascination of that vision of improvement, in which progress was considered to be reduced to a simple problem of State mechanism, of which all the conditions had been discovered.

The tireless Newtown Utopian instituted a magnificent publicity of his projects. He made speeches, held meetings, published pamphlets and books, bought innumerable copies of all newspapers and periodicals which gave any account of his proceedings, and distributed them broadcast over the world. [2] The very day on which he opened his celebrated schools at New Lanark for the formation of character he dispatched to Lord Sidmouth the manuscript copy he had made of all he said, so that the Government might have the earliest and most authentic knowledge of what was going forward. Where a great co-operative society now spends pounds in diffusing a knowledge of its principles Mr. Owen spent thousands of pounds. It was this wise, costly, and generous publicity that led the public to attach value to the new social ideas. Mr. Owen may be said to have impressed mankind with them; for he travelled all over Europe and made repeated visits to

[1] These exist now. In Mr. Owen's days they were unknown and unthought of.

[2] He paid the full price for all newspapers he bought, and the price was considerable then; and he posted copies, among others, to every clergyman in the kingdom. Mr. Pare found that Mr. Owen's payments for papers amounted to £4,000 in three months.

America to personally spread the information of the new system of society. Simultaneously with his efforts in Europe he spent a fortune in America in endeavours to found communities there, but up to 1820 no periodical was started to advocate these views.

Things were so bad that few saw any hopes of amending them. The conclusion of most who thought upon the subject was that of the link-boy, who, when Pope, stumbling, cried out, "God mend me," answered, "I think, sir, God had better make a new one." Social reformers said it was better to make the stumbling world over again. In the *Economist* of that day, the first of the name, the editor, Mr. Mudie, was ready to undertake the task, and thus announced the resolution to which he had come :—

"Though far from entertaining a very exalted opinion of my own powers, yet from the mere conviction that the duty ought to be performed by some one, however humble, I have had the boldness *to take upon my shoulders the burden of examining the whole affairs and circumstances of mankind.* The ponderous load is greater than I could sustain, but that I feel a strength beyond my own. Would that I possessed the power to call around me on the instant the choicest spirits of the earth and the air,—that with a magic touch I could at once dissolve the delusions of error and of prejudice,—and, by the genii of the lamp and the ring, *transport* mankind in a moment into that new world of delights which is opening upon my enraptured sight." [1]

The British public, who walk by faith on Sundays, walk by sight only during week-days. In business they believe only according to results. Those who had resolved to make a clean sweep of existing institutions, found full employment for disciples of this thorough-going school, and a broom party of reformers was actually formed, who undertook to sweep error and cart it away.

"Social Science," now well recognised, was then an unknown term. Mr. Owen was the first public man to insist that there might be a "science of society." [2] His doctrine

[1] *Economist*, 1821.

[2] During a period of twenty years I well remember when the phrase "social science" was regarded as much an indication of "something being wrong" on the part of those who used it, as mentioning Sir C.

was that by the wise use of material means men might make society what it ought to be. In these happy and latitudinarian days anybody may improve society who can, and society is very glad when anybody gives signs of the capacity of doing it. His services are accepted, and no questions are asked. But in Robert Owen's days no one was allowed to attempt any good unless he believed in the Thirty-nine Articles,[1] and down to the year 1840 the Bishop of Exeter made things very unpleasant in the House of Lords to any persons detected doing it. Our "pastors and masters" held then the exclusive patent for improving the people, and though they made poor use of it, they took good care that nobody infringed it. Improvement, like the sale of corn, was a monopoly then, but we have free trade in humanity now, though the business done is not very great yet. The day at length came when the most ardent had to pause. The world did not subscribe, and it was left to chequeless enthusiasts to find funds to diffuse a knowledge of the new views. It was then that certain practical-minded persons advised the formation of co-operative stores, where money might be made without subscribing it, and proposed that shareholders should give their profits to a fund for propagandism.

The first journal in the interest of Co-operation was the *Economist* of 1821. It was thought in 1868 an act of temerity to take the name of *Social Economist* as a title.[2] The *Economist* was a title adopted by Mr. James Wilson, the founder of the *Economist* newspaper, who was likely to have seen Mr. Owen's publication, for there was much early knowledge of Co-operation in the house in Essex Street, where I used to see formidable files, reaching to the ceiling, of unsold *Economists*, before it became the organ of the commercial classes. The first number of the co-operative *Economist* appeared on Saturday, January 27, 1821, price threepence. It was preceded by

Lyell's doctrine of the Antiquity of Man, or Darwin's Theory of Evolution, afterwards became. We were all surprised when a National Association was formed for the promotion of "Social Science" in which prelates took part.

[1] This was as modestly put as could be expected by a prelate of that day. The Bishop of London said, "Mr. Owen's system was brought forward by an individual who declared that he was not of one of the religions hitherto taught. This alone was a sufficient reason for him to disregard it" (Hampden in the "Nineteenth Century," p. 47, 1834).

[2] *The Social Economist*, edited by the present writer and Mr. E. O. Greening.

a prospectus, as elaborate as an essay and as long as a pamphlet. The title-page of the volume declared that "*The Economist* was a periodical paper explanatory of the new system of society projected by Robert Owen, Esq., and a plan of association for the working classes." "Working people" was the better phrase Francis Place used in his addresses to them. In the very first number of this *Economist* mention was made of the formation of a "Co-operative and Economical Society," which is the earliest record I find of a name now so familiar to the public ear.

The public had been told that human affairs were henceforth to be based on some new principle. There was a general expectation that the public would soon hear of something to their advantage. At length one day in the autumn of 1821, the editor of the *Economist* broke in upon his readers in small capitals, and said to them :—

"The SECRET IS OUT : it is unrestrained CO-OPERATION, on the part of ALL the members, for EVERY purpose of social life."[1] It was a very small, eager, active, manifold thing which appeared in the name of Co-operation, then for the first time distinctively named; but during the next ten years it spread wondrously over the land.

In the middle of January, 1821, a pamphlet was published describing the Economical Society, at the Medallic Cabinet, 158, Strand, where the *Economist* itself was published. The pamphlet was signed by Robert Hunt, James Shallard, John Jones, George Hinde, Robert Dean, and Henry Hetherington. It professed to be a report of the committee appointed at a meeting of journeymen, chiefly painters, to take into consideration certain propositions, submitted to them by Mr. George Mudie, having for their object a system of social arrangement calculated to effect essential improvements in the condition of the working classes and of society at large. They took as a motto words from Milton, which were very appropriate to their purpose :—

> "Our greatness will appear
> Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
> Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
> We can create."

[1] *Economist*, August 27, 1821.

This is the first co-operative society motto I have found.

The term Co-operation was used in the sense of communism. From implying concert of life in community it came to mean concert in shopkeeping. It was a great descent from the imperial altitude of world-making to selling long-sixteen candles and retailing treacle. Doubtless, if we only knew it, the beginning of civilised society was not less absurd. There were in all probability dreamers who stood on the verge of savage life contemplating with satisfaction the future of civilisation, when men should abandon their reckless and murderous habits and master methods of thrift and peace. And when that new order began, now described as the dawn of civilisation, there must have been persons with a fine sense of contempt for those petty transactions of barter, out of which capital and commerce grew, which have finally covered the earth with palaces and raised private individuals to an opulence surpassing that of monarchs. Had there been leading articles, reviews, and political economists in those days, how these dreamers who brought about modern society would have been held up to derision and have been glad to hide their abashed heads!

Mr. Owen entertained the belief that "if the bad position of men's affairs proceed not from necessity but from errors, there is hope that when those errors are forsaken or corrected a great change for the better may ensue." "It is comparatively of little avail," Mr. Owen was accustomed to say, "to give to either young or old 'precept upon precept, and line upon line,' unless the means shall be also prepared to train them in good practical habits." These were the convictions which gave him strength and made him useful. When passing by the new Royal Exchange, London, he, looking up at it, said to a friend (Thomas Allsop) with him—"We shall have that one day. The old system must give way. It will come down of its own weight." The course of progress in this country is otherwise. Society does not come down. The originator of Co-operation never foresaw that a minor part of his views was destined to obtain a strange ascendancy. Who would have dreamed that flannel weavers, mechanics, and shoemakers of Rochdale, in 1844, were founding a movement the voice of which would pass like a cry of deliverance into

the camps of industry in many lands, and since cause shopkeepers in every town and city of the British Empire to scream with dread, cry to members of Parliament, and crowd the offices of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, praying to be rescued from the Red Sea of Co-operation, lest it should submerge their huxtering. But Co-operation is more merciful than the Egyptian waves, the Pharaohs of capital and competition will be saved, although they have brought—as co-operators contend—plagues of poverty upon the people. Co-operation, Mr. Owen no more constructed than George Stephenson did that railway system, which a thousand unforeseen exigencies have suggested and a thousand brains matured. But, as Stephenson made railway locomotion possible, so Owen set men's minds on the track of Co-operation, and time and need, faith and thought, have made it what it is.

Yours Affectionately Robert Owen

[illegible] p. 43.

CHAPTER V

THE CHARACTER OF ITS DISCOVERER

"There is a way of winning more by love than fear ;
Force works on servile nature—not the free :
He that's compelled to goodness may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit : where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit."—BEN JONSON.

THERE cannot be an adequate record of the co-operative movement without taking into account the influence of Mr. Owen's proceedings upon its fortunes. It was often involved in theological conflicts. Mr. Owen was the chief cause of this. He could not very well avoid giving battle to several kinds of adversaries, and, being a Welshman, I have no doubt he did it with good-will.

Robert Owen was the only Welshman I ever knew who did not think Wales the world, and he no sooner comprehended that there was a wider world elsewhere than he acted like one who had taken possession of it, and finding it in disorder, suggested how it might be put straight. He was the first publicist among us who looked with royal eyes upon children. He regarded grown persons as being proprietors of the world—bound to extend the rites of hospitality to all arrivals in it. He considered little children as little guests, to be welcomed with gentle courtesy and tenderness, to be offered knowledge and love, and charmed with song and flowers, so that they might be glad and proud that they had come into a world which gave them happiness, and only asked of them goodness. Duke Bernard, of Saxe-Weimar said, with admirable comprehensiveness, "Mr. Owen looked to nothing less than to renovate the world, to extirpate all evil, to banish all punishment, to create like views and like wants, and to

guard against all conflicts and hostilities." Finding pious benevolence seeking progress by prayer, which did not bring it, Mr. Owen boldly proposed to substitute for it scientific benevolence, which seeks human improvement by material methods. "Here," he said, if not in terms in theory, "is the new path of deliverance, where no thought is lost, no effort vain ; where the victory is always to the wise and the patient, and the poor who believe will no longer be betrayed." We know not now what courage it required to say this when Mr. Owen said it. Gentlemen expected to provide the poor with their religion. If they subscribed to any school this was their chief object, for very little secular learning was imparted. In Sunday schools spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic were subordinated to the Catechism. Mr. Owen gave lessons in the knowledge of the world in his schools. Both the clergy and dissenting ministers regarded with jealousy any influence not under their direction, and they made it difficult for social improvers to do anything.

To teach common people the arts of self-help, the wisdom of choosing their own opinions, and to believe only in that religion which brought them actual deliverance from dependence and want, was not a popular thing to do. Mr. Owen had the fate of Paine before him. Paine excelled all politicians in teaching principles. Ebenezer Elliott told me Paine was the greatest master of metaphor he had known. Cobbett's writings were vigorous wordiness, compared with Paine's finished thoroughness. The pen of Paine did as much as the sword of Washington to effect American independence. He was one whose writings Pitt thought it worth while to study. He was one of the founders of National Independence whom Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin consulted.

Owen, like Paine, for protesting against Theology as an obstruction to Humanity, suffered like penalty. From being the associate of the first men of his time, he had to appeal to working people to give effect to his views.

Mr. Owen was ready in public speech. Cambridge scholars, utterly prejudiced against him, were struck with the dignity of his bearing at the memorable meetings at the City or London Tavern in 1817. After a lapse of fifty-six years one of those present related that when Mr. Owen said, "all

the religions of the world were wrong," he thought him beyond the rank of common men. He seemed to this hearer to grow loftier in stature. The vast and various audience listened as men breathless. Then they broke out into tumultuous cheering at the courageous act of the speaker. Indeed, I modify the terms in which that day has been spoken of to me. Readers now would not understand the impression made; and for any purpose of persuasion it is useless to say more than will seem probable to those addressed. Mr. Owen's reputation for great wealth, the munificence of his known gifts, his personal sincerity, his high connections, the novelty of his views,—all lent elements of popular interest to what he said on subjects on which no gentleman, save he, ventured to say anything. He had made himself the first Captain of Industry. He had accomplished wonders never attempted before by any manufacturer. Statesmen from every part of Europe had been allured to New Lanark, and, for all any one knew, he might be able to demonstrate what no statesman had deemed it possible to compass.

The determination to make the formidable statement described, at that particular time, his son relates, was come to suddenly. Certain sectarian publications, seeing favourable notices in the *Times* of his proceedings at his first and second meeting in the London Tavern, began to call upon him to make a declaration of his views on religion, which up to that time he had withheld. Theological charges were made against him.[1] He had, however, maintained a proud reticence. As he enjoyed the personal respect of several eminent prelates—for the best educated are always the most tolerant—Mr. Owen could well afford to pass the lower sort by. As they were capable of doing harm, Mr. Owen, who was brave and not politic, defied them. It was the consciousness of this which helped to move the wonder and enthusiasm of the densely

[1] His son, Robert Dale, relates that he was with him during his examination by a committee of the House of Commons, when he gave evidence on the condition of the factory children, and heard Sir George Philips put questions to his father in an insolent tone as to his religious opinions. Brougham, who was also on the committee, resented this irrelevant offensiveness, and moved that the cross-examination in question be expunged from the record, and it was done. If, however, a gentleman's personal opinions could be attacked in a Parliamentary committee, the reader can imagine what took place elsewhere.

packed and excited audience, and of thousands outside trying in vain to obtain admission. "What, my friends," he began, "has hitherto retarded the advancement of your race to a high state of virtue and happiness? Who can answer that question? Who dares answer but with his life in his hand?—a ready and willing victim to the truth and to the emancipation of the world from its long bondage of error, crime, and misery. Behold that victim! On this day! in this hour! even now! shall those bonds be burst asunder, never more to reunite while the world lasts!"

This enthusiasm and pluck, moved the admiration alike of those who approved, and those who dissented, from this dangerous and impolitic speech. The consequences soon came home to him. He had friends too powerful for his life to be in danger; but those who could save his life could not save his influence. And in after years, at public meetings in the provinces, his life was often in jeopardy, and he was only saved by the intrepidity of working men, who protected him. The *Times* soon wheeled into line against him—the Conservative and influential classes deserted him. Only the Duke of Kent and Lord Brougham stood by him to the end.[1]

From being a social reformer he had commenced to be a religious reformer. An ominous meeting in the Rotunda of Dublin in 1823 was fatal to his new world. Society set its face against him, and the people were too poor to carry his ideas out. The father of Queen Victoria stood true. He said at one of Mr. Owen's meetings, two years after he had denounced all religions, "If I understand Mr. Owen's principles, they lead him not to interfere to the injury of any sect; but he claims for himself that which he is so desirous to obtain for his fellow-creatures—'religious liberty and freedom of conscience'; and these he contends for because his experience compels him to conclude that these principles are now necessary to secure the well-being and good order of society." This is excellently put, and is really what Mr. Owen meant. Being always a Theist, he was logically in error in denouncing "all religions." His province was to maintain, as the Duke of Kent puts it, "religious liberty and freedom of conscience."

[1] *Vide* Autobiography of Robert Dale Owen.

In those alarmed days, when politicians and capitalists were as terrified as shopkeepers at Co-operation, Mr. Owen countenanced the discussion of a new question, which has strangely passed out of the sight of history. Mr. James Mill had written in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as Malthus had done before, that it was both desirable and profitable to limit the families of the poor. Mill despised working people who crowded the labour market with their offspring, and then complained of the lowness of wages and the want in their homes. Certainly a man or woman supplicating a relieving officer, treated as a burden on the parish, and advised to emigrate, as the needy shopkeeper assessed for poor-rates is, compelled to begrudge the flesh on their bones—is a humiliating business, so shocking and deplorable that those who come to it had better never have been born. Any legitimate remedy which the wit of man could devise having this object would seem purity and dignity by the side of this degradation. Community-makers soon found that the inmates would come to certain ruin if the houses were overrun with children, and they listened to the Malthus and Mill warning. Mr. Owen, who always gave heed to the philosophers, took steps to give effect to their advice. No man had a better right than he to invent the maxim he was fond of using—"Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." He was not able to obtain truth free from error; but he was, beyond question, free from the fear of man.

This question concerned none save the poor, and he boldly counselled them against supplying offspring to be ground up alive in the mill of capital; or be cast aside when the labour market was glutted to fall into the hands of the constable or the parish overseer. The subject was regarded by the public then as the question of cremation was, which could never be mentioned in any periodical with tolerance. Cremation, to the surprise of everybody now—a question supposed to be innured with the ashes of Shelley—has become popular.

No notice of this curious episode in Mr. Owen's life occurs in the biographies of him which have appeared since his death. Mr. Sargant has brought together a variety of facts which it must have taken considerable research and cost to accumulate. Though Mr. Sargant's views are antagonistic, he never

calumniates, although he often fails to judge accurately; but as he is never dull, never indecisive, and often right in the opinion he forms, he is an instructive writer to those who incline to the side of the innovators.

Mr. Dale Owen might have given the world an incomparable life of his father, such as otherwise we are not likely to see. He had opportunities which no man, save he, possessed. For a period of half a century almost every man in Europe and America engaged in any forlorn hope of progress had communications at one time or the other with Mr. Robert Owen. Robert Dale published a work casting limited light on his father's career. His "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World" reads as though it were written by a man who had left this. He has apparently given us from scant notes twenty-seven years of autobiography in "Threading my Way," which, however, serves to show how curious and valuable a history of his father it would be in his power to write.

That I take to be the manliest reverence which praises within the limits of truth. The flatterer is either a knave who intends to impose upon you, or a patron who intends to befool you, or a coward who applauds because he has not the courage to condemn you, or a weak-eyed man who can only see one thing at a time. Those are wise who avoid the men who by wholesale praise hide from a man what he should be and keep him what he is. Prefer the man who blows hot and cold to him who blows all hot, because it is better to be invigorated than to be stifled. Believing so, I speak frankly as well as affectionately of Mr. Owen.

It is no part of my object to represent him other than he was. Though he was an amiable, he was, doubtless, at times a somewhat tiresome reformer. When he called a meeting together, those who attended never knew when they would separate. He was endowed with great natural capacity for understanding public affairs, and was accustomed to give practical and notable opinions upon questions quite apart from his own doctrines. His society was sought as that of a man who had the key of many State difficulties. Those know little of him who suppose that he owed his distinction to his riches. A man must be wise as well as wealthy to achieve the illustrious friendships which marked his career. He had

personally an air of natural nobility about him. He had, as the *Daily News* said, "an instinct to rule and command." In youth and middle age he must have been an actor on the political stage of no mean mark. He always spoke as "one having authority." He had a voice of great compass, thorough self-possession, and becoming action. Like many other men, he spoke much better than he wrote. When he was but twenty years of age he applied to Mr. Drinkwater for a responsible position. He was told "he was so young." "Yes," answered Mr. Owen, "that used to be said of me several years ago, but I did not expect to have it brought against me now." His boldness never deserted him. On one occasion William Johnson Fox, the famous preacher and anti-Corn Law orator, delivered a discourse in South Place Chapel on Mr. Owen's co-operative system. Some of his remarks being founded on a manifest misconception of it, Mr. Owen, who was present, rose before the final hymn was given out, and addressed the congregation in a speech of great dignity and propriety, and corrected the error of the orator. Though the proceeding was most unusual, and would only have been permitted in a place of worship where freedom of conscience was not only maintained but conceded, Mr. Owen acquitted himself so well that no one felt any sense of unseemliness in what he did.[1]

Mr. Owen was an apostle, not a rhetorician. He never looked all round his statements (as Mr. Cobden did) to see where the ignorant might misconstrue them, or the enemy could come up and pervert them. He said "man was the creature of circumstances" for thirty years before he added the important words, "acting previous to and after his birth." He had the fatal ideas of the New Testament that equality was to be attained by granting to a community "all things in common" at the commencement. Whereas equality is the result, not the beginning. You must start with inequality and authority, steering steadily towards self-government and the accumulation of the common gains, until independence is secured to all. Mr. Owen looked upon men through the spectacles of his own good-nature. He seldom took Lord

[1] Mr. David Dale, who was a shrewd, discerning man, once said to Mr. Owen, "Thou needest to be very right, Robert, for thou art very positive."

Brougham's advice "to pick his men." He never acted on the maxim that the working class are as jealous of each other as the upper classes are of them. The resolution he displayed as a manufacturer he was wanting in as a founder of communities. Recognising his capacity as a manufacturer, even Allen, his eminent Quaker partner, wrote to him, "Robert Owen, thou makest a bargain in a masterly manner!" Sir John, then Dr. Bowring, said that the only time Jeremy Bentham ever made money was when he was a partner of Mr. Owen. No leader ever took so little care as Mr. Owen in guarding his own reputation. He scarcely protested when others attached his name to schemes which were not his. The failure of Queenwood was not chargeable to him. When his advice was not followed he would say: "Well, gentlemen, I tell you what you ought to do. You differ from me. Carry out your own plans. Experience will show you who is right." When the affair went wrong then it was ascribed to him. Whatever failed under his name the public inferred failed *through him*. Mr. Owen was a general who never provided himself with a rear guard. While he was fighting in the front ranks priests might come up and cut off his commissariat. His own troops fell into pits against which he had warned them. Yet he would write his next dispatch without it occurring to him to mention his own defeat, and he would return to his camp without missing his army. Yet society is not so well served that it need hesitate to forgive the omissions of its generous friends. To Mr. Owen will be accorded the distinction of being a philosopher who devoted himself to founding a Science of Social Improvement—a philanthropist who gave his fortune to advance it. Association, which was but casual before his day, he converted into a policy and taught it as an art. He substituted Co-operation for coercion in the conduct of industry—the willing co-operation of intelligence certain of its own reward, for sullen labour enforced by the necessity of subsistence, seldom to be relied on and never satisfied.

Southey, who was a competent judge of public men in his day, said: "I would class Owen in a triad as one of the three men who have in this generation given an impulse to the moral world, Clarkson and Dr. Bell are the other two.

They have seen the firstfruits of their harvest; so, I think, would Owen ere this, if he had not alarmed the better part of the nation by proclaiming opinions upon the most momentous of all subjects. Yet I admire the man; and readily admit that his charity is a better plank than the faith of an intolerant and bitter-minded bigot, who, as Warburton says, 'counter-works his Creator, makes God after man's image, and chooses the worst model he can find—himself.'" Mr. Owen had an accessible manner and a friendly face. There was a charm that those who approached him always found in his mind. Great or low, each felt assured, as the poet puts it—

"There can live no *hatred* in thine eye."

The impression that Mr. Owen made upon workmen of his time is best described by one who won for himself a distinguished name as a working-class poet—Ebenezer Elliott. In an address to him, sent by trade-unionists of Sheffield in 1834, Elliott says: "You came among us as a rich man among the poor and did not call us a rabble. This is a phenomenon new to us. There was no sneer on your lips, no covert scorn in your tone." That this distinction struck Elliott shows us how working men were then treated. It was in reply to this address that Mr. Owen made a remark which is an axiom in the best political Liberalism of these days. He said "Injustice is a great mistake." He saw that it was not merely wrong, wicked, malevolent, hateful; he believed that injustice did not answer in business—in fact, that it did not pay. This is becoming understood now. Here and there we may hear a wise employer say: "I cannot afford to pay my men badly." There are co-operative productive societies which have not quite learned this yet. Indeed, it has taken a long time for employers to see that the workman, like the inanimate tools he uses, can only be efficient when made of good material, is of good temper, and kept in good condition.

A society in Sheffield, which has never been a sentimental place, bore the sentimental name of the "Sheffield Regeneration Society." Mr. Owen was in favour of a rule of eight hours' labour; he being a very early advocate of what is now thought impossible. The Sheffield society did not believe that the world could be regenerated in eight hours, and addressed

Mr. Owen for an explanation. The document was written by Ebenezer Elliott, and was a good specimen of his prose style. It had this passage: "Dr. Chalmers, though he bids us die unmarried, does not really wish that the noble race of Watt and Burns, Locke and Milton, should become extinct. . . . William Cobbett, almost a great man, and once our only champion [a phrase he afterwards used in his famous epitaph on Cobbett[1]], seems to be mystifying himself and trying to mystify others on the all-important subject; but we do not call him either rogue or fool." Elliott ended by saying that the appropriate epitaph for the great communist's tomb—when he arrived at one—would be :—

"In the land of castes Owen was a Man."

When Mr. Owen first proposed to his partners to institute educational arrangements at their works he admitted that there might be loss. Bentham, Allen, and other or his partners resolved to run the risk, which in the end led to great fame and profit. When the partners who opposed the outlay retired the Lanark Mills were brought to the hammer. They depreciated the property, spreading about reports that Mr. Owen had ruined it, and that the business was not worth £40,000. They intended buying it themselves. But the philanthropist had an eye to business, and sent his solicitor to bid against them. The discontented partners bid in person, and actually bid themselves upwards of £110,000 for property they had declared worth £40,000 only. Mr. Owen bought it for £114,000. They knew that it was worth greatly more, and regretted all their days their folly and their loss. They had prematurely invited a large party of friends to a congratulation banquet on the day of the sale, and they had to play the part of hosts without appetite or exhilaration to guests unable to console them. When the news reached the Lanark workmen that Mr. Owen was to be their future

[1] The reader may see that Elliott, when he came to write his epitaph on Cobbett, must have recurred to this address. It was this :—

"Our friend, when other friend we'd none ;
Our champion, when we had but one ;
Cursed by all knaves, beneath this sod
Bill Cobbett lies—a *Man* by God."

master the place was illuminated. When Mr. Owen and his new partners went down the workpeople and inhabitants for miles round went out to greet them with music. The horses were ungeared and, amid the acclamations of thousands, they were drawn in triumph into the town. Mr. Owen's Quaker partners with him were astounded. Never before were followers of George Fox sharers in such a demonstration. And few have been the employers who have been welcomed back by their workpeople as Mr. Owen was. These facts have had great influence in making employers genial and considerate to persons in their mills, though none have equalled the great founder of the system. These facts are worth remembering by the new co-operative companies continually forming, animated by the common notion that niggardliness is economy and that shabbiness can bring satisfaction.

Wesleyanism dotted the country with prayer-meetings—Chartism covered it with conspiring groups of worldly-awakened men—Socialism sought to teach industry power, property its duty, and the working people how to struggle for their improvement without anger or impatience. It was Mr. Owen who was conspicuous in teaching them the golden lesson of peace and progress. His heart was with that religion which, though weak in creeds and collects, rendered humanity service. No affluence corrupted him. When he saw gentlemen of his acquaintance adding thousands to thousands and acre to acre, and giving themselves up to the pride of family, of title, of position, he himself plotted for the welfare of mechanics and labourers. He found no satisfaction in the splendour of courts so long as the hovel stood in sight. He felt as Mr. Bright did who had a mightier power of expressing the great aims which raise the stature of mankind, who said: "I do not care for military greatness or renown: I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. . . . Crown, coronet, mitres, military displays, pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire are in my view all trifles light as air, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people."

CHAPTER VI

HIS APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

"There are some very earnest and benevolent persons who have nevertheless a hollow jingle in their goodness. They mistake their own indifference for impartiality, and call upon men to renounce for philanthropic purposes convictions which are as sincere, as salutary, and often more important to public freedom than philanthropy itself." —G. J. H.

It was the year 1825 which saw co-operative views—which since 1812 had been addressed by Mr. Owen to the upper classes—first taken up by the working class. In 1817, as the reader has already seen, he declared "all the religions of the world to be founded in error"; he alarmed the bishops and clergy, many of whom were in sympathy with his views, and had themselves intermittent compassion for the working class. For twenty-three years their wrath endured. In 1840 Mr. William Pare, one of the earliest and ablest of Mr. Owen's disciples, was compelled to resign the office he held of Registrar of births, deaths, and marriages in Birmingham, in consequence of its being made known to the Bishop of Exeter that Mr. Pare sympathised with Mr. Owen's views.

Many of Mr. Owen's difficulties with theologians arose through their not understanding him, and through Mr. Owen not understanding that they did not understand him. His followers were fond of quoting the lines:—

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

It is not at all clear that a man has a fair chance of getting

his life right while his creed is wrong. With all men creed has a great deal to do with conduct. Pope's lines are the doctrine of a latitudinarian without a conscience. But the argument of Pope imposed on Mr. Owen, as it has done on other excellent men. Mr. Owen was not himself indifferent to conviction. His own conviction about the religion of humanity was so strong that he paid no heed to any opinions which contradicted it. An innovator may point out the errors and mischiefs of a popular faith; but he can never command respect from adversaries unless he makes himself master of their case and does justice to the equal honesty of those sincerely opposed to him. Meaning nothing offensive by it, Owen often displayed the common insolence of philosophers—the insolence of pity. It is irritating and uninstructive to earnest men to be looked down upon with compassion on account of convictions acquired with anxiety and many sacrifices.

"It is not our object," at other times Owen used to say, "to attack that which is false, but to make clear that which is true. Explaining that which is true convinces the judgment when the mind possesses full and deliberate powers of judging." The creed of Co-operation was that the people should mean well, work well, secure to themselves the results of their labour, and neither beg, nor borrow, nor steal, nor annoy. Owen inconsistently denied men's responsibility for their belief, and then said the new system did not contravene religion. As religion was then understood it did.

In 1837 Mr. Owen, in his discussion with the Rev. J. H. Roebuck, at Manchester, said "he was compelled to believe that all the religions of the world were so many geographical insanities." It was foolishness in followers to represent, as did John Finch and Minter Morgan, that their views were those of "true Christianity." Their business was simply to contend that their views were morally true, and relevant to the needs of the day, and rest there. Neither to attack Christianity nor weakly attempt to reconcile social views to it would have been a self-defensive and self-respecting policy.

Mr. Owen's theory of the motives of conduct was one which could only commend itself to persons of considerable independence of thought—who were then a small minority.

To incite men to action he relied on four considerations, namely, that what he proposed was :—

1. True; 2. Right; 3. Humane; 4. Useful.

It was understood very early[1] that Co-operation was proposed as a system of universal industry, equality of privileges, and the equal distribution of the new wealth created. This was an alarming programme to most persons, except the poor. Many did not like the prospects of "universal industry." The "distribution of wealth" in any sense did not at all meet the views of others, and "equality of privilege" was less valued.

Mr. Owen determined upon committing his schemes to the hands of the people, for whom he always cared, and sought to serve. Yet, politically, he was not well fitted to succeed with them. Cobden said Lord Palmerston had no prejudices—not even in favour of the truth. Mr. Owen had no political principles—not even in favour of liberty. His doctrine was that of the poet :—

> "For modes of government let fools contest,
> That which is best administered is best"

—a doctrine which has no other ideal than that of a benevolent despotism, and has no regard for the individual life and self-government of the people. Mr. Owen was no conscious agent of the adversaries of political rights. He simply did not think rights of any great consequence one way or the other. There never was any question among Liberal politicians as to the personal sincerity of Mr. Owen. Jeremy Bentham, James Mill, Francis Place were his personal friends, who were both social and political reformers, and valued Mr. Owen greatly in his own department, which was social alone.[2]

The French social reformers, from Fourier to Comte, have held the same treacherous tone with regard to political freedom. Albert Brisbane, who published the "Social Destiny of Man,"

[1] *Co-operative Miscellany*, No. 2, 1830.

[2] In his account of the Shakers in the *Economist* of June 2, 1821, Mr. Mudie said, "They never meddle with public affairs—not even voting at an election," and described as "a few singularities" this base abandonment of the country to whomsoever might bestride it—to patriots who might care for it, or knaves who might despoil it of honour or freedom, while the unheeding Shakers took care of their petty conscience and comfort.

himself a determined Fourierite, announced on his title-page, "Our evils are social not political"—giving a clean bill of health to all the knaves who by political machination diverted or appropriated the resources of the people. "Our most enlightened men," he contemptuously wrote, "are seeking in paltry political measures and administrative reforms for means of doing away with social misery." Tamisier more wisely wrote when he said, "Political order has alone been the object of study, while the industrial order has been neglected." Because social life had been neglected for politics, it did not follow that political life was to be neglected for social. This was merely reaction, not sense.

Another dangerous distich then popular with social reformers was the well-known lines Tory Dr. Johnson put into a poem of Goldsmith :—

> "How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

Goldsmith knew nothing of political science. The cultivated, generous-hearted, sentimental piper was great in his way. He foresaw not England made lean and hungry by corn laws; or Ireland depopulated by iniquitous laws; or France enervated and cast into the dust by despotism; but social reformers of Mr. Owen's day had means of knowing better. It was not their ignorance so much as their ardour that misled them. The inspiration of a new and neglected subject was upon them, and they thought it destined to absorb and supersede every other. The error cost them the confidence of the best men of thought and action around them for many years.

Mr. Owen's own account of the way in which he sought to enlist the sympathies of the Tories of his time with his schemes is instructive. They were, as despotic rulers always are, ready to occupy the people with social ideas, in the hope that they will leave political affairs to them. How little the Conservatives were likely to give effect to views of sound education for the people, irrespective of religious or political opinion, we of to-day know very well.

"I have," says Mr. Owen, "attempted two decisive measures for the general improvement of the population.

The one was a good and liberal education for all the poor, without exception on account of their religious or political principles; to be conducted under a board of sixteen commissioners, to be chosen by Parliament, eight to be of the Church of England and the remainder from the other sects, in proportion to their numbers, the education to be useful and liberal. This measure was supported, and greatly desired, by the members of Lord Liverpool's administration; and considerable progress was made in the preliminary measures previous to its being brought into Parliament. It was very generally supported by leading members of the aristocracy. It was opposed, however, and, after some deliberation, stopped in its progress by Dr. Randolph, Bishop of London, and by Mr. Whitbread. But the Archbishop of Canterbury, and several other dignitaries of the Church, were favourable to it. The declared opposition, however, of the Bishop of London and of Mr. Whitbread, who it was expected would prevail upon his party to oppose the measure, induced Lord Liverpool and his friends—who, I believe, sincerely wished to give the people a useful and liberal education—to defer the subject to a more favourable opportunity.

"The next measure was to promote the amelioration of the condition of the productive classes by the adoption of superior arrangements to instruct and employ them. I had several interviews with Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, and other members of the Government, to explain to them the outlines of the practical measures which I proposed. They referred the examination of the more detailed measures to Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and I had many interviews and communications with him upon these subjects.

"I became satisfied that if they had possessed sufficient power over public opinion they would have adopted measures to prevent the population from experiencing poverty and misery; but they were opposed by the then powerful party of the political economists.

"The principles which I have long advocated were submitted for their consideration, and at their request they were at first printed but not published. They were sent, by the permission of the Government, to all the Governments of

Europe and America; and upon examination by statesmen and learned men of the Continent were found to contain no evil, but simple facts and legitimate deductions. In one of my last interviews with Lord Sidmouth, he said: 'Mr. Owen, I am authorised by the Government to state to you that we admit the principles you advocate to be true, and that if they were fairly applied to practice they would be most beneficial; but we find the public do not yet understand them, and they are therefore not prepared to act upon them. When public opinion shall be sufficiently enlightened to comprehend and to act upon them we shall be ready and willing to acknowledge their truth and to act in conformity with them. We know we are acting upon erroneous principles; but we are compelled to do so from the force of public opinion, which is so strongly in favour of old-established political institutions.' To a statement so candid I could only reply, 'Then it becomes my duty to endeavour to enlighten the people and to create a new public opinion.'"[1] If Lord Sidmouth believed what he said, in the sense in which Mr. Owen understood him, he dexterously concealed, in all his public acts and speeches, his convictions from the world.

It was happily no easy thing even for Mr. Owen to win the confidence of the working-class politicians. They honourably refused to barter freedom for comfort, much as they needed an increase of physical benefits. We had lately a curiously-devised Social and Conservative Confederation, the work of Mr. Scott-Russell, in which the great leaders of the party always opposed to political amelioration were to lead the working class to the attainment of great social advantages, and put them "out in the open," as Sir John Packington said, in some wonderful way. Several well-known working-class leaders, some of whom did not understand what political conviction implied, and others who believed they could accept this advance without political compromise, entered into it. There were others, as Robert Applegarth, who felt that it was futile to put their trust in political adversaries to carry out their social schemes and then vote against them at elections, and so deprive their chosen friends of the power of serving them. Twelve

[1] *British Co-operator*, p. 154.

names of noblemen, the chief Conservatives in office, were given as ready to act as the leaders of the new party. Mr. Robert Applegarth caused the names to be published, when every one of them wrote to the papers, denying any authority for connecting them with the project.

Mr. Owen's early followers were looked upon with distrust by the Radical party, although he numbered among his active disciples invincible adherents of that school; but they saw in Mr. Owen's views a means of realising social benefits in which they, though Radicals, were also interested. Mr. Owen looked on Radicals and Conservatives alike as instruments of realising his views. He appealed to both parties in Parliament with the same confidence to place their names upon his committee. He went one day with Mrs. Fry to see the prisoners in Newgate. The boys were mustered at Mrs. Fry's request for his inspection. Mr. Owen published in the newspapers what he thought of the sight he beheld. He exclaimed: "A collection of boys and youths, with scarcely the appearance of human beings in their countenances; the most evident sign that the Government to which they belong had not performed any part of its duty towards them. For instance: there was one boy, only sixteen years of age, double ironed! Here a great crime had been committed and a severe punishment is inflicted, which under a system of proper training and prevention would not have taken place. My Lord Sidmouth will forgive me, for he knows I intend no personal offence. His dispositions are known to be mild and amiable[1]; but the chief civil magistrate of the country, in such case, is far more guilty than the boy; and in strict justice, if a system of coercion and punishment be rational and necessary, he ought rather to have been double ironed and in the place of the juvenile prisoner."

When Mr. Owen applied personally to Lord Liverpool, then Prime Minister, for permission to place his name with the leading names of members of the Opposition, to investigate his communistic plans, Lord Liverpool answered: "Mr. Owen, you have liberty to do so. You may make use of our names in any way you choose for the objects you have in view, short of committing us as an administration." The

[1] Had this been true, his name would not have been hateful to this day.

next day Mr. Owen held a public meeting. "I proposed," Mr. Owen has related, "that these important subjects should be submitted for consideration to the leading members of the administration and of the Opposition; and for several hours it was the evident wish of three-fourths of the meeting that this question should be carried in the affirmative. But as it was supposed by the Radical reformers of that day that I was acting for and with the ministry, they collected all their strength to oppose my measures; and finding they were greatly in the minority, they determined to prolong the meeting by opposing speeches, until the patience of the friends of the measure should be worn out. Accordingly, the late Major Cartwright, Mr. Alderman Waithman, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hone, and others, spoke against time, until the principal parties retired, and until my misguided opponents could bring up their numerous supporters among the working classes, who were expected to arrive after they had finished their daily occupations; and at a late hour in the day the room became occupied by many of the friends and supporters of those gentlemen, who well knew how to obtain their object at public meetings by throwing it into confusion."[1] The wonderful committee Mr. Owen proposed comprised all the chief public men of the day, who never had acted together on any question, and unless the millennium had really arrived—of which there was no evidence before the meeting—it was not likely that they would. This was the resolution submitted to the meeting: "That the following noblemen and gentlemen be appointed on the committee, with power to add to their number:—

The First Lord of the Treasury.
The Lord Chancellor.
Sir Robert Peel, the Secretary of State.
Sir George Murray.
Sir Henry Hardinge.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.
The Attorney and Solicitor General.
The Master of the Mint.
The Secretary of War.
The President of the Board of Trade.
The First Lord of the Admiralty.
The Duke of Sussex.
The Duke of Richmond.
The Earl of Winchelsea.
The Earl of Harewood.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lords Grosvenor and Holland.
Lord Eldon.
Lord Sidmouth.
Lord Radnor.
Lord Carnarvon.
The Archbishops of Canterbury and York.
The Bishops of London and Peterborough.

[1] *British Co-operator*, p. 152.

Deans of Westminster and York.
Cardinal Wild and Dr. Croly.
William Allen and Joseph Foster.
Mr. Rothschild and Mr. J. L. Goldsmid.
Lord Althorp.
Mr. Brougham.
Sir J. Graham.
Sir Henry Parnell.
Mr. Spring Rice.
Lord John Russell.
Sir John Newport.
Sir James Mackintosh.
Mr. Denman.
Mr. Alexander Baring.
Mr. Hume.
Mr. O'Connell.
Mr. Charles Grant.
Mr. Wilmot Horton.
Mr. Huskisson.
Lord Palmerston.
Mr. J. Smith.
Lord Nugent.
The Hon. G. Stanley.
Lord Milton.
Sir R. Inglish.
Sir Francis Burdett.
Mr. William Smith.
Mr. Warburton.
Mr. Hobhouse.
Dr. Birkbeck.
Mr. Owen."

There was this merit belonging to the proposal, that such an amazing committee was never thought possible by any other human being than Mr. Owen. Ministers were to forsake the Cabinet Councils, prelates the Church, judges the courts; the business of army, navy, and Parliament was to be suspended, while men who did not know each other, and who not only had no principles in common, but did not want to have, sat down with heretics, revolutionists, and Quakers, to confer as to the adoption of a system by which they were all to be superseded. It was quite needless in Major Cartwright and Alderman Waithman to oppose the mad motion, such a committee would never have met.

Mr. Owen was never diverted, but went on with his appeal to the people. He had the distinction of being the gentleman of his time who had earned great wealth by his own industry, and yet spent it without stint in the service of the public. It is amusing to see the reverence with which the sons of equality regarded him because he was rich. His name was printed in publications with all the distinction of italics and capitals as the *Great Philanthropist* OWEN; and there are disciples of his who long regarded the greatness of Co-operation as a tame, timid, and lingering introduction to the system of the great master whom they still cite as a sort of sacred name. It was a very subdued way of speaking of him to find him described as the "Benevolent Founder of our Social Views."

Long years after he had "retired from public life" his activity far exceeded that of most people who were in it, as a few dates of Mr. Owen's movements will show. On

July 10, 1838, he left London for Wisbech. On the three next nights he lectured in Lynn, the two following nights in Peterborough. On the next night at Wisbech again. The next night he was again in Peterborough, where, after a late discussion, he left at midnight with Mr. James Hill, the editor of the *Star in the East*, in an open carriage, which did not arrive at Wisbeach till half-past two. He was up before five o'clock the same morning, left before six for Lynn, to catch the coach for Norwich at eight. After seeing deputations from Yarmouth he lectured in St. Andrew's Hall at night and the following night, and lectured five nights more in succession at March, Wisbech, and Boston. It was his activity and his ready expenditure which gave ascendancy to the social agitation, both in England and America, from 1820 to 1844.

Robert Owen died in his 88th year, on the 17th of November, 1858, at Newtown, Montgomeryshire—the place of his birth. His wish was to die in the house and in the bedroom in which he was born. But Mr. David Thomas, the occupant of the house, was unable so to arrange. Mr. Owen went to the Bear's Head Hotel, quite near, and since rebuilt. He was buried in the grave of his father in the spacious ground of the Church of St. Mary. Mr. David Thomas and Mr. James Digby walked at the head of the bearers. The mourners were :—

Mr. George Owen Davies.
Mr. William Cox.
Mr. W. H. Ashurst.
Mr. Edward Truelove.
Mr. Francis Pears.
Mr. William Jones.
Mr. George Goodwin.
Mr. Robert Dale Owen.
Mr. William Pare.
Col. H. Clinton.
Mr. G. J. Holyoake.
Mr. Robert Cooper.
Mr. Law.
Mr. Pryce Jones.

There was quite an honouring procession—the Rev. John Edwards, M.A., who read the burial service, medical gentlemen, magistrates, Mr. Owen's literary executors, deputations of three local societies, and, very appropriately, twelve infant school children—seeing that Mr. Owen was the founder of infant schools.

After the funeral, Mr. Robert Dale Owen came into the hall of the "Bear's Head" with a parting gift to me of the Life

of his father, in which he had inscribed his name and mine. While paying my account at the office window, I placed them on a table near me, but on turning to enter the London coach with other visitors I found the books were gone. Though I at once made known my loss, nothing more was heard of them until forty-four years later, July 24, 1902,[1] when a large delegation of co-operators from England and Scotland assembled to witness the unveiling of the handsome screen erected by them, to surround the tomb of Mr. Owen, on which occasion I delivered the following address :—

We come *not* "to bury Cæsar"—but to praise him. It is now recorded in historic pages that "Robert Owen was the most conspicuous figure in the early part of the last century."[2] We are here at the commencement of another century to make the *first* commemoration that national gratitude has accorded him.

Being the last of the "Social Missionaries" appointed in 1841 to advocate Mr. Owen's famous "New Views of Society," and being the only survivor of his disciples who, forty-four years ago, laid his honoured bones in the grave before us, the distinction has been accorded to me of unveiling this Memorial. As the contemporaries of a public man are the best witnesses of his influence, or his eminence, we may recall that Southey described him as "one of the three great moral forces" of his day. There is a rarity in that praise, for there are still a hundred men of force to one of "moral" force.

Do we meet here to crown the career of a man unremarkable in the kingdom of thought, or without the genius of success? It is for us to answer these questions. It is said by parrot-minded critics that Owen was "a man of *one* idea," whereas he was a man of more ideas than any public man England knew in his day. He shared and befriended every new conception of moment and promise, in science, in education, and government. His mind was hospitable to all projects

[1] The mistress of a shop in Newtown where pledges were taken in, hearing my name among the arrivals, and remembering she had seen it on the title-page of a book in her possession, kindly sent me word that she would have pleasure in restoring it to me, which she did.

[2] "Robert Owen," by Leslie Stephen, *Nat. Dict. Biog.*

THE OWEN MEMORIAL AT NEWTOWN.

Unveiled by Mr. Holyoake, July 12th, 1902.

[*To face p.* 64.

of progress ; and he himself contributed more original ideas for the conduct of public affairs than any other thinker of his generation. It was not the opulence of his philanthropy, but the versatility of his ideas and interests, which led members of our Royal Family to preside at public meetings for him, brought monarchs to his table, and gave him the friendship of statesmen, of men of science and philosophy, throughout Europe and America. No other man ever knew so many contemporaries of renown.

Because some of his projects were so far reaching that they required a century to mature them, onlookers who expected them to be perfected at once, say he "failed in whatever he proposed." While the truth is he succeeded in more things than any other man ever undertook. If he made more promises than he fulfilled, he fulfilled more than any other public man ever made. Thus, he was not a man of "one idea" but of many. Nor did his projects fail. The only social community for which he was responsible was that of New Harmony, in Indiana ; which broke up through his too great trust in uneducated humanity—a fault which only the generous commit. The communities of Motherwell and Orbiston, of Manea, Fen, and Queenwood in Hampshire were all undertaken without his authority, and despite his warning of the inadequacy of the means for success. They failed, as he predicted they would. Critics, skilled in coming to conclusions without knowing the facts, impute these failures to him.

The Labour Exchange was not Mr. Owen's idea, but he adopted it, and by doing so made it so successful that it was killed by the cupidity of those who coveted its profits. He maintained—when nobody believed it—that employers who did most for the welfare of their workpeople, would be the greatest gainers. Owen did so, and made a fortune by it. Was not that success ?

A co-operative store was a mere detail of his factory management. Now they overrun the world. Have they not succeeded ? We Co-operators can answer for that.

He bought and worked up the first bale of cotton imported into England, thus practically founding the foreign cotton trade. Will any one say that has not answered ?

He was the first to advocate that eight hours a day in the

workshop was best for industrial efficiency. The best employers in the land are now of that opinion. He did not fail there.

Who can tell the horrors of industry which children suffered in factories at the beginning of the last century? Were not the Factory Acts acts of mercy? The country owed them to Robert Owen's inspiration. They saved the whole race of workers from physical deterioration. Were these Acts failures? Millions of children have passed through factories since Owen's day, who, if they knew it (and their parents, too) have reason to bless his name.

He was the first who looked with practical intent into the kingdom of the unborn. He saw that posterity—the silent but inevitable master of us all—if left untrained may efface the triumphs, or dishonour, or destroy the great traditions of our race. He put infant schools into the mind of the world. Have they been failures?

He, when it seemed impossible to any one else, proposed national education for which now all the sects contend. Has that proposal been a failure? In 1871, when the centenary of Owen's birth came round, we asked Prof. Huxley to take the chair. He wrote, in the midst of the struggle for the School Board Bill, saying: "It is my duty to take part in the attempt which the country is now making, to carry into effect some of Robert Owen's most ardently-cherished schemes. I think that every one who is compelled to look closely into the problem of popular education must be led to Owen's conclusions that the infants' school is, so to speak, the key of the position. Robert Owen," Huxley says, "discerned this great fact, and had the courage and patience to work out his theory into a practical reality. That" (Huxley declares) "is his claim—if he had no other—to the enduring gratitude of the people."

Huxley knew that Owen was not a sentimental, speculative, or barren reformer. He was for submitting every plan to experiment before advising it. He carried no dagger in his mouth, as many reformers have done. He cared for no cause that reason could not win. There never was a more cautious innovator, a more practical dreamer, or a more reasoning revolutionist.

Whatever he commended he supported with his purse. It was this that won for him confidence and trust, given to no

compeer of his time. When 80,000 working men marched from Copenhagen Fields to petition the Government to release the Dorchester labourers, it was Mr. Owen they asked to go with them at their head.

It was he who first taught the people the then strange truth that Causation was the law of nature on the mind, and unless we looked for the cause of an evil we might never know the remedy. Every man of sense in Church and State acts on this truth now, but so few knew it in Owen's day that he was accused of unsettling the morality of the world. It was the fertility and newness of his suggestions, as a man of affairs, that gave him renown, and his influence extends to us. This Memorial before us would itself grow old were we to stay to describe all the ideas the world has accepted from Owen. I will name but one more, and that the greatest.

He saw, as no man before him did, that environment is the maker of men. Aristotle, whose praise is in all our Universities, said "Character is Destiny." But how can character be made? The only national way known in Owen's day was by prayer and precept. Owen said there were material means, largely unused, conducive to human improvement. Browning's prayer was—"Make no more giants, God; but elevate the race at once." This was Owen's aim, as far as human means might do it. Great change can only be effected by unity. But—

> "Union without knowledge is useless;
> Knowledge without union is powerless."

Then what is the right knowledge? Owen said it consisted in knowing that people came into the world without any intention of doing it; and often with limited capacities, and with disadvantages of person, and with instinctive tendencies which impel them against their will, disqualifications which they did not give themselves. He was the first philosopher who changed repugnance into compassion, and taught us to treat defects of others with sympathy instead of contempt, and to remedy their deficiency, as far as we can, by creating for them amending conditions. Dislike dies in the heart of those who understand this, and the spirit of unity arises. Thus instructed good-will becomes the hand-maid of Co-operation, and Co-operation is the only available power of industry. Since error arises

more from ignorance of facts than from defect of goodness, the reformer with education at command, knows no despair of the betterment of men. This was the angerless philosophy of Owen, which inspired him with a forbearance that never failed him, and gave him that regnant manner which charmed all who met him. We shall see what his doctrine of environment has done for society, if we notice what it began to do in his day, and what it has done since.

Men perished by battle, by tempest, by pestilence. Faith might comfort, but it did not save them. In every town nests of pestilence coexisted with the Churches, which were concerned alone with worship. Disease was unchecked by devotion. Then Owen asked, "Might not safety come by improved material condition?" As the prayer of hope brought no reply, as the scream of agony, if heard, was unanswered, as the priest, with the holiest intent, brought no deliverance, it seemed prudent to try the philosopher and the physician.

Then Corn Laws were repealed, because prayers fed nobody. Then parks were multiplied, because fresh air was found to be a condition of health. Alleys and courts were first abolished, since deadly diseases were bred there. Streets were widened, that towns might be ventilated. Hours of labour were shortened, since exhaustion means liability to epidemic contagion. Recreation was encouraged, as change and rest mean life and strength. Temperance—thought of as self-denial—was found to be a necessity, as excess of any kind in diet, or labour, or pleasure means premature death. Those who took dwellings began to look, not only to drainage and ventilation, but to the ways of their near neighbours, as the most pious family may poison the air you breathe unless they have sanitary habits.

Thus, thanks to the doctrine of national environment which Owen was the first to preach—Knowledge is greater; Life is longer; Health is surer; Disease is limited; Towns are sweeter; Hours of labour are shorter; Men are stronger; Women are fairer; Children are happier; Industry is held in more honour, and is better rewarded; Co-operation carries wholesome food and increased income into a million homes where they were unknown before, and has brought us nearer and nearer to that state of society which Owen strove to create—in which it shall

be impossible for men to be depraved or poor. Thus we justify ourselves for erecting this Memorial to his memory, which I am about to unveil.

The town has erected a Public Library opposite the house in which Mr. Owen was born, to which the Co-operators subscribed £1,000. One part of the Library bears the name of Owen's Wing.

CHAPTER VII

THE ENTHUSIASTIC PERIOD. 1820–1830

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared on the Pacific; and his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien."—KEATS.

THE enchanted wonder which Keats describes on first finding in Chapman's Homer the vigorous Greek texture of the great bard, was akin to that "wild surmise" with which the despairing sons of industry first gazed on that new world of Co-operation then made clear to their view.

To the social reformers the world itself seemed moving in the direction of social colonies. Not only was America under way for the millennium of co-operative life—even prosaic, calculating, utilitarian Scotland was setting sail. France had put out to sea years before under Commander Fourier. A letter arrived from Brussels, bearing date October 2, 1825, addressed to the "Gentlemen of the London Co-operative Society," telling them that the Permanent Committee of the Society of Beneficence had colonial establishments at Wortzel and at Murxplus Ryckewvorsel, in the province of Antwerp, where 725 farmhouses were already built; that 76 were inhabited by free colonists; and that they had a contract with the Government for the suppression of mendicants, and had already 455 of those interesting creatures collected from the various regions of beggardom in a depôt, where 1,000 could be accommodated. No wonder there was exultation in Red Lion Square when the slow-moving, dreamy-eyed, much-smoking Dutch were spreading their old-fashioned canvas in

search of the new world. From 1820 to 1830 Co-operation and communities were regarded by the thinking classes as a religion of industry. Communities, the form which the religion of industry was to take, were from 1825 to 1830 as common and almost as frequently announced as joint-stock companies now. In 1826 April brought news that proposals were issued for establishing a community near Exeter—to be called the Devon and Exeter Co-operative Society. Gentlemen of good family and local repute, who were not, as some are now, afraid to look at a community through one of Lord Rosse's long-range telescopes, gave open aid to the proposal. Two public meetings were held in May, at the Swan Tavern. The Hon. Lionel Dawson presided on both occasions. Such was the enthusiasm about the new system that more than four hundred persons were willing to come forward with sums of £5 to £10; one hundred others were prepared to take shares at £25 each; and two or three promised aid to the extent of £2,000. Meetings in favour of this project were held at Tiverton, and in the Mansion House, Bridgewater. The zeal was real and did not delay. In July the promoters bought thirty-seven acres of land within seven miles of Exeter. A gardener, a carpenter, a quarrier (there being a stone quarry on the estate), a drainer, a well-sinker, a clay temperer, and a moulder were at once set to work.

The Metropolitan Co-operative Society, not to be behind when the provinces were going forward, put forth a plan for establishing a community within fifty miles of London. Shares were taken up and £4,000 subscribed in 1826. There was a wise fear of prematurity of proceeding shown, and there was also an infatuation of confidence exhibited in many ways. However, the society soberly put out an advertisement to landowners, saying, "Wanted to rent, with a view to purchase, or on a long lease, from 500 to 2,000 acres of good land, in one or several contiguous farms; the distance from London not material if the offer is eligible." Information was to be sent to Mr. J. Corss, Red Lion Square. Four years earlier Scotland, a country not at all prone to Utopian projects not likely to pay, entertained the idea of community before Orbiston was named. The *Economist* announced that the subscriptions for the formation of one of the new villages at

Motherwell, though the public had not been appealed to, amounted to £20,000.[1]

Eighteen hundred and twenty-six was a famous year for communistic projects. A Dublin Co-operative Society was formed on the 28th of February, at a meeting held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Dawson Street, Dublin. Captain O'Brien, R.N., occupied the chair. The Dublin Co-operative Society invited Lord Cloncurry to dine with them. His lordship wrote to say that he was more fully convinced than he was four years ago, of the great advantage it would be to Ireland to establish co-operative villages on Mr. Owen's plan, and spoke of Mr. Owen in curious terms as the "benevolent and highly-respectable Owen." This was nine years after Mr. Owen had astounded mankind by his London declaration "against all the religions of the world."[2]

Two years before the *Economist* appeared, as the first serial advocate of Co-operation, pamphleteers were in the field on behalf of social improvement. Mr. Owen certainly had the distinction of inspiring many writers. One "Philanthropos" published in 1819 a powerful pamphlet on the "Practicability of Mr. Owen's plan to improve the condition of the lower classes." It was inscribed to William Wilberforce (father of the Bishop of Winchester), whom the writer considered to be "intimately associated with every subject involving the welfare of mankind," and who "regarded political measures abstractedly from the individuals with whom they originated." Mr. Wilberforce, he said, had shown that "Christianity steps beyond the narrow bound of national advantage in quest of universal good, and does not prompt us to love our country at the expense of our integrity."[3]

The *Economist* was concluded in January, 1822. It was of the small magazine size, and was the neatest and most business-looking journal issued in connection with Co-operation for many years. After the 32nd number the quality and taste of the printing fell off—some irregularity in its issue occurred. Its conductor explained in the 51st number that its printing had been put into the hands of the Co-operative

[1] *Economist*. No. 27, July, 1821.
[2] *Co-operative Magazine*, 1826, p. 147.
[3] These were Bishop Watson's words adopted by "Philanthropos."

and Economical Society, "and that it would continue to be regularly executed by them." After the 52nd number the *Economist* was discontinued, without any explanation being given. It was bound in two volumes, and sold at 7s. each in boards. Many numbers purported to be "published every Saturday morning by Mr. Wright, bookseller, No. 46, Fleet Street, London, where the trade and newsmen may be supplied, and where orders, communications to the editor, post paid, are respectfully requested to be addressed." Early numbers bore the name of G. Auld, Greville Street. With No. 22 the names appear of J. and C. Adlard, Bartholomew Close. With No. 32 the imprint is "G. Mudie, printer"—no address. After No. 51 the intimation is—"Printed at the Central House of the Co-operative and Economical Society, No. 1, Guilford Street East, Spafields."

Twelve years later, when the *Gazette of the Exchange Bazaars* was started, a fly-leaf was issued, which stated, "This work will be conducted by the individual who founded the first of the co-operative societies in London, 1820, and who edited the *Economist*, in 1821–22, the *Political Economist and Universal Philanthropist*, in 1823, the *Advocate of the Working Classes*, in 1826–27; and who has besides lectured upon the principles to be discussed in the forthcoming publication (*The Exchange Bazaars Gazette*), in various parts of Great Britain. He enters on his undertaking, therefore, after having been prepared for his task by previous and long-continued researches." Mr. Owen never thought much of co-operative societies, regarding grocers' shops as ignominious substitutes for the reconstruction of the world.

The dedication of the *Economist* was as follows:—

"To Mr. John Maxwell, Lord Archibald Hamilton, Sir William de Crespigny, Bart., Mr. Dawson, Mr. Henry Brougham, Mr. H. Gurney, and Mr. William Smith, the philanthropic members of the House of Commons, who, on the motion of Mr. Maxwell, on the 26th of June, 1821, for an address to the throne, praying that a commission might be appointed to investigate Mr. Owen's system, had the courage and consistency to make the motion; this volume is inscribed in testimony of heartfelt respect and gratitude by THE ECONOMIST."

The earliest name of literary note connected with Co-operation was that of Mr. William Thompson. He was an abler man than John Gray. Though an Irishman, he was singularly dispassionate. He possessed fortune and studious habits. He resided some years with Jeremy Bentham, and the methodical arrangement of his chief work, the "Distribution of Wealth," betrays Bentham's literary influence. This work was written in 1822. In 1825 he published "An Appeal of one-half the human race—Women—against the pretensions of the other half—Men." It was a reply to James Mill—to a paragraph in his famous "Article on Government." Mr. Thompson issued, in 1827, "Labour Rewarded," in which he explained the possibility of conciliating the claims of labour and capital and securing to workmen the "whole products of their exertions." This last work consisted of business-like "Directions for the Establishment of Co-operative Communities." These "directions" were accompanied by elaborate plans and tables. A moderate number of pioneers might, with that book in their hand, found a colony or begin a new world. He consulted personally Robert Owen, Mr. Hamilton (whom he speaks of as an authority), Abram Combe, and others who had had experience in community-making. Jeremy Bentham's wonderful constitutions, which he was accustomed to furnish to foreign states, were evidently in the mind of his disciple, Mr. Thompson, when he compiled this closely-printed octavo volume of nearly three hundred pages. He placed on his title-page a motto from *Le Producteur:* "The age of Gold, Happiness, which a blind credulity has placed in times past is before us." The world wanted to see the thing done. It desired, like Diogenes, to have motion proved. In practical directions for forming communities exhaustive instructions were precisely the things needed. Where every step was new and every combination unknown, Thompson wrote a book like a steam engine, marvellous in the scientific adjustments of its parts. His "Distribution of Wealth" is the best exposition to which reference can be made of the pacific and practical nature of English communism. He was a solid but far from a lively writer. It requires a sense of duty to read through his book—curiosity is not sufficient. Political economists in Thompson's day held, as Mr. Senior has expressed it,

that "It is not with *happiness* but with *wealth* that I am concerned as a political economist." Thompson's idea was "to inquire into the principles of the distribution of wealth *most conducive to human happiness*." His life was an answer to those who hold that Socialism implies sensualism. For the last twenty years of his life he neither partook of animal food nor intoxicating drinks, because he could better pursue his literary labours without them. He left his body for dissection—a bold thing to do in his time—a useful thing to do in order to break somewhat through the prejudices of the ignorant against dissection for surgical ends. Compliance with his wish nearly led to a riot among the peasantry of the neighbourhood of Clonnkeen, Rosscarbery, County of Cork, where he died.

Another early and memorable name in co-operative history is that of Abram Combe. It is very rarely that a person of any other nationality dominates the mind of a Scotchman; but Mr. Owen, although a Welshman, did this by Abram Combe, who, in 1823, published a small book named "Old and New Systems"—a work excelling in capital letters. This was one of Mr. Combe's earliest statements of his master's views, which he reproduced with the fidelity which Dumont showed to Bentham, but with less ability. There were three Combes—George, Abram, and Andrew. All were distinguished in their way, but George became the best known. George Combe was the phrenologist, who made a reputation by writing the "Constitution of Man," though he had borrowed without acknowledgment the conception from Gall and Spurzheim, especially Spurzheim, who had published an original little book on the "Laws of Human Nature"; but to George Combe belonged the merit which belonged to Archdeacon Paley with respect to the argument from design. Combe restated, animated, and enlarged into an impressive volume what before was fragmentary, slender, suggestive, but without the luminous force of illustrative facts and practical applications which Combe supplied. The second brother, Dr. Andrew Combe, had all the talent of the family for exposition, and his works upon physiology were the first in interest and popularity in their time; but Abram had more sentiment than both the others put together, and ultimately sacrificed himself as well

as his fortune in endeavours to realise the new social views in practice.

In 1824 Robert Dale Owen (Mr. Owen's eldest son) appeared as an author for the first time. His book was entitled "An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark." It was published by Longman & Co., London, written at New Lanark, 1823. It was dedicated to his father. The author must have been a young man then.[1] Yet his book shows completeness of thought and that clear and graceful expression by which, beyond all co-operative writers, Robert Dale Owen was subsequently distinguished. His outline is better worth printing now than many books on New Lanark which have appeared; it gives so interesting a description of the construction of the schools, the methods and principles of tuition pursued. The subjects taught to the elder classes were the earth (its animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms), astronomy, geography, mathematics, zoology, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, manufactures, architecture, drawing, music, chemistry, and ancient and modern history. The little children were occupied with elementary education, military drill, and dancing, at which Mr. Owen's Quaker partners were much discomfited. The schoolrooms were picture galleries and museums. Learning ceased to be a task and a terror, and became a wonder and delight. The reader who thinks of the beggarly education given by this wealthy English nation will feel admiration of the princely mind of Robert Owen, who gave to the children of weavers this magnificent scheme of instruction. No manufacturer has arisen in England so great as he.

The London Co-operative Society was formally commenced in October, 1824. It occupied rooms in Burton Street, Burton Crescent. This quiet, and at that time pleasant and suburban, street was quite a nursery-ground of new-born principles. Then, as now, it had no carriage way at either end. In the house at the Tavistock Place corner, lived for many years James Pierrepoint Greaves, the famous mystic. As secluded Burton Street was too much out of the way for the convenience of large assemblages, the discussions commenced by the society

[1] His Autobiography, since published, states that his age was twenty-two, and that this was his first work.

there, were transferred to the Crown and Rolls Rooms, in Chancery Lane. Here overflowing audiences met—political economists seem to have been the principal opponents. Their chief argument against the new system, was the Malthusian doctrine against "the tendency of population to press against the means of subsistence."

In the month of April, 1825, the London Co-operative Society hired a first-floor in Picket Street, Temple Bar, for the private meetings of members, who were much increasing at that time. In November of the same year, 1825, the society took the house, No. 36, Red Lion Square. Mr. J. Corss was the Secretary. The London Co-operative Society held weekly debates. One constant topic was the position taken by Mr. Owen—that man is not properly the subject of praise or blame, reward or punishment. It also conducted bazaars for the sale of goods manufactured by the provincial societies.

At New Harmony, Indiana, David Dale Owen, writing to his father, related that they had had debates there, and Mary and Jane, daughters or daughter-in-laws of Mr. Owen, both addressed the meetings on several occasions. After all the discourses opportunity of discussion and questioning was uniformly and everywhere afforded.

The second serial journal representing Co-operation appeared in America, though its inspiration was English. It was the *New Harmony Gazette*. Its motto was: "If we cannot reconcile all opinions let us endeavour to unite all hearts."

The recommencement of a co-operative publication in England took place in 1826. The first was entitled the *Co-operative Magazine and Monthly Herald*, and appeared in January. It was "printed by Whiting and Branston, Beaufort House, Strand," and "published by Knight and Lacey, Watt's Head, Paternoster Row." It purported to be "sold by J. Templeman, 39, Tottenham Court Road; and also at the office of the London Co-operative Society, 36, Red Lion Square." The second number of this magazine was published by Hunt and Clark, Tavistock Street. A change in the publisher occurred very early, and additional agents were announced as J. Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; R. Griffin & Co., Hutchinson Street, Glasgow; J. Bolstead,

Cork; and A. M. Graham, College Green, Dublin. The third number announced a change in the Cork publisher; J. Loftus, of 107, Kirkpatrick Street, succeeded Mr. Bolstead, and a new store, the "Orbiston Store," was for the first time named.[1] The co-operative writers of this magazine were not wanting in candour even at their own expense. Mr. Charles Clark relates "that while one of the New Harmony philosophers was explaining to a stranger the beauties of a system which dispensed with rewards and punishments, he observed a boy who approved of the system busily helping himself to the finest plums in his garden. Forgetting his argument, he seized the nearest stick at hand and castigated the young thief in a very instructive manner."[2]

The worthy editor of the *Co-operative Magazine* was one of the fool friends of progress. In his first number he gravely reviews a grand plan of one James Hamilton, for rendering "Owenism Consistent with our Civil and Religious Institutions." His proposal is to begin the new world with one hundred tailors, who are to be unmarried and all of them handsome of person. Hamilton proposed to marry all the handsome tailors by ballot to a similar number of girls. After sermon and prayer the head partner and minister, assisted by foremen of committees, were to put the written names of the men in one box and those of the girls in another. The head partner was then to mix the male names and the minister the female names. When a man's name was proclaimed aloud, the minister was immediately to draw out the name of a girl from his box. The couple were then requested to consider themselves united by decision of heaven. By this economical arrangement young couples were saved all the anxiety of selection, loss of time in wooing, the suspense of soliciting the approval of parents or guardians. The distraction of courtship, sighs, tears, smiles, doubts, fears, jealousies, expectations, dis-

[1] I preserve the names and addresses of the earlier societies' printers and publishers. It is interesting to know the places where historic movements first commenced and the persons by whose aid, or enthusiasm, or courage the first publicity was given to them. Every part of London has been dotted with shops where they were printed and sold, with coffee-shops where they were discussed, and with printing offices where the struggling publications were carried to be printed when one house after another declined to print any more.

[2] Private Letter from New Harmony, 1825 (*Co-operative Magazine*, vol. i. No. 1, p. 50. 1826).

appointments, hope and despair were all avoided by this compendious arrangement. How any editor, not himself an out-patient of a lunatic asylum, could have occupied pages of the *Co-operative Magazine* by giving publicity to such a pamphlet more ineffably absurd than here depicted, it is idle to conjecture. Could this be the Mr. Hamilton, of Dalzell, who joined Mr. Abram Combe in the purchase of Orbiston for £20,000, and who offered to let lands at Motherwell for a community, and to guarantee the repayment of £40,000 to be expended on the erection of the buildings?

Apart from the eccentric views which we have recounted (if indeed they were his) Mr. Hamilton was distinguished for the great interest he took in co-operative progress and the munificence by which he assisted it. In the projected community of Motherwell he was joined by several eminent men, who had reason to believe that a large and well-supported co-operative colony might be made remunerative, besides affording to the Government of the day a practical example of what might be done. Several gentlemen in England subscribed many thousands each in furtherance of this project. Mr. Morrison, of the well-known firm of Morrison and Dillon, was one of those who put down his name for £5,000.

The *Co-operative Magazine* of 1826 was adorned by an engraving of Mr. Owen's quadrilateral community. The scenery around it was mountainous and tropical. The said scenery was intended to represent Indiana, where Mr. Owen had bought land with a view to introduce the new world in America. Mr. A. Brisbane prefixes to his translation of Fourier's "Destiny of Man" the Fourier conception of a phalanstere. Mr. Owen's design of a community greatly excelled the phalanstere in completeness and beauty. Mr. A. Combe exhibited designs of his Scotch community at Orbiston, but Mr. Owen had the most luxuriant imagination this way. Artists who came near him to execute commissions soon discovered that the materialist philosopher, as they imagined him, had no mean taste for the ideal.

Lamarck's theory of the "Origin of Species" was introduced into the *Co-operative Magazine*—a harmless subject certainly, but one that was theologically mischievous for forty years after. "Scripture Politics" was another topic with which

co-operators afflicted themselves. "Phrenology," another terror of the clergy, appeared. Discussions upon marriage followed, but, as the co-operators never contemplated anything but equal opportunities of divorce for rich and poor, the subject was irrelevant. The editor actually published articles on the "Unhappiness of the Higher Orders," [1] and provided remedies for it, as though that was any business of theirs. It was time enough for readers to sigh over the griefs of the rich when they had secured the gladness of the poor.

In those days a practical agitator (Carlile), who had the courage to undergo long years of imprisonment to free the press, thought the world was to be put right by a science of "Somatopsychonoologia." [2] There were co-operators—Allen Davenport, the simple-hearted ardent advocate of agrarian views, among them—who were prepared to undertake this nine-syllabled study.

Every crotcheteer runs at the heels of new pioneers. Co-operative pages advocated the "Civil Rights of Women," to which they were inclined from a sense of justice; and the advocates of that question will find some interesting reading in co-operative literature. Their pages were open to protest against the game laws. The *Co-operative Magazine* gave almost as much space to the discussion of the ranunculus, the common buttercup, as it did to the "new system of society." The medical botanists very early got at the poor co-operators. A co-operative society was considered a sort of free market-place, where everybody could deposit specimens of his notions for inspection or sale.

In 1827, a gentleman who commanded great respect in his day, Mr. Julian Hibbert, printed a circular at his own press on behalf of the "Co-operative Fund Association." He avowed himself as "seriously devoted to the system of Mr. Owen": and Hibbert was a man who meant all he said and who knew how to say exactly what he meant. Here is one brief appeal by him to the people, remarkable for justness of thought and vigorous directness of language: "Would you be free? be worthy of freedom: mental liberty is the pledge of political

[1] *Co-operative Magazine*, No. III.

[2] A Greek compound, expressing a knowledge of body, soul, and mind.

liberty. Unlearn your false knowledge, and endeavour to obtain real knowledge. Look around you; compare all things; know your own dignity; correct your vicious habits; renounce superfluities; despise idleness, drunkenness, gambling, and fighting; guard against false friends; and learn to *think* (and if possible to *act*) independently." This language shows the rude materials out of which co-operators had sometimes to be made. In personal appearance Julian Hibbert strikingly resembled Shelley. He had at least the courage, the gentleness, and generosity of the poet. Hibbert had ample fortune, and was reputed one of the best Greek scholars of his day. Being called upon to give evidence on a trial in London, he honestly declined to take the oath on the ground that he did not believe in an Avenging God, and was therefore called an atheist, and was treated in a ruffianly manner by the eloquent and notorious Charles Phillips, who was not a man of delicate scruples himself, being afterwards accused of endeavouring to fix the guilt of murdering Lord William Russell upon an innocent man, after Couvoisier had confessed his guilt to him. Hibbert's courage and generosity was shown in many things. He visited Carlile when he was confined in Dorchester Gaol for heresy, and on learning that a political prisoner there had been visited by some friend of position who had give him £1,000, Hibbert at once said: "It shall not appear, Mr. Carlile, that you are less esteemed for vindicating the less popular liberty of conscience. I will give you £1,000." He gave Mr. Carlile the money there and then. It was Mr. Hibbert's desire in the event of his death that his body should be at the service of the Royal College of Surgeons, being another of those gentlemen who thought it useful by his own example to break down the prejudice of the poor, against their remains being in some cases serviceable to physiological science. This object was partly carried out in Mr. Hibbert's case by Mr. Baume. Some portion of Mr. Hibbert's fortune came into possession of Mrs. Captain Grenfell, a handsome wild Irish lady after the order of Lady Morgan. Mr. Hibbert's intentions, however, seem to have been pretty faithfully carried out, for thirty years after his death I was aware of five and ten pound notes occasionally percolating into the hands of one or other unfriended advocate of unpopular forms of social and

heretical liberty, who resembled the apostles at least in one respect—they had "neither purse nor scrip."

During 1827, and two years later, the *Co-operative Magazine* was issued as a sixpenny monthly. All the publications of this period, earlier and later, were advertised as being obtainable at 19, Greville Street, Hatton Garden, then a co-operative centre, and at co-operative stores in town and country. If all stores sold the publication then it proved that they better understood the value of special co-operative literature than many do now.

It was on May 1, 1828, that the first publication appeared entitled the *Co-operator*. It was a small paper of four pages only, issued monthly at one penny. It resembled a halfpenny two-leaved tract. The whole edition printed would hardly have cost thirty shillings if none were sold.[1] It was continued for twenty-six months, ceasing on August 1, 1830. The twenty-six numbers consisted of twenty-six papers, all written by the editor, Dr. King, who stated that they were concluded because "the object for which they were commenced had been attained. The principles of Co-operation had been disseminated among the working classes and made intelligible to them." This was not true twenty years later, but everybody was sanguine in those days, and saw the things which were not, more clearly than the things which were.[2] The chief cause of failure which the editor specifies as having overtaken some co-operative societies was defect in account keeping. Of course, as credit was customary in the early stores, accounts would be the weak point with workmen. Dr. King wrote to Lord (then Henry) Brougham, M.P., an account of the Brighton co-operators. Lord Brougham asked Mr. M. D. Hill to bring the matter of Co-operation before the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Timid members on the council were afraid of it, as many councils are still. It would have been one of the most memorable papers of that famous society had they treated this

[1] It bore as printer's name Sickelmore, Brighton, the last number (the first that bore any publisher's name) gave that of Taylor and Son, North Street, same town. It was always to be had at the Co-operative Bazaar, 19, Greville Street, Hatton Garden, London.

[2] One of the disciples of Fourier, on being told that organised life was impossible because it was too beautiful, answered: "It is too beautiful not to be possible."

subject. They never did treat any original subject, and this would have been one.

Mr. Craig, who had extensive personal knowledge of early societies, states that one was formed at Bradford in 1828. A stray number of the Brighton *Co-operator* (the one edited by Dr. King), soiled and worn, found its way into Halifax, and led to the formation of the first co-operative society there, owing to the foresight and devotion to social development of Mr. J. Nicholson, a name honourably known, and still remembered with respect, in Halifax. His son-in-law, Mr. David Crossley, of Brighouse, all his life manifested intelligent and untiring interest in Co-operation.

The first Birmingham co-operative rules were framed in 1828 by Mr. John Rabone, a well-known commercial name in that town, who was a frequent writer in early co-operative years. The reports of the early success of the Orbiston community reached Birmingham, and had great influence there. Some who had seen the place gave so good an account of it, that it was the immediate cause of the first Birmingham co-operative society being formed.

On January 1, 1829, the first number of the *Associate* was issued, price one penny, "published at the store of the first London Co-operative Trading Association, 2, Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell." The *Associate*, a well-chosen name, modestly stated that it was "put forth to ascertain how far the working class were disposed to listen to its suggestion of means by which they themselves may become the authors of a lasting and almost unlimited improvement of their own condition in life." The *Associate* was from the beginning a well-arranged, modest little periodical, and it was the first paper to summarise the rules of the various co-operative associations.

The author of "Paul Clifford" takes the editor of the *British Co-operator* by storm, who states that this work bids fair to raise Mr. Bulwer to that enviable pinnacle of fame which connects the genius of the author with the virtues of the citizen, the philanthropist with the profundity of the philosopher.[1]

The Society for the Promotion of Co-operative Knowledge

[1] *British Co-operator*, p. 62. 1829.

held regular quarterly meetings, commencing in 1829. They were reported with all the dignity of a co-operative parliament in the *Weekly Free Press*, a Radical paper of the period. The proceedings were reprinted in a separate form. This society bore the name of the British Association for Promoting Co-operative Knowledge first in 1830.

This publication, entitled *The Weekly Free Press*, was regarded as a prodigy of newspapers on the side of Co-operation. The editor of the aforesaid *British Co-operator* described it as "an adamantine bulwark, which no gainsayer dare run against without suffering irretrievable loss." No doubt "gainsayers" so warned, prudently kept aloof, but the "adamantine journal" ran down itself, suffering irretrievable loss in the process.

No one could accuse the early co-operators of being wanting in large ideas. It was coolly laid down, without any dismay at the magnitude of the undertaking, that the principles of Co-operation were intended to secure equality of privileges for all the human race. That is a task not yet completed.

In addition they made overtures to bring about the general elevation of the human race, together with univeral knowledge and happiness. Ten years before the British Association for the Advancement of Science was devised in Professor Phillips's Tea-room in the York Museum, and forty years before Dr. Hastings ventured to propose to Lord Brougham the establishment of a National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, the Co-operative Reformers set up, in 1829, a "British Association for Promoting Co-operative Knowledge." It had its quarterly meetings, some of which were held in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, known as Dr. Birkbeck's Institution. The speeches delivered were evidently studied and ambitious, far beyond the character of modern speeches on Co-operation, which are mostly businesslike, abrupt, and blunt. Among those at these early meetings were Mr. John Cleave, well known as a popular newsvendor—when only men of spirit dare be newsvendors—whose daughter subsequently married Mr. Henry Vincent, the eminent lecturer, who graduated in the fiery school of "Chartism," including imprisonment. Mr. William Lovett, a frequent speaker, was later in life

imprisoned with John Collins for two years in Warwick Gaol, where they devised, wrote, and afterwards published the best book on the organisation and education of the Chartist party ever issued from that body. Mr. Lovett made speeches in 1830 with that ornate swell in his sentences with which he wrote resolutions at the National Association, in High Holborn, twenty years later, when W. J. Fox delivered Sunday evening orations there. Mr. Lovett was the second secretary of the chief co-operative society in London, which met at 19, Greville Street, Hatton Garden.

The fourth report of the British Co-operative Association announced the *Liverpool*, *Norwich*, and *Leeds Mercuries*; the *Carlisle Journal*, the *Newry Telegraph*, the *Chester Courant*, the *Blackburn Gazette*, the *Halifax Chronicle*, besides others, as journals engaged in discussing Co-operation. The *Westmoreland Advertiser* is described as devoted to it.[1]

The first Westminster co-operative society, which met in the infant schoolroom, gave lectures on science. Mr. David Mallock, A.M., delivered a lecture on "Celestial Mechanics"; Mr. Dewhurst, a surgeon, lectured on "Anatomy," and complaint was made that he used Latin and Greek terms without translating them.[2] The *British Co-operator*, usually conducted with an editorial sense of responsibility, announced to its readers that "it is confidently said that Mr. Owen will hold a public meeting in the City of London Tavern, early in Easter week; and it is expected that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex will take the chair. We have no doubt it will be well attended and produce a great sensation among the people." This premature announcement was likely to deter the Duke from attending.

The first London co-operative community is reported as holding a meeting on the 22nd of April, 1829, at the Ship Coffee-house, Featherstone Street, City Road. Mr. Jennison spoke, who gave it as his conviction that the scheme could be carried out with £5 shares, payable at sixpence per week.[3]

The first Pimlico Association was formed in December, 1829. Its store was opened on the 27th of February, 1830,

[1] *British Co-operator*, p. 47. [2] Ibid., p. 20. 1829. [3] Ibid., p. 44.

and between that date and the 6th of May it had made £32 of net profit. Its total property amounted to £140. Its members were eighty-two.

The first Maidstone co-operative society was in force in 1830, and held its public meetings in the Britannia Inn, George Street. A Rev. Mr. Pope, of Tunbridge Wells, gave them disquietude by crying—"Away with such happiness [that promised by Co-operation] as is inconsistent with the gospel." As nobody else promised any happiness to the working men, Mr. Pope might as well have left them the consolation of hoping for it. He would have had his chance when they got the happiness, which yet lags on its tardy way.

In 1830 Mr. J. Jenkinson, "treasurer of the Kettering Co-operative Society," confirmed its existence by writing an ambitious paper upon the "Co-operative System."

England has never seen so many co-operative papers as 1830 saw. Since the *Social Economist* was transferred to the promoters of the Manchester *Co-operative News* Company, in 1869, there has been even in London no professed co-operative journal.

The *Agricultural Economist*, representing the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, is the most important-looking journal which has appeared in London in the interests of Co-operation—"Associative Topics" formed a department in this paper.

In 1830, when the *Co-operative Magazine* was four years old, the *Co-operative Miscellany* (also a monthly magazine) commenced, and with many defects, had more popular life in it than any other. The editor was, I believe, the printer of his paper. Anyhow, he meant putting things to rights with a vigorous hand. His *Miscellany* afterwards described itself as a "Magazine of Useful Knowledge"; a sub-title, borrowed, apparently, from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, then making a noise in the world. The editor of this *Miscellany* held that co-operative knowledge should be placed first in the species useful. It was then a novel order of knowledge. The *Miscellany* was of the octavo size; the typographical getting-up was of the provincial kind, and the title-page had the appearance of a small window-bill. It was

printed by W. Hill, of Bank Street, Maidstone. The editor professed that his magazine contained a development of the principles of the system. The allusion evidently was to Mr. Owen's system. Of the people he says "many of them are beginning to feel the spark of British independence to glow." He tells us that some "are moving onwards towards the diffusion of the views of Mr. Owen, of New Lanark, now generally known as the principles of Co-operation.

Speaking of the meeting of the British Co-operative Association, at which Mr. Owen spoke, "who was received with enthusiastic and long-continued cheering," the editor of the *Co-operative Miscellany*, said: "The theatre was filled with persons of an encouraging and respectable appearance." Persons of an "encouraging appearance" are surely one of the daintiest discoveries of enthusiasm.

At this time Mr. Owen held Sunday morning lectures in the Mechanics' Institution, followed, says this *Miscellany* "by a conversazione at half-past three o'clock, and a lecture in the evening."

Early in 1830 appeared, in magazine form, the *British Co-operator*, calling itself also "A Record and Review of Co-operative and Entertaining Knowledge." This publication made itself a business organ of the movement, and addressed itself to the task of organising it. To the early stores it furnished valuable advice, and the sixth number "became a sort of text-book to co-operators." No. 22 had an article which professed to be "from the pen of a gentleman holding an important office in the State," and suggested that intending co-operators should bethink themselves of bespeaking the countenance of some patron in the infancy of their Co-operation—the clergyman of the parish, or a resident magistrate, who might give them weights and scales and a few shelves for their store shop. The members were to sign an arbitration bond, under which *all* questions of property in the society shall be finally decided by the patron, who must not be removable, otherwise than by his own consent. The plan might have led to the extension of Co-operation in rural districts. And as the authority of the patron was merely to extend to questions of property when no law existed for its protection, the members would have had their own way in

social regulations. All the patron could have done would have been to take away his scales, weights, and shelves. A very small fund, when the society was once fairly established, would have enabled them to have purchased or replaced these things. The British Association for Promoting Co-operative Knowledge, published in the *Weekly Free Press* a special protest against "patrons of any sort, especially the clergyman or the magistrate." The early socialists spoke with two voices. With one they denounced the wealthier classes as standing aloof from the people and lending them no kind of help, and with the other described them as coming forward with "insidious plans" of interference with them. It was quite wise to counsel the working classes "to look to themselves and be their own patrons," but it was not an encouraging thing to gentlemen to see one of their order "holding an important office in the State," kicked, "by order of the committee," for coming forward with what was, for all they knew, a well-meant suggestion.

The *British Co-operator* prepared articles for the guidance of trustees and directors or committees of co-operative societies. It gave them directions how to make their storekeeper a responsible and punishable person. How to procure licences. How to execute orders and schemes of book-keeping. It usefully remarked: "We regret that the neglect of the first Bloomsbury society to take legal measures to secure their property has deprived them of the power to recover their trading stock from four of the members, one of whom was *nominally* a trustee. The parties entered the store at night, and decamped with all the movables they could carry off. This has broken up the society. We still repeat, the *trustees* of a society *ought not* to be members of it."[1] Mr. Haigh, of Mill's Bridge Society, Huddersfield, wrote to inform the editor, that on the 14th ultimo "they were obliged to discharge their *storekeeper*, as he had defrauded them of much property during the quarter"—a circumstance which subsequently occurred very frequently in that district. Some of the stores appear to have been troubled by the disappearance

[1] The reason being, that if he were a member the law would then regard him as a partner, who might, as such, appropriate the funds to his own use. The law is changed now.

of cheese in larger proportions than the sales accounted for, and an announcement was made of the formation of a Mouse-trap Committee.

It was a law in England that no partner should sue his co-partner for any fraud or breach of agreement by an action at common law; his only mode of proceeding against his partner was to file a bill in equity in the Court of Chancery. This mode of proceeding against any member of a co-operative trading society, from the immense expense attached to it (for £60 would only meet the cost of filing the bill), was rendered impossible for a working man to adopt. Therefore it was better for him to pocket the first loss sustained rather than throw two or three years' hard-earned savings into the engulfing jaw of a Chancery suit.

A discussion arose upon "Educated Shopmen" in the *British Co-operator* where it was proposed that the storekeeper should be "a person of gainly appearance—clean, active, obliging, and possessing a high sense of honour." Mr. Faber, contended that the storekeeper ought not to be regarded "as a servant only, but as a friend and brother of the associates."

Efforts were then being made in London to establish an agency for the sale of co-operative manufactures. In 1830 the distressed co-operators of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green weavers produced a co-operative silk handkerchief. It was an article that only ladies and gentlemen would buy in sufficient numbers to be of any advantage; but the disastrous proneness of enthusiasm to be instant in season and out of season, led to there appearing upon it a design representing the inordinate possessions of the upper classes, so that no gentleman could use it without seeing the reproach.

The House of Commons published a paper detailing the attempts happily being made to put down Hindoo suttees. The *British Co-operator* writes upon it thus: "Mr. Owen is right in saying that the period of a great moral change which he has announced, is fast approaching. There is scarcely a publication which issues from the press that does not bring forward some new evidence of it." The co-operators at this period believed in the immediate advent of Mr. Owen's system as implicitly as the early Christians believed in the

coming of Christ, and every new and hopeful incident of the day was regarded as a shadow, cast by the new world before it.

Dr. Epps[1] and his system of phrenology, semi-Christian and semi-materialistic, is introduced in the *British Co-operator*, and Dr. Henry McCormac, of Belfast—described as "one of the illuminati of the age"—is noticed as the author of a work on the moral and physical condition of the working class. Dr. McCormac was a promoter of social as well as medical ideas, and was known as a teacher of mark. His son, a well-known physician, was the author of similar works. Dr. Epps, a leader in homœopathy when it was ill-regarded, took a sincere interest in advancing liberal opinion. In the *British Co-operator* a co-operative catechism was published, in the form of a dialogue between one Tom Seekout and Jack Tellall, a co-operator.

After nine numbers had been published of the *Associate*, which bore no date save that of London, 1830, by which its times of appearance could be told, it took the second title of *Co-operative Mirror*. The tenth number reproduced the catechism with pictorial embellishments, quite of the Catnach order of art, representing Tom Seekout, a dilapidated rascal, who wore breeches and stockings with holes in them, smoked a pipe, had a battered hat, and was very thin. He is shown as coming out of the "Pipe and Puncheon" public-house, a far less dismal place, it must be owned, than the drawing of the co-operative stores opposite—a plain-looking, solid, rather dreary house, bearing the name "Co-operative Society" over the door. Before this stands a smiling, well-contented-looking fellow, in good health and compendious whiskers, which are apparently the product of the store, as poor Tom Seekout has none. Jack Tellall, the co-operator wears a hat with a brim of copious curvature, a coat evidently cut by some Poole of the period, voluminous white trousers, and a watch and seals that would be sure to have excited Mr. Fagin. In the distance, between the "Pipe and Puncheon" and the "Co-operative Society," is a remarkable church, very much given to steeple. The pathway to it is entirely devoid of travellers; but it is quite evident that Jack Tellall, like a well-behaved co-operator,

[1] Whose cocoa is still sold.

is on his way there, when he falls in with Tom Seekout, who confesses that his elbows are not presentable to the beadle, and that his belly is pinched in like the squire's greyhound. Jack Tellall informs him, in the course of an amusing dialogue, how Co-operation will put all that to rights. Number 11 of this publication was printed on good paper in clear type, and poor Tom Seekout, who appeared in Number 10, and our decorous friend Jack Tellall, continue their dialogue under conditions admissible in respectable society, and the engraving was a miracle of improvement. It represented a community of majestic and castellated proportions, quite a city of the sun, resplendent on a plateau, raising its turrets above an umbrageous forest which surrounded it, with just one glorious pathway visible by which it was accessible. Beyond was the far-stretching sea, and from above the sun sent down delighting beams through clouds which evidently hung enraptured over the happy spot. Not even Ebenezer Elliott, with his sharp-eyed criticism, could detect a single evidence of primness inflicted upon the wild luxuriance of nature. There has been only one portrait published, which represented Mr. Owen as a gentleman ; and this engraving of a community, in No. 11 of the *Associate*, is the only one that had the genuine air of Paradise about it. No doubt the *Associate* was indebted for it to Mr. Minter Morgan, who had introduced it into his "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century."

Among the correspondents of the *British Co-operator* was Josiah Warren. He wrote from Cincinnati, January 30, 1830, to recommend a scheme of cheap printing, of which he was the inventor. Considering the power of giving a monopoly by patents absurd, he makes known his scheme and offers it to any one to adopt. Application was to be made to the *Free Inquirer*, conducted in New York by Frances Wright and R. D. Owen. Like Paine, Warren made a present to the public of those copyrights in inventions and books, which in Paine's case made others rich and left the author poor. The world, which is apt to despise reformers for being always indigent, should remember how some of them became so.

Mr. Josiah Warren was a member of Mr. Owen's community at New Harmony in 1826, and it was there he conceived the idea that the error of Mr. Owen's principles

was combination. Mr. Warren gave this doctrine the name of Individuality—his system being to let everybody have his own way in everything, at his own cost, which has hitherto been found to be an expensive form of waywardness.

Mrs. Wheeler, a familiar name in co-operative literature, was a lady who very sensibly advocated the usefulness of women taking part in public affairs. Frances Wright, afterwards known as Madame D'Arusmont, was a Scottish lady distinguished in the same way. Yet this did not prevent the editor from introducing into it a paragraph concerning the Anti-man Society at Maine calculated to bring a cause, which had few friends then, into contempt. The editor was one of that class who meant well and had little other capacity. To the honour of co-operators, they always and everywhere were friendly to the equal civil rights of women. The subject is never obtruded and is never long absent. It continually recurs as though women were an equal part of the human family and were naturally included in Co-operation. Mr. J. S. Mill frequented their meetings and knew their literature well, and must have listened in his youth to speculations which he subsequently illustrated to so much effect in his intrepid book, "Subjection of Women."

This journal, however, had substantial merits. It had spaciousness of view as to the organisation of industry, and published thoughtful and practical papers thereon. It had cultivated correspondents who knew how to interest the reader and were not merely useful and dreary. One gave an account of one of Mr. Owen's meetings at the London Tavern. The large tavern hall was crowded. Proceedings were delayed in order that adversaries might elect a chairman of their own. Mr. Owen quietly put it to the meeting whether, as was his custom, he should conduct his own meeting, or whether a stranger should occupy the chair. Hands were held up. It was Owen against the field. The enemy was abundantly beaten. "I have," said a religious advocate present, "often argued with Mr. Owen, but the misfortune is, I can never get him into a temper nor keep myself out of one." Mr. Owen read an address two hours and a half long. The most devoted admirer could not help trying to count the awful pile of pages in the speaker's hands, to estimate when the hearer would be

out of his misery. No House of Commons—no university assembly—no church meeting—would have borne such an infliction. Yet the audience kept peace. When the end did come, a fury took possession of the adversaries. A Presbyterian minister rushed to the platform. As he lifted up his Calvinistic voice he became aware that the Rev. Robert Taylor, who had taken upon himself the unpleasant name of "The Devil's Chaplain," stood next to him, and close to him. The Rev. Presbyterian Pharisee pushed back with his stick the Chaplain of Lucifer. The meeting understood it. It was: "Stand off, I am holier than thou." Gentlemen would consider the act an insult—a magistrate an assault—Taylor did neither, but bowed and retired a little. The meeting applauded the dignified rebuke. In due course Taylor came forward of his own right to reply. As he had wantonly caused himself to be known by a distasteful name, he was not welcome on his own account, and had a bad time of it. One evangelical lady spoke against hearing him with a volubility which showed how valuable she would have been had she lived in the days of the building of Babel. Her tongue alone would have confounded the builders better than the multiplication of languages, and saved the labour of Latin and Greek and other miseries of scholarship entailed upon us. A description of what followed, by an eye-witness, is given in the *British Co-operator*.

"Taylor at length obtained a hearing. His figure is good, his appearance prepossessing, his dress affected, though not as I had been taught to expect—eccentric. His language was florid and highly wrought, his sentences abounding in figures of speech and closing in well-formed and generally pungent periods. He was elaborate, yet fluent, with much of the trickery of eloquence, much, too, of the soundness of reflection. His gesture was appropriate to his diction, both were too highly finished. It was acting, the acting of the theatrical performer, not on the stage but before the looking-glass. It was the elegant play of the sword fencer in his practice, brilliant and dazzling, it wanted the earnestness, the ardour, the recklessness of the combatants. In short, it was more the rehearsal of the orator than the oration itself. In the midst of affectation, the greatest and the most faulty, was that (next after the display of the diamond on his little finger)

which tempted him to quotations from the learned languages. To speak Latin to an audience in the city of London was certainly out of keeping.

"The attention of the meeting was now drawn to an object equally worthy of attention, another apostle for the cause he had espoused. It was the celebrated Henry Hunt, the Radical reformer, standing on a chair near the centre of the room, with head erect, his short white hair mantling over his florid countenance, his coat thrown open, and his right hand fixed on his side, in the resolute attitude of determined self-possession. I could see in a moment why it was he ever secured an ascendancy over the wills of those whom he is in the habit of addressing. He was Old England personified, and his very figure spoke for him to English hearts. On his appearance the clamour broke out afresh, for there was a strong expression of disapprobation testified in some parts of the room against him. But he was not to be daunted; like the true English mastiff, he held his grip; John Bull might bellow, fret, and foam, but he was not to be shaken off. 'Gentlemen'—'down, down,' on one side, 'Go up, go up,' on the other. Still he was fixed and immovable.—'Gentlemen, if you will but allow me to speak, I will tell you why I will not go up.'—'Bravo, Hunt.' 'I went up and was turned down again.' Mr. Owen apologised to him, explained the mistake, and requested him to go up to the gallery. 'No,' replied the sturdy orator, 'I am not one of your puppets, to be moved up and down at your pleasure.' Mr. Owen on his side was as determined, though not so sturdy. 'Mr. Hunt, I do not hear you well, and as I would be sorry to lose anything of what you say, whether it be for or against my propositions, you will oblige me by coming up.' Good temper is Mr. Owen's distinguishing attribute, never was it displayed in a more amiable, effective manner. The stern rigidity of Hunt's features instantly relaxed, he testified his assent by a good-hearted nod, descended from his self-selected point of elevation, was by Owen's side, and commenced a harangue by declaring his strong sense of the claims which that gentleman had on the public attention, and his respect for the philanthropy of his views, and for his perseverance in pressing them on through good and evil report."

In those days the *Birmingham Co-operative Herald* existed.

The storekeeper appears to have been an object of solicitude to it. Mr. Pare was afraid that the society would become dependent upon one man, and urged that all members should become in rotation committee men, so that there might be sufficient knowledge of the affairs of the society in as many hands as would enable them to change any principal officer without arresting the progress of the society. This was provided for in the Assington co-operative farms, devised a few years later. Every shareholder is a "steward" or member of the committee in turn.

A subject discussed and not settled at the Bolton Congress of 1872, was discussed with great force by Mr. Pare in 1830, that was the permanence of share capital, and the necessity, not merely the advantage, but the necessity, of treating co-operative capital like joint-stock, railroad, and canal company capital, and not compelling the directors of a store to give members the value of their share on withdrawing from the concern. Mr. Pare urged this in his Liverpool lectures, and carried his advice as far as Gatacre, a village six miles from Liverpool, where Lady Noel Byrom had, at that early period, suggested the formation of a co-operative store. Though living herself in another part of the kingdom, her solicitude for social progress was communicated to her correspondents.

Mr. Pare, who was called the first Co-operative Missionary, that being the title applied to him in the *British Co-operator*, rendered in the friendly papers of the day frequent, modest, and always interesting accounts of his tours, and his narrative is very interesting to follow, as it alone records the dates when Co-operation was first preached in some of the chief towns of England. From Liverpool Mr. Pare proceeded to Lancaster. Going in search of the mayor of that day to obtain from him the use of a public hall, he found him at the County Lunatic Asylum, which struck Mr. Pare as being a place so superior to the comfortless lodgings and cottages of mechanics and farm hands, that he thought there were considerable advantages in being mad. The mayor, however, proved to be as much demented as many of the inmates, for he disliked Co-operation, lest its funds, which did not exist, should be applied to support workmen in case of a turn-out against their employers. By other means Mr. Pare obtained a building to speak in, and

though his posters were up only four hours before his lecture, more persons came than could get in, being from two to three hundred in number. He next addressed, in Blackburn, about three hundred auditors. He was informed that there were at least twenty-six societies in this town and its immediate vicinity. The industrial ground was good in those days, for the co-operative seed sprang up fruitful everywhere. The condition of the bulk of the inhabitants he saw there is worth remembering. He beheld thousands of human beings pining with hunger, in rags, with little or no shelter for their emaciated bodies, and who had to beg to be allowed to work to obtain even these miserable conditions of existence. His next visit was to Bolton, where he lectured in the Sessions Room to about four hundred persons. On this visit he was entertained by the Rev. F. Baker, who had preceded him in delivering two lectures on Co-operation in the Mechanics' Institute of that town.

Some of the leading men of the city of Chester attended a lecture delivered by Mr. Pare on the 17th of March. A co-operative society existed then in Chester, consisting of seventeen members, who were making arrangements to supply all the co-operative societies in the kingdom with prime cheese at low prices. The Chester men seemed desirous of getting at the bottom of the subject, for they put questions to Mr. Pare which caused his lecture to extend over four hours. At this period Mr. James Watson was known as one of the store-keepers of the first London co-operative society, 36, Red Lion Square, and afterwards Jerusalem Passage, Clerkenwell. Mr. Lovett was his successor. On making a journey to Yorkshire, Mr. Watson was requested to act as a co-operative missionary, and he was furnished with tracts for distribution and the necessary credentials. Mr. Watson was an earnest and forcible speaker, who knew how to unite boldness of sentiment with moderation of manner. When Richard Carlile's shopmen were being imprisoned, beyond the rate of metropolitan supply, Mr. Watson was one, of many others, public-spirited young men, who volunteered to supply the place of those imprisoned. He took his place at Mr. Carlile's counter, and also in prison when his turn came. He was incarcerated three times through his participation in public

movements, and for periods of unpleasant length. He ultimately became one of the three famous Radical publishers (Watson, Hetherington, and Cleave), whose names were known all over the country, as leaders of the Unstamped publication movement. Mr. Watson remained in business until the opening of the Fleet Street House in 1854, when his business was purchased by the present writer. He maintained all his life a reputation for principle and integrity, and was held in personal esteem by the leading Radical members of Parliament from the days of the drafting of the People's Charter to the time of his death in 1874. Both as publisher and advocate, he always ranked as one of Mr. Owen's most practical disciples.

It was reported (in 1830) that a co-operative society was being formed at Marseilles, south of France, on the original social principle that the character of man is formed for and not by him; Mr. Hamilton, of Dalzell, appears to have carried this doctrine there. Persons wishing information about it were to apply to M. Boinet, Boulevard du Musée, No. 7, A.D., who would be at home from seven to eight in the morning for that purpose. Propagandism begins early in the day in France.

The *Newry Telegraph* reported two fervid speeches on Co-operation, by Edward Gardener and John Stevenson, made at the annual dinner of the Armagh Benevolent Society, held in the Market House, January 7, 1830. Ireland has always been favourable to Mr. Owen's views, and received him well long after England had grown angry at his apparent heresies.

A Metropolitan Co-operative Book Society was formed, which met in 19, Greville Street. In the absence of P. O. Skene, of Lewes, the chair was taken by W. Ellis. The society had in view to establish reading-rooms and libraries. This Mr. Ellis is the gentleman mentioned by Mr. J. S. Mill in his autobiography, as an early friend and associate of his, and to whom the metropolis was subsequently indebted for the Birkbeck Secular schools founded by his generosity, and directed by his trained judgment.

In October, 1830, the magazine before mentioned was published once a fortnight by Strangs, of Paternoster Row, and sold by co-operative storekeepers. It bore the double title of *Magazine of Useful Knowledge, and Co-operative Miscellany*. It took for its motto this premature sentence,

"Learning has declared war against Ignorance." It had done nothing of the kind, but was only airing itself before a larger multitude with Latin quotations—and with Greek ones, where the printer happened to have that type. Many long years elapsed before Learning attempted any war against Ignorance. The first speech reported in co-operative journals of Mr. Henry Hetherington's appeared in No. 3 of this magazine.

The first number of the *Miscellany* had to tell of a Rev. Mr. Pope, of Tunbridge Wells, who had "proved Co-operation to be totally inconsistent with the Gospel." It is fair to mention that about this period, one Rev. F. Baker, the same who entertained Mr. Pare at Bolton, appeared as an advocate of Co-operation, and published a periodical which had reached forty-three numbers in 1830, and was sold at one penny. But clerical dissentients were, however, never wanting.

After the Birmingham Political Union "was hung up," as Mr. Muntz expressed it, "like a clean gun"—and never taken down again, John Collins became known as a Chartist speaker. He was a man of some force and earnestness, but not otherwise distinguished for power. It was to his credit that he assented to that form of progress which was to be advanced by instruction rather than by force, which Chartism began to rely upon. Mr. Collins and I used to go to Harborne together, a little village some four miles from Birmingham, only famous because Thomas Attwood, the founder of the Political Union, had a seat there. Our object was to teach in a school in a little Pædobaptist Chapel. Heaven, I hope, knew what Pædobaptist meant. I did not. I was quite a youth then, and sometimes Collins used to take me by the hand as I got over the long walk badly. I remember when the sermon, which followed the school teaching, was much protracted, I used to long for dinner-time to come. I see now the humble cottage, belonging to a deacon, to which I went, in which the fire grate was very spacious, and the fire nearly invisible. I used to sit very close to it looking at the snow in the garden, which at that time covered the ground, as I ate my dinner off my knees, which usually consisted of a cold mutton chop, which my mother had thoughtfully provided, lest that article should not be prevalent in the cottage, and her dear solicitude

was quite prophetic. John Collins came to know much of Co-operation and to take interest in it. He was imprisoned two years in Warwick Gaol with Mr. Lovett, as has been said.

The impression that Co-operation was making upon politicians was set forth in striking terms in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*[1] The gravity of the estimate made, shows that the new industrial views were recognised as a moving force of the time, as in that quarter no undue importance would be accorded to them. The writer said : "Difficult as it is to force upon the attention of those who live in continual plenty and immoral indulgence, the severe distress of others, whom it is a trouble to them to think of, yet they can hardly be blind to the necessity of acting in a matter, which the people themselves have taken up in a way extremely novel in this country, and dangerous, or the contrary, according as the Legislature may make it. Multitudes of the common people now see clearly the state they are placed in. They perceive that their labour is valuable, if they had the means of applying it; but as their former masters have no use for it, they are driven to see whether they cannot use it for their own advantage. Those who have the virtues of thrift and patience are forming themselves into societies for the purpose of enjoying the benefit of their mutual labour; and it is impossible to look at their virtuous endeavours, to substitute comfortable competence for the horrors of dependence upon precarious employment by masters, without wishing them God-speed."

These words were evidently intended to influence those who influence affairs, and are of interest and moment still.

The last fruits of the enthusiastic period was the invention of congresses. Indeed, from 1829, and for six years after, Co-operation may be said to have lived on congresses. Heretofore such assemblies were called "Conferences." It was Mr. Pare who introduced the American term "congress," to distinguish social from political proceedings, which were known as conferences. In America, congress implied a political parliament. Mr. Pare held that he brought the term into English notice by the frequent use co-operators made of it.

[1] No. 161. January, 1830.

The first co-operative congress was held in Manchester, in May, 1830. There were delegates present from fifty-six societies, representing upwards of three thousand members, who had, by small weekly contributions and trading on co-operative principles, accumulated a capital of £6,000 in less than fifteen months.

Mr. Place has preserved a copy of the *United Trades' Co-operative Journal*, issued in 1830, in Manchester. Its price was twopence. It was printed on the best paper with the greatest typographical clearness, and contained the soberest and most intelligent writing of all the journals of this period started to represent Co-operation. The anecdotes selected were in good taste. It admitted nothing which was silly or uninstructive. Many of its quotations were selected with such judgment and knowledge that their literary interest is unabated to this day, and would be well worth reproducing. Even its original poetry was endurable, which was very rarely the case in these publications. Once in making a quotation from the *Guardian* newspaper, which it felt justified in contradicting, it suffered its correspondent who wrote upon the subject to entitle the paragraph in question, "Falsehoods of the *Manchester Guardian*." To charge a journalist with lying, because he took a different view of the condition of the operatives, was indefensible. Mr. Taylor, the editor of the *Guardian*, was himself a man of honour, but had it been otherwise it was quite sufficient to show that a writer was wrong without calling in question his veracity. This *United Trades' Journal* rendered a great service by publishing a summary of the rules in force in various co-operative societies in the kingdom—an act of thoughtfulness and labour, and one that shows that the enthusiastic period was not devoid of sagacity. To this day these rules are instructive. They marked the towns, chiefly Brighton and London, Worthing, Belper, and Birmingham, where these rules were known to be adopted. They are worthy the attention of co-operative societies now, as showing the care that early societies took to secure character, confidence, education, co-operative knowledge, and self-helping habits in their members. The following are some of the more notable rules :—

Loans of capital to the society by its own members shall

bear an interest of £5 per £100, and are not returnable without six months' notice.

In the purchase and sale of goods credit shall neither be given nor received.

Every member agrees to deal at the store of the society for those articles of daily use, which are laid in of suitable quality and sold at fair ready-money prices.

All disputes among members on the affairs of the society are to be settled by arbitration.

Any member misbehaving may be expelled by vote of the majority of members at a quarterly meeting.

No husband shall be admitted a member without his wife's appearing before the committee and expressing her consent.

A man is not eligible to be a member unless he can read and write ; and in general he must produce a specimen of his work.

No member is eligible for this committee until six months after admission to the society.

The preface to the *Co-operative Miscellany* of 1830 stated that there were then upwards of 20,000 persons united in different parts of the kingdom.

The number of societies spread over England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland were estimated by the British Association as being 266 in 1830. The members of the British Co-operative Association itself numbered 639. The enthusiasm with which Co-operation continued to be regarded was manifest by the statement in the *British Co-operator*, that in the last quarter of the year 53 societies had been formed.

When William Thompson wrote his Practical Directions for forming Communities in 1830, he stated there were nearly 300 co-operative societies of the industrial classes associated through England, Scotland, and Ireland. He spoke of two grand experiments instituted in 1825, on the principles of co-operative industry, one at New Harmony, in the State of Indiana, America, and the other at Orbiston, near Glasgow ; and of others in different parts of the United States, particularly one at Kendal, in the State of Ohio, without any connection with Mr. Owen, other than that of friendly communications. It was in 1827, he says, that the people themselves took up

the idea of co-operative industry, and names William Bryen, one of the hard-working industrious classes, as the chief promoter in Brighton, Sussex, of a Trading Fund Association. Within three years of that period the combined efforts of Mr. Philip Skene, Mr. Vesey, of Exeter, Mr. William Pare, of Birmingham, and other friends of co-operative industry, united with Mr. Bryen, led to more than eighty associations on similar principles being formed in different parts of England. He relates that the first Brighton association had accumulated funds sufficient to take a small piece of land, of twenty or thirty acres, and others had commenced the manufacture of cotton and stockings. The Brighton society published every month a periodical called the *Co-operator*, while the Birmingham society issued the *Co-operative Herald*.

We have this year (1830) an announcement of the first co-operative manufacturing community in London. The object appears to be to give employment to members. A committee was appointed to superintend the manufacture of brushes. They were to be sent to the Co-operative Bazaar, 19, Greville Street, where goods manufactured by other co-operative societies were purchased for sale. Co-operators in Burslem were sending up orders for co-operative handkerchiefs, stockings, galloons, and such things as were likely to be sold among poor people. The British Co-operative Association had the management of the arrangements, and they opened their bazaar from two to three o'clock daily. The terms on which goods were admitted were these: "The carriage of goods paid; the wholesale and retail prices fixed and attached to the articles, with an invoice, specifying the quantity, qualities, and kind of each article, which might be sent on sale, or returnable if not sold. The money derived from sales, subject to a deduction of 2½ per cent., will be paid to the society through which the goods have been sent. At such times as the proceeds of the bazaar management exceed the expenses, a dividend will be made to the sender of goods previously sold."

A list was published of seventeen societies, which in Manchester and Salford alone were formed between 1826 and 1830, bearing names like Masonic lodges, the "Benevolent," the "Friendly," the "Owenian," and others. But only the

last-named society was intending to commence manufacturing.

At that time (1830) a few co-operators in Manchester took 600 acres of waste land upon Chat Moss, and contrived to cultivate it. England had not a drearier spot in which to begin a new world. There was scarcely a thing for the eye to rest upon over a flat of several thousand acres. Railway surveyors had declared it impossible to make the Manchester and Liverpool line over it. Those who stepped upon it found it a black, wet sponge, which absorbed the pedestrian in it up to his knees. Horses who walked over it had to wear wooden pattens. It was literally a "Slough of Despond," but enthusiastic co-operators thought they could cultivate the millennium there. Co-operation had the soul of charity in it, and the apostolic virtue which hoped all things and believed all things.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEVICE OF LABOUR EXCHANGES

"The night is darkest before the morn ;
When the pain is sorest the child is born."
KINGSLEY'S *Day of the Lord.*

So far as my reading or experience extends there is no example of a commercial movement so simple, necessary, and popular as the device of Labour Exchanges—exciting so wide an interest and dying so soon, and becoming so very dead. The exchange of labour meant really an exchange of commodities upon which labour had been expended. One plan was to take a large room, or series of rooms, where persons having articles they needed to part with could exchange them for others, or obtain a negotiable note for them. The first intimation in England of this new device of commerce of industry came from Mr. Owen. It appeared in the *Crisis* in the following form :—

"NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC : EQUITABLE LABOUR EXCHANGES' INSTITUTION OF THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES, GRAY'S INN ROAD, KING'S CROSS.

"Agriculturists, gardeners, manufacturers, provision merchants, factors, warehousemen, wholesale and retail dealers of all descriptions, mechanics, and all others, who may be inclined to dispose of their various articles of trade and merchandise in the only equitable manner in which men can mutually dispose of their property to each other, viz., its value in labour for equal value in labour, without the intervention of money, are requested to communicate with Mr. Samuel Austin, at the Equitable Labour Exchange.

"All letters must be post-paid—ROBERT OWEN."

These bazaars were designed to enable artificers to exchange among themselves articles they had made, by which they would save the shopkeeper's expenses. For currency labour notes were substituted, which it was thought would represent real value. The shoemaker brought his pair of shoes to the bazaar, with an invoice of the cost (calculated at sixpence per hour). The labour note, of so many hours' value, was given to the shoemaker, who could then, or at any other time, buy with them any other deposit in the bazaar—a hat, or teakettle, or a joint of meat, if he found what he wanted. Upon each transaction a commission of $8\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. was charged, in some bazaars payable in cash, to defray the expenses of the institution. In the exchanges conducted under Mr. Owen's auspices the commission charged was only one halfpenny in the shilling. In the published rules of the Equitable Labour Exchange, in Gray's Inn Road, in 1832, the name of Robert Owen appears as governor; and Thomas Allsop, Sampson Mordan, and W. Devonshire Saull, as members of council.

According to Mr. Noyes, Josiah Warren, in 1826, originated the idea of Labour Exchanges, which he communicated to Mr. Owen when he was a resident in Mr. Owen's community of New Harmony. After leaving New Harmony Mr. Warren went to Cincinnatti, where he opened a Labour Exchange under the title of a Time Store. He joined in commencing a second one in Tascarawas, Co. Ohio; a third at Mount Vernon, Indiana. He opened a fourth in 1842, at New Harmony, to which he had returned. Mr. Owen alone gave effect to the plan in England, and by whom alone it was made known.

In May, 1833, the National Equitable Labour Exchange, London, was opened at noon on May-day with some pomp, at the new rooms in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, London. This place extended 250 feet from the front entrance in Charlotte-street, to John Street, at the back. In Charlotte Street it appeared to be no more than one of the usual private dwellings; but on passing through the entrance it opened unexpectedly into a quadrangular building of two stories, with a covered space in the centre of 16 ft. by 130 ft. Alterations were made in it to suit the convenience of the Labour Exchange and public meetings. Nearly 12,000 people were able to

stand in it under cover and hear a speaker with an ordinary voice—it could seat 3,700 persons. Mr. Owen convened the opening meeting "purposely to announce his determination to reject the system of error, by which society had been so long governed, and plant his standard of open and direct opposition to it." He had done that sixteen years before, at the City of London Tavern; but that was a thing which would bear doing many times over. Society had a way of going on, regardless of the stand Mr. Owen made against it. Mr. Roebuck, M.P., was the chairman. The chief thing which he did was to make "known his conviction, that nothing would be done for the labouring classes unless they did it themselves." Mr. Gillon, M.P., was also a speaker. Mr. Owen then gave his address.

Mr. Owen, as head of the London exchange, was publicly offered a hundred tons of the pink-eyed potatoes. It seemed an indignity that the correspondent of all the monarchs of Europe should be publicly engaged in considering tenders for pink-eyed potatoes. Sixpence was the uniform standard of value for each hour, adopted by Mr. W. King. He it was who was the editor of a *Gazette of Labour Exchanges*. The *Gazette* stated that the first Labour Bank was established at the Gothic Hall, New Road, Marylebone, in the month of April, 1832. The projector of the bank had no capital. Mr. Owen, who understood business, objected to this bazaar; as persons who had no property to indemnify the public from loss were unfitted for the work. The Bank of Labour had no capital at its back. It was to Mr. Owen's credit that when he judged the King scheme unsound he said so. Mr. King "wondered that he should find an opponent in the 'universal philanthropist,'" evidently being of opinion that a philanthropist should approve of everything well intended, whether well devised or not. The projector thought enough to allege that he "was conscious of the purity of his intentions, and confident in the soundness of his principles"; but, as the "principles" had never been tried, and as "purity of intention," however excellent in itself, is not capital in a commercial sense, and will buy nothing in the market, the exchange could not be expected to command confidence—yet it obtained it. Within twenty weeks deposits of the value of £3,500 were made.

In writing to the *Times* concerning the Labour Exchange Institution, Mr. Owen cited the great commercial organisation of the firm of James Morrison & Co. as an approach towards the change that he intended to effect in the distribution of common wealth among the people.

A United Interests Exchange Mart and Bank was projected, and premises taken for it in Aldersgate Street, a few yards south of the corner of Long Lane, consisting of a spacious front shop, with three other floors, each of nearly the same extent, for showrooms and exchange purposes. An exchange was opened in Sheffield, a town always venturesome in social things. But it was Birmingham that stood next to London in labour exchange fervour. Mr. Owen convened a congress in 1832 in Birmingham, at which delegates from various parts of the kingdom were invited, to discuss this new scheme of local commerce. The propagandism of it was in mighty hands, wont to strike the world in a large way. At once Mr. Owen held a great meeting in Birmingham, where he excited both enthusiasm and inquiry into the nature of co-operative plans generally. Mr. Thomas Attwood, himself then a man of national repute, with a natural affinity himself for men of spacious manners, introduced Mr. Owen, with many courtly phrases, to the council of the famous Birmingham Political Union, whom Mr. Owen addressed. He delivered lectures in the public office in Dee's Royal Hotel, Temple Row, which was largely attended by ladies; and in Beardsworth's Repository, which was attended by eight thousand people. Mr. G. F. Muntz was announced to preside. Mr. Owen's subject was "Labour Exchanges"; and Mr. Beardsworth, having an eye to business, offered to sell him the repository for a labour exchange mart. Mr. John Rabone, Mr. George Edmonds (one of the most ambitious orators of the Birmingham Political Union, and subsequently Clerk of the Peace of the town), Mr. Hawkes Smith, Mr. Pare, and others, addressed the great meeting at Beardsworth's.

Birmingham being distinguished among English towns for the variety of its small trades and miscellaneous industries, exchange of any kind came congenially. Journalism there soon showed itself interested in advancing the idea. A special *Labour Exchange Gazette* was started, and on July 29, 1833,

the National Equitable Labour Exchange was opened in Coach Yard, Bull Street. Benjamin Woolfield, Esq., was the director, and Mr. James Lewes sub-director. The bankers were Spooners, Attwoods & Co. The first day the deposits were 18,000 hours, and the exchanges 900. Each day, for some time, the deposits increased, but the exchanges never exceeded one half. In August the association of depositors numbered 840. Coventry sent £30 worth of ribbons; but a much more saleable deposit was three hundredweight of good bacon, and one person undertook to take any number of well-manufactured Birmingham articles in exchange for the best Irish provisions. The capital upon which this exchange commenced was only £450, which the first three months realised a profit, clear of all rents, salaries, and other payments, of £262. By this time London was filled with the fame of the Labour Exchange Bazaar of Gray's Inn Road, which Mr. Owen had taken to accommodate the growing business which was arising around him beyond that which could be dealt with in the Charlotte Street Rooms. It was stated that in one week the deposits in the Gray's Inn Road bazaar amounted to little less than £10,000, and that if 4 per cent. out of the 8⅓ per cent. said to be then charged on those deposits were applied to the extension of exchanges, there would be a disposable accumulating fund of £400 weekly, or if the deposits and exchanges proceeded at that rate £28,000 per annum would arise for that purpose. "Over the water"—as the Surrey side of London was called—things went on swimmingly. The Labour Exchange Association was so active that in 1833 and '34 it published monthly reports of its proceedings, with carefully drawn up papers and speeches of members.

The astonishing number of deposits made in a short time, and the avidity with which exchanges were made, proved that a large amount of wealth remained stationary for the want of a market. No doubt numerous persons were stimulated by these exchanges to make articles of use and value, who before did nothing, because no means existed of disposing of them; and thus, by providing exchanges, new wealth was created. Mr. Owen strongly recommended the management of the exchange at Birmingham to be given to Mr. William Robert

Wood. Mr. Wood better understood the commercial possibilities of these Exchanges than any one else.[1] The cardinal point he insisted upon was, that each Exchange should be provided with quick, sound, practical valuators—not men muddled with labour-note ideas of sixpence per hour estimates—but who would know exactly what a thing would fetch in the market if it had to be sold out of doors. The labour of a second-rate shoemaker, or button maker, might not be worth sixpence an hour, while the labour of a skilful oculist might be worth 100 guineas. Who could appraise the value per hour of the chair painter and the landscape painter at the same sixpence? The Labour Exchange needed the pawnbroker's faculty of quickly seeing what a thing was worth. The exchange managers should have a clear eye to not giving more than could be obtained for an article if they had to sell it to a stranger. By giving more than the value obvious to the outsider, the labour notes are depreciated in value. If a man of business went into an exchange and saw persons depositing chimney ornaments and firescreens, and carrying out kettles, good hats, and sound pieces of bacon, he knew at once that things could not go on. Their rapid popularity showed that they really hit a general need, and sound management must make them profitable. At first, tradesmen around them readily agreed to take labour notes, and numerous placards were issued, and are still extant (preserved by Mr. Place),[2] giving this notice to the public. Of course these tradesmen took occasion to run round the exchange themselves, and see what kind of deposits represented the value of the notes. A weakness for "respectable" friends of the system caused in one case a whole family of shrewd, talkative professors of the "new views" to be put upon the directory of an exchange. These adroit managers did business with their friends and acquaintances,

[1] Mr. Wood remained persuaded of the utility of Labour Exchanges to the end of his days, and proposed to co-operate with me in establishing one. He became the leading dentist in Brighton and died at an advanced age. He became alderman, and his friend Mayall—the famous photographer—became mayor. Both were Huddersfield men. Brighton owed its public baths and other social improvements to Alderman Wood, to whom the memory of Owen was a constant inspiration.

[2] As many as three hundred tradesmen gave notice that the Labour Notes would be taken at their places of business, and in some cases the theatres made the same announcement—that Labour Notes would be taken at the doors.

who loaded the shelves with useless things appraised at a special rate, while valuable and saleable articles were carried away in exchange. Sharp shopkeepers sent down worthless stock in their shops, exchanged it for labour notes, and before the general public came in carried away the pick of the saleable things, with which they stocked their shops. As they put in their windows "Labour Notes taken here," they were thought wonderful friends of the exchange. With some of them the proper notice in the window would have been "Labour Exchangers taken in here." And these were the knaves who first began to depreciate Labour Notes and compare them to French assignats, and they well knew the reason why.[1] The popularity and even profit of the deposit business was such that it bore this. Then wholesale and general dealers systematically depreciated Labour Notes with a view to buy them up, which they did, and carried off all the saleable goods they could find at the exchange. These operators did not approve of the exchanges which appeared to threaten a new system of barter, and ingeniously devised means to discredit them and profit themselves in doing it. If Mr. Owen had otherwise chosen his officers in the central exchange the enemy might have been frustrated; but disinterestedness had become with him a second nature, and he took for granted the integrity of those who offered their services. When his suspicions were aroused no man could see more easily or farther into a rogue than he.

Mr. Owen rather regarded these exchanges as weak expedients of persons who thought that they could mend or mitigate a state of society which he considered should be peremptorily superseded; they had not the advantage of that strong direction. Facility and certainty of exchange is a condition not only of commerce but of production. Astute persons failed not to see that a wealth-making power resided in them. It was obvious if pawnbrokers—who received no money with deposits, but had to pay out capital for them and be debarred from realising upon articles taken in until a long period after, and then only when not redeemed—prospered, there was some probability that a

[1] On the other hand there were honest and favouring shopkeepers who took the notes with a view to promote their circulation as currency, and gave saleable goods for them, who found themselves unable to obtain a fair exchange at the bazaar, and thus they became victims of the exchange scheme.

company of labour brokers—who received cash with every deposit and paid no capital out for it, but merely gave a note for it and were at liberty to sell it the next hour—could make profit. There might have been a department where valuable articles of uncertain demand could be received on sale at the depositor's own price, to be paid for only when disposed of. Had the profits accruing been carried to the credit of customers in proportion to their dealings, as is now done in the co-operative stores, and the first five pounds of profit so gained by the exchanger capitalised to create a fund to stand at the back of the notes to prevent panic or depreciation, these Labour Exchanges might have continued, as they might now be revived.

At the Surrey branch in Blackfriars Road, which existed simultaneously with the Gray's Inn Road Exchange, the total deposits soon amounted to £32,000, and the exchanges to £16,000.

Mechanical inventions, steam engines, steamships, and projected railways had changed the character of industry before men's eyes. Dr. Church was known to be running about Birmingham on a steel horse. Though some of his patients were more alarmed at his untoward steed, he made a favourable impression upon the popular imagination. The novelty of change disposed many to believe that the new discovery in barter was the very supplement of industry wanted, and that its uses and benefits would be indefinite. Their progress was marvellous, and their first discouragement came, not from the enemy but from friends. They were the disciples of the world-makers who helped, in their mournful, misgiving way, to bring the scheme down. They regarded these exchanges as an expedient for diverging from the straight road which led to the new world. Mr. Gray says: "They proved entirely delusive, as all attempts to graft a new system upon the old must be, without any corresponding change of principles and and habits of action"; whereas it was a merit of this scheme that it required no change of principle and very little habit of action. It was their success and profit becoming obvious to untheoretical eyes that led finally to their ruin. The Jewish proprietor of Gray's Inn Road saw that good commercial results could be derived from them and conspired to obtain

them himself. But the enthusiasm which Mr. Owen had created, and which allured the public to any scheme with which he was connected at that time, was wanting to the new proprietor. He had taken a shop without being able to secure to himself what in England is called the goodwill of the business.

In January, 1834, the Labour Exchange in Gray's Inn Road was broken up by violence. The proprietor, Mr. Bromley, having had his building empty in 1831 for four months, artfully placed the keys in Mr. Owen's unsuspecting hands, to do what he pleased with it, he relinquishing any claim to rent till 1832. Nothing was to be paid for the fixtures. Mr. Owen accepted the arrangement without any schedule of fixtures or any definite agreement as to terms and tenure of future tenancy. Had the place gone on indifferently, Mr. Bromley would have been very glad for such rent as Mr. Owen would have paid him. For a year and a half Mr. Owen used the place as the grand central institution for promulgating his system. Lectures were delivered there on Sundays and other days. Great festive celebrations were held ; and many of the most eminent men of that day and of subsequent years were among the occasional frequenters of the meetings. Trade unionists, social, political, religious, and philanthropic reformers of all schools, found welcome and hearing there. No opinion, Tory, Radical, or religious, and no want of opinion, was a bar to friendliness and aid, provided the object was one intended to benefit the public. It was taking the Labour Exchange there that brought the Institution (of which London never had the like before or since) to an end. When Mr. Bromley saw the exchange succeed he took steps to obtain possession of the place, as he was satisfied Mr. Owen had discovered a mode of making money which was unknown to Mr. Bromley. One of his modest proposals, then, was that Mr. Owen should buy the whole institution at £17,000. Then he demanded that the fixtures should be paid for, which had never been estimated at more than £700. He, however, made a demand for £1,100 ; and, to prevent dispute, or unpleasantness, Mr. Owen paid him £700 out of his own pocket. It was ultimately arranged that the premises should be given up, as the directors of the exchange refused to take any further lease of the premises at

the rental asked, which was £1,700 a year. Mr. Bromley, however, was so impatient of re-possession that he did not wait even for their leaving, but procured a mob of men and broke into the place, and let in sixty-four ruffians (the exact number of the gang was set down), who smashed the secretary's doors in, took possession of the fixtures belonging to the exchange, and turned the directors into the street. The police were called, some of the rioters were taken before the magistrates, and the same discredit occurred as though Mr. Owen had not paid the £700. Of course there was a remedy in law against Mr. Bromley, but the directors were too lenient to enforce it, and they were content to open a new bazaar in the Surrey Institution, Blackfriars Road. Notwithstanding the excitement and mischievous knowledge the public had that the Gray's Inn Road place might be peremptorily closed, the amount of deposits on the last day it was opened was 6,915 hours, and the exchanges 5,850, so that the directors continued to do business to the last day at the rate of more than £50,000 a year. The lowest rent Mr. Bromley would agree to accept as a condition of their remaining was £1,400, and the rates and taxes amounted to about £300 more, making a yearly outgoing of £1,700. The business of the exchange was clearly likely to bear this; Mr. Bromley became so satisfied on this point, was so impatient to get possession, that, rather than wait a week or two for the convenience of removal, he resorted to force, and immediately issued a placard announcing that "The whole of the splendid and capacious premises, Gray's Inn Road, will be occupied in future by the National Land and Equitable Labour Exchange Company. The present occupants will close their proceedings this week, and the National Land and Equitable Labour Exchange Company will commence receiving deposits on Wednesday morning next, the 16th instant, at ten o'clock, and continue daily at the same hour; and the company's exchange stores will be opened to the public on Monday, the 21st of January, 1833; after which day the company will be ready to receive proposals for the occupation of land lying at convenient distances from the metropolis, or on the land of the intended railroad from Birmingham to King's Cross."

Here was a well-laid scheme, which was really a tribute to

the value of exchanges. This practical man, unembarrassed by any scruples, thought that if the plan succeeded so well when weighed with Mr. Owen's unpopular principles, the world would flock to the same standard when a neutral flag was displayed. He, however, overlooked that outrage, though it sometimes succeeds, is often a dangerous foundation to build upon. Mr. Owen's disciples were not all philosophers—they were human enough to feel rage, and numerous and powerful enough to make their indignation felt; and they spoke so unpleasantly of the new project and its ingenious projector, that he got few exchanges, and lost his good tenants without getting any other. He found he had not only alienated those who had made the exchange system popular; he had alarmed the public by the spectacle of violence, police cases, and failure. The National Company fell into well-earned contempt and distrust, and the Gray's Inn Road buildings became an obscure, woebegone, deserted, unprofitable holding.[1] No doubt, Labour Exchanges died there. Had Mr. Owen's friends been self-denying, stilled their hatchet tongues, and have promoted the success of the Equitable Exchange, the cause might have been saved. They did not comprehend that steam was not a failure, though a thousand experiments broke down before a single steamship sailed or railway car ran; that new medicines as often kill people as cure them before cautious, patient, experimental physicians discover the right way of administering them. Yet no one decries the curative art. But in social devices the first scoundrel or the first fool—the first thief or the first blunderer, who by over-confidence, fraud, or ignorance brings a scheme to immediate grief, sets the world against it for generations, and journalists evermore speak of it as that "abortive failure which was tried long ago and brought ruin and ignominy upon all concerned."

[1] The original correspondence on this subject and the statements and letters of Mr. Bromley to Mr. Owen, are now in the possession of The Owen Memorial Committee of Manchester.

CHAPTER IX

THE SOCIALISTIC PERIOD. 1831–1844

"Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden showed,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd,
Rare sunshine flow'd."—TENNYSON.

For thirteen years now Co-operation has to be traced through Socialism. Store keeping had in many cases failed, and, where successful, its profits were insufficient to pave the way to the new world, much less defray the costs of that rather extensive erection. Grand schemes were revived, in which idleness and vice, silliness and poverty were to cease by mutual arrangement. This state of things came to bear the name of Socialism.

Social and co-operative literature has not been very brilliant. Robert Dale Owen was incomparably the best writer of the early period. William Hawkes Smith, of Birmingham, had an animated readable style. Mr. Minter Morgan had literary ambition. In this period the working-men writers were often eloquent by impulse and passion. They told their story ofttimes with verbose energy. There were frequent instances of wit and humour in their platform arguments. But their writing was best endurable to persons of the same way of thinking, to whom earnestness was eloquence, and to whom any argument in which they agreed seemed witty. Any man who stood up manfully for opinions, at which society scowled, seemed admirable, and was admirable in doing it; and by those who thought that deliverance from precariousness lay that way, no art save sincerity was esteemed.

English men, as a rule, getso few large ideas that when one

makes its way into their mind, whether political, religious, or social, they go mad about it for the first few years. They see nothing but that. Everything else in the world is obscure to them ; and they believe that their route is the high-road to the millennium. No Co-operators arose who had the pen of Bunyan, the Bedford tinker.

Many books were published without any date, or any allusion by which a person unacquainted with the time could determine when they were issued. So important a book as William Thompson's "Practical Directions for the Establishment of Communities" merely contains an incidental date which suggests rather than tells when it appeared. All these authors thought they were commencing a new world, and that their works would be known and issued at the beginning of things. Even Robert Fellowes, B.A., Oxon, who published an address to the people in 1799, on the "Genius of Democracy," was not well served by the printer, who made him say that "Nelson's victory on the Nile had lain the *posterity* of France in the dust." That would have been a famous achievement and saved Europe much trouble. Posterity ought to have been prosperity. Huber states that some ants are subject to a peculiar malady, which, after being once seized with it, prevents them moving any more in a straight line. There are a great many writers who are subject to this disease, who not only move, but reason deviously, and never arrive at the point of their meaning. Ant writers of this description overrun socialist literature.

With the close of 1830 periodicals representing Co-operation appear to cease. Few, if any, reached 1831. No new ones were announced in London for that year, and no trace of any remain. Another form of activity commenced. As 1830 was the year of journals, 1831 was the year of congresses. The fervour of the five years from 1826 to 1830 stimulated action, and then ceased to direct it. Societies popular in conception can hardly become so in practice, or be largely sustained without the animation and counsel which well-contrived periodicals supply. None could advertise or pay for competent editorship or competent contributors. It comes to pass that journals written by charity come to be read only by charity. At length, in 1832, Mr. Owen entered the field of weekly journalship himself, and issued a much larger paper than had

ever before appeared, purporting to represent Co-operation. Of course it must bear a momentous title if Mr. Owen had anything to do with it, and accordingly it was named *The Crisis*. The poor are always in a crisis, and rich and poor in that year were rather better off in this respect than they had been for a long time. There was a profitable crisis approaching of some importance, for the Reform Bill was near, but this did not concern Mr. Owen, and it was scarcely mentioned in the volume edited by him. The French Revolution had occurred two years previously, and Mr. Owen narrowly escaped being shot in it; but as Louis Philippe was not a believer in the "new views," Mr. Owen made no note of his deportation from France. It was the change from error and misery to truth and happiness, by the introduction of communistic plans, that was to constitute *the* crisis. Mr. Owen proposed to offer for the guidance of the affairs of men the heroic precept of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without mystery, mixture of error, or the fear of man"—which the world has certainly not seen yet. It was proof that social expectation in Owen was still great, that 12,000 copies were sold immediately *The Crisis* was out, and a second edition of 5,000 was issued.

In the meantime the provinces were busy with organs of associative opinion. After the first subsidence of Co-operative journals in London they arose in Lancashire, and were continued during 1831 and 1832 in a more practical way than in London, the price being mostly a penny, while in London they were published as sixpenny magazines, and, of course, only purchased by people who had sixpence to spare; while in the provinces Co-operation had become a matter of interest chiefly to workmen who had less to spare. Then in London and the south of England Co-operation was more sentimental, as though the warmer atmosphere rarefied it; while in the north it appeared as though the cold condensed it. In Lancashire and Yorkshire journals were more practical. Instead of theories about the happiness of the higher orders, the pages were filled with reports of societies actually in operation with accounts of their experience and profit to the "lower orders."

Monthly papers had hitherto been the rule, it being illegal then to publish news earlier than twenty-eight days old, unless the paper bore the newspaper stamp; which made it

impossible to issue a weekly paper which reported immediate proceedings. Long before the newspaper stamp was abolished considerable latitude had been allowed by the Government with respect to journals representing religious, scientific, or educational movements. It was impossible for the Stamp Office to make a restrictive definition of news. All weekly publications reporting any proceeding which gave immediate information came under the definition of a newspaper; and Mr. Owen's *Crisis* might have been put down at any time had any one called the attention of the law officers to it. Mr. Collett made this clear when he stopped Mr. Dickens' *Household Narrative of Current Events*, and brought the *Athenæum* within the operation of the law.

The *Lancashire Co-operator, or Useful Classes' Advocate*, as it with some judgment called itself, took for its motto this well-conceived improvement upon the half maxim, "Union is strength," namely—

> "Numbers without union are powerless,
> And union without knowledge is useless."

This publication, edited by Mr. E. T. Craig, first appeared in September, 1831. It published addresses to Christian co-operators, who, however, could never be persuaded to take it. This journal was locally well received, and was sent out by the Manchester and Salford Co-operative Council. It was a small penny periodical, the expense of issuing which could scarcely have cost the members more than a farthing each, even if none had been sold. The editor showed great taste in selecting illustrative extracts. One was from Shipley, the Bishop of St. Asaph, which set forth that the art "of preventing insurrection is not to take from the people the power to resist, but to make it their interest to obey." The fifth number reported a co-operative tea-party, attended by about a hundred and thirty men and women, in Halifax. In September a successor to this little journal appeared under the title of *The Lancashire and Yorkshire Co-operator*, resembling its predecessor in every respect, with the addition only of the name of "Yorkshire." In those days adversaries were fond of describing Co-operation as an *ignis fatuus*. An article under that term—"Co-operation an *Ignis Fatuus*"—was written.

Fifty people read the title for one who read the article.[1] In the second number of this two-counties' journal Mr. B. Warden, an enthusiastic saddler, of Marylebone, addressed a communication to the "Eight Millions of Workpeople of the British Nation," though it was perfectly certain that eight hundred would never see it. The editor continued to make extracts from Bishop Shipley; and, knowing that co-operators were esteemed latitudinarians in religion, because they were more scrupulous in believing only what they could give an account of in reason, he judiciously called attention to Bishop Shipley's wise saying: "I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences who are over-cautious of professing or believing too much. . . . I respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of are the men who believe everything, who subscribe everything, and vote for everything." These principleless evasionists overrun the country still and pass for respectable persons of irreproachable faith. This journal continued until February, 1832—writing to the last about Co-operation being an *ignis fatuus*. It, however, reappeared as a four-weekly organ. There was no halfpenny postage of publications in those days, and the editor intimated that the cost of carriage proved a barrier to its circulation, and the "Six Acts" prohibiting their giving news, such as reports of lectures or societies' meetings, oftener than once a month, they had determined to issue their journal in future monthly; but whether the "Six Acts" frightened them from discovering the name of the month or year of issue did not transpire. The journal never contained the one or the other till, incidentally, in October, the month and year appeared. In its monthly form it was printed very prettily. It was in double columns, and the chief subjects of each page was printed at the head. The new series commenced by another address from Mr. B. Warden, "To the Eight Millions." Its last number appeared in November, and was entirely occupied with a report of the fourth Congress of delegates, which was held at Liverpool. That year Mr. T. Wayland, of Lincoln's Inn, published a work on the "Equalisation of Property and the Formation of Communities."

[1] The adversaries whose eyes fell on the suspicious title exclaimed: "We always said co-operators were under a delusion, and now they see it themselves."

The Congresses and their incidents will be more intelligible, perhaps, if related in the order of their succession. The first Congress was held in Manchester in 1830. The second Co-operative Congress was held in Birmingham in October, 1831, and for a season divided attention with the Reform Bill in that town. It met in commodious rooms in the Old Square. At this Congress, Rowland Detrosier was present, who had already distinguished himself by the possession of unusual scientific and political knowledge for one of his rank of life, and who had a voice, an energy, and an eloquence which was considered strikingly to resemble Brougham's.

Birmingham in those days was quite a centre of Co-operative inspiration. Here the first organised impulse was given to the formation of a band of missionaries. Here the Congress proposed to contribute to the capital of the *Voice of the People*, with a view to its becoming the accredited organ of the movement. Then there were no railways nor funds for coaches, and two of the delegates from Glasgow walked the whole distance, nearly 300 miles. Robert Owen and William Thompson were the chairmen of the Congress. In December of the following year a public meeting of 8,000 persons was held, lasting from eleven in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, consisting of small manufacturers, shopkeepers, operatives, and many ladies and persons of the wealthier classes. Mr. Owen said, in writing to his son Dale, that "in all his experience in Europe and America he had never witnessed so numerous and gratifying a meeting."[1]

The third Co-operative Congress, held in the Gray's Inn Road Institution, London, in 1832, was notable for many things. Further and more open attempts were made to promote political indifference among co-operators. Mr. Owen remarked that "despotic governments were frequently found to be better than those called democratic. In the countries where those governments existed the industrial classes were not found in such misery and destitution as in this country, and therefore on this ground there was no reason to dislike despotism. As far as the co-operative system was concerned, it was of no consequence whether governments were despotic or not."

[1] *Crisis*, No. 39, 1832.

Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P., who was a visitor to the Congress, at once challenged this fatal doctrine of political indifferentism. He said "he had himself been a co-operator, perhaps longer than most present. He was surprised to hear what had been said in reference to the character of governments. The English was not a democratic government. Though democratic in name, it was despotic in practice. In Austria and Constantinople despotism was exercised by one man. In England it was inflicted by many. He was surprised also that popular instruction was not urged in Mr. Owen's address. It was only by knowledge that the people could be freed from the trammels of bad laws and State religion." The number of persons attending this Congress were eight hundred on the day on which it assembled: certainly showing great popular interest in the proceedings. The new project of Labour Exchanges was that which was uppermost in the minds of the public, both at the Birmingham Congress and at this great one in London.

The first number of the *Crisis*, before mentioned, announced this Co-operative Congress of the associations in Great Britain and Ireland, and the societies were admonished "to choose men capable of having their minds elevated, and of such moral courage and singleness of purpose that the passions of men should not be able to turn them from the godlike course which they will have to run." A delegate needed to have a good deal of courage to present himself at the Gray's Inn Road Congress, as a person likely to fulfil these high conditions, especially as all the members of Parliament were invited to meet the men of the "godlike" career. It is curious to observe all through the history of social and other reform how few leaders seemed to consider how far their language would be likely to excite the amusement, rather than the respect, of those who differ from them.

Mr. Pare reported "the absence of Mr. Portman, M.P.; Mr. Hughes, M.P. [there was a Mr. Hughes, M.P., favourable to Co-operation in that day]. Mr. Slaney, M.P., had agreed to support a petition; but neither Lord Brougham nor Mr. O'Connell, who were to present it, ever did so, or even acknowledged its receipt"—not worth telling, since it gave the public the idea that those honourable members did not

think much of the Congress—the probability being that both gentlemen were overwhelmed with more applications than they could attend to, or even write to say so. Lord Boston sent a letter to the Congress.[1]

Three members of Parliament—Mr. Hume, Mr. Mackinnon, and Mr. James Johnson—appear to have been present. Mr. Owen presided. The names best known to co-operative history of the delegates who attended were Dr. Wade, who afterwards wrote a history of the working class; William Lovett, honourably known subsequently for his advocacy of educational Chartism; Mr. John Finch, a Liverpool iron merchant, a famous advocate of temperance, and a man of great earnestness—a religious man with great capacity for making Socialism disagreeable to religious people; Mr. William Pare, of Birmingham; Mr. Joseph Smith, of Salford; James Watson, B. Cousins, John Cleave, and the Rev. Thomas Macconnell, a ready and powerful speaker, not known subsequently to much advantage. Mr. Hume came in the course of the Congress, and, as we have seen, took part in the proceedings—the report of which was made and edited on the order of the Congress, by William Carpenter, a famous name among the reformers of that day as the author of "Political Letters," and many publications which still live in political recollection. The motto of the political tracts published by William Carpenter was: "Every man for every man, himself included"—a co-operative device in which it was provided that the individual should not lose sight of himself. In other respects this was a remarkable Congress. It adopted a wise and much-needed resolution upon which nobody acted, which, however, was ordered to be the standing motto of the society, to be printed with all publications regarded as official, issued by the co-operative body. It was this:

"Whereas, the co-operative world contains persons of all religious sects, and of all political parties, it is unanimously resolved—that co-operators *as such* are not identified with any religious, irreligious, or political tenets whatever; neither those of Mr. Owen nor any other individual."

This resolution was brought forward by Mr. Owen, and showed good sense on his part. It was, however, impracti-

[1] *Crisis*, May 5, 1832.

cable since the principles of Co-operation as explained by him, and accepted by co-operators, did contradict the popular belief of the day as respects the unwilfulness of sin, the unjustifiableness of punishment (except as a means of deterring others), the power of influencing character by well-devised material conditions. No resolution could establish neutrality in a party whose principles committed it to dissent from the popular theology.

At this Congress the United Kingdom was divided into nine missionary districts, with a council and secretary for each. 1. The Metropolis; 2. Birmingham; 3. Manchester; 4. Glasgow; 5. Belfast; 6. Dublin; 7. Cork; 8. Edinburgh; 9. Norwich. The "old immoral world" was to be assaulted at many points.

At this Congress a circular was sent to all the societies, "Regulations for Co-operative Societies":—

"1. Let it be universally understood, that the grand ultimate object of all co-operative societies, whether engaged in trading, manufacturing, or agricultural pursuits, *is community in land.*

"2. To effect this purpose, a weekly subscription, either in money, goods, or labour, from a penny to any other amount agreed upon, is indispensably necessary to be continued from year to year, until a capital sufficient to accomplish the object of the society be accumulated." [1]

The majority of co-operators had formed stores and established numerous manufacturing societies for the mutual advantage of the members. Many friends, among the middle and upper classes, had established co-operative stores, and had advanced capital to start them, from a kindly regard to the welfare of the members, sometimes to improve their social habits and train them in economy; and sometimes with the view to control their social and religious views by their influence as patrons. As working men grew independent in spirit this patronage was now and then declined, and sometimes resented. England, Ireland, and Scotland were studded, England especially, in Yorkshire and Lancashire, with co-operative manufacturing and provision associations, similar in character but less opulent than those which we now know. Several of

[1] This resolution led to co-operative stores being formed with a view to devote their profits to a fund for purchasing community land.

these stores were destroyed by success. The members for a time made money, but did not capitalise their profits, nor had they discovered the principle of dividing profits in proportion to purchases. The shareholders simply found success monotonous. Some betook themselves to other enterprises more adventurous. In some cases want of religious toleration broke up the society. Bad management ruined others. In possibly quite as many instances scoundrel managers extinguished the society. The law, as has been said, enabled a thief to plead that being a member of the society he only robbed himself, although he stole the shares of everybody else. The amendment of this state of things was not attempted until twenty years later, when lawyers joined the co-operative movement. Mr. E. Vansittart Neale, Mr. J. Malcolm Ludlow, Mr. Thomas Hughes, J. J. Furnival, and others, took Parliamentary action, and these crime-encouraging laws were ended.

Co-operators were invited to set out, like pilgrims, to the land of Beulah, where Acts of Parliament were unknown, or unnecessary. Of these dreams Mr. Pare spoke happily, and with the good sense from which English communists never departed. "It was true," he said, "they wished equality, but it was *voluntary* equality. It was true they were levellers, but they wished to level up and not down. They sought to create and retain fresh wealth for themselves." [1]

This Congress meant business, for, on Mr. Owen communicating that community land might be obtained if thought desirable, at Aylesbury, in Bucks, of four hundred acres, with one thousand acres adjoining, which he thought might also be had, he, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Bromley were appointed to inspect the estate, and a deputation was likewise appointed to wait upon Mr. Morgan, of the Stock Exchange, and endeavour to effect a loan of £250,000." [2]

The fourth Congress of delegates was held in Liverpool, October, 1832. So impatient and confident of progress were the co-operative communists becoming, that they held two Congresses in one year.

[1] *Crisis*, No. iv., 1832.

[2] Report of Third Co-operative Congress, 1832. Reported and Edited by order of the Congress by William Carpenter. It was a rule in those times always to have the Congress reported and edited by men of mark.

The fifth Co-operative Congress was held at Huddersfield in April, 1833, when a public meeting took place in the White Hart Inn, and one was held at Back Green, called by the town crier. Mr. Rigby's name appears for the first time at this Congress as a delegate from Manchester. It was stated that "numerous delegates from the various co-operative societies throughout the kingdom gave encouraging accounts of their progress, and that the societies in the West Riding of Yorkshire alone had accumulated a capital of £5,000, which was thought a great sum then in the north. It was at this Congress that the death of Mr. Thompson, of Cork, was announced by Mr. Owen, which was matter of deep regret to all social reformers. Mr. Stock, High Constable of Huddersfield, spoke at the White Hart meeting, and Mr. Owen moved a vote of thanks to their patriotic High Constable." Mr. W. R. Wood, of London, was appointed one of the secretaries of the Congress. "A provisional committee was appointed to immediately engage premises for a Labour Exchange." This Congress is described in the *Crisis* for May, 1833, as the sixth. In September of the same year the full report is reprinted as that of the "fifth Congress," which appears to be the right enumeration.

The sixth Congress was held at West End, Barnsley, March 31, 1834. It is not, so far as I can trace, even mentioned in the *Crisis*.

The seventh Congress recorded was held at Halifax, April 20, 1835. This was the last meeting of delegates from stores described as "a Co-operative Congress." This Halifax Congress was the end of the Co-operative Congress series. They lasted six years.

This year, 1835, the Association of All Classes was formed, and in May was held the first of the Socialist Congresses. It was not convened as a delegate Congress, but was open to all who cared to come. It was really the great meeting at which the A.A.C.A.N. [Association of All Classes of All Nations] was floated. The second Socialist Congress was convened at Burton Chapel, Burton-street, Burton Crescent, London. Its proceedings consisted of addresses and resolutions.

The third Socialist Congress was held in Manchester, May, 1837. It assembled in the Social Institution, Great George

Street, Salford. The Congress was intended to be, and is always described as the "Manchester" Congress.

The practical result of this Congress was the formation of a National Community Friendly Society. On the motion of Mr. Lloyd Jones, a Missionary and Tract Society was resolved on.

The chief things otherwise arranged were the enrolment of the society under the 10th George the Fourth, chap. 56, as amended by the 4th and 5th of William the Fourth, for the purpose of obtaining legal security for the funds of a society having in view the establishment of a system of united property, labour, and education among the members thereof. Mr. James Rigby, of Salford, and Alexander Campbell, of Glasgow, were appointed the permanent missionaries of the association, who were to receive instructions from the Central Board of the Home Department. The Foreign department announced was little heard of afterwards, though London was assigned as the seat of the foreign government. The main objects of all the resolutions, and departments, were founding communities of united interests. The fervour which prevailed at this period was indicated in an editorial article on "The Socialists' Campaign," in which it was pointed out that things would go on badly everywhere, "until 'The Book'—the Book of the New Moral World—shall be received and acknowledged as a guide, not simply to all parties, but to the entire family of human kind."

The second quarterly report, presented after the announcement of the Home and Foreign departments referred to, showed a total income of only £122 10s. 4d. A revenue of £500 a year certainly suggested that the world was going to be governed with a very moderate budget.

The fourth Socialist Congress was held in Manchester, May, 1838. Mr. F. Hollick was first appointed a missionary at this Congress. At the same meeting Messrs. William Clegg, John Finch, and Joseph Smith were instructed to seek an estate capable of accommodating five hundred persons. It adjourned to the 30th of July to Birmingham, where it met under the designation of a "Congress of Delegates of the National Community Friendly Society." Mr. Owen, the president, artfully read to the delegates an account of a council

of savages in the South Seas,[1] where throughout the whole of the proceedings no two persons had attempted to speak at the same time—no speaker had attempted to impugn the motives or opinions of the rest—but all had honourably confined themselves to the question before them—one of many instances in which savages are capable of teaching the civilised.

The two last-named associations—that of All Classes of All Nations and the National Community Society—made a proclamation at this Congress, and the "Outline of the Rational System of Society" was first issued then.

The fifth Congress of this series was held in Birmingham in May, 1839. Birmingham had become so influential a centre of Co-operation, that not only was the *New Moral World* printed and published in it, but the Central Boards of the two associations were established in Bennett's Hill, and the longest Congress that had then been held took place in Birmingham. The Congress there of 1839 sat sixteen days. The Association of All Classes and the National Community Society were amalgamated and transmuted into something more wonderful still, "The Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists."

The sixth Congress met in a music saloon, South Parade, Leeds, in May, 1840. The chief announcement made was that since the last Congress the estate of East Tytherly, in Hants, had been secured for the purposes of a community. This first Congress of the Community Society was occupied chiefly with the affairs of Tytherly.

The seventh Congress (second of the Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists) met in Manchester in the great hall of the Social Institution, May, 1841. The affairs of Tytherly—the Queenwood Community, as it came to be called—was the main topic of debates, which lasted seventeen days. In the proceedings of this Congress the name of the present writer appears for the first time officially as appointed Social Missionary for Sheffield.

The eighth Congress opened May, 1842, in the new building, Harmony Hall, Queenwood. Standing orders were published this year. The later Congresses showed business progress and order of deliberation. More than the powers of a prime

[1] From "Montgomery's Travels."

minister were accorded to the president, that of choosing his administration and changing them at his discretion. This was the first Queenwood Congress. The docility which persecution had taught some tongues was shown by Mr. Fleming at this Congress, where he said by way of admonition to social missionaries that "fondness for theological controversy always argued an ill-regulated mind, to say the least of it; and he who fostered that spirit could be neither good nor happy."

The ninth Congress was a special one, called at the Institution, 23, John Street, Tottenham Court Road, July, 1842, to take the affairs of Harmony into consideration, as funds were wanted. The Congress sat on Sunday. The business occupied nine days.

The tenth Congress of May, 1843, again held at Harmony Hall, was styled the "Eighth Session of the Congress of the Rational Society" (the "special" Congress not being counted in official enumeration).

The eleventh Congress of the "Rational Society," as it was now called, took place again at Harmony Hall, May 10, 1844. Harmony Hall affairs occupied the main time of the delegates, who grew fewer as the business became more serious. Lack of funds and diminished members deterred or disqualified many societies from electing representatives.

The twelfth Congress met again at Harmony Hall, May 10, 1845. A series of elaborate business papers and financial and other statements were laid before the delegates. Mr. George Simpson was now the general secretary, quite the ablest man who had held the office in later years. Had Mr. Simpson been secretary from the beginning of the Queenwood community it would probably have had a different fate. A clear-minded, single-minded, and capable financial secretary is of priceless value in experimental undertakings.

A thirteenth "special" Congress was convened at the Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, London, in July, 1845. The disposal of Harmony was the critical question debated. The proceedings were remarkable for a curious reactionary speech made by Mr. Lloyd Jones, who said "he had serious doubts now as to the good effects of their preaching for several years past, and it was with him a question whether they had bettered the state of those who by their preaching

they had loosed from the authority they were formerly under, and placed them under themselves."[1] Mr. Henry Hetherington stoutly said "it was always good to release individuals from the influence of bad men and false opinions, and was at a loss to conceive how people could be made better if it was not done." There are times when able men are discouraged at the small impression made on those with whom they are directly in contact. Truth often deflects from those it strikes, travels far and hits other men. Time alone shows the good done. It is worth while telling mankind when they are in known wrong. It gives men a motive to look in that direction. Besides, it is the duty of those who strive to be reformers to take care when they set men free from ignorant aims, that they place them under the dominion of intelligent and demonstrable ones, and provide for such repetitions of the teaching as shall keep the new conception strong and clear.

Socialism under Mr. Owen's inspiration and its own enthusiasm continued in its grand ways to the end. It issued proclamations, manifestoes, and addresses to her Majesty. If the Queen preserved them she must have left a fine collection.

The fourteenth and last of the Socialist Congresses was held at Queenwood Farm, June 30, 1846.[2] The *New Moral World* had ceased then, and these proceedings were reported in the *Reasoner*, which from 1846 vindicated and explained co-operative principle, and in every subsequent publication under the same editorship.

George Petrie, a Scotchman by birth, but who had the appearance of an Irish gentleman, served as a private in the army, and took part in the Peninsular wars. He was a man of courage, who ran generous and frightful risks for his comrades, from which only his wit extricated him. Settling in London among the co-operators he wrote a poem on "Equality," which was dedicated to Robert Dale Owen. He was an energetic man, and attracted many personal friends. He became an inmate of one of Mr. Baume's experimental cottages on the Frenchman's Island,[3] where he became insane in a month.

The Rev. C. B. Dunn, curate of Camberworth, is a name

[1] *New Moral World*, July 26, 1845. [2] *Reasoner*, July 8, 1846.
[3] Pentonville Prison stands on the spot now.

which frequently occurs in the Congress and other co-operative reports as a successful speaker and advocate of Co-operation.

Among the writers of co-operative melodies was Mrs. Mary Leman Grimstone, a popular contributor to the *Monthly Repository*, edited by W. J. Fox, who some twenty-five years later became member of Parliament for Oldham, and who himself was one of the early and literary friends of Co-operation. Mrs. Grimstone wrote an acrostic on the founder of Co-operation :—

"O mnipotent benevolence, this is thy holy reign :
W oe, want, crime, vice, and ignorance shall fall before thy fame ;
E re long, o'er all the gladd'n'd earth shall thy full blaze be glowing,
N or leave a spot that shall not hear and bless the name of OWEN !"

All these glowing predictions should be deposited privately in some House of Prophecy, to be brought out when the day of fulfilment comes. The *Crisis* placed on the title-page of the first volume a portrait of Robert Owen enough to scare any one away from its pages. To compensate for this a vignette appeared, representing the Labour Exchange Institution at Gray's Inn Road. The design was a sort of Canaletto interior. The place never looked half so well as in this engraving. Very early in volume two this disappeared, and gave place to a large straggling parallelogram of a community. The *Crisis* was the first London weekly paper representing Co-operation, and excited great interest and hope.

The friends of the "great change" impending were far from intending that the public should pass through the "crisis" without knowing it. The Social Missionary and Tract Society of the time established three stations—at Primrose Hill, Copenhagen Fields, and White Conduit House —where they sold sixteen dozen of the *Crisis* in one day. All matters of interest to the party were made known in its columns. Mr. F. Bate would write a note to the editor "announcing that the Annual Report of the London Society would be received at Burton Rooms on Sunday morning, at ten o'clock."

Though the co-operators were charged with latitudinarianism as respects responsibility, they appear to have had a very sharp conception of it in practice. Mr. Eamonson was a shining light of that day. It was he who delayed the index of the

first volume of the *Crisis* for some time, in order to get a good likeness of Mr. Owen to put upon the title-page; and who finally produced that alarming one of which the reader has been told. This gentleman, having a debt which he was unable to get paid, actually inserted in the *Crisis* the following notice :—

"To Persons in Debt.—Whereas, if Mr. Puckeridge, alias Mr. Mackellon, proprietor of the Royal Clarence Theatre, New Road, does not immediately settle the small account which is due to Eamonson, 15, Chichester Place, for papers, he will continue to give publicity to it by this and other means, as also some other persons who are in his debt, and whose conduct has been shuffling and unmanly."

The sub-editor who suffered this notice to appear should have been wheeled away by the first costermonger who passed by the office with his barrow.

In the thirty-fifth number of the *Crisis* Mr. Owen associated with himself his son, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, as conductor of the paper. This occurred in November, 1832. Mr. Dale Owen and his father's joint names appeared for the last time in 1833. Volume two was much diminished in size. Articles still appeared in it with the welcome signature of "R. D. O." Soon after, the journal stated that its co-editor, Robert Dale Owen, had set out for the United States; and the title-page bore the new title of *National Co-operative Trades Union, and Equitable Exchange Gazette*, the proceedings of Labour Exchanges and projected communities were the principal topics, and it gave the additional information that it was "Under the patronage of Robert Owen." A third volume commenced in September, 1833. It now returned to its original size and name, and was again a spacious, well-printed paper.

From the prevalence of Mr. Owen's articles and expositions of his views in it, the probability is that he found the funds.[1] Its price was now three halfpence, having previously been one

[1] When the Labour Exchange was broken up at Gray's Inn Road by violence, 9,000 hours of labour notes were stolen—"abstracted" Mr. Owen said. These Mr. Owen undertook should be honoured if presented. About the time of the Queenwood Community of 1840, Mr. Owen appears to have come to the end of the money he had reserved for the furtherance of social principle, and appears afterwards limited to an income only sufficient for his personal comfort.

penny. It now bore two small engravings on either side of the title, one representing a small town where the buildings, on one hand, appear in very irregular groups, while opposite is a lunatic asylum. All the people to be seen in the streets before it are crippled, or blind, or ragged; while in the new town the buildings are in mathematical order; the walks well laid out, all the people there are well dressed, well-to-do, and perfectly upright. The artist, however, had no genius for sketching the new world; for the old, immoral arrangement of the houses, with their quaint appearance, presented a far better skyline than the monotonous regularity of the well-built pile. The lunatic asylum had a far more picturesque appearance, and must have been a pleasanter place to live in than the solid, prosaic structure with which it was contrasted.

A fourth and last volume of the *Crisis* appeared in 1834. By that time all the diagrams had disappeared. There was less and less of Mr. Owen in its pages, and more and more of the Rev. J. E. Smith, who was a continual lecturer at the Charlotte Street Institution, and his fertile and industrious lectures frequently filled the pages of the *Crisis*, which became more various in contents, and more readable; but Mr. Smith lectured upon Socialism with so much ingenuity that Mr. Owen did not know his own system, and at last he protested, announcing that he would issue an entirely new publication, to be called the *New Moral World*, stating, with his usual grandeur, that "the great crisis of human nature would be passed that week." At length the date was definite and the event near. Three years the crisis had been pulling itself together, but then, the world was shy. It had now determined to make the plunge. In the same number Mr. J. E. Smith protested, and announced that any persons left undispersed by the crisis he would gather into a fold of his own, and announced a new publication to be called the *Shepherd*. Amid a shower of fables and playful gibes at his illustrious colleagues and his disciples, Mr. Smith took his departure.

The Rev. J. E. Smith, better known subsequently as "Shepherd Smith," was one of those clever and curious spirits who alighted within the confines of Co-operation. He

was a born mystic, who explained everything by means of indefinite and untraceable analogies. He entertained his hearers, he baffled his questioners, he evaded his adversaries. He constantly said excellent things, but all that was admirable was mostly irrelevant. He became the wonder and delight of thousands who never hoped to understand him. Mr. Smith afterwards achieved a wide and prolonged repute as the fertile, diverting editor of the *Family Herald*. He made a fortune by his wit and inexhaustible variety, and, exemplary editor! he left it among his contributors, with a considerable portion to Mr. B. D. Cousins, his publisher, a pleasant and active promoter of Co-operation, whose name was honourably associated with those of Hetherington, Watson, and Cleave.

The *Crisis*, like all propagandist papers which preceded it, and many which followed it, appeared in several sizes, with fluctuations in quality, colour of paper, infirmity of type and orthography, price, and changed names. Like flags carried in battle, they were made out of such material as happened to be available in the exigencies of forced marches, and were often shot into tatters by the enemy. Taxes upon knowledge and upon news hampered them, and rendered them unable to include matter of daily interest. *The True Sun*, of 1834, stated that the *Crisis* was prevented assuming the character of a newspaper through the cost of the stamp, or it would probably have had a prosperous existence.

Two *New Moral Worlds* appeared—the first was issued August 30, 1834, and was larger and altogether better printed than the second, which was issued three months later, and formed the first of a series of annual volumes, which were continued until 1845. It showed vitality in a movement, attempting larger schemes when lesser ones had failed, that its weekly journal, the *New Moral World*, should have a career of twelve years before it. The August issue was described as the "Official Gazette of the National Association of Industry, Humanity, and Knowledge," a most compendious representation, it must be owned. The first article, addressed to the "Unions of Great Britain and Ireland," was signed W. R. Wood, the young and eloquent speaker, whose name appeared in the proceedings in relation to Labour Exchange.

The *New Moral World* may be regarded as the most

important, the longest continued periodical which the co-operators had established. Co-operation, however, was less formally noticed than in the *Crisis*. At this time co-operative societies were dying out all around. Mr. Owen and his disciples were more and more influenced by the belief that these small affairs could effect no permanent change in society, and that they must concentrate their endeavours on the establishment of the great social scheme, which should demonstrate once for all and for ever the possibility and advantages of organised industry and organised society. The failure of the Indiana and the Orbiston experiments certainly discouraged advocates, but Mr. Owen's persistent assertions that a larger combination of means only was wanted to attain a striking success, kept up the faith of many adherents. The missionary propaganda proposed in 1832, and put in operation in 1833, created a new generation of adherents. Numerous young men of considerabe ability were inspired by the addresses made in various towns, and the facilities of discussion afforded in the various lecture-rooms gave them opportunities for public speaking. Popular excitement arising, and large audiences being attracted, active and provoking adversaries made their appearance, and all who could address an audience took the platform in defence of the new principles, acquired training as public debaters, and a stand was made on behalf of a great social change. How could any one within that enthusiastic circle doubt that Mr. Owen saw his way to the introduction of the new co-operative world, seeing that he had applied for the government of Coaquila and Texas, and that the Mexican Government had actually conceded to him the jurisdiction of the entire line of frontier stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, some 1,400 miles in length, and 150 miles in breadth, in which to establish his wonderful government of peace and plenty?[1] To plant the English millennium on 1,000 or 2,000 acres would, to use Mr. Disraeli's unpleasant and ignominious simile, be a mere "flea bite" of progress.

In 1834 a correspondent of Mr. Owen's, whose communication, signed "J. C.," appeared in the *New Moral World*, in November of that year, proposed a "Floating Co-operative

[1] *New Moral World*, September 26, 1835.

Community," which was to have its station on the Thames, where it was thought the inhabitants would be safe from the extortions of retail traders, lodging-house keepers, and gin-shops. Convenient shops were to be selected where the families of the floating society could go on shore for the instruction of the children in horticulture, agriculture, and botany. "Community" coffee-houses existed in London in 1834. Co-operators were never deterred by poverty of means. A halfpenny a week land fund had its enthusiastic members and friends, who expected to join Mr. Disraeli's territorial aristocracy by patient subscriptions of two shillings and twopence a year.[1]

At 14, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, was situated "The Institution" where Mr. Owen lectured every Sunday, and festivals and discussions were held on week-days. Socialism was always social. Its worst enemies could not deny this, and it first set the example of teaching working people to meet like ladies and gentlemen, on a pleasant equality, to abandon habits of isolation, sullenness, and conspiracy, and to chat, and sing, and dance, and think their way to schemes of competence. The *Poor Man's Guardian* of 1834, said, "We believe greater order or more genuine good feeling and politeness are not to be met with in any of the public assemblies in the metropolis or elsewhere." Considering that these assemblies were composed mainly of lodging-house keepers, newsvendors (who in those days were seldom long out of prison), grocers, tailors, costermongers, shoemakers, tallow-chandlers, and in some cases, as I know, sweeps, good people of conventional tastes were perplexed at this new species of association. It was not then understood that variety of industry was really the dress and decoration of the public service; and those who rendered none were merely nude and useless, and if they wilfully evaded work they were disreputable compared with those who lived by their honest labour. At length these assemblies commanded respect.

At the end of 1834 the first female co-operative association was formed. The object of the promotors was to form associative homes, and enable their members to acquire the art of living in contiguous dwellings. To raise funds these female

[1] *New Moral World*, No. 10, p. 64, December 20, 1834.

co-operators commenced selling tea and coffee, inviting the custom of the faithful to that end.

There were congratulations to the members of the Charlotte Street Institution on their having given spontaneous support to a grocery store, as it was in contemplation to open a meat-seller's store.

A French advocate of association, Mons. J. Gay, sent a letter by Dr. Bowring, in 1834, in which he described a plan of association which he had himself projected, and which was to consist of 12,000 souls. His dining-room was to be the size of the court of the Louvre, and capable of seating 12,000 guests—a very satisfactory dinner-party.

The "London weekly publication," as its advent was described, bore the title of the *New Moral World*. Its tone and terms were apostolic: otherwise its typographic style and appearance were inferior in quantity and quality of writing to the *Crisis*. It bore a proud, confident motto, which averred that "Silence will not retard its progress and opposition will give increased celerity to its movements." This was one of several famous sentences which Mr. Owen constructed. The great crisis of human nature, which was to take place in the fourth week in August, appears really to have come off, for the first serial number of the volume, appearing on Saturday, November 1, 1834,[1] declared in its opening sentence that "the Rubicon between the old world and the new moral worlds is finally passed."

These tidings were followed by twenty-one proofs of the principles and practices of the new state of things and were somewhat dull. The second number announced that "truth had at length gained the victory over error. Its reign upon earth had commenced, and would now prevail for evermore." The two volumes for 1835 and 1836 contained mainly papers by Mr. Owen.

Two pages of the *New Moral World* of 1835 contain the most intelligible and brief calculation of the material requirements in the way of agriculture, manufactures, and provisions for 500 persons of the working class which appears

[1] It was printed and published by Rowland Hunter, junr., at the office of the Association of All Classes of All Nations, 14, Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square.

in the records of these schemes. The proportions of persons were 110 men, 110 women, and 280 children, who were to occupy 1,000 English acres, upon part of which a village was to be built for their habitations.

Early in the year, owing to the excessive cold which prevailed in 1835, Mr. Owen ceased to lecture in the Charlotte Street Institution, and delivered his addresses in his chapel in Burton Street, Burton Crescent.

Early in 1834 Mr. Owen had proposed that the "Friends of the human race" should form "An Association of all Classes, and of all Nations." An elaborate scheme was published of this comprehensive society, of which Mr. Owen was to be the "preliminary father." This paternal authority published the long proposals for a "change of system in the British empire" which were duly offered to the Duke of Wellington's administration.

Notices were published that at one o'clock on the 1st of May, 1835, a great meeting would be held in the Charlotte Street Institution, when the superseding of the old world by the new would be made, and the contrast between them would be made evident.

The A.A.C.A.N. (Association of All Classes of All Nations), the great cosmopolitan device of 1835, was formed at this meeting, "to effect an entire change in the character and condition of the human race." Mr. Braby opened the proceedings and Mr. Owen took the chair. His speech occupied, when published, nearly two entire numbers of the *New Moral World*, long enough to weary both worlds at once, and would have affected the temper of all the nations together, had they been present. Nor did the trouble end there. One Mr. Charles Toplis, of Leicester Square, had conceived an infernal engine, a sort of Satanic mitrailleuse, which was to eject a thousand balls in the time one man could fire one. This he called "the Pacificator." Mr. Toplis had the wit to send an account of the horrible thing to Mr. Owen, who thought it something like an act of Providence that it should reach him just as he had finished writing his address, as it seemed to confirm the announcement he had made of the probable termination of war all over the world. Mr. Toplis had, Mr. Owen thought, made war impossible by multiplying the

powers of destruction; and he insisted upon the Toplis paper on "the Pacificator" being read, which being long must still have further wearied the Association of All Classes of All Nations. Indeed, the Toplis document was dull enough to have dispersed any army had it been read to them without any other application of "the Pacificator." The report says the meeting was numerous and respectable, but the only person of note who spoke at the end was Richard Carlile; he, however, was a man of historic powers of endurance.

A congress was announced to be held fourteen days later, to set the A.A.C.A.N. going, when Mr. Owen stated that he should retire from public life. On that day he would be 65 years of age. He said that he had, while he was wealthy, taken the precaution of making his wife and children sufficiently independent of his public proceedings, which always involved pecuniary loss. Mr. Richard Carlile made an eloquent speech on Mr. Owen's retirement from public life. Henceforth the lectures in the Charlotte Street Institution were given in the name of the A.A.C.A.N. Of course, Mr. Owen never retired, and public letters appeared every week from his pen; sometimes to Lord Brougham, at another time to Sir Robert Peel, and to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Three months later Mr. Owen served upon a sub-committee with Thomas Attwood—a committee appointed of members of Parliament and others who had met at the Exchequer Coffee House, Palace Yard, to consider means of relieving the distress which then existed among the working class. Mr. Owen even wrote an address to the "Religious of all Denominations." Twelve months after his retirement, he was addressing letters to his Majesty William IV. from 4, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent.

In September, James Morrison, the editor of a trades-union journal called the *Pioneer*, died. He was the first platform and literary advocate of unionism, who obtained distinction for judicious counsel and a firmness made strong by moderation. He died prematurely through working beyond his strength. His widow was long known at the Social Institution, Salford, for activity and intelligence nearly equal to his own. She was one of the lecturers of the society.

This year some friends in Finsbury obtained possession of

Zebulon Chapel, in the Curtain Road, and converted it into an Eastern Associative Hall. It caused disquietude in certain quarters that "Zebulon" should become a social institution.

A Social Land Community Society was the quaint name of a scheme this year, which never got far beyond its name. We have known a good deal in London of co-operative tailors since "Alton Locke" appeared. In the "Social Land" year (1835); an association of the tailor craft conducted a business at 5, Brydges Street, Strand.

Mr. Owen's lectures on marriage, and that kind of perplexing thing, were first printed in volume one of the *New Moral World*, in 1835. Many thought them unfortunate in tone, terms, and illustrations; while those who thought ill of his objects found in them an armoury of weapons for assault which lasted them ten years. In the abstract pages of the *New Moral World*, the lectures were harmless and inaccessible, but some one had them reprinted in Leeds, and Mr. Joshua Hobson published them. It was then brought to light that the lectures were not verbatim, but made up of abrupt notes taken by a hearer. But Mr. Owen did not care to repudiate what he did not recognise. It did not need Mr. Owen to tell us that we cannot love whom we please: yet it continues true that we may all our lives remain pleased with those who allure us to like them. There are unsuitable marriages, when divorce is far more moral than association with hate. But in those days it was deemed sinful to think so.

The rubicon being passed so late as November 1, 1834, was followed on October 31, 1835, by the second volume of the *New Moral World*, which opened with the sub-title of the "Millennium." The full title read, "The New Moral World and Millennium." That hitherto evasive form of perfection had been secured. A junior member of the council of the A.A.C.A.N., unaware of it, delivered a lecture at the Charlotte Street Institution, on "Millennial Prospects."

A proposal was made for establishing co-operative Freemasonry, and a Lodge was determined upon, and the "punctual attendance of all the brothers was respectfully requested."

Trade unions and trade benefit societies took imposing titles. The printers, who acquire increase of sense by setting up the

sense of others, were first to have their Grand lodge, and schemes were published for establishing lodges in all nations of the world. An attendance of "all the Brothers" of the "Grand Lodge of Miscellaneous Operatives and Friends of Industry and Humanity" was called, in February, 1835. This catholic device certainly gave everybody a chance; for he must be very badly used by nature or circumstance who was not qualified to be classed among "miscellaneous" people.

Volume two of the *New Moral World* (1836) had a department called "Herald of Community," but the "Herald" was many years blowing his trumpet before forces appeared. Social reformers were always making "trumpet calls." In 1835 one W. Cameron, author of the first "Trumpet," announced a second, which he dedicated to Robert Owen, who certainly did not require it as his friends had a large stock.

About this time Mr. Owen became acquainted with a little book which afterwards made some noise, known as Etzler's "Paradise within the Reach of All Men." The great co-operator must have had some side of his nature open to wonder. The clever German undertook to put the whole world in ten years in a state of Paradise, which might be permanently maintained without human labour, or next to none, by the powers of nature and machinery. Etzler was a man who stood by the wayside of the world, and offered the philosopher's stone to any passer-by who would take it. "Look here," he cried in his preface, "ye philosophers, ye speculators, ye epicureans, behold a new, easy, straight, and short road to the summit of your wishes." By Mr. Etzler's invention the sea was to become a drawing-room, and the air a sort of upper chamber, for the accommodation of those who dwelt on the land. Mr. Owen regarded Etzler as a fellow-renovator of the universe, who had, in some wonderful way, got before him.

Now and then French Socialists contributed some astounding scheme of co-operative cooking, in a limited degree practicable, but was projected on a scale of magnitude which made it absurd. A proposal was made in Paris to supply the city with food by one immense *restaurateur*. One who had studied the project said, with something of the fervour of Mr. Etzler:

"Go and see it. There are Greek statues holding frying-pans, brilliant portraits of Lucullus, of Gargantua, Vatel, Caréme, and all the great men who have honoured universal gastronomy. There you will see the great cook, M. de Botherall, skimming his gigantic pot, his forehead enveloped with a cotton nightcap and a viscount's coronet. To prove the profits arising from the scheme he offers to wrap his cutlets for twelve days in bills of 1,000 francs each. In a short time the restaurative omnibuses will circulate through Paris. A cook will be upon the front seat, and a scullion behind. These vehicles will contain broth and sauce for the whole city. There will be the soup omnibus, the omnibus with made dishes, and the omnibus with roast meat, running together, after which will come the tooth-pick omnibus, and lastly the omnibus with the bill." This must have been ridicule, but social editors quoted it as one of the possible schemes of the time.

Ebenezer Elliott had, like the Chartists who came after him, a political distrust of social amelioration. In 1836 Elliott made a speech in Sheffield in favour of news-rooms, in which he stood up stoutly on behalf of political knowledge, and said, "Be not deluded by the Owens, the Oastlers, the Bulls, and the Sadlers, these dupes of the enemy."

In 1836, Mr. Owen published the book of the "New Moral World," which, while it animated his disciples by many observations which it contained, gave persons of any vivacity of temperament rather a distaste for that kind of existence. The phrase, "taxes on knowledge," so often heard twenty years later, appeared in the *New Moral World* in February, 1836, imported from the *London Review*.

Notices of co-operative societies grew fewer and fewer in volume two of the *New Moral World*, but we have announcements that the "Religion of the Millennium" is now ready, and may be had of the publishers. In volume four of the *New Moral World*, November, 1836, occurs a notable passage which illustrates how poor an opinion Mr. Owen entertained of Co-operation, which had excited so many hopes, and had been the subject of so many endeavours. He related that on his journey to New Lanark he passed through Carlisle. Devoting Tuesday and Wednesday "to seeing the friends of

the system, and those whom I wish to make its friends: to my surprise I found there are six or seven co-operative societies, in different parts of the town, doing well, as they think, that is, making some profit by joint-stock retailing. It is, however, high time to put an end to the notion very prevalent in the public mind, that this is the social system which we contemplate, or that it will form any part of the arrangements in the *New Moral World*.

Later, in December, a prospectus appeared of an intended Hall of Science in Brighton, prefixed by the phrase, "Science belongs to no party." This might be true, but there were certainly many parties who never had it. These halls of science were devoted not to physical but to social science.

Mr. J. Ransom, of Brighton, was one of six who wrote a letter to the *New Moral World*, proposing means of increasing the sale of the publication, and showing that the early interest which Brighton took in Co-operation was still sustained.

A writer in the *Radical*, a weekly stamped newspaper, addressed several brief, well-written letters to the working class on the means of obtaining equality. The writer took the signature of "Common Sense," and published his letters in dateless pamphlets; but I believe the *Radical* appeared in 1836. The most striking thing that "Common Sense" had to say was that "the besetting sin of the working people is their admiration of the unproductive classes, and their contempt and neglect of their own." It must be owned that during this period of departure from Co-operation to Socialism, the new adherents got a little absurd. Their styling Mr. Owen the "Preliminary Father," and addressing him, as Mr. Fleming did in public letters, as "Our dear Social Father," showed the infirmity of tutelage. They pulled themselves together a little towards the end of 1836, when they silenced the Millennium gong, and called their journal the *New Moral World and Manual of Science*.

The ecstatic term "Millennium" ceased, and "Manual of Science" succeeded it; but when, instead of lectures, songs, and religion of the new time, the reader was introduced to papers on "The Functions of the Spinal Marrow," the transition was very great. The editor of a "Manual of Science"

had no means of furnishing it. Science then was not the definite, mighty thing it now is. The British Association for advancing it was not born till four years later. The *Penny Magazine* people and the Chambers Brothers both excluded discussions on politics and religion from their pages, and the journals of the co-operators were the only papers of a popular character which dealt with religion and politics, and recognised science as one of the features of general progress. The little they did, therefore, passed for much and meant much in those days. It was a merit, and no small merit, to recognise science when it was deemed a form of sin. The volume bearing the sub-title of "Manual of Science" did something to sustain the profession by giving a page or more in each number upon subjects of physical science. In several towns, notably in Manchester, the Socialist party erected Halls of Science. There was an instinct that science was the available providence of man, and would one day be in the ascendant. The volumes of the *Moral World* at this time were devoid of advertisements. The editor withheld necessary information from his readers of public and other meetings to take place on behalf of their own principles. "We refrain, he said, "from making formal announcements, which by some persons might be mistaken for advertisements; we never deal in this kind of merchandise," as though publicity was merely venal.

Mr. J. L. Gay, of Paris, addressed a letter to Mr. Owen, from which it appeared that the French world-makers did not think so much of the English contrivance to that end. Mr. Gay reports, that the most rational St. Simonians and Fourierites refuse either to hear or read any exposition of Socialism; but they very sensibly demanded a practical trial of it. They would look at that. The French Socialists of Mr. Owen's school were then about to establish a "Maison Harmoniene de Paris" (House of Harmony at Paris).[1]

The fourth volume of the *New Moral World* was printed by Abel Heywood, of Manchester,[2] always known to Radicals and Social Reformers as a man of honour, of energy, and the chief Liberal publisher of Manchester, when that

[1] *New Moral World*, December 24, 1836, p. 66.

[2] Volume three had been printed by John Gadsby, of the same city. The price of each number of the fourth volume of the *New Moral World* was three halfpence. A number contained eight pages.

trade required not only business ability, but the courage of meeting imprisonment. Volume four was more belligerent than the previous one. The politicians united against a system which disregarded immediate political right, under the belief that a state of universal community would render rights unnecessary, or secure them in full; but community was distant, and the need of political liberty was near. One number of the *New Moral World* stated that "Mr. Hetherington, with the Radicals at his back, decried their proceedings." The *New Moral World* published an article from the *Shepherd*, stating that Mr. Owen had been to Paris, and found that "the French were looking beyond politics, and lucky would it be for us also if, instead of palavering with such trifles as ballots, and canvas, and law amendments, we were to cast this small-ware overboard, and raise one loud and universal shout of social reorganisation. This patching and mending system is a miserable delusion." Yet the same article recorded that Mr. Owen had been prevented lecturing in Paris by the police, lest he should excite commotion through the numbers he attracted. The fact was a prompt rebuke of the contemptuousness expressed as to political freedom. The "small-ware" had great value in practice. The editor of the *New Moral World* had published offensive and foolish articles himself, disparaging Radical politics.

In an article upon the name of the paper, the editor stated that he rejected the abandoned name of co-operator, the most sensible that had been adopted, and the members of the Grand Society of All Classes and All Nations wisely refused to be called Owenites, although they persisted in their affection for Mr. Owen, whom they designated at the same time their "social and right reverend father." At the Manchester Congress of All Classes of All Nations—at which only one class of one nation appeared, and a very small portion of that took part in the proceedings—they determined to call themselves Socialists. At this period, June, 1837, the *Moral World* was printed at Manchester, and then Mr. George Alexander Fleming became editor,[1] and also general secretary of the central board which had been formed. Henceforth the

[1] Mr. Fleming's editorship commenced June 10, 1837, and his resignation was dated from Avenue Cottage, Queenwood, November 8, 1845.

Moral World was edited with more controversial vigour, and with general energy and ability as a propagandist organ, but the last volume edited in London, the "Manual of Science" volume, was the most various and readable of the whole that had been published. It gave weekly a column taken from the "Daily Politician," composed of short passages of current political interest selected from the general newspaper press; notable sayings of philosophers, well-chosen anecdotes, extracts from books of mark and force, such as Mr. Mill's "History of British India," rendering that volume of the *N. M. W.* readable to this day.

"Live for others," that afterwards became the motto of the Comtean religion of humanity, was the subject of an editorial article in the *New Moral World* for January 21, 1837.

Mr. W. D. Saull, of London, announced that he had received Exchequer bills to the amount of £1,000, of which the interest was to be devoted to the purposes of an educational friendly society—£500 more were announced when Mr. Baume appeared at Bradford as a deputy representative of the society. His proceedings being reported in the *Northern Star*, and quoted in the *New Moral World*, the editor added a caution against confounding that project with the National Community Society, and professed doubts as to the practicability of the plan.

The *Star in the East* commenced in 1837. Its price was fourpence-halfpenny. It was a newspaper and stamped, and the first which professedly advocated social views. Its editor and proprietor, Mr. James Hill, of Wisbech, was a member of the distinguished Rowland Hill family, to whom the public has been indebted for so many national improvements.

The east and north had both *Stars*, edited by Hills. Both *Stars* arose in the same year. *The Northern Star* had Feargus O'Connor for proprietor, and Mr. Hill, an energetic Yorkshire schoolmaster, for editor, but no relative of Mr. Hill, of Wisbech. The northern luminary was political, being the organ of the Chartists, but always friendly to social ideas—both proprietors being community makers in their way; Mr. James Hill having a peculiar social theory of his own to work out at Wisbech, chiefly educational, after the genius of his family; Mr. O'Connor having a land scheme which, with the usual

talent of reformers for administering to the merriment of adversaries, he located, among other places, at Snig's End.

The Rev. Joseph Marriott, who represented Rochdale at the Manchester Congress of 1837, published a drama entitled "Community," which appeared in the *N. M. W.* Some of the predictions of telegraphic facilities which it contained are now seen realised in every street, which then only the Socialist imagination would incur the risk of regarding as a possibility of the future. The fact of to-day was a "craze" then.

The Rev. Mr. Marriott was a gentleman of far more enthusiasm on the whole than discernment, for he described Mr. Thompson's essay on "The Distribution of Wealth" as a work "as superior to Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' as one book can be to another." The subject was certainly an important supplement to the great topic stated by Adam Smith, but the difference in the capacity and range of thought of the two writers ought to have been perceptible even to enthusiasm. Adam Smith traced the laws which were found to operate in commercial affairs. Mr. Thompson planned the laws which he thought ought to operate under circumstances which had never existed. Yet if the public read Mr. Thompson's book they would be of opinion "that there was something in it."

In June, 1838, the seat of social government and the journal of the society were removed to Bennett's Hill, Birmingham. Mr. Guest became the publisher; known as the leading Liberal publisher of the town, as Mr. Heywood was of Manchester. The printer was Francis Basset Shenstone Flindell, of 38, New Street, Birmingham. The editor announced that various considerations had induced the Central Board to limit the number of impressions to 2,000. One consideration determined it, and that was that they had no more purchasers. There arose in Birmingham several advocates. It was the residence of Mr. Pare, the earliest and ablest organiser of the movement, and Mr. Hawkes Smith, its most influential advocate through the press; and the town furnished two lecturers, Mr. Frederick Hollick and the present writer. Birmingham was long distinguished for its influence in co-operative things. There was also actively connected with the Central Board an Irish gentleman, Mr. John Lowther Murphy,

the author of several minor works of original merit—the best known being "An Essay Towards a Science of Consciousness." They were illustrated by diagrams, broadly designed, which had an air of ingenuity and newness. The argument was materialistic, put with boldness and with definiteness.

Occupying a professional position and having audacity in council and in action, Mr. Murphy was always a popular figure on the platform. Single, and a dentist in sufficient practice, no social persecution could reach him, since Christians with the toothache would waive any objection to his principles when he could afford them more skilful relief than any one else. In meetings of danger his courage was conspicuous and effective.

There is a conquest of conviction, and the leader herein was Mr. William Hawkes Smith, incomparably the wisest and most practical writer in defence of social views. He wisely maintained that the denunciation of religion was irrelevant to co-operative ends. His son, Mr. Toulmin Smith, became a man of eminence as a black-letter lawyer and author of remarkable works on municipal and parliamentary government.

A writer who really contributed accurate information on many subjects employed the instructive signature of a "Student of Realities," whose name was Vieussieu, a gentleman in official employment at Somerset House, whose sons after him took a generous and expensive interest in social progress.

In those days a small book was published separately called "Outlines of the Rational System and Laws of Human Nature." They were divided into five fundamental facts and Twenty Laws of Human Nature. Human nature in England was never so tried as it was during the first five years when these were discussed in every town in the kingdom. When a future generation has courage to look into this unprecedented code as one of the curiosities of propagandism, it will find many sensible and wholesome propositions, which nobody now disputes, and sentiments of toleration and practical objects of wise import.

The fifth volume of the *New Moral World* was enlarged to sixteen pages, and published at twopence. The phrase "Manual of Science" was now omitted. But it published

under the head of "Physical Science" Mr. Mackintosh's "Electrical Theory of the Universe." The volume showed a great increase in reports of propagandist lectures in numerous towns, and bore as its large-type title, the simple name of the *Moral World*, "New" being modestly subordinated.

"Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedy" is the name of an energetic little book by Mr. J. F. Bray. It was a good deal read by co-operators of the time.

There was a *Social Pioneer* that made its appearance in 1839, printed by Mr. A. Heywood, of Manchester. It was rather late in March, 1839, to bring out a *Social Pioneer*, thirty years after those operators had been in business. In October of the same year a more ambitious journal appeared, entitled the *Working Bee*, "printed by John Green, at the Community Press, Manea Fen, Cambridgeshire, for the Trustees of the Hodgsonian Community Societies." It took the usual honest and determined motto "He who will not work neither shall he eat;" but it turned out that those who did work did not get the means of eating, there being no adequate provision made for this at Manea Fen.

Volume six of the Socialist journal started with the full pretentious title of *The New Moral World*, and the ponderous sub-title of "Gazette of the Universal Community Society of Rational Religionists, enrolled under Acts of Parliament 10 George IV., c. 56, and 4 and 5 William IV., c. 40." This was the first time the movement put on a legal air. The sixth volume commenced in Leeds in July, 1838.

Volume seven also continued to represent the National Religionists of the Universal Community Society.

The eighth volume of the *Moral World* commenced a series of a larger size than had before appeared. It was as large as a moderate-sized newspaper, all in small type, and was the costliest weekly journal the co-operative party had yet commanded. The charge was threepence per number of sixteen pages, and was printed by Joshua Hobson, in Leeds, who was himself an author upon social and political questions, and was well known among the politicians of Chartist times as printer, and publisher also, of the *Northern Star*. The year 1840 was the culminating period of the Socialist advocacy. The expectation of a new community being near its establish-

ment brought an accession of writers to the *Moral World*; and the eighth volume was edited with spirit. The articles had a general and literary character.

In volume nine, which commenced January, 1841, the Rational Religionists still confronted the public on the title-page.

Volume ten was a serious issue, abounding in addresses and Congress reports, animated a little by reviews and accounts of provincial and metropolitan lectures. It commenced in July, 1841, and ended June, 1842. Never despairing, early in the volume, the editor again commenced to give directions how to obtain the millennium, although it had arrived and had had its own way some years previously. In October, 1841, the printing of the *Moral World* was brought back to London after wandering in the wilderness of Manchester, of Birmingham, and of Leeds five years.

The eleventh volume let slip one of its anchors. It began with the simpler sub-title "Gazette of the Rational Society." The Rational Religionists peremptorily disappeared. Whether they had sworn themselves into disrepute, they having taken to oath-taking, or found it onerous to maintain its clerical pretensions which raised the very questions of religious controversy which it was the duty of the society to avoid, was never explained.

The twelfth volume continued to mankind the comfort of knowing that there was in their midst one "Rational Society." Of course the meaning was that the society aimed at promoting rational conditions of life, and it was well that there should be some persons pledged to find out these conditions if possible. But unfortunately the name did not represent the aspiration, but seemed to express the fact; and "Rational Society" was not a fortunate term.

The thirteenth volume of the *New Moral World*, the largest and last of the official issue, commenced on June 29, 1844. The end, for a time, of all things communistic was then casting its ominous shadows before. In February, 1845, this journal was first printed at the Community Press, by John Melson, for the governor and company of Harmony Hall, Stockbridge, Hants. The last number printed there appeared on August 23, 1845. The type was sold, and bought by Mr.

James Hill, who bought also the second title "Gazette of the Rational Society." Mr. Hill contended that he had bought the copyright of the paper. The title *New Moral World* Mr. Owen claimed as his copyright, and by arrangement with him, a further volume was commenced, under the title of the *Moral World*, the word "New" was omitted, and it appeared under the further editorship of Mr. Fleming. The result was that on August 30, 1845, two *Moral Worlds* again appeared, the old one being the new and the new one the old; Mr. Fleming editing the *Moral World*, which Mr. Owen retained, and Mr. Hill editing the *New Moral World*, which he had bought. Mr. Hill's *New Moral World* continued to January, 1846, when he merged it into a new paper entitled the *Commonweal*. It ought to have borne the title of the Commonsqueal, for it shrieked. Under the words, "Gazette of the Rational Society," which Mr. Hill retained, was printed Mr. Owen's motto: "Any general character, from the best to the worst, may be given to any community by the application of proper means, which are to a great extent under the control of those who have influence in the affairs of men." Underneath this Mr. James Hill placed his rival and refutatory motto: "It must certainly then be concluded that 'proper means' have not been applied, since such means to a great extent have been 'under the control' of Mr. Owen and those who have had influence in the affairs of the Rational Society." Mr. Hill himself had been an educational and social reformer of no mean note in his time. His *Star in the East* had been a journal of great interest and great instruction, but he had a faculty for vigorous and varied disputation, which grew by what it fed upon. He was a writer of ability and flexibility, who attacked with great celerity any one who dissented from him; and if disputation could be entertaining of itself the new issue in his alien hands would have been the most alluring of the series.

The fourteenth volume of the *Moral World* suspended the profession of being the gazette of the Rational Society, which it appears was after all a saleable title, since Mr. Hill certainly bought and continued to use it, long after the society was practically extinct. Mr. Fleming described his new volume as the "advocate of the Rational System of Society, as founded

by Robert Owen." It was printed by McGowan and Company, the printers of the *Northern Star*, in London. Only eleven numbers of this volume were issued.

The close of 1845 and the early months of 1846 introduced to the social reader a new journal, bearing the ambitious and provoking title of the *Herald of Progress*. Mr. John Cramp was the projector and editor of it. The present writer was one among the contributors after it commenced.

During these later years there was collateral activity in social literature in several quarters, but Co-operation seldom attracted attention. Mr. Frederick Bate published in 1841 a play, in five acts, entitled "The Student." Mr. Goodwyn Barmby, a poet who possessed real lyrical power, an advocate of original tastes, hung up his hat in the social hall, where no hat save his could hang. He married "Kate," the clever correspondent of the *New Moral World*. Mr. Barmby founded a Communist church, and gave many proofs of boldness and courage. He and Dr. George Bird, who afterwards obtained professional eminence in medicine, issued a prospectus of the London Communist Propagandist Society. Dr. Bird contributed the best literary reviews which appeared in social publications of the day. Mr. Lewis Masquerier, of New York, was a frequent correspondent, known from 1836 as a fertile and original author of social works, and was distinguished as a leader of the land reformers of America, who took for their motto certain famous words from Jefferson, namely, "The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their back, for a favoured few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God."

In 1840 the Fourierites established in London a paper called the *Morning Star*, edited by Mr. Hugh Doherty, a writer who had puzzled the readers of the *Moral World* through many a wearying column. He entitled his journal *A Phalansterian Gazette of Universal Principles and Progressive Association*. Its sources of authority were the book of Scripture and the book of Nature. Dr. Doherty published works of value afterwards to those who accept Fourierist principles.

In 1842 a magazine, entitled *The Union, and Monthly Record of Moral, Social, and Educational Progress*, was edited by Mr. G. A. Fleming. It contained papers from the fertile and

ingenious pen of "Pencil'em," by January Searle, Charles Lane, Charles Bray, and a writer who used the name of Arthur Walbridge, who wrote a story of "Torrington Hall," and a very suggestive book on "Social Definitions"; and anonymous papers by eminent and popular writers, whose names the editor suppressed on the uninteresting principle that truth should stand unsupported by names which might induce people to look at it. Reformers in those days took pride in adopting all the means they could to prevent the truth they had in hand becoming popular, and then complained that it had few friends.

In 1843 there appeared a publication entitled the *New Age*, a less pretentious title than the *New Moral World*. The *New Age* was also called the *Concordian Gazette*. It represented a small band of mystics, who were inspired by James Pierrepont Greaves, one of whose doctrines was, "as man cannot do right when he himself is wrong, a right nature must be superadded to him in order to establish right institutions in society." One of the conditions, as Mr. Greaves would say, were pure air, simple food, exercise, and cold water, which he contended were much more beneficial to man than any doctrinal creeds, or churches, chapels, or cathedrals. Mr. Greaves was seldom so clear and intelligible as this. He was himself the most accomplished, pleasant, and inscrutable mystic which this country has produced. He possessed competence, which enables a man to be unintelligible and yet respected. An American gentleman, Mr. H. G. Wright, who was a natural Greaves, described him as possessed of "a lofty forehead, a well-defined contour, a nose inclined to the aquiline, a deep, sonorous, slightly nasal voice, a stature rather above the middle height, and a marvellous eye. Mystery, God, Fathomlessness, all were written upon him." A man of mark, after his kind, it must be owned.

The disciples of Mr. Greaves took premises at Ham Common, in Surrey, which they called Alcott House. The society was called the First Concordian. It was also the last. Their two best writers were Charles Lane, who dated from Concord, Massachusetts, and Goodwyn Barmby. The *New Age*, its organ, was very intelligently edited, but was discontinued when it had existed little more than a year and a half, on the

ground that "no book could represent what was passing in that establishment. Even the proceedings of a single day were found to be of far greater moment than could be transcribed or recorded in any work whatever." Those who visited the Concordian were certainly not of this opinion. The inmates were scrupulously clean, temperate, transcendental, offensive to any one who ate meat, attached to Quakers, especially white ones, repudiated even salt and tea, as stimulants, and thought most of those guests who ate their cabbage uncooked. They preached abstinence from marriage, and most things else. Their cardinal doctrine was that happiness was wrong. The managing director, Mr. William Oldham, was called Pater, and, like Howard, preferred damp sheets to dry ones. Mr. Lane invited the Pater to join the Shakers at Harvard, Massachusetts, where he would find no want of liberty to carry out his self-denying plans to the utmost. A very little liberty is sufficient to do nothing in, and a very small space would have enabled the society to carry out its only experiment, which consisted in standing still in a state of submission to the Spirit until it directed them what to do. Mr. Greaves' disciples, however, had the great merit of pausing before they did anything until they had found out why they should do it, a doctrine which would put a stop to the mischievous activity of a great many people, if thoughtfully followed.

So late as 1843 Mr. G. A. Fleming and Mr. Lloyd Jones opposed the Anti-Corn Law League. An active representative of the school, Mr. Ironside, a well-known partisan of Socialism in Sheffield, reported on one occasion that he had been to hear Dr. Smiles, editor of the *Leeds Times*, lecture on Complete Suffrage, and "was at a loss to imagine how Socialists could waste their time in listening to expositions of such petty measures as these."

The Central Board issued charters authorising the foundation of branches in the different towns, when satisfied as to the zeal and respectability of the parties making application for them; which long hung up in places of honour in some of the old halls. Occasionally a grand notification was made to the branches of the Association of All Classes of All Nations, and to all others whom it might concern, running thus: "Whereas, the Congress of the Association [with the far-reaching name]

did, for the more extensive and systematic diffusion of the social principles, divide Great Britain and Ireland into certain districts with missionary stations; and whereas a memorial has been presented to the Central Board from the branch of the Association, situate at Sheffield, requesting that that town may be made a missionary station, and that a district may be assigned for the labours of the missionary. Now, therefore, we, the Central Board, in pursuance and by virtue of the power and authority vested in us by the Congress, and in consideration of the memorial hereinbefore mentioned, do hereby make the following revision of the districts: that is to say, the town of Sheffield, and generally that part of the county of York not included in the Leeds district, to be taken from the Manchester district; the towns of Derby and Nottingham, and generally the county of Nottingham, and that part of the county of Derby north of a line drawn immediately south of the town of Derby, to be taken from the Birmingham district; and the county of Lincoln to be taken from the London district; and, further, we do hereby order and determine that the counties and parts of counties and towns so taken from the said districts shall constitute a new district, to be called the Sheffield district, which shall comprise :—

Sheffield	Spalding	Ashbourn
Rotherham	Market Deeping	Belper
Doncaster	Bourn	Wirksworth
Barnsley	Folkingham	Cromford
Thorn	Grantham	Alfreton
Barton-upon-Humber	Lincoln	Mansfield
Great Grimsby	Gainsborough	Bakewell
Louth	East Retford	Buxton
Market Rasen	Newark	Dionfield
Boston	Nottingham	Chesterfield
Holbeach	Derby	Worksop"

This was the extent of my diocese when I was appointed Social Missionary for Sheffield.

Then they did "furthermore order and determine" certain other things, not necessary here to recite. All this legal pomposity could never have been of Birmingham growth. The board there had acquired a Mr. Bewley, as a secretary, a gentleman of capacious ways, who might have inspired those extraordinary terms. The enumeration of places which comprised the district of Sheffield was, however, real. There was

work doing and to be done there. It was no uncommon thing to meet in social literature a protestation that "we must not be understood as advocating any *sudden* changes."[1] Seeing how limited was its means there was no possible danger in their peremptory efforts.

A disastrous peculiarity in advocacy, by which the pages of co-operative journals were disfigured, was that of quoting the most offensive things said against the doctrines and advocates of its own party. The enemy never did that by them; but this fact never instructed them. The information the Socialist editors were able to give their readers was not much. They could seldom afford to pay the printer for what they did give; and yet they went to the expense of reprinting and circulating among their own adherents the most unpleasant imputations which embittered wit could make against them. All timid adherents were alarmed when they saw these things. Half-informed adherents could not possibly tell what answer could be made; and prudent readers withdrew at once from a cause against which such imputations were being made, and which they were called upon to circulate among their own family and friends. Sharp-witted adversaries had every encouragement to go on, multiplying their accusations, the publications, and exhaust all the means of the society in publishing effective disparagements of itself. The outside public possessed writers more numerous and skilful than these semi-penniless reformers could command. Such, however, was their infatuation that they not only suffered the sharpshooters of the enemy to take aim at their own readers from their own pages, but allowed the rabble of evangelical pamphleteers and tract writers to possess their gates, and to pelt them with mud and stones.

On one occasion the editor, Mr. Fleming, having made a vehement comment upon the Manea Fen scheme, afterwards expressed his regret in a very manly way that he had violated the pacific principles imposed by Socialism upon its representatives. Imputative terms were often applied to opponents. From some, it was said, "the truth was not to be expected." Charges of "dishonesty," of "wilful misrepresentation" were made, which obliges all the friends a man of honour has to come forward in his personal defence; and enables all the

[1] "Outlines of Various Social Systems," 1844.

friends a scoundrel has to intrude themselves in the controversy. Nevertheless, it ought to be said, as it honestly may, to the credit of the social party, that though its leaders lacked a clear grasp of principles of neutrality in invective, it was only on great provocation that they spoke ill of others. Compared with the vituperation and personalities of every other party, political and religious, of their day, they were examples of forbearance to adversaries, who showed them no quarter. A page of laughter is a better defence against a worthless adversary than a volume of anger. Terms which impute want of honour to others, or accuse them of conscious untruth, dishonesty, or bad motives, are charges with which the judge and not the journalist may deal.

When one person makes imputations of dishonesty upon another, the only legitimate notice is to kick him, and nobody ought to make these imputations unless he is prepared for that operation being performed upon him; and no editor ought to permit such imputations unless he is prepared to recognise that form of reply.

Many things, social, polemical, and progressive, with which society now concerns itself, appears to have begun in one or other co-operative publications; or if not originated were espoused, and publicity accorded, when they were denied any hearing elsewhere.

Abram Combe called his organ of Orbiston the *Register of the Adherents of Divine Revelation.* The editor said that "Abram Combe was perfectly right in adopting whatever name he thought proper, as a free and unbiassed expression of his conscientious opinions." [If Mr. Combe's object was not to establish a public community for public advantage, but simply a group of persons for the profession of Combism—he was right, but the universality of communism was gone.] The editor added, "We are great lovers of candour and moral courage." Yet the editor, Mr. Fleming, abandoned (when imprisonment overtook them) two social missionaries, the present writer being one, Mr. Charles Southwell, of spirited memory, was the other. I was put upon my trial for delivering a lecture in Cheltenham upon "Home Colonies." It was never pretended by the witnesses that the lecture was otherwise than neutral, and it was admitted by the judge, Mr. Justice

Erskine, that no remark whatever was made in it which transgressed the proper limits of the subject. In the town of Cheltenham, in which it occurred, a small Socialist poet, one Mr. Sperry, suspected of heresy, had been induced to recant, and had then been naturally abandoned and despised by those who had promised him advantage if he did so. This affair had produced an impression in the town that Socialist speakers were wanting either in courage or honesty, and the same feeling existed in other towns. The Bishop of Exeter had really frightened many. When Mr. Pare was forced to resign the registrarship of Birmingham, it became a question with other gentlemen, who held official situations, how far they were prudent in standing connected with this party. The Central Board began, under alarm, to urge the policy of theological neutrality, which they ought to have adopted earlier on principle. Some of the missionaries took a running leap into the clerical ranks, upon which they had so long made war. They obtained licenses as preachers, and advertisements were issued, setting forth that lectures would be delivered to the Societies of the Rational Religionists, by the "Rev. B. Swearatlast" and the "Rev. J. Swearatonce." As the gifts of these gentlemen were not understood to lie in this direction, this step caused scandal. When, at the Cheltenham lecture referred to, a question was put by one of the audience, having a theological object, I gave a definite and defiant answer, which, at least in that place, restored the reputation of Socialist speakers for uncalculating explicitness. Neither the trial and imprisonment which followed, nor the parliamentary proceedings in reference to it, were ever mentioned in the *New Moral World*. Room was found for articles on "Chinese Manure" and the "Sense of Beauty," but in its Samaritan pages no reference was made to the missionary, who had literally "fallen among thieves" in the discharge of his official duty. Mr. Owen, the president, had said to the Congress, only a month before, "When we are questioned on any subject, we should declare what convictions we are obliged to have. Such is the ground I mean to take. What I have told you is my determination, and, though not a single individual go with me, I shall pursue the same course."[1] A special Congress was held during the imprisonment of the

[1] *New Moral World*, May 28, 1841.

missionary lecturer in Gloucester Gaol, and no allusion was made, no resolution proposed respecting him. The Central Board addressed weekly its "Friends, Brothers, and Sisters" upon many subjects, but they never suggested that some help might be needed in a certain household, though the subscription of a penny a day, by the members of the board, would have saved one young life in it.

What was wanted was neither defiance nor compliance, unless there was a change of conviction. Then a manly and explicit retraction of what errors the convert supposed himself to have held was due as an act of honour; so that the abandoned opinions might no longer possess the influence, whatever it might be, that his authority and example could be considered to lend to them.

The Hall of Science, in Manchester, was registered in the Bishop's Court as a place of worship belonging to a body of Protestant Dissenters called "Rational Religionists," and by that means it was brought under the Act of Parliament which licensed it to be open for divine worship. This Act rendered all who officiated in the building liable to be called upon to take the following oath :—

I solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that *I am*

First. A Christian, and

Second. A Protestant; that as such, *I believe*

Third. The scriptures of the New and Old Testament, commonly received among the Protestant churches, do *contain* the revealed Word of God; and that I do receive

Fourth. The same as the *rule* of my *doctrine* and *practice*.

Mr. Swearatlast (Robert Buchanan) took this oath in Manchester. Mr. Maude, the magistrate, who administered it, first demanded to know whether this was an oath binding on his conscience, and whether he really believed in a future state after death of rewards and punishments? This missionary, who had been several years lecturing against every one of these points, as one of the expounders of "truth without mystery, mixture of error, or the fear of man," replied that he did believe in all these things, and that the oath was binding upon his conscience. The Central Board never repudiated the missionaries who thus lied in open court before the whole

city. Indeed, the editor of the *New Moral World* justified it, and stated that he would take it. Mr. Buchanan had sufficient self-respect to make scruples about it. He was anxious to prove to the court that he had a conscience, and to stand well before the public ; and the court was adjourned to give him time to make up his mind. On Tuesday, August 11, 1840, he appeared, took the oath, and made the declaration under 19th George II., c. 44, and received his certificate of having done so.[1] Mr. Fleming so far respected the moral sense of his readers of the *Moral World* as never to publish this discreditable scene. Mr. Swearatonce (Mr. Lloyd Jones) gave his own account of how he went through the part on February 13, 1841, in Bristol. "On Tuesday I attended at one o'clock for the purpose of taking the oath. The office was crowded by gentlemen who seemed anxious to see the performance. It passed off very comfortably. I took it without any words. I am now, therefore, the REV. LLOYD JONES." The small capitals are the "REV." gentleman's and the word "performance" too.[2]

Other gentlemen than those who were present long remembered these scenes reported in the press. Many years after, when the present writer was concerned in getting the Secular Affirmation Bill passed through Parliament, Sir George Cornewall Lewis demanded, reproachfully (looking at me as I sat in the gallery of the House of Commons as he spoke), "Where are your cases ? Where are the men of honour who refuse the oath ? It is your free-thinker who takes it 'without any words.'"

Those of us who had consented to act as missionaries were in some sort, in our secular way, apostles of a new state of society, which, we weekly assured the public by the title of our accredited journal, was to be at least "moral," if not otherwise notable. Then it did not become any of us—so it seemed to me and my colleagues of the protesting school—to

[1] *Sun*, August 14, 1840.

[2] These proceedings made Mr. Southwell indignant, and being a man of fiery courage, he wrote an article in the *Oracle of Reason* (started as a protest against the *New Moral World* policy of the day), which caused his imprisonment for twelve months. He intended to defy prosecution ; and Sir Charles Wetherall, who was his judge, was a man quite ready to meet him half-way in supplying it. Mr. Southwell was imprisoned in Bristol and I in Gloucester Gaol.

fall, in self-respecting honour, below those other apostles with whose teaching we were in many respects "non-content." Though sincerity does not imply errorlessness, it gives dignity to those who profess error honestly. The Christian apostles had this personal dignity. It seemed to me, for one, that we had no moral right to dissent from them publicly, were we content to advance our cause by meaner means than theirs. We could not be their equals in advantage. Our inspiration was not owing to contact with a celestial teacher: but it was in our power to be their equals in honesty, and refuse to profess the opinions we did not hold, whatever peril, or personal loss, or social discomfort followed. We were to teach "truth without mixture of error." Even when we follow mathematical truth—dealing with definite and palpable magnitude—we travel but a short way, into the realms of certainty; while in moral and social things—where "sense is narrow and reason frail"—who can fathom truth without error; or escape the need of hourly precaution, qualification, and moderation? We were to teach "without fear of man." That was the one thing possible in the humblest advocates. Fearlessness of man—in the discharge of the duty of speaking in the spirit of relevance, conceding the same freedom to others—that was within our power. To fail herein before the world, in the publicity of a court of law, where persecution gave us the priceless opportunity of winning respect, seemed alike a failure of policy and honour.

He has no claim to free speech unless his object is to utter true speech and to maintain veracity among the people by example. Though I never took an oath of any kind in my life, since I could not take it in the sense in which the court administered it, yet I am no fanatic against oaths, and respect those who take them sincerely. The common instinct of society respects the memory of those poor and humble religionists of despised sects, who, having hardly any grace but that of sincerity, have suffered torture and death rather than say the thing which was not. Socialists who professed to introduce a higher morality were bound to set an equal example. Addison usefully tells us of Euripides that: "The great tragic poet, though famous for the morality of his plays, had introduced a person who, being reminded of an oath he had taken,

replied, '*I swore with my mouth, but not with my heart.*' The impiety of this sentiment set the audience in an uproar; made Socrates (though an intimate friend of the poet) go out of the theatre with indignation, and gave so great offence that he was publicly accused and brought upon his trial, as one who had suggested an evasion of what they thought the most holy and indissoluble bond of human society, so jealous were these virtuous heathens of any the smallest hint that might open a way to perjury."

It was to the credit of Socialism that the oath-taking related led to a schism in the party. Undoubtedly we did harm of one kind—at the time. In setting up a new camp we weakened the force which held the recognised co-operative fort; and those who may be influenced by our example should weigh well the responsibility we incurred, and be satisfied whether we were justified in our course before they imitate us.

Others, as stout Mr. Finlay, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Paterson, then of the same city, Mr. Adams and Mrs. Adams, of Cheltenham, not missionaries but of the party, underwent imprisonment on the same account. Dr. Watts, Mr. Jeffery, and Mr. Farn, who were all missionaries, rendered every help in their power to sustain the protesters. Mrs. Emma Martin fearlessly aided. Nor will I omit to mention, with what honour I can, my untiring friends in the Gloucester affair—Maltus Questell Ryall, a man remarkable alike for ability and courage, and William Chilton also. Both cared for Socialist honour; no personal peril intimidated them from vindicating it.

It was the intention of the opponents of the propagation of social views to close the halls by forcing the oath described upon the lecturers. The Rev. Mr. Kidd, and some other divines, took the step of indicting the owners of the halls for receiving money for admission at the doors. As the partisans of Co-operation were not wealthy, and incurred expense beyond their means in disseminating their views, it was only by taking admission money at the doors, that they could maintain their advocacy. The clergy knew this, and calculated that if they could prevent admission money being taken, they would succeed in closing the hall. It was a shabby, but a well-calculated proceeding. Accordingly, they did lodge an

indictment against the hall owners in Manchester, for receiving money at the doors. They found an Act of Parliament of the reign of George III. (fruitful in infamous Acts), which levied serious fines upon the conductors of halls if money was taken at the door on the Sunday, unless such hall was licensed as a place of worship. The Rev. Mr. Kidd's prosecution failed, the directors producing a license which described it as the authorised place of worship of the Rational Religionists. But, as the speakers in a licensed hall must be licensed preachers, Mr. Kidd next prosecuted the lecturer at the hall, who, we have seen, eventually took the oath. Mr. Kidd thus triumphed.

In various halls in the country to this day money is taken without their being licensed, and addresses are delivered by lecturers who never took any oath as preachers ; but, owing to the ignorance or generosity of the clergy, no legal steps are taken against them, which, if taken, must have the effect of degrading the speaker or closing their proceedings. These Georgian Acts are still in existence, and persons of pernicious intent still put them in force. A few years since eminent scientific teachers in London, Huxley among them, were prevented by them from instructing the people on the Sunday. The Aquarium at Brighton was closed by them on the same day ; and in no Co-operative Hall is it legal to take money for lectures or even a tea-party on the Sunday, and the most valued forms of co-operative life are arrested by those clerical laws. Thus Co-operation has not only to be judged by what it has done, but what it has been prevented doing.

Amid the crowds of incidents and of persons, in connection with this movement, many remain unnamed lest the weight of detail oppress the reader. Where two events or two persons equally serve to explain the story, like the two women grinding at the same mill, one is taken, and the other left.

CHAPTER X

THE LOST COMMUNITIES

"Seeing that human society labours under a chronic want of disinterestedness and mutual consideration on the part of its members, there is a demand for select or heightened pictures of love, devotedness, and sympathy, as an ideal compensation."—PROFESSOR BAIN.

IT is a long time since Joseph de Maistre declared that "the human race was created for a few, that it is the business of the clergy and the nobility to teach the people that which is evil and good in the moral world, and that which is true and false in the intellectual world. Other men have no right to reason upon such things: the people must suffer without murmuring." In these days the people decline to suffer. They resent the infliction of suffering upon them. They see that the inequalities of nature are made greater by the wilful contrivances of men. The people protest against inferiority being imposed upon them. They see that some men by opportunity, energy, and enterprise are able to forfend themselves against suffering. The people endeavour to equalise opportunities for themselves by the establishment of communities. Though they have not much to show for their efforts, they set a self-helping example. Their failures are not to be mourned over, but imitated. France, which for years held political supremacy in Europe, lost it by the conspiracy of an imperial adventurer, who happened to possess a talent for assassination.

Though France, in its own brilliant and insurgent way, has borne the palm of distinction for the propagandism of social reform, England in a quieter way has shown the capacity for comprehending equality. A distinguished lawyer, who had

great knowledge of the municipal history of his country, the late Toulmin Smith, of Birmingham, in his great book on the "History of Early English Guilds," traced the social features of English life with a research in which he had no compeer. His daughter, Lucy Toulmin Smith, in the befitting preface which she supplies to her father's work, states that the early "English guild was an institution of local self-help which, before Poor Laws were invented, took the place, in old times, of the modern friendly or benefit society, but with a higher aim. It joined all classes together in a care for the needy and for objects of common welfare."

"Guilds," says this authoress, "were associations of those living in the same neighbourhood, and remembering that they have, as neighbours, common obligations, regarding love to one's neighbour, not as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."

It is also worthy of notice in these days, in which we flatter ourselves that social reform is being born—that there were "scarcely five out of the five hundred gilds known to history which were not formed equally of men and of women." The British Association for the Advancement of Science has admitted ladies to read papers at its meetings. This has been counted an astonishing step. It is creditable, but not astonishing, seeing that in the old social days English women were counted upon to take part in the civil progress of the city. Many women who take part in these movements think it a new thing; and many more, who stand aloof, think it unwomanly, not knowing that they are merely the degenerate daughters of noble mothers who thought it their duty to take a public part in the duties of society.

In 1870 the Deputy Johann Jacoby, addressing his constituents in the Second Arrondissement of Berlin, said: "The great end before the people is the abolition of the wage system, and the substitution in its place of co-operative labour." The late Mr. Frederick Cowell Stepney, a great friend of British and foreign workmen, said, in their behalf, that "The emancipation of the working classes must come from the working classes themselves. The struggle for the emancipation of the workman is not a struggle for class privileges, but for the obliteration of all class dominion. It is, therefore, worth while

looking a little at some Lost Communities, whose romantic story has instruction and encouragement in it.

When the tireless Welsh reformer, of whom we have spoken, was one day dining at the house of a Frankfort banker, he met a renowned German statesman, Frederick Von Gentz. "I am in favour of seeing a social progress commence," said Mr. Owen, "for if union could replace disunion, all men would have a sufficiency." "That is very possible," replied Von Gentz; "but we by no means wish that the masses should become at ease and independent of us. All government would then be impossible." This was the old idea of the higher classes. Every one sees now that government will never be secure until competence and independence are enjoyed by the people.

When the term "Social Science" was first employed in England it sounded as the most visionary word dreaming philosophy had suffered to escape in its sleep. Statesmen had none of that quality which scientific men call prevision—a compassing foresight, seeing what ought to happen, and taking care that it should happen. Society was a sort of legally arranged blunder, the costly device of public incompetence. We are still in that state that Fourier used to call our "incoherent civilisation." It is from this that community contrivers strive to deliver us.

A Pantisocracy was the idea of cultivated men, a name derived from Greek words, implying a state in which all govern and all serve. This is one of the prettiest definitions of association extant. Communities on a superstitious basis have hitherto been the most successful. It is easier to trust in what you are told than to find out what you ought to trust in. Science is the latest born power of the understanding. The knowledge of it, belief in it, the use of it, and the trust in it, are of slow growth. Reality seems to be the last thing men learn. When they do come to comprehend its nearness, its importance, its influence over their destiny, men will avail themselves of its teachings. There will be heard then from platform and pulpit words of passion, of power, of fiery counsel, such as fitful, fluctuating belief in unseen influences have never yet called forth.

It is quite true, as Italians say, "he who has a partner has a

master"; and this is true of marital partnership, yet men and women enter gladly into it. All association is sacrifice of minor things for the attainment of greater. In religious societies sacrifice is made by authority, in secular association the authority is common sense, and that is not common. The reason of every great step has to be made plain to the general understanding. As intelligence increases association becomes more possible. Co-operation to the extent it now prevails was impossible, until later years. Association is still an almost unknown art. Religious communists have sought peace and plainness, security and competence. Secular communists seek peace and art, intelligence and prosperity. Intelligent individuality will exceed anything hitherto realised by communities of mere industry and faith.

One who gave the English people the earliest and the first unprejudiced account of American communities, Harriet Martineau, says: "If such external provision, with a great amount of accumulated wealth besides, is the result of Co-operation and community of property among persons so ill prepared for its production as these, what might not the same principles of association achieve, among a more intelligent set of people, stimulated by education, and exhilarated by the enjoyment of all the blessings which Providence has placed within the reach of man? If there had been no celibacy amongst them they would probably have been much more wealthy. The truth of these positions cannot be doubted by any who have witnessed the working of the co-operative system. *It can never now rest till it is made matter of experiment.*"[1]

Communities are, as yet, in their infancy. There are two causes which account for the failure of many of them.

First. The want of sufficient capital to maintain the place for a few years on a frugal scale, until the members could be trained in self-supporting efficiency.

Second. Members were not picked men, nor pledged to obey the authority established among them, and readily removable if unsuitable.

Schemes of social life require the combination of means and intelligence, and have to be attempted many times before they

[1] Society in America.

succeed. Could the present railway system have been perfected in the minds of inventors at the beginning of the century, it could not have been got into work, for no workmen were to be had of sufficient skill to make the engines or conduct the traffic.

The most sensible account given of the English system by a foreigner is that which Buonarroti made at the end of his long life in a letter to Mr. Bronterre O'Brien.

"Babeuf," he said, "attempted to combine a numerous people into one single grand community; Owen would multiply in a country small communities, which, afterwards united by a general bond, might become, as it were, so many individuals of one great family. Babeuf wished his friends to seize on the supreme authority, as by its influence he hoped to effectuate the reforms they had projected; Owen calculated on success by preaching and by example."

Mr. David Urquhart, a writer who never fails to interest the reader, and to whom the public are indebted for much out-of-the-way knowledge, gave in his work on "Turkey and its Resources," in 1833, a remarkable account of the great Co-operative Society of Ambelakia, whose varied activity was a miracle of co-operative sagacity. It would have continued had there been a court of law in which questions in dispute could be speedily and cheaply settled. It has been the fate of Co-operation often to be, not only before its time, but before the law.

"Ambelakia," says Mr. Urquhart, "is the name of a spot overlooking the Vale of Tempe, where an extraordinary association had a brilliant existence of twenty years. . . . I extract," says Mr. Urquhart, "from Beaujour's 'Tableau du Commerce de la Grecque' the details he has preserved respecting it, in as far as they were confirmed to me by the information I obtained on the spot.

"Ambelakia, by its activity, appears rather a borough of Holland than a village of Turkey. This village spreads, by its industry, over the surrounding country, and gives birth to an immense commerce which unites Germany to Greece. Its population has trebled in fifteen years, and amounts at present (1798) to 4,000, who live in their manufactories like swarms of bees in their hives. The Ambelakiot faces are serene; the

slavery which blasts the plains watered by the Penens, and stretching at their feet, has never ascended the sides of Pelion (Ossa); and they govern themselves, like their ancestors, by their protoyeros (primates, elders), and their own magistrates. Twice the Mussulmans of Larissa attempted to scale their rocks, and twice were they repulsed by hands which dropped the shuttle to seize the musket.

"Every arm, even those of the children, is employed in the factories; whilst the men dye the cotton, the women prepare and spin. There are twenty-four factories. This yarn found its way into Germany, and was disposed of at Buda, Vienna, Leipsic, Dresden, Anspach, and Bareuth. The Ambelakiot merchants had houses of their own in all those places. These houses belonged to distinct associations at Ambelakia. The competition thus established reduced very considerably the common profits; they proposed, therefore, to unite themselves under one central commercial administration. The lowest shares in this joint-stock company were between £600 and £700, and the highest were restricted, that the capitalists might not swallow up all the profits. The workmen subscribed their little profits, and, uniting in societies, purchased single shares; and besides their capital, their *labour was reckoned* in the general amount; they received their share of the profits accordingly, and abundance was soon spread through the whole community.

"Never was a society established upon such economical principles, and never were fewer hands employed for the transaction of such a mass of business.

"The greatest harmony long reigned in the association; the directors were disinterested, the correspondents zealous, and the workmen docile and laborious. The company's profits increased every day on a capital which had rapidly become immense; each investment realised a profit of from 60 to 100 per cent., all of which was distributed, in just proportions, to capitalists and *workmen*, according to capital and industry. The shares had increased tenfold."[1]

Mr. Urquhart's estimate of the causes of failure gives, first, "the too great extension of the municipal body, its consequent loss of activity and control, and the evasion of responsibility by

[1] Chap. iv. p. 46, of his work named.

the managers; secondly, the absence of judicial authority to settle in their origin disputes and litigated interests, which, in the absence of law, could only be decided by the violence of faction.

"That the exclusion of the workmen from a due influence in the administration, and share in the profits, was the real cause of the breaking up of the commercial association, is established by the fact of the workmen separating themselves into small societies."

That is a very important statement Mr. Urquhart makes, namely, that "the exclusion of the workmen from a due influence in the administration and share in the profits was the real cause of the breaking up of the association."

The Ambelakiots had, however, many points worthy of modern notice. They were citizens as well as co-operators, and fought when occasion required for independence. They understood the theory of industrial partnerships better than any modern companies do, and profits were divided between capital and labour long before modern discussions arose upon that subject.

More modern instances, however, claim our attention. No one should accuse Socialists of wanting in intrepidity when they settled down on the banks of the Wabash of Indiana, which the much-enduring German celibates were deserting.

New Harmony—a name never applicable to it, but inherited—consisted of 30,000 acres of land, purchased by Mr. Owen in April, 1825. In 1822 it was peopled by 700 persons, who had previously occupied a back settlement in Pennsylvania, near Pittsburg, and were chiefly German emigrants. They had had for their spiritual teacher and temporal director Mr. Rapp. They were ignorant, bigoted, despised intellectual attainments, and were celibates. They greatly enriched themselves, and might have multiplied their wealth, as we have seen, had they multiplied themselves. "New Harmony" stood in a thickly-wooded country on the banks of the Wabash and about thirty miles from the mouth of that river. The site of New Harmony was generally flat for about a mile and a half from the river; but the neighbouring hills were covered with vineyards and orchards. The Wabash here was an ample stream, winding its course in front of the town and

beneath the luxuriant and lofty woods on the opposite banks of the Illinois. The town was well laid out in straight and spacious streets, crossing each other at right angles, after the manner of modern American towns. There were excellent wells in this Wabash settlement, and public ovens at convenient distances from each other. There were well-built granaries, barns, and factories, and a pretty village church, the white steeple of which was pleasantly seen from afar. Mr. Owen explained his intended plan of proceedings in the House of Representatives at Washington, an opportunity which would not be accorded to the angel Gabriel of speaking in the Houses of Parliament in London, if he contemplated founding a settlement on the Thames. In three months Mr. Owen was joined by upwards of 900 individuals, which further increased, and notice had to be given to prevent more persons coming.

Lord Brougham, being asked (about 1826) to give his opinion of schemes of industrial societies, answered : "Co-operation will, by and by, do for the worst, but it must begin with picked men." The Indiana communists were not of this description. In fact, they were advertised for. Notice was given that all ready to join the new system of society might make their way to the banks of the Wabash, and all who came were accepted, just as though you could begin the New World with a job lot. As was to be expected, the men of good sense were ultimately overwhelmed by the mass of wayward adherents, composed, in the words of Mr. Horace Greeley, for the most part of "the conceited, the crotchety, the selfish, the headstrong, the pugnacious, the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle, and the good-for-nothing generally, who, discovering themselves utterly out of place and at a discount in the world as it is, rashly conclude that they are exactly fitted for the world as it ought to be." Nevertheless, the men of good sense ruled at first, and prevailed intermittingly throughout. A committee was appointed to govern this heterogeneous assemblage of 1,000 Republicans. It is clear they had business instincts, for the first thing they did was to pass a resolution "that no spirituous liquors shall be retailed in New Harmony;" and this resolution has been repeated in every great co-operative society down to this day.

For the first forty years of their career no clergyman, with a character to lose, would guarantee them Christian charity. St. Peter was apprised to have a sharp eye upon them if they came to his gate. Yet these Socialists were not wanting in self-denial, which the very elect, who sat in judgment upon them, often failed to practise; and they were resolute that Co-operation should always mean Temperance. They had none of the teetotalers' tenderness for wilful inebriates, treating them with more respect than the self-sustained, self-respecting, temperate man. They regarded intemperance as uneconomical. They knew that drunkenness is madness at large, and in countless families children and women are shut up with these maniacs, and live in daily jeopardy and terror. It was better to have a tiger or a snake in a community than a drunkard. You could kill the beast or the reptile, but the drunkard might kill you. It would not pay to manage him in a community. Some knew the inebriate in every stage. In the first he is amusing. Playwriters make merry with him; comic artists put his foolishness into demoralising cartoons. In the second stage his officious good-nature is succeeded by suspicions, which make his society a nuisance and a peril. In the third stage he stabs those who oppose him, or does it on surmise of his own, against which there is neither warning nor defence. The foulest suspicions grow real to the inebriate. In some cases daughters hear infamous accusations upon testimony apparently authentic. Waste and violence mark the days of horror and sorrow in the household. Little children undergo frights which affect their reason (as doctors know). Working men and women have been hanged for murder which mere self-defence against drunken provocation has forced upon them. The most brilliant men, the sweetest and most self-denying women, whom suffering, weakness, or sorrow bows low, until nervous exhaustion befals, come to this dreadful end. There is no land of refuge, no escape for them. The fatal temptation is ever in their sight. At every corner of every street that which to them is the accursed spirit is blazoned. Advertisements in newspaper or magazine carries the dreadful information where can be got the dainty drink of death. The co-operators had knowledge enough of the causes of sin to pity the poor wretch on the inclined plane, but they would have no inclined

plane laid down in their stores. There have been drunken saints and drunken sceptics, whom both sides have deplored, but a drunken co-operator would be a nuisance, a scandal, and a fool. Where temperance in use is the observance, moderation is expected as naturally as courtesy or truth, and immoderation held as infamous.

In New Harmony the religious difficulty was made to submit to the co-operative conditions of liberty, conscience, and criticism. The different sects ultimately met in church and hall, attending as they chose, when they chose, and upon whom they chose; and preachers of all denominations had free liberty to teach, and discussions are mentioned [1] as having occurred after the morning services.

As late as 1842, New Harmony, in Indiana, was the subject of report in the *New Moral World*. Robert Dale Owen was there at that time, and stated in a speech that many of those present, himself among the number, hoped to live and die in New Harmony. They expected to leave their children, their daughters as well as their sons, behind them, the future inhabitants of the place. Mr. R. D. Owen was occupied in replying to the objections of ministers of religion. The co-operators would have certainly done twice as much as they accomplished but for the time spent in answering clerical critics, who had nothing whatever to do with their business. Mr. R. D. Owen, who had not delivered a single lecture on the subject of religion for ten years, condescended to answer one Rev. B. Halstead, who all that time had been lecturing upon it every Sunday. It cannot be said that these social reformers did nothing for the future. They spent their time in writing papers on theological subjects, long enough to fill the bookshelves of posterity. On their own ground ministers of religion were to be regarded with respect so long as they were unimputative; but religion, being an affair of individual conscience, for which individuals are made responsible in the future, and not the minister, he had no right to dictate opinions for which another had to answer.

The absence of Mr. Robert Owen during the years when personal inspiration and training were most important, was a great disadvantage to the community.

[1] *Co-operative Magazine*, 1826, p. 50.

Abram Combe deserves to be ranked with Mr. Owen for the cost to himself with which he strove to prove co-operative life practicable. He published a periodical informing the public of the progress of the Orbiston community. It was a small neatly-printed paper, which he named *The Register of the First Society of Adherents to Divine Revelation at Orbiston*, which was not very civil to all the other Christian societies, which for eighteen centuries have regarded themselves as being the same description of persons. Mr. Combe professed to derive his principles from Mr. Owen, and appeared to treat the principal things Mr. Owen had said as discoveries. These discoveries Abram Combe had the merit of stating in his own way, and stating very well; and some thought in a much more acceptable form than the master had put them. The *Register* was the least tiresome and most sensibly written of any of the publications of the class. There were practical articles about the situation and prospects of the place, the views of the inmates, the different occupations, diversions, and departments; the proceedings of the theatre which was opened in Orbiston. Letters, when they were good, were introduced, and extracts also from private letters when they contained passages publicly interesting. Notices of co-operative publications were given, and of experiments elsewhere, commonly done in a very pleasant spirit. Lectures were reported, some of which must have been well worth hearing since at this time they are interesting reading.

In 1826 the Orbiston Community buildings were begun on the 18th of March. An average of 100 men were employed. The art ideas of Mr. Abram Combe were of the most sterile utilitarian order. He held that "it ought always to be borne in mind that the *sole use* and end of domestic accommodation is to protect the *body* from painful sensations." "To me," he said, "it has a slight appearance of irrationality to seek *mental* pleasure from such a source, seeing that liberty, security, and knowledge, united with social intercourse, and confirmed by the affection and esteem of *all* with whom we are in contact, constitute the only source from which the wants of the mind can be supplied." The excellent gentleman must have been born without any sense of art in his soul. Every longing for beauty in his nature must have been satisfied by the sight of mortar and whitewash. What a genius poor-law commissioners missed in

Abram Combe! He would have been the Pugin of bare Bethels and union workhouses. He was wise in proposing the plainest conveniences until prosperity was attained, but he need not have struck his harp in praise of naked monotony. A building was described as possessing a centre—left centre and left wing —right centre and right wing. The left centre contained about 120 private rooms. The whole building was plain, was all of hewn stone, and was said to have "a rather magnificent appearance," which criticism, after what we know of the architect, must have been written by a gravedigger. It is, however, but just to add that the *Glasgow Chronicle* of that day said that "the rooms intended for the inmates were neat and even elegant." If so there must have been some departure from Mr. Combe's principle of dreariness.

Orbiston was near Hamilton. The funds for the settlement were raised by a joint-stock company, and were divided into two hundred shares of £250 each, paid in quarterly instalments of £10; Mr. Combe, of course, being the giant contributor.

The community buildings are described as situated on the banks of the Calder, at that place the river being but a paltry, quick, shallow, mill stream, but the banks beautiful. The visitor approaching the place saw only a tall white building, covered with blue slates, standing entirely by itself, without a house or tree to keep it company. The general feature of the spot was flat, but surrounded on all sides by near or distant, high mountainous scenery. On arriving at the building one found it to be plain, of great extent, and devoid of every ornament—yet the aim, the zeal, the sacrifices of the promotors, and the hopes they inspired, made these places sacred.

Mr. Combe was described as a stout-built, middle-aged, farmer-looking man, giving no indication of the general knowledge he was understood to possess; known in Edinburgh as a sharp-eyed tanner—that being his business—well understanding the art of pursuing the "main chance," of a cynical turn of mind, satirical and vivacious beyond either of his eminent brothers. He visited New Lanark in 1820. Though he was then thirty-five years of age, he experienced an entire "change of mind," as complete, remarkable, and salutary as any recorded in the annals of religious conversion.

Some of the many persons visiting Orbiston were naturally

disposed to make some compensation to the community for the time of the members consumed in taking visitors round, and they made offer of money on account of the attendants placed at their disposal. This was resented in a dignified and foolish article, for the community might have been eaten up, either in food or time, by visitors—a few curious to learn, but more curious to ridicule. A charge for attendance in showing people round, at so much per hour, would have been welcome to the common fund. However, a very sensible suggestion was made, namely, that visitors who felt desirous of serving the place should purchase some article of its produce.

In the *Co-operative Magazine* of this period (1826) were prudently published several calculations of the proportion of the agriculturists, mechanics, and other workmen who should be included in a community, according to the quality of land which was to be occupied. There were also statements of the conditions to which members were to conform in the Orbiston and New Harmony communities. These calculations and conditions are not devoid of historic interest as showing what conceptions were entertained of the art of association, by two such eminent leaders and students of it as Robert Owen and Abram Combe. But it would be unfair in the historian to waylay the reader with twenty pages of these technical details.

The Orbiston estate consisted of 290 acres, for which the serious sum of £20,000 was paid. The land was cold and poor, and has been judged to be not worth half the money; and an additional £20,000 was expended on buildings. An ill-assorted random collection of most unsuitable persons flocked to the spot, which speedily acquired from the surrounding population the emphatic name of "Babylon." At its breaking up the land and buildings were sold for £16,000. But for Mr. George Combe, who, at the death of his brother Abram, forced on the total destruction of the concern, the foundry, with its "forge and water-wheel" might yet have remained to waken the echoes of that "romantic dell." Orbiston was ridding itself of its idlers and its unsuitable members—it was gradually consolidating itself, and would, but for the forcible legal interference of the great phrenologist, have righted itself.[1]

Orbiston was nearer succeeding than other European experi-

[1] *New Moral World*, vol. vii. p. 995, January 4, 1840.

ments. Had Mr. Abram Combe lived, his practical sense and fine example, no doubt, would have sustained the community. He was quite right in wasting no money on ornament in the erection of the earlier buildings, but he was wrong in writing against ornament; true ornament is art, and art is pleasure; and pleasure in art is refinement, and refinement is the grace of life. It was of no consequence that the buildings were plain at first. The enthusiastic would be quite content if the buildings were wholesome, and they might have been so contrived that the addition of comeliness could have been given when there was money to pay for it. Mr. Combe died of his own enthusiasm. Unfitted for much field-work, he persisted in it excessively, even after his lungs were affected. When what he had done was explained to him, he regretted that the physiology of health had not been taught to him in lieu of other knowledge, which could not now save him. He was a man of fine parts and many personal accomplishments, and a martyr of Co-operation.

Subsequently Mr. William Thompson arose, with whose name the reader is already familiar. He had a definite scheme of social life in his mind, which he had given the best years of his life to describe and define, and which he left his fortune to forward.

In those days it was, and still is, difficult to leave money for purposes of progress, not of an orthodox character. Religious judges at once confiscated the bequest on the ground of alleged immorality of purpose. Any persons to whom the money might revert could successfully plead the lunacy of the testator. Nobody believed in the sanity of any one who sought unknown improvement in an untrodden way. The only way was to give the means while you lived. If testators could have been persuaded of this, some projected communities never attempted would have been heard of, and some commenced would not have been lost.

Mr. Thompson died in March, 1833, and left freehold estates to the value of £8,000 or £10,000 to thirteen trustees, to be applied in loans to communities, the purchase of shares in communities, and the reprinting for gratuitous distribution such of Mr. Thompson's works as might be supposed to further co-operative objects. The heirs-

at-law disputed the will, and collections had to be made to defend it. A plea of insanity was set up against Mr. Thompson. Ultimately a decision was obtained in the Rolls Court, Dublin, when the counsel for the heirs brought forward the same imaginary charges of intended sexual immorality in community arrangements which were brought forward thirty years later in the Rolls Court, London, with respect to the Queenwood community. The Cork case ended in the court taking possession of the funds.

In September, 1831, announcement was made of a co-operative community being established in Cork, under the influence of Mr. Thompson—it was intended to consist of two thousand individuals. Two years before his death a Congress was held in Manchester, May, 1831, for the purpose of arranging the immediate formation of a community. The first Birmingham Co-operative Society had published, in "Carpenter's Political Letter," a recommendation that the incipient co-operative community should be upon the plan laid down by Mr. William Thompson, and that application should be made to 199 other co-operative societies to elect one member of community each, and supply him with £30, in order that the community should start with £6,000. Mr. Owen declined to be a party to the pettiness of writing to two hundred societies only. He proposed a committee for universal correspondence, and refused to have his name associated with any committee which was for making a beginning with a smaller sum than £240,000. Mr. Thompson had come up to London, with other gentlemen resident at a distance, to promote practical operations.[1] At the Manchester Congress, he wisely urged that they should commence with a small experiment in proportion to their possible means, and the Congress was disposed to advance £6,000 to him, when it could be raised upon their scheme. A document was agreed to in which his plan was recommended, but Mr. Owen, saying that £6,000 or £20,000 would be insufficient, discouraged the attempt.

In the Cork community, which Mr. Thompson meditated, entire freedom of thought and expression on all subjects were to prevail, guided by regard for the feelings of others; and

[1] Mr. Thompson's speech, London Congress, 1832.

entire freedom of action, not interfering with similar freedom in others, were amongst the mutually guaranteed rights of every member of this community. Religion was declared to be the peculiar concern of the individual alone. Women were to be entitled to equal means of improvement and enjoyment, and to be equally eligible with men to all offices to which their inclination or talents might lead.

Besides his famous Scotch convert, Abram Combe, Mr. Owen made an Irish convert hardly less remarkable, who founded an Irish community which attained greater success than that of Orbiston. It was in 1830 that Mr. Vandeleur, of Ralahine, devoted 618 acres to the uses of a modified community on Mr. Owen's plan. His tenantry were of the lowest order of Irish poor, discontented, disorderly, and vicious. Mr. Vandeleur had heard Mr. Owen's lectures in Dublin, and was persuaded of the suitability of his scheme of co-operative agriculture for Ireland, and he did not hesitate to trust his fortune in order to verify the sincerity of his convictions. His expectation of success was very high, and, although he proposed to apply the co-operative principle to the most unfavourable state of society in the world, it is admitted on all hands that his experiment succeeded.

Strange to say, the most important application of Co-operation to agriculture has occurred in the restless land of potatoes and Whiteboys, amid the bogs of Ralahine. Mr. William Pare published a history of this Irish experiment. The sort of treatment to which farm labourers had been subjected on the Vandeleur estate there was not calculated to promote good-will. A reaper on a hot harvest day paused to get a drink of water from a can, when the steward kicked it over, declaring that he would not have water there as an excuse for the reapers wasting their time. No wonder that a few wandering shots flew about this estate : and after better treatment set in, the men went out shooting as a precautionary measure, but when they saw good homesteads put up for them, a share of the produce of their labour secured to them, peace, and even prosperity, reigned in that wretched district. This patch of Irish communism is the only one that ever flourished. It did not come to grief of itself; its proprietor ended it. Though a gentleman of good family, Mr John Scott Vandeleur

was a gambler, and lost the co-operative farms and everything else in a dice-box. He fled himself, and passed into outer darkness, and was never more heard of by men. There being no equitable land laws, such as Mr. Gladstone devised, for Ireland, the co-operators had no claims for improvement of stock, and the "New Systemites," as they were called in Ireland, vanished also. There is no doubt that the "system" answered among the worst-used people, and under the worst circumstances imaginable. The Rev. Francis Trench, brother of the Archbishop of Dublin, visited the "New Systemites," and not only expressed, but wrote his approval of what he saw. The society had made itself rules. One was, that "no member be expected to perform any service or work but such as is agreeable to his or her feelings." Irish human nature must not be of bad material, since both honest and disagreeable work was daily done, and done cheerfully. One day a mail coach traveller found a man up to his middle in water repairing a dam.

"Are you working by yourself?" inquired the traveller.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Where is your steward?"

"We have no steward."

"Who is your master?"

"We have no master. We are on a new system."

"Then who sent you to do this work?"

"The committee," replied the man in the dam.

"Who is the committee?" asked the mail coach visitor.

"Some of the members."

"What members do you mean?"

"The ploughman and labourers who are appointed by us as a committee. I belong to the New Systemites."

When Mr. Craig, the co-operative steward, first went among these men, who had shot the previous steward, they sent him an interesting sketch of a skull and crossbones, and an intimation that they intended to put him to bed under the "daisy quilt." As he went along the road, the people who did not know him saluted him with the kind country greeting of "God be with you." One of his labourers told him that he should always reply in Irish—"Tharah-ma-dhoel." Accordingly Mr. Craig answered everybody "Tharah-ma-

dhoel"; but he observed that his rejoiner did not make him popular, when a friend explained to him that "Tharah-ma-dhoel" meant "Go to the Devil." The man who taught this dangerous answer became one of the best members of the society; and once, when the co-operative steward was supposed to be lost behind the Crattan Wood, he met "Tharah-ma-dhoel" looking for him, and on being asked why he had come out on that errand, answered—

"We thought you were lost in the Bog Mountain."

"Suppose I was lost, what then?" said the steward.

"Sure, sir," answered Tharah-ma-dhoel, "if we lost you we should lose the system."

Mr. Craig deserves words of honour for his courage in undertaking the post of steward, seeing that his predecessor had been shot, and that the proprietor, Mr. Vandeleur, had been under the protection of an armed force. Between Terry-Alts, White Feet, Black Feet factions, and a "Tharah-ma-dhoel" set of labourers, Mr. Craig had a very unpleasant prospect before him.

The government of the colony was absolute in Mr. Vandeleur, who retained the right of summary dismissal of any person brought upon the estate of whom he disapproved. Yet during the three years and a half the Clare community (it was situated in the county of Clare) lasted, he never had occasion to use this summary power. It would not have been very wonderful if he had, seeing that the members of the community were elected by ballot among the peasants of Ralahine. The business of the farm was regulated by a committee, also elected by ballot. The committee assembled every evening, and appointed to each man his work for the following day. There was no inequality established among them. The domestic offices, usually performed by servants, were assigned to the members under seventeen years of age.

It seems quite incredible that the simple and reasonable form of government should supersede the government of the bludgeon and the blunderbuss—the customary mode by which Irish labourers of that day regulated their industrial affairs. Yet peace and prosperity prevailed through an arrangement of equity. From this quiet community, established in the midst of terror and murder, Mr. Vandeleur received back in full all

the money he advanced for the wages of the labourers; £200 a-year interest on the working capital, the stock, and farm implements; and £700 a year rent.

What induced the labourers to work with such profitable zeal and good will was, that the members of all ages above seventeen received an equal share in the division of profits over the above payments. Besides, a co-operative store was established similar to the one at New Lanark, whence they obtained provisions of good quality and nearly cost price. Pure food, honest weight, and reduced prices filled them with astonishment. None had known such a state of things before. None had conceived the possibility of it. The members ate at one table, which saved much expense in cooking food and serving meals. People who had always lived in doubt whether they should have a meal at all, made no scruple of eating with one another when a well-spread table was before them. In addition, care was bestowed on the education of their children. The school was conducted upon purely secular principles, and the results were highly valued by the parents. As was the habit of communities, spirituous liquors were not permitted on the estate, and neither was smoking, which was gratuitous and petulant prohibition.

Had the Ralahine farm continued, arrangements would have been made for enabling the members to acquire the property and hold the community as their own, by common capital.

It was in the "enthusiastic period" when this Clare community flourished, and needed enthusiasm to carry social ideas to these desperate districts. Communism should no longer be counted sentimental, since it did the stout-hearted practical work it achieved in Ireland. It is a thousand pities, all counted, that Vandeleur was a gambler, as otherwise the merriest community in the world would have been established in the pleasant land of Erin. Men who taught their new steward to reply to the pious greetings of the peasantry by telling them to go to the devil, had an infinity of fun in them. In racier humour than this, and in harmless drollery and wit, the Irish surpass all tribes of men; and communism in their hands would have been industry, song, and laughter.

Yielding to a necessity always adverse, experiments were

next attempted in the fens of Cambridgeshire. The projector, Mr. Hodgson, was a handsome and lusty farmer, who heard from clerical adversaries that a community might serve harem as well as public purposes; and as he had some land, a little money, and plausibility of address, he turned out as a peripatetic orator in favour of beginning the new world in his native fens of Cambridgeshire. No one suspected his object, he was regarded as an eager advocate for realising the new system of society. Mr. Owen at once set his face against the ingenious schemer, whose hasty and indefinite proceedings he disapproved. Mr. Owen's high-minded instincts always led him to associate only with men of honour and good promise. He went down to Manea Fen, the name of the site chosen, and, having acquaintance with landowners of the neighbourhood, was soon able to properly estimate the qualifications of the new communist leader. Some gentlemen farmers, who knew Hodgson's antecedents and unfitness for trust, did Mr. Owen the service of telling him the truth. Mr. Fleming, the editor of the *New Moral World* wisely declined, on business grounds, to sanction the Manea Fen project. It did not add to the repute of the scheme that Mr. Rowbotham, afterwards known as "Parallox," made himself the advocate of the discountenanced projector. Many honest, and some able, men, naturally thinking that the discontent with Mr. Hodgson's plans originated in narrowness, and impatient to try their fortunes on the land themselves, went down and endeavoured to put the place in working order. Buildings were erected and many residents were for a time established there; but the chief of the affair soon found that he had misconceived the character of those whom he had attracted, and they soon abandoned it. Those who had the smallest means suffered most, because they remained the longest, being unable to transfer themselves. The *Working Bee*, the organ of the association, edited by Mr. James Thompson, had animation, literary merit, and the advantage of appealing to all who were impatient of delay, and not well instructed in the dangers of prematurity.

It was in August, 1838, that Mr. E. T. Craig made the first announcement that Mr. Hodgson, who had the suspicious address of Brimstone Hill, Upwell, had an estate of two

hundred acres within a few miles of Wisbech, which he intended to devote to a community. Mr. Hodgson addressed the readers of the *Moral World* as "Fellow Beings," the only time in which that abstract designation was applied to them. The editor prudently prefaced his remarks upon the communications by quoting the saying of the Town Clerk of Ephesus, "Let us do nothing rashly." Mr. William Hodgson had been a sailor in his younger days—and many things else subsequently. He was acting in the character of the farmer when he invented the Manea Fen community. It was mortgaged, but this did not prevent him offering to sell it to the Socialist party. This Fen Farm consisted of four fifty-acre lots, divided by dykes, as is the Fen country plan. The dykes acted as drains also. Three fifties lay together, the fourth was somewhat distant—half a mile. Twenty-four cottages, twelve in a row built back to back, were single-room shanties. There was a dining shanty, which would accommodate one hundred people.

There were brave, energetic men attracted to this place. To set up a paper, which was one of the features of the Fen Farm, was to enter the ranks of aspiring cities. The members were "working bees" in the best sense, and were capable of success anywhere if moderate industry and patience could command it.

Besides being disastrous to individuals, this Fen community was a hindrance to the greater scheme of the Queenwood community, which had then been projected, and which represented what of unity, wisdom, and capacity the Socialist party had.

The possibility of co-operation aiding in new forms of social life was next destined to be illustrated in an unexpected manner, and by a very unlikely person—namely, Mr. Feargus O'Connor. He soon became master of English Chartism; and he and countrymen of his carried it clear away from all the moorings to which the English leaders would have held it secure. They vehemently protested against social reform as digressive and impossible. Against all attempts to obtain property for the purposes of community they urged, you cannot get land—laws of primogeniture and entail forbid. If law did let you get land, government would not let you

keep it; and if law and government consented, how can those get land who cannot get bread?

Mr. O'Connor was a man of candour, had a mind susceptible of new ideas, and ultimately came himself to project a "Co-operative Land Scheme." He gave to it at one time the name of "Co-operative." It was subsequently known as the National Land Scheme. It was through contact with the social advocates that the Chartist leaders turned their attention to life upon the land. He bought four estates and contracted for two others—O'Connorville, near Rickmansworth, formerly bore the name of Herinsgate, Herts; Snigsend, near Staunton, Gloucester; Lowbands, near Tewkesbury, on the borders of Gloucester and Worcester; Minster Lovell, near Whitney, Oxfordshire; Bromsgrove, Worcestershire; and Mathon, near Great Malvern. The purchase of the two last was not completed. O'Connorville cost £9,736; Lowbands, £18,903; Minster Lovell, £22,978; Snigsend, £27,237; Dodford, £12,046; and there was a deposit on Mathon of £2,005. Mathon, however, did not come into the occupation of the company.

There was confusion in making the allotments, which were given by ballot. They fell, of course, often to the unprepared and unfit. The properties, owing to an ill-devised mode of purchase, came into Chancery. Nevertheless, there remained several persons upon these estates who lived profitably upon their holdings. Had the occupants had sufficient capital to enable them to subsist while they built their habitations and gathered in their first crops—had the holdings been of four acres instead of two acres only, the scheme might have been of lasting benefit to many persons. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* sent (1875) a special commissioner, Mr. Longstaffe, to visit all these places. He recounts how the shares were fixed as low as twenty-six shillings each. The member who had paid up four shares (five pounds four shillings) was entitled to ballot for two acres. It was assumed that good arable land might be rented in the most fertile parts of the country at fifteen shillings an acre, or bought outright at twenty-five years' purchase at eighteen pounds fifteen shillings an acre. As soon as the share capital realised £5,000, a hundred and twenty acres were to be bought to locate sixty persons on two-

acre holdings, and leave a balance of £2,750; this would allow to each occupant a sum of forty-five pounds sixteen and eightpence with which to start on his enterprise. It was believed that thirty pounds would be sufficient to build a commodious and comfortable cottage, and that the fifteen pounds remaining would provide implements, stock, seeds, and subsistence until the land became sustaining to its occupiers. It was thought that the allotments with dwellings might be leased for ever to the members at an annual rental of five pounds. The Chartist land cry was: "A beautiful cottage and four acres, with thirty pounds to work it, for a prepayment of five pounds four shillings."

When the society had the amazing number of 70,000 members, the total sum they subscribed was a little over £36,000. It took £78,000 to locate fewer than two hundred and fifty persons. Seventy thousand members spread all over Great Britain involved unforeseen cost to register — it was found to require £6,000 to put their names upon the books. The cost of land, the expense of conducting the great society on Mr. O'Connor's plan, actually required an enormous sum of money and time to carry out. When the subject was examined before a Parliamentary committee, Mr. Finlason, the actuary of the National Debt, calculated that it would require twenty-one millions to place the whole seventy thousand members on the land, and that, supposing Mr. O'Connor's most sanguine scheme of profit could be realised, it would require every minute of three centuries to get all the shareholders on their holdings.

Thus the politicians failed, as no social reformers ever did, however, some advantages accrued from their efforts. The attention of the great mass of working-class politicians, who were mere politicians and nothing more, was turned to the fact that progress had a social as well as political side, and Mr. Ernest Jones, instead of opposing Co-operation in public debates, became an advocate of it.

The last of the English attempts at community to be recounted here was the one at Queenwood, in Hampshire. This was the greatest effort of the kind made in this country.

For more than twenty years before it began the disciples of Socialism had been forecasting the means of a decisive

experiment in England. Rich men had believed in community as a reasonable commercial speculation. Benevolent men with a turn for statesmanship had believed in these home colony schemes as a means of easier and better government of the people. After the rise of the socialistic agitation the working people believed in community as a means of self-help and self-government. Their idea was that moderate labour on the part of the many, and moderate attainments in the science of society on the part of the few, would bring success.

The Socialists understood by communism simply a society in which the fruits of intellect, art, and industry should be diffused by consent, poverty made impossible, and ordinary crime unnecessary. The laws of the universe were not exclusive. Light and air were common. Life and death were common. In the hour of his birth the young prince has to scream for air like any infantine pauper; and unceremonious Death walks into the parlour of the gentleman without sending in his card. It had been proposed in Parliament that galleries of art should be open to the gaze of the shoeblack as well as to the connoisseur. Books of rare value were being made accessible to all. Fire offices insured the cottage or the mansion. The careless were made as secure as the careful. Life insurance was a form of equality. The strong and the temperate were made to use their prolonged lives to pay up premiums which go to the progeny of the weak and the reckless. The virtuous and the vicious, the base and the noble, had been all declared equal in the sight of the law. The same police watch over the life of the scoundrel and the patriot. Before civilisation began, the weak had to take care of themselves. Now the feeble and the strong, the coward and the brave, are equally protected. That personal daring which made the inspiration of Homeric song, which made Sparta a name of energy through all time, which makes the blood tingle over the pages of Sir Walter Scott, is no longer a daily requisite. A man need neither carry arms nor use them. A set of men are paid to defend him. An old warrior of the romantic days would rather die than call the police. If a man gets into a disputation he is not allowed to settle it in honest hot rage, but must refer his quarrel to the decision

of a cold-blooded magistrate, who will probably fine him for his fervour. How the brave were abashed—how courage blushed with shame—how the pride of manliness was stung, when craven, cringing law first put valour down. There is plenty of exercise for courage without expending it in broils and bloodshed. The equality of the law conduces to justice—and the equality of competence may lead to security and morality.

A Hall of Science was erected in Rockingham Street, Sheffield, in 1839: a commodious and handsome building for the time. Mr. Joseph Smith had erected the first at Salford, less pretentious, but a pleasant structure, costing £850, and capable of holding six hundred persons. The Liverpool Hall, a building of mark for those days, cost £5,000. The London Hall, in John Street, Tottenham Court Road, cost £3,000. Lawrence Street Chapel, Birmingham, built or held by the Southcotians, was bought for £800. More than £22,000 was spent in one year in securing "Social Institutions," and Mr. Pare, with that business wisdom in which he excelled, had a deed drawn on the model of that by which Methodist chapels are vested in the Conference. Had the community plan at Queenwood succeeded, a powerful social organisation had existed in England. A good-looking chapel was held in Glasgow, in Great Hamilton Street. The present writer, the last of the Social Missionaries, officiated in 1845. In other places halls were continuously occupied. The most famous and costly erection was that of the Hall of Science in Campfield, Manchester, which has since been purchased for the City Free Library—the most honourable use to which any of these halls have come. Dr. John Watts was chiefly or mainly instrumental in promoting this welcome destination of it. In the early Queenwood days upwards of one hundred thousand members of Socialist Societies could be counted upon for Co-operation. The Community Society contributions were fixed at threepence a week from each member. As Mr. Owen calculated that £250,000 was the lowest sum which would enable a successful experiment to be conducted, the prospect of collecting it by threepence a week was a distant one. The hope of increasing the fund more rapidly led to a recurrence to the old co-operative store plan, and a store for

the sale of tea and groceries was opened at the Institution in John Street, London. Thus the necessity of self-created capital brought back the store, for years extinct in London. In 1837, when the National Community Friendly Society was formed, the subscription was fixed at one shilling a week, and those only who had subscribed £50 were declared eligible to go upon the land. In 1838, the members amounted to four hundred. In 1839, £1,200 were collected in this way, which in two hundred years or more would furnish the £240,000 Mr. Owen required. Nothing discouraged by this circumstance, a year before, Messrs. Wm. Clegg, John Finch, Joseph Smith, by one of the formidable ukases from the Central Board, were instructed to inquire for an estate, capable of sustaining a colony of at least five hundred individuals. There was some idea of going Fenwards again in search of a site for the new world. They actually made an offer for an estate in Norfolk, for which they were to pay £11,500.

The Community Committee contracted to buy the Wretton estates, near Wisbech, of Mr. James Hill, but, as that gentleman had social and training views of his own, he stipulated that he should have a paramount right to carry those out. As this would confuse the public judgment of what was done by two different sets of regenerators acting in the same field, the purchase was not proceeded with. After much inquiry, other negotiations, and more misgiving, land was rented in Hants.

The estate consisted of two farms, one of 301 acres, named Queenwood, tithe free; the other 232 acres, extra-parochial, named Buckholt. The annual rent was £350, having been fined down from £375 by payment of £750. The society had the power to further fine down the rent to £300, £250, and £200 on making three payments of £1,500 each at three successive periods. Complaints were made that the land selected at Tytherly was unsuited in several respects. It was unfruitful, it was inaccessible for those needing to frequent it; it was too far from markets.

Even in London, where the vast number of people living together necessitates a certain tolerance from the impossibility of noticing the peculiarities of one another, it has been difficult to obtain a site for a hall of science. In the town

of Bury, in Lancashire, chiefly possessed by the house of Derby, who were not favourably disposed to Unitarians, it was impossible for a long period of years to obtain a strip of ground on which to erect a Unitarian church; and those enterprising religionists were under the necessity of waiting until they could convert a gentleman who happened to possess a little land, when they obtained a site. When the colony projectors have succeeded in securing some spot, it has generally been one with many disadvantages, and conceded to them because nothing better could be done with the place. The calculation of the owners has sometimes been that the social occupants would, after spending all their capital in improving the land, be obliged to relinquish it, when it would return, gratuitously improved, into their hands.

The most important accession which was made at this time was that of Mr. William Galpin, a banker, of Salisbury, who wrote to the *New Moral World* a modest, comprehensive, business-like letter, saying, "he regretted that Mr. Owen did not intend being himself a resident in the community formed in his name"; arguing properly that "he who knew most should be at hand to give effect to what he knew, and that he thought a joint-stock fund was possible to be formed for the especial purpose of advancing the practical objects of the home colony contemplated." The editor, who did not at all comprehend the quality of his correspondent, answered with more confidence than judgment, that it was not probable that much could be done in way of a joint-stock fund, till the members of the proposed community had proved the success of their undertaking; which meant that when they had succeeded without money they would be able to get it. The unseeing and sanguine editor argued "they would get more than they knew how to use."

In 1841 the buildings were commenced at Tytherly, from the designs of Mr. Hansom, a clever architect, who had a sympathy with social views. He had erected a Philosophical Museum in Leicester, not distinguished for gracefulness of design, but it was never completed as he intended it. His best known erection, the Birmingham Town Hall, was for many years considered the handsomest town hall in the kingdom. He was a man of mechanical resource. He was

the inventor of the hansom cab, and some machines which were successful. It was probably through Mr. Pare's municipal connection with Birmingham that he became architect of the Queenwood Hall at Tytherly. A sketch of it appeared in the *New Moral World* for October 9, 1841, about the time of its completion.

The building was a pleasant semi-baronial structure, and had a certain stateliness. The manner of the erection was more creditable than many churches. It was built with the care that befitted a sacred edifice. The parts out of sight were finished as scrupulously as those that met the eye. Owing to Mr. Galpin's wise and wholesome sense of thoroughness, the laths which formed the partitions were of the best quality, and the nails used in the obscurest part of the building were the best that could be had. There was nothing hidden that was mean. It is one of the pleasant recollections of the place, that its directors endeavoured to make it honest throughout. Seven or eight hundred pounds were spent in making roads and promenades around it—spacious and enduring. The old Romans would have respected them. Even the kitchen and basement rooms, used by the members for evening meetings, were wainscoted with mahogany, many feet high. Comfort and grace were consulted as far as means permitted in everything.

To the credit of the English communists they were no Barebones party. Had they succeeded in making a community, it had been a pleasant one. They were not afraid of art, and beauty had no terrors for them. Mr. Bate, who was an artist, and who ultimately gave his fortune for the advancement of the Queenwood experiment, sent eight original drawings in water colours, framed and glazed, as a beginning towards forming a gallery of drawings. Mr. Devonshire Saull meditated bestowing his geological museum upon Tytherly. Geology did not make much progress in his time, as the clergy imagined there was something wrong with Nature. Indeed, many suspected Sir Charles Lyell of thinking himself wiser than Moses. To Mr. Saull belonged the merit of enthusiasm for the suspected science, and according to his knowledge he promoted it.

It being stated that £3,500 was required on loan for five

years, bearing interest at 5 per cent., intimations were at once received that the following sums would be sent from the following places: Oldham, £38; Birmingham, £80; Sheffield, £60; Worcester, £61; Coventry, £121; Leicester, £60; Nottingham, £60; Northampton, £17; a London Friend, £100; Glasgow, £20; Brighton, £5; Chatham, £50; Suffolk, £100; Edinburgh, £230; Hyde, £184; Norwich, £50; Ashton, £56; Macclesfield, £24; Liverpool, £61; Boston, £20; Hull, £7; Louth, £20. This celerity of subscription is good evidence of the widespread enthusiasm with which the Queenwood project was regarded.

In 1842 Mr. Owen resigned the governorship of Queenwood, and Mr. Finch became president of the society, when a new executive was formed for carrying out the affairs of Queenwood. At the Congress of 1843 Mr. Owen was reappointed president. Subsequently Mr. William Pare became governor; and his suavity, accessibility, and zeal rendered him the most popular that held the office.

Among the new and honourable expedients for diverting the mind of the public from the polemical character of the communistic movement, was that of creating a Home Colonisation Society, which proposed to take the affairs of Queenwood into its hands. It was thought that men of money might be induced to join the society divested of controversial names which proved a hindrance to the general investment of capital. The projectors of the new Home Colonisation Society contributed largely to its funds, and for some time the *New Moral World* contained frequent announcements of the receipt of a thousand pounds at a time from this society. But its name had no enthusiasm in it, and its example produced very little outside effect. The constitution of this society was devised by Mr. W. H. Ashurst, an eminent solicitor in the City of London. Struck with compassion for poor people in every part of the empire who, by reason of the high rate of postage subsisting, were prevented from receiving or giving information affecting their interests or affections when separated from members of their families, Mr. Ashurst rendered invaluable and prolonged assistance to Sir Rowland Hill in the great advocacy which gave the people the Penny Postage. No writer made a more striking impression than he by a union of

sympathy and facts. Many insurgent reformers sought his protecting counsel; he warned them against the pitfalls of the law, and when in the course of what they thought their duty they fell into them, he stretched forth a strong and generous hand to pull them out; and his son and Mr. John Morris, who succeeded him, continued like disinterested service.

In 1843 came the resignation of Mr. W. Galpin, of his office of general secretary. A certain grandeur of aim, which he had in common with Mr. Owen, had led him to sanction a scale of administration which promised soon to exhaust the available funds of the party to which he had himself contributed with notable liberality. His influence in rendering the society neutral in matters of theology, destroyed the zeal of many, whose activity was necessary to sustain the movement among the branches, and his connection with the society was of too short a period for the education of new supporters, who should be content to advance economical projects by considerations purely economical. Enforced neutrality, dictated by policy, is different from the intelligent neutrality of discernment. Mr. Galpin took leave of the society, in a letter of good taste and dignity. It was "enough for him," he said, "that there existed a feeling that the cause might be better served by his ceasing to be one of its officers."

Mr. Owen had had the Tytherly Hall made to bear conspicuously outside of it the mystic letters C. M., which meant Commencement of the Millennium which, however, declined to begin its career there.

Towards the end of 1845 the *Standard* announced that "Mr. Owen had taken his leave of Rose Hall, Hampshire, for America. The Queenwood enterprise, after £37,000 was spent upon it, proved a failure."

"Rose Hall" was the name of a house on Rose Hill, a pretty little residence on the estate generally used for boarders, or as the occasional residence of the governor. Many ladies and gentlemen went down to Queenwood, and became residents, and contributed pleasantly both to the funds and the society of the establishment.

When affairs at Harmony (for Mr. Owen had given Queenwood this unfortunate name, which served to exaggerate every

minor difference into discord) began to present financial complications, the boarders gradually fell off. Members' meetings ceased to be interesting, and credit was the agreeable but insidious canker-worm which ate up Queenwood. Works were undertaken, provisions ordered, accounts with tradesmen augmented. Had the community begun on the principle of co-operative stores—of neither giving nor taking credit—its operations would have been humbler, but might have been lasting. It came to pass in the process of Queenwood affairs, that the branches in which poorer members predominated were able to send delegates, who were able to elect a new governor, who was unable from his own means to influence capitalists who were wanted. Mr. John Buxton, the new governor, was a man of honesty and courage, and, in more solvent days, would have been successful.

The three trustees of this society (Messrs. Finch, Green, and Clegg), being mainly or altogether liable, naturally became solicitous to protect themselves. Had they proposed to take the affairs of Queenwood into their own hands, undertaken to conduct it first for their own security, subjecting their administration to annual audit, and paying any profits they could realise in proportion to all claimants, Queenwood would have ceased to be a public community, but it would have ceased without discredit. Ultimately they hired labourers and such stray ruffians as were to be had, and put Mr. Buxton and his family forcibly into the lanes, where they all remained, for days and nights, in courageous protest on behalf of the humble community shareholders, who had subscribed their money in as much good faith as the largest lender, and were entitled to have some honourable treaty made with their chief representative. Thus ended the affair of the Queenwood community in 1846.

The trustees were assisted in their summary proceedings by Mr. Lloyd Jones. Their only justification for their violence was that they rescued the property with a view to do what justice was possible to every class of subscribers. Instead, these trustees used it for private purposes. They brought up the claims of the tradesmen; they met the demands of the Goldsmids from whom the estate was leased; they relinquished portions of the estate, and let the Queenwood Hall and

grounds for a school to Mr. Edmonson, a celebrated educator of Lancashire. It was afterwards known as Queenwood College; it combined industrial with commercial and scientific training. As a college it more resembled the famous school of Fellenberg, of Hofwyld; or that of Mr. Heldenmayor, of Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, unrivalled among English schools for the industrial, social, and classical education imparted—of which Charles Reece Pemberton gave a memorable account in the *Monthly Repository* when edited by W. J. Fox. The Socialists were proud that Queenwood had become a college so much in accordance with their own conception of education. The best known teacher connected with it was Dr. Yeats, of Peckham; himself a writer of authority on education. Professor Tyndall and others of note in science and learning were teachers in it.

Many years elapsed, and it was found that the trustees, Messrs. Finch, Green, and Clegg, who had seized the estate, rendered no account of what proceeds they derived from it, not even to the principal loanholders, and it came to pass that Mr. Pare and others entered an action in Chancery to compel them to render an account. The trustees held that no society existed. But so long as a single branch of the community society continued to pay subscriptions, the society had a legal continuation. The Congress mentioned, of which Mr. Buxton, the governor, was the legitimate officer, continued the society. The present writer was appointed and continued to be the general secretary, and for one had always continued a subscribing member; and he, on behalf of the humble community subscribers, became a party to the action in Chancery. The case was tried before Lord Romilly. Corrupted, it would seem by immunity, the trustees resisted the honest demand to produce their accounts, and, incredible to relate, they set up the plea of the old enemies of social reform, that the society was constituted for the propagation of immoral principles, and was therefore illegal, and could not enforce accountability of its trustees. This plea from men who had been vehement and passionate defenders of this society, when other persons had brought this vile charge against it, was a new scandal. One of the trustees was certainly not of this opinion, for in 1841 Mr. C. F. Green wrote a letter from Spithead, announcing to his dear brothers

and sisters of the *New Moral World* that he had given up competition, and exclaimed—

> "Farewell, dear brothers, I have marked you well,
> Nor yet for ever do I leave you now;
> And busy thoughts of thee my bosom swell,
> And thronging recollections crowd my brow."

Mr. Green had no intention then of filing a statement in the Court of Chancery that he and his dear brothers and sisters were members of an immoral association. When affidavits of the false trustees (too long to quote here) were read by their counsel to Lord Romilly, he said: "Ah! it is all very well, my learned brother, but where is the money?" and when the learned counsel again implored the court to listen to hackneyed extracts from Mr. Owen's ill-reported lectures on marriage, Lord Romilly said: "The court is quite aware of that, my learned brother, what we want is a statement of receipts and expenditure since the trustees took possession of this property." The reluctant accounts had to be produced, and the balance withheld had to be paid into court. Lord Romilly was a just judge, regardless of the speculative opinions of those who sought justice at his hands. He had known Mr. Owen from his youth, and was quite aware that his opinions were not open to the imputations sought to be put upon them by the apostate trustees. The Queenwood Hall was sold by order of the court, and the proceeds equitably distributed among the loanholders and preference shareholders. There was none to be divided among original contributors to the community funds. Hundreds of men and women, who invested all their savings in this generous and hopeless enterprise, received nothing. And thus Queenwood passed away as a communistic scheme.

When the trustees seized upon the effects of the society, they made an attempt themselves to sell it, and they actually advertised Harmony Hall for sale in the *Times*, suggesting to purchasers that it might be made available for a lunatic asylum. In the opinion of the public, it had been used for this purpose already, and when such a use was officially pointed out for it in the future, it was quite clear that the trustees themselves were qualified to remain in it.

The *Herald of Progress* aforesaid, in which I was concerned,

was the continuation of that official record of the proceedings of the communist affairs which had been so long made in the *New Moral World*. The society of many names — Co-operative, All Classes of All Nations, National Religionists, but always communist at heart—had been declared extinct by lapse of members, at a congress at Rose Hill. This was not true, as in London and Sheffield members continued to pay, and therefore legally represented the interests of the society's subscribers in every town, who held what was called community scrip, and the *Herald* in question was maintained from a sense of duty to represent the interest of these superseded but deserving members. To this end a new Central Board was appointed, a president and general secretary. In the *Herald of Progress*, which was published from October, 1845, to May, 1846, the official addresses of the society appeared. In May, 1846, the *Reasoner* was commenced, which continued the official representation of the Queenwood society, and the history of its final proceedings were given in that journal alone. Thirty volumes of the *Reasoner* were issued between 1846 and 1872, edited by the present writer, in which the advocacy of Co-operation, as contemplated by its founders, was continued. The thirtieth volume was under the commercial charge of the leaders of Co-operation in Lancashire and Yorkshire, who had arisen since the Queenwood days, and who inherited the traditions of those honourable and unsuccessful struggles.

The cessation of Queenwood was primarily caused by insufficient capital to last while the new order of life consolidated itself, and the conditions of industrial profit were found. Astute farmers sometimes find that they must vary the nature of their produce to realise profit. It could be no argument against a communistic estate that its managers did not all at once make a profit by it. The chief charge brought against the management was that too much money was spent upon the Hall, which was but another form of saying that the capital was too small—since the Hall was not out of proportion to the estate rented, the educational convenience required, and the effect to be produced upon the alien and outside public. Miscellaneous as were the members collected together, they were all believers in the principle on which they associated; and there were none who did not deplore the day of parting

when it came. Working members said they would rather live on an Irish diet of potatoes than go again into the old world, of which they had had experience, if that would enable the society to hold on. Mr. Ironside, who had a few thousand pounds—all his available means—said he would throw it into a common fund, if others who had similar means would do the same, so that they might go on. Residents—and there were many who were boarders in the community—all regretted the end of their tenancy. To this day few who survive, who were there in any capacity, but regret the loss of the happy days which, till the end approached, were spent at Queenwood. Ladies, who are always difficulties in a new state of association, came to prefer Queenwood life. Some who were at first unhappy in the changed condition in which they found themselves there, and who made their husbands unhappy who brought them there, eventually liked their new life exceedingly. Others who were tartars in their social relations in the old world—just women at heart, but impatient of the crude wayward ways of domestics—there became the most agreeable and honoured of residents. It was not because they had to control their tempers, but because the occasions of natural irritation no longer existed under the happier circumstances of equality of duties and enjoyment.

The inmates of Queenwood ate as they listed. No restriction was put upon their preferences. There was a vegetarian table, at which some twenty dined, and, to the credit of their simple diet be it said, theirs was the merriest table in the hall. At meal-times it resounded with laughter, and often others came and surrounded it to listen to the pleasantries which abounded there. The present writer published an account of a personal visit to Harmony Hall.[1] My publication of it was an error. At that time it was the duty of all members to continue to support the executive who had hitherto governed, since the party who would change the administration had not the means to take affairs into their own hands. It was far better to suffer disappointment at the limitation of community objects than to witness the enterprise brought to a premature end. It was long before I discovered for myself, that truth was not relevant on all occasions because it was true. No man

[1] "Visit to Harmony Hall," reprinted from the *Movement*, 1844.

may speak a lie or act a lie; but of all that he knows to be true he is only warranted in stating that which is relevant and useful. It may be a well-ascertained fact that the Home Secretary has changed his bootmaker, but it would be irrelevant in a debate upon the Budget. It was well known to be true that Mr. Disraeli was "on the side of the angels"; nothing came of it, and we were obliged to have Moody and Sankey to put things right; therefore, however true, it was no use impressing upon public attention Mr. Disraeli's seraphic alliance.

Inequalities of education and commercial experience were great, and conflict soon arose between the prudent and the infatuated. The "earnest," as they were called, were (as they commonly are) anxious to go forward with other people's money. The prudent were considered "timid," because the prudent were generally those who would have to pay if the project failed. The infatuated had only principle to put into the concern, since if they lost their stock mayhap they could acquire another; but those who lost their fortune might not be able so easily to repair that mischief. The enthusiastic would themselves incur all the risks they advise, were they in a position to do it. But this does not give them any right to vote a liability to others which they do not and cannot equally share. Yet this is constantly done in popular societies. The cheap-tongued orators of mere "principle" talk tall, and carry off all the applause, because their irresponsible followers are the majority; while the prudent, who "want to see their way," are put down as "discouraging persons." There is yet a subtler creature than the infatuated, to be encountered in societies of progress—the spontaneous enthusiast: sharp, quick, fertile, unthinking, who sets schemes going because they ought to go; others who regard those who have money as persons who should be made to pay, and calculate that if a good project is started, many who would not join in commencing it will subscribe rather than it should go down; and that those who have made advances will make more, in the hope of not losing what has been already lost. These are not the architects, they are the conspirators—they are not the administrators, they are the speculators of progress. The brilliant and plausible operators in this line commonly end in diffusing an ineradicable

distrust in the minds of those who have been trepanned into their enterprises. In matters of social progress, as in commerce, risks have to be run, and loss must be calculated upon. Some may risk fortune, some health, some even life, as many do in the public service ; and it will be an evil day for society when people are wanting to do it. Whoever enter upon these generous enterprises with their eyes open we honour as philanthropists, or patriots, or martyrs ; but they who trepan others into these sacrifices without their knowledge and consent are responsible for their ruin. Though a philanthropic motive may mitigate indignation, it does not excuse the crime of destroying others in the name of benevolence.

No social community in Great Britain had a long enough time allowed to give it a reasonable chance of succeeding. Had any gentleman supplied as much money to be experimented with as Sir Josiah Mason, of Birmingham, supplied during fruitless, disappointing, and perilous years to the Messrs. Elkington for perfecting the discovery of electroplating, some of these social colonies would have pulled through. Establishing a new world is naturally a more elaborate and protracted work than establishing a new manufacture. Electroplating turbulent and competitive man with pacific and co-operative habits, is a more serious affair than electroplating metals.

The social movement, indeed, had at times the good fortune to be countenanced and aided by persons of high position and large means. When Mr. Owen held his great meeting in Dublin in 1821, the Archbishops and other prelates and many noblemen appeared on the platform to support him. At one meeting Lord Cloncurry wrote to say that he was, to his great regret, prevented being present. But this was no formal evasion, though expressed in the well-known terms of avoidance ; he wrote a letter intended to serve the object, and afterwards sent £500 to further it. Frequently when steps were about to be taken likely to compromise the scheme before the public, the prudent had the wisdom to come to the front and dictate the steps which would lead to a surer success than those about to be taken at the instigation of the eager and uncalculating.

Despite all the eccentricities by which these new opinions were accompanied, and by which all new opinions are accom-

panied, it is right to honour these ardent agents of improvement, who both made sacrifices and incurred discomfort and disadvantages for no selfish end of their own, for their enthusiasm arose from the belief that everybody would be advantaged by the chance they sought. Though Coleridge had warned them that it was vain to be sane in a world of madmen, yet they resolved to run this risk, and do the best they could to introduce sane arrangements of life.

Social progress, though an old historic dream, and an anxious pursuit of so many persons, can hardly be said as yet to have a policy. It cannot be presumed that the rich ought to aid unless they are satisfied of the soundness of the plan put before them. To assume that Brown ought to subscribe because Jones thinks he should, is a sort of philanthropic confiscation of Brown's property. All that can be reasonably done is to ask Brown's attention to the scheme, with a full statement of the chances against its success as well as those in favour of it, and if he declines to take part in the affair it may be matter of regret, but not of reproach. Scrupulous care should be taken never to induce or allow any generous enthusiasts to advance more than they are ready and able to lose in case of failure. If they do more, and yet do not show regret when the day of loss or ruin comes, their relatives will ; and an unknown party of fierce and defamatory adversaries of social progress will be developed in society, active perhaps for two or three generations. No less disadvantage occurs if humbler and poor adherents are encouraged or suffered to do their utmost "for the cause." The Jewish tribute of a tithe of their means is as much as can be safely taken from the household resources. If more be taken the family suffer, and, what is worse, the family complain, and diffuse among all their neighbours and friends a dislike and distrust of the philanthropy which puts upon them privations without their consent.[1] And when the day of reaction comes to the over-taxed contributor, he forms the most dangerous disparager of the very undertaking he himself

[1] My attention was engaged very early in popular movements by the fact that the most discouraging persons were those who had suffered losses in earlier enterprises. They had been heroes of forlorn hopes. There was reason to believe that had their sacrifices been limited to a tenth of their resources of time and money, they had never lost interest in struggles which did them honour to engage in.

has aided beyond his means. The extreme advocate commonly becomes the extreme adversary — defamatory, virulent, and vindictive ; and his discouraging word goes farther than that of the stranger who dislikes the thing offhand. Thus, as far as social progress is concerned, it is wise to have a policy, that it may be promoted by calculable methods.

When confident promises are made in the name of a new project, the public expect some signal fulfilment, and when nothing comes of the great pretension, their interest in it is no more to be awakened in any generation which remembers its failure. This should be a warning to those who believe they have important untried truth on hand, never to risk the experiment which is to decide its validity until they have at command the best conditions known to be necessary for realising it. Better to disappoint the eager by delay, than premature action should cause failure. A great project will live from age to age. Delay may damage, but it never kills ; whereas inadequate action is always regarded by the majority as the failure of principle rather than the failure of men.

All this care, patience, toleration, labour, generous sacrifice, and endurance seemed fruitless. But these pioneers had, however, the proud consolation expressed for them by the great Midland poetess :—

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero. Say we fail :
> We feed the high traditions of the world,
> And leave our spirit in our country's breast."[1]

[1] George Eliot.

CHAPTER XI

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL ADVERSARIES

"Look closer to't; you make the evil first;
A base, then pile a heap of censures on it.
'Tis your own sin supplies the scaffolding
And mason work: you skilful, rear the grim
Unsightly fabric, and there point, and say,
'How ugly is it.' You meanwhile forget
'Tis your own handiwork."

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON.

SOME account of the adversaries which the social pioneers had to encounter, will further elucidate the early history of co-operative enterprise.

The system of challenging everybody to discuss the new views produced some excitement. The clergy, who then never discussed long with anybody who answered them, naturally felt that these debates ought to be put down. Other persons did not like controversy, and though they would take no part themselves in suppressing it, were not unwilling to see it done. The teetotalers of Liverpool, who invented a new social crime, called Moderation, and rather apologised for the sot, actually suspended Mr. Finch, who had done more than all of them put together to advance temperance, and interdicted him from speaking on platforms in their name, because of his social notions. In Birmingham an honest Quaker shoemaker, named Empson, had to obtain a situation, but requiring testimony to his character as a sober man, he applied to Mr. John Cadbury, a well-known, influential, kind-hearted, and exemplary Quaker of the town, to give him a testimonial. Mr. Cadbury being secretary to the temperance society, who had known Empson many years as

a good teetotaler, was naturally sought to certify to the fact. Mr. Cadbury (whose handsome calves were the admiration of Birmingham, and who wore breeches the better to show them) answered as only a conventional Quaker can, "William Empson, I want to hold no communion with thee, and I have ordered others to hold no communion with thee. Thou recollects the conversation I had with thee about John Finch, of Liverpool, when I told thee he was a blasphemer." "Yes," said Mr. Empson, "I said if Mr. Finch comes to Birmingham I will do all I can to get him a temperance meeting; but, Mr. Cadbury, you have long known me as a prominent member of the temperance society, will you give me a character for sobriety?" Mr. Cadbury answered, "No, William Empson." "But," said Empson, "are you not a Christian, sir?" Mr. Cadbury answered, "Yes, William Empson, I am, and I always respected thee, but I do not want to hold any communion with thee."

The chief reason why persecution is so hateful is that it so frequently succeeds in putting down the truth. Well-directed persecution is a great power, like assassination. The Bishop of Exeter, whose claims for dignity in the Church were not godliness, but vigorousness and virulence, well understood that. Tory pamphleteering had done more for him than divinity, and he naturally came forward in the House of Lords to revile the grey-headed philanthropist, Mr. Owen, who had given his fortune to mitigate the lot of the poor. Lord Normanby had presented Mr. Owen at Court. Her Majesty, with that queenly impartiality with which she recognised every man of distinction who has served the nation, was glad to meet the ancient friend of her father. In Owen's intimacy loans had passed between him and the Duke of Kent, which the Queen repaid when she knew it. Good taste, if good feeling did not, should have kept the bishop silent concerning a presentation so honourably accorded, and which in no way concerned him. The bishop's speech in the House of Lords was thus reported in the *Morning Chronicle*, of January 27, 1840, by George Wallis ("Pencil 'em"):—

> "He wished of his task he could be rid:
> For he felt a horror, indeed he did,
> Yet had seen and heard with profound disgust,
> Their deeds of shame, and their words of lust.

He was able to tell them all, he said,
The nauseous tale, from A to Z.
And he thought the Marquis of Normanby
Might relish the tale as well as he.
The Socialists were the vilest race
That ever on earth or hell had place.
He would not prejudge them—no, not he;
For his soul overflowed with charity.
Incarnate fiends, he would not condemn;
No, God forbid he should slander them;
Foul swine, their lordships must confess,
He judged them with Christian gentleness.
He hated all show of persecution,
But why weren't they sent to execution?
To hasty censures he objected,—
But was not Lord Normanby suspected?
He never believed a rash report,
But who took Robert Owen to Court?
He would not offend, but would fain be knowing,
If Normanby was not as loose as Owen?
And would ask, nought meaning by the hint,
Did he believe in God? for Owen didn't."

This was the spirit in which the Church commended itself to the people in those pleasant days.

The bishop made no idle speech. He meant mischief, and he did it. This was the time when Mr. William Pare, the registrar of Birmingham, lost his situation, and the town lost a publicist of a quality of knowledge which has never been replaced. All over the country working men of skill and character were dismissed from their employment for attending lectures upon the new principles of association. Some of the men became masters, and blessed the day when they were dismissed; and, as they became capable and relentless rivals of their former employers, the said employers did not bless the Bishop of Exeter for his services. Many workmen were ruined, others had to emigrate; and I have heard them say that if they can get at the Bishop of Exeter in the other world, either above or below, they will make things very uncomfortable to him. As the sharp-tongued bishop, clever in all things, prolonged his life to a great age, some of them thought he desired to delay the day of meeting them as long as possible.

When bishops are angry the people are grateful, Mr. Pare experienced this. On his leaving Birmingham, a dinner was given to him, November, 1842. Mr. Pare was then councillor of the ward of St. Thomas. Mr. G. F. Muntz, M.P., was present, and said, "if he was asked who he should appoint

to take charge of business requiring great care, great investigation, and great honesty, he should say Mr. Pare was the man to do it. It was not the second, nor the third, nor the tenth time he had made that statement. If every man had worked in the cause of reform as Mr. Pare had done, no man could calculate what would have been the effect."

Men of mark who showed any civility to co-operators were scolded in a grand way. One of the quarterlies was disagreeable to the poet laureate. It said: "Mr. Southey brings to the task two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in measure so copious to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation. He seems to have an instinctive antipathy for calm, moderate men—for men who shun extremes and render reasons. He has treated Mr. Owen, of Lanark, for example, with infinitely more respect than he has shown to Mr. Hallam and Dr. Lingard; and this for no reason that we can discover, except that Mr. Owen is more unreasonably and hopelessly in the wrong than any speculator of our time."[1] Happily poet laureates have succeeded Southey equally incapable of being intimidated out of sympathy with the fortunes of honest, self-helping industry, as Tennyson did.

A number of wandering and flockless preachers hawked challenges from town to town. One was a Mr. John Bowes, a pachydermatous believer, who was not without the gift of imputation, and with whom many discussions were held. In a discussion of some nights which I held with him in Bradford, he gave me the idea that he was a species of moral rhinoceros. Apart from the religious vices of imputation which passed in those days for holy zeal, he was known as a friend of temperance and political freedom, and died in 1874 in Dundee well stricken in years, after forty years of Wesleyan-like activity as a peregrinating preacher.

The best qualified adversary who occupied co-operative attention for a long period was the Rev. Joseph Barker, a restless Wesleyan local preacher, who had not been used well by his own party, and he avenged himself by never

[1] The student of social progress in this country scarcely needs to be reminded that it was Southey who held out a helping hand to the promoters of co-operation (Leigh Hunt).

treating any other party well. He published pamphlets against social principles, always readable for their invective, but not instructive, as the objections he brought were entirely theological. The social advocates, who always had an appetite for an adversary, found Mr. Barker much occupation. He excelled most men who as Christians destroyed respect for Christianity. The overwhelming majority of social reformers were believers in the precepts of Christ, and desirous of being associated with what would now be admitted as practical Christianity. Mr. Barker had great command of Saxon-English and poetic imagination; so that whatever side he adopted, and he adopted every side in turns, he presented it with a force of speech which commanded attention. He was not a man who originated thought, but in discerning all that could be made of thought which he found originated, he excelled as a popular expounder of it. The imputations he made upon those who differed from whatever views he happened to hold at the time would have amounted to a crime, had it been an intellectual act of his mind; but, as his rotary imputations were applied by turns to every party to which he had ceased to belong, it was merely the expression of an irresponsible extremist. He left to the adherents of every opinion that he espoused, a legacy of exposition and denunciation which no other man contributed in his time.[1]

Of all the opponents who were encountered, the most impudent was a person known subsequently as Dr. Brindley. Mr. Hawkes Smith, of Birmingham, having delivered some lectures on phrenology, after a visit of Mr. George Combe to that town, Mr. Brindley attacked it. The present writer advised Mr. Hawkes Smith to answer him. Mr. Smith knew all about the subject, and Mr. Brindley nothing. Not being able to reply, Mr. Brindley attacked Mr. Hawkes Smith for his advocacy of Mr. Owen's views. This excited the applause of the clergy, who were willing that the new social principles should be denounced by some one, and Dr. Brindley was

[1] After years of defamation he wrote me a public letter, expressing his regret and conviction that the views he had so strenuously opposed were true. Afterwards he had correspondence with Mr. Owen to the same effect, and sought an interview with him, which was readily granted. See letters in *Co-operative News*, July 9, 1904.

engaged to do it. He became the Caliban of the Church. He did not issue from a Cave of Adullam, where all who were discontented were invited; but from a Cave of Vituperation, where all who uttered rude words of Mr. Owen, or had offensive imputations to make against his followers, were welcome. He went on his mission of defamation to our manufacturing towns, and counselled employers to dismiss men of far honester repute than his own; and scores of families were brought into distress by his calumnious tongue. His prayer was literally—

> "Lord, in thy day of vengeance try them;
> Lord, visit them who did employ them."

Brindley was originally a travelling comb-seller. It was to his credit that he became a schoolmaster—but he continued a pedlar in piety. As a disputant he was not without some good qualities. He was not afraid of discussion. He never sheltered himself under German mysticism or occult or transcendental interpretations, but stated and defended the broad, vulgar, orthodox Christianity of the day, from which abler, wiser men shrunk. He perished at last in the streets of New York. Ministers of religion in America were more scrupulous than in England, and did not adopt him. Dr. Hollick, a social missionary who had debated with Brindley in England, was living in New York, but did not hear of his fate until it was too late, else, he wrote, he would have rendered succour to his old adversary in his last extremity. Brindley had professed to follow Mr. Bradlaugh to America. It is impossible not to feel sympathy for the fate of the old combatant. He died like the war horse, sniffing battle from afar, when age had weakened his powers without being able to tame his spirit.

Moved by a generous eagerness to turn men's attention to the power which dwelt in circumstances, Mr. Owen devised the instructive phrase, that "man's character was formed for him and not by him."[1] He used the unforgettable inference that "man is the creature of circumstances." The school of material improvers believed they could put in permanent force

[1] This troublesome proposition, Mr. Bray relates, "was one upon which his followers, without exception, took their stand." By a resolution of the proprietors of Orbiston, the tenants had to sign their assent to it before admission into the society.

right circumstances. The great dogma was their charter of encouragement. To those who hated without thought it seemed a restrictive doctrine to be asked to admit that there were extenuating circumstances in the career of every rascal. To the clergy with whom censure was a profession, and who held that all sin was wilful, man being represented as the "creature of circumstances," appeared a denial of moral responsibility. When they were asked to direct hatred against error, and pity the erring—who had inherited so base a fortune of incapacity and condition—they were wroth exceedingly, and said it would be making a compromise with sin. The idea of the philosopher of circumstances was that the very murderer in his last cell had been born with a staple in his soul, to which the villainous conditions of his life had attached an unseen chain, which had drawn him to the gallows,[1] and that the rope which was to hang him was but the visible part. Legislators since that day have come to admit that punishment is justifiable only as far as it has preventive influence. To use the great words of Hobbes, "Punishment regardeth not the past, only the future."

Dr. Travis, an early and influential disciple of Mr. Owen, proposed a new statement of the doctrine of character; which, while it recognises the causation of the will, admits a self-determining power in man, which justifies instruction being given to him, and appeals being made to him. One who is in the foremost rank of those who have thrown light over ravelled questions of controversy, remarks, "Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance."[2]

It would, therefore, be unjust to imply that adversaries, clerical or lay, always gratuitously misunderstood questions. There were statements made, which often left them open to honest misconception. The great masters of statements sometimes fail to convey an exact impression of their meaning. I have seen Mr. Cobden look at his words as though they were palpable to him in the air, retracting doubtful terms, amplifying the deficient, and qualifying those that went too far. Those

[1] See this idea, which is better expressed by my old friend Thom, the poet, of Inverary, in the preface to his poems.

[2] G. H. Lewes' "Life of Goethe."

who had none of Mr. Cobden's experience and sagacity, must have misled many fair-meaning opponents.

Mr. Owen gave emphasis to the doctrine of the mighty influence of material things over man for good or evil, because that was not acknowledged then. As far as belief was concerned, that, he said, was so entirely commanded by evidence, that a man could not be held responsible for conclusions which evidence justified.

There is one town (Leicester) where social views early took root—where a few men of strong understanding, of unusual dispassionateness, have, during more than two generations, maintained public interest in social ideas. What may be called the Leicester principle of controversy is to question and try all assertions. No person in the society meetings there advances any propositions except under the condition of submitting them to discussion. Dr. Brindley, when I last met him on a platform, proposed to debate the question of Atheism. This I refused to do, as it would lead the public to confound atheistic with secular principles. That the pretensions of dogmatic Theism should not be advanced unquestioned, Mr. Josiah Gimson, a resident engineer in the town, met Dr. Brindley several nights in succession, contributing greatly to the public information upon the subject. Elsewhere no instance has occurred in which a private gentleman had stepped forward in this way to discuss such a topic—the town fully understood and respected the courage and independence of the proceeding on his part. This was in 1873. Professor Tyndall, after one of his addresses at the Dundee meeting of the British Association, which had somewhat amazed the Duke of Buccleugh, the president for the year, said generously to the present writer, in reference to the toleration of modern controversies, "We do but reap where you [which included colleagues with whom I had acted] have sown."

Jeremy Taylor, nearly two hundred years before Owen, wrote: "No man can change his opinion when he will, or be satisfied in his reason that his opinion is false, because discountenanced. If a man could change his opinion when he lists, he might cure many inconveniences of his life; all his fears and his sorrows would soon disband, if he would but alter his opinion, whereby he is persuaded that such an

accident that afflicts him is an evil, and such an object formidable; let him but believe himself impregnable, or that he receives a benefit when he is plundered, disgraced, imprisoned, condemned, and afflicted, neither his sleep need be disturbed, nor his quietness discomposed. But if a man cannot change his opinion when he lists, nor ever does heartily or resolutely but when he cannot do otherwise, then to use force may make him a hypocrite, but never to be a right believer; and so, instead of erecting a trophy to God and true religion, we build a monument for the devil." [1]

The conclusiveness of these authorities availed us nothing. It was regarded as a new sin in the social party to show that eminent men had agreed in principle with them. Vindictiveness of the enemy harmed the movement by making many resentful and retaliative, prone to follow the advice of St. Just, who destroyed many excellent reformers by his maxim that they who attempt half measures dig their own graves. But St. Just's maxim did not keep him alive long enough to observe that they who insist upon whole measures while they are only half supported, commonly get themselves and their cause into the sexton's hands very early.

Only theorists talk of truth being immortal—I have seen it put to death many times. Lord Brougham in his day succeeded in terrifying Parliament into toleration of unpopular opinions, by contending that nothing could extend them but persecution. If brave men stand by unfriended truth, persecution will spread it. If the timid, or ease-loving, or the time-serving, have truth in hand, persecution well directed, will soon put it down. This is the real reason why persecution is intrinsically hateful.

Other agitations brought into play the passions: of the social agitation it must be owned that it appealed to the understanding only, and made men inquiring and reflective. The intellect let loose proved no wild animal needing a chain to restrain it, as Cardinal Newman [2] asserts, but a salutary and self-managing agent, active in improving individual character.

Adversaries of the Socialists were not dainty in their imputa-

[1] "Liberty of Prophesying."

[2] Cardinal Newman forgets altogether the wild animals reared in his chosen Church, of which Torquemada was the chief.

tions. The Rev. Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow was a man of character and talent, and of generous political sympathies, and from whom in later years I oft had the pleasure, through my friend Mr. William Logan, a wise city missionary, to receive valued communications; yet in his vehement days Dr. Anderson called the "Very Reverend and Preliminary Social Father" an "Incestuous Profligate." But this was not very objectionable, in a rhetorical sense; for when an angry adversary departs from the truth the farther he departs the better, and he is placed by the concurrence of common judgment outside the pale of those who are to be regarded. Some opponents did not know the truth when they saw it, and did not speak it even by mistake. Some of them did garble with an ability that would have entitled them to a prize medal, had there been any board of examiners to award distinction to that kind of merit; but in controversy he who recognises these peculiarities arrests altogether the progress of his arguments, and invites attention to the adversary instead of the subject.

In February, 1834, the "Rev. Dr. Redford" published a letter in the *Worcester Journal*, against Mr. Owen. The *Crisis*, following the policy of helping the enemy to abuse its friends, published this letter, which I shall not reproduce.

In Worcester, the religious opposition to co-operative speeches amounted to violence. It was only by the effort of a strong-handed carpenter, whom I well knew, and in whose house I subsequently lived, one Robert Jones, that Mr. Owen's life was saved from an infuriated mob.[1] The Rev. Dr. Redford was an adversary who went great lengths. In a public discussion, he committed upon Mr. Owen an indignity which created a stronger hostility to Christianity than anything else which had occurred in the Midland counties. He made a motion of flinging the contents of his nose into Mr. Owen's face.

Mr. Alexander Campbell, the most fatherly-minded of all the missionaries, whose voice sounded like a truce, was forcibly prevented preaching the new gospel of industry on Glasgow Green on Sundays. It was a common thing to have halls

[1] I have heard that Jones, as years advanced, joined the Methodists. If so, he has a double chance of salvation if his creed be good, for he has generous works to plead, as well as faith.

refused after they had been duly let, and no County Court Judge in those days would award any damages for a breach of faith. Riots took place at the Broadmead Rooms, Bristol, upon the "social innovators." No doubt the innovators often retaliated, but the imitation generally fell far short of the original.[1]

In Bristol there was a dangerous fight through the narrow passage leading to the Broadmead Rooms, occupied by the Socialists in that city. Workmen were sometimes dismissed who were observed to have a copy of the *New Moral World* in their possession. In some cases clergymen refused to bury co-operators, and in one case a sexton refused to dig a grave for a Socialist's child. Mr. Connard, a well-known speaker, who became an insolvent, was stigmatised as deranged because he honourably refused to make oath, as not in accordance with his conscience, and Mr. Commissioner Reynolds sent him back to prison with many words of outrage when he could otherwise have discharged him. Mr. Connard was kept in prison many months, as a punishment for his creditable scruples. The Rev. Mr. Giles, a Baptist minister of disagreeable ability, said "Socialism was a union of all practices, save those of chastity and virtue." Had the showers of denunciation been material, like hail or rain, the pioneers would have lost their hats, and their garments would have been sodden.

When Mr. Owen was a boy, he swallowed some scalding food in his anxiety to reach his school early. His digestion was very much weakened by it, he was obliged to be very careful in the food which he took. In illustrating his belief of the influence of circumstances, he related this event as one which early disposed him to observation and care. With his oft indifference to what advantage might be taken of a casual expression, he mentioned that the food which he partook,

[1] Indeed, piety was not always self-respecting in its company, nor very dainty in its invitations. There were those who remember the Rev. W. Cooper, for instance, reading in hymn-books sturdy verses beginning—

"Come dirty, come stinking, come just as you are—"

an invocation of fine Saxon vigour, but not remarkable for delicacy. Nor did noblemen and clergymen then shrink from countenancing such style of address, any more than they have done in the case of Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army, and if not deeming it good enough for themselves, at least thinking it might do the people good.

common in Wales in his youth, was called flummery. As this word was a slang term for untrustworthy speech, clerical speakers thought it an excellent point to say that the social system began in flummery.[1] This was deemed very witty, and always produced peals of laughter.

In Runcorn, a Mrs. Johnson left the Established Church and went over to the Wesleyan chapel. She was called upon to explain her proceeding. She replied that it was on account of her Sunday pie being exactly done when the Methodist chapel came out; whereas when she attended the church it was always overdone. The good woman regulated her piety by her pastry, a circumstance which influenced her faith. When the familiar vehicle we now see in the streets without terror first appeared in a university county, a peasant, in the vicinity of an Oxfordshire village, ran one night to warn the inhabitants that a frightened monster with saucer eyes, and making a strange noise, was coming towards the place. Those who had courage got behind the hedge to look. The monster turned out to be a post-chaise,[2] with two lamps. The clergy always mistook social science for an Oxford post-chaise, and ran out to alarm the people.

A fair, a clever, and gentlemanly opponent met with great respect and regard when one appeared, which was very seldom. The Rev. J. H. Roebuck held a public discussion with Mr. Owen, in Manchester, in 1837. He was a Wesleyan of remarkable ability and remarkable fairness, and the distinctness of his objections were well seen in consequence. Though he was, therefore, a more influential adversary than vituperative ones, he was always spoken of with respect, and his early death was sincerely deplored.

The old pioneers of Co-operation stood up for liberty and and relevance of speech. Some thought toleration meant indifference to what opinion prevailed. This was the mistake which some still make. Toleration means anxiety for the

[1] Charles Knight, in his "Passages of a Working Life," gives an account of his tour in 1828, to gain support for the Useful Knowledge Society. He tells us that at Liverpool he found a few *clerical* opponents, and one of them preached also against mechanics' institutes; at Manchester no clerical support could be obtained; and at York he could do little. "He found the commercial atmosphere better adapted for the diffusion of secular knowledge than was the ecclesiastical."

[2] Joseph Brosbridge, 1824.

truth : it means ardour for the truth : it means confidence in the truth. It believes that truth, like fire, is excited by collision, and that no truth can be known to be true, save that which has passed through the ordeal of controversy. Toleration means giving new truth fair play. Intolerance, which is prohibition, gives it none. The conditions of truth are now well ascertained to be liberty of expression, and of criticism ; it is not he who is tolerant of these, but he who is intolerant of them, who is indifferent to the truth, and upon whom the stigma of looseness and latitudinarianism of mind ought to fall.

CHAPTER XII

EARLY ADVOCATES

"So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled he slew."

Louis Blanc has described the Jacobin as powerful, original, sombre; half agitator and half statesman; half Puritan and half monk; half inquisitor and half tribune. The co-operative advocates were not wanting in some of these qualities; and in perseverance and propagandist capacity they surpassed all working-class advocates of their time. They certainly were not demagogues, as any one may see from the definition of a modern writer who comprises in one short passage a complete study of those troublesome persons.[1] Our early advocates chose the unpopular side, which was ill-requited; they believed in their measures themselves, their lives and industry alike commanded respect, and their disinterestedness was shown in persisting in a course which was far from bringing them flattering recognition. The Duke of Wellington, when they were brought under his notice, admitted they were clever, but added, in his coarse, vindictive way, "they were clever devils." With more discrimination

[1] "The demagogue, in all ages and in all countries, is a man voluble and vehement in speech—expansive and popular in his humour—more plausible in advocating measures than wise in choosing them—unscrupulous in his alliances with all who will serve his immediate objects—extreme in his views—magnificent in his promises—ready with specious theories and proposals of sweeping change—restless in agitation, but impatient of obscure labour—aiming at immediate and showy results—and, from a loose and random way of living, often not a safe man in pecuniary affairs, although he may have no inclination for deliberate dishonesty" (C. Morrison, "Labour and Capital," p. 126).

and courtesy, as befitted his station, the Bishop of London said of these social reformers, that, though they were generally men of "some education," their deficiency was that "they were wanting in humble docility, that *prostration of the understanding ana will*, which are indispensable to Christian instruction." No doubt they were open to this charge; want of "humble docility" was conspicuous in them. It never occurred to them to "prostrate their understanding." The use of it seemed to them the only way of making out how things stood.

These adventurous and unskilled social navigators had to pull their frail skiffs through rough waters. At that time society abounded with persons—they are not yet quite extinct—who would never do anything for the workman except think for him. They would neither find him work nor bread, but they would supply him with opinions, either religious or political, ready-made. These people gave a very poor account of social projects. The political economist considered them the dream of folly—the clergyman, of wickedness—the statesman, of insubordination—the employer, of idleness—the rich man, of plunder—the capitalist, of confiscation—the journalist, of demagogism.

Co-operation in its early days was somewhat ramshackle. Mostly pale and thin, these amateur shopmen looked as though they needed themselves to eat up the commodities they tried to sell. What business they did was done in an unusual way. Every crotchet that thickened the air of Utopia was proclaimed at their doors. Poets, enthusiasts, dreamers; reformers of all things, and the baser sort of disbelievers in any, gave them a turn: for, as we all know, a nimble eccentricity always treads on the heels of change.[1] There was nobody so mad but their right to improve the world was respected; there was not a regenerating lunatic at large who did not practise upon them. The philosophers were scandalised at them, the political economists shook their heavy heads at them—the newspapers were scornful—politicians in Parliament proposed to put them down—bishops interdicted them in the House of Lords—and the clergy consigned them individually and collectively to per-

[1] "Licentiousness always treads on the heels of reformation" (R. W. Emerson).

dition. Luckily the honest fellows had a well-instructed patience. Their advocates served them well, teaching them that every creature must be allowed to articulate after its kind, and would do better if it only knew how. The heretics, who were their only friends, eventually silenced the clamour; and the men of sense and purpose made their way to the front, and Co-operation got a hearing, and grew in favour with men.

As in all new parties, and as for that in old ones too, at times there were figures in the social landscape that attracted attention, without enticing adherents. Fastidious friends of progress were not pleased that the prominent advocate of the system should be an Irish philosopher—Mr. Thompson, of Cork—who was against large families, and in favour of dissection. Social Reformers, not knowing how to subordinate without discouraging the just efforts of others, became the Nursing Mother of all the "Crazes" of the day.

There was a Dr. McCormac, of Dublin, who, being like Bentham, a philosopher above vulgar prejudice, prominently advocated that all co-operators should leave their bodies for anatomical purposes. He was called the "Skeleton-Man" of the movement; and some Christian partisans did not hesitate to say that Mr. Owen wanted to get men into communities in order to sell their bodies for dissection. Every friend of the new system was supposed already to have sold his soul to a certain eminent and enterprising contractor for that article. As to Mr. Owen, it must be owned charity was his sole religion, and this was a religion which God may recognise but which has not found favour in the world yet; and one which had no followers in Mr. Owen's days except a few perilous persons, of whom the Rev. Robert Hall, with his fine talent for contemptuousness, said "lived in the frigid zone of Christianity." Mr. Owen himself was called the "Circumstantial Philosopher" —a name not without honour, for circumstances were in very bad want of a philosopher.

One of the strange and inexplicable figures that flitted about the early co-operative movement was a gentleman who usually signed himself as P. Baume, "reforming optimist." [1]

[1] The profession of principles of the Reforming Optimist was that though everything is for the best at this instant, everything will be better upon the whole surface of our planet at every one of its diurnal revolutions—nay, at every pulsation of the human heart.

In after-years two or three other initials would appear between the P. and the B. Who, indeed, he was, or whence he came, nobody ever knew. Common repute said he acquired a fortune as a foreign spy. If so, it was doubtless in the interest of freedom, for he always appeared to care for it. He had spent the greater part of a long and wondrously active life in bequeathing property which nobody ever came to possess. For thirty years there was hardly any meeting held anywhere in reference to social reform at which he was not present in some part. He was ubiquitous. In distant towns, in Manchester or Liverpool, the eyes in search of mysterious faces would be sure to light, in some quarter of the room, upon a disguised figure, whose brilliant, penetrating eye alone revealed his identity.

Mr. Baume had what he called Experimental Gardens, in the New North Road, leading from Battle Bridge to Holloway, where he invited all practical men and women to meet him, with a view to agree upon something which would settle everything. The presumption is that they never did agree upon anything, since everything has not been settled yet. His proposal at that time was to establish a Co-operative College, for which purpose he said he would unhesitatingly and most cheerfully give up to them his most valuable leases and ground rents—several extensive plots for building and gardening ground, fourteen acres altogether, his funded property, his ready money, in a word, everything he possessed; "including his most unrelenting exertions through life." Mr. Baume had made a proposition to advance money to any amount, and on the most liberal terms, to any carpenter or bricklayer willing to build cottages on his land, on speculation, or for the location of their families. He stated then that all his property was vested in the hands of trustworthy characters; his unremitting exertions being devoted to the establishment of a Co-operative College and Community.

At one of Mr. Owen's Sunday lectures he sent a little boy with a note, saying the lad had been born three years before, and had been entrusted to his care, but he had never allowed him to be christened because he had never found

any character in history sufficiently perfect to warrant him in adopting his name; but now Julian Hibbert was dead, he requested Mr. Owen to christen him by that name. Mr. Owen, and many of his disciples after him, were accustomed to christen children who were brought to them, and they commonly made little speeches to the parents, counselling them to remember how much sensible treatment and pure material conditions might influence the child for good.

This gentleman continued to give his property away. He gave it to nearly every community that was formed. He gave it to the United Kingdom Alliance. He has given it to the co-operators, and to other persons and parties, certainly too numerous to mention. A considerable portion of his property lay in the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch. He always professed to be afraid that some one would confine him in a lunatic asylum, and yet he established himself in the neighbourhood of one. There was not the slightest fear for him. There was no aslyum which would have undertaken to manage him. He would have driven the governors and directors all mad in a month, by the inexhaustible fertility of his projects. He was quite sincere in saying he would give the whole of his possessions away, as well as his "unrelenting life exertions," for he appeared never to require anything whatever to live upon. A few peas, which he commonly carried in his pocket, seemed to be his chief source of subsistence. With ample means he would live in one obscure room, or rent a railway arch, and deposit himself there, and he did not, like the parties in Mr. Pickwick, select the dry ones, but took a damp one as being the cheapest. He would carry about with him bundles of bank-notes in a dress-coat pocket, and keep a small live monkey there; so that if any adventurous hand found its way there, it would meet with a very unexpected remonstrance. His property, at the site of the Experimental Gardens, lay over what is now known as the Caledonian Road, and the Pentonville Prison part, and had he retained it a few years longer than he did, he might have derived an immense income from it. At that time his land was covered with furze and mysterious-looking cottages, in one of which he lived. It was known as the "Frenchman's Island," where very unpleasant visitors

were frequently attracted; but as he was known to go about at night with a pistol in his pocket, and as he was very likely to fire it, and knew perfectly well how to do it, a good deal of curiosity was repressed by that peculiar reputation. He had projects for a community experiment there, and he brought more scandal upon the cause by his eccentric proposals than any other man.

One of the curious enthusiasts of 1837 was Samuel Bower, of Bradford. He was one of the abstemious co-operators who lived, like the Reforming Optimist, chiefly upon grey peas, of which he carried a supply about, and strenuously insisted that that peculiar diet should be universally adopted. Nevertheless, he was a strong-thinking man, and had many useful and self-denying views, which he illustrated in many curious and impracticable papers.

There were many among the advocates whose position and attainments commanded respect, else the movement could never have attained the ascendancy it did. One who remained longest known was "Dr. King, of Brighton."[1] This gentleman was educated for the Church, at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married a daughter of Dr. Hook, Vicar of Rottingdean. He subsequently adopted the medical profession, from intellectual preference, and settled in Brighton, where he originated and edited the first publication, called the *Co-operator*. He was a man of notable friendships, and promoted many liberal movements in conjunction with Dr. Birkbeck, Ricardo, Owen, and Lord Brougham. His daughter married Mr. John Robertson, well known as one of the early editors of the *Westminster Review*, during Mr. Mill's connection with it. Dr. King was justly considered one of the founders of Co-operation.

Dr. King continued his interest in Co-operation until the end of his life. On entering his eightieth year he wrote to the *Co-operator* a letter as enthusiastic as those he wrote half a century earlier, and which might have been

[1] Dr. William King was born at Ipswich in 1786. Gaining considerable distinction at Cambridge, he was elected a Fellow. He settled at Brighton. He assisted a co-operative society then established in West Street. On May 1, 1828, he issued the first number of the *Co-operator*, and continued it monthly until 1830. Dr. King died at Brighton in 1865.

written by a young convert. He had the honour of being consulted by Lady Noel Byron, who had contributed £300 towards the success of a productive association established among those Brighton societies.

Dr. King's *Co-operator* was a source of inspiration in many parts of the country, mere fragments of numbers being treasured up by the recipients. Stores have been founded in consequence of their perusal. The fairness, temper, and the certain moderation of tone rendered Dr. King's little paper, all the articles being written by himself, one of the wisely-influential precursors of Co-operation.

P. O. Skene, Esq., who is always mentioned as an "Esq.," appears frequently in early co-operative reports as a promoter, contributor, and medium by whom ladies and others made contributions. There was also a Mr. G. R. Skene, his brother; but being less personally distinguished he is described as *Mr.* G. R. Skene. Being very watchful and workful as a secretary, he deserves equal mention in these pages. In those days, when Co-operation was struggling, it was no doubt necessary to mark when one of its adherents held a position of more conventional respectability than others. "Philip O. Skene, Esq.," was really a very accomplished gentleman, an eminent teacher of languages in his day. He held a German class in the upper room of the first-named London Co-operative Store, 19, Greville Street, Hatton Garden. Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. J. A. Roebuck, when young men, were among the remarkable pupils who attended.

The *Times* of 1837 gave a very honourable notice of Philip Orkney Skene. "His father, Major Skene, and grandfather, Governor Skene, were both attainted of high treason against the United States, as British Loyalists; and his great-grandfather was attainted of high treason in the rebellion of 1715. The *Times* stated that the Earl of Fife, who is a branch of the Skene family, had taken the estate which had previously descended from father to son for eight hundred years in the Skene family. Before Philip O. Skene was twenty years of age, he was sent to superintend the erection of the military fortification at Hoy Island, in the Orkneys. He joined the English army, entering Paris, in 1815, and from his great knowledge of the French and

German languages, was appointed to attend the Crown Prince of Prussia, whose sovereign, in distinction of his services, presented Mr. Skene with a valuable ring, set with numerous brilliants. After attaining much scientific distinction abroad, he returned to England, entered the Middle Temple, and ate several terms; when Mr. Owen's efforts at New Lanark, in its best days, so impressed his mind, that he devoted afterwards much of his time and means to promoting similar objects. Mr. Skene died at the age of 44, at Lewes, from exhaustion, after a protracted state of debility, brought on by over-exertion in his duties as surveyor of roads, a post which he had held for several years." The *Times* added, that "he left elementary works in German, Italian, French, Spanish, Latin, and Greek, besides works which bear other names than his."

At the (Third) Co-operative Congress, of 1832, a very remarkable letter was received from a distinguished man, Leigh Hunt, who dated it from 5, York Buildings, New Road, London. He alleged that "increasing avocations and ill-health alone prevented his attendance." Happily neither killed him until nearly thirty years later. He stated he believed he was the first journalist who endeavoured to impress upon the public the propriety of considering Mr. Owen's views. Touching the supposed contradiction between the claims of this life and a future one, he cited what was said by a wise man, "that it would be a very strange and ungrateful thing if we behaved ourselves gloomily or indifferently in a beautiful garden which some friend gave us, because by and by he had promised us a better."

Another name, always one of interest and respect, was that of Mr. Thomas Allsop, who, to the manners and cultivation of a gentleman, united an originality of sentiment and generous enthusiasm for political as well as social change, displayed with the same force and boldness by no other adherent of social views. A member of the Stock Exchange, he understood the conditions of business as well as those of the social state contemplated. He was the adviser of Feargus O'Connor in his best days, and conferred upon him the necessary property qualification which Mr. O'Connor did not possess when he was first elected a member of Parliament

viz., £300 a year derived from land. On one occasion Mr. Allsop, who was also connected with a large and fashionable business in Regent Street, alarmed the law courts and the press by refusing to be sworn upon a grand jury, on which he had often served, on the ground that he objected to find a prisoner guilty, alleging as a reason that in every part of London the criminal class was recruited by flagrant social neglect. This was done for the express purpose of forcing public attention to the subject. Such an act by one in Mr. Allsop's position produced a great impression.[1] In the late Mr. Justice Talfourd's memorial of Charles Lamb, the reader will find graceful acknowledgments of Mr. Allsop's long and helpful friendship to the great Essayist.

Another writer, who impressed society with the opinion that persons of taste and means were favourable to social views, was Mr. John Minter Morgan, author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century." This work appeared in two handsome volumes, and was printed in the costliest manner of books, with original copperplate illustrations of great skill, of good design, and finished execution, in mezzotint. Some of the scenes, dramatic and communistic, surpass in conception anything produced either before or since. The events of the story carry the reader into the highest society, and the dialogues conducted with the most eminent men of the day are gracefully rendered—their known and published sentiments being skilfully interwoven in the speeches made. If co-operative views had always been presented with as much judgment, they would have made wider way in the world. Mr. Morgan wrote other works, as the "Reproof of Brutus," and the "Revolt of the Bees," which attracted considerable attention in their day. The "Reproof of Brutus" was written in verse, but excited no jealousy among the poets of his time.

When a young man, Mr. Morgan displayed more courage than was to be expected from his gentle character. He appeared as a lecturer in the theatre at the Mechanics' Institution in defence of Mr. Owen's Sunday lectures. Mr. Morgan's lecture was delivered on Thursday, May 6, 1830. Mr. Owen had been permitted to deliver Sunday lectures in

[1] He is the author of "Recollections of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," who was his periodic Sunday guest for a great number of years.

that theatre morning, afternoon, and evening, on the "Moral and Social Duties of Man." The clergy, however, had interfered. Bishop Blomfield had spoken at King's College, and said that "all other sciences and acquirements than those of the Church of England and Ireland ought to be held subservient to those principles of action furnished by the doctrines of the Gospel." The members of the Mechanics' Institution were compelled, in deference to clerical opinion, to recommend a discontinuance of the Sunday morning lectures, as they were delivered during the hour of divine service. Mr. Tooke, the eminent solicitor of the institution, gave it as his opinion that the lectures were illegal, besides being calculated to compromise the usefulness of the institution. Mr. Tooke is mentioned by Mr. Morgan, who said that he had consulted with Mr. Brougham on the subject, who entirely concurred in that view. Mr. Morgan said that if Mr. Brougham was right in his opinion as to the lectures being illegal, it was incumbent on him, who stood so committed to the cause of mental liberty, to move the repeal of the Act. The Act is still unrepealed. Lord Amberley boldly endeavoured to procure its repeal. By ignominious evasions, lectures have continued to be delivered in London since; but as often as Christianity opens its dangerous eyes, and chooses to make itself offensive, it sends the philosophers home mute, with their lectures in their pockets.[1] Those who think that social reformers have at times troubled themselves needlessly with theology should take into account that their way has been blocked up by it all their days. Mr. Morgan, later in life, took fruitless trouble to induce the clergy to interest themselves in social reform. Gentlemen who were his guests at Sackville Street still tell how they were always escorted after dinner to see his model of a community, in which a church formed one of the ornaments. Mr. Morgan made his fortune as a paper-maker, which is probably one reason why he excelled other social writers in producing elegantly-printed books, whose clear and thick leaves and broad margins felt in the hand like a lucid and substantial argument.

Mr. William Pare was the first recognised co-operative

[1] This was done to Professor Huxley.

lecturer, and the most persuasive and persistently practical of them all. The editor of *The Co-operative Miscellany*, of 1830, introduced him for the first time to its readers in curious deferential terms as being their "very respectable and indefatigable friend." His first lecture was delivered where he spoke three times, in the Music Hall, Bold Street, Liverpool. There were four co-operative societies established in Liverpool at that time.

Mr. Thompson, of Cork, had the merit of satisfying Mr. William Pare of the utility and practicability of the co-operative system. His conviction was converted into ardour by Mr. Thompson's "Enquiry into the Distribution of Wealth." Mr. Pare first appears in co-operative literature at the anniversary of the first Birmingham Co-operative Society, at which he presided, on the 28th of December, 1829, at the Vauxhall Tavern, Ashted. Nearly a hundred persons were present, including some thirty of the members' wives, for co-operative tea-parties were from the first sociable, and included wives and children as well as husbands. Mr. Pare began by proposing the health of "the king in his social capacity of father of his people," which denoted the benevolence rather than the accuracy of the social imagination of the period. Mr. Pare quite understood then, and expressed at that early date, the policy of Co-operation as being "a scheme of voluntary equality"; and contended that the English were not to be confounded with French agitators. "The French," he said, "worked by force, the English by persuasion. The French cried 'Down with the aristocrats!' the co-operators said 'Let them alone.'" Mr. James Guest, the well-known bookseller of Birmingham, was vice-president on the occasion, and gave "Success to the numerous co-operative societies then established in England, Scotland, and America." One of the toasts was "The immortal memory of John Bellers, the first known projector of a co-operative community in England."

The sixth number of the *United Trades' Co-operative Journal* records that on Tuesday evening, March 30, 1830, Mr. Pare, the corresponding secretary to the First Birmingham Co-operative Society, delivered his first public lecture at the Mechanics' Institution, Manchester, remarking—"Mr. Pare

is a young man of very extensive practical information, deeply impressed with the evils which afflict the working classes of this country, and most zealous in his endeavours to disseminate that information which he thinks must ultimately produce a beneficial effect."

At Manchester, later in the year, he held a meeting at the house of one of the members of the first society, which was well attended, several persons were present belonging to the Stockport society. On three successive evenings he spoke in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institution. At his first lecture there were not less than one thousand persons present. Mr. Owen seldom distinguished any of his adherents by notice, but in Mr. Pare's case he did. He said, describing a visit he (Mr. Owen) made to Birmingham: "I found him engaged in the business of railways, which he appears to understand in his department of it, if we are to judge from the approbation he has received from the committees of both Houses of Parliament."[1] This instance shows with what judgment Mr. Owen could praise when he chose. Nothing could be more delicate, indirect, and uncompromising. Had he said more, or said it differently, it might have been disastrous to Mr. Pare. For more than forty years Mr. Pare was the tireless expositor of social principles. He learned early from Robert Owen the golden principle which Leigh Hunt so finely expressed, that "the errors of mankind proceed more from defect of knowledge than from defect of goodness." All the acerbities which ever arise in any of our societies arise from members who do not know this, or who forget it if they do. Mr. Pare seldom forgot it. His angerless voice and his pleasant patience were an endowment as strong as his general zeal, which never hasted and never rested until envious death took him from us.

Besides Mr. Pare, Mr. Hawkes Smith, and Mr. Murphy, there was Mr. John Rabone, also of Birmingham, whose pen was often to be met with in early co-operative literature. His letters in the volumes of the *Crisis* were always earnestly and pleasantly written, mainly appealing to Christians to recognise the spirit of Christianity in co-operative effort. It was his writings which first caused the name "Christian

[1] *New Moral World*, October 1, 1836.

Socialist" to be used, and in 1837 persons began to sign themselves by that name.

Another man of mark and promise in the early social movement was Rowland Detrosier, who died prematurely very much regretted by all politicians of the people in every part of Great Britain. Though well cared for at times by opulent friends, he had no sustained support, and exposure upon a coach, after a night lecture, when he was in a weakly state, brought on inflammation of the lungs, which killed him.[1] He was a man of greater promise than any who arose among the political and co-operative classes, and had he lived he would have been a leader. He had all the qualities of knowledge, enthusiasm, geniality, respect for the convictions of others, and powers of commanding address. Detrosier was the natural son of Mr. Robert Norris, of Manchester, and was abandoned, when a boy, by his French mother, whose name he bore. He was put to the trade of a fustian cutter. At nineteen he unfortunately married. By self-study, continued when he and his family were nearly famishing, he taught himself French and Latin, and acquired a knowledge of the sciences, which enabled him to lecture upon them in a manner which few professional lecturers of the day could excel, in communicating animated knowledge. He preached in a Swedenborgian chapel in Hulme, where he used to astonish the congregation by filling his pulpit with geological specimens, and placing electric and galvanic machines on the desk where his Bible and hymn-book should lie. He had the distinction of founding the first two Mechanics' Institutions ever established in England. As he had no support but that which his daily labour brought him, he often suffered extreme distress. His reputation, however, reached London, where he was welcomed. Jeremy Bentham had been so struck by some of his discourses that he sent him a present of his books, and showed him marks of flattering regard until his death. Lady Noel Byron sent him £20, and often invited him to her house in London. Mr. Mordan is said to have bestowed some of the earlier proceeds of his gold pens upon him, and Mr. John Stuart

[1] He had been delivering the opening lecture at the Mechanics' Institution, at Stratford, near London.

Mill not only befriended him while he lived, but befriended his family for many years after his death. It was, however, Leigh Hunt to whom he was indebted for his introduction to London: his name was first mentioned in a generous and discerning article in the *Examiner*, Leigh Hunt being greatly struck, as everybody was at that time, by his lecture on the Necessity of the Extension of Moral and Political Instruction among the Working Class. Detrosier had a voice and eloquence resembling Lord Brougham's, and his mind was distinguished by rapidity and power.

Mr. James Watson, one of those few publishers of forbidden literature, who gave consideration how far the reputation of his party might be promoted by his judgment in the books he sold, and by his personal probity, came up from Leeds, when a young man, to take the place of one of Carlile's shopmen, 500 of whom were imprisoned for selling unstamped publications, a fate which very soon befel Mr. Watson. He is recorded as acting as a co-operative missionary in Leeds, Halifax, Barnsley, Todmorden, and other places in connection with the British Association for Promoting Co-operative Knowledge. He is spoken of as "the first missionary to the country, and as having done great and permanent good." In one of his speeches Mr. Watson put the case of the working class co-operators in a suggestive form, thus:—"The co-operators would have those who had hitherto lived upon the labour of others henceforth live upon their own capital. They would then discover how long it would last"—unless recruited by the exertions of the industrious.

The name of Mr. Henry Hetherington appears as far back as the report of the fourth quarterly meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Co-operative Knowledge, 1830, when he was elected one of the committee of the first Soho society. He was another publisher distinguished by a long career of peril. Straightforward, intelligent, hearty, genial, he was best known by the *Poor Man's Guardian*, which he edited, printed, and published, when no one else out of prison could be found to undertake the peril of it.

Another man of subsequent note, who took part in the early Congresses, was Mr. James Bronterre O'Brien, then the editor of the *Midland Representative*. He subsequently

suffered imprisonment in the cause of Chartism. An animated and able speaker, of very varied information, and possessing a considerable knowledge both of French and English literature, he was regarded as the political schoolmaster of the Chartists, but, like most Irishmen, his genius lay much in suspicion, in which he excelled; and he undid, by the distrust which he diffused, the good he was capable of accomplishing by his generous fervour. He it was who translated Buonarroti's "History of Babœuf," as we have said elsewhere. Bronterre had all the geniality of his countrymen. It was pleasant to be his friend.

Among other qualifications for the millennium displayed by energetic Socialists, was that of originality in figures of speech. One of the greatest masters in the rhetoric of the "New Moral World" was Mr. Joseph Smith, of Salford. When the Queenwood community was in force he went about the country collecting sheep with which to stock the farm. His plan was to rise at the end of a public meeting, and propose that all who had enthusiastically passed communist resolutions should prove their sincerity by joining there and then in subscribing a sum sufficient to buy a sheep. The most ardent who had held up their hands in favour of the motion of the evening, were not always prepared to put them in their pockets. To incline the surprised enthusiasts to that operation, Mr. Smith would apprise them that he had ordered the doors to be locked, so that no one could leave until the price of the sheep arrived on the platform. Then he would say they had bought a community, they must pay for the community, and they must stock the community, "else they would all fall into the abyss which was hanging over their heads." In view of this unforeseen calamity, reluctant shillings were produced until the market price of the coveted sheep was made up. When this was done, they were rewarded by being assured by Mr. Smith that "now they would all sail into port on the top of their watch-towers," a kind of vessel quite unknown to Her Majesty's constructor of the navy. This inventive rhetorician was described in the organ of the society as "the high priest of the 'New Moral World.'"

On other occasions he proved himself not deficient in old-

world illustration. He had been descanting with his accustomed fervour upon the deceptions of competitive commerce, when a curious auditor put the question—what did he mean by deception? The ardent and good-natured orator, who was commonly right when he felt, and wrong when he thought, had probably never given a public definition in his life, and was without any idea how to define deception. The meeting was large, hostile, and impatient, and the hesitation of the lecturer was loudly resented, when it suddenly occurred to Mr. Smith that his head was quite bald, and his black, curly, and unsuspected locks were not his own, so he boldly snatched off his wig and exclaimed: "That is deception." His raven hair, hanging in his hand like a scalp, and the sudden sight of his unimagined and naked pate was so ludicrous, that his adversaries were confounded and convinced, and with the generosity of an English audience, the enemy applauded him as heartily as his friends.

In those exalted days social editorial art went for nothing. No one troubled himself as to how the world would regard his language. Just as the early apostles never reflected how distracted fathers of the future Church would labour to reconcile their sayings (believing, as they did, that the end of all things was at hand, and there never would be any fathers to be perplexed), so these social seers expected that the "old immoral world" was played out, and that nobody in the new substitute they had in hand could ever heed anything said or done in it. Their least impulsive writer called the attention of two counties "to the active, the energetic, the devoted Fleming,"[1] and the editor asked "Where did Joseph Smith get his superior spirit of prophecy, and give us tablets of remembrance chiselled as it were in alabaster for purity, and gold for splendour and endurance."[2] I first visited him in 1879 at Wissahiccon, in America, where he kept a hotel whose great attraction was a large room, where ranging around it were small bushes of the district, on the branches of which he had carved, with his own hand, hundreds of political coteries, known to all the land—so life-like and natural, with likenesses so unmistakable, that they were the wonder and diversion of

[1] *New Moral World*, December 31, 1836, p. 75.
[2] Ibid., February 4, 1837.

thousands of visitors. Afterwards I sent him the first edition of these volumes, which he had never seen, and his sudden joy at the remembrance of him when he thought he had been forgotten—killed him. He had left England more than thirty years then.

Mr. Finch was the earliest and greatest pamphleteer of the party. Mr. Owen first introduced Mr. Finch to the co-operative public at his institution, in Charlotte Street, in 1834, as "a new labourer in the field." The "new labourer" actually got inserted in the *Liverpool Albion* a series of letters on the "Fooleries of Sectarianism." These "fooleries" were sincerities to those who entertained them, and they naturally resented this mode of describing them. But it is always your religious man who is most offensive to pious people. A man who dissents from the newspaper religions is respectful to them ; and if he cares to oppose them, reasons against them without offensive imputation : but your religious man, who has a little infallibility of his own, can venture to commit outrages on others, knowing that his rudeness will pass for holy wrath.

In 1842, Mr. John Gray, of Faldonside, Galashiels, published "An Efficient Remedy for the Distress of Nations." Mr. Owen having set a fashion of devising "an entirely new system of society," Mr. Gray put forth one. Society profits in a silent, sulky way, by suggestions made to it : yet it dislikes any one who proposes to overhaul it. Mr. Gray had a great plan of a Standard Bank and Mint. The Duke of Wellington made known this year, in one of his wonderful notes, that "he declined to receive the visits of deputations from associations, or of individual gentlemen, in order to confer with them on public affairs ; but if any gentleman thinks proper to give him, in writing, information or instruction, on any subject, he will peruse the same with attention." The modest, painstaking duke had not Mr. Gray before his eyes when he said this. That gentleman would have taken the duke at his word, and soon have brought him to a standstill. The pleasantest part of Mr. Gray's "Efficient Remedy" is where he tells the reader that he had published a previous work which had not sold, so that in issuing another he could only be actuated by a desire to advance the interests of mankind, and this was true. He

was a well-meaning, disinterested, and uninteresting writer. His books never sold, nor could they be given away; and there was for long a stock at two places in London where they could be had for the asking, and those who applied were looked upon with favour.

Those who have read much of the rise and career of new opinions will be aware that religious history would present a plentiful series of ridiculous situations and deplorable absurdities. And one reason why similar eccentricities are continually being reproduced in new movements is because party historians do not think it a duty to relate them. If they did, they would be warnings to ardent adherents to consider how they may best guard the truth they represent from misapprehension or dislike. It is true that many of the disciples of social science were flaccid, dreaming people, possessed of a feeble goodness; but there were also a larger number of strong, wise, cultivated, and determined adherents who sustained the movement when only men of courage would espouse it.

Eccentricities are not confined to any party; but when a party becomes established, vagaries are set down to the conduct of irresponsible individuals, by whom nobody is bound; but in the case of an unpopular association every act of folly is considered as its natural outcome.

Of the accredited representatives of Socialism who put S.M. after their names, the first in order of editorial service is Mr. George Alexander Fleming, who was the chief editor of the official journal of the party. Mr. Fleming was a native or Scotland, a man of considerable energy and maturity of self-acquired talent. He wrote as well as he spoke. He was the first in office, and he kept there. He was under no delusions of fervour, as others were liable to be. His talent lay in making the movement safe rather than great, and certainly there was room for his order of skill. He was afterwards connected with journals immediately under his own management, always consistently giving effect to the principles he early entertained. He died in the service of the *Morning Advertiser*.

Mr. Lloyd Jones, who ought to be named next in order of platform distinction, had the repute of having the best voice of any of the social lecturers, and that readiness of speech which

seems the common endowment of Irishmen. He was always regarded as the best debater who appeared on the platform; and if it was possible to perfect that talent by practice, he certainly had the opportunity, for more discussion fell to his lot than to any other of his compeers. To Mr. Jones belongs the distinction of being the most active to defend social views when its adherents were weakest, and to meet more of the enemy when the enemy were strongest than any other missionary. While he was a Manchester district missionary he had continually to be despatched to meet furious adversaries, or furious audiences. After a venomous tirade was delivered, he would present himself to answer it, when it was matter or common experience that the confident adversary, who had gone up like a rocket in his lecture, came down like a stick in the discussion. Mr. Jones joined the Salford Co-operative Society as early as 1829, and was all his days an influential leader of the movement.

Mr. James Rigby was one of the earliest, merriest, and pleasantest speakers among the missionaries. His vivacity of illustration was remarkable. He had genuine imagination; not, perhaps, always well in hand. If he did not obscure the facts by the fecundity of his fancy, he cast such a glamour over them that the hearer forgot to look for them. As an expositor of Socialism, he was the most fascinating of all his compeers. His vivacity, his graphic language, his brightness of imagination, his agreeable garrulity, always made him a popular speaker. He was long remembered for his happiness of expressing the immense hopes and prospects of the party without any sense whatever of the limited means which alone were at the command of social reformers to realise them. He first came into notice from the active part he took in the laborious agitation for the Ten Hours' Bill. After the fall of Queenwood, he was associated with Mr. Owen as a personal attendant, having charge of his manuscripts. He was entirely a communist, echoing literally Mr. Owen's material views on that subject; but when a semi-spiritualism came in after-days to be engrafted upon them by the master, Mr. Rigby proved that, though he was a disciple, he was not a follower in the sense of departing from the ancient way. He was with us when we buried Mr. Owen at Newtown. Among all who stood at that grave, none

were so assiduous, so faithful, so wary, as he. When I went down to relieve him late at night, as he kept watch over his master's tomb, it was with difficulty that he could be induced to go home, until I satisfied him that certain fears which he entertained were all anticipated, and that no unauthorised hands could disturb those honoured remains. His faithful fears dated as far back as the days of Julian Hibbert, at whose death Mr. Baume interfered by virtue of some personal warrant which he was understood to hold, and his head was preserved for purposes of science. All his life Mr. Rigby remained constant to the abstemious habits of his youth, and died at fifty-six years of age, without having tasted animal food. Up to the day of his burial no change from life was observable in his pleasant and placid countenance. Since I have often doubted whether he was really dead when I made an oration over his coffin.

The missionary who excelled all in vigour of speech, in wit, boldness, and dramatic talent, was Charles Southwell, of London, the youngest of thirty-six children, with activity enough on the platform for them all.

The Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Bathurst, was the youngest of thirty-six brothers and sisters.[1] So there was nothing heretical on Mr. Southwell's part in this peculiarity, for which, otherwise, he might have been held accountable. He was more brilliant than relevant. On one occasion he volunteered a lecture on behalf of imprisoned colleagues, from which myself, Maltus Questell Ryall, and William Chilton expected that some aid would arise. A good audience was assembled at the City Road Hall of Science, the same that Mr. Mordan provided for Detrosier. After Southwell had spoken three-quarters of an hour it was remarked by us that he had not arrived at his subject. Half an hour later he concluded amid a storm of applause, when we said to him, "Why, Southwell, you never mentioned your subject." No," he added, "it did not occur to me." And, to do him justice, neither did it occur to his audience till next day, so much had he diverted and entertained them.

Ultimately Mr. Southwell left England, and settled in New Zealand, a singularly unsuitable retreat for so fiery and

[1] *Norwich Mercury*, 1837.

active a spirit, unless he intended to set up as a chieftain. On the stage, on the platform, or in the secular press, he might have found a congenial sphere; but nothing fell to him available except the editorship of a Wesleyan newspaper. It must have been a livelier publication in his hands than its readers had known it before. Its orthodox articles must have been written by proxy. When death befel him, as it did after a few years' sojourn there, he was waited on by members of the proprietary whom he served, to offer him the religious consolations available to that body, and were surprised to be told by their patient that he had edited their paper because no other employment was open to him, but he never undertook to edit their tenets. He, however, preferred to die in his own principles, which were atheistic. He probably never professed to be a Wesleyan, and they took his silence for concurrence.

Frederick Hollick was a young Birmingham man, who cast his lot with the social movement in 1837–8. He and the present writer were townsmen, each engaged in mechanical industry, were fellow-students in the same Mechanics' Institution, both became speakers in the same movement, and were nearly of the same name. But to Mr. Hollick belonged the palm of seeing more things at once, seeing them soon, seeing them clearly, and stating them with a lucidity beyond any compeer of the social platform. When the missionaries were dispersed he went to America, where he studied dentistry and medicine, and published many works on physiology, and acquired both fortune and reputation; sixty years of absence have not diminished the regard in which he was held in England.

Thomas Simmons Mackintosh was a Socialist lecturer of note and popularity. He was a man of considerable scientific reading, and published a book entitled the "Electrical Theory of the Universe," which attracted attention. The simplicity and boldness of his theory seemed true to those who did not understand it, or who did not possess that reach of knowledge necessary to verify so vast a theory. It certainly showed originality and great capacity in focussing the limited electrical knowledge which then existed. Mr. Mackintosh was a ready and animated speaker, with a faculty for vivid and humorous scientific illustration. He ultimately perished in Ottawa, being drowned while bathing in the river in the cold season.

Mr. Alexander Campbell was an earnest, pacific advocate. He was, as most of the co-operative missionaries were, early connected with trade unions. He shared the mystic doctrines of "Being" of Mr. Greaves, and was one of the vegetarians of the Concordium at Ham Common. He trusted himself among the White Quakers. Mr. Campbell is remembered as one of the managers of the Orbiston community; one of his daughters married Mr. William Love, known as the chief Liberal bookseller of Glasgow. Mr. Campbell discovered the principle of distributing profits in stores in proportion to purchasers as early as 1829; which was acted upon in some stores in Scotland. The principle was re-discovered fifteen years later in Rochdale by James Howarth. Mr. Campbell was many years connected with the *Glasgow Sentinel*, a paper established by Robert Buchanan, the social missionary. An excellent three-quarter portrait, in oil, of Mr. Campbell hangs in the hall of the Secular Society, Glasgow, where he was a valued speaker.

Coventry furnished two missionaries, Dr. John Watts and Mr. John Colier Farn. Dr. Watts became distinguished for high character and practicable ability. When two of the editors of the *Oracle of Reason* were in prison, he conducted a publication of an alarming name.[1] The repeal of the taxes upon knowledge was accelerated by the lucid and powerful speeches he made in London and elsewhere upon the economical folly of those imposts. In Manchester he received a valuable testimonial in acknowledgment of political and educational services. Of the Economy of Co-operation he was an original and very suggestive expositor.

Mr. Farn was known as an animated lecturer, familiar alike with co-operative, trades-union, and political questions. He was subsequently connected with newspaper journalism, and at one time held the position of editor of the *Co-operative News*. He continued all his life the same ardent and zealous worker on behalf of the principles which first brought him into distinction.

One of the pleasantest advocates of early Co-operation was Henry Jacques Jeffery, a bright, quick-speaking, energetic

[1] *The Blasphemer*. There was no blasphemy in it. The title was in defiance of the Bishop of Exeter.

lecturer, distinguished for ardour and variety of exposition. He made generous exertions for the defence of his colleagues who incurred imprisonment. Mr. Jeffery was equally known in Edinburgh and London for the fervour with which he espoused social principles. He long held a place of considerable trust in one of the greatest publishing houses in London.

John Green was one of the early lecturers, some time stationed at Liverpool. He was a useful advocate, and took an honest interest in the movement. My recollection of him is very distinct. When a very young man, I had been wandering on foot for purposes of health for some three weeks, and embarking at Liverpool for a short voyage, which, as I had never seen the sea, seemed an immense adventure, a pleasant, homely voice called out to me from the quay, "Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Holyoake." As I had not heard my name for three weeks, I felt like Robinson Crusoe, when he was first addressed by his parrot, and thought so at the time. I was grateful to Mr. Green for that greeting. He afterwards went to America, where, before he had acquired the faculty of seeing two ways at once, necessary in that land, he was cut into halves by a railway train. He held some official position upon the line.

Robert Buchanan was another Scotch advocate who joined the missionary propaganda of 1837. An ardent and ready speaker, he was also addicted to poetry, in which he succeeded better than any of the competitors in verse by whom he was surrounded. After the social movement subsided, Mr. Buchanan became connected with journalism, both in Glasgow and London, until his death a few years ago. His son, Robert Buchanan, had far more than his father's genius, and was a poet, a novelist, and dramatist of accredited reputation.

Another poet who made some noise, and obtained considerable notice among those for whom he sang, was John Garwood, whose protracted performance, "The Force of Circumstances," appeared in many numbers of the weekly publications of the party.

Eben Jones was a young poet, who made several contributions to the *New Moral World*. He really could write readable verses. His poems being, like Shelley's, heretical, contributed strongly to impart that character to the party publishing them, without distinguishing them as unofficial contributions.

One speaker, a man of real capacity, was a tailor, named Robert Spiers. In social condition he, too, was a person to whom any form of the millennium would have been welcome. I first met him at the opening of the Social Institution in Huddersfield, at which I was to speak morning and evening; but when I saw my name in large letters, rainbow-coloured, on the walls of the town, I was dazed and abashed, and did not make much of the speaking, except for one ten minutes in the evening, when I forgot the placard. I had walked from Sheffield, twenty-six miles, the preceding day, which did not conduce to energy of speech or imagination. But I well remember that Mr. Spiers, who spoke in the afternoon, he being regarded as a secondary person to the luminary who was imported to speak in the morning and evening, amazed me by the mastery of statement which he displayed. In capacity or logical, not merely subtlety of, sequence, but of obvious dependence of one part on the other, and all the parts leaving one whole impression upon the mind, I still think him the ablest lecturer we had.

Napier Bailey was a strange figure, who flitted across the social platform. He had been a Lancashire schoolmaster, and he always remained a schoolmaster. He had not a particle or imagination, but possessed more literary information than any other of his platform colleagues. He was the first and only contributor to the *New Moral World* who quoted Greek. It would be a fortunate thing if everybody who knew Greek and Latin could be allowed to wear some intimation of the fact upon them, that the general public might honour them accordingly without being obliged to recognise the acquirement by quotations which, being assumed to be highly rare and interesting, are therefore presented to ordinary readers in a language they do not understand. Mr. Bailey's article must have been delayed a fortnight while the printer, in a Midland town, where Greek is not the language of the inhabitants, sent to London for the necessary type. Mr. Bailey was an active writer, and communicated a great deal of interesting information to all who read or heard him. As he had far more literary knowledge than the majority of opponents in his time, he silenced more adversaries than any other lecturer by overwhelming them with quotations which they could not answer, because

they could not understand them. Mr. Bailey was the writer of the "Social Reformers' Cabinet Library." He passed away suddenly from the view of men, and has never been heard or since.

G. Simkins, whose name frequently occurs in early reports of the Charlotte Street Institution, was a shoemaker by trade; a tall, pale, spare-looking man, who looked as if the old world had not done much for him. Like some other lecturers of that time, he took the principles pretty much as he found them; but if he did not make them plainer he did not obscure them, nor compromise them by extravagance of statement.

Henry Knight was another young speaker, who after a few years of activity went to America. He wrote a series of short letters in explanation of the principles he represented as a missionary, which were by far the freshest and most interesting statement of them produced by any advocate of the time. His papers appeared under the title of "Short Essays on Socialism." Though a very young man, he had the merit of being the first lecturer who attempted to select from the collection of principles set forth by Mr. Owen, those which were essential to the community scheme.

J. R. Cooper, an active newsagent and bookseller of Manchester, was favourably known as a lecturer on social questions. His younger brother, Robert Cooper, became a Social Missionary. He (Robert Cooper) wrote several pamphlets, chiefly on theological subjects, which had a considerable sale. In later years he came into possession of a fortune which was intended for Mr. Southwell, to whom it was first bequeathed. But on his leaving for New Zealand, Mr. Fletcher, in his disappointment, bequeathed it to the present writer, who was Mr. Southwell's coadjutor on the *Oracle of Reason*, who held Mr. Fletcher's will two years. Acting on treacherous information, which Mr. Fletcher did not know to be untrue, he altered the will in favour of Mr. Cooper, and, dying suddenly, Mr. Cooper inherited it. The giver honourably remembered Mrs. Emma Martin's children by a small legacy to each.

One of the writers who contributed most to the pleasant information and poetic amusement of the *New Moral World*, was a gentleman who signed himself "Pencil'em," with a knowledge of, and a taste for, art and literature. His verses had

a pleasant sparkle of wit and humour, which often relieved the perennial disquisitions upon the Five Fundamental Facts, and Twenty Laws of Human Nature. Some who have acquired distinction have owed the inspiration and practice of art to him. He held an official situation at South Kensington, in which his attainments were beneficial to the nation.[1]

Mrs. Wheeler attracted considerable attention by well-reasoned lectures, delivered in 1829, in a chapel near Finsbury Square.

Miss Reynolds was another lady lecturer who excited great admiration for her effective speaking. She afterwards became Mrs. Chapel Smith, went to America, and is understood to be the same lady who frequently wrote to the *Boston Investigator*, and whose letters are dated from New Harmony, Indiana.

Among the new writers of 1835 appears one under the signature of "Kate," afterwards the wife of Mr. Goodwyn Barmby. "Kate's" papers were always fresh, pleasant, and sensible.

In 1841, Mary Hennell wrote an interesting "Outline of the various Social Systems and Communities which have been founded on the principle of Co-operation." It appeared as an appendix to Charles Bray's "Philosophy of Necessity." Sara Hennell, her sister, has written many works of considerable originality and literary completeness.

Madame D'Arusmont was the most accomplished and distinguished woman, who personally identified herself with the propagation of social views. As Frances Wright, her lectures were popular both in England and America. She was known as the friend and associate of General Lafayette, and in the days of slavery she bought lands and endeavoured to establish a free negro community at Nashoba. She had a commanding presence, and was a cultivated and eloquent lecturess in days when only women of great courage ventured to lecture at all. She is reported as declaring, in 1836, in favour of the immediate abolition of Southern slavery. This occurred at Tammany Hall. Mr. J. S. Mill held her in regard as one of the most

[1] Mr. George Wallas ("Pencil'em") was an artist in Bilston. As a Social Missionary it was my duty to examine all persons joining a branch. I remember passing Mr. Wallas, about 1841, who probably knew more of most things than I did myself. My brother William, who became Curator of the Art Schools of the Royal Academy, and a painter of repute in his day, owed his art education to Mr. Wallas.

important women of her day, and pointed this out to the present writer on her last visit to England.[1]

Notable among the ladies who have been social lecturers was Mrs. Emma Martin, who had wit and the courage of several men, and delivered lectures in the stormiest times and to the most dangerously disposed audiences. She was a small lady, of attractive expression, with dark luminous eyes, a pleasant, far-reaching voice, and a womanly woman. The vivacious "Vivian," of the *Leader*, whom the public now know as G. H. Lewes, with various admiration under his own name, used to say that he disliked "bony priestesses, learned in all the ologies and destitute of hips." Co-operators have not been wanting in beautiful advocates; but they remembered that wise men were not always beautiful, and they esteemed greatly a pleasant mind. Mrs. Martin studied medicine and practised with success, and during the cholera of 1849 displayed great courage, as she did in everything.

Among the well-known pioneers of the earlier period was E. T. Craig, mentioned for the intrepidity shown by him at Ralahine. The following letter from Lady Noel Byron to him serves to explain the diversified nature of the social work done in those days, and the respect in which Mr. Craig was held by eminent persons. The honourable and practical interest Lady Byron took in promoting the betterment of the humbler classes led her to give him the direction of an industrial agricultural school, which she founded at Ealing Grove, on land formerly belonging to the Duke of Newcastle. Her ladyship's letter was as follows:—

"Sir,—I had the satisfaction of receiving your letter yesterday. After Mr. Finch had informed me of the possibility or obtaining your valuable assistance I addressed you on the subject, directing my letter to Mr. Barry's residence (Glandore, Ireland), where you were supposed to be. I am, however, glad to find that you are not so far distant, and if you feel disposed to enter into the scheme, of which I send you the prospectus, I shall be happy to defray the expenses of your journey from Manchester, in order that you may communicate with the gentlemen who are engaged in the undertaking. I do not con-

[1] Her famous career as a foundress of a community was described by Mrs. Trollope in 1829. See *Co-operative News*, July 30, 1904.

sider myself as having a right to settle anything individually, as I am only one of the parties concerned, and have not the knowledge requisite to direct the arrangements of such an institution. It has, however, been my advice that the master should be found *before* the land was bought or rented (for that point is not decided), and before any of the economical details were finally determined upon; because I thought that the person chosen to conduct the establishment would be the best adviser on such questions. The locality will be within eight miles of London. The amount of funds not yet ascertained. You will therefore perceive that there is not at present an absolute certainty of the *whole* of the above plan being carried into effect; but there can scarcely be a doubt that the day-school, with land attached to it, might be speedily established if a competent director were found.

"I am strongly impressed with the belief of your possessing the energy, experience, and benevolence necessary to execute our design. The remuneration to be afforded you must depend in part on the success and extension of the school. You will be enabled to form your own judgment if you take the trouble to come to London. I could see you either there or here, and will refer you in the first place to a friend of mine, who feels great interest in the agricultural school plan."

Mr. Craig accepted the appointment from Lady Byron, and while the buildings were being prepared he went on a commission to the Continent to examine the industrial schools of Rotterdam, and of Switzerland, including the famous one of E. de Fellenburg, at Hofwyl, near Berne. Lady Byron's school, which he organised at Ealing Grove, on the plan pursued at Ralahine, obtained considerable distinction, and was much visited. The Duchess of Roxburgh, the Lady Lytton Bulwer, Ada Byron, Lord King, Sir William Molesworth, and Mrs. Somerville were among those who came.

In the course of this narrative it will necessarily happen that many persons will be omitted who really are entitled to a place in it. A difficulty which besets every writer is, that whatever trouble he takes to be well informed, he will not escape giving evidence that he does not know everything. My care has been to include all those whose services were most obvious and influential in the movement.

Many will remember the familiar names of Mr. Vines and

Mr. Atkinson, who promoted associated homes, as they did in earlier years; Mr. Alger and Mr. Braby, long actively connected with the movement; Walter Newall, long held in regard as one of the general secretaries of the central board; Mr. Nash, a familiar name to the friends of Labour Exchanges; Mr. Ardell, one time treasurer in community days; Lawrence Pitkeithly, of Huddersfield, alike regarded by Chartists and Socialists; H. Constable, an earlier and later friend of the old cause; J. Cross, of Shoreditch, who lost two fortunes in his later years, and gallantly earned a third, and equally, rich or poor, worked for the promotion of social ideas; Mr. Austin, who, like Philip O. Skene, wore himself out with his enthusiasm; Robert Adair, whom the poet Wordsworth selected to give the first appointment he bestowed, when he became Her Majesty's Distributor of Stamps. Many others in the chief towns of England and Scotland might, if space permitted, be named for services by which this generation is benefited, and for which they obtained no requital.

Several of the missionaries were remarkable instances of monotony of power. As young men they manifested sudden and unusual ability. They "struck twelve all at once," and never struck anything after. They were a sort of petrified publicists. Some of these social apostles were pleasant persons to know, but a few of the most endurable were the least worthy, inasmuch as they gave thought and talent to their cause, but did not consider how far they could advance it by giving it also the tribute of their conduct. They did not consider that their credit and connections belonged to it.

Others adorned their principles by their career; they took, as it were, the weight of the disordered world upon their shoulders. I remember one, and he was an outlying propagandist, who had the martyr-spirit without the martyr-manner. Like Talleyrand, he waited for the hour of action, and never acted before it came. He knew that things were going round, and he watched until the turn came for him to do his part, and he did it with the full force those only can exert who have reserved their strength for the blow. He was thin, poor, and seedy; but even his seediness had a certain charm of taste, cleanness, and care. There was no seediness in his soul. His spirits were always bright.

The majority of these social advocates had clear, strong, worldly sense. Their principles and conduct refuted everything which the world commonly alleged against communists. They were innovators without hatred, advocating change without bitterness or selfishness.

Mr. Fleming challenged Richard Carlile to discussion; Lloyd Jones also met him. Mr. Green challenged a Mr. Halliwell, of Oldham. Mr. Haslam "challenged all the ministers of the Gospel in the country," and other missionaries challenged everybody else who had been omitted. Mr. Booth has collected statistics of the propagandist activity of this party from 1839 to 1841. In two years and a half two millions of tracts were circulated. At Manchester one thousand were distributed at public meetings every Sunday. In London 40,000 were given away in one year. During the Birmingham Congress half a million were dispersed. Fifty thousand copies of Mr. Owen's manifesto in reply to the Bishop of Exeter were sold. The outline of the rational system was translated into German, Polish, and Welsh. At one meeting £50 was received for the sale of pamphlets. During one year fifty formal discussions were held with the clergy. During another 1,450 lectures were delivered, of which 604 were upon theology and ethics. Three hundred and fifty towns were regularly visited by missionaries, and the country was divided into fourteen missionary districts. This was genuine propagandist activity and intrepidity. If collision of thought leads to enlightenment, the co-operators certainly promoted it. Every hall in the kingdom that could be hired resounded with debate; the corner of every street had its group of disputants; every green and open place where speakers could hold forth was noisy with controversy; no fireside was silent; pulpits were animated; the press abounded with articles; Unitarians in those days were less Evangelical than now and mercifully helpful of secular improvement, and at all times more liberal than any other English sect, often opening their chapels and schoolrooms to lectures and even discussions. Often social lectures had to be delivered in the streets, in the market-place, and often in a field belonging to some fearless friend of free opinion in the town. Though most of the social reformers were total abstainers, they had to occupy rooms in public-houses. Respectable innkeepers

were afraid of the licensing magistrates, who commonly threatened them with the loss of their license. The leading advocates of temperance had often to go down obscure, miserable passages, jostling against beery people frequenting the house.

Theologians would accept an act of liberality from others, but would not show it in return. When the Rev. Edward Irving and his followers were deprived of their own church, they were admitted into the Gray's Inn Institution ; but when the co-operators wanted to hold a meeting only in the school-room of the Rev. J. Innes, of Camberwell, a minister of the same church, they were refused it. It was frequently the lot of the social advocates to find themselves in the streets ; sometimes they met in an old barn, or a back room, lying far down a mysterious court, where the audience could ill find their way, and had often more trouble to get out than get in. Persons were often sent to break up the meeting by violence, and attack the speakers outside on leaving the place. The ascent to the lecture-room was often up a rickety ladder, with a penny candle outside, which was always blowing out, to indicate to the public the Hole in the Wall, through which they were to enter. Inside, two or three miserable candles, stuck up among the rafters with soft clay, shed flickering and precarious light over the interior. The lecturer (on the subject of the New World) had to stand upon an old table, which, when he mounted it, was discovered to have but three legs, which was generally propped up by some enthusiastic disciple, who put his knee under it ; but when he was carried away by some point which his friend on the table made successfully, he joined in the applause, which altered his position, and let the orator down. In some towns a desolate theatre was the only place that could be obtained, and it was sometimes necessary, as in Whitehaven, when the present writer lectured there, to fortify it the day before the lecture, and to select, as a sort of body-guard, those converts to the new views who had the thickest heads, in the event of bludgeons being employed ; as the audience threatened to assemble with stones in their pockets, I left my friends in the wings, and presented myself on the platform alone, judging that only good marksmen would be able to hit a single target. Mr. Owen, Alexander Campbell, and other lecturers incurred

far more serious danger. Sometimes the lecture-room was situated, as in Leeds, over a series of butchers' shops, which in summer-time gave a carnivorous odour to the principles promulgated above. It was a common thing to find the place of meeting over a stable, when a stranger entering would be struck by the flavour of the principles before hearing them explained.

Two movements of great hope failed through very opposite conduct—the associative colonies and the mechanics' institutions. The co-operators opened their doors to all sorts of discussion, and the mechanics' institutions closed theirs against any.

As social speakers welcomed all comers, they had to encounter a strange assortment of adversaries. Now and then a fat disputant appeared, and very welcome his presence was. We never had a large speaker among our advocates, which was a great disadvantage. It would have suggested a well-fed system. Obesity has weight in more senses than one. A fat look is imposing. A mere self-confident turn of a rotund head has the effect of an argument. An attenuated visage always seems illogical to the multitude, while a mellow voice rolls over an audience like a conclusive sequence.

The early advocates, like many others, who have done the world some service, and made a lasting name in it, were better inspired than informed. Many of them had no more notion than Jesus had of political economy, or the Apostles had of the manufacturing system, and often talked beside the time and needs of the day. It was, nevertheless, freely owned that the missionary representatives of Mr. Owen's views not only held their own, but made important captures from the enemy. Mr. Owen himself, when he had relinquished public life, continued the most untiring travelling advocate of the time; and his addresses were undoubtedly successful, and excited both interest and enthusiasm wherever he appeared. When adversaries appeared after his lectures, he always proved equal to returning a prompt and effective reply. For instance, when lecturing in Edinburgh in 1838, one of the acute opponents, always to be met with in that city, derided Mr. Owen's statement, that human beings could be trained to believe anything ever so absurd and contradictory. "Is it possible," demanded a sharp-tongued querist, "to train

an individual to believe that two and two make five?" "We need not, I think," said Mr. Owen, "go far for an answer. I think all of us know many persons who are trained to believe that three make one, and think very ill of you if you differ from them." This was a good instance of his repartee. The answer seemed most obvious when it was made, but it occurred to nobody till it was given.

It was no uncommon thing for an adverse hearer to be wantonly offensive, and plead that "he was the creature of circumstances over which he had no control," when a vigorous adherent of ready wit would reply—"That's very true, we are all in the same case, and your behaviour is a circumstance which compels me to knock you down"—and in a moment the adversary would be reflecting on the floor. Anon a disputant shot like a meteor over the darkness of debate. Some men's thoughts are like matches, they ignite by the mere attrition of sentences, and throw light on the dim places of an argument. Other men's never ignite at all. Some have fusee ideas, and smoulder merely. Others have tar minds, and give out more odour and smoke than flame. Now and then a man would get up and strike his arguments together like the old flint and tinder box, producing more noise than sparks. Occasionally a speaker burnt with a strong, steady, flame of speech, which both lighted and warmed every one, and the hearer saw clearer ever after. There are hearers with indiarubber minds, which stretch with a discourse. Some understandings are like porcelain, and crack if you hit them with a hard syllogism—and the parts never unite any more. There are speakers whose influence, if not their intellect, is in their throats, and their wild, strong, musical cadences charm the ear. They who listen do not well know what they have said, and speakers do not know themselves, and do not need to know. Their speech is applauded like a song, of which no one knows the words. Others speak like a railway whistle, and impart knowledge and the headache together. The scatter-brained men would come forward in force, and some with no brains at all. Not infrequently a disputant did not know what the point was he was replying to; or if he did, his speech, like Mrs. Gamp's, went elsewhere, and not there. We had all sorts of opponents, lay and

clerical. Some would swell the truth until the audience thought there was something the matter with it; others thinned it until it seemed in a decline, while the rough-handed dislocated it and made it appear out of joint.

Many people are inclined to take a poetic view of life: and so long as they keep their feet upon the earth they are the most agreeable persons to know. Their innovatory vivacity renders progress brilliant. When, however, they leave the earth it is not worth while looking up in the air after them. There is nothing to gain until they alight. There used to be whole meetings in which there were no persons on the ground, they were all up above. A man thoroughly sane is a very interesting person. He stands firm upon the earth, and you know where to find him. He sees things as they are, and the people who do that are rare. They are the spectacles of their friends, enabling the dim or dazed to look discerningly and steadily at what is before them. A wise man consults the sane seeing man as he would a telescope, when he wishes to make out the danger appearing in the uncertain distance.

It is one of the lessons of party experience to perceive that the loftiest precepts have but limited force, as a rule hearers need to be educated to receive them. Only partial results ought to have been expected until this was done, whereas no doubt was entertained of the immediate and permanent effect of right principles. It was thought that reason would operate at once, and for ever influence the mind which apprehended it. It was not foreseen that only very powerful minds act on principles from energy of personal insight. New opinion is a burden which few men continue to carry unless they are instructed in all its advantages as well as disadvantages, and enter upon the duty with their eyes fully open to what will follow, then hostility gives them no surprise. In the enthusiastic period of a movement principles are masters of the advocates, instead of the advocates being masters of the principles. It was debate, and debate alone, that taught co-operators this lesson; and where they have learned it Co-operation advances.

Off-hand advocates trusted to a sort of Wesleyan readiness and impulse, and accomplished what they did more by fervour than by art. On the canvas on which they worked they put

in some figures of great force, but they executed no finished picture of power. Cabet, who succeeded Mr. Owen in order of time, was an equable, but mild, delineator of social life; he was the most practical and coherent of French world-makers. Nothing was produced in the literature of English Socialism comparable to the writings of Louis Blanc.

At times learned lecturers appeared among us. Some were lawyers, who endowed the new system with attributes of categorical profundity, which held us all in amazement. There was, in what they said, a protracted coherence, an illimitable lucidity, which compelled ordinary hearers to fall out of the line of proof on the way, exhausted, and enthusiastic.

No one continues a propagandist unless he be a person of courage, industry, and self-denial. In the case of new thought most people do not like to think at all; others, who have no minds to think with, are still more difficult to deal with. You cannot convert vacuity; and you have to create mind by teaching the very elementary principles of thinking.

If a man's mind moves on some hinge of prejudice, you have to provide that it turns on some pivot of principle. In Co-operation new objects, new feelings, new habits had to be proposed. Men had to be shown that their welfare and security were best attained by an arrangement of business, which gave fair advantages to others.

A propagandist is an agent of ideas, a cause of change, a precursor of progress. To do his work well, he must have some mastery of his own language, for grammar is merely the law of intelligible speech. He must know how to set his facts in the order in which they can be seen as he sees them; and able to reason upon his facts, when he has set them forth, else their purport can never be enforced. The practical effect of grammar is economy in speech; the practical effect of logic is economy in thinking. The propagandist has to remember that his life is an argument. A man may give good advice who never follows it, as a finger-post may point the right way though it never moves in that direction. But he who is seen to do himself what he counsels, will always have more influence over men than those who say one thing and do another. There is a sin of consistency when a man professes opinions after he sees their error, not liking to own

his altered convictions. But consistency between conviction and conduct is a very different thing. Inconsistency between belief and practice is hypocrisy, whether before man or God. He who urges others to be true, should be true himself. Hence he must be at the service of the principles he proposes to advance. The Italian proverb says, thoughtfully, "Beware of being too good." There seems that no harm could come of that. When a man acts disinterestedly among others who do not, they will disbelieve him, for none believe heartily in what they do not feel capable of themselves; and these persons, finding the conduct of others a reproach to themselves, descry it. A propagandist must take this as he takes other risks, and do the best he can. He will be believed in the end if he keeps doing the right thing to the best of his power. So that a propagandist should either incur no family obligations like Mazzini, or count upon the pain of involving them in consequences of his own convictions, which they may not share, and yet will have to bear the penalty, and he be helpless to prevent it. The wife and children may be nobly willing to share any consequences which may result through the father maintaining his convictions, and count the bearing of an honest name an honourable inheritance. But these cases are not common. Privation, the consequence of social exclusion, comes in so many ways that, however bravely borne, it must be painful to the propagandist to contemplate. He who chooses to embark in the service of mankind must make up his mind to this; and he had better know it from the beginning. There may come regard and honour, before which all days of peril and labour pale in the memory; but these are happy accidents on which no man may count.

The reader can now form his own opinion of the school of Social Improvers, whose careers and fortunes we have now followed through the Pioneer Period. They fought not for their own hand, but for the hand of the people. They taught the new doctrine of self-help and industrial emancipation. Milton, who had a militant spirit, who could not think of heaven without thinking of the fighting there, whose spirit strode the earth in stormy times, understood better than most men, as he wrote—

> "Peace hath her victories,
> Not less renowned than those of war."

And this is the victory the Social Pioneers won ; Louis Blanc, in his "Organisation of Labour," began with the impassioned cry, "Christ has come ; but when cometh salvation ?" It has been this long-promised, much-needed, long-delayed, material salvation, which these social propagandists have advanced.

CHAPTER XIII

FORGOTTEN WORKERS

"By my hearth I keep a sacred nook
For gnomes and dwarfs, duck-footed waddling elves
Who stitched and hammered for the weary man
In days of old. And in that piety
I clothe ungainly forms inherited
From toiling generations, daily bent
At desk, or plough, or loom, or in the mine,
In pioneering labours for the word."

GEORGE ELIOT, *A Minor Prophet.*

THE Pioneer Period in every great movement best displays the aims, the generosity of service, the impulse of passion, the mistakes of policy, the quality and force of character, of leaders and followers. Any one conversant with struggling movements knows that most of the errors which arose were due to the actors never having been told of the nature and responsibilities of their enterprise. Ten men err from pure ignorance where one errs from wilfulness or incapacity. How often I have heard others exclaim, how often have I exclaimed myself, when a foolish thing had been said, or a wrong thing had been done, why did not some one who had had this experience before tell us of this? Co-operators who master and hold fast openly, and always, to a policy of truth, toleration, relevance, and equity, succeed.

The unremembered workers described in the words of the poetess, placed at the head of this chapter, have abounded in the social movement. Less fortunate than the religious devotee, who sailed more or less with the popular current, the social innovator has few friends. Rulers distrusted him. His pursuit of secular good, caused him to be ill-spoken of by spiritual authorities, and he had no motive to inspire him save

the desire or doing good to others. Too much is not to be made of those who die in discharge of well-understood duty. In daily life numerous persons run risks of a like nature, and sometimes perish in the public service. To know how to estimate those who stand true we must take into sight those who never stand at all—who, the moment loss or peril is foreseen, crawl away like vermin into holes of security. These are the rabbit-minded reformers, who flee at the first sound of danger, or wait to see a thing succeed before they join it. Those who flee a struggling cause are a great army compared with those who fight.

Yet the world is not selfish or cold. It is like the aspects of Nature : large parts are sterile, bleak, inhospitable ; yet, even there, the grandeur of view and majestic grimness delight the strong. In other parts of physical Nature—warmth, light, foliage, flowers, make glad and gay the imagination. So in society—strong, tender, wise men will give discriminating aid to strugglers below them ; strugglers, indeed, perish unhelped, ofttimes because they are unnoticed, rather than because of the inhumanity of the prosperous. There are, as experience too well tells, men who do not want to help others ; while there are more who do not help, simply not knowing how. But there are others, and it is honest to count them, whom affluence does not make insensible, and who feel for the poor.

The agitation had for leaders many disinterested gentlemen who not only meant what they said in sympathy, but were prepared to give, and did give, their fortunes to promote it. There was not a man of mark among them who expected to, or tried to, make money for himself by these projects of social improvement. Some, as Abram Combe and William Thompson, gave not only money but life. Others absolutely divested themselves of their fortunes in the cause. They indeed believed that they were founding a system of general competence, and that such share as was secured to others would accrue to them ; and with this prospect they were content. Some or them might have retained stately homes and have commanded deference by the splendour of their lives. And when their disinterested dream was not realised, their fortune squandered, and disappointment, and even penury overtook them, as happened in some cases, they never regretted the part they had

taken, and died predicting that others would come after them, who, wiser and more fortunate than they, would attain to the success denied to them. Gentlemen connected with Co-operation were not wanting in the spirit of self-sacrifice, who died, like Mr. Cowell Stepney, of caring for everybody's interest but their own.[1] This is not at all a common disease in any class, and takes very few people off. Yet few are remembered with the reverence accorded to those who die these deaths. Were their services understood they would receive honour exceeding that of those greeted by—

> "The patched and plodding citizen,
> Waiting upon the pavement with the throng,
> While some victorious world-hero makes
> Triumphant entry; and the peal of shouts . . .
> Run like a storm of joy along the streets!
> He says, 'God bless him!' . . .
> As the great hero passes. . . .
> Perhaps the hero's deeds have helped to bring
> A time when every honest citizen
> Shall wear a coat unpatched."[2]

Ignoring certain noisy adherents, who infest every movement, whose policy is conspicuousness, and whose principle is "what they can get"; who seek only to serve themselves, never, except by accident, serving anybody else; who clutch at every advantage, without giving one grateful thought, or even respectful word, to those who have created the advantage they enjoy—my concern is not for these adherents, whose very souls are shabby, and who would bring salvation itself into discredit were it extended to them. My last care is for the honest, unobtrusive workers, who drudged, without ceasing, in the "cause"—who devoted the day of rest to correspondence with unknown inquirers. The just-minded took the services with gratitude; the selfish took them as their right, never asking at what cost it was accorded. Knowing that self-help meant self-thinking, and that no deliverance would come if the people left it to others to think for them—these advocates counted it a first duty to awaken in their fellows the inspira-

[1] Eldest son of Sir Cowell Stepney, who, until his death, attended all the co-operative and international congresses of working men wherever held in England or in Europe, and who corresponded with all the social reformers of the world, and sent them publications bearing upon the movement.

[2] "A Minor Prophet," by George Eliot.

tion of self-action. But in thus making themselves so far the Providence of others, the most generous of them had no time left to be a Providence to themselves. But it is not for us to forget the self-forgetting, whose convictions were obligations, and whose duty was determined by the needs of others. During the ninety years over which this history travels there have been humble compeers who drudged in stores during what hours fell to them after their day's work was done. They travelled from street to street, or from village to village, on Sundays, to collect the pence which started the stores. They gave more than they could afford to support periodicals, which never paid their conductors, for the chance of useful information thus reaching others. For themselves, they reaped in after-days dismay and disregard at their own fireside, for their disinterested and too ardent preference of others' interests. Many gave their nights to the needful, but monotonous duties of committees, and to speaking at meetings at which few attended, returning late and weary to cheerless rooms. Some were worn out prematurely, and died unattended in obscure lodgings. Some lingered out their uncheered days on the precarious aid occasionally sent them by those who happened to remember that they were benefiting by the peril which had brought the old propagandists low. Not a few of them, after speeches of fiery protest on behalf of independence, in political movements to which they were also attracted, spent months and years in the indignity of prison, and at last died on a poor-house bed, and were laid in a pauper's grave.[1] I have met

[1] One might give many instances. One is that of George White, of Bradford, who died in the poor-house in Sheffield. Had I known of his death at the time I would have asked Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who was then Home Secretary, for leave to remove his body and lay it by the side of Holberry, the Chartist, who died in prison and was buried with public honour in Sheffield. White was well known to Mr. Hardy's father, who had some respect for the vigorous and turbulent Irish Chartist. We were both in prison at the same time, and it was arranged that he who was out first, his wife should make pies and take to the other. As I was at liberty first, many savoury pies found their way to White's prison. I have no doubt he died dreaming that more pies were coming to him, for he died very desolate. For years, if danger threatened us in public meeting, George White brought up his Old Guards. On one occasion, when the great discussion in which the Birmingham Socialists were concerned, White's detachment of the Old Guards attended five nights, and, although poor men, paid for admission to the best places; and when the final fray came the respectable pious belligerents in every part of Beardsworth's Repository found a strong-handed Chartist behind them, and the enemy found themselves outside the hall on their way home before they knew where

their names in struggling periodicals advocating social and political progress. Many of them were my comrades. Foreseeing their fate, I often tried to mitigate their devotion. I stood later by the dying bed of some of them, and spoke at the burial of many. They lie in unremembered graves. But there was inspiration in their career which has quickened the pulses of industry. Though the distant footfall of the coming triumph of their order never reached their ear, they believed not less in its march.

they were. George White gave the signal to the Old Guards from the platform, where he and his trusty colleagues did execution among the clerical rioters there, who, when the police were introduced, had all disappeared. Honour to the generous Old Guards, who stood up for fair play although they were not partisans of the doctrines in dispute!

PART II

THE CONSTRUCTIVE PERIOD

1845–1878

CHAPTER XIV

THE STORY OF A DEAD MOVEMENT

"A new mind is first infused into society; . . . is breathed from individual to individual, from family to family—it traverses districts—and new men, unknown to each other, arise in different parts. . . . At last a word is spoken which appeals to the hearts of all—each answers simultaneously to the call—a compact body is collected under one standard, a watchword is given, and every man knows his friend."—THE FIRST LORD LYTTON.

MOVEMENTS, like men, die—some a natural, some a violent, death. Some movements perish of intellectual rickets, from lack of vitality; or, falling into blind hands, never see their opportunities. It is true of movements as of men—those who act and do not think, and those who think and do not act—alike require an early coffin. In days of social storm, insurrection, revolution, every word of counsellors entitled to be heard has significance. Change is but a silent storm, ever beating, ever warning men to provide for it, and they who stand still are swept away. But movements do not often die in their beds—they are assassinated in the streets. Error, fed upon ignorance, and inspired by spite, is commonly strong and unscrupulous. Truth must fight to live. There is no marching on without going forward and confronting the enemy. Those who know the country and are resolute, may occupy more of it than they foresee. It is a delusion to think that pioneers have all the ground to clear. Men's heads are mostly vacant, and not a few are entirely empty. In more cases than are imagined there is a brain-hunger for ideas. Co-operation, after thirty years of valorous vicissitude, died, or seemed to die, in 1844–5.

The busy, aspiring movement of Co-operation, so long chequered by ardour and despondency, was rapidly subsiding

into silence and decay. The little armies on the once militant plain had been one after another defeated and disbanded. The standards, which had been carried defiantly with some daring acclaim, had fallen one by one; and in many cases the standard-bearers had fallen with them. For a few years to come no movement is anywhere observable. Hardly a solitary insurgent is discernible in any part of the once animated horizon. The sun of industrial hope, which kept so many towns aglow, has now gone down. The very air is bleak. The *Northern Star*,[1] lurid and glaring (which arose in Leeds, to guide the Political Pioneers of Lancashire and Yorkshire), is becoming dim. The *Star in the East* promising to indicate that among the managers of Wisbech a new deliverer[2] has come, has dropped out of the firmament. The hum of the *Working Bee* is no more heard in the fens of Cambridgeshire. The *Morning Star*—that appeared at Ham Common, shining upon a dietary of vegetables and milk—has fallen out of sight.[3] "Journals" are kept no more—"Calendars" no longer have dates filled in—"Co-operative Miscellanies" have ceased—"Mirrors" fail to reflect the faces of the Pioneers—*The Radical* has torn up its roots—*The Commonweal* has no one to care for it—believers in the *New Age* are extinct—*The Shepherd* is gathering his eccentric flocks into a new fold[4]—readers of the *Associate* have discontinued to assemble together—"Monthly Magazines" forget to come out—"Gazettes" are empty—"Heralds" no more go forth—"Beacons" find that the day of warning is over—the *Pioneer* has fallen in the last expedition of the forlorn hope which he led—there is nothing further to "Register," and the *New Moral World* is about to be sold by auction—Samuel Bower has eaten all his peas—Mr. Etzler has carried his wondrous machines of Paradise to Venezuela—Joseph Smith has replaced his wig—Mr. Baume has sold his monkey—and the Frenchman's Island, where infants were to be suckled by machinery, has not

[1] Of Feargus O'Connor.

[2] Edited by Mr. James Hill, related by marriage to Dr. Southwood Smith.

[3] This was many years before the appearance of the London *Morning Star* newspaper, which was never so much appreciated as when it was missed.

[4] The *Family Herald*.

inappropriately become the site of the Pentonville Penitentiary. The "Association of All Classes of All Nations" has not a member left upon its books. Of the seventy thousand Chartist land-dreamers, who had been actually enrolled, nothing is to remain in the public mind save the memory of Snigg's End! Labour Exchanges have become bywords—the Indiana community is as silent as the waters of the Wabash by its side—Orbiston is buried in the grave of Abram Combe—Ralahine has been gambled away—the Concordia is a strawberry garden—Manea Fen has sunk out of sight—the President of Queenwood is encamping in the lanes—the blasts of the "Heralds of Community" have died in the air—the notes of the "Trumpet Calls" have long been still, and the trumpeters themselves are dead. It may be said, as the Lord of the Manor of Rochdale [1] wrote of a more historic desolation :—

> "The tents are all silent, the banners alone,
> The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown."

Time, defamation, losses, distrust, dismay, appear to have done their work. Never human movement seemed so very dead as this of Co-operation. Its lands were all sold, its script had no more value, its orators no more hearers. Not a pulse could be felt throughout its whole frame, not a breath could be discerned on any enthusiastic mirror held to its mouth. The most scientific punctures in its body failed to elicit any sign of vitality. Even Dr. Richardson would have pronounced it a case of pectoral death.[2] I felt its cold and rigid hand in Glasgow—the last "Social Missionary" station which existed. Though experienced in the pathology of dead movements, the case seemed to me suspicious of decease. Wise Americans came over to look at it, and declared with a shrug that it was a "gone coon." Social physicians pronounced life quite extinct. Political economists avowed the creature had never lived. The newspapers, more observant of it, thought it would never recover, which implied that, in their opinion, it had been alive. The clergy, content that

[1] Lord Byron.

[2] Dr. B. W. Richardson maintains that men may recover from glacial death, from pectoral death never.

"Socialism" was reported to be gone, furnished with delighted alacrity uncomfortable epitaphs for its tombstone.

Yet all the while the vital spark was there. Efforts beyond its strength had brought upon it suspended animation. The first sign of latent life was discovered in Rochdale. In the meantime the great comatose movement lay stretched, out of the world's view, but not abandoned by a few devoted Utopians, who had crept from under the slain. Old friends administered to it, familiar faces bent over it. For unnoted years it found voice in the *Reasoner*, which said of it one thing always—"If it be right it can be revived by devotion. Truth never dies except it be deserted." Then a great consultation arose among the social medicine men. The regular physicians of the party, who held official or missionary diplomas, were called in. The licentiates of the platform also attended. The subscribing members of the Community Society, the pharmaceutists of Co-operation, were at hand. They were the chemists and druggists of the movement, who compounded the recipes of the social doctors, when new prescriptions were given out. Opinions were given by the learned advisers, as the symptoms of the patient seemed to warrant them. As in graver consultations, some of the prescriptions were made rather with a view of differing from a learned brother than of saving the patient. The only thing in which the faculty present in this case agreed was, that nobody proposed to bleed the invalid. There was clearly no blood to be got out of him. The first opinion pronounced was that mischief had arisen through want of orthodoxy in Communism. It was thought that if it was vaccinated, by a clergyman of some standing, with the Thirty-nine Articles, it might get about again; and Mr. Minter Morgan produced a new design of a parallelogram with a church in it. It was shown to Mr. Hughes. Some Scotch doctors advised the Assembly's "Shorter Catechisms." A missionary, who had been a Methodist, thought that an infusion of Wesleyan fervour and faith might help it. A Swedenborgian said he knew the remedy, when "Shepherd" Smith [1] persisted that the doctrine of Analogies would set the thing right. Then the regular faculty gave their opinions.

[1] The Rev. J. E. Smith, who edited the *Shepherd* before he edited the *Family Herald*.

Mr. Ironside attested with metallic voice that recovery was possible. Its condition was so weak that, Pater Oldham[1]—with a beard as white and long as Merlin's—prescribed for it celibacy and a vegetarian diet. Charles Lane raised the question, Should it be "stimulated with milk"? which did not seem likely to induce in it any premature action. James Pierrepont Greaves suggested that its "inner life" should be nurtured on a preparation of Principles of Being, of which he was sole proprietor. Mr. Galpin, with patriarchal stateliness, administered to it grave counsel. Thomas Whittaker presented a register of its provincial pulsations, which he said had never ceased. Mr. Craig suggested fresh air, and if he meant commercial air there was need of it. George Simpson, its best financial secretary, advised it neither to give credit nor take it, if it hoped to hold its own. Dr. John Watts prescribed it a business dietary, flavoured with political economy, which was afterwards found to strengthen it. John Colier Farn, who had the Chartist nature, said it wanted robust agitation. Alexander Campbell, with Scotch pertinacity, persisted that it would get round with a little more lecturing. Dr. Travis thought its recovery certain, as soon as it comprehended the Self-determining power of the will. Charles Southwell chafed at the timorous retractations of some of his colleagues, avowed that the imprisonment of some of them would do the movement good. William Chilton believed that persecution alone would reanimate it, and bravely volunteered to stand by the cause in case it occurred. Maltus Questell Ryall, generously indignant at the imprisonment of certain of his friends, spoke as Gibbon was said to have written—"as though Christianity had done him a personal injury"—predicted that Socialism would be itself again if it took courage and looked its clerical enemies square in the face. Mr. Allsop, always for boldness, counselled it to adopt Strafford's motto of "Thorough." George Alexander Fleming surmised that its proper remedy was better obedience to the Central Board. James Rigby tried to awaken its attention by spreading before its eyes romantic pictures of Communistic life. Lloyd Jones admonished it, in sonorous tones, to have more faith in associative duty. Henry

[1] The attenuated and picturesque Principal of the Ham Common Concordium.

Hetherington, whose honest voice sounded like a principle, advocated a stout publicity of its views. James Watson, who shook hands, like a Lancashire man, from the shoulder, with a fervour which you would have cause to remember all the day after, grasped the sinking cause by the hand,[1] and imparted some feeling to it. Mr. Owen, who never doubted its vitality, regarded the moribund movement with complacency, as being in a mere millennial trance. Harriet Martineau brought it gracious news from America of the success of votaries out there, which revived it considerably. John Stuart Mill inspired it with hope, by declaring that there was no reason in political economy why any self-helping movement of the people should die. Mr. Ashurst looked on with his wise and kindly eyes, to see that recovery was not made impossible by new administrative error. But none of the physicians had restored it, if the sagacious men of Rochdale had not discovered the method of *feeding it on profits*—the most nutritious diet known to social philosophy—which, administered in successive and ever-increasing quantities, gradually restored the circulation of the comatose body, opened its eyes, and set it up alive again, with a capacity of growth which the world never expected to see it display.

It was not until a new generation arose that co-operative enthusiasm was seen again. The Socialists were not cowards in commerce. They could all take care of themselves in competition as well as their neighbours. The police in every town knew them as the best disposed of the artisan class. Employers knew them as the best workmen. Tradesmen knew them as men of business, of disquieting ability. These societarian improvers disliked the conspiracy against their neighbours which competition compelled them to engage in, and they were anxious to find some means of mitigating it.

Of two parties to one undertaking, the smaller number, the capitalists, are able to retain profits sufficient for affluence, while the larger number, the workers, receive a share which, by no parsimony or self-denial, can secure them competence. No insurrection can remedy the evil. No sooner shall the bloody field be still than the same system

[1] I am not sure whether a "cause" has a "hand"; perhaps it has, as it certainly has a heart.

will reproduce the same inequalities. But a better course is open by producers giving security and interest for capital, and dividing the profits earned among themselves, a new distribution of wealth is obtained which accords capital equitable compensation, and secures labour enduring provision. Thus the advocates of the new form of industry by concert tried to combat competition by co-operation.

The *Concordium* had a poet, James Elmslie Duncan, a young enthusiast, who published a *Morning Star* in Whitechapel, where it was much needed. The most remarkable specimen of his genius, I remember, was his epigram on a draped statue of Venus—

> "Judge, ye gods, of my surprise,
> A lady naked in her chemise!"

We had poets in those days unknown to Mr. Swinburne or Sir Lewis Morris.

The Ham Common Concordium fell as well as Harmony Hall. The Concordium represented celibacy, mysticism, and long beards. One night, I and Maltus Questell Ryall walked from London to visit it. We found it by observing a tall patriarch's feet projecting through the window. It was a device of the Concordium to ensure ventilation and early rising. By a bastinado of the soles of the prophet with pebbles, we obtained admission in the early morning. Salt, sugar, and tea were alike prohibited; and my wife, who wished salt with the raw cabbage supplied at breakfast, was allowed to have it, on the motion of Mr. Stolzmeyer, the agent of Etzler's "Paradise within the Reach of all Men." When the salt was conceded it was concealed in paper under the plate, lest the sight of it should deprave the weaker brethren. On Sundays many visitors came, but the entertainment was slender. On my advice they turned two fields into a strawberry garden, and for a charge of ninepence each, visitors gathered and ate all they could. This prevented them being able to eat much at other meals, for which they paid—and thus the Concordium made money.

CHAPTER XV

BEGINNING OF CONSTRUCTIVE CO-OPERATION

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And, like true English hearts,
Stick close together.

DRAYTON.

THOSE who sleep on the banks of the Thames, near Temple Bar, as I did several years, hear in the silence of the night a slow, intermittent contest of clocks. Bow Bells come pealing up the river; St. Dunstan, St. Clement, St. Martin, return the answering clangour. Between the chiming and the striking there suddenly bursts out the sonorous booming of Big Ben from the Parliament clock tower, easily commanding attention in the small Babel of riverside tinklings, and the wakeful hearer can count with certainty the hour from him. To me Rochdale was in one sense the Big Ben of Co-operation, whose sound will long be heard in history over that of many other stores. For half a century Co-operation was audible on the banks of the Humber, the Thames, and the Tyne; but when the great peal finally arose from the banks of the Roche, Lancashire and Yorkshire heard it. Scotland lent it a curious and suspicious ear. Its reverberations travelled to France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and America, and even at the Antipodes settlers in Australia caught its far-travelling tones, and were inspired by it. The men of Rochdale had the very work of Sisyphus before them. The stone of Co-operation had often been rolled up the hill elsewhere, and as often rolled down again. Sometimes it was being dragged up by credit, when, that rope breaking, the reluctant bell slipped into a bog of debt. At length some enthusiasts gave

another turn, when some watchful rascal made away with its profits, which had acted as a wedge, steadying the weight on the hill, and the law being on the side of the thief, let the great boulder roll back. Another set of devotees gave a turn at the great boulder, but having theological questions on hand, they fell into discussion by the way, as to whether Adam was or was not the first man ; when those who said he was refused to push with those who said he was not, and Adam was the cause of another fall in the new Eden, and the co-operative stone found its way once more to the bottom.

At length the Rochdale men took the stone in hand. They invented an interest for everybody in pushing. They stopped up the debt bogs. They mainly established a Wholesale Supply Society, and made the provisions better. They got the law amended, and cleared out the knaves who hung about the till. They planned employment of their profits in productive manufactures, so that the store and workshop might grow. They proclaimed toleration to all opinions—religious and heretical alike—and recognised none. They provided for the education of their members, so that every man knew what to push for and where to place his shoulder, and were the first men who landed the great stone at the top.

When Co-operation recommenced there, Rochdale had no hall which Co-operators could afford to hire. There was, however, a small, square-shaped room, standing in the upper part of Yorkshire Street, opposite to St. James's Church, and looking from the back windows over a low, damp, marshy field. It belonged to Mr. Zach Mellor, the Town Clerk, whose geniality and public spirit were one of the pleasant attributes of official Rochdale. He was, happily, long of opinion that any townsmen, however humble, desirous of improving their condition by honest means, had as much right as any one else to try. He treated—as town clerks should—with civic impartiality all honest townsmen, without regard to their social condition or opinions. Through the personal intervention of Mr. Alderman Livesey, always the advocate of the unfriended, this place was let to the adventurous party of half Chartists and half Socialists who cared for Co-operation. It was in this small Dutch-looking meeting-house that I first spoke on Co-operation, in 1843. I well remember the murky

evening when this occurred. It was the end of one of those damp, drizzling days, when a manufacturing town looks like a penal settlement. I sat watching the rain and mists in the fields as the audience assembled—which was a small one. They came in one by one from the mills, looking as damp and disconsolate as their prospects. I see their dull, hopeless faces now. There were a few with a bustling sort of confidence, as if it would dissolve if they sat still—who moved from bench to bench to say something which did not seem very inspiring to those who heard it. When I came to the desk to speak I felt that neither my subject nor my audience was a very hopeful one. In those days my notes were far beyond the requirements of the occasion; and I generally left my hearers with the impression that I tried to say too much in the time, and that I spoke of many things without leaving certainty in their minds which was the most important. The purport of what I said, as far as it had a purport, was to this effect :—

I.

Some of you have had experience of Chartist associations, and you have not done much in that way yet. Some of you have taken trouble to create what you call Teetotalers, but temperance depends more upon social condition than exhortation. The hungry will feel low, and the despairing will drink. You have tried to establish a co-operative store here and have failed, and are not hopeful of succeeding now. Still it ought to be tried again, and will not interfere with Chartism; it will give it more means. It will not interfere with temperance; it will furnish more motives to sobriety. Many of you believe Co-operation to be right in principle, and if a thing is right you ought to go on with it. Cobbett tells you the only way to do a difficult thing is to begin and stick at it. Anybody can begin it, but it requires men of a good purpose to stick at it. To collect money from people, who to all appearance have little, is not a hopeful undertaking. Somebody must collect small subscriptions until you have a few pounds. A few rules to act upon, a small room to serve as a sort of shop, and small articles such as you are most likely to sell, as good as you can get them; weigh them out fairly;

then a store is begun. There may be trouble an home; wives prefer going to the old shops, not knowing that credit is catching and debt is the disease they get. A wife will not always have money to buy at the store, and will want to go where she can do so without; you must provide for this, for buying at the store is the only way to make it grow and yield profit. What you save will be you own, and your stock will grow, and you will get things as good as your neighbours, and as cheap as your neighbours. Besides, when you have a shop as large as that of ten shops, you will save the shop-keeping expenses of ten shops, and that will make profit which will be shared by all members. If you want to help the Community in Hampshire, you will then be able to do it. You may be able to set apart some portions of your profits for a news-room and little library where members may spend their evenings, instead of going to the public-house, and save money that way, as well as get information. This is the way stores have been begun. Co-operators have been instructed that all men are different by nature, and come into the world with passions and tendencies they did not give themselves. Ignorance and adversity make the bad worse. Noble self-denial, pettiness, and selfishness will mingle in the same person. Those who understand this are fit for association. Anger at what you do not like, or what you do not expect, can only proceed from ignorance taken by surprise. Tolerance and steadfast goodwill are the chief virtues of association. The rhyme which tells the young speaker to speak slowly, and emphasis and tone will come of themselves, has instruction for you if we change a word to express it—

> "Learn to *unite*—all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places."

If you do not regard all creeds as being equally true and equally useful, you will regard them as equally to be respected. In co-operative associations success is always in the power of those who can agree. There the members have no enemies who can harm them but themselves; and when a man has no enemy but himself, he is a fool if he is without a friend. Pope tells you that—

> "The devil is wiser now than in the days of yore;
> Now he tempts people by making rich, and not by making poor."

There is certain consolation in that. He has been with you on that business. Your difficulties will lie, not in negotiating with *him*, but in stating your case to your neighbours, that they shall see the good sense of your aims. The main thing you have to avoid is what the Yankees call "tall statements." We are all agreed that competition has a disagreeable edge. But if we should be betrayed into saying that we intend to abolish it, we go beyond our power. But we can mitigate it. When they open a store to sell at market prices, opponents will ask you how you will find out the market price when there are no markets left. There are people who would ask the Apostles how they intended to apply the doctrine of the atonement for sin, when the millennium arrives and all people are perfect. Beware of inquirers who are born before their time, and who spend their lives in putting questions which will not need answering for centuries to come. If workmen increase in numbers the tradesman does not like it. It means more poor rates for him to pay. The gentry do not like it. It means that they would have to cut you down, if riot should follow famine. The only persons whom over-population profits are those who hire labour, because numbers make it cheap. Your condition is so bad that fever is your only friend, which kills without exciting ill-feeling, thins the labour market, and makes wages rise. The children of the poor are less comely than they would be were they better fed, and their minds, for want of instruction, are leaner than their bodies. The little instruction they get is the bastard knowledge given by the precarious, grudging, intermitting, humiliating hand of Charity.[1] Take notice of the changed condition of things since the days of your forefathers. The stout pole-axe and lusty arm availeth not now to the brave. The battle of life is fought now with the tongue and the pen, and the rascal who has learning is more than a match for a hundred honest men without it. Anybody can see that the little money you get is half wasted, because you cannot spend it to advantage. The worst food comes to the poor, which their poverty makes them buy, and their necessity makes them eat. Their stomachs are

[1] There were no School Boards in those days, and the Dissenters prevented there being any, and offered us instead good-natured but shabby, limping, inefficient voluntary education, which never could, and never did educate a quarter of the people.

the waste-baskets of the State. It is their lot to swallow all the adulterations in the market. In these days you all set up in a way as politicians. You go in for the Charter. You allow agitators to address you as the "sovereign people." You want to be electors, and counted as persons of political consequence in the State, and be treated as only gentlemen are now. Now, being a gentleman does not merely mean having money. There are plenty of scoundrels who have that. That which makes the name of gentleman sweet is being a man of good faith and good honour. A gentleman is one who is considerate to others; who never lies, nor fears, nor goes into debt, nor takes advantage of his neighbours; and the poorest man in his humble way can be all this. If you take credit of a shopkeeper you cannot, while you owe him money, buy of another. In most cases you keep him poor by not paying him. The flesh and bones of your children are his property. The very plumpness of your wife, if she has it, belongs to your butcher and your baker. The pulsation of your own heart beats by charity. The clothes on your backs, such as they are, are owned by some tailor. He who lives in debt walks the streets a mere mendicant machine. Thus all debt is self-imposed degradation, and he who incurs it lives in bondage and shabbiness all his days. It is worth while trying Co-operation again to get out of this.

II.

Is there any avenue of competition through which you could creep? If there be, get into it. In another country you might have a chance; in England you have none. Every bird in the air, every fish in the stream, every animal in the woods, every blade of grass in the fields, every inch of ground has an owner, and there is no help except that of self-help in concert, for any one. If you say you failed through trying to be honest, nobody will believe you; so few run that risk. It is not considered "good business." Be sure of this. Honesty has its liabilities. There are those who tell you of the advantages of truth, but never of its dangers. Truth is dignity, but also a peril; and unless a man knows both sides of it, he will turn into the easy road of prevarication, lying, or silence, when

he meets the danger he has not foreseen, and which had not been foretold to him. When you have a little store, and have reached the point of getting pure provisions, you may find your purchasers will not like them, nor know them when they taste them. Their taste will be required to be educated. They have never eaten the pure food of gentlemen, and will not know the taste of it when you supply it to their lips. The London mechanic does not know the taste of pure coffee. What he takes to be coffee is a decoction of burnt corn and chicory.[1] A friend[2] of mine, knowing this, thought it a pity workmen should not have pure coffee, and opened a coffee-house in the Blackfriars Road, where numerous mechanics and engineers passed in the early morning to their work at the engine shops over the bridge. They were glad to see an early house open so near their work. They tried the coffee a morning or two and went away without showing any marks of satisfaction. They talked about it in their workshops. The opinion arrived at was, "they had never tasted such stuff as that sold at the new place." But before taking decisive measures they took some shopmates with them to taste the suspicious beverage. The unanimous conclusion they came to was that the new coffee-house proprietor intended to poison them, and if he had not adulterated his coffee a morning or two later they would have broken his windows or his head. As it was, the evil repute he had acquired ruined his project; and a notice "To let," which shortly after appeared on the shutters, gave consolation to his ignorant indignant customers.[3]

III.

What of ambition or interest has industry in this grim, despairing, sloppy[4] hole of a town, where the parish doctor

[1] This was sixty years ago, and Metropolitan coffee has improved.

[2] George Huggett, secretary of the Middlesex Reform Association, well known in Liberal and co-operative movements from 1830 to 1850.

[3] It ought to be explained that imbecility of taste is not confined to workmen. Some years later a West End brewer, well known as a member of Parliament and as a scrupulous man of business, tried the experiment of producing the purest beverages chemistry could prescribe. Soon, however, such notices of dissatisfaction came in from his respectable customers of all classes that he was fain to desist. Many wine merchants make fortunes out of the ignorant palates of their customers.

[4] Rochdale has improved since those days. It has now a Town Hall worth a day's journey to see. The Pioneers' Central Store is a Doge's

and the sexton (who understand each other) are the best known friends the workmen has. Are there not some here who have lost mother or father, or wife, or child, whose presence made the sunshine of the household which now knows them no more? Does not the very world seem deserted now that voice has gone out of it? What would one not give, how far would one not go, to hear it again? Death will not speak, however earnestly we pray to it; but we might get out of living industry some voice of joy that might gladden thousands of hearts to hear. In all England industry has no tone that makes any human creature glad. Listen with the mind's ear to the cry of every manufacturing town. What is there pleasant in it?[1] Co-operation might infuse a more hopeful tone into it.

If you really think that the principle of the thing is wrong, give it up, announce to your neighbours that you have come to a different opinion. This you ought to do as candid men of right spirit, so that any adopting the opinion you have abandoned may understand they must hold it for reasons of their own, and cannot any longer plead such sanction or authority as your belief might lend to their proceedings. If, however, you have convictions that this is a thing that can be put through, put it through. Progress has its witches, as Macbeth had, but the bottom of their old cauldron is pretty well burnt out now. There are still persons who will tell you that others have failed, again and again, and that you pretend to be the wise person, whom the world was waiting for to show it how the thing could be done.[2] But every discoverer who found out what the world was looking for, and

palace compared with any town building which existed when it was erected, and it does not seem to rain so much in Rochdale as in pre-co-operative times. Let the reader see reports made to Parliament of its condition when Sharman Crawford represented it.

[1] Increase of wages, or prospect of competence, there was none in the minds of workmen. Had some said there would be no more reduction of wages, they would have thought the millennium had come. I know it, for I lived long in workshops and never knew a man who had hope of the kind. I never knew the news of self-help was in the world, until I found it in Co-operation.

[2] In a review of Dr. H. Travis's book on "Effectual Reform." "There is," the writer says, "just one little drawback in all these charming pictures; the model village is not built yet, and nobody has ever set about it quite the right way, says our projector, but only let 'me' set about it, and this time you really shall see!"—*Saturday Review*, October 16, 1875.

never met with ; every scientific inventor who has persisted in improving the contrivance, which all who went before him failed to perfect, has been in the same case, and everybody has admitted at last that he was the one wise man the world was waiting for, and that he really knew what nobody else knew, and saw what none who went before him had seen. If you were to take one of those microscopes which are now coming into use, and gather the stem of a rosebud and examine it, you would see a number of small insects, called aphis, travelling along it, in pursuit of some object interesting to its tiny mind. The thing is so small that you can scarcely discern it with the naked eye, but in a microscope you see it put forth its little arms and legs, carefully feeling its way, now stretching out a foot, moving slowly along the side, touching carefully the little projections, moving the limb in the outer air, feeling for a resting-place, never leaving its position till it finds firm ground to stand upon, showing more prudence and patience before it has been alive an hour, than the mass of grown men and women show when they are fifty years of age. The aphis begins to move when it is a minute old, and goes a long way in its one day of life. It does not appear to wait for the applause of surrounding insects. So far as I have observed, it does not ask what its neighbours think, nor pay much attention to what they say after it has once set out. Its wise little mind seems devoted to seeing that in every step forward its foothold is secure. If you have half the prudence and sagacity of these little creatures, who are so young that their lives have to be counted by minutes, and are so small you might carry a million of them in your waistcoat pocket,[1] you might make Co-operation a thing to be talked about in Rochdale. Do not, like crabs, walk sideways to your graves, but do some direct, resolute thing before you die.

I expressed, as I had done elsewhere, my conviction that the right men could do the right thing. My final words were as positive as those used by a great master in the art of expressing wilfulness[2] :—

[1] These prompt little people, born in the morning, marry before breakfast, are grandfathers by the afternoon, and rank as city fathers before the sun goes down.

[2] "Bothwell," by A. C. Swinburne.

"This I cannot tell,
Whence I do know it; but that I know it I know,
And by no casual or conjectural proof;
. . . but I know it
Even as I know I breathe, see, hear, feel, speak,
And am not dead,"

that I shall see Co-operation succeed here or elsewhere.

The audience were glad it was over; something was said which implied the impression that a real fanatic had come to Rochdale at last. Other advocates oft visited the town. This address was one of that propagandist time, and will give the reader the arguments of the pre-Rochdale days.[1] For twenty years after that time, whenever I arrived in Rochdale, some store leaders met me at the railway station, and when I asked, "Where I was to go to?" the answer was, "Thou must come and see store." My portmanteau was taken there, my letters were addressed there, my correspondence was written there, and my host was commonly James Smithies, or Abram Greenwood. My earliest recollection is of having chops and wool at Smithies', for he was a waste dealer, and the woolly odour was all over the house.

The ascendancy of a new movement seems natural in large towns. The larger the town the greater the need of stores, and the less is the chance of success. In a large town there is diversity of life and occupation, greater facilities for diversion, greater difficulties of business publicity, greater mobility of employment among workmen, and less likelihood of a dozen or two men remaining long enough together, pursuing one object year after year, necessary to build up a co-operative store. Glasgow is a town where a prophet would say Co-operation would answer. The thrift, patience, and clanship of the Scottish race seem to supply all the conditions of economy and concert. But though the Scotch are the last people to turn back when they once set out, their prudence leads them to wait and see who will go first. They prefer joining a project when they see it succeeding. There are men in Scotland ready to go out on forlorn hopes, but they are exceptions.

[1] I might add, and traditions of their own town, for some knew what I did not know then, of struggles and stores and old endeavours which had purpose in them. As far back as 1830 a co-operative workshop was started in Rochdale.

It came to pass that the men of Rochdale took the field, and Co-operation recommenced with them. Alderman Livesey aided the new movement by his stout-hearted influence. William Smithies, whose laugh was like a festival, kept it merry in its struggling years. William Cooper, with his Danish face, stood up for it. He had what Canon Kingsley called the "Viking blood" in his veins, and pursued every adversary who appeared in public, with letters in the newspapers, and confronted him on platforms. Abram Greenwood came to its aid with his quiet, purposing face, which the *Spectator* [1] said, "ought to be painted by Rembrandt," possibly because that artist, distinguished for his strong contrasts, would present the white light of Co-operation emerging from the dark shades of competition. And others, whose names are elsewhere recorded,[2] contributed in that town to the great revival.

[1] London *Spectator*.
[2] "History of Co-operation in Rochdale," Parts I. and II.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DISCOVERY WHICH RE-CREATED CO-OPERATION

"They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honoured me more and more;
. . . . .
But, with all their honour and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation;
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.
. . . . .
Yet I cannot embrace him—though other folks can:
For I *myself* am this excellent man!"

HEINE, translated by Leland.

THE men of Rochdale were they who first took the name of Equitable Pioneers. Their object was to establish equity in industry—the idea which best explains the spirit of modern Co-operation. Equity is a better term than Co-operation, as it implies an equitable share of work and profit, which the word Co-operation does not connote. Among the Pioneers was an original, clear-headed, shrewd, plodding thinker, one Charles Howarth, who set himself to devise a plan by which the permanent interest of the members was secured. It was that the profits made by sales should be divided among all members who made purchases, in proportion to the amount they spent, and that the shares of profits coming due to them should remain in the hands of the directors until it amounted to £5, they being registered as shareholders of that amount. This sum they would not have to pay out of their pockets. The store would thus save their shares for them, and they would thus become shareholders without it costing them anything; so that if all went wrong they lost nothing; and if they stuck like sensible men to the store, they might save in

the same way other £5, which they could draw out as they pleased. By this scheme the stores ultimately obtained £100 of capital from each twenty members. For this capital they paid an interest of 5 per cent. Of course, before any store could commence, some of the more enterprising promoters must subscribe capital to buy the first stock. This capital in Rochdale was mostly raised by weekly subscriptions of twopence. In order that there might be as much profit as possible to divide among purchasers, 5 per cent. has become to be regarded as the Co-operative standard rate of interest. The merit of this scheme was that it created capital among men who had none, and allured purchasers to the store by the prospect of a quarterly dividend of profits upon their outlay. Of course those who had the largest families had the largest dealings, and it appeared as though the more they ate the more they saved—a fortunate illusion for the hungry little ones who abounded in Rochdale then.

The device of dividing profits with purchasers was original with Mr. Howarth, although seventeen years in operation at no very great distance from Rochdale. It is singular that it was not until twenty-six years after Mr. Howarth had devised his plan (1844), that any one was aware that it was in operation in 1827. Mr. William Nuttall, in compiling a statistical table for the *Reasoner* in 1870, discovered that an unknown society, at Meltham Mills, near Huddersfield, had existed for forty-three years, having been commenced in 1827, and had divided profits on purchases from the beginning. But it found neither imitators nor propagandists in England.

Mr. Alexander Campbell also claimed to have recommended the same principle in an address which he drew up for the Co-operative Bakers of Glasgow, in 1822 : that he fully explained it to the co-operators of Cambuslang, who adopted it in 1831 ; and that a pamphlet was circulated at the time containing what he said upon the subject. Mr. Campbell further declared that in 1840 he lectured several times in Rochdale, and in 1843–4, when they were organising their society of Equitable Pioneers, they consulted him, and he advised them by letter to adopt the principle of dividing profits on purchases, and, at the same time, assisted in forming the

London Co-operative Society on the same principle. No one has ever produced the pamphlet referred to, or any copy of the rules of any Scotch society, containing the said plan, nor is any mention of it in London extant. Yet it is not unlikely that Mr. Campbell had the idea before the days of Mr. Howarth. It is more likely that the idea of dividing profits with the customer was separately originated. Few persons preserve records of suggestions or rules which attracted small attention in their day. All the Pioneers contemporary with him believed the plan originated with Howarth. The records of the patent offices of all countries show that important inventions have been made again, by persons painfully startled to find that the idea which had cost them years of their lives to work out, had been perfected before they were born. Coincidence of discovery in mechanics, in literature, and in every department of human knowledge, is an axiom among men of experience. From 1822 to 1844 stores limped along and failed to attract growing custom, while dividends were paid only on capital.

It was by taking the public into partnership that the new Co-operation came to grow.[1] Few persons believed stores could be re-established. Customers at the store were scarce and uncertain, it was so small a sum that was likely to arise to be given them, and for a long time it was so little that it proved little attraction. The division of profits among customers, though felt to be a promising step, not being foreseen as a great fortune, was readily agreed to. No one foresaw what a prodigious amount it would one day be. Thirty years later the profits of the Rochdale Store amounted to £50,668, and the profits of the Halifax Store reached £19,820, and those of Leeds £34,510. Had these profits existed in Mr. Howarth's time, and he had proposed to give such amazing sums to mere customers, he would have been deemed mad, and not half a dozen persons would have listened to him outside Bedlam. When twenty members constituted a society, and they made with difficulty ten shillings a year of profit altogether, the proposal to divide it excited no suspicion.

[1] The story told in "Self-Help, or History of the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale," by the present author, has been retold by translators in many languages.

A clear income of sixpence, as the result of twelve months' active and daily attention to business, excited no jealousy. But had £50,000 been at the disposal of the committee, that would have seemed a large fortune for twelve directors, and no persuasive power on earth would have induced them to divide that among the customers. It would have been said, "What right has the customer to the gains of our trade? What does he do towards creating them? He receives value for his money. He gives no thought, he has no cares, he performs no duties, he takes no trouble, he incurs no risks. If we lose he pays no loss. Why should we enrich him by what we win?" Nobody then could have answered these questions. But when the proposal came in the insidious form of dividing scanty profits, with scarce customers, Mr. Howarth's scheme was adopted, and Co-operation rose from the grave in which short-sighted greed had buried it, and it began the mighty and stalwart career with which we are now conversant. It really seems as though the best steps we take never would be taken, if we knew how wise and right they were.

The time came when substantial profits were made—actually paid over the counter, tangible in the pocket, and certain of recurrence, with increase, at every subsequent quarter-day. The fact was so unexpected that when it was divulged it had all the freshness and suddenness of a revelation to outsiders. The effect of this patient, unforeseen success was diffused about—we might say, in apostolical language—"noised abroad." There needed no advertisement to spread it. When profits—a new name among workpeople—were found to be really made, and known to be really paid to members quarter by quarter, they were copiously heard of. The animated face of the co-operator suggested that his projects were answering with him. He appeared better fed, which was not likely to escape notice among hungry weavers. He was better dressed than formerly, which gave him distinction among his shabby comrades in the mill. The wife no longer had "to sell her petticoat," known to have been done in Rochdale, but had a new gown, and she was not likely to be silent about that; nor was it likely to remain much in concealment. It became a walking and graceful advertisement of Co-operation in every part of the town. Her neighbours were not slow to notice

the change in attire, and their very gossip became a sort of propagandism ; and other husbands received hints they might as well belong to the store. The children had cleaner faces, and new pinafores or new jackets, and they propagated the source of their new comforts in their little way, and other little children communicated to their parents what they had seen. Some old hen coops were furbished up and new pullets were observed in them—the cocks seemed to crow of Co-operation. Here and there a pig, which was known to belong to a co-operator, was seen to be fattening, and seemed to squeal in favour of the store. After a while a pianoforte was reported to have been heard in a co-operative cottage, on which it was said the daughters played co-operative airs, the like of which had never been heard in that quarter. There were wild winds, but neither tall trees nor wild birds about Rochdale ; but the weavers' songs were not unlike those of the dusky gondoliers of the South, when emancipation first came to them :—

"We pray de Lord he gib us sign
Dat one day we be free ;
De north wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea.

We tink it when the church bell rings,
We dream it in de dream ;
De rice-bird mean it when he sings,
De eagle when he screams." [1]

The objects of Nature vary, but the poetry of freedom is everywhere the same. The store was talked about in the mills. It was canvassed in the weaving shed. The farm labourer heard of it in the fields. The coal miner carried the news down the pit. The blacksmith circulated the news at his forge. It was the gossip of the barber's chair—the courage of beards being unknown then. Chartists, reluctant to entertain any question but the "Six Points," took the store into consideration in their societies. In the newspapers letters appeared on the new movement. Preachers who found their pew rents increase were more reticent than in former days about the sin of Co-operation. "Toad Lane" (where the store stood) was the subject of conversation in the public-house. It was discussed in the temperance coffee-shop.

[1] Whittier.

The carriers spread news of it in country places, and what was a few years before a matter of derision, became the curious, inquiring, and respectful talk of all those parts. The landlord found his rent paid more regularly, and whispered the fact about. The shopkeeper told his neighbour that customers who had been in his debt for years had paid up their accounts. Members for the Borough became aware that some independent voters were springing up in connection with the store. Politicians began to think there was something in it. Wandering lecturers visiting the town found a better quality of auditors to address, and were invited to houses where tables were better spread than formerly, and were taken to see the store, as one of the new objects of interest in the town, with its news-room, where more London papers could be seen than in any coffee-house in London, and word was carried of what was being done in Rochdale to other towns. News of it got into periodicals in London. Professors and students of social philosophy from abroad came to visit it, and sent news of it home to their country. And thus it spread far and wide that the shrewd men of Rochdale were doing a notable thing in the way of Co-operation. It was all true, and honour will long be accorded them. For it is they, in whatever rank, who act for the right when others are still, who decide when others doubt, who urge forward when others hang back, to whom the glory of great change belongs.

Thus the Rochdale Co-operators found, like Heine, "that his best friend was himself."

THE ORIGINAL TOAD LANE STORE, ROCHDALE.

The Doffers appear on the Opening Day.

[*To face p.* 283.

CHAPTER XVII

CAREER OF THE PIONEER STORE

"But every humour hath its adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best."
SHAKESPEARE.

THE first we hear of Rochdale in co-operative literature is an announcement in the *Co-operative Miscellany* for July, 1830, which "rejoices to hear that through the medium of the *Weekly Free Press* a co-operative society has been formed in this place, and is going on well. Three public meetings have been held to discuss the principles. They have upwards of sixty members, and are anxious to supply flannels to the various co-operative societies. We understand the prices are from £1 15s. a piece to £5, and that J. Greenhough, Wardleworth Brow, will give every information, if applied to."

The Rochdale flannel weavers were always in trouble for want of work. In June, 1830, they had a great meeting on Cronkey Shaw Moor, which is overlooked by the house once owned by Mr. Bright. At that time there were as many as 7,000 men out of employ. There was an immense concourse of men, women, and children on the moor, although a drizzling rain fell during the speeches—it always does rain in Rochdale when the flannel weavers are out. One speaker, Mr. Hinds, declared "that wages had been so frequently reduced in Rochdale that a flannel weaver could not, by all his exertions and patience, obtain more than from 4s. to 6s. per week." Mr. Renshaw quoted the opinion of "Mr. Robert Owen at Lanark, a gentleman whose travels gave him ample scope for observation, who had declared, at a recent public meeting in London, 'that the

inhabitants of St. Domingo, who were black slaves, seemed to be in a condition greatly to be preferred to that of English operatives.'"[1] Mr. Renshaw said that "when his hearers went home they would find an empty pantry mocking their hungry appetites, the house despoiled of its furniture, an anxious wife with a highway paper, or a King's taxes paper, in her hand, but no money to discharge such claim. God help the poor man when misfortune overtook him! The rich man in his misfortune could obtain some comfort, but the poor man had nothing to flee to. Cureless despondency was the condition to which he was reduced." It was this year that the first co-operative society was formed in Rochdale. The meeting on Cronkey Shaw Moor was on behalf of the flannel weavers who were then out on strike. The Rochdale men were distinguished among unionists of that time for vigorous behaviour. It appears that during the disturbances in Rochdale, in the year 1831, the constables—"villainous constables," as the record I consult describes them — robbed their box. One would think there was not much in it. However, the men succeeded in bringing the constables to justice, and in convicting them of felony.

It would appear that Rochdale habitually moved by two-pences. *The United Trades Co-operative Journal* of Manchester recorded that, notwithstanding the length of time the flannel weavers and spinners had been out, and the slender means of support they had, they had contributed at twopence per man the sum of £30, as their first deposit to the Protection Fund, and that one poor woman, a spinner, who could not raise the twopence agreed upon at their meeting, was so determined not to be behind others in her contributions to what she properly denominated "their own fund," that she actually sold her petticoat to pay her subscriptions.

At the Birmingham Congress of 1832 the Rochdale Society sent a letter urging the utility of "discussing in Congress the establishment of a Co-operative Woollen Manufactory; as the Huddersfield cloth, Halifax and Bradford stuffs, Leicester and Loughborough stockings, and Rochdale flannels required in

[1] Mr. Owen did not distinguish between domestic slaves and field slaves, and dwelt upon social comfort as though it had not occurred to him that freedom was an element of progress.

several respects similar machinery and processes of manufacture, they thought that societies in these towns might unite together and manufacture with advantages not obtainable by separate establishments." At that early period there were co-operators in Rochdale giving their minds to federative projects. Their delegate was Mr. William Harrison, and their secretary, Mr. T. Ladyman, 70, Cheetham Street, Rochdale. Their credentials stated that "the society was first formed in October, 1830, and bore the name of the Rochdale Friendly Society. Its members were fifty-two, the amount of its funds was £108. It employed ten members and their families. It manufactured flannel. It had a library containing thirty-two volumes. It had no school, and never discussed the principles of Labour Exchange, and had two other societies in the neighbourhood." It was deemed a defect in sagacity not to have inquired into the uses of Labour Exchanges as a means of co-operative profit and propagandism. Rochdale from the beginning had a creditable regard for books and education. It also appears —and it is of interest to note it now—that "wholesale" combination was an early Rochdale idea.

From 1830 to 1840 Rochdale went on doing something. One thing recorded is that it converted the Rev. Joseph Marriott to social views—who wrote "Community: a Drama." Another is that in 1838 a "Social Hall" was opened in Yorkshire Street. These facts of Rochdale industrial operations, prior to 1844, when the germ store began, show that this co-operative idea "was in the air." It could hardly be said to be anywhere else until it descended in Toad Lane, and that is where it first touched the earth, took root, and grew.

Like curious and valuable animals which have oft been imported, but never bred from, like rare products of Nature that have frequently been grown without their cultivation becoming general—Co-operation had long existed in various forms; it is only since 1844 that it has been cultivated. Farmers grew wheat before the days of Major Hallett, and practised thin sowing, and made selections of seed—in a way. But it was not until that observing agriculturist traced the laws of growth, and demonstrated the principles of selection, that "pedigree wheat" was possible, and the growing powers of Great Britain were rendered capable of being tripled.

Similar has been the effect of the Pioneer discovery of participation in trade and industry.

Of the "Famous Twenty-eight" old Pioneers, who founded the store by their humble subscriptions of twopence a week, James Smithies was its earliest secretary and counsellor. In his later years he became one of the Town Councillors of the borough—the only one of the Twenty-eight who attained municipal distinction. After a late committee meeting in days of faltering fortunes at the store or the corn mill, he would go out at midnight and call up any one known to have money and sympathy for the cause. And when the disturbed sympathiser was awake and put his head out of the window to learn what was the matter, Smithies would call out, "I am come for thy brass, lad. We mun have it." "All right!" would be the welcome answer. And in one case the bag was fetched with nearly £100 in, and the owner offered to drop it through the window. "No; I'll call in the morning," Smithies replied, with his cheery voice, and then would go home contented that the evil day was averted. In the presence of his vivacity no one could despond, confronted by his buoyant humour no one could be angry. He laughed the store out of despair into prosperity. William Howarth, the "sea lawyer" of Co-operation, is no more. I spoke at the grave of William Cooper, and wrote the inscription for his tomb:—

In Memory of

WILLIAM COOPER

WHO DIED OCTOBER 31ST, 1868, AGED 46 YEARS.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL "28" EQUITABLE PIONEERS,

HE HAD A ZEAL EQUAL TO ANY, AND EXCEEDED ALL
IN HIS CEASELESS EXERTIONS, BY PEN AND SPEECH.
HE HAD THE GREATER AND RARER MERIT OF STANDING BY PRINCIPLE
ALWAYS, REGARDLESS ALIKE OF INTERESTS, OF FRIENDSHIPS,
OR OF HIMSELF.

AUTHOR OF THE
"HISTORY OF THE ROCHDALE CO-OPERATIVE CORN MILL SOCIETY."

The following page of facts tells the progress and triumph of the Pioneers reduced to figures:—

Table of the operations of the Society from its commencement in 1844 to the end of 1876 :—

YEAR.	MEMBERS.	FUNDS.	BUSINESS.	PROFITS.
		£	£	£
1844	28	28	—	—
1845	74	181	710	22
1846	80	252	1,146	80
1847	110	286	1,924	72
1848	149	397	2,276	117
1849	390	1,193	6,611	561
1850	600	2,289	13,179	880
1851	630	2,785	17,633	990
1852	680	3,471	16,352	1,206
1853	720	5,848	22,700	1,674
1854	900	7,172	33,364	1,763
1855	1,400	11,032	44,902	3,109
1856	1,600	12,920	63,197	3,921
1857	1,850	15,142	79,789	5,470
1858	1,950	18,160	74,680	6,284
1859	2,703	27,060	104,012	10,739
1860	3,450	37,710	152,063	15,906
1861	3,900	42,925	176,206	18,020
1862	3,501	38,465	141,074	17,564
1863	4,013	49,361	158,632	19,671
1864	4,747	62,105	174,937	22,717
1865	5,326	78,778	196,234	25,156
1866	6,246	99,989	249,122	31,931
1867	6,823	128,435	284,919	41,619
1868	6,731	123,233	290,900	37,459
1869	5,809	93,423	236,438	28,542
1870	5,560	80,291	223,021	25,209
1871	6,021	107,500	246,522	29,026
1872	6,444	132,912	267,577	33,640
1873	7,021	160,886	287,212	38,749
1874	7,639	192,814	298,888	40,679
1875	8,415	225,682	305,657	48,212
1876	8,892	254,000	305,190	50,668

These columns of figures are not dull, prosaic, merely statistical, as figures usually are. Every figure glows with a light unknown to chemists, and which has never illumined any town until the Rochdale day. Our forefathers never saw it. They looked with longing and wistful eyes over the dark plains of industry, and no gleam of it appeared. The light they looked for was not a pale, flickering, uncertain light, but one self-created, self-fed, self-sustained, self-growing, and daily growing, not a light of charity or paternal support, but an inextinguishable, independent light. Every numeral in the table glitters with this new light. Every column is a pillar

of fire in the night of industry, guiding other wanderers than Israelites out of the wilderness of helplessness from their Egyptian bondage.

The Toad Lane Store has expanded into nineteen branches, with nineteen news-rooms. Each branch is a far finer building than the original store. The Toad Lane parent store has long been represented by a great Central Store, a commanding pile of buildings which it takes an hour to walk through, situated on the finest site in the town, and overlooks alike the Town Hall and Parish Church. The Central Stores contain a vast library, which has a permanent librarian, Mr. Barnish. The store spends hundreds of pounds in bringing out a new catalogue as the increase of books needs it. Telescopes, field-glasses, microscopes innumerable, exist for the use of members. There are many large towns where gentlemen have no such newsrooms, so many daily papers, weekly papers, magazines, reviews, maps, and costly books of reference, as the working class co-operators of Rochdale possess. They sustain science classes. They own property all over the borough. They have estates covered with streets of houses built for co-operators. They have established a large corn mill which was carried through dreary misadventures by the energy and courage of Mr. Abram Greenwood —misadventures trying every degree of patience and every form of industrial faith. They built a huge spinning mill, and conducted it on profit-sharing principles three years, until outside shareholders perverted it into a joint-stock concern. None of the old pioneers looked back on the Sodom of competition. Had they done so they would have been like Lot's wife, saline on the pillar of history. They set the great example of instituting and maintaining an Educational Fund out of their profits. They sought to set up co-operative workshops—to employ their own members and support them on land, of which they should be the owners, and create a self-supporting community.

CHAPTER XVIII

PARLIAMENTARY AID TO CO-OPERATION

"Law is but morality shaped by Act of Parliament."—MR. BERNAL, Chairman of Committees, House of Commons.

THE device of Mr. Howarth had not carried Co-operation far, had it not been for friendly lawyers and Parliament. The legal impediments to industrial economy were serious in 1844. Because "men cannot be made wise by Act of Parliament" is no reason for not making Acts of Parliament wise. "Law should be morality shaped by Act of Parliament." None, however, knew better than Mr. Bernal, that if there was any morality in a Bill at first it often got "shaped" out of it before it became an Act. Nevertheless there is a great deal of living morality in the world which would be very dead had not law given it protection. A law once made is a chain or a finger-post—a barrier or a path. It stops the way or it points the way. If an obstacle it stands like a rock. It comes to be venerated as a pillar of the constitution. The indifferent think it as well as it is—the timid are discouraged by it—the busy are too occupied to give attention to it. At last, some ardent, disinterested persons, denounced for their restlessness, persuade Parliament to remove it, and the nation passes forward.[1]

The Legislature did open new roads of industrial advancement. Working men can become sharers in the profits of a commercial undertaking without incurring unlimited liability,

[1] It was the Rev. William Nassau Molesworth, then incumbent of Spotland, Rochdale, who, discerning in the early efforts of the Pioneers, the prospect of social improvement, first suggested to them the advantages of obtaining the protection of the law for their members.

an advantage so great that the most sanguine despaired of living to see its enactment. This act was mainly owing to William Schofield, M.P. for Birmingham.

In a commercial country like England, one would naturally expect that law would be in favour of trade; yet so slow was the recognition of industrial liberty that an Act was a long time in force, which enabled a society to sell its products to its own members, but not to others. Thus the Leeds Corn Mill, as Mr. John Holmes related, naturally produced bran as well as flour, could sell its flour to its members, and its bran also, if its members wanted it. But the members, not being rabbits, did not want the bran; and at one time the Corn Mill Society had as much as £600 worth of bran accumulated in their store-rooms which they were unable to sell to outside buyers. Societies were prohibited holding more than one acre of land, and that not as house or farm land, but only for transacting the business of the society upon. The premises of the Equitable Pioneers occupied land nearly to the extent allowed by the Act. All thoughts of leasing or purchasing land whereon to grow potatoes, corn, or farm produce were prevented by this prohibitory clause. Co-operative farming was difficult. No society could invest money except in savings banks or National Debt funds. No rich society could help a poor society by a loan. No member could save more than £100. The Act prohibited funds being used for educational purposes, and every member was practically made responsible for all the debts of the society—enough to frighten any prudent man away. Besides these impediments, there was no provision compelling any member to give up such property, books, or records that might have been entrusted to him by the society; so that any knave was endowed with the power, and secured in the means, of breaking up the society when a fit of larceny seized him.

The Friendly Societies Act of 1846 contained what came to be known as the "Frugal Investment Clause," as it permitted the frugal investment of the savings of members for better enabling them to purchase food, firing, clothes, or materials of their trade or calling, or to provide for the education of their children or kindred. In 1850, Mr. Slaney, M.P., obtained a committee upon the savings and investments of the middle and working classes. Important evidence was given by

various persons, including Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Bellenden Kerr, Mr. Ludlow, and Mr. Vansittart Neale. Mr. Neale has stated that "Mr. Mill rendered a great and lasting service to co-operative effort by the distinction drawn between the conditions affecting all labour carried on by mankind from the nature of the earth and of man, and the mode in which human institutions may affect the distribution of the products of this labour—two matters commonly confused by political economists, who treat the results of human selfishness, intensified by competition, as if they were unalterable laws of the universe." [1]

The Industrial and Provident Societies Act of 1852 (15 and 16 Vict., c. 31), introduced by Mr. Slaney, in consequence of the report of the Committee of 1850, authorised the formation of societies by the voluntary subscription of the members, for attaining any purpose (permitted by the laws in force in respect to Friendly Societies, or by that Act), "by carrying on in common any labours, trades, or handicrafts, except the working mines, minerals, or quarries, beyond the limits of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the business of banking." It made all the provisions of the laws relating to Friendly Societies apply to every society constituted under it, except in so far as they were expressly varied by the Act, or any rule expressly authorised or certified by an endorsement on its rules, signed by the Registrar of Friendly Societies, not to be applicable to it. In consequence, Industrial and Provident Societies, while allowed to carry on trade as general dealers, obtained all the advantages given to Friendly Societies, in regard to the vesting of their funds, without conveyance, in their trustees, protection against fraud by their officers; whence the Corn Mill Society of Rochdale dissolved itself in order to be enrolled under the new Act, that it might recover debts due to it. In 1855, the position of Industrial and Provident Societies in this respect was slightly amended; but, unfortunately, in another respect it was altered for the worse by the Frugal Investment Clause, under which Friendly Societies were authorised, among other things, to provide for the

[1] *Co-operative News.*

Education of their children, being struck out.[1] The Industrial and Provident Societies Act limited itself to authorising the application of profits to "the payment of a dividend on capital not exceeding 5 per cent. per annum [an effective preventive of speculation in the shares of societies], the repayment of loans, the increase of the capital of the society, division among the members or persons employed by them, and such provident purposes as are authorised by the laws relating to Friendly Societies." Thus, indirectly, the effect was that of preventing Industrial and Provident Societies from following the excellent example of Rochdale in regard to the application of their profits, to establish news-rooms, libraries, lectures, or other means of educating themselves. It was an effect of which probably no one in Parliament thought; for, though the Industrial and Provident Societies Act was amended by the 19 and 20 Vict., c. 40, no notice is taken of this restriction. The Act of 1862 authorised the application of profits for any purpose allowed by the Friendly Societies Acts, or otherwise permitted by law. The formation of Educational Funds thus became allowable.[2]

Dr. John Watts stated at the Social Science Congress, Manchester, 1866, that "in no case which has come under his observation, except in the original one at Rochdale, was there in the constitution of the society any educational provision, and personal inquiry had informed him that this is because the Registrar refuses to allow it. The managers of one of the Manchester stores had no less than four months' correspondence on the subject, and the result of the refusal was the necessity for a quarterly vote for the reading-room, in order to avoid a quarterly quarrel, which, after all, is not always averted." Rochdale entered their educational expenses with the expenses of management, and an indispensable and honest place they held there. There are hundreds of

[1] Mr. Tidd Pratt had previously sanctioned rules of societies meditating self-education; as he had by a generous latitude of construction in some earlier cases by which Rochdale had profited from the beginning. Rochdale had been an old offender against the law in prohibiting education.

[2] For these statements I am indebted to Mr. Neale, whom the reader will prefer to follow, Mr. Neale being professionally acquainted with the law.

stores which have never taken advantage of the new law to create an educational fund. And new stores are often opened which have no such provision. These are known as "Dark" stores.

"It must not be forgotten," Mr. Neale has remarked, "how the law of England has affected the working classes, that the privileges given them for the first time in 1862 were also granted in the same year for the first time to the commercial classes. A large part of the evidence before Mr. Slaney's Committee is occupied by the question of the desirableness or mischief of granting limited liability to partners in trade by some method less costly than the one at that time in use—by an Act of Parliament, or a Charter from the Crown, which was shown to have cost the Metropolitan Dwellings Association over £1,000. By the Companies Act of 1862 this was done in the interests of the trading classes, and in the same year the working classes obtained the full measure of legal rights then conferred upon their richer neighbours.

The Act of 1862, by permitting a member to own £200 in the society, doubled the available capital for the extension of operations, and gave new life to societies which, like Halifax, had lain like Rip Van Winkle twenty years without growth or motion. This single improvement in the law awakened it, put activity into it, and it became a great society.

CHAPTER XIX

CO-OPERATION IN STORMY DAYS

"To seek the noblest—'tis your only good,
Now you have seen it; for that higher vision
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore."

GEORGE ELIOT.

POLITICAL economists, who are all privately persuaded that Nature would never have been able to carry on until now had they not arisen to give it suggestions, were full of predictions that Co-operation might keep up its health in time of average prosperity, but in days of adversity it would take a low fever, fall into bad ways, suffer from coldness in the extremities, have pains in the "chest," and put the social "faculty" to their wits' end to pull the creature through. Let the cotton famine arrive, and fat Rochdale would become as lean as Lazarus.

In 1861, when the American slave war broke out, and the South armed against the North with a view to establishing a separate slave dominion, the dangerous days set in when cotton would be scarce, mills would stop, wages cease, and eating would be interrupted in hundreds of thousands of households. Would white workmen, who were not quite sure they were not slaves themselves, put up with privations year after year, consume their hard-earned and long-treasured savings, all for the sake of their long-heeled, woolly-headed, black-faced brothers, who probably did not understand freedom—would not know what to do with it when it should come, and who most likely cared nothing for it while the pumpkin was plentiful, and the planter's whip fell on somebody else's back? Sentiments in favour of freedom might be pretty strong at home—where it concerned ourselves—but it would be drawn very

fine and thin when it had to reach all the way from Rochdale and Leeds to the cotton swamps of the Southern States. The French and Italian workmen might in their chivalrous way die for an idea, but John Bull might have small sympathy for the remote "nigger," whose ebony caprices and apple-squash ideas of liberty interfere with John's repast. If members of Parliament, sure of good dinners and the bountiful resources of territorial acres—if noblemen who grew rich while they slept—if merchants and manufacturers, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice or limits of public safety—could basely cry, "Open the ports, and let the negro howl under the whip," half-educated or wholly uneducated workmen could not be expected to be discerning, or generously solicitous for the welfare of distant Samboes.

So thought the mob of politicians of that day, for, as Samuel Bailey says, "those are a mob who act like one," and neither a good coat nor high station alters the mob quality. Character goes by acts. Copperheads, clerical and political, infested Lancashire and Yorkshire, retailing insidious proposals to recognise the South. In these I do not include the honest politicians who really believed that the separation of North and South would increase the individuality of nations, and conduce to general progress. I speak here only of the Copperhead class. The Copperhead in America was a political creature who talked union and helped separation; and when their agents came among the co-operators of the North of England, talked freedom and argued for slavery, they disguised their aim under specious forms of trade policy. Physiology and Scripture were pointed against the Negro in lecture-room and pulpit. Ultimately the Copperheads slunk away under a storm of discerning scorn. Many a stout blast blew from Rochdale.

Statistics (an ugly, recondite, abstract, discomfiting word, invented, one would think, to turn attention from the study of facts) of business done by co-operators in cotton famine days will be instructive. The King Street Industrial Society, Oldham, is an example :—

Year.	No. of Members.	Capital.	Business.
1861	924	£9,130	£47,675
1862	824	8,034	41,901
1863	861	9,165	36,306

There are two societies in Oldham, one in King Street, the other at Greenacre Hill. King Street was the larger by about one-sixth. The two societies together had 3,299 members, who did business to the amount of £87,766, and made £7,636 of profit. So that, taken together or singly, Co-operation carried a saucy head in the slave war storm.

Here are a few examples of what were the fortunes of stores elsewhere :—

Name of Store.	No. of Members.	Amount of Business.	Profits Realised.
Liverpool	3,154	£44,355	£3,201
Bury	1,412	47,658	4,689
Bacup	2,296	53,663	6,618

The reader may be assured that no bare bones were found in Mother Hubbard's co-operative cupboard in the cotton famine days. There was no old lady in any competitive district of the working people so bright and plump as she. Bacup workers suffered more from the cotton scarcity than Rochdale. Bacup had scarcely any other branch of trade than cotton. Their store receipts went down nearly one half at the time of the greatest scarcity. The Relief Committee prohibited the recipients going to the store to buy goods with the money given them. They might have bought at the store to more advantage, but probably the Relief Committee considered the shopkeepers more in need of support than the storekeepers. The Liverpool store was little affected by the cotton scarcity. Mr. William Cooper wrote me at the time his estimate of store affairs, which I quote for his amusingly contemptuous appraisement of Manchester. "Liverpool," he said, "has had difficulties of its own making—namely, by giving credit to members—but they have adopted the ready-money system, which will check its sales for a time, but its stability and growth will be all the more certain after. Some of the stores have given to the relief funds. Mossley, Dukinfield, Staleybridge, Ashton, Heywood, Middleton, Rawtenstall, Hyde, have suffered badly, being almost entirely cotton manufacturing towns ; yet none of the stores have failed, so that, taken altogether, the co-operative societies in Lancashire are as numerous and as strong now as before the cotton panic set in. Even *Manchester, which is good for nothing now, except to sell cotton*, has created a Manchester and Salford Store, maintained

for five years an average of 1,200 members, and made for them £7,000 of profit."

The reader may be satisfied of the actual and inherent vitality of Co-operation to withstand vicissitudes. Yorkshire and Lancashire live on cotton. When the American slave-holders' rebellion cut off the supply, of course a cotton famine occurred, and people who regarded Co-operation as a *Great Eastern* ship—too unmanageable for industrial navigation—predicted that it would founder in the southern tempest. The scarcity, instead, however, of destroying co-operative societies, brought out in a conspicuous way the soundness of the commercial and moral principles on which they are founded. Mr. Milner Gibson's parliamentary returns at that time show that co-operative societies had increased to 454, and that this number was in full operation in England and Wales in the third year of the scarcity. The amount of business done by 381 of these societies was upwards of £2,600,000. In Lancashire there were 117 societies, in Yorkshire 96. The number of members in 1863, in the 381 societies, was 108,000. The total amount of the assets of these societies was £793,500, while the liabilities were only £229,000. The profits made by the 381 societies (excluding 73 societies which made no returns) were £213,600; and this in the third year of the great cotton scarcity! It may be, therefore, safely concluded that Co-operation established for itself a place among the vital business forces of the country. No one can foretell where the right steps will lead. No moralist foresees the whole of that ethical change which his maxims will generate. No railway inventor ever had any idea of that omnipresent traffic which has grown up. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden, when they first addressed the people in favour of the repeal of the corn laws, scarcely anticipated that one result would be that they should make the English nation heavier. Every man that you meet in the streets now is stouter, and weighs two stone more than he would have done but for Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. Calculating from our present population, it may be said that these eminent corn-law repealers have increased the weight of the British race by 400,000 tons. So that if our men were precipitated unarmed against battalions of any other nation in the field, they would have increased advantages in bearing them

down by sheer weight. And the humble co-operative weavers of Rochdale, by saving twopences when they had none to spare, and holding together when others separated, until they had made their store pay, set an example which created for the working classes a new future.

CHAPTER XX

NATURE OF CO-OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE

"It is not co-operation where a few persons join for the purpose of making a profit from cheap purchases, by which only a portion of them benefit. Co-operation is where the whole of the produce is divided. What is wanted is, that the whole of the working class should partake of the profits of labour."—JOHN STUART MILL (Speech at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, London).

EXCITED Labour seems on fire and the Political Economist, albeit a damp creature, seems powerless to extinguish it. Doctrinal streams of "supply and demand" poured upon it, act as petroleum upon flame. Organised capital grinds industry as in the mill of the gods—very small. No protests that capital is his friend reassures the worker. Experience has made him unbelieving.

Sitting at the windows of the Marina, St. Leonards, watching the great ocean raging all alive with tumultuous and ungovernable motion, surging and roaring, I have thought how like it was to the industrial world. There is unfathomable cruelty in murderous waves. Vessels, laden with anxious emigrants, have been, by them, sucked down to death. As far as the eye can stretch the raging ocean covers all space, resembling some insane and boundless beast. Society heaves with the unrest of pitiless competition more devastating than that of the sea. Its remorseless billows wash away the fruits of humble labour. There is no bay or cavern where property lies but is guarded by capitalist or trader, whose knives gleam if the indigent are seen to approach it. The co-operator is not one of them. He can create wealth for himself, and foresees that the rapacity and tumult of greed will be stilled, as the principle of equity in industry comes to prevail.

Co-operation is a very different thing from Co-operation as defined in dictionaries. When several men join in moving a boulder, because one alone could not stir it, it is called Co-operation. In this way, a bundle of sticks bound together present a force of resistance which separately none could pretend to, and in this sense the sticks are as much co-operators as the men. But industrial Co-operation means not only a union for increasing mechanical force, but for obtaining the profit of the transaction, and having it equitably distributed among those who do the work. It is not knowing this difference which causes such confusing chatter in the highest quarters in literature about "Co-operation being as old as the world," and "which has been practised by every people."

Gibbon Wakefield says: "Co-operation takes place when several persons help each other in the same employment, as when two greyhounds running together kill more hares than four greyhounds running separately."[1] This is the nature of the Co-operation chiefly known to political economists. But industrial Co-operation unites not merely to kill the hares, but to eat them. The greyhounds of Wakefield run down the hares for their masters—the new co-operative greyhounds run down the hare for themselves. Industrial Co-operation is not only union for creating, but for dividing profits among all who have helped to make them.

Politeness, as explained by that robust master of definition, Dr. Johnson, consists in giving a preference to others rather than to ourselves. In this sense Co-operation may be defined as the politeness of industry, for it consists in giving the total of its produce equitably to those who create it.

Co-operation was, in Mr. Owen's mind, a paternal arrangement of industry, which could be made more profitable than one in which the employer considered only himself. The self-managing scheme, under which working people create profits and retain them among themselves, Mr. Owen did not propound. His idea was to organise the world—Co-operation attempts the more modest task of organising the provision store and the workshop.

Von Sybel defines the Communists proper as "those who

[1] E. G. Wakefield, note to Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," 1840.

desired to transfer every kind of property to the State."[1] This is Continental Socialism, not English Co-operation. M. De Metz founded a criminal community. He was a man of wealth. Had he been a poor man he had been regarded as a hired agitator. He was as mad as any other social philanthropist, for he believed in the radical goodness of little scoundrels, and that honesty could be cultivated as successfully as fraud, and criminals colonised into an industrial self-supporting community.

A writer who has a cultivated contempt for social innovations, but not intentionally unfair, remarks: "We have had republican societies like Plato's, Fourier's, and Babeuf's; hierarchical and aristocratic like St. Simon's; theocratic like the Essenes; despotic like the Peruvians and Jesuits; Polygamists like the Mormons; material like Mr. Owen's. Some recommended celibacy as the Essenes—some enforce it as the Shakers, some, like the Owenites, relax the marriage tie;[2] some, like the Harmonists, control it; some, like the Moravians, hold it indissoluble; some would divide the wealth of the society equally among all the members; some, as Fourier, unequally. But one great idea pervades them all—community of property more or less complete, and unreserved common labour, for the common good."[3]

When the Irish Land Bill was before the House of Commons, May 16, 1870, Mr. Gathorne Hardy said, "It was not wise to endorse by the sanction of Parliament the principle that the ownership of land was a better thing than the occupation. He protested against the clause as socialistic and communistic. (Hear, hear.)"[4] When a politician does not well know what to say against an adversary's measures, he calls them "socialistic," a term which, to employ Mr. Grant Duff's useful phrase, is a good "working bugbear." In former days, when a clerical disputant met with an unmanageable argument, he said it was "atheistic," and then it was taken as answered. In these days the perplexed politician, seeing no answer to a principle pressed upon him,

[1] Von Sybel, "Hist. French Rev.," vol. i. bk. ii. p. 249.

[2] This is untrue. Mr. Owen's disciples merely advocated equal facility of divorce for poor as for rich.

[3] "Mistaken Aim," pp. 192 and 193, W. R. Greg.

[4] *Vide* Parliamentary Report.

says it is "communistic." He need give no reasons, the "working bugbear" clears the field of adversaries.

One thing may be taken as true, that the English, whether poor or rich, are not, as a body, thieves. Now and then you find some in both classes who have a predatory talent, which they do not hide in a napkin. Statesmen may sleep in peace. The working men will never steal knowingly, either by crowbar or ballot-box. Tories and Whigs have robbed them; and I think I have seen the Radical hand with marks about it, as though it had been in the people's pocket—doubtless in some moment of patriotic aberration. Nevertheless, the common sense of common men is against peculation.

The *Co-operative Magazine* of 1826 declared happiness as the grand pivot on which the co-operative system turned. "Happiness" was explained as "content and uninjurious enjoyment, that is, enjoyment, not injurious either to one's self or to any other." This, as the Americans say, rather want "grit." The mind slides over it. A later advocate of some mark, Dr. King, of Brighton, defined Co-operation as "the unknown object which the benevolent part of mankind have always been in search of for the improvement of their fellow-creatures." The object of a definition is to make the thing in question known; and we are not helped by being told it is the "unknown." There is, however, something dimly revealed in what he says of "society," which he derived from the Greek word *sanus*, sound or safe, and *lieo*, to call together, the meaning of which was declared to be—to call together for safety.[1] No doubt there is sense in this. Persons do require to be called together for safety; but what they are to do when so called is not defined.

A writer in the *Co-operative Miscellany* of 1830, signing himself "One of the People," saw his way to a clearer specification of the "unknown" thing. He exclaims: "What is Co-operation? some may inquire." Certainly many did make the inquiry. The answer he gives is this: "Co-operation in its fullest sense is the opposite of Competition; instead of competing and striving with each other to procure the necessaries of life, we make common cause, we unite with each other, to procure the same benefits." This is rather

[1] *Co-operative Magazine*, January, 1826, p. 7.

a travelling definition, it moves about a good deal and has no fixed destination. It does not disclose how the "common cause" is made. A definition has light in it as soon as it discloses what a thing is not, and names its contrary. We learn now that Co-operation is not competition; but is the "opposite." This writer gives an explanation of the method of procedure—namely, that a co-operative society devotes the profits of the distributive stores to productive industry and the self-employment of the members of the societies. After a lapse of seventy years, the greater and more important part of the plan—the self-employment of members—is but scantily realised. The educated co-operator has always borne it in mind, and it remains as a tradition of Co-operation that production and self-employment go together.

Mr. Thompson, of Cork, the first systematic writer on Industrial Communities, never defined their object otherwise than to say that "workmen should simply alter the direction of their labour. Instead of working for they know not whom, they were to work for each other." Such a definition could only be made intelligible by details, and these Mr. Thompson gave with much elaboration. As a student under Bentham, Mr. Thompson was sure to mean something definite, but the conditions under which men shall "work for each other," the essential feature of Co-operation, he never otherwise brought within the compass of a definition. But community and Co-operation are distinct things.

Practically, the principle of Co-operation grew out of joint-stock shopkeeping. A few persons with means supplied capital for the business, with the understanding that after interest was paid on their capital, the profits should be devoted to the establishment of a community.

The next conception of it was that of prescribing that each purchaser should be a member of the store, and should subscribe a portion of the capital—the profits, after paying interest, were to be kept by the shareholders. At this point Co-operation stopped eighteen years. Nobody was known to have any conception how it could be improved. If everybody was a shareholder, and the shareholders had all the profits, nobody could have more than all, and nobody was left out of the division. There was no enthusiasm under this manage-

ment, and yet there was no apparent fault. In some cases there was great success. Shareholders had 10 and 15 per cent. for their money, which, to a member who could invest £100, was a sensible profit to him. Nevertheless custom fell off, interest in the stores abated, and many were given up. If any solitary cogitator proposed to divide the profits on purchases, it was said, "What is the good of that? If there are profits made, they appear in the interest. You cannot increase them by varying the mode of paying them." Yet all the while this was the very thing that could be done. There lay concealed and unseen the principle of dividing profits on purchases which altered the whole future of Co-operation. We have traced the idea of it to Glasgow in 1822, to Meltham Mills in 1827,[1] to Rochdale in 1844, whence it has spread over the earth. One thing would strike most persons, that giving a profit to customers would increase them. No doubt others saw that under the interest on capital plan, that while the shareholders who could subscribe £100 might get £15, the poorer member who could only put in £1 obtained only 3s., yet the large shareholder who receives the £15 may not have been a purchaser at all, while the poor member, if he had a family, probably contributed £50 of capital to the business, if his purchases amounted to £1 per week, and the 2s. in the £ which on the average can be returned to purchasers now would give him £5 a year, besides his 5 per cent. interest on his capital. Thus it could be shown that the customer contributed more to the profits of the store than the capitalist. The purchaser, therefore, was taken into the partnership. Thus the mere form of distributing profits actually increased them. The interest of the purchaser revived: he became a propagandist. He brought in his neighbour. Business grew, profits augmented, and new vitality was infused into Co-operation. The vague principle that the producer of profit should have the profit, took a defined form, and he got it—and the purchaser was henceforth included in the participation of store gains.

[1] Mr. Walter Sanderson, of Galashiels, informs me (1876) that the principle was introduced into that town about the same time (1827) by Mr. William Sanderson (founder of the Building Society there) without any connection with Rochdale. Came it from Cambuslang? Mr. Walter Sanderson gives no details, but he is a responsible correspondent, and his word may be taken as to the fact.

Definitions grow as the horizon of experience expands. They are not inventions, but descriptions of the state of a question. No man sees everything at once. Had Christ foreseen the melancholy controversies over what he meant, which have since saddened the world, he would have written a book himself, and never have trusted the conditions of salvation to the incapable constructions and vague memories of illiterate followers. Foreseeing definitions, guiding Co-operation at successive points, would have been a great advantage, but it had to wait for them.

When it became clear that the purchaser must be taken into partnership as well as the capitalist, it did not occur to any one that Co-operation was not complete so long as the servants of the store were left out. If profits were to be shared by all who contributed to produce them, the servants of the store have their claim.

The conception of the co-operative principle in 1844 had assumed the following form: Co-operation is a scheme of shopkeeping for the working people, where no credit is given or received, where pure articles of just measure are sold at market prices, and the profits accumulated for the purchasers to create like advantage in the workshop.

It was not until twenty-four years later, namely, in 1868, that Rochdale attempted to extend the principle of Co-operation to manufactures. Their method of doing this was to divide profits with the workers. Those who had discovered that the interest of the purchaser was worth buying, were ready to admit that the interest of the workman was also worth buying. Clerks, managers, workmen, whoever in any capacity, high or low, were engaged in promoting the profits, were to be counted in the distribution. Twelve years more elapsed before any current definition of Co-operation contained the following addition: The main principle of Co-operation is that in all new enterprises, whether of trades or manufacture, the profits shall be distributed in equitable proportions among all engaged in creating it.[1]

At the Social Science Congress held in Edinburgh in 1867, I asked Professor Fawcett to take occasion in one of the Sections to define Co-operation as he conceived it, that we might be

[1] "Logic of Co-operation," lecture by the writer.

able to quote his authority in our societies. He did so in words which included labour as well as capital, in the division of profits.

The most comprehensive statement of Co-operation is that given by a master of definitions, and placed at the head of this chapter. It occurred in the first public speech Mr. John Stuart Mill was known to have made. A great Co-operative Tea Party, of members of co-operative societies in London, was held in the Old Crown and Anchor Hall, Strand, then known as the Whittington Club. Being acquainted with Mr. Mill, I solicited him to define the nature of Co-operation as he conceived it, for our guidance, and he did. "It is not Co-operation," he said, "where a few persons join for the purpose of making a profit by which only a portion of them benefit. Co-operation is where the whole of the produce is divided. What is wanted is that the whole working class should partake of the *profits of labour*."

Years elapsed before any official definition was attempted of Co-operation. The Co-operative Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne (1873) agreed upon a floating definition of a co-operative society, stating that "any society should be regarded as co-operative which divided profits with labour, or trade, or both." Prior to this, I had taken some trouble to show that if the purchaser from a manufacturing society was to be placed on the same footing as the purchaser from a store, a similar extension of business and profits would be likely to arise in the workshop which had accrued at the store ; and the cost of advertising and travellers and commissions would be greatly reduced. This led to a more comprehensive definition of the scope of co-operative principle which was thus expressed.

Co-operation is an industrial scheme for delivering the public from the conspiracy of capitalists, traders or manufacturers, who would make the labourer work for the least and the consumer pay the utmost, for whatever he needs of money, machines, or merchandise. Co-operation effects this deliverance by taking the workman and the customer into partnership in every form of business it devises.[1]

[1] "Logic of Co-operation." Confusion arises from capital being treated as a recipient of profit. There never will be clearness of view in Co-

All co-operators who have, as the Italians say, "eyes that can see a buffalo in the snow," will see the policy of counting the customer and the worker as an ally. Until this is done, Productive Co-operation will "wriggle" in the markets of competition, as Denner says in "Felix Holt," "like a worm that tries to walk on its tail." Co-operation consists—

1. Concert regulated by honesty, with a view to profit by economy.

2. Equitable distribution of profits among all concerned in creating them, whether by purchases, service in distribution, or by labour, or custom in manufactures.

Dr. Elder, in his work entitled "Topics of the Day," says: "The term Co-operation is restricted to organised combinations designed to relieve them of intermediates in productive industry. Co-operation is partnership in profits equitably distributed in proportion to the severalties of capital,[1] labour skill, and management."

There is an evolution in definitions, as in other things, which it is useful to trace. There is need of this, for principles like—

> "Truth can never be confirmed enough,
> Though doubts did ever sleep."

The main idea that should never be absent from the mind of a co-operator is that equity pays, and that the purchaser at the store and the worker in the workshop, mill, or field, or mine, or on the sea, should have a beneficial interest in what he is doing. A principle is a sign by which a movement is known, is a rule of action, and a pledge of policy to be pursued. To be a man of principle is to be known as a person having definite ideas, who sees his way and has chosen it, while others are confused he is clear. While others go round about he goes straight on. When others are in doubt he knows exactly what to do. But the majority are not of this quality. They see a principle for a short time and then lose sight of it. Some one may point out that the new paths lead to a place the very opposite of that they proposed to

operation until capital is counted as a trade charge—and when paid, done with. Labour by brain or hand is the sole claimant of profits.

[1] Dr. Elder follows the old idea of including "capital" in the "severalties" entitled to profit. Capital is entitled to payment but not profit.

reach. Having no clear discernment of the nature of principle, the unreflecting think one object as good as another, or better, if they see immediate advantage in it.

Co-partnery is not Co-operation. A co-partnery proceeds by hiring money and labour and excluding the labourer from participating in the profit made. English Co-operation never accepted even Louis Blanc's maxim of giving to each according to his wants, and of exacting from each according to his capacity. This points to the reorganisation of society. English Co-operation gives nothing to a man because he wants it, but because he earns it.

Where the interest of the purchaser is not recognised in the store—where the claim of the workman is not recognised in the production—there is no Co-operation ; and the assumption of the name is misleading. Distributive Co-operation which takes in the purchaser, and leaves out the servants of the store, is partial Co-operation. Productive Co-operation, which does not recognise the directors, managers, and workmen, is incomplete Co-operation.

When capital divides profits with shareholders only and as such, that is joint-stockism. It does not care for workers, except to use them—nor appeal to their sympathies, nor enlist their zeal, or character, or skill, or good will. And to do the joint-stock system justice it does not ask for them. It bargains for what it can get. It trusts to compelling as much service as answers its purpose. Even if by arrangement all the workmen are shareholders in a joint-stock company, this does not alter the principle. As workmen, because of their work, they get nothing. They are still, as workmen, mere instruments of capital. As shareholders they are more likely to promote the welfare of their company than otherwise ; but they do it as a matter of business rather than as a matter of principle. Joint-stock employers often do have regard for their men, and do more in many cases for their men than their men would have the sense to do for themselves. But all this comes in the form of a gift—as a charity—not as a right of labour.

If workmen had capital and held shares in enterprises in which they were engaged in labour, they would be merely a capitalist class, studying how to to get the most by the employ-

ment of others, how early to desert work themselves, and subsist upon the earnings of those to whom labour was still an obligation. What Co-operation proposes is that workmen should combine to manufacture and arrange to distribute profits among themselves, and among all of their own order whom they employ. By establishing the right of labour, as labour, to be counted as capital, by dividing profits on labour, they would give it dignity; they would appeal to the skill, good-will, to the utmost capacity and honest pride of a workman, and have a real claim upon him in these respects.

It is quite conceivable that many working men will yet, for a long time to come, prefer the present independent relation of master and servant. Many a man who has the fire of the savage in him, and whom civilisation has not taught how much more happiness can be commanded by considering the welfare of others than by considering only himself, prefers working on war terms, unfettered by any obligation. He has no sympathy to give, and he does not care that none is offered him. He would not reciprocate it if it were. He dislikes being bound, even by interest. Any binding is objectionable to him. Hate, malevolence, spite, and conspiracy are not evils to him. He rather likes them. His mode of action may bring evils and privation upon others; but he is not tender on these points; and if he be a man of ability in his trade he can get through life pretty well while health lasts, and enjoy insolent days.

The imputations heaped upon capital arise from workmen always seeing its claws when it has uncontrolled mastery. No animal known to Dr. Darwin has so curvilinear a back or nails so long and sharp as the capitalist cat. As the master of industry—unless in generous hands—capital bites very sharp. As the servant of industry it is the friend of the workman. Nobody decries capital in itself, except men with oil in their brains, which causes all their ideas to slip about, and never rest upon any fact. Capital is an assistant creator. It is selfish when it takes all the profits of the joint enterprise of money and labour. It is capable of buying up land and abruptly turning people off it—it is capable of buying up markets and making the people pay what it pleases; it is capable of shutting the doors of labour until men are starved into working on its own terms. Capital is like fire, or steam,

or electricity, a good friend but a bad master. Capital as a servant is a helpmate and co-operator. To limit his mastership he must be subjected to definite interest. This was the earliest device of co-operators, but its light has grown dim in many minds, and in many undertakings has never shone at all.

In Distributive Co-operation the interest of capital is counted as a trade charge to be paid before profits are counted; and in Productive Co-operation the same rule should be followed.

In England we do not apply the term co-operative to business in reference to the source of profit, but to the distribution of the profit. In a store, profit is not divided upon the amount of capital invested, but upon the amount of purchases by members. The purchasers are in the place of workers—they cause the profits and get them, while capital, a neutral agent, is paid a fixed interest and no more.

On the other hand, Productive Co-operation is an association of workers who unite to obtain profit by their labour, and who divide profit upon labour, just as in a store they are divided upon purchases. Mr. Roswell Fisher, of Montreal, presents the advantage of the principle of dividing profits upon labour in a clear form. It is this: The workmen should subscribe their own capital, or hire it at the rate at which it can be had in the money market, according to the risk of the business in which it is to be embarked: then assign to managers, foremen, and workmen the salaries they can command. Out of the gross earnings, wages, the hire of labour; the hire of capital; all materials, wear and tear, and expenses of all kinds are defrayed. The surplus is profit, and that profit is divided upon the labour according to its value. Thus, if the profits were 5 per cent., and the chief director has £10 a week, and a skilful workman £2, the director would take £50 of the profit, and the workmen £5. The capital, whether owned by the workmen or others, would have received its agreed payment, and would have no claim upon the profits of labour.

The ceaseless conflicts between capital and labour arise from capital not being content with the payment of its hire. When it has received interest according to its risk, and according to agreement, there should be an end of its claims. Labour then would regard capital as an agent which it must pay; but when

it has earned the wages of capital and paid them, labour ought to be done with capital. Capital can do nothing, can earn nothing, of itself; but employed by labour, the brains, and industry of workmen can make it productive. Capital has no brains, and makes no exertions. When capital has its interest its claims end. It is capital taking the profits earned by labour that produces conflict. In Co-operation labour does not consider profit made until capital is requited for its aid.

A distinguished French co-operative writer, M. Réclus, says, "Give the capitalist only one-third of the surplus profits, and the worker two-thirds." Mr. Hill replies, "In countries like India, wherein capital is comparatively scarce, it can and will command high terms in any agreement it may make with labour; whilst in North America, where *labour* is scarce, labour can and will command comparatively high terms in its agreement with capital. It would seem a monstrous violation of abstract principle that, whilst in order to earn fifty guineas a low-class agricultural labourer must work hard for two whole years, Jenny Lind should obtain such a sum for singing one single song! But so it is; and why—but that mere labourers are plentiful, whilst of Jenny Linds there is but one." [1] A Jenny Lind rate of interest must be given for it if it cannot be had without, but having got that it should not come up a second or third time for more.

Capitalists hired labour, paid its market price, and took all profits. Co-operative labour proposes to hire capital, pay it its market price, and itself take all profit. It is more reasonable and better for society and progress that men should own capital than that capital should own men.

[1] *Co-operator*, September, 1865.

CHAPTER XXI

DISTRIBUTION.—THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE

"Co-operation is the true goal of our industrial progress, the appointed means of rescuing the Labouring Class from dependence, dissipation, prodigality, and need, and establishing it on a basis of forecast, calculation, sobriety, and thrift, conducive at once to its material comfort, its intellectual culture, and moral elevation."—HORACE GREELEY, Founder of the *New York Tribune*.

SHOPS in most countries are confined to the sale of one, or a very few articles. Among artificers in metals work-rooms are called "workshops." In towns where articles, and provisions in portable quantities, are sold, they are called simply "shops." Where great varieties of goods are collected together for sale it is called a "Store." This American name was very early applied to co-operative shops, where articles of many kinds, groceries, garments, feet-gear, and goods of household use, were stored for sale. This is called Distributive Co-operation. The manufacture of articles for sale is called Productive Co-operation.

The earliest, humblest, and quaintest store founded in England, so far as my researches have gone, is that set up by the sagacious Bishop Barrington, one of George the Third's Bishops, who held the see of Durham at the end of the seventeenth century. At first sight it is not a recommendation to posterity to have been one of the Georgian Bishops. What did Walter Savage Landor say of the Georges ? [1]

[1] Thackeray had devoted four lectures to the four Georges when Landor put their history into six lines and sent them to Mr. H. J Slack, who was then editor of the *Atlas* newspaper, in which they first appeared :—

"George the First was always reckoned
Vile—viler George the Second,
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third ?
And when from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised the Georges ended."

However, Bishop Barrington was a great favourite in Durham, and had fine qualities and gracious ways. When my inquiry for co-operative facts appeared in the *New York Tribune*, a correspondent, at the foot of the Alleghanies, sent me pages of an old magazine, which he had carried from England long years ago, with his household goods, containing, in large type, an "account of a village shop at Mongewell, in the county of Oxford, communicated by the Bishop of Durham." This humble provision store, with its scanty stock, its tottering pauper storekeeper, with his shilling a week salary, is a picture of the humblest beginning any great movement ever had. No doubt the Bishop was a good secular preacher. He certainly was a man of business, and showed perfect knowledge of the working of a store, and would make no bad manager of one in these days. He describes the condition of poor people in those times: their ignorance, their helplessness, their humility of expectation, and the economical and moral advantages of a co-operative store, as completely and briefly as they ever were described. I enrich these pages with the Bishop's words:—

"In the year 1794, a village shop was opened at Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, for the benefit of the poor of that and three small adjoining parishes. A quantity of such articles of consumption as they use was procured from the wholesale dealers as bacon, cheese, candles, soap, and salt, to be sold at prime cost, and for ready money. The bacon and cheese, being purchased in Gloucestershire, had the charge of carriage. This plan was adopted under the apparent inconvenience of not having a more proper person to sell the several commodities, than an infirm old man, unable to read or write. He received the articles that were wanted for the week; and it has appeared by his receipts at the close of it, that he has been correct. Since the commencement to the present time, there has been no reason to regret his want of scholarship: a proof how very easy it must be to procure, in every village, a person equal to the task. As he has parish pay, and his house-rent is discharged, he is perfectly contented with his salary of *one shilling per week*, having also the common benefit of the shop.

"As the prices of the shop articles have varied much during the past year (1796), it will be easy to judge of the advantage by taking them at the average, and the account will be more

simple. The price of the sale has been in the proportion stated, against the prices of the shops in the neighbourhood.

"The rate of bacon purchased, has been eightpence halfpenny per pound; the carriage rather more than a farthing. It was sold for ninepence farthing; the advantage to the poor was twopence three-farthings per pound. Cheese cost fourpence three-farthings; carriage more than a farthing; sold for sixpence: advantage to the poor, one penny per pound. Soap, candles, and salt, sold at prime cost: the advantage on these articles to the poor was one pound eleven shillings.

"There is a loss on the soap from cutting and keeping: to prevent which it is laid in by small quantities. Buying the salt by the bushel, almost covers the loss sustained from selling it by the pound.

"The quantity of bacon sold during the year was one hundred and sixty-eight score. Cheese twenty-eight hundred weight.

Account of payments in 1796.

Candles, soap, and salt	£31	1	6
Bacon	120	0	0
Cheese	62	9	5
Carriage	7	11	3
Salary	2	12	0
	£223	14	2

"The receipts corresponded, except by fifteen shillings: which arose from the poor of Mongewell having been allowed their soap and candles a penny per pound under prime cost. The saving to the poor was—

On bacon	£34	16	8
On cheese	11	13	4
On candles, &c.	1	11	0
	£48	1	0

"Hence it appears that the addition to the prime cost of bacon and cheese, is equal to the loss on the hocks and the

cutting. Every other part of the flitch being sold at the same price.

"Since the commencement of the present year (1797) rice and coarse sugar have been introduced into the Mongewell shop, with much benefit; particularly the former (rice).

"From the above statement it is seen that, taking all the articles together sold at the Mongewell shop, there was a saving to the poor of 21 per cent. in the supply of several of the most important articles of life. Many, in every parish, would lend their assistance to carry this plan into execution, if it were known that the *rates* would be lowered at the same time that the poor were benefited.

"From the adoption of this plan, the poor will have good weight, and articles of the best quality; which, without imputing dishonesty to the country shopkeeper, will not always be the case at a common shop. Where there is no power of rejection, it is not probable that much regard would be paid to these considerations by the seller.

"The comforts of the poor may thus be promoted, by bringing within their reach the articles of life which they chiefly want, of the best quality, and at the cheapest rate. Their morals will also be improved by the removal of an inducement to frequent the alehouse. The parish rates will be lessened, even if the articles were sold without profit; for the labourer will be enabled to purchase clothing for his family without other assistance.

"Another benefit of this measure is the preventing the poor running in debt. The credit given to them adds much to the sufferings they undergo from their situation. As the poor find that they can procure necessaries for their families by credit, they feel less scrupulous in spending part of their weekly wages at the alehouse. Hence the earnings of the following week are diminished, by having mis-spent their time as well as their money. There are but few parishes which do not confirm the truth of these observations; and which have not been called upon to redeem such goods of the poor, as the shopkeeper had at length seized, to cover himself from loss, and when he had no hopes of security from their labour."

It is impossible not to feel respect for the poor "infirm old" storekeeper—although "he could neither read nor write," his

"receipts were always correct," and if he wanted "scholarship" he did not want honesty. The reader will agree this is a very minute and remarkable account of the Village Shop. The grocers of the diocese must have been as angry at the promoters of the innovatory store as they have been since. There has been no Co-operative Bishop who has had more discernment of the subject, has taken such trouble to establish a store, or given so useful an account of it, as the Bishop of Durham.

The co-operative store which Mr. Owen established at New Lanark was very rudimentary, precisely such as we have in London under the name of Civil Service Stores. Knowing that the workpeople—as is the case everywhere with the poor—had to pay really high prices for very inferior articles, and could never depend upon their purity or just measure, he fitted up a store at New Lanark with the best provisions that could be obtained and sold them to his workpeople at cost price, with only such a slight addition as to pay the expenses of collecting and serving the goods. Some households (managers probably) with large families are said to have saved as much as ten shillings a week through buying at Mr. Owen's store. After a time he added to the cost and distributing price a sum for educational purposes, and thus he laid the foundation of that wise plan for applying a portion of profit to the education of the members and their families. Mr. Owen afterwards appropriated a portion of his manufacturing profits to the improvement of the dwellings of the workpeople, and the instruction of their families. On one occasion, when his partners came down from London to inspect his proceedings, they found so many things to approve and so much profit made, they presented him with a piece of plate. Mr. Owen had incurred an expenditure of £5,000 for new schools. They had no belief that intelligence would pay. Mr. Owen was entirely of the opposite conviction, and though he did not make his workpeople sharers in the profits of the factory, in the form of paying them dividends, he made them participators in the profits by the ample provision he made for their education, their profit, their pleasure, and their health.

"Before completing this history I visited New Lanark, to look upon the mills erected on the falls of the Clyde by Sir Richard Arkwright and David Dale, now more than one

hundred years ago, and made famous by Robert Owen. Though I had often heard him speak of what he had done there, and had examined several accounts given by his son, the Honourable Robert Dale Owen, I never conceived the high esteem for him which I felt when I saw with my own eyes what he had accomplished. I thought the schoolrooms, of which so much was said, were some unused rooms in the mill and were entered by a hole in the wall—being, as I knew, commodious, but, as I supposed, mean and tame and cheap in construction. Whereas I found the schoolhouse a separate structure, built of stone, vast and stately with handsome portico supported by four stone pillars. There are three schoolrooms on the ground floor, which will each hold 600 or 700 people. Above are two lecture halls, lofty and well lighted; one would hold 800; another, with a gallery all round it, would hold 2,000 people. The reading-desk (and the stairs to it) from which Mr. Owen first announced his celebrated scheme for the reconstruction of the world; the handsome triangular lights, still bright, which used to hang from the ceiling, and the quaint apparatus for the magic lantern, are there still; and in another building, built by him for a dancing-room for the young people, are stored numerous blackboards, on which are painted musical scales and countless objects in various departments of nature. There are also very many canvas diagrams, some of immense dimensions, which are well and brightly painted, as was Mr. Owen's wont, by the best artists he could procure. They must have cost him a considerable sum of money. Time, neglect, and 'decay's effacing fingers' have rendered them but a wreck of what they were, but they are still perfect enough to show the state in which Object Teaching was when it was first invented. Mr. Owen knew Fellenberg and Froebel, and carried out their ideas with the opulent ardour with which he conceived them, years before they found opportunity of carrying them out themselves. My purpose in mentioning these things is that the South Kensington or other Museum may hear of them. Most of the diagrams are capable of being restored, and are numerous enough to make an exhibition in themselves, and would be of great interest to the new generation of teachers in any town in which they could be seen. The Messrs.

Walkers, who now own the mills, and who have preserved this famous collection of school furniture, may be willing to transfer them to some public museum. It is now (1878) nearly sixty years since they were first used, and their existence has long been unknown to teachers. Dr. Lyon Playfair is in America, or I would ask him to interest himself about them. Probably Professor Hodgson, of Edinburgh University, would—he being near them, and being one who cares for the traditions of education. It matters little in what museum the relics in question may be placed, provided they are preserved from loss."[1]

On kicking away the layers of mortar which had fallen from the ceiling of the great lecture hall, to make sure that the floor was safe to tread upon, I found underneath diagrams which had been walked over until they were in tatters. It was thus I was led to inquire whether any others existed. Mr. Bright had just then asked whether the ruins of the mills of Manchester would one day mark the extinction of commerce, as the ruins of Tantallon Castle marked the extinction of the feudal system. I thought as I walked through the deserted lecture hall of New Lanark, that I was treading amid the ruins of education.

So late as 1863 a store existed in London exactly in the condition to which they had degenerated when their social purpose had ceased, conducted merely as a joint-stock shop. At that time Mr. Ebenezer Edger joined with me in endeavouring to organise a union of the scattered Co-operative Societies of the Metropolis. Our circular was sent to one whose address was 30, Ion Square, Hackney Road, N. Mr. Chas. Clarke, the Manager, sent the following reply: "Our association cannot be classed exactly amongst Co-operative Stores, so we have no interest to publish our affairs, as we won't have *anybody* in with us. As for Directors *we are very particular*. I am sole Manager of all, and intend to keep so. Any who join us can make a small fortune, but must obey my instructions, but we are independent of any who wish to join, we keep in working order with our present number."

Mr. Clarke did not favour us with the method whereby

[1] Letter to the *Times*, by G. J. Holyoake, November 13, 1877, inserted under the head of "Educational Archæology."

"each member joining his store could make a small fortune." Had he made it known and it proved satisfactory, so valuable a manager would never have been left to waste his abilities in Ion Square.

Dr. Angus Smith has stated that London has in it nineteen climates. Every town has several different climates and several entirely different classes of people—quite distinct races, if regard be had to their minds and ways of living. No one supposed that the men of Rochdale would carry Co-operation forward as they did. The men of Liverpool knew more about it. The men of Birmingham had more of its inspiration and traditions, and more advocates and leaders of Co-operation in it than any other town. Manchester had more experience of it. Leeds had more energy among its men. Sheffield had more spirit and individual determination. Scotland had seen its foundations laid in their midst, and two communities had been started among them. Yet Rochdale, from whom no one expected anything, eventually did everything. In England there is more business enterprise than in Germany, yet Schulze-Delitsch has overrun the land with Credit Banks for lending money to persons who would put it into trade or commerce, while in this country it has never entered into the heart of any human being, unless it be Dr. Hardwicke, to imagine that any person might profit in like manner.[1]

The difference between German and English Co-operation is this: the German co-operator sets up Credit Banks, the English co-operator sets up Stores. The Germans lend money, the Englishman makes it. The way in which it was done was explained by Dr. Watts. "A well-conducted co-operative store can offer a workman $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rise on his wages, and that without a strike or struggle. I had before me in March of 1861 returns from sixty-five co-operative stores, and I found their average dividends showed a profit of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is one shilling and sixpence in the pound. My own pass-book shows that I paid on November 3rd (1860) £1 to become a member. I have paid nothing since, and I am now (1872) credited with £3 16s. 6d., nearly 300 per cent. on my capital in a single year. Of course that arises from my

[1] Since then Mr. Henry W. Wolff has introduced the system into this country and published an important book on "Credit Banks."

purchases having been large in proportion to my investment."[1]

Dr. Watts pointed out how singular a thing it is that "the poorest people have the most servants. The poor man has to pay the importer, the wholesale dealer, the retail dealer, and often the huckster. These are all his servants; they all do work for him and they have to be paid; so the very poorest man who wants to become richer has only to drop his servants."

A modern co-operative store generally obtains success by five things:—

1. Intelligent discontent at being compelled to buy bad articles at a high price.

2. By opening a small, low-rented clean shop, and selling good goods at honest measure and at average prices.

3. By increasing the cheapness of goods bought by concert of custom. The more money can be taken into the market, the further it goes in purchasing; the large custom diminishes the cost of management.

4. By buying from the Wholesale Society, stock can be obtained from the best markets at the lowest rates and of good quality. It is by *continuity of quality* that the prosperity of a store is established.

5. By capitalising the first profits carried to the credit of the members until they amount to £5. By this means the first hundred members supply a capital of £500.

Leicester, which King Lear founded before his daughters were disagreeable, and which had a Mint in the year 978, did not at first supply its store with sufficient capital, the members subscribing but £1 or £2 each. The result was that the store was pale in the face through financial inanition. If the society had a physician it would have been ordered an appropriate increase of financial diet immediately. Pale-faced stores are starved stores; and when young have rickets.

The store must be fed with capital, the weekly official paper of the movement must be fed with subscribers, the heads of the members must be filled with ideas. If a store have not sufficient capital for its business it has the ghostly look of a disembodied thing. Wise members take in the Journal which represents the cause of the stores and the workshop.

[1] Lecture, Mechanics' Institution, Manchester, November, 1861.

In commencing a store, the first thing to do is for two or three persons to call a meeting of those likely to join. In this world two or three persons always do everything. Certainly, a few persons are at the bottom of every improvement, initiating it and urging it on. Capital for the store is usually provided by each person putting down his or her name for as much as each may be able—towards payment of five shares of one pound each. If the store is to be a small one, a hundred members subscribing a one or two-pound share each will enable a beginning to be made. It is safest for the members to subscribe their own capital. Interest has to be paid upon borrowed money often before any profits are made. Sometimes the lenders become alarmed, and call their loans in suddenly, which commonly breaks up the store, or directors have to become guarantees for its payment, and then the control of the store necessarily falls into their hands. By commencing upon the system of the intending co-operators subscribing their own capital, a larger number of members are obtained, and all have personal interest in the store, and give it their custom.

A secretary should be appointed, and a treasurer; and two or three nimble-footed, good-tempered, willing fellows named as collectors, who shall go round to the members, and bring into the treasury their subscriptions. Some place should be chosen where members can pay them. Some will have the right feeling, good sense, and punctuality to go, or send, and pay their money unasked. But these are always few. Many will think they do quite enough to subscribe, without being at trouble to do it. Considering, as Dr. Isaac Watts says, that "the mind is the standard of the man," it is astonishing how few people "know their own minds," and how many have to be fined to bring it to their recollection that they have "minds." Numbers of well-meaning working men can only pay at a certain time in each week, and if the collector does not catch them then, they cannot pay that week at all, for their money is gone. The collectors of store funds require to be men of practical sense, capable of infinite trouble and patience. Ungrudging praise is due to whoever undertakes this work. They are the real founders of the store.

At first, wholesale dealers were shy of co-operators, and would not sell to them, and the societies bought at a dis-

advantage in consequence. Before long friendly dealers arose, who treated them on fair terms. Mr. Woodin, of London, Mr. J. McKenzie, of Glasgow, tea merchants, Messrs. Constable and Henderson, of London, wholesale sugar dealers, Messrs. Ward & Co., of Leeds, provision merchants, were examples of tradesmen of the kind described. A wholesale agency now exists in Manchester, which keeps buyers who understand what to buy and where to buy it. This Wholesale Society[1] enables a young society to offer at once to its customers goods of quality, so that the poorest residents of Shoreditch or Bethnal Green could buy food as pure and rich as though they were purchasers at Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly—in fact, obtain West End provisions at East End prices. Dishonesty among co-operators is very rare, and it is sufficiently provided against by guarantees. When servants are appointed, they should never be distrusted on rumour, or conjecture, or hearsay, or suspicion. Nothing but the clearly ascertained fact of wrong-doing should be acted upon as against them. If every society took as much trouble to find out whether it has good servants as it does to find out whether it has bad ones, many societies would flourish that now fail. As Mr. J. S. Mill said to the London co-operators, whom he addressed at the Whittington Club, "Next to the misfortune to a society of having bad servants, is to have good servants and not to know it." Talleyrand used to say to his agents, "Beware of zeal," which leads men into indiscretions. But if earnestness without zeal can be got, success is certain. A true co-operator has three qualities — good sense, good temper, and good will. Most people have one or the other quality, but a true co-operator has all three: "good sense," to dispose him to make the most of his means; "good temper," to enable him to associate with others; "good will," to incline him to serve others, and be at trouble to serve them, and to go on serving them, whether they are grateful or not in return, caring only to know that he does good, and finding it a sufficient reward to see that others are benefited through his unsolicited, unthanked, unrequited exertions. Sooner or later —generally later—they will be appreciated.

[1] There is a branch of the Wholesale at 99, Leman Street, London; and one in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In a properly-constituted store, the funds are disposed of quarterly or half-yearly in six ways. (1) Expenses of management; (2) interest due on loans; (3) 10 per cent. of the value of the fixed stock, set apart to cover wear and tear;[1] (4) dividends on subscribed capital of the members; (5) 2½ per cent. of the remaining profit to be applied to educational purposes; (6) the residue, and that only, is then divided among all the persons employed and members of the store in proportion to the amount of their wages and of their purchases, varying from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. in the pound.

Co-operators have known how to keep accounts. Dr. Watts, being the manager of an insurance society which guarantees the integrity of persons in responsible situations, bears this testimony: "I have had to do with a considerable number of them professionally, having had to guarantee the honesty of the managers, which has enabled me, when I see any fault in the accounts, to insist upon it being rectified; and I can say that the balance-sheets of co-operative societies, as a rule, would be a credit to any public accountant. There is no single thing hidden; you may trace the whole of the society's operations through the figures of the quarterly report." Co-operators also manage their affairs very peacefully, for though I, the writer, have been appointed arbitrator to many societies, I have never been called upon to adjudicate upon any difference, save twice in thirty years. Other arbitrators have also reason to complain of want of business.

It is not pretended that Co-operation is a special solvent of scoundrelism, only that it diminishes the temptations to it. The dealer, the order-getter, and travelling agent of commercial firms are often the corruptors of store-keepers and store-managers. Some few years ago a manufacturer of a class of articles in general demand in stores, endeavoured to do business with them. Being a man of honesty himself, his agents made no offer of commission or any gift to store-keepers, and he soon found that he could not do business with them worthy

[1] Mr. Willis Knowles, an experienced co-operator, says that the store at Hyde finds it most profitable to extinguish the fixed stock charge as early as possible—making the fund set aside for depreciations large for this purpose; for whatever value is put upon unredeemed and fixed stock has to receive interest which is equivalent to a rent charge. This being cleared off allows a larger dividend to be paid to members.

of his attention. He succeeded for a time, but ere long orders fell off, or complaints were made without reason. It was within my knowledge that the goods offered in this case were really pure. The manufacturer, for there were not many competitors in his business, knew that orders were given by the stores to the firms that could not supply goods equal to his in quality and cheapness. At the same time I knew of cases in another part of the country where Co-operation was better understood which was creditable to store-keepers. There was a dealer in London known to me who would corrupt any one he could for trade, and who did not care who knew it. His doctrine was the common one that if he did not do it some rival would—an argument by which any knave might justify himself in pocket-picking. This villainous logician was a man of respectability, punctual in the payment of pew rents. He showed me a letter he had had from Jay Giggles, a well-known store-keeper in the North. Any one would think the name fictitious who did not know what extraordinary names co-operators have.[1] Giggles had given an order to the house in question, and for reasons of his own, sent afterwards this note:—

"Sir,—Perhaps it is right to inform you that I do not ask, nor expect, nor take any gift from your traveller, to whom I have given orders; I therefore expect to have good goods sent me. I may not find it out very soon if they are not what I am promised by your traveller, but I shall before long make the discovery, or somebody will for me, and then you will have no more orders. I do not pretend to be such a very virtuous person; but my directors give me a good salary that I may not be tempted to seek gifts. I am therefore bound to do the best I can for them. If I do not, I shall be found out, and I shall lose my place.

"Jay Giggles."[2]

[1] Robert Owen's first employer at Stamford was named McGuffog. A manufacturer with whom he had early relations, was a Mr. Oldknow.

[2] The man's name was Giggles. His mother being an admirer of the Rev. Mr. Jay, of Bath, whom she had heard in her time, would have her son named Jay—rather an absurd union. Any one who passes to-day near the Hyde Park entrance in Brompton Road may read in large letters over the door, the name Tagus Shout. Never was there before such a wide-mouthed name for a moneychanger. Co-operators are not alone singular in their names. There was until lately a firm of auctioneers in Kensington trading under the name of Giddy and Giddy.

"Ah," said the dealer in his prompt and unabashed way, turning to his traveller, who was just up in town, "Here's a a letter from J. G. Jay may have the Giggles, but there is no giggling about Jay."

The local habits of purchasers make a considerable difference in the cost of managing a store. In some towns purchasers will walk great distances to buy at a store. In another place members will expect four ounces of salt butter to be sent them. In many towns customers will wait in numbers to be served in the order of their arrival. In other towns customers want to be served at once, and will go into any shop rather than wait long at the counter of the store. In these cases, the directors are compelled to provide more counter-men than are really needed, in order that customers may be quickly served. The impetuosity, or impatience, of members puts a large store to expense or loss, it may be of several hundred pounds, which another society in the next town saves. No grocers could be persuaded that the day would come when co-operative societies would raise their prices and increase their profits. Yet this continually occurs; grocers' profit, and the outside public are taxed by co-operative stores. The public, however, can protect themselves by joining the stores. As soon as the dividends on purchases at a store rise higher than the average ordinarily attained, it generally means that higher charges for goods are made by the directors of the store than is charged by shopkeepers in the neighbourhood. As soon as the astute shopkeeper becomes aware of this, he is enabled to raise his prices in proportion. All this is clear gain to him, and he owes this gain to the store.

Any person engaged in promoting stores may obtain information and various publications upon the subject by writing to the General Secretary, Co-operative Union, Long Millgate, Manchester. Among them is one by Mr. Walter Morrison, entitled "Village Co-operative Stores," which contains exactly those practical and familiar suggestions which everybody who belongs to a co-operative store, or desires to promote the establishment of one, would like to have at hand to consult. Besides, Mr. Morrison gives a much-wanted and practical list of the "Description of the Goods," their weight, price, and quantity which a store should begin with; nor does he omit

those higher considerations which make Co-operation worth caring for and worth promoting.

One of the best accounts, next to that of the Bishop of Durham, of the formation and career of a country store was given some time ago by Lord Ducie in the *Times*. It is a complete story of a store, and would make a perfect co-operative tract. This store was commenced on Lord Ducie's property at Tortworth, Gloucestershire, in March, 1867. It was conducted on the "Northern" store plan. The villagers were all in debt to the shops, from which the stores soon freed them. Lord Ducie says, "The moral action of the store thus becomes of great value, encouraging a virtue which precept alone has long failed to promote. The shareholders at the end of the first year were as follows:—Labourers, 25; carpenters and masons, 11; tradesmen, 9; farmers, 6; gardeners, 6; clergy, gentlemen, and domestic servants, and various occupations, 16. Large purchases have been made by non-shareholders, receiving only half profits. The sales were: For the first quarter, £320; second, £349; third, £468; fourth, £511. The dividends to shareholders have been, on purchases: For the first quarter, 3s. 4d.; second, 2s. 9d.; third, 3s. 2d.; fourth, 3s. 6d. For various reasons, the dividends will not in future range higher than 3s. in the pound. The accounts at the end of the year of three labourers who joined at the commencement were:—

	Paid-up Capital.	Dividend on Money Expended.
A	£1 0 0	£5 0 7
B	1 14 10	2 10 0
C	0 19 3	3 17 0

Those men earn 12s. each per week; the difference in the amount of their dividends arises from the different amounts expended by each. A, for instance, has a large family, some of whom add to the family income; his purchases have been large, and the result is a dividend which much more than pays the rent of his house and garden. These men have also received 5 per cent. upon their paid-up capital. The first year of the store ended, the committee ventured upon a drapery branch, having expended £230 in stocking it. They have determined to pay their salesmen 2½ per cent. upon sales in

lieu of a fixed salary, and have secured the whole of their time. They have also decided to pay committeemen 6d. each for every attendance, a humble extravagance which will contrast favourably with the practice of more ambitious institutions."

Of the success of these societies a thousand anecdotes might be related. In these pages the reader will meet with many. One is told by Mr. Alderman Livesey, of Rochdale: "A poor labouring man, owing about £15 to his grocer for provisions, resolved to join a co-operative society. He called upon the grocer and announced his intention to leave the shop. The grocer was of course indignant. The debtor, however, remarked that he was quite prepared to pay his debt by such weekly or monthly instalments as the judge of the county court might direct, and he was willing to do it without the expense and trouble of a legal process. Ultimately the grocer consented to this arrangement. The man kept his promise, the grocer was in due course paid off; profits accumulated in the co-operative society, and he is now the owner of the house he lives in, and is also the owner of another property which he values very highly—a county vote."

The rule of the co-operators to give no credit and take none, saves them the expense of book-keeping, and enables many poor men to escape the slavery of debt themselves. The credit system existed in the Halifax Society until May, 1861, to the extent of two-thirds of the amount of paid-up capital by each member; the confusion, trouble, waste of time, vexation, and moral harm was great. When some Lord Chancellor does what Lord Westbury attempted, abolishes small credits altogether among the people, the poor will become grateful enough and rich enough to put up a statue to his memory in every town.

The normal condition of a workman who is not a co-operator, is to be in debt. Whatever his wages are, he has a book at the grocer's, and he is a fortnight behind the world. If any one benevolently cleared him of debt and gave him a week's money to pay his way with, he would never rest till he was in debt again. The power of saving is an act of intelligence, and Co-operation has imparted it. By its aid 10,000 families in some great towns have acquired this profitable habit. Even if members dealing at a store really paid more for an article than

at a grocer's, that surplus cost, as well as the entire profit made, are paid back to them. It is merely a sort of indirect method for increasing their savings, which otherwise they would not make.

Cobbett used to advise a young man before he married, to observe how his intended wife employed herself in her own family, and unless she was thrifty and a good hand at household duties not to have her. Had Cobbett lived to these days he would have advised young men to give the preference to a girl who belonged to a co-operative store. A young woman who has learned never to go into debt, but to buy with money in hand and save some of the profit at the store, is literally worth her weight in gold. Many a gentleman would save £500 or £1,000 a year had he married a co-operative girl. In many parts of the country now, no sensible young woman will marry a man who does not belong to a store.[1]

At the Leicester Congress, 1877, 20,000 copies of a clever little statement were circulated, which will suffice to explain to the most cursory reader what advantages a good co-operative store may confer upon a town.

"1. It makes it possible for working men to obtain pure food at fair market prices!

"2. It teaches the advantage of cash payments over credit!

"3. It gives men a knowledge of business they could not otherwise obtain!

"4. It enables them to carry on a trade of one hundred and sixty thousand a year!

"5. It makes them joint proprietors of freehold property worth upwards of twenty thousand pounds!

"6. It secures them an annual net profit of sixteen thousand pounds!

"7. It raises many a man's wages two or three shillings per week without a strike!

"8. It alleviates more distress than any other social organisation!"[2]

During the year 1875–6 the Leicester Society divided

[1] See "History of Halifax Society."

[2] The parliamentary return of co-operative societies (1877) obtained by Mr. Cowen, M.P., shows that there were upwards of 12,000 societies then.

amongst its members, as dividend, upwards of £23,000, in addition to several thousands added to the members' share capital.

"Practical" people deride sentiment, but they would not be able to make a penny were it not for "sentimental" people, who have in perilous days bleached with their bones the highway on which the "practical" man walks in selfish safety. People would not save money, much as they need it, did not "sentimental" people make it convenient and pleasant for them.

Some societies are obliged to pass resolutions compelling members to withdraw £10,000 or £20,000 of surplus capital accumulating. It was the original intention of the founders of early stores to start manufactories which might yield them higher dividends than the store paid. In some towns of enterprise this has been done, and building societies, boot and shoe works, spinning mills, cloth factories, have been undertaken. Stores have been discontinued, or remained stationary because the members had no faculty for employing their savings. Some societies have failed, not because they were poor, but because they were too rich, and working men, whose despairing complaint was that they had no capital, have lived to be possessors of more capital than they knew what to do with, and have been compelled to draw it out of the society because they had no capacity for employing it productively. Men who at one time thought it a sin to pay interest for money have lived to regret that they can find no means of obtaining interest for theirs. Many men who complain of capitalists taking interest become the sharpest dividend hunters anywhere to be found, and think of nothing else, and sacrifice education and reasonable enjoyment to the silliness of needless accumulation.

Thieves did not understand their opportunity when stores began. For many years gold might have been captured in quantities at many co-operative stores. Between the time of its accumulation and its being lodged in the bank, quantities might have been stolen with impunity. I have seen a thousand sovereigns lying in a bucket, under a cashier's table—which a clever thief might have carried away. But sharper management, the purchase of good safes, the rapid transit of the cash

to the bank, have taken away these chances. At one store, the cashier used to carry a few hundred pounds to the cottage of the treasurer at night when he thought of it; and the treasurer, the next day—if he did not forget it—would take it to the bank. But the fact that the law had begun to prosecute peculators intimidated the thieves, and the general honesty of co-operators afforded security where carelessness prevailed. I remember a secretary of the Oddfellows who was brought before the magistrates in Manchester for stealing £4,600 from the funds, and he was dismissed, as the law then permitted members of a Provident Society to rob it. Very few robberies of co-operative societies have taken place since the law afforded them protection. In 1875 the Hyde Society was robbed of £1,100. In London, the secretary of a Co-operative Printing Society made away with £2,000, and the magistrates dismissed the charge, for no reason that we could discover, unless he thought co-operators ought to be robbed as a warning to them not to interfere with the business of shopkeepers. But, as a general rule, it is not safe now to rob co-operators, and it commonly proves a very unpleasant thing for any charged with such offence. J. C. Farn, who recorded very valuable experience he had both in the illegal and legal period of Co-operation, gave instances. "I have been instrumental in placing persons in co-operative stores, and they have in bygone days plundered almost with impunity. The following cases which I have reported for newspapers will show the state of the law as it was and is. The deciding magistrates were Mr. Trafford at Salford, and Mr. Walker at Manchester:—Applicant: We want a summons. Mr. Trafford: What for? To compel the trustees of a co-operative society to divide the money they have among the shareholders.—Mr. Trafford: Was the society enrolled? No.—Did you take security from those who held the property on the basis of an individual transaction? No.—I can't help you, and I would not if I could. You first form an illegal society, you bungle in the management, and then you want me to help you out of the mess; and, as though this was not enough, you let the Statute of Limitations cover everything. No summons can be granted.' The second case was as follows:—This man, your worship, is charged with embezzling the funds of a co-operative

society.—Mr. Walker : Is it enrolled ? Yes.—Where is a copy of the enrolment ? Here.—Very well. Who is here authorised by the society to prosecute ? I am, your honour, said a person in court.—Go on.—He did go on, and the man was committed. So much for co-operative law in 1853 and 1863."

Stores are in some cases dreary places, and there is often more pleasure in looking into a well-arranged shop window than into a store-window. The taste and ingenuity with which shop-windows are set out certainly give life and interest to the streets. The streets of some cities, which are now brilliant with every art, product, and industry, would look like a prolonged poorhouse, if they were filled with Civil Service and ordinary co-operative stores. The act of purchasing is in itself a pleasure. The dainty association under which a beautiful thing is first seen adds to the delight of possessing it, and the delight is worth paying for. So long as taste and art are unextinguished, the higher class of shop-keeping will endure. The lower class of shops, of cleanliness, simplicity, and articles of honest make, have always been frequented with pleasure and always will. The purchaser of prepared food feels under a personal obligation to the vendor who sells him what is savoury and cleanly made, and what he can eat without misgiving. Mere vulgar shopkeeping, which ministers only to coarseness and cheapness, which lowers the taste of every purchaser, or prevents him acquiring any, and furnishes a means of selling articles which ought never to be made, is but a demoralising business. Such shops were well superseded by real co-operative stores. Co-operative stores improve taste so far as honesty and quality go, but its humble members cannot be all expected to have simple and true taste, which might exist among the poor in degree as well as among the rich. It is seen in the jewels of an Italian peasant, in the dress of a French girl, and in the homes and handi-crafts of working people of many nations. Lectures upon the art of choosing products, why they should be selected in preference to others, in what state consumed, or worn, will no doubt be one day fully associated with co-operative stores.

The Corn Society's New Mill, Weir Street, Rochdale,

according to the engraving which represents it, which I published at the Fleet Street House, twenty or more years ago, is the most melancholy mill that ever made a dividend. Dark, thick, murky clouds surround it, and the sky-line is as grim as the ridges of a coffin. The white glass of the plain front meets the eye like the ghost of a disembodied mill. A dreary waggon, carrying bags of corn, guided by drivers that look like mutes, is making its way through a cold Siberian defile. The builder might have made it pleasant to the eye, with as little expense as he made it ugly. But in those days nobody thought of comeliness, seemliness, or pleasantness in structures, in which men would work all their lives. The really pleasant part about the corn mill was in the minds of the gallant co-operators who set it going, and kept it going. But grimness is gradually changing for the better. Some of the Oldham mills put up under co-operative inspiration are places of some taste, and in some cases of architectural beauty, with towers making a cheerful sky-line without, and spacious windows making the workrooms lightsome within. The old bare-bones view of economy is dying out. It has come to be perceived that it is ugliness which is dear, and beauty which is cheap.

A few years ago there appeared in *Reynolds' Newspaper* a series of letters signed "Unitas," advising the formation of a "National Industrial Provident Society," of which, when the prospectuses appeared, William Watkins was named as the secretary. The object appeared to be to establish co-operative stores, to retain the profits due to the members, and convert them into paid-up premiums in self-devised insurance societies, guaranteeing endowments, superannuation allowances, and other benefits. The plan was ingenious and attractive, and no doubt might be worked as a new feature of co-operation, which would spread the system in many quarters. The idea of persons being able to provide payments in sickness, or loss of employment; and, if the fund to their credit was not exhausted in this way, to secure a sum at death, or a fixed income at a certain age, by simply buying their provisions at a certain store, is both feasible and alluring. This scheme made great progress in Wales. I felt bound to oppose it, but with considerable regret. Its frustration was ascribed to me, and I was

threatened with an action for libel on the part of the proprietor of the paper in which the scheme originated. The plan required to be conducted by persons of known character and substance of the nature of security, and business capacity. If it succeeded to any extent, the profits of the members would be in possession of a comparatively unknown committee of men living in the metropolis. In their hands also would be vested the property of all these stores. The provisioning of these stores from a central agency would be entirely under their control, and the rates of charges, the quality of provisions, and the funds would be practically unchecked by the subscribers. At the same time there is no doubt that in the hands of known, responsible, and able men of commercial resource and business organisation, a comprehensive scheme of this kind of Co-operative Insurance would have great popularity, great success, and do a great amount of good, and make Co-operation a matter of household interest in a way not yet thought of by the great body of co-operators.

Since Co-operation means that everybody concerned has an interest in doing what he ought to do, the directors of the store, the secretary, the manager of it, all persons engaged in serving it, should have an interest in performing their duties, as well as they were able. It is not good for business when no one has a permanent motive for service and civility. If few persons come to a counter, the better it is for the shopman, who has no interest in them. He will repel or neglect all he can. A shopman having an intelligent interest in the purchasers, and friendly to them, makes custom at the store a personal pleasure as well as profit. For all to be respectful and pleasant to each other is no mean part of the art of association which co-operators have to cultivate. Personal courtesy, which is never neglectful, never inconsiderate, diffuses more pleasure through the life of a town than the splendour of wealth, or the glory of pageants. They are seen but for an hour, while the civilities and kindnesses of daily intercourse fill up the larger life, and convert its monotony into gladness.

The earlier stores were a sort of Board School of co-operators. Co-operative education began there ; and as the majority of all co-operators were themselves or their families in daily inter-

course with the store, that was the place where useful information was diffused, and the greatest number of good impressions given. That is where co-operative literature can be sold, where news of all that concerns members can be posted up, that is where the stranger looks in to see what is going on. Everything should be clean there, and the brass work bright, and every article that can be shown, without deterioration, displayed with taste. The pleasure of seeing and selecting is half the pleasure of buying. Knowledge of the nature and varieties of pure provisions, taste in colours, patterns and texture of garments is a part of education in man or woman, and shows the quality of their individual character. Wise shopmen, therefore, who understand what business service means, and who have interest in its success, are as important agents in their places as directors or managers. Servers should be carefully chosen, treated well, and have a clear interest in the success and popularity of the store. It is in their power to make the store repellent or popular. Those who hesitate to give them good wages and a dividend upon them, the same as that accruing to purchasers, do not understand what may be got out of good servants. Those who render service in Co-operation have influence. The server is in a position of equality. I purposely write Server instead of Servant, because servant is understood to imply meniality; while a server is one who obliges.

Societies do not always consider sufficiently the qualities of those whom they appoint directors. They often elect those who talk well instead of those who think well. Sometimes a person coarse-minded, harsh and abrupt, unceremonious in dealing with officers of the store under him, will harden them into indifference to the welfare of the store, and be unpleasant to purchasers. A member of fluency and ambition will be very flattering in quarterly meetings, and win repute for most agreeable qualities until he gets an appointment, who has himself no sense of personal courtesy, and will be very offensive to others over whom he has power. Courtesy, where a man has his own way, and to all who can help him to it, may co-exist in the same person who is at the same time insolent to any who have independence of spirit, and who may withstand him. There never was a tyrant deservedly execrated by a

nation who had not a crowd of followers ready to testify to his humanity and amiability. Tennyson in his drama, warns Harold how he should comport himself towards the Duke of Normandy, in whose power he is, and who is only gracious to those who lend themselves to his ends.

> "Obey him, speak him fair,
> For he is only debonair to those
> That follow where he leads, but stark as death
> To those that cross him." [1]

[1] "Harold," by Alfred Tennyson.

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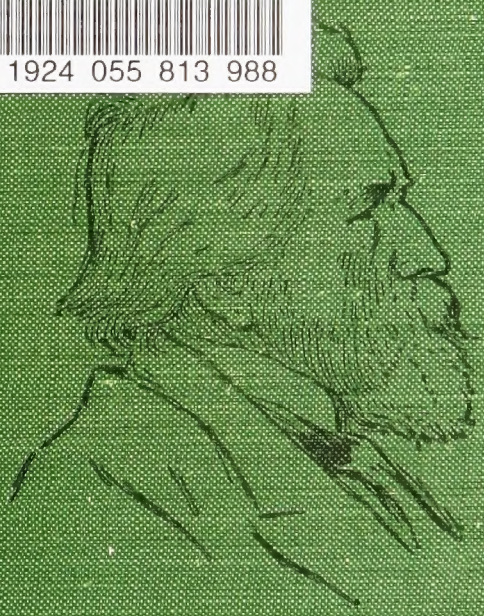

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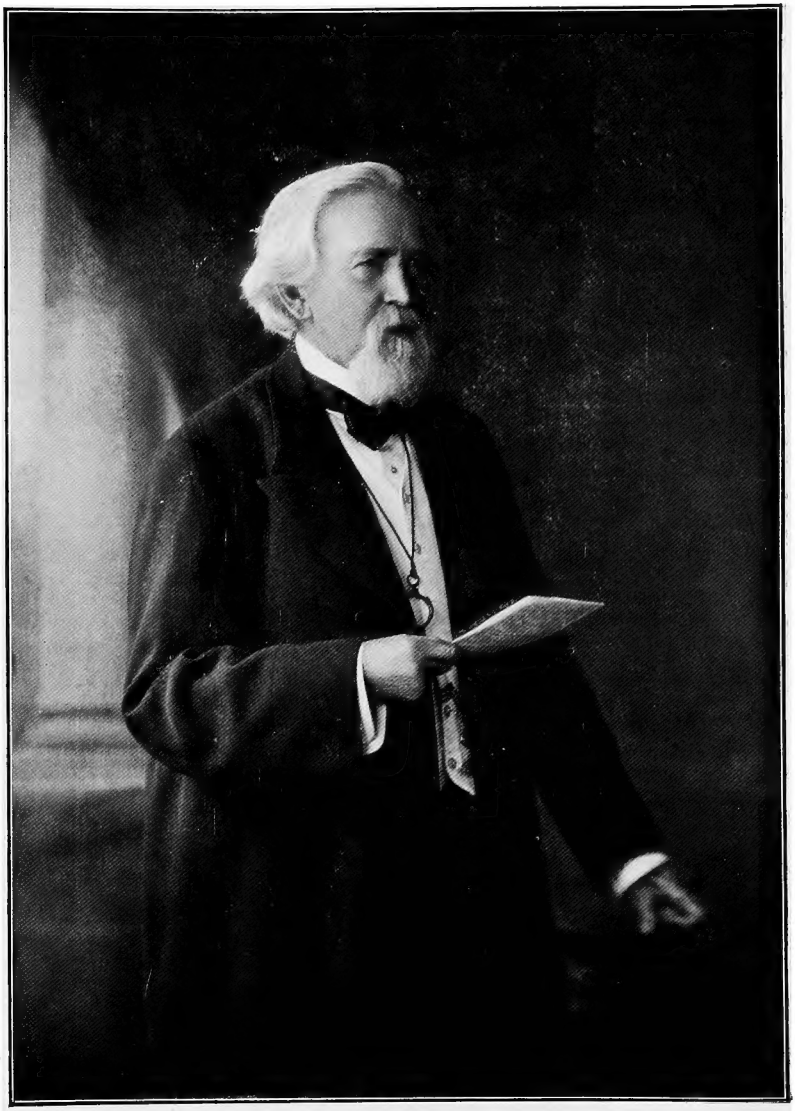

G. J. HOLYOAKE,

In his 88th Year.

SIXTY YEARS

OF AN

AGITATOR'S LIFE

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION"; "SELF-HELP 100 YEARS AGO" "TRIAL OF THEISM," ETC.

"In order to become acquainted with an age or a people we must also know something of its second-rate and obscure men. It is in the beliefs, sentiments, and lot of unimportant individuals and unknown families, that the lot, the sentiments, and the beliefs of the country are to be found."—GUIZOT

SIXTH IMPRESSION

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PREFACE.

DESPITE the brave homilies on virtue which abound, this is a world in which a man may be too good, and become an object of distrust by those who never lay themselves open to this suspicion. The most misgiving reader need not be afraid of the present writer. He is not too good.

In one of Ben Jonson's plays, a servant speaks of his master as "an honest gentleman, who is never at leisure to be himself; he has such tides of business." That has been the case with the Author. So much and so long occupied in vindicating the right of others to their own lives and the expression of their own reasoned opinions, he has had, until late years, no leisure to express his own.

The diversified experience of the writer has been owing to a wilfulness of sympathy with all self-helping efforts of improvement in the State, in society, and in opinion. He does not belong to those unpleasant and superior persons who have faith in themselves and no faith in others; who, as Robert Burns found in his day, "take pride in showing a proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor insignificant devils, the mechanics and peasants around them"—although they are as much entitled to happiness as those who despise them are. It is not the few who make the many, but the many who make the few. Those who live without solicitude for the welfare of others do but encumber the land. When they die—

> "Nor earth nor sky shall yield a single tear;
> Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
> Nor gale breathe one sigh for them—for all."

They, by their own choice, stand apart from humanity, and will have no claim to rise again in another world—having been of no use to any one in this. The Author has honour alone for those who have an *outside* nature, and this record is mainly of movements and men having this aim or this passion.

G. J. H.

NOTES TO THIRD EDITION.

On page 179 and elsewhere the reader has been apprised that these chapters, with few exceptions, appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, whose variety pages have become so widely entertaining under the editorship of Mr. W. E. Adams. From its readers valued corrections came, incorporated now in the text. The Author never pretended to see all things at first—he is not sure that he sees all things at last—but he sees more than he would have seen had he not been aided by the critical correspondents of that journal. Critics are the ministers of perfection, though the author may never attain to it. To others also I owe acknowledgments.

Sam Timmins (Arley) informs me that, though the newspapers of 1867 spelled Pieri's name with two, his visiting cards bore the name G. A. Pieri.

Dr. J. A. Langford (Birmingham) tells me that Geo. Edmonds, described (vol. i. p. 31) as Town Clerk, "was Clerk of the Peace. The appointment caused much commotion, and the Duke of Wellington brought the subject before the House of Lords."

Mr. James Dixon (Dorking) describes "Old Bags" (p. 109) "as the nickname of Lord Eldon." "It originated," he believes, "with the famous bags of documents which he laid on the table of the House of Lords at Queen Caroline's trial." It is said (p. 189) Mr. Lawrence, the eminent surgeon, was the operator at Carlile's dissection. Mr. Dixon says, "Not so. Mr. Grainger, who kept a Medical School at Webb Street, in the Borough, had become Lecturer on Anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital, and on that occasion delivered an address on Carlile's body. I was at that time Demonstrator of Anatomy, and superintended the dissection after Mr. Grainger's lecture." Mr. Dixon adds, "On p. 415 it is said, 'A single blow broke Sayers's right arm.' The surgeon who had examined Sayers found that no bone had been broken, but that the muscles of Sayers's *left* arm were almost reduced to *pulp*. Afterwards Sayers fought with his right arm only. The Annual Register for 1860, p. 52, has the same error as to Sayers's right arm being broken."

James Charlton (Chicago), says Mr. Wilton (Hamillon, Canada), writes that one of Carlyle's nieces wishes Mr. Holyoake to know that her mother is not dead, as he says (p. 193). This error I have pleasure in correcting. Mrs. Hanning is the only surviving member of Thomas Carlyle's sisters and brothers.

SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD REASON FOR WRITING A NEW BOOK.

An author, however he may disown it, will be suspected of some egotism who writes any account of the events of his life. He can hardly presume they have interest without assuming that they have some importance. A favourite way of parrying this inference is to represent that what the author has done has been urged upon him by others. Yet a story "published by request" is never read for that reason. The author is usually regarded as having requested himself to do it, or that some personal friends, knowing that he was bent upon it, made the request to him that a colour of outside interest might be given to the act.

The persons who incited me did really put the idea into my head. Mr. William White, Door Keeper of the House of Commons, several times said to me that I ought to write some account of the social and political affairs in which I had taken part. In the midnight and early morning hours I often spent with him in his room at the House of Commons, when lingering debates were dull, we used to converse about the underground actors, who had died in our time, to whom political progress had owed something.

Thomas Allsop, the friend of Coleridge and Lamb, of O'Connor and Orsini, oft urged me to give some account of the proscribed men of thought and action with whom I had been

associated, Sam Timmins, of Birmingham ; Joseph Cowen, of Blaydon-on-Tyne ; W. H. Duignan, of Walsall ; R. B. Reed, of Winlaton, who has a journalist's instinct for incidents ; Col. R. G. Ingersoll, of Washington ; James Charlton, of Chicago ; and James Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, who proposed to publish the chapters therein—an act of temerity which gave weight to his word—and many others diverse in experience and far apart, said the same thing to me. Thus I came to believe there might be interest in doing it, and have devoted the intervals of ten years to it. The reader may think the time might have been better bestowed.

In citing the names of those who incited me to write this story there is no intention of imputing to them the responsibility of the contents thereof, which they have never seen, and in which no episode that had interest in their minds, may be given here in the same connection, or told after a lapse of years, with the vividness and relevance which excited their advice. Nothing more is meant by giving their names than to show that any writer might be excused attempting a narrative which such judges had suggested.

Still I am afraid there is some meanness in citing names of those who (if I am believed) induced me to write the book, since I am exposing them—if the story proves tiresome—to that resentment which ought to fall upon the writer alone.

Though the narrative has occupied the leisure of years, the procrastination is not wholly loss. He who delays concluding his book until years of discretion have fairly set in (which arrive at 75 if they come at all) has the advantage of remoteness of view, sees in truer proportion the events he describes. Time takes out of incidents the effrontery and inflation which their novelty begets at their birth.

There is a further advantage in delay, memory grows indolent, and a narrator is less likely to weary the reader with too many recitals. As it is, I remember more things than the public or posterity (should the book reach them) will ever take interest in reading. Therefore, as I heard Serjeant Talfourd at Worcester ask a jury when his evidence was limited, "Sufficient unto the day—is the evil thereof?"

At the head of some chapters the reader will find double dates, showing the years over which the chapter ranges. The book is

an autobiography of events, experiences, observations of men, manners, and opinions which came under my notice. The story is only incidentally an autobiography of the writer, whose life in chronological detail is not of the importance to interest the general reader. The main endeavour of the author, upon which he depends as his best justification to the reader, is that he restricts these pages to those events which have, he conceives, public instruction in them. A book of a similar character relating to movements in the earlier part of this century would have been of no mean service to him when he was young, as this peradventure may be to many now.

CHAPTER II.

OUTLINE OF THE STORY.

"WHY should I read this book?" is a question I often ask myself on opening a new one. Books multiply—time seems to be more occupied than when they were scarce, and every new book bears with it the ostensible promise of new wisdom and new experience. Each work seems to have an equal claim upon the reader. It is natural, therefore, to wish for an outline (of the kind here given) of its character which may justify him in, or deter him from, undertaking its perusal.

These chapters are the story of a Birmingham man, born in sight of St. Martin's Church spire, when it peered above the parsonage trees in the year in which Robert Owen declared in the London Tavern that "all the religions of the world were wrong"—and Jonathan Wooler issued the first number of the *Black Dwarf*, and St. Jean Godin, founder of the famous Familistère of Guise, was born, so that the writer's days began when social and political ideas were in the air. Early familiar with economy and industry, a little good fortune seemed great, and activity became a habit which had pleasure in it, and was at once dependence and independence—dependence, because mechanical skill was a personal resource; independence, because the power of working renders any one free of obligation. Trained in Christianity, he came personally to know that sincerity was not the same thing as truth, and never forgot in after-life that error might be honest. Knowledge without books was his chief attainment, as knowledge lies about everywhere at hand to those who observe and think. Seeing that he had to be answerable here for what he believed, and was told it would be so hereafter, he thought it prudent to form his own opinions, since it was

incurring superfluous responsibility to become liable for the errors of others. This gave him the perilous habit of saying what he thought, which led to his being imprisoned for six months in Gloucester Gaol, to encourage him in candour. These were his college days of learning. John Sterling says that "the worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that." In this sense the subject of these pages was well instructed, as during his whole life opportunities of self-denial were continually afforded him. Graduating in a gaol was not a recommendation afterwards to profitable employment, and he became a wandering speaker on prohibited subjects of usefulness and progress. At times he might have had some advantageous and accredited position on the press or in popular movements, but it was thought that his name might deter others from doing something who never did anything. The only opportunities which befell him were those of doing what many agreed ought to be done, and of undertaking responsibilities which, owing to legal risks, or a clearer sense of prudence, others declined. Controversies befell him in which he was saved from forming any undue opinion of himself by the disparaging frankness of adversaries, and in which the best and surest part of such knowledge as he acquired was derived from the critical malevolence of opponents. Seeing that spite in argument instructed those whose aim was the mastery of a subject, he regarded even the ill-tempered and malignant opponent as the friend of truth. He, therefore, encouraged and never humiliated these assistant adversaries. He who knows both sides of a disputed question is alone able to be fair to the adverse convictions of others. The spirit of his story is described in the lines of Sir Henry Taylor—

> "He had this honesty
> That, undesirous of a false renown,
> He ever wished to pass for what he was.
> Being still
> Deliberately bent upon the right,
> He kept it in the main."

Whittier relates that he left the "mission he had to fulfil, to turn the crank of an opinion mill." Whereas if the present author had a "mission" at all it was to turn that sort of crank. He was an opinion-maker—a very useful business if honestly

and intelligently done. But if the trade is confined to the manufacture of true opinions the "concern" will rarely pay. The sales will never be large and the profit will be small. The owner of such a business will be fortunate if he escape loss. In this respect the writer was not fortunate. The one quality of his mind was that of a propagandist. It coloured his aims, his character, his life. Without foreseeing it, without expecting it, it came to pass, when age and blindness, for a time, overtook him, many eminent persons, who considered him to have rendered some service to the State in his day, contributed, with his humbler friends, means that rendered work no longer *obligatory* to him. As he had always acted on George Herbert's maxim, "Never exceed thy income" (when it was precarious and small), a very limited income was a source of health and enjoyment beyond what any who provided it could know. Opinionativeness and wilfulness are not qualities to be approved, unless they are mainly directed to the service of others. But, though they bring vicissitude, they bring satisfaction, if public improvement has been their incentive. Thus the subject of this autobiography may say in a lesser degree, what could be fully said by him[1] who wrote the lines—

> "If he has gained but little for his purse,
> His conscience, happily, is none the worse;
> He never flouted peasant, fawned on peer,
> He neither stooped to flattery nor to fear,
> Knew in familiar fashion, face to face,
> The wisest and the best of England's race;
> Still walks erect, although his head is grey,
> And feels his youth not wholly slipped away."

The outline of the whole story the author has to tell is now before the reader, and unless he has adventurous curiosity, he need not proceed further.

[1] Professor Thorold Rogers.

CHAPTER III.

ANCESTORS.

(1817.)

WHEN Sydney Smith was questioned concerning his ancestors, he answered that his family went no further back than his grandfather, who disappeared at the Assizes, and they asked no questions. My paternal grandfather also "disappeared," but we did "ask questions," though to these no answer came until the next generation. His name was Jacob. He was a man of unusual stature and strength, and stories were told of his carrying a town watchman home on his shoulder who had been unpleasant to him on his way. He had a forge on the old river Rea in Birmingham. His name and business is in the directories of the last century. Through the fraud of a partner, in a law contest as to a right of way, losses by floods, which washed away his premises, trouble overtook him. His family having some property he went away alone to repair his own fortune, and his family never heard of him more. Forty years later an old artizan in Sheffield, made curious by seeing my name on a placard, told me that he had lived in a house in Manchester in which a "Jacob Holyoake" resided—a powerful, wilful man, he described him to be, who, having made a little money, went down one day to meet the Birmingham coach, saying he intended to rejoin his family. He was too late, and in his disappointment went and leaned over the hospital wall, which one less tall could not have done. The place contained many patients with a contagious fever, which he caught. Refusing to believe in his danger when seized, and disliking medicine, he perished. As he had never disclosed

anything concerning himself, he was never identified until the old man told me the story of his isolation and end—forty years subsequent. And thus for the first time his family learned how he died.

There was a tortoise-shell tea caddy in possession of my informant's family given them by my grandfather. It appears that, when death approached, he begged that his friend might be sent for, as he wished to make some communication—doubtless a message to his family; but as the doctors forbade any one to be admitted, the fever being deadly, his friend was not told of his wish until after his death—so that his secret never transpired.

My grandfather on my mother's side was Richard Groves. His business was that of a bucklemaker. In the early years of the long war, when taxes were heavy, men worked from five o'clock in the morning until nine at night—hours which would drive trades unionists mad in these days. Being provident-minded, during a great part of his life he subscribed to a society from which special provision was to come in his later years; but when the time came the society broke up, as was the way of societies in his day. In my youth he was a minor dignitary of the Established Church—very minor, indeed, being a beadle of St. Martin's Church. There were two or three differing in degree, but whether of service or seniority I never knew. The office was one of more local awe than emolument. The beadle's staff at a door was the sign of a funeral, and the beadle walking before the humble burial party gave it, in the eyes of the poor, the character of a sacred procession. I used to look with wonder at my grandfather's fine long blue coat, red collar, brass buttons, and his tall japanned staff with gilt nails. When a boy I used to often go round the churchyard with him to see that the gravestones and the grass were all in order. My great delight was to accompany him to his garden in the Bristol Road, which seemed to me a paradise of fruit, and flowers, and vegetables. He would go in the summer as early as four o'clock in the morning. He used to allow me to strike him a light with steel and flint struck over tinder [1]—lucifer matches

[1] Match-boxes bore the name of "tinder-boxes." The tinder being made by burning old linen which readily received the spark from the flint. Brimstone-pointed matches could then be lighted at it. The old process of getting a light is unfamiliar to this generation.

were not invented then—that he might have a morning smoke in his little arbour. He continued to go to his garden until a few weeks before his death, which occurred at a patriarchal age. In the evenings, in his later days, I used to read the prayers to him from the Church prayer-book, when he could no longer do it himself. I can see him now, kneeling on his chair, holding himself upright by his two hands on the back, bowing his head reverently as I read to him, I sitting on a small chair below him. He would put on his beadle's coat at this time, as though his dress had religious association in his mind.

A few years ago an old resident (C. N.), who remembered the circumstance, described in *The Birmingham Weekly Post* the local respect in which he was held, and the large crowd who followed him to his grave.

Such were my two grandfathers; my grandmothers I never knew, and never heard described.

My ancestral inheritance was not of a nature to elate me, though it gave me pleasure. It consisted of a walking-stick of my grandfather's, of a curious spiral growth, and an inlaid ivory-headed cane belonging to my paternal grandmother, bearing the date of 1699. This estate of sticks and an habitual wilfulness of opinion and imagination, which had no misgiving—always characteristic of my father and his family—were the only signs I knew of a station superior to that in which their lot was cast. A strong sense of pride and capacity of submitting without concern to any privation which came through resenting indignity—were peculiar to them all. My father's sisters had property at Selly Oak, near Birmingham. Often I heard speak of "the Holyoakes, of Selly Oak." In Nantwich Churchyard may still be read a memorial-stone bearing the name of my grandfather's brother, who had held, up to the time of his death, official appointments in that ancient parish.

CHAPTER IV.

PARENTAGE.

(1817.)

My mother's maiden name was Catherine Groves, and as she took the name of Holy-oak we had a woodland pedigree. She was a Puritan-minded woman, of clear, decided ideas, and had, later in life, a grave, impressive face. Of what she knew she was confident, and never had any doubts. She wished her children to be honest, truthful, and pious, and always set them the example. It never occurred to her to do otherwise than what she said. The contrary never entered into her mind. In those days horn buttons were made in Birmingham, and my mother had a workshop attached to the house, in which she conducted a business herself, employing several hands. She had the business before her marriage. She received the orders; made the purchases of materials; superintended the making of the goods; made out the accounts; and received the money; besides taking care of her growing family. There were no "Rights of Women" thought of in her day, but she was an entirely self-acting, managing mistress. There were feasts in the house at that time. I remember stealing out of bed one night to survey from the top of the stairs the well-spread table upon which was the first roasted sucking-pig I saw. The button business died out while I was young, and from the remarks which came from merchants, I learned that my mother was the last maker of that kind of button in the town. It was always a peculiarity of Birmingham that numerous small household trades existed, which gave the inmates independence, and often led—if the trade continued good—to competence or

fortune. I recite these particulars, as they denote a state of industry and society which has long passed away.

My first recollection of my father was seeing him on Sunday and festive days, in drab cloth breeches and boots with white tops, such as are worn now only in the hunting-field, and a brown overcoat, called a "top-coat" then, which looked very rich in my eyes.

My father was in his sixty-third year at the time of his death. He was tall and comely. He had an honest voice and an expression which told you he could be trusted. His manners were free without familiarity. Some men, rise to what rank they may, always retain plebeian habits ; this was not so with my father, although he spent so large a portion of his life as a workman. His associates and also his employers showed him respect in their speech. He owed some of this deference to his mechanical ability. I passed thirteen years by his side in the workshop, and never saw him addressed as other men around him often were. What laws of etiquette he had were his own. When summoned by his employers he always walked up (unless into office or a private room) without uncovering his head, as was usual with others. His not doing so seemed natural to him. It was not disrespect, it was self-respect.

Had the opportunities of learning existed in his youth which exist in our day, his lot in life would have been very different. Mechanics' Institutions were not invented then, and the acquirements of a middle-class boy in 1800 were not many, and his were limited by the early disappearance of his father, whose loss his mother survived but a short time; and my father was left an orphan, and head of the family, at an early age. He went when a youth to the Eagle Foundry, where he spent more than forty years. Holidays in manufactories were not so much a custom then as now. I never heard that during that long period he was absent through illness or pleasure. If a vacation time occurred at a fair or Christmas time, he spent it at some ideal invention of his own. Though entirely without self-assertion, he had a quiet implacable will. His self-respect once outraged, he never forgot it, and I cannot say he ever forgave it. Wanting the resources which men acquire in good society, or the power which culture gives, he had no means of protecting himself save by reserve ; and his resolution once taken, time

did not wear it out. His resentment became part of his nature. Though inheriting this implacable faculty myself, it has long been clear to me that it is wasted pertinacity. An offence which may arise in thoughtlessness, haste, or necessity, is not worth remembering a day, and an intentional offence is sufficiently despised in less time.

The day before his death, I had come down from London to Birmingham to see him. He had a pipe of Turkish length, the bowl resting on a chair near him, so that he could smoke at will, and I sat on the bedside and smoked with him. He spoke at intervals of my mother. She ever seemed a living mercy in the chamber of the sick. By day and by night she was ever the same patient, kind, unwearying ministrant—unconscious of the obligations of gratitude she created. His voice had its old melody. Once he said, "It is a long time to wait to die, but please God not long." His natural activity of thought still remained with him, and dying seemed to him as something he had still to do. Shortly afterwards the end came.

During all the years of my youth I never remember to have heard my father use an expression which implied that he had ever heard of religion. He never said anything against it, nor anything for it. He left all that to my mother. He seemed to think that she had enough religion for both of them, and in that he was right. He had a pagan mind, and his thoughts dwelt on the human side of life.

We laid him in St. Paul's Churchyard, the burying-place of his relatives, in the grave with "Uncle John," the Yorick of the family. The Rev. Mr. Scarlett read the Church service. In all things we consulted our mother's wishes.

I called upon Mr. Davenport, the rector of St. John's Church, which stood at the back of my father's house, to thank him for his kindness in visiting my father at our request in his illness, and in speaking consoling words to my mother about him. The Rev. Mr. Buckingham, an evangelical preacher, whose chapel my mother attended, I also called upon, to express my sense of the liberal notions of God's dealings with His creatures, that my mother had heard from him, which had resulted in a more cheerful faith than she had been wont to have. Afterwards the Rev. William Sharman, a Wesleyan minister, who

in later years I knew as a valued friend, was a no less kindly and beneficent visitor to my mother. Indeed, he was a more merciful visitant, as he held views of universal salvation, more genial and hopeful than the dubious and anxious tenets of one of the Elect, as my mother hoped she was and deserved to be.

After the death of my father, I advised my mother to rejoin the Rev. John Angell James's Church. She acquired what she called "convictions," under Mr. James's ministry, which she had attended twenty-five years. Mr. Buckingham, her minister above named, was leaving Birmingham, it was therefore I suggested her returning to Mr. James's Church, and I offered to accompany her to Carr's Lane, which I accordingly did; and on Sunday, May 15, 1853, I entered the chapel after an absence of twenty years. What vicissitudes of religious experiences had I gone through since I last walked along its familiar galleries! What an utter, an unforeseen change had my life undergone since then! There was the well-known clock, whose tardy hands I had watched often wearily from the Sunday-school gallery, and the organ with its monotonous peals, which first made me think music an invention for the punishment of our sins.[1] There, too, were those formal, dull ground-glass windows, which did not let in even the merciful blaze of day; and I used to envy the cheerful sun above which dwelt so high in the sky, and was never cooped up in a Sunday School, but looked out over all the world, even on Robinson Crusoe's Island, and was not forced to go to chapel on the bright Sunday morning. There, also, I recognized a face almost in every pew which I had known before—faces I never saw smile, and which now looked as though they had never smiled since we met before. How should those who had read believingly the "Anxious Inquirer" ever smile? To my disappointment Mr. James did not preach that night, being absent in London, and I never heard, as I wished to do, his mellifluous eloquence once more.

Nobody seemed to regard me as strong in my youth. When

[1] In Mr. J. A. James's "History of Nonconformity," he remarks that when the organ was proposed, he said, "Let me control it; it must aid the singing, and not be employed for the display of the organist's skill"—or words to that effect. Yet it might be that the skill of a great organist would be no less honourable to human nature, no less acceptable to heaven, than the sermon of the preacher. Art is as holy as "Independency."

I was a boy of seven or eight I heard it said of me, "it was doubtful whether I should be reared." Nothing, however, happened. Then it was said that "the age of thirteen or fourteen would try me." Being found actively alive after that period, the years of "nineteen or twenty" were fixed upon as the "critical time." As I obviously went on living, the prophets of a short life had their opinion that "twenty-nine or thirty" would decide my fate. Burns, Shelley, and Byron had died before mid-age, but as I was not a poet I felt no uneasiness on that account, so that it was long after before it occurred to me that I was really going to live. I was not an unregarding hearer of those observations. I remember mentioning them to my tutor, Daniel Wright, who said he had a friend who had been similarly warned, who actually had consumption all his life, and yet died at seventy-four. He knew the conditions under which he could live, and observed them. Mr. Wright gave me the first confidence in living that I received. My mother, like many pious people of that period, believed that the "three score years and ten" of the Psalmist were the natural end of human life. Many believing persons in pious circles would have lived longer but for this impression. My mother was perplexed at living seven years beyond that time. Mr. Bright seemed to be somewhat of the same opinion in saying :—"What Mr. Schnadhorst or Mr. Harris quoted about the long continuance of the connection between Birmingham and myself is a matter that is extremely doubtful. I think the Psalmist was more right when he made the suggestion which everybody has heard of, and most people come to think seriously of, when he spoke of the threescore years and ten, which means that a man at threescore years and ten is inducted into the order of old men." [1]

After the predictions recounted as to my early decease, it was unimaginable to me that I should be writing at seventy-five in pleasant health. Nor would it happen to me had I been robust. I can count thirty or forty colleagues, all stronger than myself, who died by my side. They could live or work, as strong persons usually do, in a regardless manner, until the machine of life breaks down at once. Temperance in all things, save work, became to me a necessity, and proved a security.

[1] Reply to address to the deputation in acknowledging the address presented to him at One Ash, Rochdale, on his seventieth birthday, November 16, 1881.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY DAYS.

(1818–25.)

THE business-like way of beginning a biography is to state when and where the subject of it was born, though it is very rarely that the reader sees any necessity for such particulars. As, however, they impart a necessary air of veracity to the story, I give them, merely premising that I had no business to be born at all, neither when I was, nor where I was, nor of whom I was—if without filial impiety I may say so. Parents seldom own it, but many like me have seen aspects of this untoward world when they have felt that they ought to apologize to their children for causing their appearance in it. My mother had many children; she reared eleven; but I soon came to see how much better it would have been for her—how much more enjoyment, peace, repose, and freedom from anxiety would have fallen to her—had her family been limited to three or four children.

No. 1, Inge Street, Birmingham, where I was born, still stands, but in a dead street now.[1] The grime of smoke, of decay and comfortlessness, are upon it. Then it was fresh and bright. At No. 2 (next door) Mrs. Massey lived. She was a very large old lady, who sold cakes and tarts, which lay enticingly in a low, broad, bow window. Near hers was a house (No. 5) with green silk curtains, where there resided a neat, little, clean, bright-eyed old lady, who used to charm away warts, and other small maladies. I was under her good-

[1] The Inge family, who own or owned the land on which Inge Street and the next street, Thorpe Street, stand, are natives of Thorpe Constantine, in Staffordshire.—Daniel Baker, Balsall Heath, in *Birmingham Weekly Post.*

natured but ineffectual hands, at times, for warts; but I found nothing clear them off like a fall at leap-frog, when the sprawling hands came up quite free from those intractable protuberances. Higher up the street (No. 12) lived Mr. Hawksford, a baker and flour seller; a quiet, placid, pale-faced, mild-mannered man, who, I always thought, looked like God. The first idea my mother gave me of God made me think He was like that miller, who never smiled or spoke, but was always kind and gentle to me—when I took pies to be baked. The idea comes back to my mind as fresh as when it was first formed in my childish, unsuspecting, unthinking fancy. Dr. Mansel had not then delivered his Bampton Lectures, and no ideas of the "Absolute" and the "Unconditioned" had been heard of in Inge Street. Next to the mild, paternal miller, lived a plain, busy, rosy-faced widow, who had no shop window, but kept the best grocer's shop in those parts—where the butter was always fresh. Opposite to her lived a Mr. Roberts, a pleasant-minded Irishman, who would have been as rotund as Falstaff, if the business of grinding glasses for opticians, which he followed, had been a little more prosperous. The history and avocations of everybody in this street are still in my mind.

A little above the wart-witch, with the green silk curtains, dwelt "Sally Padmore." Her house had two steps to it, and the raised floor always delighted me. She often came and nursed us when ill. Well or ill, we gave her trouble enough, kind, patient old soul: but it was the trouble of attachment. She was never angry. She was the only old woman I knew in my youth whose kindly voice never changed. Household trouble came to her, and for three days she was lost. Going one night into an outhouse, I saw her hanging up dead. Her ghost was clear before me. It was shadowy, blue, and well defined. There was no doubt she had killed herself somewhere. How could any one see her ghost if she was not dead? It was the first ghost I had seen, and I was not likely to forget it, and I knew her too well to mistake it. Next day, while I was alarming all who would listen to me, with the supernatural news, word came that she had returned home as bright and active as usual. This experience weakened my confidence in ghosts, which was implicit till then. Two doors below dear, kind "Old Sally" was the home of a stalwart workman given

to politics. I saw his nose chopped off by a soldier in the Bull Ring Chartist Riots many years later. But the reader will not care to hear about Inge Street and its occupants for ever.

Before our door where I was born stood, on the opposite side, a considerable clump of well-grown trees, amid which was a hatter's working shop. On the adjacent corner of Hurst Street stood the Fox Tavern, as it stands now; but then the sign had been newly painted by a one-armed, short, quick-stepping, nervous-faced, dapper artist; and a very wonderful fox it seemed to me. The sharp-nosed, bushy-tailed animal was rushing to cover—on the sign. I had never seen a fox or a cover, except on that sign. I had only seen a workshop, and I envied the fox who had such a paradise to flee to. Yet we were not without glimpses of real nature about us. Below the Fox Tavern was a "Green"; at the bottom was a garden belonging to a house with a gateway, where one of my father's sisters lived. The garden fence was not a dead wall, but a low, wood paling, through which children could see the flowers in the garden. From the end of Inge Street the trees of the parsonage ground made a small wood before us, and apparently in their midst, but really beyond them, arose the spire of the "Old Church"—as we called St. Martin's. On summer afternoons and moonlight nights the church spire, rising above the nestling trees, presented an aspect of a verdant village church in the midst of the busy workshop town. Down through the "Green," the way led to Lady Well Walk, where more gardens lay, and the well was wide, clear, and deep. Hundreds of times did I fetch water from it. We had a pump in our own yard, but we did not think much of the pump—and we did it no injustice. Gone now—gone long ago—is the glory of well, and the Lady's Walk, and the "Green," and the Parsonage Ground, and the trees, and church spire. The spire is still about, but the sight of it has been hidden by buildings of every order of deformity. Inge Street, now, looking down from the Horse Fair end, is, as it were, the entrance to a coal-pit, which, when I first knew it, appeared as the entrance to a sylvan glen.

In the midst of these scenes and persons described, was the beginning of things to me. If I go back on the principle Prospero proposed to Miranda and state—

> "By what—house or person?
> Of anything the image tell that
> Hath kept in my remembrance.
> How
> That it lives in my mind; what see I else,
> In the dark backward and abysm of time?"

That will be far enough.

The first time I was conscious of being in this world, I was sitting upon a rug on the floor. A figure in a black dress was vanishing through an open door. In front another open door disclosed a road. Trees were bending in the wind, and there were sunlight and shadow on the ground. I did not know that there was a sound in the world nor a living being save the servant in the black dress. The quiet shade seemed sad, and the sentiment crept into my mind. It could not arise from disappointment, I being too young for coherent thought; nor dissatisfaction with the world in general, which would have been as impertinent as premature at that early age. However, it came—the feeling of sadness was there. That scene was the beginning of life to me.

It appears, from what I afterwards came to know, that at my birth my mother wished me to be called "George," after my father. On the other hand, my aunts on my father's side wished me to be called "Jacob," after my grandfather. As neither side would give in, both names were given to me—bearing which I became an unconscious peacemaker in the family. For myself I never liked the name of Jacob. When I came to have a preference I preferred that of Esau, who was an honest man of wise ways. A modern writer on Scriptural names explains that Jacob means, "active investigation of belief." If this be true, it would reconcile me to it; but the recorded antecedents and behaviour of Jacob in the Old Testament are not at all to my mind.

CHAPTER VI.

ARTIZAN LIFE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

(1830.)

BEFORE my mother's horn button business ceased, I learned to wind the copper wire on a flat steel turned by a lathe, to stamp the coil into shank form under a press, and to cut the shanks with shears which often strained my little hands. Afterwards I had to stick the shanks into circular pieces of perforated damp horn, called "moles"—hammer them in—rivet them in a vice, and file them. The buttons were then shaken in a long bag, which dried and polished them. They were then strung into grosses, and delivered to the merchants who ordered them. All the old processes are still distinctly in my mind.

It was an attraction to me to watch at a tinman's shop window, and see him make lanterns. At length he consented to take me, when the afternoon school was over, to work through the evening soldering the handles on lanterns. I was a small boy then, and though I often burned my fingers with the soldering iron, I earned in time as much as 3s. 6d. per week piece-work. Afterwards I persuaded my father to take me with him to the Eagle Foundry, from a desire to be at work. I must have been very young then, as I remember asking my father to let me hold his hand as I went along by his side in the early morning; and his hand, enclosing mine, was a new sensation of pleasure, and seemed to put fresh life into me. The time of being at the foundry was six o'clock, and I was often half asleep as we went up Suffolk Street on the way to Broad Street, where the foundry [1] was, and where I was taught to be a whitesmith, working in white iron and burnished steel.

[1] Foundry is a name usually applied to a casting shop; but the Eagle Foundry included engine works and the manufacture of most heavy things in

I see now the long, dull foundry yard as I saw it for thirteen years from the window at which I worked. On the right is the little house where the warehouseman lived, who had charge of the premises at night: and, on the same side, the waggon-way leading to the furnaces, the mills, and the casting shops. The warehouse and show-rooms filled up the right of the yard to the gates. On the left were ramshackle sheds for storing sheet iron. Piles of wrought iron bars lay on the ground. A cold-looking iron pump stood close by, and heaps of old cast iron broken up for blasting. The foundry cart is loading near the stable door, and at the top, through the open gateway, the town people are passing, and the distant sunshine falls upon the broad road outside. The sunshine always seemed apart from us.

One workman at the foundry was a tall, lean old man: he was very gaunt, and I think never had enough to eat; but I had more respect for him than any other man there. His business was to do the forged wrought-iron work for kitchen ranges and black iron stoves. Each man made his own tools, and this old workman's pliers and tongs were the most perfect of any one's; everything he forged was excellent in fitness and finish, and, though he was paid no better than if he had done his work slovenly, he never abated a blow on that account. He had an honest passion for perfect work. He was a Staffordshire man. I cannot recall his name, or I would give it to his honour. He had a daughter named Esther. She was tall like her father, but did not remind us in any other way of the Esther whose beauty pleaded for the Jews. She was the only woman employed at the works. She had a little shop with a fireplace and doorway only, in which she black-leaded stoves, which she did as conscientiously as her father forged at the anvil. She was always ready for work. I never remember to have seen her sit down.

There were two members of the firm—one was Mr. Samuel Smith, a Unitarian, a placid gentleman. The men were always glad when it fell to him to pay them, as he had a kindly word

iron, and had many whitesmiths, blacksmiths, and engine smiths upon the premises, which had a frontage in Broad Street extending, on one hand, to Mr. Rabone's, the merchant's, and, on the other, to Mr. Crompton's, the copper dealer's. In depth the foundry extended nearly to the canal in the Old Wharf.

for them, and would sometimes make them small advances when the wages of the piece-workers fell low. William Hawkes was the other partner, to whom no workman made any request. He had a brother Timothy, who was tall and slender, and who had abundant black hair, and a Jewish cast of countenance, quite unlike his brother William, who had red hair, and not much of it. Timothy, when about thirty years of age, became a Methodist, and grew quite fanatical in his new persuasion; but so far from making him morose, it seemed rather to increase his kindly nature. A workman was caught by the machinery in the mill, and his leg torn from his body. He kept his bed until his death, living a year or more, and Mr. Timothy used to go and sit with him, and pray with him, and make small gifts for his comfort. His brother William—the acting "Master" as he was called—was mainly an unpleasant person. He was exacting, and always spoke with harshness. I saw old men who were in such terror at his approach that they would strike their hands instead of the chisel they were using, and were afraid of dismissal or reduction of wages in consequence of the incapacity which he witnessed, and which his presence caused. Piece-workers and day-workers were so continually subjected to reduced prices and wages that they never felt certain on Monday morning what they would receive on Saturday evening. There were no trade intimations where other employment might be obtained—no energy in seeking it—there was continual resentment, sullenness, and disgust, but no independence, or self-dependence. If a man saved a little money, he carefully concealed that he had done so; if he could afford to dress cleanly and moderately well, he was afraid to do it, as his wages were sure to be reduced. I remember a fine, well-built young man coming to the foundry from Sheffield, where there was always independence among the workmen. He undertook the deadliest work in the mill, the grinding. There was great astonishment when he entered the foundry gates wearing a well-fitting, handsome suit of black clothes. The master was as much astonished at his audacity as the men were. He changed his clothes in the mill and put on a rough grinder's dress, mounted before the deadly stones, and worked like a splashed, mud-covered Hercules—but he would wash, dress, and leave the foundry like a gentleman. His employer at once

concluded that he had given him too much wages ; but the moment a reduction was proposed, he resented it, drew the money due to him, and went away entirely. It was almost the only example of independence I remember to have seen.

One incident occurred which filled me with lasting indignation. The younger brother of a man named Barton who had been years employed in the mill was found by William Hawkes (the acting partner), one meal-time, removing a file from one of the shops. He was an industrious, well-conducted young fellow—he had not taken the file away, which was worth about 7d., though he probably intended taking it. He was apprehended, and transported for ten years, on the evidence of the master. A week's imprisonment would have been sufficient penalty for a first offence in a mill where theft was unknown. The arbitrary and continual reduction of prices by the master was a far more serious theft of the earnings of all the men. That was the way in which employers behaved generally, so far as I knew them. Mr. Hawkes, nevertheless, did kind things in his harsh way which were intended for the welfare of the men, and I used to compare him to a sheep-dog, who kept the wolf from attacking them, but bit the sheep himself when they turned aside. I resolved not to be bitten, and it filled my mind with hatred to see poor hard-working men about me subjected to the process.

The condition of mechanics who worked in little workshops of their own was bad. They had to sell their small manufactures to merchants. The men who lived in the town, and those who came miles into it, with the produce of their week's work, were kept hanging about the merchants' warehouses until nine, ten, and often eleven o'clock on Saturday night, before they were paid their money ; and their wives had to make their little marketings after their husbands reached home. There seemed no end to this, and no way out of it. There were no Saturday half-holidays thought of then.

There stands now, or stood when I last was there, a factory or warehouse at the head of Lady Well Walk, where in my childhood was an open, spacious coal-yard, kept by a Mrs. Gillybrand. On dark, cold, drizzling Saturday nights children were sometimes sent for a barrow of coals for Sunday fires. They used to stand by a brazier fire blazing in the coal-yard—

sometimes for an hour waiting for barrows to come in—turning themselves round, being half frozen and half toasted. At the Fox Tavern, and at the mild, white-faced baker's, loads of coals were at times delivered. No coal came round in sacks at other houses, and a number of small barrows were kept at Gilly-brand's, where buyers did their own cartage, or rather barrow-age. As, on Saturday nights, wages, as I have said, were paid late, barrows were in demand often until midnight. A level barrow-load was 6d., a full one 8d. The buyer had just what the vendor threw in. No measure or scales were used. When a barrow was to be had it was trundled home. I pitied those who had to go out in the dark and cold on this last errand. I dreaded it as a negro would being sent out in the snow. I did not know then that these were the "good old times" of which I should afterwards hear foolish persons prate.

Though there were no trades unions in my time among whitesmiths, I could see, even then, that excellence of work-manship on the part of a man, intelligent enough to know its value, was a source of independence. There were two brothers at the foundry named Threstlecock—one did the great forgings for the steam engines, the other fitted the engines—a third man, very large and fat, with a small bullet head, and Welsh impetuosity of manner, made the great castings, which some-times consumed a ton of molten iron. These men ventured to dress somewhat better than others, and took more liberty as to time of coming or leaving. They obtained higher wages for their work, and no attempt at abatement was tried upon them. My father and one or two other men were all that came within this class, and he would have fared still better but for his known attachment to the place where he had been longer than any other man. His children took him away at last that he might end his days in sunshine and rest, but he doubtless would have lived longer had they left it optional with him to linger about the old place at will. His pleasure was in workmanship.

Long before that time he bought some newly-invented machinery for turning bone buttons, hired steam power at the Baskerville Mill, and placed me in charge of it. Working one day, leaning closely over my work, the "chock" caught a silk handkerchief, of which the ends were loose, round my neck, I was drawn down in a moment, and nearly strangled. Fortu-

nately the mill band turning the lathe was a loose one, and I had power to stop the rotation for a short time, but could not extricate myself. Mr. Roberts, the Irish optician, who lived in our street, was grinding spectacle-glasses in an adjoining room, and heard my calls for help, stopped the machinery, and unwound me, just as the "chock" was beating into my throat; otherwise my head would have been wrung off, and I should have been an observer of the operation.

By the time I was thirteen or fourteen I made a small bright steel fire-gate, with all the improvements then known, as a chimney ornament for my mother. All the drilling in the foundry was done by hand: as this was very laborious, I devised a perpendicular drill to be worked by mill power. At that time I had never seen one. My delight was in mechanical contrivance. Not being able to buy mathematical instruments, I made two pairs of compasses for pencil and pen —one with double point and slide, hammered out of bits of sheet iron. My tutor being pleased with them caused them to be laid on the table at the annual distribution of prizes of the Mechanics' Institution. This led to my being publicly presented with a proper case of mathematical instruments, given by Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography. Mr. Lloyd, a banker in Birmingham, caused George Stephenson, one night when he was at the House of Commons, to put my name down on his staff of young engineers. I was very proud to have my name on his list, though nothing came of it, Mr. Lloyd having probably no opportunity of again calling the attention of the famous engineer to it: and I had no other friend in communication with him. What a different career mine had been had I been called up!

Mechanical employment seems to me far preferable to any other open to men in cities. Had there been in my time means of higher education in evening classes, when degrees could be won without University attendance—impossible to me—I should have remained in the workshop. There is more independence in pursuits of handicraft, and more time for original thought, than in clerkship or business. That which made me desirous of escaping from the workshop was the hopelessness of sufficient and certain wages, and the idea of personal subjection associated with it.

It has sometimes seemed to me that I was born with steel and books in my blood. About the books I am not so clear, though I have made many after their kind. But that I had a mechanical faculty beyond the average in my circle was admitted there. I could tell the quality of steel and other metals just as others can tell textile fabrics at a glance. When a youth I would fit and finish bright steel work better than men twice my age, and who had twice my wages. My father, who came of a race of armourers, had, with other attainments, skill in forging. Sheffield men, who were the best artificers in my time where I worked as a whitesmith, always came to my father to do their difficult forging. I often swung the striking hammer for my father at the anvil, and to this day I have more pleasure and aptitude for that form of physical exercise than for any other. Good, well-made, well-contrived, well-finished machinery always gives me as much enjoyment as a good painting.

The capacity to work as a whitesmith or engineer has always been a source of pride to me. Anything I could do in my mechanic days I could do ever after. It gave me a sense of independence. If speaking, teaching, or writing failed me, I was always ready for the bench.

CHAPTER VII.

LEADERS OF THE FIRST BIRMINGHAM POLITICAL UNION.

(1830–3.)

THE most remarkable Birmingham man of that day (1830) was Thomas Attwood. He was Royalist and Radical, not remarkable for intellectual strength, but had dignity of presence and a persuasive and orotund manner of speaking. He was the founder and moving spirit of the Birmingham Political Union. Being a banker, he imparted to it an air of monetary responsibility. He and Joshua Scholefield were the first members for Birmingham. Attwood was the member for the town who was most popular with women. When he was canvassing they were abundant in the courts and streets. He not only kissed the children—he kissed their mothers. At one election he was reputed to have kissed eight thousand women. Though a leader of the masses, he was no democrat, and would have induced the Political Union to accept a £20 franchise, but for the refusal of the more robust politicians of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who, like the late Sir Joseph Cowen, were followers of Lord Durham. They held a great meeting on the Town Moor, and declared for a £10 franchise. But for the Newcastle men, the electoral constituency of England would have been "confined to £20 householders." The Birmingham Political Union was the most conspicuous force which impelled the Reform Bill of 1832, such as it was. Attwood had a theory of currency which he thought would bring prosperity to the people, and he sought a Reformed House of Commons, mainly because he thought he could thereby carry his financial theory into law.

Robert Owen, in like manner, resolved to appeal to the people to carry his social scheme of "Villages of Co-operation,"[1] when Lords Liverpool, Lauderdale, and Sidmouth failed him. Cobden and Bright, with a more genuine political sympathy with the people, were for a broader measure of electoral reform, as better calculated to carry and maintain free trade. All the £10 voters of Birmingham did was to send a banker and a wealthy merchant to Parliament. In doing this they had the justification of political gratitude. Yet George Edmonds was the man who had greater claims than either.

Joshua Scholefield, Thomas Attwood's colleague in the representation of the town, was a better Liberal than Attwood. He was a small rotund man, with fire and purpose, and a ruddy complexion. He menaced the Government with marching on London with a hundred thousand men to inquire why the Reform Bill lingered so long. The Duke of Wellington took notice of the projected visit. He was not afraid of us, but did not want us in London.

In later years, Joshua's son William was elected member for the borough. He was a man of gentle manners, of good commercial knowledge and authority, who carried through Parliament the Industrial Partnerships Bill, which first made participation of profits with workmen possible. When in Parliament he had a residence at Runnymede Island, on which Magna Charta was signed, which was enviable. Runnymede was historic, but Runnymede was damp. I met him frequently at the House of Commons in his later years. His health was failing, but he was judicious in attendance, which he limited in accordance with his strength. When a division was due, he infallibly appeared.

Lawrence Street Chapel, where the Socialist meetings were held in those days, was built by the Southcottians. Mr. Bradley, a tobacconist, was the chief supporter of the little church. It was he who bought the silver cradle in which the little Shiloh was to be rocked, which Joanna in due time was to bring forth, but never did. The last occupation of the chapel (1890) is by the Kyrle Society. The peculiarity of the Southcottian leaders, which excited more prejudice against them than their harmless

[1] So far as I have found they were first given this name by the *Black Dwarf* in 1824.

Messianic expectations, was that they wore long beards. Ignorance, always intolerant, resented this liberty of differing from their neighbours even in so small a thing as wearing their natural beards. No one understood then the truth of Schiller's aphorism that "toleration only comes with larger information."

George Frederick Muntz, who afterwards became member for Birmingham, was the only other man in the town who wore a beard.[1] He was, when he became member for the borough, the first civilian who wore a beard in the House of Commons—a military officer only was accorded the limited liberty of wearing a moustache. Mr. Muntz would have been insulted for wearing a beard, but he carried a thick malacca cane, which it was known he would apply to the shoulders of any person who affronted him. It was this which protected him from ridicule in Birmingham and in the House of Commons. He was the most powerful and resolute Radical in the town. A story told of him in my youth was, that going home one night to his house in Soho, he was attacked by two robbers. He knocked them down and brought them both into town and gave them into custody. A local writer, one Joseph Allday, was editor of a paper called the *Argus*, which he enlivened by offensive personalities. Mr. Muntz, being compromised by some remarks, went down to the office, seized Mr. Allday by the collar, drew him over the counter into the middle of the street, when the editor found that personal allusion to Mr. Muntz was liable to be tempered with an application of his malacca cane. The assault came before the magistrates, with what results I do not remember. In the later days of his membership, Mr. Muntz was not edifying on the platform, and swore in his speeches. Mr. William Cope tells of kindly acts of his. One day meeting an old woman in Livery Street wheeling coals up the hill, he took the barrow in hand and wheeled it up for her.

Philip Henry Muntz, a younger brother of George Frederick, also wore a beard, when he came to have one, but his hair was not dark like his brother's. He had the same brusqueness of manner, but less coarseness. I heard him make his first speech in public. He afterwards became member for the town. They were the two fighting Radicals. It is singular that the only

[1] In after years George Dawson.

descendant of the family in Parliament should be a Tory. I suppose there is a fatty degeneration of the understanding in well-fed Liberals, as sometimes occurs otherwise in too well-fed men.

Thomas Clutton Salt, a vehement member of the Political Union, had an ornate style which entertained, but left little impression on his audience. His quality was best seen in an address which he issued to the town, which now has the merit of showing that Birmingham women took interest in politics before John Stuart Mill's influence urged them to organize themselves as a separate power in the State. One passage in Mr. Salt's address said "the slave spirit crouches in fear—the tyrant spirit contrives new oppressions—the Jew spirit tortures for gold; therefore do women meddle with politics;" and more to the same effect. Each paragraph gave impassioned reasons "why women meddle with politics."

Though no one then thought of giving women any political rights, both parties were ready to avail themselves of their political influence, and when the Liberals of Birmingham were invoking the aid of the women of progress, the Tories of Norwich were issuing the following address :—

"TO THE LADIES OF NORWICH.

"None but the brave deserve the fair.

"If ever the sweets of social virtue, the warmth of honest zeal, the earnings of industry, the prosperity of trade, had any influence in the female breast, you have now a happy opportunity of exercising it to the advantage of *your* country —*your* cause. If ever the feelings of a parent, wife, sister, friend, or lover, had a sympathy with *public virtue*, now is *your* time to indulge the *tender passion*. If ever you felt for the ruin and disgrace of England, and for the *miseries and depravities* of the obnoxious Reform Bill, you are called on by the most tender and affectionate tie in nature to exert *your* persuasive influence on the minds of a father, brother, husband, or lover; tell them not to seek filial duty, congenial regard, matrimonial comfort, nor *tender compliance*, till they have saved *your* country from perdition! *posterity from slavery* History furnishes us with instances of *female patriotism* equal to any in the page of *war* and politics. Oh! may the generous and beatific charm of female persuasions prevail with the *citizens of Norwich*, to espouse the cause of liberty, of

"STORMONT AND SCARLETT."

It never occurred to these eloquent adjurers that if women were thus able to exercise political influence they were entitled to use it for themselves.

After the Reform Bill was carried the Union dissolved itself, as the Anti-Corn Law League subsequently did when the Corn Laws were repealed. Mr. G. F. Muntz proposed that the Union should be hung up like a clean gun, to be taken down if need arose—a figure of speech suitable to a gun-making town. The gun grew rusty on its nail.

Robert Kelly Douglas was an active leader of the Union. He was spoken of as the editor of *The Birmingham Journal.* A card of membership which I held—which I still have—is signed with his familiar initials, "R. K. D., secretary," bearing the words, "Birmingham Political Union, Instituted 1830—Revived 1837." His bold, clear handwriting was like his speeches. He was fluent, relevant, and forcible. He was tall, slender, with a fine head of grey hair, and of dignified, cultivated manners.

At the great meeting known as the "Gathering of the Unions," 200,000 on Newhall Hill sang the Call,

> "Over mountain, over plain,
> Echoing wide, from sea to sea,
> Peals, and shall not peal in vain,
> The trumpet call of liberty."

Then others made reply,

> "Lo! we answer; see! we come!
> Quick at freedom's holy call;
> We come, we come, we come, we come,
> To do the glorious work of all;
> And hark we raise from sea to sea,
> Our sacred watchword Liberty!"

There were nine stanzas containing fifty-four lines in all. Never did political meeting so large sing a song so long, before or since in this world.

The Rev. Hugh Hutton put up a sonorous prayer. Unitarians in those days preached in Johnsonian sentences, and used more vowels than any other religionists. Only Unitarian ministers at that time would pray for Liberals, or who would pray among them. We had a Catholic priest, the Rev. T. M. M'Donnel, a member of the council of the Political Union; a tall, clear, articulate, well-informed speaker, with grey hair and public spirit; but he never did what Mr. Hutton did. A Birmingham meeting never asked him. They would not imagine

that a Catholic could have got a blessing down from heaven if he tried. The one leader who had most force of character, and who was best instructed on Liberal principle, was George Edmonds, a schoolmaster and solicitor. He had the protruding underlip, the physical sign of capacity for oratory, as might be seen in Lord Brougham, George Thompson, and other orators of mark. There are orators in plenty without this characteristic, but to those who have, it gives a sort of prehensile advantage over an audience. More than an orator with a commanding voice and measured force of delivery, Edmonds was a Radical thinker, and friend of Jonathan Wooler in the days of the *Black Dwarf*. Edmonds was tried with Major Cartwright and Wooler, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, for promoting the election of Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., as M.P. for Birmingham, 1820, no Speaker's writ authorizing it. Jonathan Wooler concluded the twelfth volume of the *Black Dwarf* in 1824. In his "Final Address" he states that "he commenced the work under the idea that there was a public in Britain devotedly attached to Parliamentary reform. This was an error. It is true that hundreds of thousands have petitioned and clamoured for reform, but the event has proved what the *Black Dwarf* treated as a calumny, that they only clamoured for bread . . . and were not reformers, but bubbles thrown up in the fermentation of society. . . . The majority has decided in its crueller moments 'for things as they are.'" Yet within eight years the great Reform Bill was carried by, what even Wellington had to admit, was the universal demand of the country. This is a remarkable instance of that political despair on the part of an insurgent politician, resembling the darkness which precedes the dawn.

When Birmingham became a Parliamentary borough, Edmonds came forward as a candidate, but was requested to stand aside in favour of Mr. Scholefield. In the day of triumph it is seldom that a constituency selects as its representative the man who laboured for it in perilous, unfriended, and apathetic days. When such a man claims recognition, he is told that he is dividing the Liberal *interest*—which appears not to lie that way. Ultimately, Mr. Edmonds was made Clerk of the Peace. The last time I saw him he was one of an audience at a dis-

cussion I held with an adversary in the town. There was no person among its public men of the days of my youth whose presence could give me so much pleasure.

The chief Radical critic of the Union, who better understood the principle of democracy and cared more for it than the leaders, except George Edmonds, was one George Russell, who made a little fortune in Moor Street by printing and selling Catnatch songs. Had Macaulay visited Birmingham he would have gone over Mr. Russell's copious ballad store with delight. He had the finest collection in all the Midlands. Unfortunately, Russell, like Mr. Corbett (contemporaneous with him in Radical agitation), had a querulous manner and acted on the Pauline maxim of being "instant in season and out of season, and as he was generally "out," he was disliked. But he had the root of the matter in him in political thoroughness. He left £12,000 to found a secular school, of which he designated me as the teacher; but the bequest was disputed. I was examined in the case, but, not being able to take oath, Mr. Arthur Ryland, the Commissioner of the Inquiry, accepted my affirmation. All the same, legal objection could be taken to it. The bequest was annulled. Secular teaching was held to be hostile to Christianity, and much against the validity of the bequest.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BIRMINGHAM MEN.

(1830–6.)

THE habit I had acquired of frequenting chapels and missionary meetings led me to attend political assemblies. This further enlarged my views of life and duty, which the religion taught me had hidden from me.

The political impulses by which Birmingham had become distinguished had quickened thought of the human kind in relation to this world. For five years I was a scholar in the Carr's Lane Sunday Schools, yet save Watts's hymns and reading in the Bible, I had learned nothing. There was a sand class for seven or eight boys, in which lessons in rudimentary writing were given. But beyond this, secular instruction in these schools did not go. Once the Rev. John Angell James, the pastor, delivered a week-night public address, in which he counselled young men to be content in the station and with the lot which Providence had assigned them. Dissent was no better than the Church as regarded secular progress. When I heard Mr. James's counsel, I believed it. It was logical Christian doctrine I knew, and I could see that if acted upon, the Political Union was an organized sin—as its object was to alter and raise the condition of the people. Had Mr. James himself acted upon his own principle, he would not have been a preacher.[1]

[1] Mr. James, who was born at Blandford, Dorset, in 1785, was intended for commercial life, but was advised by the Rev. Dr. Bennett to study for the ministry. There was no great thinker in those days like Mr. Ruskin to teach the world that piety and progress were the same. Mr. Ruskin has told us that, "If no effort be made to discover, in the course of their early training,

Birmingham being in the heart of the Midlands of England, its people have insularity of character as well as of race. The various nations of invaders who, for more than a thousand years, bestowed on England their malevolent presence, no doubt penetrated more or less to Birmingham. But the British founders and their descendants probably kept substantial occupancy of the interior of the country. Our furious incursionists doubtless left behind them turbulent additions to the population—perpetuating a like spirit along the invaded shores. Thus to this day the coast-land population show energy and unrest of character. The Midlanders have steadier attachment to independence and to ways of their own. Insisting upon liberty as an ancient inheritance, they regard as aliens any who would disturb their exercise of it.

Still in my mind is the perfect surprise with which I first became aware of having the instinct of race. When the Crimean War came it was popular. It was found out by the people that we were committed to fighting somebody. Mr. Bright, Mr. Cobden, and a few other great politicians fully understood that we ought not to be fighting at all. The hereditary instinct of a warlike people once awakened, is quite sufficient to make any conflict popular. There was much less political intelligence then than now, and hardly any political conscience as regarded foreign nations. When news came that my countrymen were fighting in the trenches of Sebastopol, my wish was that they might win, whether right or wrong. The great French war had ceased two years before I was born. England had never been at war in my time. There had been no inspiration of battle in the people within my experience. The martial spirit slumbered as though it were dead in the land, yet I had it and knew it not. At any lull in the Crimean carnage, I was anxious that diplomacy should intervene to terminate it, but while we were fighting I wished the English to win. It was not right that we should win if we were wrong.

for what services the youth of a nation are individually qualified: nor any care taken to place those who have unquestionably proved their fitness for certain functions, in the offices they could best fulfil—then to call the confused wreck of social order and life brought about by malicious collision and competition, an arrangement of Providence, is quite one of the most insolent and wicked ways in which it is possible to take the name of God in vain."—RUSKIN: "Time and Tide," pp. 7, 8.—1867.

It means an ill organization of international affairs when any one succeeds who is in the wrong—whether an individual or a nation. Yet an unknown and unsuspected instinct of race set me wishing that, while fighting was going on, we might succeed somehow or anyhow. I do not justify the sentiment, but I own to having had it.

Such was the effect of insularity of birth and race that I for a long time mistrusted all people not English—yet never disliking them as persons; for their physical difference in appearance and alien ways were always attractive to me. What I mistrusted was their judgment and opinion, until experience taught me that sentiments of justice are, in the main, the same among all people, although their way of displaying it is so different that you doubt whether they know what it is. Insularity of position gives self-containment of character to a people unused to consulting opinion outside themselves. They hold their views with obstinacy because they are theirs, and their first instinct is to distrust the judgment of those who differ from them. If they manifest narrowness of view, which comes from self-sufficiency, it gives intensity to their character, and they maintain their opinion with unity and force, and their determination can be counted upon in any contest in which they engage. Judging from myself, I regarded the coast towns of England as though they were inhabited by alien races. When Birmingham men enter upon political agitation, the reader will think them likely to be resolute in it. During the active years of the Political Union my days were passed within a few yards of its office. I knew its leaders in the street and on the platform, and their conduct accorded with the impression of Birmingham men herein described. The legend of the town, adopted on its incorporation, is rightly and creditably "Forward"—the family motto of the Duke of Queensberry.

CHAPTER IX.

ORATORS WHO CAME OUR WAY.

(1837.)

In 1831 a few words on a sheet of paper stuck on Mr. Muntz's warehouse door in Great Charles Street, at nine o'clock in the morning, was notice enough to summon 12,000 or 20,000 persons to Newhall Hill at midday. When a youth, not fifteen, I had often been out at the meetings, and knew that there was a Reform Bill in the air.

The most famous of the oratorical visitors of the Political Union was Daniel O'Connell. In those days the voices of the great Irish leaders were always given to enlarge English freedom, as they have often been since. On one occasion a vast assembly beyond compute, met on Newhall Hill. Early in the morning a band of four hundred women had marched from Rowley Regis (locally called "Rowley Rags," which better described it), a place several miles from Birmingham, and had taken up a position in the hollow, near the platform. The tall form of O'Connell was conspicuous as he rose to speak. The moment his eye lighted on the unexpected mass of women in front of him, the quick instinct of the orator decided his first sentence, and he began, "Surrounded as I am by the fair, the gentle, and the good," which at once captivated his feminine hearers. Their occupation prevented them being very "fair," and holding a position amid 200,000 men—the number computed to be present—showed they were not very "gentle"; but they were "good," patriotic women, and they cheered the flattering allusion to themselves. The men behind cheered because the women cheered; and the crowd behind them, who

were too far away to hear well, cheered because those before them cheered, and thus the fortune of the great oration was made. What Sir Bulwer Lytton said of O'Connell's speaking was true at Newhall Hill :—

> "Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
> Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven :
> Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
> Even to the centre of the hosts around ;
> And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell
> As from some church tower swings the silver bell.
> Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
> It glided, easy as a bird may glide ;
> To the last verge of that vast audience."

O'Connell had three manners : a didactic tone in the Courts —dignified argument in the House of Commons—raciness on the platform, where he abandoned himself to himself, on the Yankee principle, "Fill yourself full of your subject as though you were a barrel, take out the bung, and let human nature caper." In London we have seen O'Connell take off his necktie and open his collar to give himself more freedom. On one occasion, referring to the births in Dublin having decreased 5,000 a year for four years, he exclaimed, "I charge the British Government with the murder of those 20,000 infants" (who never were born). It was said with so much raciness that the audience did not perceive the delightful absurdity. Mr. Sam Timmins told me that an Irish schoolmaster who was present remarked to him, "That's worthy of my country." In one sense, O'Connell was right—British misrule had caused the depopulation of Dublin.

Another speaker who interested the residents more than any other platform visitor to Birmingham, was Charles Reece Pemberton. Though born in South Wales, he resided during his youth in Birmingham. His life was all vicissitude and romance. Of a sensitive, poetic, and dramatic temperament, he found an unsympathetic clerkship, to which he was confined, unendurable and ran away with a companion to Liverpool, where they were seized by a pressgang then prowling about. His friend, endeavouring to swim from the warship to which they were drafted, was drowned. Pemberton remained seven years in the service, and became acquainted with several

foreign stations. He had an irrepressible passion for acting and came to have theatres abroad. As a lecturer and expositor of Shakspeare he was unrivalled. He had a handsome, intellectual face, what the French would call *spirituelle* in expression, and his bright animation of manner, an intense hatred of injustice and sympathy with human progress made him the most popular lecturer who ever entered a Mechanics' Institution, to whose members he chiefly spoke. In a hundred towns none who ever heard him ceased to speak of him. His lectures on Shakspeare he illustrated by reciting passages; but his criticisms were not destined to introduce the passages—the passages were selected to illustrate the criticism. As he excelled in comedy as well as tragedy, every lecture afforded both instruction and delight. He wrote tragedies and songs, and some autobiographical chapters (sent to W. J. Fox when he edited the *Monthly Repository*) under the signature of "Pel Verjuice." The papers excited great interest, which led to Mr. Fox seeking his acquaintance. The first theatrical representation Pemberton ever saw was in the Birmingham Theatre, and his description of that first night is a memorable piece of writing. His pen was as vivid as his imagination. His account of a nomination meeting in the Birmingham Town Hall in 1835 tells the story of the beginning of electoral life in Birmingham. He wrote or spoke only of that which he had himself seen or felt. The impressions of the events and experience through which he had passed, he retained with what many thought a supernatural fidelity. He was playing one night at Hereford, having taken the theatre, as was his wont, to perform a series of "Shakspeare's tragic glories," as he styled them. Serjeant Talfourd, who was there during the Assize week, hearing that a new actor was in the town, went down to witness his performance, and was so struck by it that, finding but a small audience present, he paid the expenses of the house succeeding nights, that he might witness all the representations. In the *New Monthly* he afterwards described Pemberton as "a new actor of real tragic power," who might come to compare with Macready or Kean. By Talfourd's influence he appeared afterwards at Covent Garden Theatre. "Critics differed as to the merits of Pemberton's acting, and contradicted themselves more than they usually do, which

meant that there was new merit of some kind in the performances. Mediocrity never excites controversy," as Mr. Serjeant Talfourd said, writing upon this subject at the time. "The very difference of opinion means much. Mere mediocrity is not thus mistaken. It has no chameleon hues."

An affection of the throat, which timely cessation from lecturing might have rendered curable, killed him. By the generosity of Serjeant Talfourd, who bade him draw upon him for whatever he required, he went abroad, but without advantage, and returned to die at his brother's house in Ludgate Hill, Birmingham. I was the only stranger whom he wished admitted to his room in his last days. He felt keenly that when his powers were at their greatest, and when engagements, which would have made him opulent, awaited him, his strength was exhausted. His mind was filled with brilliant projects of service to the people. His last thoughts were expressed in lines which he wrote.

"Oh, could I do, of my vast will
One millionth part—what joy would thrill
My soul! though lone and lorn,
I die: ennobled by this shame,
I'd court as worthiest, holiest fame,
Contemporaneous scorn!"

His friend John Fowler, of Sheffield, published a volume containing his life and works, and Ebenezer Elliott wrote one of his finest poems upon him, entitled, "Poor Charles." During his days of health he had given two performances in the Birmingham Theatre for the Building Fund of the Mechanics' Institution, and we erected a memorial over him in Key Hill Cemetery. I was secretary of the committee, and W. J. Fox wrote his epitaph.

Beneath this stone
Rest the mortal remains of
Charles Reece Pemberton,
Who died March 3rd, 1840, aged 50.
His gentle and fervid nature,
His acute sensibility
And his aspirations to the beautiful and true,
Were developed and exercised
Through a life of vicissitude,
And often of privation and disappointment.

As a public lecturer
He has left a lasting memorial
In the minds of the many
Whom he guided to a perception
Of the genius of Shakspeare
In its diversified and harmonizing powers.
At oppression and hyprocrisy
He spurned with a force proportioned
To that wherewith he clung
To justice and freedom, kindness, and sincerity.
Ever prompt for generous toil,
He won for himself from the world
Only the poet's dowry,
" The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love! "

This eloquent and comprehensive epitaph is his history. His health was failing when in a crowded room in Great Charles Street he read Fox's "Lecture on Class Moralities," which were then being delivered in South Place Chapel, London. No Sunday evening readings had been heard in Birmingham before. Since Pemberton's day I have heard hundreds of lecturers and preachers in England and America, but never one who had the animation, the inspiration, and the spontaneous variety he had. He came into the lecture-room like a flash of light, and the hearer saw new things ever after by it. He was of the people, and *for* the people, and owed all his powers to himself.

One of the men of mark, who, though not conspicuous on the platform of the Political Union, was William Pare—an organizing power on the side of insurgent opinion, and a member of the Town Council. Societies for the diffusion of Christian knowledge professedly took charge of the affairs of another world. Lord Brougham formed the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—an entirely new sort of knowledge not recognized then, which had relation to the affairs of this world. He sent Mr. Coates to Birmingham to arrange the establishment of a mechanics' institution in the town. It was Mr. Pare mainly who carried out this intent. In all municipal enterprises and improvement Pare was foremost. He had an assuring voice, the genius of enthusiasm, which won others to unity, and made no enemies. He was appointed the first Registrar under the Act legalizing civil marriages, but as he was an advocate of Mr. Owen's views, the Bishop of Exeter brought his name

before the House of Lords, which led to Mr. Pare resigning that office. He was afterwards largely engaged as a railway statist in connection with the construction of railways, and subsequently as managing partner in The Irish Engineering Company of Seville Iron Works, Dublin, and resided at Clontarf. He was the Governor of Queenwood Community, established by Owen's disciples in Hampshire. He preserved his youthful animation to a good age, and his fidelity to the social and co-operative movement, and was the best representative of the philosophical principles of Robert Owen of all his disciples. His angerless voice never varied in the most conflicting counsel, and he was pacific without being passive. He was considerate to the erring, and at the same time energetic against error. He had two qualities which seldom go together—advocacy and organization. I was one of the first persons married in his office, intending to testify in favour of civil marriage, though the prosaicness of the arrangement provided by the Act inspired me with resentment. No bright chamber, hall, or temple, to give distinction to the ceremony ; only the business office of a Registrar of Deaths, infusing funeral associations into a wedding. Civil marriage had become a necessity ; but it was made as uninteresting as it could be, to drive persons back to church. It was the hope that Mr. Pare would officiate reconciled me to it, and imparted distinction to it in my mind.

CHAPTER X.

NATURE OF THE MIDLAND MIND.

(1830–6.)

THE Midland mind is necessarily provincial. Provincial is not a good term, as the counties are not subjugated districts. I use the word provincial because there is none other which designates the compeers of the capital, the dwellers in the open land of plain and mountain. There is a common impression that the provincial mind is of a lower type than the metropolitan. This arises from overlooking that the London mind has brightness where the provincial mind has strength. Londoners are the lapidaries of the nation. They polish the diamond found in the counties, and sometimes, if no one challenges them, they take credit for producing the jewel. If any one could take out of the metropolitan mind all knowledge, thought, conjecture, imagination, and poetry, which it has secreted from provincial thinkers, many minds would be light as the shell when the egg is out. London abounds in egg-shell minds ; nevertheless, it has other minds of a noble order. The mark of metropolitanism is the mastery of many views. London is latitudinarian without which there is no tolerance.

One great advantage of provincial life is the opportunity of originality. There, originality can be seen by reason of its separateness. The provincial mind is the spring land of the nation. The metropolis is but the confluence of its many streams. Though the metropolis has the merit of attracting them, their origin is elsewhere. London is the mirror of the counties, where every provincial man of genius who looks into it, sees his own face. Still the provincial mind has the dis-

advantage of a fixed eye. It sees clearly what is before it, and nothing escapes it within its own range, but it sees little beyond and nothing around it. It does not ignore excellence in others : it does not know of it. Ignoring implies knowing and intentional disregard. The tendency of the provincial mind is not only not to know, its tendency is not to believe in anything but itself. Its secret opinion is that nature exhausted herself in bestowing upon the provincial mind the ideas it has, and that other persons, who profess to know something, are unconscious impostors, being unaware that all true conceptions were otherwise distributed before they applied for them. If this be not so, the provincial mind often gives this impression of itself. Any observer of local politics frequently sees a citizen arise who supposes himself to know everything from the beginning and previously. One day he finds himself a member of the Town Council, and confronted by forty or fifty gentlemen each under precisely the same impression of his own attainments. Then the all-knowing citizen is dismayed at the skill required and the delay which intervenes before he obtains ascendency for his views there. If it come to pass that the same aspirant enters Parliament, he finds himself face to face with six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen, each privately convinced that he alone has the right idea of the government of the world. Then he is amazed at the art, tact, eloquence, patience, and resource necessary to overcome the representative and concentrated obstinacy which he encounters in that assembly. I have watched a hundred men in the House of Commons of just and strong ambition, grow pale with dying purpose as they stepped into that wilderness of infallibility, when the fierce blasts of contrariety of opinion first beat upon them. They were discouraged when they discovered how slowly the mill of the gods grind—when they have to turn the wheels. Many leaders who have awakened the courage and hope of the provinces have been the first to feel discouraged in Parliament, and what was worse to propagate discouragement. The one advantage of the Parliamentary mind is that it has, like a lighthouse, a revolving eye. It sees all the country around. Hence Parliament awaits events with an unamazed expectancy. It is never disconcerted and never despairs. It knows that common consent to the right is a pursuit of infinite labour and infinite worth, and that

victory comes with facts, time, and persistence. Its art is impartiality, its strategy is patience, its grace is deference, and its strength toleration. It is wise not by its own wisdom, but by wisdom acquired in winning honest concurrence.

It was not till I began to notice these varying characteristics of local and metropolitan life that it was possible to understand what persistence of effort is necessary in propagandism, or to encounter without surprise the natural obstacles in the way of a new conviction, and the resentments which are awakened by the attempt to create it.

CHAPTER XI.

WIDER VIEWS.

(1837.)

Reverence for excellence I always had. It was not called forth or cultivated—it came to me like a sense. No book of etiquette was needed to teach me how to act towards those whom I had reason to regard. I used to walk home with my tutor to the other end of the town on dark nights, though less able than he to defend myself, if attacked on my return alone.

Mr. Daniel Wright had been the tutor of C. R. Pemberton, already mentioned, and a greater Shakspearian critic than any other actor before his time. Pemberton said to me "he owed more to Daniel Wright than to any man, save his own father." I might, in my turn, say the same of Mr. Wright, who gave me advice as to the conduct of life, and Mr. Hawkes Smith, to whom Mr. Wright commended me, did also—advice which was only in the minds of Unitarian thinkers, and of which no other religious body in Birmingham had knowledge or took interest. Mr. Wright was at one time partner with Thomas Clutton Salt, a colleague of Thomas Attwood, with whom he was associated in founding the famous Birmingham Political Union, which contributed so much to the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. The place of business of Salt and Wright was at the corner of Paradise Street, on the spot on which the Town Hall now stands. Mr. Wright was a man immovable in a cause he believed to be just. He had a lawsuit with his partner. He won his cause but lost his capital. When the Mechanics' Institution was formed, he was appointed tutor. Mr. Wright,

more cultivated than his partner, had the manners of a gentle man, and his wide knowledge was of a kind always ready for use. He was about fifty when I became one of his pupils. He was of middle stature, strongly built, his face was pallid; you could scarcely see that it was pock-marked. His manner was grave and silent, showing the sense of misfortune and fortitude. All who spoke of him in the town did it with sympathy and respect.

In 1839, an exhibition of machinery and art manufactures was held in the Shakspeare Rooms, New Street. It was said that Prince Albert had in view to promote an International Exhibition (which was held eleven years later) should this experiment excite distinctive public interest. Some machines of remarkable delicacy of action were supplied by Lieutenant Lecount. Application was made to Mr. Wright to recommend some student at the Mechanics' Institution, who, with assistants he might select, would explain the various objects to visitors. Mr. Wright recommended me, and I undertook the duty. One day Sir Robert Peel came, Prince Albert and other persons of distinction visited the exhibition, Lieut. Lecount came down daily. He was a short man and wore a rough sea jacket. He had served in the navy under Constantine Moorson, and spoke with pride of a battle in which he had been engaged with him. He was liable to fainting fits, and when they were coming on he would crouch down among the machinery against the wall, telling me not to regard him, and when he recovered he rose and continued his survey. He was spoken of as "the mathematician of the London and Birmingham Railway," as he was engaged in its construction. At that time the Rev. Timothy East, a saintly and popular preacher, to whose gentle tones and fierce expressions I was oft a listener—who ranked next to the Rev. J. Angell James in his reputation in the town, was accustomed to call at the railway office. As well as "mansions in the skies," Mr. East had shares in the railway, which Lecount thought incompatible with his spiritual pretensions. Not knowing the lieutenant, and seeing him in his rough attire, Mr. East took him to be a porter, and called out, "Hold my horse." Lecount replied with a naval oath of rotund quality and explosive as a shell—being provoked by the superciliousness in the preacher's tone, which offended Lecount's self-respect. Mr. East com-

plained of the singular behaviour of "the man at the door,' when he was told that he had addressed Lieutenant Lecount, who was a French gentleman of official distinction and of great attainments. Mr. East excused himself for his mistake, and regretted that his many acquirements did not include a little civility among them. Lecount, under the name of Dr. P. Y., wrote a book of note at the time, which was published by my friend, Henry Hetherington, entitled "A Hunt After the Devil." There was little of that person in the book, which was filled with mathematical calculations, remarkably identical with those which Bishop Colenso afterwards made, of the dimensions of the ark and of its inadequacy to contain a ten thousandth part of the inmates which we are informed entered it.

One morning, which I shall never forget, my tutor came down in his friendly way to see how I was getting on in my new employment. He shook hands at the entrance with Captain Van Burl, who was treasurer of the exhibition, and died as he was doing so. We laid him in one of the rooms, and it was hours after before I could persuade myself that he was dead. Through his influence I had made many friends, whose wider views in religion enlarged my own. As the Mechanics' Institution could not at once replace Mr. Wright, the committee appointed me to conduct the classes for a time. Some of the students in whom Mr. Wright had taken interest became afterwards distinguished—among them was Dr. J. A. Langford.

Mr. Wright was buried in the Old Meeting House Yard, where his pupils and friends placed a tablet over his grave. Dr. Langford published in his "Century of Birmingham Life" a graceful and grateful tribute which he wrote in his memory. Two of the stanzas celebrate Mr. Wright's charm of manner, whether his subject was Shakspeare, Euclid, or Truth.

> "As thou the poet's glorious strain,
> Or Euclid's problems didst explain.
>
> Thy eyes with loving-kindness bright,
> More brightly beam, as beamed the light,
> Of truth in minds so dear to thee
> As all thy pupils were."

Through my friend Mr. Hawkes Smith I was invited to teach a class in the Unitarian Sunday School at the new Meeting

House, locally known as Dr. Priestley's Chapel, of which the Rev. Mr. Kentish was then the chief preacher. The Sunday School had classes for the study of logic and mathematics—the Unitarians alone gave such instruction on the Sunday. But I retained all the time my Trinitarian belief with which they never interfered. The Rev. William Crompton, whose sister Mr. George Dawson subsequently married, once asked me if I remained Trinitarian in belief. I answered that I did. A vague impression existed in my mind that three Gods were not too many to attend to the affairs of this vast universe.[1] Contemporaneous in the town was a Rev. Dr. Brindley, a schoolmaster who was to the Church party what Busfield Ferrand was to the Tory party, who used to attack Cobden and Bright in the Anti-Corn Law agitation; and Brindley was like Ferrand in personal appearance, in coarseness, fury of speech, and lust for notoriety. He first came forward, and delivered a course of lectures in reply to George Combe, whose phrenological views he represented as being highly hostile to Christianity. The idea of intelligence being manifested under material conditions, and subject to material laws, had not then entered into the theological mind. Mr. Hawkes Smith delivered a course of lectures in vindication of Combe, when Brindley's incapacity was made patent to the town. With the adroitness of a robust controversialist, he retaliated by attacking Mr. Hawkes Smith for his Socialistic views, where the sympathy of religious prejudice in favour of his new assault would conceal his intellectual deficiencies. Mr. Hawkes Smith was known for his intrepid defence of Robert Owen's social views, which sought the improvement of human condition by human means. Mr. Wright had taught his pupils that all opinion should be tested by reason, so we were uninfluenced by Dr. Brindley, and as he defamed Mr. Hawkes Smith, whom we all had reason to regard, many of us began to inquire into the validity of Mr. Owen's

[1] The three typical men in Birmingham, at that time, were G. F. Muntz, before named; Mr. John Cadbury, the founder of the cocoa making firm—a white-headed, nimble, well-built Quaker, who wore drab breeches and white silk stockings, which well displayed a fine pair of calves which were the admiration of the streets, of which the owner seemed conscious; and Mr. Crompton, a sheet copper merchant, father of the minister (Rev. W. Crompton) whom I have named. He was a bright, handsome man of refined expression, with delicate colour in his cheeks, the most gentlemanly man who came to business in Broad Street. I met him twice a day for thirteen years.

views, tested by the light of reason and experience. It appeared to me that the practical outcome of these Socialist views was to supersede the coercion of wrongdoers by removing the causes which led to mischievous action, and extinguish the ignorance which led to erroneous opinion. A memorable passage of Coleridge, the greatest thinker among theologians of his day, which described the quality of mind in this class of Socialists, made a strong impression upon me. It was this—

"Accustomed to regard all the affairs of men as a process, they never hurry, and they never pause. Theirs is not a twilight of political knowledge which gives just light enough to place one foot before the other: as they advance, the scene still opens upon them. Convinced that vice originates not in the man, but in the surrounding circumstances—not in the heart, but in the understanding—they are hopeless concerning no one. By endeavouring to alter the circumstances, they would remove, or, by strengthening the intellect, disarm, temptation."

Afterwards I was induced to hear Robert Owen, who came to address his partizans in Allison Street Rooms. Eventually I took part in discussions there. Sometimes I selected the Evening Lessons and read them. As I selected from various authors passages I cared for, and read them as though I cared for the sentiments, it caused me to be frequently requested to officiate in that way, and ultimately to give some short lectures. In 1837, I went one night with Mr. Hollick to deliver an address in Kidderminster, and slept at an inn where, the bed being over the brewery, the steam came through the floor, and I remember being very damp in the morning, but not being chilled I took no harm.

Never doubting that other persons had a right to differ from me, it never entered my mind to resent it, but in the Brindley controversy I found theological persons did resent difference from them. While Mr. Hawkes Smith was delivering his lectures in defence of phrenology and the influence of circumstance on character, Mr. Brindley twisted on his seat, made faces as though he wished to divert attention from the arguments of the speaker, and otherwise treated difference of opinion as a defect of morality, without incurring the disapprobation of his Christian supporters, which made me less proud than I had been to be counted on their side. For myself I could

hardly be said to differ from anybody, but looked at things in my own way, and as I conceived no one to be under obligation to take my view, I felt myself under no obligation to take theirs. When, however, the conflicts mentioned subsided, it did seem an obligation to improve the material condition of others, if it could be done. This impression was confirmed in various ways, and under the influence of incidents which I may elsewhere recount. Thus, in addition to the persuasion I had of the usefulness of piety, was added the conviction of the piety of usefulness.

Mr. Brindley had industry and tact, and was right in some of his objections to Socialism. Had he been actuated by the desire of directing those of that opinion wisely, and of making such intention felt, he might have rendered service to them and the public.

CHAPTER XII.

BYWAY TRAGEDIES.

(1837.)

I.

SOMETIMES a man may engage in actual tragedies, under a political despotism for instance, there being apparently to him no other extrication from an unendurable state of things. He foresees then what may come to him in consequence. In so far as he acts from a clear sense of duty he casts his lot with uncertain Fortune, and does not repine when it goes against him. To foresee, in the language of Byron, that

> "The block may soak your gore,
> Your head may sodden in the sun; your limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls,"

is not a fine outlook, nor a pleasant future to contemplate. It is all very grand in the blank verse of Marino Faliero, but that mode of figuring on "castle walls" is quite a different thing; especially if some critical historian comes after you and gives it as his opinion that you did it all "for notoriety."

Sometimes a man may step into what is of the nature of a tragedy and not know it; or an event may come to him with death in its coils, but which does not pass for tragedy because death plays only a silent part in it. These affairs occur in daily life more frequently than is thought, and it appears to me that there is no station in society in which education in heroism or fortitude in youth may not be serviceable in after life.

One day when I was eighteen, a young Lichfield girl came into my workshop to speak to a relative—a relative by kindness

rather than by blood, as she was kinless. She had a gipsy kind of beauty, but with an instinctive shyness not common with that tribe. As I looked up at her, the sunlight was pouring into the place. As she stood between two windows, she seemed transparent. The crimson rays seemed to pass through her hands and face. Carbon dust was flying about, and most objects were grim around, which perhaps rendered more noticeable the ruddiness and freshness of the girl. I had never seen anything like it. Little did I think that sight would never go out of my mind. For two years I sought her company as a lover. Always diffident myself, unless some sense of duty dissipated the feeling, I was a very unengaging though not unpersistent suitor. No art or entreaty of mine ever won her voluntary society for a single stroll. Partly from hopelessness of success and partly from having been taught enough at the Mechanics' Institution to make me aware how little I knew, I determined to give myself to learning what I could for some time. That my desistance from my suit might relieve the Zingara from the inconvenience of my assiduities, I wrote to her and explained the resolution I had taken. Unhappy hour when I sent that letter. I see every article in the room in which I stood when I wrote it. No answer resulted, but two Sundays later—the sun was again shining in the street—she came to the door of the house where I was and asked for me, and, when I went there, she, scarcely glancing at me, held out the open letter, let it drop from her hand, and leaving it went away. She could not in words ask me to take it back—but in this mute and maidenly way she did it—and I knew it, yet feared and deferred to act upon the unforeseen signs. Impelled by the fascination of a new misery which so often carries us along when we cannot avert it, or fathom the future, I went out and walked in silence by her side to the gate of the cottage where she resided. I never saw her again until she was dying. Ambition, albeit not an unworthy one, had hardened my mind, but not so as to make me insensible to the happiness of another. The desire to know had not cast all other sentiments out of my heart, and I was sorry I had formed my purpose. Had I known what pain came to her by my act, I would not have done it. Had I known the consequence, I would not have done it. My motive and conduct were without the range of her knowledge,

and no doubt appeared as an excuse merely for concealing a changed interest in her. Yet so far as I had known she had none in me, and probably she did not know it either—until my parting letter reached her. Had I any knowledge of the incertitude of a girl's heart, oft unknown to herself, I might have won her consent to delay. But I had no experience, no skill. Intellectual ignorance had become insupportable to me, yet I had in my own mind only to make a sacrifice of pleasure for my own improvement—not sacrifice another. No distinction to be won atones for that. Had I been capable of reasoning upon my duty, I should have seen that, since I had sought the girl's love, I was bound to regard it when I discovered that I had succeeded. A small china, acorn-shaped jewel, which belonged to her mother (to whom it was a fatal gift of love), was given me after her death. I do not lose it. I do not look at it. Busy streets now cover the site of sandhills and trees where I had first seen her walk. Not far away still stands the fence of the cottage garden where we last parted. But never more do I walk there. After years of absence, my road may pass through the place. But no lapse of time, nor day nor night, make any difference. As soon as I am there, houses and streets and friends with me disappear as though they were not, and the trees, sandbanks, the bright broad roadway, and sunshine come back. The old cottage stands there again just as I saw it fifty years ago, and the silent, tremulous, tearful little beauty is turning to go in. Happy years of love have since succeeded. Remorse has never mingled therewith, because there was no intention of wrong in my mind. But the past is still a pain. At times I dream that I go out to meet the winsome figure coming down a glade. The crimson sunlight is again upon her. Darkness comes—a river is running at my feet, and I cannot pass over it. I turn to seek means of crossing it—and awake. We never meet. Another time I dream that my long self-set task of study is accomplished. My heart is joyous, I walk until I come in sight of a familiar cottage amid trees. I pass the fence. I open the door. The fire is burning—the kettle is singing—flowers are in the window. I enter—the chairs are all empty, the little round table has nothing on it. She is in the next room. I watch and wait for the opening of the door. I listen—there is no one stirring nor rustle over-

head. There is no voice. There is nobody there. I understand it all—and awake, glad that my imagination is touched with sympathy and not with guilt.

II.

There are a class of tragedies which come to you and spread their shadows about you in which you have no natural lot or part.

A pretty young girl was on a visit at my house, I having often been the guest of her parents. A colleague of mine, oft calling upon me, came thus to see her and conceived affection for her. Soon after her return home, St. Valentine's Day came, when she received one of that saint's missives—in this case an offensive little picture such as silly persons oft delight to send at that time to annoy or mystify young lovers. As it came from London, and no one there whom the young girl knew of was likely to send her a valentine of any kind save my friend, she unhappily concluded that it came from him. They were but slightly acquainted, and, after the way of country girls, she probably had misgivings as to whether her town admirer might not look down upon her. She imagined the valentine was meant to deride her, and that she had been played with, and imposed upon by insincere professions of regard. By another post there came openly and avowedly a true valentine, which would have charmed her exceedingly had she been able to believe in it. Thinking it also had come from her double-minded suitor, she returned it. While the propriety of doing so was being discussed by her sisters, none having discernment to doubt whether both could have come from one who had never been open to a suspicion of insincerity—one of the sisters in her excitement upset the ink pot over the true valentine, and as it had been determined to return it, it was returned in that state. Being received by her lover again with this mark of indignity or neglect upon it, he in his turn imagined he was indeed rejected. Before this arrived, he had written to the young lady's father the kind of letter which a gentleman unknown to him would write, giving him references, and asking his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter, in whom he had become interested during her visit to London. No answer

ever came, which confirmed him in his impression that the returned valentine implied his dismissal. Thus correspondence ceased on both sides. A month later the letter to the father came back to the lover. By a fatal mischance, such as often waits on lovers, he had directed the letter to the wrong town (to Manchester instead of to Sheffield), having no familiarity with the parts where she lived, and it lay undelivered in the Dead Letter Office until the Post Office returned it to the writer. What happiness that letter would have brought to the household for which it was intended had it been delivered! The returned valentine made him hesitate what to do, and he did nothing.

Here was as pretty a dramatic combination of misadventures in love as any one need wish to meet with; and if all ended here it was an affair to laugh over. But, alas, there was death in it. Before the day of unravelment came, opportunity occurred to my friend, the mystified lover, to renew his acquaintance with another whose affection he had once unsuccessfully sought. Some time after it came to pass that I was again a guest in the house where lived my former visitor who received the double valentines. I found the pretty flower of the household drooping. The old brightness was dimmed, the old gaiety had departed. It had then become known to them that the mischief-making valentine had been the act of a silly phrenologist, who had been a guest in the house, and who had sent it to London to be posted there in order to perplex the recipient. That act killed the girl. We wished that all the bumps of that idiotic phrenologist had been reduced to powder, and scattered to the winds, before that trick got into his spurious brains. A new embroglio followed in an unsuspected way. To vindicate the sincerity of my London friend, and to show that when my host's daughter was entrusted to my care she had not become acquainted with one who was not a man of honour—I related to what effect he had written to her father, and how his letter came back through misdirection. This knowledge unhappily made the disappointment sharper and more real. In the end I was asked to decide what should be done. Had I possessed common sense, I should have made reply, saying, "It was altogether an affair for the elders in Israel, and not for a young man unskilled in affairs of this kind, where only experience

could see its way." It is clearly a fault to be ready to take other people's troubles upon you and relieve them from the necessity of thinking for themselves. As the unhappy acquaintanceship commenced when my host's daughter was my guest, it appeared to me that I ought to do something to amend matters, if that were possible. When I related to my friend in London the facts, he very honourably said that, although his thoughts were turned elsewhere, he would marry my visitor if I said he ought. I conferred with her mother. Had I been called upon to solve a problem in Euclid, I could have done it: but I had never had time to study the casuistry of love, and had small skill therein. It seemed to me that to offer the young thing a second-hand heart, which had been twice enthralled by another, might prove hereafter an ill gift. A hand tendered as it were by command and not spontaneously and gladly offered, did that mean happiness in the future? Could a mother advise her child to venture upon that? The child most concerned would say nothing. Love is diffident and also proud, and will not ask what it is ready to offer its life for if presented to it. This I did not sufficiently understand. So it was agreed that the poor lost thing had better forget her London love. Whether she could forget it was quite another thing. If such a duty befell me again, I should put very different questions from those I put then. Then I did not know that an honourable man can find happiness in a marriage of duty, where he is sure of abounding love for himself. My decision brought a new cloud over my path. Long after I saw that I should not have accepted any responsibility in the matter; that what I ought to have done was simply to say to my friend, "Go and see the girl yourself. The decision lies between yourselves." In an interview love and honour would find a wiser issue than any philosophy or prudence could devise. During the thirty years in which I have oft again been a visitor at the house of the parents of the girl, the shadow of that death meets me at the fireside. Over the mantlepiece hangs the pretty face which the grave has so long held. The mother, whose force of character amounted to distinction, speaks a few words in accents which no other sorrow ever extorts from her. The mischievous knave who sent the fatal valentine what must he think, if he has a nature to be pierced

by remorse? My friend whose ill-fate it was to come in the poor child's path, when he has walked the deck of a Cape seaship at night, must oft have seen in the shrouds a sweet, slender figure, with a sad, pale face, glide away as he looked up: and doubtless he has many a time wandered in his dreams to a strange Hallamshire grave where the young light of life was extinguished in a hapless and hopeless love.

Among her papers sent to me after her death are the following verses. I possess them still. They are in her own handwriting. They are probably a copy of lines which expressed only too well her own feelings and fate. They were the last words she wrote:—

"I've pressed my last kiss on thy brow,
I've breathed my last farewell,
And hushed within my breaking heart
The love I may not tell.

I sought to win thee for mine own,
To wear thee in my heart,
That dream is o'er—I leave thee now,
And bless thee as we part.

Thy low sweet tones are in my ear,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
And pleasant memories of the past
Will make my heart their home.

And when my bark, now passion-tossed
Upon life's wintry sea,
Shall sink beneath the stormy wave,
Wilt thou not weep for me?

Farewell! I may not pause to gaze
Into those eyes of thine—
Heaven spare thy heart the agony
That now is rending mine."

Afterwards nothing happened to soften the memory of the silent tragedy which found its way to my hearth. In this world where real sorrow is pretty copious and any one with susceptibility meets with more than enough, few tragedies are worth the telling. Neither on the stage nor in books is it often excusable to produce them. Were it not that in the two instances given here the reader may learn some wisdom how to act in like cases—wisdom hidden from the actors in them, and

which, had it been possessed by them, might have prevented the tragedies happening—I would not relate them.

In 1850 commenced the *People's Review*, of which the illustrated cover, printed in colours, was designed and its vignettes executed by W. J. Linton, whose skilful and generous pencil was always at the service of his friends. So far as I remember it was the first sixpenny review issued. It was edited by "Friends of Order and Progress," and he of whom I have spoken in the preceding narrative was one of the "Friends" who joined me in conducting it. He afterwards became a recognized journalist, and an authority in military literature of which he had then no knowledge, which was entirely out of his experience, and for which we did not suppose he had any taste, which speaks all the more for his versatility, capacity, and powers of application.

III.

Other experiences, tragical though unobtrusive, occur in a varying career, without personal instruction in them, save so far as their relation prevents others feeling surprise whom they may befall.

It will come to pass that what you most desire and have long looked for, you never see. All the while it lies near you—by your side. But a gossamer veil, a mere spider web, woven by the imagination, so thin that you might blow it away if you thought to do it—yet just enough to hide from you what your eyes covet to behold, and you know it not. You may be concerned in catastrophes which, like storms that dash down sea walls, or like winds which rend forest trees, spreading desolation around you, and yet they never disturb that fragile, all-concealing veil. Oftener than the unreflecting or unsensitive imagine this form of fate happens. Duty itself often subjects men to this silent destiny, which requires as much heroism to confront as open war, and more courage to endure than hostile defeat. I have seen those who, on comprehending what had occurred to them, were never the same afterwards. Pursuits of business, or pursuits of the mind, effaced the sense of the loss for a time, but at the first disengaged interval it recurred. It was as though a supernatural visitant stood always at the door of the mind, and the moment it was, as it were, on the latch, it was opened,

and the visitant came in. When occupation again begins, it seems to go out again. You bar the door, but you know it is still standing there. In daily life, there are cries, though no sound is heard by others ; there are tragedies, though no one is observed to be killed.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOURTEEN NIGHTS WITH GEORGE COMBE.

(1838.)

FIFTY years ago morality seemed stagnant. There were ripples of controversy on technical points in theology, and no one threw any new light over the monotonous plain of orthodox thought, when a work was announced entitled "The Constitution of Man," by George Combe. It was welcomed among students as the new Gospel of Practical Ethics. The title was one of promise, the style was clear, the thought innovatory; it used accepted terms of theology, and endowed them with modern significance. It based morality on natural law, and the mind of no theologian remained the same after reading it. I felt as much interest in seeing the author of "The Constitution of Man" as I should in seeing the writer of the "Arabian Nights." One evening in May, 1838, Mr. William Hawkes Smith, already mentioned, the chief advocate of social thought in Birmingham, put into my hands the prospectus of a course of "Fourteen Lectures on Phrenology, to be delivered by George Combe, of Edinburgh, in the theatre of the Philosophical Institution." I was told Mr. Combe wanted an assistant. Mr. Hawkes Smith having made fruitless applications, applied to my class-mate, Frederick Hollick, who had the brightest mind of any student in the Mechanics' Institution. He, with a frugal insight of the ways of the world—supernatural compared with mine—said, "Very well; but on what terms? Fourteen nights abstracted from my studies will be a manifest loss." Mr. Smith, who had no instruction as to "terms," shook his head, and said, "Well, I must try Holyoake."

To me he came. To speak of money in relation to the

author of "The Constitution of Man" seemed to me a desecration, and I at once assented to be at his command. Hollick had learned that no enthusiasm, however intense, could live upon nothing. He was, in that respect, of the opinion of Falstaff. "There lies glory, but here stand I," and had no taste for growing thin on praise. I had watched the asteroids from the roof of the Eagle Foundry during cold nights of November, from six in the evening to eight o'clock in the morning—from Sunday to Wednesday, and no cessation of my daily work was provided for. This I had done for the Philosophical Institution, and thought myself rich in their vote of thanks (being philosophers, it did not occur to them that anything else was necessary); while, out of my small earnings, I paid for medicine for myself and a coadjutor whom I had seduced into these profitless, perilous, nocturnal, cold-giving, but delightful watchings. We all had several colds. Hollick was one of the watchers, but he never more became my meteorological comrade. My not hinting at payment was an advantage in Mr. Combe's eyes, being one of those whom "in England, Ireland, Scotland, North America, and Germany" he sought, as afterwards appeared.

On May 31, 1838, Mr. Hawkes Smith introduced me to Mr. Combe, saying friendly words as to what he believed to be my intelligence and fitness; whereupon I said, "These kindly assurances are not necessary in Mr. Combe's case, as he, by a more certain process, can judge himself of my suitability." Upon this I took off my hat (we were standing in the doorway of the ante-room), Mr. Combe, smiling, passed his hand over my head, and said he was "sure that I should suit him well." This being settled scientifically, I appeared for fourteen nights in the lecture-room as Mr. Combe's assistant. I was given to understand that the lectures would occupy, as in Edinburgh, but one hour; but it happened that, including attendance before and after the lectures, I was occupied nearly four hours each night. In addition, I attended a short course of morning manipulations. On the 5th of June he presented me with his "Elements of Phrenology" (the 3s. 6d. edition, with an autograph inscription), which I still possess. He said it would better enable me to assist him. At the conclusion he presented me with an old bust, by De Ville, with the nose broken off,

which would not go into his box, but which I valued, as coming from him, more than any other bust with the nose on, and that would go into a box.

On the morning of his final departure from Birmingham for America, I went down to the Philosophical Institution to bid him farewell, and there witnessed, for the first time, one man kiss another. Bally, who was formerly with Spurzheim, had come to Birmingham with Combe. He seemed much attached to Mr. Combe, and always professed the highest regard for him. They stood together in the passage of the institution, when Bally, to my astonishment, and apparently to Mr. Combe's, threw his arms round him as though he was going to carry him into the cab, but instead of which he pressed his Swiss lips to Combe's orange cheeks, and perpetrated a series of kisses. I, who was unacquainted with the continental custom of men kissing each other, was confused and amazed.

Several of my personal friends had attended Mr. Combe's lectures, and subscribed to the piece of plate presented to him at the conclusion of the course. Some of them said, by way of curiosity, "What did he give you for your services, Holyoake?" I answered, "Nothing; I did not expect anything!" "That's strange," they said. The Mechanics' Institution had, during four weeks, given up their usual lecture nights for Mr. Combe's convenience, which induced them to think they had some claim upon him for a lecture for the benefit of their building fund. Mr. Combe declined to accede thereto. Mr. John Lowther Murphy, a member of the committee, proposed to write to the *Birmingham Journal* upon the subject, and asked me to do so too. To this I objected, saying, "No man was to be censured for not being generous." As Mr. Combe had carried away an excellent purse from Birmingham, Mr. Hawkes Smith was induced by others to write to Mr. Combe respecting me. Subsequently he told me that Mr. Combe had written from Bristol to say "I had no claim upon him, and, moreover, that I had imperfectly held up the casts in the lecture-room." That he should assume I had no claim upon him I was content, but to say I had assisted him badly I thought mean; and, besides, it was not true; for at parting he distinctly assured me that I "had suited him well." I consulted my tutor, Mr.

Wright, who said, "Send a letter to Mr. Combe, and put yourself right with him." In the meantime, Mr. Combe had gone to America. Mr. Vallance, a young merchant who was cognizant of the whole transaction, volunteered to take my letter to Mr. Combe, and, finding him at Boston, stepped up to him one night after a lecture, saying he "was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Holyoake, of Birmingham, who would be glad of a reply from him."

The letter stated in respectful terms that "his complaint of the nature of my service came very late, as, had he made intimation of it earlier in the fourteen nights during which I had served him, he would not have seen any more of me. As his disparagement was not consistent with what he had said to me on leaving, I was anxious to assure him that I had never applied for remuneration, directly or indirectly, or complained to any one of not having received any. It was some of his own friends who thought I had a right to some payment." It was eight years before I received any reply to my letter.

All that time I carried a copy of the letter about with me, intending to re-deliver it myself if I should fall in with Mr. Combe. It was Wednesday, January 7, 1846, before this happened. Being then in Glasgow, I found that Dr. Andrew Combe was to deliver the inaugural address of the Chair of Phrenology which he had founded in the Andersonian University. As Dr. Combe was in declining health, the probability was that his brother would officiate in his place; and so it proved. The theatre of the Andersonian University is, as much as need be, like an oven in appearance, and when filled it has the other quality of being an oven in fact. Nevertheless, I was in that oven on that day. In those days, most young men who read outside the Bible had some passage of Byron in their minds. One that had impressed me began—

> "If we do but watch the hour
> There never yet was human power"—

that could evade those who had persistence enough to wait and watch. At the precise moment announced, my identical long-sought friend George Combe walked on to the platform. At the conclusion of his address I went down to him and said, "Mr. Combe, you will remember me as Mr. Holyoake, who

assisted you during your lectures in Birmingham. I have a letter to give you, which I have waited eight years for an opportunity of putting into your hands. You will oblige me by an answer." He knew my voice again ; he took my letter with the air of a man who had an inconvenient recollection awakened. He did reply on the 13th, in which he said that "in the whole course of his experience in lecturing in England, Ireland, Scotland, North America, and Germany, I was the only assistant who ever hinted that he expected any pecuniary remuneration." As I never had "hinted" this, and the letter before him expressly said so, Mr. Combe was plainly in error. He had probably overlooked my disclaimer. He added, "No one who does not interest himself in the work so as to consider it an advantage to himself to execute it, makes a desirable assistant to a lecturer on phrenology." But where the assisted gains and the assister loses, participation in equity were not unseemly. There must, therefore, be an organ in "desirable" young men which Mr. Combe had not put in his craniological map, namely, the organ of assist-for-nothingness. Mr. Combe further said that "the events of my connection with him he could not recall at that distance of time, and if he unsaid anything he had said, it would be contradicting himself without any consciousness of being in error ; but he assured me sincerely nothing remained in his recollection the least injurious to me as having occurred at the lectures." There ended the matter, as that assurance was satisfactory. In acknowledging his letter, I expressed my appreciation of his efforts on behalf of phrenological philosophy, which threw a new light on human character, in which every man was interested, and by which every man was advantaged. An extract from a diary which I kept in those days shows what took place between me and Mr. Combe at the time of his lectures in Birmingham.

"Attended on Mr. Combe. After his lecture I showed him the book of Euclid which I had written out, with the diagrams which I had made with sheet iron compasses of my own construction, and also some propositions of my own which I deduced and demonstrated from Euclid. He said 'they were highly creditable to me and neatly done, and that to comprehend all the parts of a complicated proposition I must have a strong organ of form. Those,' he said, 'who were deficient in

form could take in only a part of a diagram at a time, and while doing that forgot the other.' 'Size,' he said, 'enabled me to determine what space to allot to a diagram, and to adopt that size of letter in writing which made it possible for me to say what I had to say in the space available.' This has always been easy to me. 'Individuality,' he said, 'gave the power to recollect the parts and references in propositions. He added that 'I had causality considerable,' and explained to me 'what organs were necessary in mathematics, geometry, and arithmetic.' On another evening, when attending him n the anteroom before the lecture, as he selected the different busts he wanted me to produce to the audience, he explained to me why phrenologists declined to discuss with opponents. 'If,' said he, 'a man were to ask, Have you a nose on your face? what should you say? Why, look. So it is with phrenology—it is founded on facts. We say to opponents, Look to these facts. I never ask any one to believe phrenology. I tell what it is, and people may do as they please about believing it. Discussion can establish no fact; observation must do this.'"

I always counted these conversations as an advantage to me.

At that time, phrenology being new, it was a subject of much interest to myself, Dr. Hollick, and other fellow-students, and we procured the heads of animals in order to acquire definite ideas of craniology. Wishing to verify what I could, I had asked Mr. Combe questions concerning myself. He said "I was of the Nervous Lymphatic Temperament" (it would have been better for my peace had I been more lymphatic), and that I "had the organs of Locality large." Up to that time I found my way about very well by observation, but afterwards, trusting to Mr. Combe's assurance that I had Locality, I ordinarily took the wrong road.

My estimate of Mr. Combe has never changed—that he was the greatest expositor of phrenology who has arisen. He did for it what Dr. Paley did for theology by his design argument; but Combe, no more than Paley, invented his argument, and both would have stood higher in the estimation of their readers had they owned what they owed to their predecessors. Many adversaries never gave Combe credit for the merits he had, because he concealed his obligations to the more original minds of Spurzheim and Gall.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN SEARCH OF MONSIEUR BALLY.

(1838.)

Monsieur Bally, who had been cast maker to Spurzheim, whom I last mentioned as kissing Mr. Combe, became friendly to me after the great phrenologist had left the town. The human face, like a principle, is fair or dubious on a first inspection. In Monsieur Bally's there was a certain mixture of the bland and the equivocal. I became acquainted with him as men do with a razor, gradually and cautiously, and in the end the usual accident with razors befell me—I was cut by him.

Job did not see his famous apparition more indelibly than I still see Monsieur Bally, as he first walked up the right-hand side of the laboratory in Cannon Street. I could tell the texture of his hair, and the length of his eyebrows—where his coat wanted "nap," and where it wanted brushing; for daily contact with plaster used to leave white marks visible, and M. Bally, devoted to his profession, seemed unconscious of what ought to follow, viz., the brushing.

No sooner was Mr. Combe gone, than I was given to understand by my new friend, Bally, that he intended a longer stay, and proposed doing a little business in making busts and casts, could he and the person in want of such things be brought together. To this end I was to promote a knowledge of his wishes and abilities among all likely persons to whom, directly or indirectly, I had access. My kind friend, Dr. Ick, curator of the Philosophical Institution, to whom belonged the distinction of being the philosopher among the philosophicals, assisted me with addresses. In this way Miss Louisa Anne Twamley, the

bright-eyed authoress of the "Banks of the Wye," was, among others, induced to call on M. Bally and favour him with a sitting.

It may be that my services in the way of inquiry and recommendation (for Bally was not without ability, which recommended itself) were of little value to my friend of the casts, but he chose to stimulate my zeal by promising to take my own cast by way of reward. I thought M. Bally a very obliging man, and published his professional skill far and wide.

At last the auspicious morning arrived when I was to be immortalized in plaster. My hair was combed in appropriate order—I had put on our best family face, for my ancestors had pride of race. At last the factory bell rang nine—between that and ten breakfast had to be eaten, Bally to be visited, and the cast to be taken. But breakfast that morning took little time. I soon left the Old Wharf wall (above which the Foundry stood), vaulted along Paradise Street (I still speak of Birmingham), and by a quarter past nine I was in Upper Temple Street at M. Bally's door. A ring of the bell brought a maid down, who informed me that "M. Bally had gone to Manchester the day before."

When the door was closed I sat down on the step. I had made no bargain with Bally. I never made a bargain with anybody, but simply believed those who made one with me. When I comprehended, though outside, how completely I was "taken in," I returned to my work, when the anodyne-toned "Never mind, George," of my father dispelled my disappointment, and set me laughing at my credulity, without forgetting it, and made reflections in my crude way, how a small breach of faith on the part of a man may sow distrust in the mind of a youth. It was an inextinguishable instinct with me that, if a thing was wrong, it ought to be put right, and the wrong never passed out of my mind until the opportunity came of resenting or rectifying it. Many times have I been sorry that I had this quality of mind. It has been the source of loss and peril to me. At that time, however, it seemed a duty to me not to pass injustice over. I still think so, though I have a clearer conception of the consequences. Therefore, to find out M. Bally and give him to understand that I understood his peculiar mode of business, became an object with me. Some time after I became unwell,

mainly through too little sleep. In addition to being early at work and late at night at classes, I and three fellow-students sat up one night a week with our books. This was sheer foolishness, since the physical power of learning was decreased by it. The physiology of thought was unknown to us. My medicine man, as the Indians call him, advised a few weeks' travel on foot. This mode of travel suited my means, and I set out, taking the way which led through Manchester, though I knew it was not the city of recreation; but I thought thereby I might fall in with my old friend the professor of plaster casts. Day by day, as I proceeded on my valetudinarian way, I was cheered by this hope. Several days were spent in passing through Burton, Derby, Matlock, and Buxton. The memory of my first night in Manchester still remains with me. Fever and delirium came and whirled the room round where I lay on a bed, kindly made for me on the floor in a Socialist's house, amid bales of broadcloth. The next morning I wandered down to King Street, where, with better success than in Birmingham, I asked for M. Bally.

"Mon Dieu! Meester Holihoke,"—so far as at this distance of time I can reproduce his manner of speaking—exclaimed the man of busts, as he saw me enter his room. "Mon Dieu, Meester Bally," I replied, "it is very proper we should meet once more." "Vell, really, you see I couldn't. I vent away. I didn't intend—I meant——" M. Bally replied, with other inconclusive sentences. "Ah, Mr. Bally," I added, "never mind. If you thought me too unimportant a person to keep a promise to, you should have thought me too unimportant to make me one. How is a young man to learn lessons of good faith if his elders do not teach them? It was not right to do what you have, and to tell you so was all I came for. I wish no more, except that I wish you good-morning." That evasive Swiss I never saw more.

CHAPTER XV.

A TOUR ON FOOT.

(1838.)

My early religious impressions were waning, yet I had set out on my travels very much in the state of the apostles, who carried neither purse nor scrip. The state of my purse was like Mr. Spurgeon's chapel funds—a subject for prayer. It contained but five sovereigns for a five weeks' tour. Yet, without making any addition to it, several shillings remained on my return. My object was to go to the Isle of Man, as I could see the sea there.

Many incidents of the journey still enrich my memory. As they might not equally interest the reader, I pass them over. An old pocket map of the main roads of England was my guide. Railways had not then intersected the country, and a map of 1780 was still of use to a pedestrian in 1838. Besides, as every road was of interest to me, it did not matter whether there was a nearer one. Columbus was not more enchanted at seeing new lands than I was at seeing new places. Often I wished I had been born a geographer with a mission to make a map of the world and see it first. When I arrived at Matlock in Derbyshire, it was the time of the wakes. Having engaged a bed at a large inn, about ten o'clock I asked to be shown to my room. The pressure of custom was given as an excuse for delay. At twelve o'clock, thinking the delay had lasted long enough, I repeated my request, when I was told that, by reason of demands upon them, owing to the wake, no bed remained at their disposal, and that I must seek one elsewhere. Upon this I offered to sleep on a bench in one of the rooms.

Being refused, I remonstrated, saying they had no right, after contract made, to turn out a traveller and a stranger into the streets at midnight, where he knew no one, nor the road to another inn. As they had kept me four hours in the house under promise of a bed, until it was too late to expect that any other inn was open, I demanded the name of the nearest magistrate, whom I would call up and claim his interference. They professed ignorance of his name, and I had to take my knapsack and go out into the street, which was then very dark. Unable to discover any house open, or find any one to direct me, there seemed no prospect of shelter, when, coming upon a young woman parting from her lover, I appealed to them—to her chiefly, a woman having quicker sympathy for a stranger in need than a man. On her instigation "Alfred" bethought himself that down a near lane there was a small public-house still open. It proved to be full of wake revellers and a young fiddler playing for dancers. The mistress was a compassionate person, who said they had but one spare bed, which was reserved for the fiddler, but if he was willing I might share it. He was a pleasant youth of my own age, who, being conciliated by a glass of ale, agreed to the arrangement, provided I would wait until the dancing was over. This did not happen until three o'clock in the morning. As the bed only accommodated one, and being anxious not to incommode him, I slept on the edge, where I was so delicately poised that a dream on the wrong side of my head would have destroyed my balance. A lecture at the Mechanics' Institution on the then new theory of the "Duality of the Brain," which I had recently heard, put this conceit into my mind. In the morning, finding my friend had a reading disposition, I gave him some numbers of the *Penny Magazine*, which I had with me, the illustrations of which were new to him, as he appeared never to have seen a paper with pictures. They proved as valuable as glass beads in dealing with Indians. He declared them a sufficient reward for his accommodation, as he had incurred no expense on my account—at which I was very glad, as it left my limited purse undiminished.

The cliffs, dells, and surprising scenery of Derbyshire, of which I had no previous idea, delighted me. Stale, flat, and commonplace was the district in which I had lived, compared with the scenes amid which I now wandered. No bridge, no stream, no

mountain, no castle, no battle-ground, no spot of historic beauty, had hitherto met my sight. Over the foundry walls where I worked had come gleams of the sun, which had made me long to see the outlying world on which it shone unconfined. Now I was in that world: happy days were those, for my heart was as light as my purse!

Buxton, though then in its infancy compared with its present attractions, was marvellous in my eyes. Whenever I could I lodged in cottages, as I was not obliged to buy beer "for the good of the house," and a basin of milk was cheaper and served for the third meal of the day. A pale-faced young traveller, of unforbidding aspect and his head full of town ideas, was—when there were no penny papers to give news—sometimes as welcome in English country places as a New York "prospector" at a prairie farm in the Far West. I found it so. Often the husband would sit up until a late hour conversing. Sometimes I thought the cottagers regarded me as a pedlar of news, since they made me only very moderate charges for my night's accommodation. Breakfast I never took, under pretext that I had to be early on my way, and for twopence I could buy on the wayside what was sufficient for me.

It was a surprise to me to find myself often taken to be a foreigner. It might be from my peculiar voice, or from my freedom of manner and speech. Most English persons go without information rather than ask it of strangers. With what civility was possible to me I asked it at once of any one at hand, and entered into conversation with any one whom I thought would speak again, and, if doubtful whether they would, I tried it. Thus, many hours which otherwise had been dull became bright, and myself better informed. Professing to know but little (which was more true than was thought), and saying I was one of the few persons extant who was without any conviction of his own infallibility—often gave persons good heart to tell me what they knew. Any interest in my conversation was owing to my having been a teacher of others—in Sunday School and classes—what little I knew best I had mostly learned myself: and as I had enthusiasm in describing the stages through which my own dulness had passed, I acquired confidence, and imparted it.

At length one Sunday at noon I entered Manchester, with no

little astonishment at its extent, its mills, its buildings, and its incessant streets. I found my way to the pretty little Social Institute which I knew existed in Salford, where I should meet some friends familiar with my name, as it had been mentioned in the *New Moral World*, read there. Not long before, James Morrison had died. He was the first editor of ability and enthusiasm the Trades Unionists had. His paper, the *Pioneer*, was friendly to co-operation. His widow, a pleasant little person, was mistress of the tea-parties at the Salford Institute, where I spent the remainder of the day very happily, and heard the afternoon and evening lectures. There I first met Joseph Smith, whose zeal had built the hall, and who forty-six years later died of sudden pleasure at Wissahickon, near Philadelphia, on reading an account I had written of him in the History of Co-operation in England, when he thought himself forgotten. But of him mention may be made later.

Of course, as already related, I spent the first morning in Manchester in paying an unlooked-for visit to my absconding friend, Bally, of whom the reader has heard.

It was from regard to my purse that I rose at four o'clock on my last morning in Manchester, to go by the early boat down the Bridgewater Canal to Liverpool. The canal, however, had charms of its own for me, and I much desired to be upon it, as I had often coveted the life of a boat-boy who went through romantic scenery and by strange towns, day and night.

After enchanted days in Liverpool among ships—never having seen any before—I one morning stepped into a small steamer going to the Isle of Man. John Green, a Social missionary stationed in the town (and who was afterwards cut into two parts on a New York railway), came down to the quayside to see me. He had heard of me as a young speaker on the same side as himself. Not knowing me, and learning I was leaving by that boat, he called from the quayside, "Holyoake, Holyoake!" I remember I was as much startled at hearing my name as Robinson Crusoe was when the parrot first called out his. Never being a traveller before, I felt on the vessel like a stranger in a new country—if the sea-coast can be considered a country. On the way to the Isle of Man we had bad weather, and were hours going over. An old lady died from fright or sickness on the passage. She was covered over with tarpaulin,

to prevent lady passengers being further affrighted. In the Isle of Man I came to know the pleasant editor of the *Manx Herald*, who invited me to write him a letter concerning the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution. It was my first letter to a newspaper. There seemed to be little money at the office, and I was paid for my contribution by a roast chicken and a pint bottle of port wine. It is natural I should remember this, for I have since made many contributions to papers for which I should have been glad to be requited as I was in that honest island. I spent a pleasant week in Douglas, where fish and eggs were then marvellously cheap. My landlady would often cook me five small fish, when I asked only for three. She said fish did not count in Douglas.

On my return to England I wandered through North Wales, and arrived at the slate quarries in the neighbourhood of Llanberis on a Sunday morning. At a house at which I inquired my way, a little girl, about six years of age, who had died, was about to be carried to the church at the foot of Snowdon. That being my destination I asked leave to accompany the funeral party. To my surprise the coffin consisted merely of a long narrow box with a long rope loop on either side, which two active Welsh girls took hold of, and rapidly descended the mountain side, the coffin swinging between them. Half a dozen relatives of the poor child made the procession. As the distance was two or three miles, and the sun hot, the fatigue of the journey was beyond my expectation. The girls leaped like goats from boulder to boulder as they descended to the valley. With my knapsack and overcoat I found it no easy task to keep up with them, but as I could discern no path among the slate quarries, I was compelled to keep them in sight. When we reached the old church it was an hour before the time when the clergyman was expected. I examined the church, and stepped into the pulpit—much to the surprise of the mourners—to look at the Welsh Bible, as I had never seen one. That night I slept at the inn at the foot of Snowdon, and when in bed smoked a portion of a cigar for the first time. My reason was, having been told it might make me giddy, I thought falling would be impossible in bed. That night I slept well, and remained in bed twelve hours. For months I had not been able to lie there six. Though I ascribed the effect to the cigar,

the probability was that my violent exertions in keeping up with the funeral party had more to do with it.

The next morning I went to Bettws-y-Coed. On my way over the mountain I walked through a cloud charged with snow, which, as I had never been in one before, interested me very much. Afterwards, I fell in with a party of four persons—a man and his wife, a young girl and her father—walking leisurely along. The men told me they were tailors from Coventry, who each year made an excursion in that way through some part of England they had not seen. They had saved a little money for the purpose, which seemed to me a very wholesome and intelligent thing to do, and deserved imitation by more people of that occupation. As I wished for company, and they some variety of conversation, it was agreed that I should travel with them, paying one-fifth of the travelling expenses, which I had previously ascertained were small. Their plan was to lunch at an inn door at mid-day on bread and cheese and a little ale. The little enterprising wife would visit some farmhouse on the way and buy a pullet, a piece of bacon, and vegetables. These the strongest man of the party, who was short and robust, carried in a carpet bag. When the day's walking was completed and roadside spots of interest visited, a quiet picturesque inn was selected, where, for a small payment, we had the use of the kitchen fire, when the wife and daughter of the party prepared a meal and made a cheaper bargain for the night by engaging beds for the whole five. Setting out in the early morning, buying a loaf and butter on our way, we made in due time a repast under a tree, after obtaining warm milk from a farmhouse; and so we travelled many days with much pleasure and economy.

While we were together the conversation fell mostly to me. My companions were all religious, as that term was then understood—and knew nothing else. They had heard only preachers of their own sect, and were not connoisseurs even in sermons. Then I became sensible, as I had never been before, of the advantage of going ever so little outside the circumscribed and monotonous area of evangelical theology. The literature of the human world had princely ideas which I found would come and dwell with whoever would receive them: and that even the poorest person might keep an open mind, hospitable

as a baronial hall, where kingliest thoughts of genius would visit and stay, so long as they were welcome, and even attend their entertainer as a lordly retinue whenever he went abroad. True, I had few of these retainers with me, but what I had I was pleased to show and my companions pleased to see—judging from their manner.

When we parted, it was with the hope that we might meet again in the same way. Before ending my travels, I went to Boscobel to see the oak in which Charles II. was said to have hidden from his pursuers—though history has never explained that the nation had any advantage in his escaping or returning. I arrived in Birmingham after nearly six weeks' absence, much refreshed and instructed by my first adventure into the outer world.

Now I had seen the mountains where Nature keeps an outlook on her dominions, hamlets sleeping in their morning beauty, and incessant towns where nothing is still. I had seen even the bewitching peace of the sea and had been on it when it was roused to imperious resentment by the irresponsible and ruffianly winds. No more did I believe in the predictions that monotony would prevail as civilization extended. What I had seen convinced me that not even ignorance could repress the resilient diversity of humanity, and that new knowledge infinitely multiplied itself.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARTNERSHIP IN PROPAGANDISM.

(1839.)

A LIFE of a propagandist I do not remember ever to have seen. Some wiser person than myself may one day write such a life. There are unobserved tragedies in propagandism as moving as any which befall better understood adventures of romantic war. To be married to ideas interferes with the felicities of the other kind of marriage, which men value. The world has seen two famous philosophers, Mill and Carlyle, write impassioned praise of their wives. In Mill it was gratitude—in Carlyle, remorse. John Stuart Mill was married to ideas, and the impassioned eulogy he wrote upon Mrs. Mill, after her death, reads like the cry of regret as well as of love. She deserved regard, inasmuch that she knew his chief life was in his ideas, and was intelligently content with such attentions as befell her, when leisure came to him. When her loss made him sensible of her fine devotion, his affection became conscious to him. It was so with Carlyle. His wife married him from pride in his genius, but afterwards she pined for attentions which he, engrossed in his great thoughts, never paused to give. When he came to read her letters after her death, his heart awoke, and he made what reparation he could by justly directing the publication of her letters—although they told against himself.

There is no comparison between myself and these eminent propagandists whom I have named—nor do I intend to suggest it, save in the sense that private soldiers share the perils of the war of ideas as well as the generals. That is all I mean to imply. My acquaintance with my future wife was when she

lived in the house of the chief Unitarian bookseller in Birmingham, James Belcher, whose father had been imprisoned in Warwick Gaol in Dr. Priestley's days for selling heterodox works, political and religious. The favourite publication of the young "person" (to use Mill's term) here referred to, was *Chambers's Journal*. It implied a native human taste to like the practical human knowledge of the affairs of this life, in one who had been a chorister girl in Wordesley Church, where the teaching was unearthly and unuseful.

We were married in 1839, at the office of my townsman William Pare, Registrar. I took care to explain beforehand to her whom it most concerned, that I had enlisted in the Order of Industry, which did little for its recruits. Yet to try to improve the fortunes of that order was to be my lot, and I could no more be counted upon at home than the sailor or soldier; and that my means would be as uncertain as duty. We neither of us knew all that sort of compact meant. During forty years, she neither uttered nor thought a reproach, though imprisonment, want, and death to her child came of it. She was herself a soldier's daughter, and had the courage of one. She met a calamity as a soldier meets a shot. If I repeated Lord Bacon's saying, "He who marries gives hostages to fortune that he will never do anything great," she would say, "We may not do great things, but we can do honest ones. Do what you think right, and never mind me." At no time did I inquire what her opinions were on theological subjects, nor interrogate my children thereupon, but wished them to form their own opinions; only counselling them to acquaint themselves with both sides of every question interesting to them, and to have clear grounds for their conclusions. My propagandism consisted in explaining things—never in persuading, since the responsibility of holding opinions belonged to those who accepted them. My own opinion was not concealed, for I always distrusted and often conceived contempt for the silent, whose philosophical impartiality ended in concealing their own thoughts. My doctrine was that decision should be made on the fullest knowledge obtainable: the duty of choice belonged to those who were to be answerable for the opinions entertained.

My wife had a way of speaking and writing more clear,

simple, and compact than mine, by which I was instructed. My tendency and my fault were to say too much about everything, whereas she would express spontaneously in a few words all that the occasion required. I could not by art attain what she attained without it. A "bit of her mind" was always worth having. Like a piece of malachite, the whole quarry was the same, and all good. But praise is vain without some illustration which enables the reader to test it. It was in impromptu decisions in which she excelled. Of examples of her writing, two instances are at hand—written when she was a very young woman, and not known to me until many years after. The first is a letter to my sister Caroline :—

"As to the famine, on account of which a fast is ordered, I am disposed to think that by the time it reaches her Majesty, there will be other means resorted to for its removal than praying, and more honest and manly means might be resorted to on the present occasion. I question whether the famine much affects the landowners. Why not allow the land to be cultivated for the support of poor wretches who are suffering instead of idly praying? It does not say much for the humanity of the Being the people are directed to call upon, if the sight of their misery does not elicit His attention without a formal prayer. I fear the fast is only a deceitful way of pacifying hunger, fearing that hunger may induce the hungry to eat food where they find it. I cannot think that any humane being would inflict more misery on the poor than they already suffer. It puzzles me to make out what men are educated for, or what they do with their philosophy. Do men call upon the Supreme Being to build houses for them when they fall? When suffering from ill-health, they try to find out a remedy —they do not trust to prayer alone. It is very odd people are always talking of the wisdom and goodness of God, and yet they cannot trust His wisdom and goodness. Most assuredly we never trust those we have no confidence in."

The other citation is a note on Harriet Martineau's "Household Education" :—

"We often speak about a very important part of our

character—honesty; but, I think, seldom look at the subject fairly, for, when we come to scrutinize the matter, we often find ourselves anxious to fulfil every obligation, not merely money matters alone—yet very often one very important feature of honesty we are not equal to, which, I think, a great weakness—that is, demanding with the same firmness what is due to us. That, I think, requires considerable moral courage, which, in justice to ourselves as well as to other persons, we ought to cultivate, and not trust to our silently wishing that other persons should fulfil their engagements as punctually as ourselves."

Of Madeline, our first daughter, who perished during my imprisonment, I speak in another chapter. Max, our boy of nine years, was killed by a cabman who ran over him at the corner of Tavistock Street, Tavistock Square. A gentleman whose name I never knew carried him tenderly to University College Hospital. His own clothes were spoiled by the blood. I could never learn who he was to thank him for all that kindness. At the inquest I was allowed to make a statement as to the recklessness of the cabman who killed him, but was told that I could not give evidence against him, as I was unable to take the oath. Max's favourite hand-brush and toys were put in his coffin with him. In the grave of Peruvian women a fan is sometimes found in their hands, and the faded feathers of parrots and humming-birds. The graves of children oft contain a girl's workbox or a boy's sling. We buried the poor fellow like a little Peruvian. My friend, Mr. C. D. Collet, sang over his grave Miss Martineau's fine hymn, beginning:—

"Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still:
And all things have their march
As if—by one great will,
Moves one, move all.
Hark! to the footfall!
On, on, for ever."

On bringing to my wife's table any one with whom I intended to act, she would predict what I had to expect. "While you are near to revise his acts, you will have a good assistant in such a one," she would say, "but if left to his own responsi-

bility he will fail you." Of another she would say, "You will have a good colleague in him; but unless you are prepared to abdicate your own opinion in all things, when you differ from him, you will have an enemy." When I was not able to accept her judgment I had reason afterwards to regret it.

Great pleasure was possible in the household with her, because she had the elementary sense of taste—though not acquired in the schools. Her preference was for one or two things of real worth and beauty; she was impatient of a crowd of commonplace objects, which infect as well as occupy the space in which alone things of beauty can be seen or live.

To the reader who thinks the writer dwells too long on this subject he apologizes in the lines of the poet:—

> ". . . Those who living filled the smallest space,
> In death have often left the greatest void.
> When from his dazzling sphere the mighty falls,
> Men, proud of showing interest in his fate,
> Run to each other, and with oaths protest
> How wretched and how desolate they are.
> The good depart, and silent are the good."

Mrs. Holyoake died at Brighton, 1884. For nearly eighteen years she had resided in Sudbury, Harrow-on-the-Hill. Always loving the country and flowers, her little garden was bright with them earlier and later than her neighbours'. In the last days of her illness, valued words of sympathy came to her from Lady Tennyson.

We brought Mrs. Holyoake to Highgate, to sleep in the grave with her son Maximilian.

In an undefined way she considered herself a Churchwoman, and would have been definitely so, had the nobler form of Theism, which the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke holds, been recognized in her early days. I could think of no other clergyman for whom I had so much regard, and whose presence at her grave would give so much satisfaction to her, and I therefore asked him to do me the great favour of conducting such service as he might see fit in the chapel.

Mr. Brooke sent a letter which in its generous consideration and sympathy was of the nature of a service:—

"*January* 15, 1884.

"MY DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I am very sorry—for I should

have liked to have done this—that I cannot come on Wednesday. I have a close engagement which I cannot get rid of; a special business which must be done that day. I wish I could have known of your desire earlier, but now it is too late. I am very sorry for your loss. It is a very grievous thing, as I know full well, to part with one who has slept at one's side for years, and been at home with one's heart. There is nothing which fills that relationship; and I feel a heartfelt grief for you. But you have work to do, which, as I think, will still be loved by her, and still sympathized with by her; and work heals enough of the heart to make life possible, though nothing heals it altogether. Loss is loss, let men say what they will.

"I wish I could see you now and again. When you come up to London, let me know. I have never forgotten my talks with you. Yours most sincerely,

"S. A. BROOKE."

Thus it fell to me to speak at her grave. What I said follows.

The only public wish I knew her to have was that some one should say a few words at her grave as it had been my custom to do often at the graves of others.

I read the remarkable conversation between the angel Uriel and the prophet Esdras, whom the angel rebukes for his discontent at not knowing the secrets of the Most High when he had not comprehended that which passed before him in daily life. Then the prophet with instructed sense was content to ask for understanding of that which most concerned him to know.

This was the measure of her unformulated reverence and conviction—willing to know what could be known, but always acting on what could be understood. Simplicity, directness, and unaffectedness were preferences of hers. Show in speech, like show in life, seemed to her want of taste. She had three qualities beyond most women—service, truth, and pride. Such was the spontaneity of her sense of service of others, that she never thought of herself, which was a misfortune in one sense, since it is a kindness which is blindness, as it must involve others in cares. Yet without some of this self-abnegation in women public affairs could never be attended to by men. The

truth she cared for was not only of speech but of conduct—the only form of truth which can be trusted. Of this she had so clear a sense that the absence of it in others was not concealable from her. Her pride was more than self-respect: it was debtlessness, an independence of obligation, which was not a second nature, it was her first, and she had had no other. In the days when our income was the least and most precarious, she never had even a small debt. It was not conceivable by her that I should stand on a platform and speak of political, social, or religious reform, and owe people money. When it was clear that the end of all things to her was at hand, her last inquiry was whether I had paid some small accounts due at Harrow. I had done so, and afterwards I pensioned her cat, and kept up the small annual gifts she was accustomed to make. The lines of my friend, Mr. Percy Greg, are her epitaph—

> "The martyr's cross, without the martyr's cause,
> The grief, the wrong, without the self-applause,
> The homely round of duties nobly done:—
> These were her life, who sleeps beneath this stone."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INSURGENT AFFAIR IN THE BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.

(1839.)

THE first insurgent affair of which I was a witness, and if not an actor a sympathizer, was in the Birmingham Bull Ring.

When the middle class had got their £10 franchise, they did not see what the working class wanted with votes. The Whigs had no sympathies for and the Tories had active dislike of the poor Chartists, and described their unfriended, indigent, and generous advocates as "hired orators." Harmless meetings were held nightly around the Nelson Monument. The "Friends of the People," as they called themselves after the manner of Marat, were listened to with greedy ears. The wilder the speeches the more they were applauded—because their extravagance implied sympathy and indignation. Despair was diffused like a pestilence. Invasion itself would have excited acquiescence. As the Berlinese cheered the arrival of the first Napoleon, Birmingham would have welcomed invaders, if they came in the disguise of deliverers.

In any change of masters there was hope, since the prospects of the working class could not, it was thought, be worse. Not the ignorant alone, but educated men, then and since, were of the same way of thinking, and said so. Then fairness was regarded as feebleness. There was nothing too mad to be believed, nothing too malignant to be said, and that not of alien rule, but of a class in the same town. Hundreds made arms secretly. Those who had no better weapons sharpened an old file and stuck it in a haft. I saw many such. A dozen

gentlemen in the town, who had sympathy with the just discontent of the people, could have kept the peace with applause. The sapient and contemptuous magistrates sent for one hundred policemen from London. Magistrates oftener break the peace than workmen, as they do in Ireland, as they did at Peterloo in 1819—as Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Matthews, acting on their ideas of public duty, did in Trafalgar Square in 1887.[1] Birmingham would not be kept in order by London police, though they were at least their own countrymen, and the Chartists broke down the iron railings around St. Thomas's Church, and drove the London contingent out of the Bull Ring. I have often wondered what Irishmen must think of having their heads broken by alien ruffians of order, sent over from England, when Birmingham men treated London policemen as aliens. Some frenzied men set fire to houses in revenge. Soldiers were brought out, and a neighbour of mine, who happened to be standing unarmed and looking on at the corner of Edgbaston Street, had his nose chopped off. Soldiers, like policemen, soon know when outrages are expected of them. There was no resistance after the police were driven away. At four o'clock next morning I went with my wife, who wished to see whether Mr. Belcher, whose house had been fired, needed aid in his household, as she had great respect for him. Although we alone crossed the Bull Ring, the soldiers rushed at us, and tried to cut me down. I did not like them. Until then I thought the duty of a policeman or soldier was to keep his head, protect the people, and keep the peace except in self-defence. The town was sullen and turbulent, and had good reason to be so. Whoever judges the capacity of Birmingham for freedom, tolerance, and self-government, by the language and acts of that time, would judge it as Ireland is judged to-day. Any Whig, and more so the Tories, would have declared it madness to trust the people of the town with municipal or Parliamentary vote. Yet, when they had both, Birmingham became the best governed town in Great Britain. It has been accorded the distinction of being a city now, and I from being a townsman have become a citizen.

Mr. George Julian Harney was in the town at the time of the

[1] Had the genius of Sir Charles Napier been present, who in his day encountered armed Chartists, there had been neither conflict nor ill-feeling. It is manner which enrages, not persons.

"riots." It was then I first knew him. It was said he kept out of the way; but he did not.[1] He lived in a by-street near the Bull Ring, and I opposite to him, and saw him daily in the riot week standing at the door openly.

In justice to the gentlemen of Birmingham, it ought to be said that the Chartists assailed them by hateful epithets as being Whigs and middle-class traitors, which disinclined them to take part with the people where they thought their claims well founded. If any working men wished to see fairer treatment of gentlemen, they were themselves denounced "moderates" and agents of the "middle class." Still the gentlemen had got all they wanted and were educated, and should have had generous forbearance towards men less informed and incensed with real wrongs.

Though a Chartist myself and always acting with the party, I never joined in their war upon the Whigs. The Tories, as my friend Charles Reece Pemberton said, "would rob you of £1 and give you twopence back." The Whigs would not give you twopence, neither did they rob you of the pound, and were in favour of that legislation which would enable you to earn a shilling for yourself and keep the pound in your pocket. The Whigs were the traditional friends of liberty. The Tories were always against it. The Chartists suffered indignities at the hands of the Whigs and allowed their resentment to shape their policy. To spite the Whigs the Chartists gave their support to the Tories—their hereditary and unchanging enemies. The Whigs were the only political party standing between the people and the aggressive masterfulness of the Tories. It was upon Chartist resentment towards the Whigs that Lord Beaconsfield traded—and supplied the Chartist leaders with money to enable them to express it. I knew many who took money for that purpose. Francis Place showed me cheques paid to them to break up Anti-Corn Law meetings, because that cause was defended by Whigs. I saw the cheques which were sent to Place by Sir John Easthope and other bankers, who had cashed them. In some of Place's books which were sold to Josiah Parkes, and afterwards went to the British Museum, Chartist cheques may possibly still be seen. At the

[1] Mr. Harney informs me that he was not liberated on bail from Warwick Gaol until the evening of the fires.

same time these Chartists were neither mercenary nor traitors. They did not take the money to betray their own cause, nor for their personal use, but to defray the expenses of agitation against the Whigs, who had treated Mr. Ernest Jones as Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour afterwards treated Mr. O'Brien. There was no contempt or hatred within the limits of not sacrificing principle which was not justifiable against them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A KNAVE WHO WANTED LESSONS IN MATHEMATICS.

(1840.)

SUCH a one was my first pupil. No phrase of indignation occurs to me adequate to describe my impressions of him.

In 1839 we were living in our first house, in the Sandpits, Birmingham. It was on the verge of the town then. A bright, fresh aspect of verdure lay before the window. A little speaking, a little teaching, a little secretaryship work, alternately or altogether, produced very little income for home. My wife cultivated a small bed of mustard and cress under the window, which, with bread, served for a meal when there was nothing else. She was always bright and reticent to her neighbours, but a butcher's wife next door, observing little was bought from them, thought things were not flourishing, and would sometimes bring a cup of porter to the gate, and ask, in a friendly way, her pale-faced neighbour to take a little with her, not assuming there was need for it, and not knowing how to offer anything else.

One morning in January, a portly, respectable-looking gentleman dressed in drab, whom I at first took for a farmer, knocked at the door and asked "whether he was rightly informed that he could have lessons in mathematics there." He did not say by whom he had been so informed, and I was too glad of the inquiry being made to ask him. He was told that "if he wished instruction in Euclid he could have lessons from one to two hours every morning at a moderate rate." He said, "That would do," and arranged to come next day. Nothing further

was said as to terms, as anything he might think reasonable it was worth my while to accept.

Firing was very scant in the house, but the grate was made as cheerful as possible—the table arranged, and diagram material put ready. For five days this unknown visitor came each morning. He paid attention, was inquiring, and seemed interested, but paid nothing. Afraid, by pressing him for payment too soon, of losing a pupil I so much needed, I did not ask him. The next week he repeated his visits. My wife, who was always far more discerning than I was, said, "That man does not intend to pay." To me it was inconceivable. I had taught, as an assistant in a school, all day for 10s. a week and my dinner, and for 10s. 6d. a week without my dinner, but I had always been paid. However, at the end of the second week, I remarked that "I should be glad if he would pay me for the lessons so far." The drab fiend started up, took his hat, and said "he did not intend to pay anything. I had made no bargain as to terms, and he was not bound to give anything." And, after opening the door, he turned round to say—"Young man, let this be a lesson to you. Never do anything for anybody unless you know you will be paid for it. If you follow this rule—and I can see you need it—you will gain a great deal more than you have now lost by giving lessons to me." My contempt and indignation had but one expression—a desire to knock the moralizing knave down; but he was a much more powerful man than I. A woman seldom stands calculating whether a thing can be done. If it ought to be done she generally does it, and my wife would have driven the treacherous student into the streets with a chair had she not remembered that the loss of it was more than she could afford for breaking the knave's head. It occurred to me when it was too late that I did not know who he was, or whence he came, and I could no more sue him than I could a thief who had made tracks and left no address.

What was the didactic scoundrel's object in coming to my door I could never make out—probably to discover what my opinions were, as I had been engaged by the Mechanics' Institution, which had many clerical enemies. But I might have been a curate for anything my pupil could make out, for I was no Pauline believer who spoke of personal views "out of season."

Nevertheless, the rascal's "rule" was worth remembering. It would have been well for me had I regarded it with limitations, though it is a rule that would often lead to selfishness and meanness. I have walked hundreds of miles to speak for nothing, when I knew I should have nothing. I have executed hundreds of commissions, paying cost as well as giving labour, when those who wanted the work done could afford to pay for it, and would have done so, had they any idea it was necessary. I never suggested it, lest it should be thought I wanted to make a profit out of a public service. The fault was mine in two ways: first, I liked being useful, and that encouraged persons to give me opportunities; secondly, I could do nothing by halves, I did what I undertook as thoroughly as I could, and incurred cost and time, never intended or thought of by others.

Persons more wary than myself, I could see, when asked to do things made skilful evasions. "They knew nothing of the facts you might ask them for. They knew not where to refer to them. They had forgotten the details. They did not know who had them in mind. An engagement they could not forego prevented them giving time to the thing asked of them. They had no influence. They knew no one who could aid in the work.' What is always more successful, they threw doubts on the good of doing anything, which took the heart out of the inquirer. Such answers are at times real, but oftener I knew them to be given by persons who simply saw no prospect of return for the trouble proposed to them. I never studied the art of doing nothing when something ought to be done. This world would be a cold and shabby world in which nobody did anything unless assured of being paid for it. I have always been a rich man in the satisfaction I have had in what I have done. Still, I might have been reasonably rich in another sense, had I made out, in cases of service beyond my means, a small bill of costs, and collected it. Now I can see I ought to have done it, since others suffered for my scrupulousness.

Nevertheless, to this day I have hated the drab knave—as Cobbett did the "lame fiend" Talleyrand, who came to him for lessons—who first advised me to take special care of my own interests, and for years after I was accustomed to look in police offices and assize courts, expecting and desiring to catch sight of the rascal at the bar, where I hope and believe he must have arrived—though I never had the pleasure of knowing it.

CHAPTER XIX.

A ROLL-CALL OF IMPRISONED FRIENDS.

(1840–1890.)

If the reader knew how many of my friends have been imprisoned, or have come to a worse end, suspicion would arise as to the prudence of proceeding further in my narrative. If no proof of such assertion is given, it may seem pretentiousness to make it; if it be substantiated, it may be said that I present a sort of Newgate Calendar of my friends, whereas the list of their names is mainly a roll-call of honourable penalties incurred in the service of society. To some I may recur in separate chapters.

The most illustrious were Garibaldi and Mazzini. Garibaldi had known imprisonment and torture. From youth to mature age he lived in an atmosphere of peril; his days passed in battle, in flight, in exile, in want, in adventure, and in the face of death by flood and field. Mazzini, greater than Garibaldi, as his sword had been blind had not the pen of Mazzini given it eyes, underwent vicissitudes of which imprisonment was the least forlorn and perilous. Mazzini was not merely the great devisor of action on behalf of liberty, but the inspirer of public passion which made Italian Unity possible. His life was sought in three nations. Only an Italian could have kept his head on his shoulders under such a fierce, organized, imperial, protracted competition for it.

Alberto Mario, the husband of Jessie Meriton White, was several times in Italian prisons, an intrepid soldier and Republican leader. He was the confidant of Garibaldi, by whose side he fought in his most adventurous campaigns, and was a

brilliant disciple of Mazzini. He was an orator as well as a soldier. Handsome, enthusiastic, and incorruptible, he exercised immense influence.

Orsini, who, like Garibaldi, had a passion for fatal enterprises, was beheaded. Pierri, without having any such passion, perished in the same way. Rudio only escaped the headsman's axe, it was said, by betraying his colleagues. Bottesini was one day called upon to play at the Tuileries, when Count Bacciocchi, Master of Ceremonies to Napoleon III., examined his double bass to see whether it contained Orsini bombs. Orsini headless was a terror to despots.

Aurelio Saffi, second Triumvir with Mazzini, shared the perils of the defence of Rome, and exile in England. He succeeded his great friend in representing the Republican principle with similar refinement, force, and fidelity. In his later years he was a professor in Bologna, and lived amid the winepresses and vineyards of Forli, honoured, as I found when last his guest there, as foremost of those whose intrepidity and devotion contributed to the freedom of Italy.

I had friendly and personal relations with several eminent Frenchmen who were in peril oft for freedom. Dr. Simon Bernard, known, like Blanqui, as a stormy petrel of revolution on the Continent, was involved in the Orsini affair, and his name became noised over the world. Dr. Bernard, as the reader will see, was in trouble before he took refuge in England. Eight prosecutions had been instituted against him; twice he had been condemned to imprisonment, and here he narrowly escaped the hangman. Some who were personally in contact with him came to share his danger.

Ledru Rollin was an exile here to escape the same fate. We always held him in honour, as Mazzini said he was the only Frenchman who sacrificed his political position for a country not his own—namely, for justice to Italy. I had the honour to defend him when in England. Mazzini never ceased to inspire friendships for him. Rollin was too little in England to understand us. Mr. Horace Mayhew's famous letters in the *Morning Chronicle* on the condition of the industrious classes in London, misled Rollin into the belief that England was played out. He was confirmed in this belief by the speeches of Tory orators in Parliament, who were always saying, when any measure of

reform was proposed, that the British Constitution was exploded, and that the sun of England was going down for ever. He did not know that the Tories are the professional defamers of the land. During more than half a century, to my knowledge, the sun of England has set for ever every year, and has always turned up again in the next spring. These whimsical predictions so bewildered Ledru Rollin that he published a book on the "Decadence of England," which caused him loss of prestige among us. He never observed that England had still vitality, since it was able to protect him against the wrath of the emperor of his own land, who would have pursued him here had he dared.

Louis Blanc I knew during all the years of his exile, and was invited by his family to his burial in Père la Chaise. Next to Mazzini, he was master, not only of the English tongue, but of English ways of thought, and understood the land. He made no mistake like Ledru Rollin. Louis Blanc showed me original records of the great French Revolution, amid which were letters stained with the blood of those who had written them. Louis Blanc was a small man, but he was so entirely a man—you never thought of his stature. He had an impressive face, a firm mouth, and was without any of that assumption of manner which small men often wear lest you should not recognize their importance. Louis Blanc had conscious power which needed no assertion. Though he acquired English staidness of deportment, his French fire broke out in platform speech. He was the greatest expositor of Republicanism, democratic and social, of his day. When Louis Blanc was first an exile here, he was not credited with the fine qualities he possessed, which became apparent in the protracted years of exile. Seventeen years after the Presidential treachery of 1852, the electors of the Seine, Marseilles, and other places besought him to reappear in Parliament, but he would take no oath of allegiance to the Usurper. He answered, "The distinction of Republicanism is inflexibility of principles—its love of the straight line—its solicitude for human dignity, and its passion for equality." In reply to the suggestion that he should take the oath, he remarked, "The oath, it is said, is an idle formality. Let us not repeat this word too often, if we desire to raise the standard of public morality. There is one man, the Emperor,

who has considered it a 'mere formality,' and France knows what has come of that." Louis Blanc added, "A noble example is an *act*." St. Just said, "Those who do nothing are strong"—when action is dishonour. Louis Blanc remained an exile until the fall of the emperor.

Louis Blanc had a brother, Charles, who was a member of the French Academy. M. Pailleron, who succeeded him, thus described both :—

"Charles was exuberant, passionate, even violent ; but easily resigned, amiable at bottom, and above everything good—a reed, painted like iron. Louis, on the contrary, was gentle, humble, timid, polite, almost obsequious ; yet beneath this mild exterior tenacious, resolute, rebellious—iron, painted so as to resemble a reed."

Of Carlo de Rudio and his troubles I have written in another chapter. He set himself forth as "Count" de Rudio, but if he were a count, his education had been neglected.

Victor Schœlcher, a stormy exile upon whom the French Emperor tried to lay hands, was a frequent visitor to the *Reasoner* office, and a frequent subscriber to our insurgent funds. He was a man of high character and strange experience, and in his day had rendered the State important service. After the fall of Louis Napoleon at Sedan, Schœlcher returned to France, and was accorded the dignity of a Senator. There are pretentious friends of the advance of society who, when they cannot do what they would, do nothing. Schœlcher, when he could not do all he wished, did what he could.

Ulric de Fonvielle, my friend and sometime host, accompanied Victor Noir on a visit to Prince Pierre Napoleon, who shot Victor Noir dead, and fired twice at Ulric de Fonvielle. A very uncivil gentleman was Prince Pierre Napoleon. Wilfrid de Fonvielle, an elder brother of Ulric, and I have been friends for nearly forty years. He was another stormy petrel of the Revolution, both on land and in the air, being an adventurous balloonist at the siege of Paris—distinguished for intrepidity and volcanic ardour, and as a barricadist, a journalist, a man of science, and author of notable books.

The brothers Reclus have both been in peril and prison as

philosophical anarchists. To Elie Reclus, because it had valued memories for him, I gave a fine copy of the only portrait of Robert Owen in which that famous social philosopher appeared as a gentleman—an aspect belonging to him which all other engravings of him missed. Reclus, in his last letter to me, said :—

"My dear Friend,—I went to the Congresses of Lausanne and Geneva, where I saw your name in the hotel Gibbon des Bergues, but not your person. Afterwards I stayed in Auvergne, and now I must, in three or four days hence, be in Normandy. If you were here on the 15th, I might still have the joy of seeing you. My brother Elisée, whom I expect daily from a tour in the Pyrénées, will be here, and, I daresay, you will soon become friends together. I write to MM. Bewsdeley and Henry Schmahl, who are earnest co-operators, announcing to them your visit, and I trust they will be of some service to you. At the Crédit au Travail, rue Baillet 3 (behind St. Germain l'Auxerrois, near to the Rue de Rivoli), the accountant, Mr. Joseph Gaud, will be apprised of your arrival."

Felix Pyat I never saw, though I was his publisher. He could never have kept his head upon his shoulders in France, and I incurred the risk of imprisonment in defending his right to use his head in England by publishing, in the face of prosecution, his "Letter on Parliament and the Press."

Martin Nadaud was a Parisian workman who came to England for security. His intelligence, integrity, and manliness won for him the esteem of Mazzini. He worked at his trade in England, still giving his spare time to promoting freedom both in France and Italy. I found him in 1880 holding a permanent office in the French Parliament House, of which he was a member, always true to his order—the honest Order of Industry.

Alexander Herzen, the accomplished Russian who sent the *Kolokol* (the *Bell*) through the dominions of the Czar, had left Russia for good reasons. We met first at Southampton, where he was seeking information, which I gave him, where the meeting would take place in the Isle of Wight between Garibaldi and Mazzini.

A greater than Herzen was Karl Blind, whom I have still the pleasure to count among my friends. Before he did us the honour to reside in England, now nearly forty years ago, he had had terrible trials, experiencing casemate incarceration. Since then his name is known in every nation and in every literature where the lovers of freedom breathe.

Then there was Dr. Arnold Ruge, of the Frankfort Parliament, who escaped to us to avoid the fate of Blum, the bookseller, who was shot. He resided many years in Brighton, and I had the honour to publish a work which he wrote for me.

The giant Bakounine, who had fled from Russian prisons, was an oft visitor at Fleet Street.

Heinzen was another Russian propagandist, familiar with the interior of a fortress, who was a welcome visitor at the *Reasoner* office. He afterwards went to America, and was the author of many determined pamphlets on insurgency, displaying power and originality. One published in Chicago bore the unpleasant title of "Murder and Liberty."

Prince Krapotkin is the most accomplished anarchist, save the Recluses, whom I have known. No one who does not know the prince can imagine how bright, ardent, wise, and human he is. But the impression his writings give you is that his many attainments are tempered by dynamite. Prince Krapotin is familiar with prisons: still he neither swerves nor fears.

Wilhelm Weitling was a German Communist. His "Gospel of Poor Sinners" was a book of force and original thought. He said he learned English from two works of mine ("Practical Grammar" and "Public Speaking") when first an exile in England. At some expense, I had his speeches translated and printed in the *Movement* when he first spoke in London, and thinking to serve him by enabling him to send copies to America, where he was going, I presented him with some. He, however, violently resented the act as a great affront, thinking I assumed that he had the vanity to diffuse his own speeches. He first taught me that foreigners were apt to be alien in mind as well as race, until naturalized by intercourse and knowledge. He came to England with the reputation of a "dangerous Communist." His liking of prison life in Germany did not grow by what it fed upon; so he, in 1848, tried London for a change, being expelled from Switzerland at the instigation of

the German Government. In one of his speeches in our John Street Institution in London (held by disciples of Robert Owen) he said what was new then, and is not yet old—that "there will neither be equality nor justice so long as those who labour are poorer than those who govern." Wilhelm Weitling was born at Magdeburg in 1808, and died in America in 1871. He was the first after Babœuf who gave to Socialism a fighting policy, and his proceedings and apostolic advocacy were anxiously watched by various European Governments. In 1834 he formed the "League of the Proscribed." This was followed by a "League of the Just," a less happy and more pretentious title in the eyes of outsiders. Weitling was the leader of this League when he came to England. With all his public ardency, he followed his own industry for subsistence. He came one day to make my wife a dress, and I remember how surprised she was to be asked to take off her gown that he might more accurately make the measurement. Men dressmakers and their German customs were unknown to us. Weitling edited a journal in 1841 in which he advocated the formation of a co-operative society. Politics was with him a means to a social end.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian leader, acquired more rapidly than Blanc a wonderful mastery of English, but he never understood, any more than Garibaldi, our illogical freedom, or the mysteries of our political constitution. I published a bust of the Magyar orator, made for me by Signor Bezzi, and cheap editions of Kossuth's speeches. Kossuth would have been shot on sight had the Austrians got sight of him. Kossuth's wife, like Garibaldi's Anita, suffered the vicissitudes of war and flight. Though less inflexible than Mazzini or Blanc, and though he entered into political relations with the French Usurper, who was not to be trusted on his word any more than his oath, yet Kossuth gave proof of integrity when peril menaced him. His generals, Bem and Kemetty, adopted the Mahomedan faith for the sake of Ottoman protection. Kossuth bravely refused. Bem, when an exile in England, lived near me, a little off the Euston Road, and I used to meet him as he walked where Bolivar had walked before him, on the broad pavement that runs through Euston Square. Kossuth had studied English in the fortress of Buda. No orator ever spoke in a foreign tongue

with the effect with which he spoke in England. His ideas were as remarkable as his manner, and were an addition to our knowledge, as Toulmin Smith and Professor F. W. Newman testified.

Francis Pulzsky, the Hungarian Prime Minister under the Kossuth Government, narrowly escaped being shot by the Austrians. His youngest son, who wore a picturesque Hungarian dress at evening parties, which well became his handsome face, was a frequent visitor at my house while a student at the London University. Once or twice I dined with his father, who showed me six or seven iron-clasped chests, containing the Royal jewels and the Hungarian crown, which he had with him in an upper room of his house at Highgate (the second or third house at the bottom of Swain's Lane). Madame Pulzsky was a remarkably small, gentle lady, and you wondered that her sons should be men of fine stature. We conversed at table upon the noble moderation of the French in the Revolution of 1848, in not executing those who would have executed them had they been victors. The Usurper who, by the leniency of Republicans came into power, made short work with the Republicans, and shot and transported them by thousands. Madame Pulzsky had seen so many of her friends destroyed that she distrusted the policy of leniency, and said to me, "Mr. Holyoake, if we come into power again, we will cut all the throats we spared before!" The energy with which this was said by so gentle a lady was very impressive. I contented myself by answering that leniency did fail sometimes, and so did relentlessness, but I believed that in the long run the cause of liberty gains more by pardon than by death.

Among leaders of opinion whom I knew who incurred peril in America, the chief was Lloyd Garrison, who was dragged through Boston streets with a rope round his neck, and was imprisoned by the mayor to save him being lynched. In 1879 I had pride in speaking in Stacey Hall on the platform from which he was pulled down. Mr. Quincy, the son of the mayor who saved Garrison, was in the chair. Mr. Garrison lived to find himself honoured in two worlds—in America, and on this "aged" side of the Atlantic. Lord John Russell spoke at a public breakfast given to Garrison, and Mr. Bright made the most eloquent of

all the brief speeches I ever heard from him, and read a passage from the New Testament as I have never heard it read before or since—comparing the persecutions of Garrison with those of the Apostles. About 1850–2, he published in the *Liberator* a letter from Mr. W. J. Linton against me. But Lloyd Garrison was incapable of being mean or unfair, and published a reply from his valued correspondent, Edward Search. Harriet Martineau was also a reader of the *Liberator*, and as soon as she saw the Linton letter she wrote a most generous vindication of me—which was her custom towards any friend whom she knew to be unjustly assailed.

Others who were not hanged came, like Garrison, near to it, and deserve regard when they knowingly took that risk for the service of the unfriended slave, as Harriet Martineau did when in America. Men shrank from the peril she incurred, though men were ready to risk their lives in her defence. To prevent danger to them, she forewent journeys she contemplated, as her death was arranged for her on her way. Had the peril been hers alone, she would never have drawn back.

Not less did George Thompson risk death. Of him I heard Lord Brougham say "he had the most persuasive voice of any orator he ever listened to." And his competent testimony was confirmed by all who heard Thompson. On his two first visits to America, speaking for the slave, he was hunted to be "hanged on a sour apple-tree." On his third visit he dwelt with my friend, Mr. Seth Hunt, at his home under Mount Holyoke. He slept in the "Prophet's Chamber," where others in peril had slept before; and which in happier days I had the honour to occupy. But were I to mention all my friends who succoured the hunted and condemned, I must include here certain Englishmen, Colonel Hinton, of Washington; Mr. W. H. Ashurst; Mr. R. A. Cooper, of Norwich; Major Evans Bell, and many others. George Thompson afterwards became M.P. for the Tower Hamlets. Had his personal fortune enabled him to remain in the House of Commons, he would have become eminent there. Mr. F. W. Chesson, who continued through another generation the same noble exertions on behalf of the oppressed and unfriended in many nations, married Mr. Thompson's daughter.

Since Toussaint L'Ouverture, whose tragic story has been

written by Harriet Martineau in "The Hour and the Man," there has been no nobler champion of the coloured race than Frederic Douglas. He was born under sentence—the dread sentence of slavery—a doom of lifelong imprisonment without hope of ending. When wandering homeless at night about Peoria, no minister would open his doors to the slave (though Douglas was himself a preacher), when a passenger told him to knock at Colonel Robert Ingersoll's gate, and he would find shelter and welcome under the generous heretic's roof. It was in Ingersoll's house that I spent my first evening with the noble slave, who was then Provost Marshal of Washington. The colonel produced his choicest champagne to celebrate the event. It is told in the annals of slavery, that when Douglas was assailed and hissed on the platform by slave-owners, he paused, and then said, "Yes, a hiss is what you always hear when the waters of truth drop on the fires of hell." This saying is also ascribed to Clay, another orator for the freedom of the slave; but it shows the quality of Douglas on the platform that the splendid retort should be related of him.

CHAPTER XX.

ENGLISH AND IRISH AGITATORS WHO GAVE TROUBLE TO JURIES AND JUDGES.

(1840–1890.)

THE reader will observe that some names are mentioned only incidentally, and others at more length. Some described here briefly are in other chapters further mentioned.

Another friend whom I knew, bearing a memorable name—Leigh Hunt—was imprisoned, as all the world knows, for his boldness in reminding a certain Royal personage that personal morality would be as useful in those of high as in those of humble station. Leigh Hunt's career was before my time, but I had the honour to know him in his later years, and still read with pride a published letter which he addressed to me. From his earlier years to his closing day, he never swerved from the perilous principle of saying what he thought right and knew to be useful, regardless of that cowardly policy of waiting on public opinion until the right thing can be done safely.

Madame Jessie White Mario was the first distinguished platform speaker among Englishwomen. When she first spoke on Italian questions, women had not spoken in public with the view of influencing State affairs. Madame Mario was more than Miss Nightingale at Scutari; she went with Garibaldi's expedition and rescued the wounded under fire. She was imprisoned in Genoa five months in 1857, in Ferrara where Tasso was incarcerated, and in Rome. As well as aiding by her intrepid services the cause of Italy, she wrote vindicatory lives of the distinguished heroes whose names, before all others, represent the unity of that wondrous land. She told me at

Lendinara that, should a war arise between England and Italy, she had become so much Italian that she could not live and see Italy suffer; yet she was at the same time English at heart, and could not bear the thought that her native land should fail. Therefore, should war occur, she should apply at St. Peter's Gate for some retreat in his dominions. Madame Mario has published works of authority on the lives of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Dr. Bertani, and others. It was "To Miss J. Meriton White" that Walter Savage Landor addressed the following letter, which caused great disquietude in the Tuileries. It first appeared in the *Atlas* newspaper under the intrepid editorship of Mr. Henry J. Slack :—

"At the present time I have only One Hundred Pounds of ready money at my disposal, and am never likely to have so much in future. Of this, I transmit FIVE to you, towards '*the acquisition* of 10,000 *Muskets to be given to the First Italian Province which shall rise.*' The remaining £95, I reserve for the Family of the First Patriot who asserts the dignity and performs the duty of tyrannicide. Abject men have cried out against me for my commendation of this Virtue, the highest of which a man is capable, and now the most imperative. Is it not an absurdity to remind us that usurpers will rise up afresh? Do not all transgressors? And must we therefore lay aside the terrors of chastisement, or give a *Ticket of Leave* to the most atrocious criminals? Shall the laws be subverted, and we be told that we act against them, or without their sanction, when none are left us, and when guided by Eternal Justice we smite down the subvertor? Three or four blows, instantaneous and simultaneous, may save the world many years of war and degradation. If it is unsafe to rob a Citizen, shall it be safe to rob a People?"

Before enumerating political advocates in England, insurgent publishers claim notice who, in a sense, made the advocates what they were, and created for them their auditors. Foremost among them—greatest, most determined and impassable of them all—was Richard Carlile, my friend and adviser at my own trial at Gloucester, and who had himself been imprisoned nine years and four months. In the "Dictionary of National

Biography," I have written Carlile's life. Acts of defiance of the evil Governments of his day, in which Carlile persisted, had been visited by a long term of transportation, as happened to Muir and Palmer. It was Carlile's intrepid publication of prohibited books which established the freedom of the press in England.

Next to him, and contemporaneous with him, was Henry Hetherington. The first time I spoke at a graveside was at Kensal Green, when Hetherington was buried amid a concourse of 2,000 persons. *The Times* said of him that he was one of a band "who were familiar with the inside of every gaol in the kingdom." Hetherington made no parade, no defiance, but was immovable. He did for the unstamped press what Carlile did for Freethought works. A disciple of Robert Owen, Hetherington was always for reason; but he had the courage of reason, which he was capable of infusing into others—for 500 persons were imprisoned for selling his unstamped papers. He defended trades unions when they were illegal, and had the merit of defining the policy which co-operative advocates of profit-sharing labour have maintained since.

James Watson was my first publisher. He was imprisoned several times for his persistence in publishing prohibited books and newspapers. Between Watson and Hetherington a remarkable friendship existed. Both published some earlier works for me, but neither would publish without understanding that it was consistent with the business interest of the other that he should do it.

John Cleave incurred imprisonment. He was a rotund, energetic, Radical publisher, and was the third of the trio of newsvendors whose names were known in every town and village in the three kingdoms—"Hetherington, Watson, and Cleave." Henry Vincent married Cleave's daughter. Cleave did not give others an impression that he had a passion for risk; but Watson and Hetherington, whenever peril came to others which they ought to share, placed themselves at once in the front rank of jeopardy.

Abel Heywood, in earlier years, published a work for me. The name of Heywood in the provinces was as famous as that of Hetherington in London. Heywood was imprisoned for the sale of unstamped publications. He was afterwards Mayor of

Manchester, and the Queen was dissuaded from visiting the city during his mayoralty as she intended, by those who resented his steadfast and honourable defence of public liberty: though, had her Majesty known it, it was a reason why she should have done honour to a mayoralty held by one whose services reflected distinction on her reign.

One of my earliest friends in Birmingham was John Collins, a Birmingham local preacher, whose hand I held as a boy when we walked together to Harborne, a village four miles from Birmingham, where he went to preach on a Sunday, and I to teach in the Sunday School the little I knew. He was imprisoned one year in Warwick Gaol for making speeches on behalf of Chartism.

Another friend of mine, at whose grave I afterwards spoke, was William Lovett. He was imprisoned also one year at the same time as Collins, and in the same gaol. They were both what was known in their days as "Moral Force" Chartists, in contradistinction to "Physical Force" agitators. In those days there was only a middle-class suffrage, composed (as W. J. Fox said in the House of Commons) of the "Worshipful Company of Ten-pound Householders." Moral force was before its time then. Now the people have a free vote, a free platform, a free press, and the ballot-box—if they cannot get what they want without physical force, they do not understand their business. Lovett and Collins composed in prison, and afterwards published, a well-thought-out scheme for the political education of working-class politicians. Collins, like Attwood, Salt, and O'Connor, died from failure of mental power. It was a justification of those who sought redress by violence that, avoiding it and advocating moral force alone, they should be condemned to imprisonment all the same.

"Thomas Cooper, the Chartist," as he proudly wrote on the title-page of his remarkable poem "The Purgatory of Suicides," was imprisoned two years in Stafford Gaol. During fifty years over which our friendship has extended, there has been change of conviction in him, but never of honest principle. Mr. Cooper, likeminded, exceeded Lovett and Collins in the political instruction of the people, and had himself a passion for self-education which has made his name eminent by his attainments. His name is in all booksellers' catalogues, and his praise is in all the

churches. Poems, novels, essays, sermons, are departments of literature in which he has been distinguished.

Henry Vincent appeared among us in John Frost's days. I have the sword which Frost wore when he commenced his ill-fated insurrection in Newport. It was taken from him by Colonel Napier. Vincent was an ardent, inflammatory orator, who said as much against Christianity as against political oppression. All the while he was a Christian at heart, and, like Thomas Cooper, a greater advocate than he was a heretic—being a heretic from indignation rather than from intellectual conviction. Vincent's imprisonment was in Monmouth Gaol. He afterwards was an occasional preacher in Liberal Dissenting churches, but, like all men who have been for a time on the other side, he never returned again to the dark valley of unseeing faith, but dwelt on the hills of orthodoxy, where some light of reason falls. He ultimately acquired a cultivated style of oratory, and became a celebrated lecturer both in England and America. His orations, for the quality of his speeches entitled them to that term, were mainly expositions of political principles. He married, as has been said, the daughter of John Cleave.

Ernest Jones was notable alike for impassioned oratory and poetic inspiration. By birth, culture, and sacrifice, he lent distinction to the Chartist cause he espoused. Thomas Carlyle went to see him through the bars of the prison where he was confined two years. We never knew whether Jones was Hanoverian or English by birth, but he was always English in his advocacy and sympathies. Carlyle had no discernment that he was a man of genius who had resigned affluent prospects for penury and principles, and who, in great vicissitude, never turned back. The only time I ever spoke on Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square was in commemoration of his premature death.

Joseph Rayner Stephens, the greatest orator on the Chartist side, was imprisoned in York Castle. Stephens was a Tory, not of the baser sort who seek personal power for purposes of political supremacy, but of the nobler kind who desire to see power in the hands of the wise (which they take themselves to be) for the improvement of the condition and the better contentment of the people. Stephens was for the Crown, but he was for the people, come what might of the Crown

On the platform he was a master of assemblies. In conversation he excelled all men I have known. He saw all that was in the words he used and all round the subject upon which he spoke. His easy precision resembled that of Lord Westbury. Stephens did vehemently teach armed resistance, not against public order, but against public wrong. The Government did not see the distinction—no wonder the people did not.

I had but limited acquaintanceship with Richard Oastler, although great admiration for his personal character. In spite of his Toryism, I had a regard for him, on account of his humanity and real interest in the welfare of factory children. I first knew him when visiting George White at Queen's Bench Prison, where Mr. Oastler was also confined. Like Joseph Rayner Stephens, his great colleague, he cared for throne and factory children, but for children first and children most.

William Prouting Roberts, whom we called the "Miners' Attorney-General," was one who incurred six months' imprisonment at Devizes for his defence of labour. He was the terror of many a local Bench, and defended many a miner and weaver who otherwise had had no redress or deliverance.

The most volcanic voice in the Chartist movement was that of G. J. Mantle. When I was with Mr. J. S. Mill at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the Hyde-Park-railing days, Mill could not be heard far into the vast valley of people there assembled; the outer concourse was lost in the deep shadows of the great hall which two fierce lights on the platform deepened. Then Mantle was chosen to read the resolutions to be passed. His sentences seemed shot from a culverin. His throat opened like the mouth of a tunnel. No doubt the jury heard his defence long before (1839–40), when he was accorded two years' imprisonment for speeches made to Hyde Park Chartists. The judge embellished his sentence by a few graceful words (common among judges, who are never political), saying—"It was you who made seditious speeches, and were a party to the conspiracy and riot. It is true you were not at the latter in body, but your spirit was there; you sounded the trumpet, but you were not in the van, and it is always so with people like you. You are a young man with a very voluble tongue and an empty head, as most mob orators are. I advise you to study more and speak less—to know, if you can be made

to know, that a boy of twenty-two is not the person to alter the constitution of this country."

George Julian Harney was early in prison. He was in the heart of the Chartist movement, and always a picturesque figure in it. His fervour of speech and his ubiquitous activity made him widely known and popular. It was long hoped he would be the historian of the movement, of which he knew more than any other leader. His first wife, who died early, came from Mauchline. She was tall, beautiful, and of high spirit, a brave counsellor in all risks and a resolute sharer of any consequences. Harney was worthy of the heroic companionship it was his good fortune to possess. His last publication in England was the *Red Republican*, a title which admitted of no mistake, and he was the first Chartist who adopted Louis Blanc's motto—"The Republic, Democratic and Social."

James, afterwards Alderman, Williams, of Sunderland, was a bookseller, printer, and publicist, and one of the few Chartist agitators in those ardent days who thought that political passion was the better for being controlled by good sense. At Durham Assizes he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He defended himself. The jury had recommended leniency on the ground of his being a young man. Williams said he claimed no consideration on that ground, as what he had done was the result of calm deliberation. He only claimed consideration on the ground of the utility of his public conduct. Williams was counted too intellectual in his advocacy, and fell below the level of orators of passion; but at the bar he was in respect of courage far above most of the men of passion, who, like O'Connor and some others, denied what they had said.

Irish leaders of English political agitation were daring, eloquent, inspiring, impetuous, and dangerous—dangerous because they were impatient, and impatient here because, despairing in their own land, they naturally incited insurgency here which might lead to liberty in Ireland.

Feargus O'Connor, a man more powerfully built than O'Connell, whom he succeeded as a political advocate in England, was imprisoned for two years in York Castle. O'Connor was the most impetuous and most patient of all the tribunes who ever led the English Chartists. In the *Northern Star* he let every rival speak, and had the grand strength of indifference to

what any one said against him in his own columns. Logic was not his strong point, and he had colossal incoherence.

Thomas Ainge Devyr, an energetic and fertile Irish leader of English Chartism, would have been imprisoned a long time by Lord Abinger had he not fled to America. His bail was estreated in his absence. He was the earliest of the advocates of land and landlord reform in Ireland, and claimed, with some truth, to be the originator of the land theories that afterwards became famous. The *Northern Liberator*, edited by him before his flight from Newcastle-on-Tyne to America, was the most readable of all the insurgent newspapers of that period.

James Bronterre O'Brien, who excelled all the Chartist leaders in passion of speech and invective, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment at the Liverpool Assizes. He was the only Chartist who comprehended fully how large a share, social, financial, and commercial, error contributes to the suffering of the people.

For George White I had as much regard as for any Irish leader among the Chartists. He was so frank, generous, and brave. Whenever the early Socialists were in trouble with their theological adversaries, White would bring up his "Old Guard" and man the hall during a debate to see fair play. In one case in Birmingham they attended five nights, at Beardsworth Repository, from seven to eleven o'clock. Though poor men, they paid for their own admission. He said to me that whenever I was in any danger of ill-usage on the platform I was to send him word and he would bring up the "Old Guard." This he never failed to do. When he was imprisoned in London, my wife used to make pies for him and take them to him at the Queen's Bench. They were very welcome to him, as he always had a precarious revenue. He died ultimately in the Infirmary in Sheffield, I have no doubt dreaming of pies to come, for he was very desolate. He was the personification of energy, physical and mental, possessing a vigorous frame and bright eyes, with a ready, trenchant speech which had the prance of the war-horse in it, neighing for battle. Like other Chartists, he took money from the Tories, the better to enable him to destroy the Whigs, whom he distrusted—because they went tardily on the way of redress. He opposed the Whigs more than he did the Tories, who never set out

that way at all. The father of Lord Cranbrook (it was said by Bradford colleagues), partly from kindness to White, and otherwise for his political services, allowed him many years a small stipend—besides special aid when Anti-Corn Law League meetings required to be broken up.

CHAPTER XXI.

A FURTHER CALENDAR OF FRIENDS WHOSE FATE NEEDS EXPLANATION.

(1840–1890.)

AMONG the following inhabitants of the prison-house are valued friends and colleagues of my own. Others I knew and had certain relations with, but without approving or condoning what they had done. One whom I was bound by ties of friendship to save if I could, sent me a petition to sign, as I was known to the Minister to whom it was addressed. But I declined, as the plea drawn up by the petitioner justified his act. I did not agree with the justification, and could not ask a minister to condone an offence which a jury had recognized as harmful to the secular interests of the public. At the same time I drew up another petition asking for mitigation of sentence on other grounds which could fairly be pleaded.

Mr. Charles Southwell had been out with Sir de Lacy Evans in the Spanish expedition. He was imprisoned in 1840 for twelve months, in Bristol Gaol, for an article in the *Oracle of Reason*, entitled the "Jew Book." He was sentenced by Sir Charles Wetherell, the "Old Bags" of Hone. I took the vacant editorship and came to a similar end. Mr. Southwell was the youngest of thirty-six children, and was the liveliest of them all. In this he resembled Bishop Bathurst, who was one of thirty-six children by the same father; but Charles Southwell resembled the bishop in no other particular. Mr. Southwell was for some time upon the stage, and was a good actor. He was, like myself, a social missionary lecturing upon Mr. Owen's system of society. He had great versatility—infinite animation, chivalry, and daring. When Bishop Philpotts

intimidated two social missionaries into taking the oath as licensed preachers to avoid certain disabilities, I and Charles Southwell protested against and refused to swear to the thing which was not. On one occasion he undertook to deliver a lecture for the benefit of prisoners in Edinburgh, in the interests of the Anti-Persecution Union. He did lecture, and for an hour and a half a large audience was delighted with his wit, vivacity, and discursiveness. At the conclusion of his address, I said, "Why, Southwell, you never mentioned the subject of your lecture!" He answered, "Well, I quite forgot it." So did we all while he was speaking. He died in Auckland, New Zealand; but though he had ceased to advocate his principles, he maintained them in his death.

George Adams was imprisoned in Gloucester Gaol for publishing the *Oracle of Reason* from friendship for me. Mrs. Harriet Adams, his wife, was also imprisoned for like cause. She was handsome, intelligent, and of invincible spirit. Both died at Watertown, in America.

Miss Matilda Roalfe, at a time when persecution in Edinburgh prevailed, went from London to conduct a small publishing business, though the previous owner of the shop was imprisoned. She also was sentenced to be imprisoned sixty days (1843) for the publication of prohibited Freethought works. She was confined in an unclean cell, and her life was imperilled by religious tumult on her release on bail. On her trial she cross-examined the witness with good judgment. She was told that if she pleaded she was unaware of the nature of the books she sold she might escape. This she would not do. She was instructed by her legal friends that there were serious legal flaws in the proceedings against her. She declined to seek escape on technical grounds, but stood on the right of freedom of the press in honest criticism and speculation. She was as remarkable for quiet courage as for good sense. She made no complaint and no submission. She afterwards became the wife of a valued friend of mine, who, next to my brother Austin, was my most trusted assistant at the Fleet Street house.

Mrs. Emma Martin was another lady distinguished in her day as a platform speaker on questions of social reform, at whose grave I spoke. She suffered brief imprisonments. She was a handsome woman, of brilliant talent and courage.

Thomas Finlay was a man of sixty years of age when I first knew him. He was of good presence, intelligence, and devotion to principle. He made a case with a glass frame and placed in it a copy of the Bible in large type, open at a part which he thought unfit to be found in a sacred book, and placed it where it could be read by passers-by in a main street in Edinburgh. For this he was imprisoned and the Bible also. I have the copy which was sent to me, bearing the imprimatur of the Procurator-Fiscal certifying its legal detention for blasphemy. Finlay defended himself in a speech of considerable length, but was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He had a daughter married to Mr. Henry Robinson, of Edinburgh, who was agent for works I published. He also was imprisoned by the Edinburgh authorities.

Thomas Pooley, the Cornish well-sinker, whom I aided in rescuing from twenty-one months' imprisonment, was an honest, indomitable, incoherent man, whose career the reader may see described in another chapter.

Thomas Paterson was a young Scotchman who also went out with Sir de Lacy Evans in the Spanish expedition, to which Southwell also belonged, but they were unknown to each other at that time. They were afterwards colleagues in the defence of free opinion and underwent similar imprisonment. Paterson's chief imprisonment was in Scotland, where he went as a volunteer during the Edinburgh prosecutions, being imprisoned fifteen months in 1843. While I was a stationed lecturer in Sheffield he lived in my house nine months, and was known as my "curate," as I engaged him to assist me in the schools conducted in connection with my lectureship at the Rockingham Street Hall. No danger and no imprisonment intimidated Paterson. In any project of peril in which I was concerned, he was always a volunteer. For this reason I remained his friend until his death, which brought me trouble, as Paterson published attacks on friends of mine from which I entirely dissented. This he did without my knowing it, but as my friendliness with him was known, I was considered as concurring in his opinion, and thus I lost friends.

Mr. G. W. Foote was imprisoned for publishing Biblical caricatures not worse than the caricatures which theological adversaries deal in without reproach, and, indeed, with popular

approval. Mr. Ramsey, an intelligent and hard-working propagandist, was imprisoned in like manner for selling them. I did what I could to induce Sir Wm. Harcourt to release them on the grounds that, were they chargeable with misplaced ridicule, the consequences fell upon their cause, and it was no business of the State to protect Freethinkers from the excess of their own enthusiasm, and that, since Christians were allowed unbridled license to ridicule their adversaries, and did it, both parties should be imprisoned, or neither.

The most unjust of all prosecutions of the kind was that of Edward Truelove, a man not only of blameless, but honourable life, who had been a bookseller and publisher for nearly half a century. He was imprisoned four months for selling Robert Dale Owen's little work on "Physiology in Relation to Morals" —the most ascetic, reasonably-written of all pamphlets on the limitation of families that have been published for forty years. The sensuality is all on the side of those who object to the principle of such works. Mr. Truelove, though of advanced age, bravely refused to compromise the right of free publication of opinion, and sustained the traditions of the school of Carlile, Watson, and Hetherington.

Mr. J. B. Langley was a publicist with whom I was associated for more than thirty years. He had the passion of public service, and, like all who have it, he neglected his own interest to advance it. He was imprisoned for the violation of an Act never put in force before, and which, if honestly put in operation, would imprison hundreds of persons in the city of London who are counted of good commercial fame, and who would share the same fate. Mr. John Bright and Mr. Samuel Morley contributed to a fund to enable Mr. Langley to go to the coast for a time when free, he having many friends who knew how a forlorn hope or struggling cause could always command his services day or night, near or far. Indeed, it had been better for him had he given more time to his own business and less to the public cause. Mr. Langley was one of the minor poets, as well as a ready public speaker.

Mr. Swindlehurst, a very hard worker for social improvement, was imprisoned in like manner from a like cause.

Robert Southey, who was hanged at Maidstone, was not one of my friends, but I was an adviser of his, and endeavoured to

assist him. He killed seven persons, and was very deservedly executed. I have known many who earned the gallows in their effort to obtain notoriety, but Southey was the only one who chose it for that purpose.

Gerald Supple, named elsewhere, a journalistic colleague, was sentenced to be hanged for shooting two persons and killing the wrong one. He had ability, chivalry, and courage worthy of his country. He came from Dublin.

Rudolph Herzel was a tall, thoughtful-looking secretary to a Secular Society at Leeds. Ardent, intelligent, enthusiastic, devoted, always ready to go to the front, he offered himself to me to serve on any forlorn hope, in conspiracy or battle. I declined to dispose of any man's life, and did no more on his request than inform him where conflict was impending, but the choice of entering upon it must be his own. He afterwards went out during the Italian war, and was no more heard of by me.

One whom I do not name, but who had many claims on my regard, got involved in the unwise defence of some persons, unknown to me, in serious railway robberies. I have no doubt he acted from some mistaken sense of justice, and wrote a letter intimidatory of the authorities who were investigating the robberies, with which he could not possibly have been concerned. One morning I saw in *The Times* a lithographed letter with an offer of £300 reward for discovery of the writer. I knew at a glance who he was and remonstrated with him. He wrote, with a fearless defiance natural to him, saying, he knew I needed money, and that I was quite at liberty to give information as to the authorship of the letter, and he not only should not reproach me, but be glad if he could be of service to me. My answer was that I never took blood-money, especially that of one I had treated as a friend. He was imprisoned several times subsequently, but never on that or any similar account, and sometimes from causes creditable to him. A curious thing occurred in connection with the letter referred to. Having to go to Scotland I took his self-inculpating letter and a copy of *The Times* containing the lithograph letter with me, intending to give both to him. I never removed them from my trunk. Some days after my arrival at my destination I sought them, but they, alas! were not there. In what way they could have been abstracted or lost I never could make out. My anxiety

lest they had fallen into dangerous hands was very great. What became of them I never knew. Fortunately nothing resulted from their loss.

Now, I have fulfilled my promise to justify my assertion that I have had so many questionable friends that the reader might feel reasonable alarm at continuing the perusal of these pages. In this and the two preceding chapters I have enumerated sixty-eight persons in whom the State took personal interest. In enumerating those who were hanged, I have said nothing of others who, in the opinion of confident, if not competent observers, ought to have ended that way. But every man who had knowledge of public affairs knows a great number of these also. I have confined myself, with one or two exceptions, to those who nobly incurred peril. In my memory are many more whom, perhaps, I ought to mention ; but I have cited enough to prove my intimation that I am a person of suspicious acquaintances. But it is a good rule in autobiography, as in debate, to state your case, clear your case, prove your case, and then cease. To do more is to weary the reader, and that is the prime crime a writer can commit.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FOUNDER OF SOCIAL IDEAS IN ENGLAND.

(1841–1858.)

HAVING been for more than half a century concerned in the advocacy of Robert Owen's "New Views of Society," which attracted a band of adherents when first announced, I think it is relevant that I should give some account of this class of social ideas.

Just as Thomas Paine was the founder of political ideas among the people of England, Robert Owen was also the founder of social ideas among them. He who first conceives a new idea has merit and distinction; but he is the founder of it who puts it into the minds of men by proving its practicability. Mr. Owen did this at New Lanark, and convinced numerous persons that the improvement of society was possible by wise material means. There were social ideas in England before the days of Owen, as there were political ideas before the days of Paine; but Owen gave social ideas form and force. His passion was the organization of labour, and to cover the land with self-supporting cities of industry, in which well-devised material condition should render ethical life possible, in which labour should be, as far as possible, done by machinery, and education, recreation, and competence should be enjoyed by all. Instead of communities working for the world, they should work for themselves, and keep in their own hands the fruit of their labour, and commerce should be an exchange of surplus wealth, and not a necessity of existence. All this Owen believed to be practicable. At New Lanark he virtually or indirectly supplied to his workpeople, with splendid munificence and practical

x 'A New View of Society' &c under see Owen, Robert in Ency. Brit.

judgment, all the conditions which gave dignity to labour. Excepting by Godin of Guise, no workmen have ever been so well treated, instructed, and cared for as at New Lanark.

Co-operation as a form of social amelioration and of profit existed in an intermittent way before New Lanark; but it was the advantages of the stores Owen incited that was the beginning of working-class co-operation. His followers intended the store to be a means of raising the industrious class, but many think of it now merely as a means of serving themselves. Still, the nobler portion are true to the earlier ideal of dividing profits in store and workshop, of rendering the members self-helping, intelligent, honest, and generous, and abating, if not superseding competition and meanness.

During all the discussions upon Mr. Owen's views, I do not remember notice being taken of Thomas Holcroft, the (actor), who might have been cited as a precursor of Mr. Owen. Holcroft, mostly self-taught, familiar with hardship, vicissitude, and adventure, became an author, actor, and playwriter of distinction. He expressed views of remarkable similarity to those of Owen. Holcroft was a friend of political and moral improvement, but he wished it to be gradual and rational, because he believed no other could be effectual. He deplored all provocation and invective. All that he wished was the free and dispassionate discussion of the great principles relating to human happiness, trusting to the power of reason to make itself heard, not doubting the result. He believed the truth had a natural superiority over error, if truth could only be stated; that if once discovered it must, being left to itself, soon spread and triumph. "Men," he said, "do not become what by nature they are meant to be, but what society makes them."

Actors, apart from their profession, are mostly idealess; and the few who are capable of interest in human affairs outside the stage, are mostly so timid of their popularity that they are acquiescent, often subservient, to conventional ideas. Not so Holcroft. When it was dangerous to have independent theological or social opinions, he was as bold as Owen at a later day. He did not conceal that he was a Necessarian. He was one of a few moralists who took a chapel in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, with a view to found an Ethical Church. One of his sayings was this: "The only enemy I encounter is error, and

that with no weapon but words. My constant theme has been, 'Let error be taught, not whipped.'" Owen but put this philosophy into a system, and based public agitation upon the Holcroft principle. Owen's habit of mind and principle are there expressed. Lord Brougham, in his famous address to the Glasgow University in 1825, declared the same principle when he said no man was any more answerable for his belief than for the height of his stature or the colour of his hair. Brougham, being a life-long friend of Owen, had often heard this from him. Holcroft was born 1745, died 1809.

Robert Owen was a remarkable instance of a man at once Tory and revolutionary. He held with the government of the few, but, being a philanthropist, he meant that the government of the few should be the government of the good. It cannot be said that he, like Burke, was incapable of conceiving the existence of good social arrangements apart from kings and courts. It may be said that he never thought upon the subject. He found power in their hands, and he went to them to exercise it in the interests of his "system." He was conservative as respected their power, but conservative of nothing else. He would revolutionize both religion and society—indeed, clear the world out of the way—to make room for his "new views." He visited the chief courts of Europe. Because nothing immediately came of it, it was said he was not believed in. But there is evidence that he was believed in. He was listened to because he proposed that crowned heads should introduce his system into their states, urging that it would ensure contentment and material comfort among their people, and by giving rulers the control and patronage of social life, would secure them in their dignity.

Owen's fine temper was owing to his principle. He always thought of the unseen chain which links every man to his destiny. His fine manners were owing to natural self-possession and to his observation. When a youth behind Mr. McGuffog's counter at Stamford, the chief draper's shop in the town, he "watched the manners and studied the characters of the nobility when they were under the least restraint." It never fell to me to entertain many eminent men, even by accident; but the first was Robert Owen. His object was to meet a professor and some young students at the London University.

Two of them were Mr. Percy Greg and Mr. Michael Foster, both of whom afterwards became eminent. There were some publicists present, and Mr. W. J. Birch, author of the "Philosophy and Religion of Shakspeare," all good conversationalists. Mr. Owen was the best talker of the party. Perhaps it was that they deferred to him, or submitted to him, because of his age and public career; but he displayed more variety and vivacity than they. He spoke naturally as one who had authority. But his courtesy was never suspended by his earnestness. Owen, being a Welshman, had all the fervour and pertinacity, without the impetuosity of his race. Though he had made his own fortune by insight and energy, his fine manners came by instinct. He was successively a draper's counterman, a clerk, a manager, a trader and manufacturer; but he kept himself free from the hurry and unrest of manner which the eagerness of gain and the solicitude of loss, impart to the commercial class, and which mark the difference between their manners and those of gentlemen. There are both sorts in the House of Commons. As a rule, you know on sight the members who have made their own fortunes. If you accost them, they are apt to start as though they were arrested. An interview is an encroachment. They do not conceal that they are thinking of their time as they answer you. They look at their minutes as though they were loans, and only part with them if they are likely to bear interest. There are business men in Parliament who are born with the instinct of progress without hurry. But they are the exception.

A gentleman has no master, and is neither driven nor hurries as though he had some one to obey. Mr. Owen had this charm of repose. He had a clear and abiding conception that men had no substantial interest in being base; and that when they were base, it was an intrinsic misfortune arising from inherited tendency, or acquired from contact with untoward circumstances. This belief made him patient with dishonesty; but dishonesty never blinded him nor imposed upon him. He could see as far into a rogue as any man. His theory of the influences of heredity and circumstances gave him a key to character. Miss Martineau had frequent visits from Mr. Owen, who, she said, "always interested her by his candour and cheerfulness. His benevolence and charming manners would make him the most

popular man in England if he could but distinguish between assertion and argument, and refrain from wearying his friends with his monotonous doctrine." It is a peculiarity in some Welshmen that, if refuted in argument and they admit the refutation to be conclusive, their previous conviction returns to them, and they reassert it as though it had never been answered. I observed this in Welshmen in America, where there is no market for abandoned ideas, and no time for returning to errors. Mr. Owen had this recurrency of anterior ideas, but in him it seemed earnestness rather than mere iteration. Besides, it was consistency in him, seeing that he never thought confutation of his views possible, and never met with it.

Because he insisted on these far-reaching principles, which were sufficient to recast the social policy of the nation, he was described disparagingly as "a man of one idea." I never shared this objection to persons of one idea, having known so many who had none. Many people have but fragments of ideas, and no complete conception of any.

Mr. Owen's fault was that he repeated his great idea in the same words. It is variety of statement of the same thing—if there be truth in it—which conquers conviction. X

X cf Spencer, in Holyoake. Origin & N. of Secularism. 55

CHAPTER XXIII.

FURTHER CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PHILOSOPHER OF NEW LANARK.

(1841–1858.)

Mr. Owen's sense of fame lay in his ideas. They formed a world in which he dwelt, and he thought others who saw them would be as enchanted as he was. But others did not see them, and he took no adequate means to enable them to see them. James Mill and Francis Place revised his famous "Essays on the Formation of Character," of which he sent a copy to the first Napoleon. Mr. Owen published nothing else so striking or vigorous. Yet he could speak on the platform impressively and with a dignity and force which commanded the admiration of cultivated adversaries.

Like Turner, Owen had an earlier and a later manner. His memoirs—never completed—were written apparently when Robert Fulton's death was recent. They have incident, historic surprises, and the charm of genuine autobiography; but when he wrote of his principles, he lacked altogether Cobbett's faculty of "talking with the pen," which is the source of literary engagingness. It was said of Montaigne that "his sentences were vascular and alive, and if you pricked them they bled." If you pricked Mr. Owen's, when he wrote on his "System," you lost your needle in the wool. He had the altruistic fervour as strongly as Comte, but Owen was without the artistic instinct of style, which sees an inapt word as a false tint in a picture or as an error in drawing.

His "Lectures on Marriage" he permitted to be printed in a note-taker's unskilful terms, and did not correct them, which

subjected him and his adherents also to misapprehension. Everybody knows that love must always be free, and, if left to take its own course, is generally ready to accept the responsibility of its choice. People will put up with the ills they bring upon themselves, but will resent happiness proposed by others; just as a nation will be more content with the bad government of their own contriving than they will be under better laws imposed upon them by foreigners. Polygamous relations are inconsistent with delicacy or refinement. Miscellaneousness and love are incompatible terms. Love is an absolute preference. Mr. Owen regarded affection as essential to chastity; but his deprecation of priestly marriages set many against marriage itself. This was owing more to the newness of his doctrine in those days, which led to misconception on the part of some, and was wilfully perverted by others. He claimed for the poor facilities of divorce equal to those accorded to the rich. To some extent this has been conceded by law, which has tended to increase marriage by rendering it less a terror. The new liberty produced license, as all new liberty does; yet the license is not chargeable upon the liberty, nor upon those who advocated it: but upon the reaction from unlimited bondage.

Owen's philanthropy was owing to his principles. Whether wealth is acquired by chance or fraud—as a good deal of wealth is—or owing to inheritance without merit, or to greater capacity than other men have, it is alike the gift of destiny, and Mr. Owen held that those less fortunate should be assisted to improvement in their condition by the favourites of fate. Seeing that every man would be better than he is were his condition in life devised for his betterment, Owen's advice was not to hate men, but to change the system which makes them what they are or keeps them from moral advancement. For these reasons he was against all attempts at improvement by violence Force was not reformation. In his mind reason and better social arrangements were the only remedy.

In the autumn of 1845 I sent to Mr. Owen (he being then in America) a copy of my first book on his social philosophy, and the method of stating it on the platform. It was entitled "Rationalism," treated from an Individualist point of view. Mr. Owen's party were then known as "Rational Religionists." Solicitous of the opinion of the master, I asked him, in case he

approved of it, to please to tell me so, and permit me to say so. In 1848, he being again in England, I sent him a further copy, as possibly the other never reached him. He kindly answered as follows :—

"Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street,
"*March* 18, 1848.

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your note, papers, and book, which came here last night only, although your note is dated 3rd inst. I am just now overwhelmed with most important public business, which will more than occupy every moment of my time until I return from Paris. As soon as I shall have leisure for both reading and study, I will attend to your 'Rationalism,' and give my opinion of it.

"Yours, my dear sir,
"Very truly and affectionately,
"Robt. Owen.

"P.S.—Keep up the type of the first 500 copies" [alluding to a work I was printing for him].

Always intent on the diffusion of his views, I conclude he never found time to give me the opinion I sought.

In another letter he had told me that Mr. Cobden had presented to Parliament a petition from him. I do not possess any letter in which he referred to the opinion he promised to give me ; but I inferred from his continued friendship that he did not much dissent from what I had said in "Rationalism," or he would have made time to do so ; for when, in a proof of an article I had sent him (he contributed several to the *Reasoner* I was then editing), his sharp eye detected the words "misery, producing circumstances," he desired me to tell the printer to remove the comma and put a hyphen in its place, that it might read "misery-producing circumstances." On one occasion he held £10 scrip in the Fleet Street house.

In 1847, Mr. Owen was a candidate for the representation of Marylebone. The principles he offered to advocate are notable to-day, as showing how well he understood the political needs of the nation, and how much he was in advance of his times:—

1. A graduated property tax equal to the national expenditure.

2. The abolition of all other taxes.
3. No taxation without representation.
4. Free trade with all the world.
5. National education for all who desire it.
6. National beneficial employment for all who require it.
7. Full and complete freedom of religion under every name by which men may call themselves.
8. A national circulating medium, under the supervision and control of Parliament, that could be increased or diminished as wealth for circulation increased or diminished; and that should be, by its ample security, unchangeable in its value.
9. National military training for all male children in schools, that the country may be protected against foreign invasion, without the present heavy permanent military expenditure.

Mr. Owen was afterwards a candidate for the City of London. I, being a freeman, was one of his nominators, and attended at the Guildhall, at his request, to propose or second him on the day of election.

For many weeks I published an advertisement of the commencement of the Millennium in 1855. This I continued at his request until March 25th. But up to quarter day no sign of it appeared. I received payment for the advertisement in the *Reasoner*, which, had I believed the Millennium was so near, I should not have taken.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OWEN FAMILY.

Mr. Owen had three sons who had distinction in their day. One was employed by the United States Government on geological survey of territories, another fought in the war of the Rebellion, and died by injudiciously tasting embalming water, brought to him for analysis. Robert Dale, his eldest son, came to be United States Minister at Naples, and delighted King Bomba with spiritual *séances* until Garibaldi swept the tyrant and the spirits away. The minister's daughter Rosamond became Mrs. Oliphant—a bright young lady who wrote a singularly wise pamphlet on the Rights of Women.

American papers, who best knew the facts concerning Robert Dale Owen, explained that for a period before his death he suffered from excitement of the brain, ascribed to overwork in his youth. He was, from his youth upward, a man of absolute moral courage, and to the end of his days he maintained the reputation of it. As soon as he was deceived by the Spiritist, Katie King, he published a card and said so, and warned people not to believe what he had said about that fascinating impostor. A man of less courage would have said nothing, in the hope that the public would the sooner forget it. It is clear now, that spiritism did not affect his mind; his mind was affected before he presented gold rings to feminine spirits. Towards the end of his days he fancied himself the Marquis of Breadalbane, and proposed coming over to Scotland to take possession of his estates. He had a great scheme for recasting the art of war by raising armies of gentlemen only, and proposed himself to go to the then raging East and settle things there on a very superior plan. He believed himself in posses-

sion of extraordinary powers of riding and fighting, and had a number of amusing illusions. But he was not a common madman; he was mad like a philosopher—he had a picturesque insanity. After he had charmed his friends by his odd speculations, he would spend a few days in analyzing them, and wondering how they arose in his mind. He very coolly and skilfully dissected his own crazes. The activity of the brain had become at times incontrollable; still his was a very superior kind of aberration. In politics, Robert Dale Owen was not a force so much as an ornament, and never fulfilled the promise of his youth in being a leader of men. In his Freethought writings he excelled all his contemporaries in finish of expression.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MYSTERIOUS PARCEL LEFT AT THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" OFFICE.

(1841.)

WHEN a book was issued some years ago in London, in defence of small families, it bore a disagreeable title, and I suggested to the author that "Elements of Social Science" would be a better one, which he adopted. Afterwards Prof. Newman pointed out in his discerning way, in letters to the *Reasoner*, that the author's doctrine included a principle which would lead to evil: as it implied that seduction might be a physiological necessity. The merciful aim of the work was so far frustrated by its execution. To any similar work the objection made by me related solely to its expression. This I made clear in the book "John Stuart Mill, as the Working Classes knew him." On a question such as family limitation, delicacy of phrase and purity of taste are everything. They are themselves safeguards of morality. Foolishness of thought, coarseness of illustration, deter from acts of the highest prudence and repel instead of attracting serious attention.

Nations, as well as persons, are on some subjects comparatively without the sense of taste. Joseph Barker, whom many readers know, was entirely deficient in it. In his first book, "Memoirs of a Man," he gave incredible and unquotable instances of it, and elsewhere also. Americans, as a rule, are far less reticent on domestic questions than Englishmen. Scotland is notable in the same way; I have heard at public assemblies there things said before a mixed audience, by educated persons, which no class in England could anywhere

be found to utter. We have reservation it is not well to disregard, since it is a sentiment of civilization, and means moral refinement. It was from Scotland this subject first came into England. In these days of Board schools and science lectures, physiology can be explained to girls, whatever they need to know, by lady physicians. Youths should be taught by a medical professor in the same way ; and no course of education should be considered complete until a series of select class lectures had been given, so that domestic knowledge should be insured of all that can affect, for good or evil, the future of the human race.

In 1874–5, I was engaged in writing the "History of Co-operation in England," when I became acquainted with a curious episode in the career of the founder of that system.

Robert Owen, finding the world in manifest disorder, suggested how it might be put straight. Looking at it with an intelligent and benevolent eye, he saw that crime was error, and that misery was crime—in other words, that misery was preventable, and that it was a crime in rulers to permit it. He was the first publicist amongst us who looked with royal eyes upon children. He regarded grown persons as proprietors of the world, bound to extend the rights of hospitality to all visitors. He considered little children as little guests, to be welcomed with gentle courtesy and tenderness, to be offered knowledge and love, and charmed with song and flowers, so that they might be glad, and proud that they had come into a world which gave them happiness and only asked from them goodness.

Mr. Owen began his career as a reformer—in what we regard now as the pre-scientific period—before men measured progress by single steps. As Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar expressed it with admirable comprehensiveness—"Mr. Owen looked to nothing less than to renovate the world, to extirpate all evil, to banish all punishment, to create like views and like wants, to guard against all conflicts and hostilities." There is grandeur in this wide horizon of social effort, which will always have inspiration in it. Finding pious benevolence, seeking progress by prayer—which did not bring it—Mr. Owen boldly proposed to substitute for it scientific benevolence, which seeks human improvement by material methods. "Here," he said, if not in

terms, in theory, "is the new path of deliverance, where no thought is lost, no effort vain; where the victory is always to the wise and the patient, and the poor who are wise will no longer be betrayed."

We know not now what courage it required to say this. When Mr. Owen said it, gentlemen expected to provide the poor with their religion. If they subscribed to any school, this was the chief object they had in view; for it was very little secular learning they imparted. In Sunday schools, spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic were given in homœopathic doses, and they were generally subordinated to the Catechism. Mr. Owen gave lessons in the knowledge of the world in his schools, and justified their being given. Both the clergy and dissenting ministers regarded with jealousy any influence arising not under their direction, and they made it difficult for social improvers to do anything. They gave bad accounts of any working men who allied themselves to social schemes, so that inquirers were intimidated. It was a great merit of Mr. Owen that he did more to resent this, and inspire others to deliver society from it, than any other man of wealth in his time.

In those alarmed days, when politicians and capitalists were as terrified as shopkeepers at the progress of co-operation, Mr. Owen, not content with spreading disquiet among the clergy, threw a new alarm into the midst of conventional conservatism, which has strangely passed out of the sight of history. Mr. James Mill had written in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" that it was both desirable and possible to limit the families of the poor. He held the opinion that it ought to be done, and that the poor should see to it. He despised working people who crowded the labour market with their offspring, and then complained of the lowness of wages and want in their homes, where there were more hungry mouths than food.

Certainly man or woman entering the office of a parish overseer to be questioned with suspicion, relieved with reluctance, treated as a burden on the parish, and advised to emigrate (as the shopkeeper naturally begrudges the flesh on their bones which he has to pay for), is a humiliating business, so shocking and deplorable that those who come to this state had better never have been born. Any legitimate remedy which the wit of man could devise would seem purity and

dignity by the side of this degradation. Those who undertook to make communities soon found that the inmates would come to certain ruin if overrun with children, and they listened to James Mill's warning, and not his alone. The *Edinburgh Review* was quite as emphatic and more explicit to the same end than the "Encyclopædia." Mr. Owen, who always gave heed to the philosophers, circulated papers addressed "To the married of the working people," warning them of their danger. His courage and thoroughness was wonderful. No man had a better right than he to invent the maxim he was fond of using, "Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." He was not better able, peradventure, than other men to obtain truth free from error; but he was beyond question as free from fear of man in moral things as any publicist who ever lived. It was stated in the *Black Dwarf*, by several correspondents, that this was so. Mr. Richard Carlile wrote a letter from Dorchester Gaol, which was published, stating that if Mr. Owen was written to "he would proudly admit to any one" that families should be manageable. Mr. Jonathan Wooler, the editor, treated the statement as a fact.

The *Black Dwarf* stated that "Mr. Owen had become a convert to Mr. Malthus's views as to the danger of population, and had been to France to learn in what way French families were limited. He consulted the most eminent physicians of France upon the subject, as he was alarmed at the result of large families in communities." He made known the result of his inquiries in 1822. The following year, a packet of papers upon this subject was sent to No. 5, Water Lane, Fleet Street, London, where Mr. Richard Carlile then had a shop, with a request that he would forward it as directed; after the manner of booksellers, he did so, and no mean commotion shortly followed, the noise of which was long heard in the land, and reverberations occurred in *The Times* as late as 1873.[1]

In September, 1823, as Mr. John Edward Taylor, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, was sitting at dinner, with Mr.

[1] This referred to the article by Mr. A. Hayward, of malicious memory, who accused Mr. J. S. Mill of complicity in this affair, which Mill indignantly denied. In 1849, Mr. J. A. Roebuck, believing Mr. Hayward had made similar accusation against him, challenged Mr. Hayward to a duel. Mr. Hayward sent me a pamphlet which showed that he had been acquitted of Mr. Roebuck's charge at the time.

Jeremiah Garnett and other gentlemen, a messenger, whom he had sent to his office, 29, Market Street, for letters that might come in by the evening mails, brought him, besides the letters, a parcel which had come by coach, directed to him at the *Guardian* office. The direction was written on an envelope, and within was an anonymous note, requesting him respectfully to have the parcel delivered to Mrs. Mary Fildes, No. 3, Comet Street, Manchester. The writer gave as his reason for troubling Mr. Taylor that he was not sure of the lady's address. Mr. Taylor, not knowing the handwriting, asked a London guest at the table "if it were the handwriting of any of the London Radicals." Mr. Taylor reading the note, and not opening the parcel, and knowing nothing of its contents, ordered it to be delivered to Mrs. Fildes, who, astounded at what she found in it, and being a capable woman, active in things political, and able to write a good letter, wrote demanding an explanation of Mr. Taylor. She subsequently sent one of the papers to Sir Robert Giffard, Knight, the then Attorney-General, saying that in her opinion "the morals of society would be completely destroyed by them." A year or two later Mrs. Fildes thought differently upon the subject, and with her customary decision said so. It appears from the *Labourer's Friend and Handicraft's Chronicle*, published in London at that period, that similar papers had been sent among the Spitalfields weavers. Mr. Owen never denied the statement that the papers originally "emanated from him." Mr. Place, who preserved the publications in which the foregoing facts are recorded, left nothing from Mr. Owen—so far as I can find—decidedly in reference to it. Indeed, as Owen himself, when editor of the *Crisis*, announced nine years later, namely, October 27, 1832, that his son, Robert Dale, had published a book upon the same subject, and to the same effect, there is no reason to suppose that he intended to contradict the allegation in question. Sir R. Giffard is understood to have taken steps to discover the actual distributors of the papers, and curious traditions have existed as to his success. In 1849, as I have said, an attempt was made to connect J. A. Roebuck with the distribution. In 1873, twenty-five years later, Mr. John Stuart Mill was said to have been one of the parties, probably because his father held strong opinions on this question. No conjecture has been

too wild to obtain circulation at the clubs, as distance of time rendered certainty difficult. Mr. Mill, who neither agreed with Mr. Owen's communism, nor with his son Robert Dale Owen's book on the subject in question, was specially exempted from persons probable. Mr. Owen, who was publicly known to be an actor in the matter, has altogether escaped these charges. It is proof of his wonderful fearlessness that he meddled with this question at all, and it is no less wonderful that, amid all the fertility and hostility of the Anti-Socialist adversaries who attacked Mr. Owen's "systems," this special charge was never made.

The venerable vindictiveness and educated malevolence which pursued Mr. Mill, spared Mr. Owen, nor does it appear to have influenced the eminent friends who acted with Mr. Owen, and to whom everything was known. His theological criticism was remembered against him, and thus Mr. Owen experienced the reality of the maxim of Thomas, that "the propagation of new truths affecting clerical dogmas is the last crime that men forgive."

Beyond any gentleman of his time, Mr. Owen cared for the friendless, regardless of himself. This question concerned none save the poor, and he boldly counselled them not to be coerced by opprobrium into supplying offspring to be ground up alive in the mill of capital, or to be cast aside when the labour market was glutted, to fall into the hands of the constable or the parish overseer.

No notice of this curious and characteristic episode in Mr. Owen's life occurs in the biographies of him which have appeared since his death—not even in the "Life and Times of Robert Owen" by his disciple Lloyd Jones. Nothing is said of it in Sargant's "Life of Robert Owen," containing a variety of facts which it must have taken considerable research and cost to accumulate. Though Mr. Sargant's views were unsympathetic and antagonistic, he never calumniated, although he often failed to judge accurately points which an alien historian could hardly be expected to understand; but as he was never dull, never indecisive, and often was right in the opinions he formed, he was an instructive writer to those who incline to the side of the innovators, and must have considerably increased the curiosity of the public of his generation, who regarded Mr.

Owen, if they knew him at all, as an heresiarch whose proceedings have been unknown in polite society.

In 1840, I left the employment in which until my twenty-third year I was engaged. For a while I was an assistant teacher in a private school in Moor Street, Birmingham. For a year I had charge of the books and correspondence of Mr. Pemberton, a brother of Charles Reece Pemberton, a Venetian wire blind maker. Some time I wrote technical treatises for mechanics who were masters of their craft, but not used to the pen. A publisher had engaged them to supply handbooks by reason of their known skill. After they had told their story in their own way, I retold it for them and they shared their payment with me. At one time I wrote advertisements for an eminent firm whom I persuaded that to tell the truth in them would be the greatest novelty out. I did what I could to combine picturesqueness with veracity, and received 7s. 6d. for each advertisement. The same firm still advertises or I should give their names. At intervals of years I have seen some of my old work among announcements of fashionable commodities.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIRST LECTURESHIP.

(1841.)

PERSONS favourable to the organization of the social state, whom Robert Owen had incited to action, came to be called "Socialists." Mr. Cobden spoke at times in the House of Commons in condemnation of them without appearing to be aware that there never were any agitators in England of the kind he had in his mind. Continental Socialists meditated rearranging society by force. There never were in England any philanthropists of the musket and the knife. English Socialists expected to improve society by showing the superior reasonableness of the changes they sought. A small branch of these propagandists existed in Worcester. An enthusiastic carpenter had enlarged and fitted up an oblong workshop as a lecture-room, some sympathisers—who never appeared in the hall—furnished means of purchasing materials. These humble lecture-rooms were called "Halls of Science," not that we had much science—merely a preference for it. A less pretentious name would have better pleased me, but it proclaimed our intention of permitting science to be explained on Sundays, when any one among us had any to explain. I, who held that Science was the Providence of Life, agreed with this use of Sunday. In those days science was regarded by theologians as a form of sin. Occasionally we had little festivals of the families of members. Once laughing gas—then a new thing—was administered for amusement. The effect upon the carpenter was quite unexpected; he turned somersaults all down the hall, and downstairs out into the open. Being a heavy man, this unforeseen performance

produced consternation. One of the auditors at this hall became a scientific balloonist, and his name was known over Europe. My first lectureship was at this hall, at a salary of 16s. a week. Socialist salaries were not of a nature to tempt any one to act against his conscience; but my convictions lying that way, I accepted the appointment. One advantage was that my family, though it consisted of only three persons, found themselves under favourable circumstances for acquiring the art of economy. I had never heard of D'Alembert's motto, "Liberty, Truth, Poverty." I soon saw that they went together in propagandism, but I did not give heed to that.

At first my family resided in Birmingham, which involved a walk of twenty-six miles to visit them. On days when I returned to lecture at night, I used to find that on the first stage to Bromgrove (thirteen miles) I could arrange pretty clearly the order of my intended discourse, while on the second thirteen miles my grasp of the subject seemed weaker; but the cause of that did not occur to me. Eventually we all resided in Worcester, where, by the introduction of a lady friendly to the "cause" I increased my income by teaching mathematics to a ladies' school, where I was known as Mr. Jacobs, as my own name would have carried alarming associations with it.

After six months, I was proposed as an accredited lecturer, of the "Socialist" movement. The general body was known as the "Association of all Classes of all Nations," which would have been a very considerable society if it had ever answered to its name. It took a second title, that of "Rational Religionists," to which there were many objections—as few would believe in a *rational* religion, and more thought that "rationality" savoured too much of carnal reason. There was a central board for the government of the party, and every year there was a congress at which ten or twelve stationed lecturers were appointed to the chief branches. The term "congress" was an American term introduced by William Pare, and had not been in popular use in England. When the question of my appointment came to be considered, objection was taken to my voice as wanting in strength. The objection would have been fatal had it not been for Mr. J. L. Murphy, an influential Irish member of the board, who said my voice was as strong as that of Lalor Sheil, which could be very well heard by a meeting willing to

listen. Others concluded that, in a party widely credited with subversive and dangerous purposes, an unaggressive voice like mine might confuse prejudice, if it did not disarm it. The result was that I was appointed by the Manchester Congress of 1841, Station Lecturer at Sheffield.

The title given to such persons was "Social Missionary," and some wrote "S.M." after their names. The Sheffield branch wanted a lecturer who was willing also to teach a day school, and for these double duties of speaking three times a week and teaching every day the salary was 30s. To conduct the school more effectually I provided an assistant at my own cost, as I approved of branches having good schools. My assistant was Thomas Paterson, the young Scotchman already mentioned.

Sometimes by small articles for papers, sometimes by a preface to an author's book, sometimes by revising a technical treatise for a writer who had knowledge without words, and by now and then giving private lessons in Euclid, I brought a little increase to the household funds. Once I was selected to deliver the anniversary lectures in Huddersfield, for which travelling expenses were given, and by walking the distance the fare was so much gain. The journey to Huddersfield was thirty miles, and nearing the town I found my mind, which had been very alert on setting out, had become limp. On the Sunday morning when I had first to speak it had not recovered, and it was night before my voice was clear and my ordinary animation returned. I had too little physiological knowledge to know then that great fatigue affected the mind as well as the body, and that physical exhaustion rendered efforts of thought impossible.

It was in Sheffield that I published my first pamphlet, "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Trades Unions." I began with the conviction that it was of little use suggesting improvement in anything until you had shown that you comprehended the good there is already in the thing to be supplemented or superseded. This brought me the acquaintance of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer. I had adapted two lines from one of his poems—

> "O pallid want! O labour stark!
> Behold! behold! the second Ark—
> The Land! The Land!"

Instead of "The Land" I substituted "Co-operation." Elliott sent me a friendly protest against changing his terms and destroying his metre, and an invitation to breakfast.

Once, at a public meeting in Sheffield at which I spoke, Elliott rose and said words of me—he being generous and I the advocate of an unpopular party—which would have ruined me had I believed them. His modesty towards himself, his affluence of praise to others, was shown in his saying to Joseph Barker: "I give you brass, you give me gold." It was the reverse in fact. But when he *wrote* criticism or praise, it could always be trusted—he kept close to proportion and truth. My chief friends in Sheffield, outside the Hall of Science, Rockingham Street, were Mr. John Fowler, who was chosen by Mr. Fox and Serjeant Talfourd to write the life of Pemberton; and Mr. Paul Rodgers, a local poet. One day we all went to the house Ebenezer Elliott had built for himself. He gave us a country luncheon, and strolled with us down the path which he had celebrated in his "Wonders of the Lane." As my hearers in Rockingham Street Hall were Communists, he made merriment for me by repeating his clever lines—

> "What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings.
> Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling."

This was the newspaper definition. The English Communists were exactly opposite. They had a passion for industry, and sought only an equitable division of profits. I valued the society of wits and men of higher cultivation. Neither missionaries nor preachers acquire robust views who live always in the confined atmosphere of their congregations.

Nothing save a strong propagandist predilection would have led me to accept an appointment for which I had little popular qualification. With a bold voice and good presence a little sense goes a long way; with some audiences it goes all the way. If a splendid voice is accompanied by splendid sense, the orator becomes invincible, as was Gambetta with his voice of storm, thunder, and energy—the mere report of which still echoes in European ears. A striking gesture, a new tone, will sometimes make the fortune of a speech. But without resonance of voice

the tone which charms the ear may not occur. I had nothing to recommend me but the passion of persuasion and the aim of usefulness. For many years the fault beset me of crowding too many objects on the canvas of my speeches. The main subject was then indeterminate. Fortunately, there are always some bird-minded hearers in every assembly—who think in the air. Their good time is when a speaker talks over the heads of his audience—as they are just in the way to catch what he says. Mr. Anthony Young, who afterwards resided with me, then an actor in Sheffield, made me a character in a pantomime. I did not know it when I entered the theatre, and was surprised at the clever personation of myself. Young, with the discernment of the stage, told me I squandered points by not stopping to make them. This was a defect in art. I knew this, and in 1846 purchased a portrait of Talleyrand, which ever after hung in my writing room. Mazzini described him as the "greatest liar in Europe"; but he did not lie in a hurry, and acted on the maxim of "never doing to-day what might by any possibility be put off till to-morrow." His unhasting face was a charm allaying my futile impetuosity. Swinbourne the tragedian, Weitling the German Communist, Wendell Phillips, and one or two great preachers told me they found incitement in a book on "Public Speaking" I wrote; but it was long before I was successful with hearers, and then only in assemblies within the compass of my voice.

Yet I had some instinct of art. I admired Robespierre—not on account of principles ascribed to him, but because he used one sized paper, and wrote out himself all his speeches in a large and careful hand. No one can do that without detecting verbiage, irrelevance, and limpness of expression. But though I knew the plan to be good, I have never had time to follow it.

Whatever art I had, or could acquire, my audiences had need of it. There are various classes of hearers. One have capacity, and thirst for new ideas, and know what to do with them when they get them. Another class have only room for one idea at a time in their heads, and if they by chance get a new one, it puts out the one they had. Generally the new idea is non-insertable. They are such persons as Sojourner Truth once met, of whom she said in her discerning way, "I would have

told them something, only I saw they had nowhere to put it." A third class, very numerous, have sandy brains. The soil of their minds is loose, and nothing takes root in it. Some brains require a chemical treatment of the soil to get them into a fruitful state and keep them so. An inciting weekly address is the salvation of minds of this order. Those who have room for only one idea in their heads at a time need cranial enlargement, which if attempted at once, the receptacle might give way. The only safe course is slow and continuous expansion. Then there are a large class of petrified publicists. Year by year they remain the same, becoming no wiser, no more discreet, no more daring. They have mere Esquimaux minds, all blubber and bearskin. They are what in new colonies are called the squatters of progress. They sit down on the first bare place they find, and never get up again. At the end of years you find them where they were. They say the same things, they think in the old way, they retail the old suspicions, and if a new idea comes in their way they have no appetite for it. They nibble at it like a rabbit. And if they choose ideas for themselves, they, rabbit like, are allured by the greenest.

Then there is a further class who conclude they know everything, and who think neither sermons, nor books, nor newspapers, nor lectures are of any use or need to them. They fancy themselves self-acting and all-knowing. These are adherents who are at once the ornaments and discouragements of a cause, who disseminate apathy and know it not. Only those of strong and exceptional natures are able to work for a length of time unaided by the stimulus of daily recurring and renewed impressions. It is a fortunate law of human nature that no impression remains long of the same force. Were it not so, the first great sorrow would bow us low all our lives. Disappointment would subjugate us, and we should fall into leaden despair. It is the same with our noblest impressions; they, too, grow weaker with time. No will is strong enough to maintain its pristine force. No high purpose, no deep sense of duty can keep us always at the level of a great resolve. Every man has to deplore how he has failed in carrying out his greatest resolutions. Business, necessity, daily duties, claims of others upon him, new events which none can foresee and none evade, all come and dissipate the fiercest resolution.

"For each day brings its petty dust
Our soon choked minds to fill;
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will."

What it fell to me to teach such hearers as appeared in the hall, were secular grounds of tolerance and unity as might render co-operative efforts possible. The substance may be briefly stated.

Man is small and does not require a big theory of life. A plain working plan is enough; each creature has two main qualities—susceptibility and resistance. The capacities of receiving noble impressions, and of insensibility to the ignoble ones, are our best endowments. When thought or circumstances create within us impulse of choice or action, we call that will. As we know other persons to be constituted as ourselves, we strive by reason or by surrounding them with suitable material conditions to create the will we wish to prevail. The whole question is described by Wordsworth in the lines—

"The eye it cannot choose but see,
We cannot bid the ear be still,
Our bodies feel where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
And we can feed this mind of ours
By a wise passiveness."

Wordsworth saying this was counted spirituality—in us it was assailed as materialism; and the clergy were angry with us. According to their own account, God had been very bountiful to them in according to them many graces—but we found discernment was very sparingly vouchsafed to them in those days. Attacked without reason, we went out on the war-path. On the banner entrusted to me I put the words—"They who believe they have the Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of mankind: refused co-operation, they accept opposition—for opposition is their opportunity." It was demanded of us that we gave our opinion on Theism and Futurity. Mine was brief, but as straight as I knew how to make it.

Outside the world of science and morality lies the great debateable ground of the existence of Deity and a future state.

The ruler of the debateable ground is named Probability, and his two ministers are Curiosity and Speculation. Over that mighty plain, which is as wide as the universe and as old as time, no voice of the gods has ever been heard, and no footstep of theirs has been traced. Philosophers have explored the field with telescopes of a longer range than the eyes of a thousand saints, and have beheld nothing save the silent and distant horizon; and priests have denounced them for not seeing what was invisible. Sectaries have clamoured and the most ignorant have howled—as the most ignorant always do—that there *was* something there, because they wished to see it. All the while the white mystery is still unpenetrated in this life, and we must die to find it out. But a future being undiscovered is no proof that there is no future. Those who reason through their desire will *believe* there is; those who reason through their understanding may yet *hope* that there is. In the meantime all stand before the portals of the untrodden world in equal unknowingness of what lies beyond. In this world which is under our feet we may be equal in friendliness, duty, and justice. The reverence of that which is right is no mean form of worship. As we read in the family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares, "There is no Religion higher than Truth," and the only truth which can be trusted is that which can be tested here. The believer said to the prophet: "I will set my camel free and trust him to Allah." Mahomet answered: "Tie thy camel first and then commit him to God."

Such were the teachings of my lectureship. If it did not go far, it did not mislead. It was for a prudent piety. I saw the gods had a good deal on their hands if they personally took care of everybody, and it seemed most reverential to give them as little trouble as possible. It was the aim of English Socialism to make good citizens, good neighbours, good parents, and good workmen. Our principles went no further, and as Karpos said to Prince Tuctan, we hoped God would take it in good part, and have mercy on our souls.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TROUBLE BY THE WAY.

(1841.)

It never entered into my mind that I should one day be a prisoner. It came about in this wise. Robert Owen, the princely advocate of a new social state, entitled it a "rational religion." Reason in piety was not then, as has been said, understood—faith being regarded as above logic. The Conservatives of that day assailed the religion of usefulness, which taught that the character of man could be improved by better material conditions than then existed. This was thought to diminish the power of going wrong, whereas it merely tended to make virtue inevitable. The Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Philpotts, took the floor of the House of Lords against us, and caused dismissal from office of many of the new way of thinking. My townsman, William Pare, thus lost his registrarship in Birmingham, though a man of high official character and wide civic repute. The lecture-halls of these rationalists being under episcopal license, the lecturers could be called upon to make public oath that they held Christian tenets, and took the Bible as the guide of their teaching—which they did not, excepting so far as its moral precepts were conducive to the nobler human life they advocated. Two of these lecturers—Robert Buchanan, the father of the poet of that name, and Mr. Lloyd Jones—both colleagues of mine, took this oath. Mr. Jones, the foremost man on the social warpath, being an Irishman, was for meeting the enemy with his own weapons—took the oath at once. Mr. Buchanan, being a Scotchman, and having the veracity of the Covenanter lingering in his bones, took a week to consider

whether he would swear the thing which was not — but swore at last. Mr. G. A. Fleming, editor of the *New Moral World*, justified seeking safety by the oath. This kind of oath-taking rather compromised the new *moral* world. Mr. Charles Southwell and myself, with Mr. Maltus Questell Ryall, the son of an engraver in London, and William Chilton, a printer of Bristol, formed a Defiant Syndicate of Four, and issued the *Oracle of Reason*. Southwell was a speaker of dramatic power, familiar with the stage as well as the platform. Ryall was an accomplished iconoclast, fiery, original, and, what rarely accompanies those qualities, gentlemanly. Chilton was a cogent, solid writer, ready for any risk, and the only absolute atheist I have known. His articles in the *Oracle* on the "Theory of Regular Gradation" preceded by twelve years the articles on Evolution by Herbert Spencer in the *Leader*, when "regular gradation" began to receive the name of evolution. Of course we soon got into trouble. For issuing No. 4 of our militant Journal, Southwell was sentenced at Bristol to twelve months' imprisonment. As we had no travelling funds in those days, I walked from Birmingham to Bristol, ninety miles, to visit him in gaol, and "fell among thieves" on my way. I delivered a lecture in the Cheltenham Mechanics' Institution upon Self-Supporting Home Colonies, when a local preacher arose and said "I had spoken of our duty towards man, but had said nothing of our duty towards God," and asked for information thereon. It was plainly open to me to reply that theology was not my subject. At no time did I ever undertake to speak on one subject and introduce another. I had a theological mind and I had a secular mind, but I never had a mixed mind, and always kept distinct, things which are separate. My duty was to refuse to answer an irrelevant question, and to point out that he who asked a lecturer to do it invited him to commit a breach of faith towards his audience, who, assembled to hear one subject, would have another imposed upon them which they would never have come to hear had they foreknown it. In these days this representation would be deemed fair, but in those he who made it was at once accused, amid applause, of "holding opinions which he dared not avow." There were, however, local circumstances which would cause an otherwise reasonable refusal to answer the preacher, to be regarded as an evasion.

At that time there was a young schoolmaster and poet in Cheltenham, named Sperry, who had espoused the social opinions I represented, I, having previously resided in the town as a lecturer upon them. Sperry had expressed social sentiments in a poem he had published. He was told that unless he retracted them he would lose his teachership. He did retract them, which created an impression of social cowardice in the party of social advocates, as the oath-taking by Mr. Lloyd Jones in Bristol was known in Cheltenham. When Sperry had retracted, he was dismissed all the same. He was humiliated, and then ruined. Had I refused to answer the question put to me, I should have increased the belief in our want of courage and candour. So at once I gave a defiant answer to the preacher —but not one that shocked any one, for it produced merriment. In our proposed industrial colonies, I observed, all were free to erect as many churches as they pleased, but, from my point of view, it was bad political economy to expend money that way, seeing the distressed condition in which the people then were. My answer was to this effect, but with terms of audacity which I deemed the occasion required. (The story in detail is told in the History of the Trial at Gloucester.) This unforeseen incident brought consequences which affected all my future life.

All was owing to the habit, from which I have never departed, of permitting discussion after a lecture. It has always seemed to me a criminal thing to deliver any address intended to influence belief and conduct, without giving the hearer opportunity of challenging there and then the validity of the argument advanced in the presence of those who heard it, while the impression was vivid in their minds. Every hearer, according to his belief, has to answer to his conscience or to God for the opinions he holds. Each man has to answer for himself. And since no speaker takes the hearer's responsibility, *he* is deficient in the sense of self-protection who does not think for himself where he has to answer for himself. Not less is the speaker the enemy of the hearer who under any pretext imposes upon him opinions without affording him the means of self-defence by question and debate. Had I prohibited discussion, I should have saved myself a world of trouble. But I should have been dishonest to the hearer, and have known myself to be so. Free discussion has its penalties as well as its advantages. Its advantages are

that new truth rests on a solid foundation when those who accept it know both sides of a new question. The penalties are liability to have free speech abused—meetings thrown into confusion by ignorant, unscrupulous, irrelevant, and malevolent adversaries, and possible imprisonment of the lecturer who answers a question with imprudent candour. But we, who maintained the salutary principle of free debate, were willing to accept this penalty, if it came.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ARREST IN CHELTENHAM.

(1841.)

WITHOUT intellectual distinction Cheltenham had extraordinary theological sensitiveness. It was the common talk of the town, when the incident recorded in the last chapter occurred, that a Mormon preacher was committed to gaol on a charge of blasphemy, for having said in one of his sermons that "Euclid was as true as the Bible." The Grand Jury at Gloucester were suspected of latitudinarianism when they threw out the bill. Had the trial taken place, he had surely been convicted.

Mr. Capper, one of the magistrates, said that what I did was for the purpose of notoriety. Had that been my intent, Cheltenham was the last place in which I should have sought it. As I have elsewhere said,[1] the day is chilled in my memory when I first set foot in the town. Snow had been frozen on the ground a fortnight. I was then a stationed missionary in Worcester sent down to evangelize Cheltenham in social ideas. With a household income of 16s. a week, there was little to feed the passion for "notoriety" upon. I feel now the fierce blast which came in at the train window from "the fields of Tewkesbury," on our way. The cold wrapped us round like a cloak of ice.

The shop lights threw their red glare over the snow-bedded ground as we entered the town of Cheltenham, and nothing but the drift and ourselves moved through the deserted streets. When at last we found a fire, we had to wait to thaw before we could begin to speak. When tea was over, we were escorted to

[1] "History of the Last Trial for Atheism."

the house where we were to stay for the night. I was told it was "a friend's house." Cheltenham is a fashionable town, a watering, visiting place, where everything is genteel and thin. As the parlours of some prudent housewives are kept for show, and not to sit in, so in Cheltenham numerous houses are kept "to be let," and not to live in.

The people who belong to the apartments are like the supernumeraries on a stage—they are employed in walking over them. Their clothes are decent, but they cannot properly be said to wear them; they carry them about on their backs to show that they have such things. In the same manner eating and drinking is rather pantomime than reality. Such a house was the "friend's house" to which we were conducted. We were asked to sit by the kitchen fire on "the bench in the corner," and there we sat from eight till one o'clock, without being asked to take anything to eat. My wife, with her child at the breast, fared badly that night. Waiting upon a party elsewhere kept my "friends" up till two o'clock—up to which time we saw no prospect of bed or supper. Soon after we entered the house, my wife, with a woman's prescience, said, "George, you had better go and buy some food." "Buy food," I replied, in simplicity, "the people at this fine house will be outraged to see me bring in food." I repented me of my credulity that night. When at last I clearly comprehended that we were to have nothing to eat, I proceeded to take affairs into my own hands, and being too well assured of the insensibility of my host, I did it in a way that I conceived suited to his capacity, and began as follows:—

"We have talked for some time about social progress, and if you have no objection we will make some. And if eating," I added, "be not an irregular thing in your house, we will take some supper."

"I am very sorry to say," he answered, "we have nothing to offer you."

"Charge me for bed and board while we are with you," I rejoined, "but let us have *both*. You have bread, I suppose?"

"We have some *rice* bread."

"Perhaps you will toast it."

"Will you have it *toasted?*"

"I will. Could you not make coffee?"

"We have no coffee."
"Tea?"
"We have no tea."
"Any water?"
"No *hot* water."
"Any butter?"
"Yes, we have *salt* butter."

"Then put some on the rice bread," I added, for he did not even propose to do that. I had to dispute every inch of hospitality with him. My "friend," Mr. V., was an instance of that misplacement of which Plato speaks in his "Republic." What a capital Conservative he would have made! No innovation with him—not even into his own loaf!—I was obliged to take the initiative into the "salt" butter.

After seeing the bread toasted, and buttering it myself, to make sure that it was buttered, I put on my hat and went into the streets in search of material out of which to manufacture a cordial, for eight hours had elapsed since Mrs. Holyoake had had any sustenance, and my good host's choice reserve of cold water did not seem suitable.

When I reached the dark streets, to which I was so absolute a stranger, not knowing the neighbourhood, I found the ground slippery, made so by rain frozen on snow: I had not gone (or rather slipped) far before I was lost. Like the sense in a Rousseauian love-letter, I neither knew whence I came nor whither I was going, and when I had succeeded in my errand it was at the last place at which I should wish to be found.

During my absence, that voluptuous caterer, "mine host," whom I had left behind—whose counterpart Maginn must have had before him when he drew the portrait of "Quarantotti"—had proceeded so far as to boil some water. The evening ended without inconsistency, and the bed corresponded with the supper.

The next day I took lodgings, where, expecting nothing, I was no longer disappointed. But on this occasion, profiting by the experience of the preceding night, I went provided with a small stock of loaves and chocolate. My stay in Cheltenham was more agreeable than was to be expected after such an introduction; but I remember that I had to pay my expenses back again, and though they only amounted to 12s., I felt the

want of them afterwards. Yet Cheltenham was not without generous partizans, but, as is common in the incipiency of opinion, they were at that time among that class who had fewest means. The experience here recounted was a sample of that frequently recurring, not exactly of the kind to nurture the love of notoriety. The day after the adventure with the preacher I walked to Bristol, where I received a *Cheltenham Chronicle*, the organ of the Rev. Francis Close, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, in which I read that a warrant was out for my apprehension. Thus forewarned by my friends, a prudent person would have kept clear of Cheltenham; but I was not a prudent person. I was of Cobden's opinion—that there are times when it is rashness to do nothing. The motive which influenced me in answering the preacher as I did, disinclined me from running away.

It was a hot and blazing day in June when I walked back (thirty miles) to Cheltenham. The authorities, persuaded that persons of my way of thinking would keep clear of peril, never thought of my reappearing. They kept no look-out for me, and before the sun went down on June 1st, I was at Mr. Adams' house not far from the police station. The Chartists had announced a meeting in the Mechanics' Institution for the night: and I being a friend of theirs, they gave up their room to me. The Chartists were always good at conflict, and readily assisted me, as I had done their leaders in like circumstances.[1] It was soon noised abroad that I was actually speaking at a public meeting in the town. After I had spoken an hour in vindication of free speech in answer to public questions, the superintendent of police entered, armed with all the available force at hand. They formed a handsome addition to the audience, and as they ranged themselves against the walls on either side the door, their shining hats formed a picturesque background to the meeting. This determined me to speak an hour longer—not having foreseen such an opportunity of extending Liberal views in official quarters. At the conclusion I placed myself at the disposal of the chief of the police. Asking to see the warrant for my apprehension, I was told the magistrates did not

[1] Mr. George Julian Harney, writing in the *Northern Star*, under date of 11, Hartshead, Sheffield, June 13, 1842, said: "The Chartists of Sheffield know how ever ready Mr. Holyoake was to serve them while in their town."

stand on those ceremonies in Cheltenham. It appeared that they did not know that a warrant was necessary. That night the plank bed in the cell was unpleasant, and more so the tipsy and turbulent inmates there. The next morning came the interview with the acting magistrate, who, to my surprise, was the Rev. Dr. Newell. The Rev. S. Jones was another magistrate. A brewer is not eligible to adjudicate on affairs of the hostelry, but here was a clergyman exercising penal power in the affairs of the pulpit. Gentlemanly scruples were in those days no part of Cheltenham divinity.

The prosecutor was a Mr. Bubb, a particularly gross, furious, squab-built, vulgar person. On my stating to the magistrates that I had been brought there without any proper warrant, Mr. Capper, one of them, stated that any person at the meeting would have been justified in taking me up without any warrant from a magistrate. This would produce plentiful disturbance of the peace of "our Lady the Queen," if every person was entitled, on his own motion, to apprehend every other person who might express opinions distasteful to him. For years after "Cheltenham law" was a byword in legal circles in London.

One of the witnesses against me was a dog-fancier and prize-fighter, pursuits which did not imply theological discrimination or sensitiveness. The other witness was a printer in the *Chronicle* office. Neither had any positive idea of what had been said at the meeting, and they could only swear "to the best of their belief." When two friends tendered bail for me, one of them was refused, because he said that, "to the best of his belief," he was worth the £50 required. I reminded the Bench that the testimony against me had been accepted on the "best of the witnesses' belief." The reverend magistrate resented this as quibbling, and when another friend offered bail, I desired him not to do so, and let the Bench take its own course. Shortly after handcuffs were put on me, which, being too small, pinched my wrists, and, with two policemen, I was taken through the town to walk to Gloucester Gaol, nine miles. This was a needless outrage, as a prisoner who had surrendered himself was not likely to attempt to escape—nor to succeed, if he did, with two policemen with him. Our road lay by the railway station, which was some distance from the town, where friends who had

accompanied me ascertained that by paying the policemen's fares and my own, we might ride—which was done.

The station of Gloucester was also some distance from the city, and as the handcuffs were never removed I had to walk through the city as I had walked through Cheltenham.

It was a doctrine of mine that anger was but the exhibition of ignorance taken by surprise : and that hatred was opposed to economy of time, as it enabled persons whom you knew and detested, to occupy your thoughts with schemes of retaliation. There is a period in law when debts are no longer recoverable, and I have suggested to co-operative societies that associative animosities should be closed with the accounts, and not carried forward to the next quarter. Certainly the best new year's resolve is to cancel the hatreds which the past twelve months may have engendered—to treat them as though they had never been, and begin each new year free from the unprofitable burden of resentment or malevolence to any man. Though this rule has brought me a sense of peace like an annual endowment, I find after fifty years some anti-clerical indignation creep into my mind when the intentional indignities of my march to Gloucester Gaol recur to me.

On Mr. Southwell's imprisonment for editing the *Oracle of Reason*, I had taken his place. The knowledge of this did not commend me favourably to the authorities.

My host in Cheltenham was Mr. George Adams. Indignant at what befell me, he put the *Oracle* in his window and sold it, which led to his being apprehended. His wife, a handsome, intelligent, and spirited woman, indignant at that, continued the sale of the *Oracle*, and she was apprehended with her youngest child in her arms. Four other children were left alone in the house—father and mother both being locked up. When the neighbours found the poor children the neighbours were indignant. The next day Mrs. Adams was liberated on bail, but both she and her husband were committed for trial.

The reverend adversaries into whose hands I had fallen, committed me for felony. Free speech, however objectionable it might be, was not felony. If it was not ignorance in them to treat it so, it was malice. They also said in the warrant that I had spoken "wickedly." Yet there is no wickedness where there is no evil intent.

They said I had "uttered" the words complained of "before children," which was untrue, as there was no child in the place. Had children been present, they could not have understood what was said. But neither accuracy nor veracity were magisterial attainments in 1842.

At that time I was in the custody of the clergy, and this language of theirs was so unexpected and untrue, that it created in my mind a dislike and distrust of them I had never felt before. I have been assured that they merely used certain terms of the law. But lying according to law is a worse offence than that of Ananias, since it adds the authority of law to falsehood. Lying before a God by those who believe Him to exist is surely worse than speaking the truth by those who deem His existence to be unknown. I had been accustomed to regard with reverence the ministers of God as persons who would neither speak nor write what was untrue, however erroneous the doctrines they might hold. I had ample time to think of all this as I sat on the edge of my cell bed during the first night in Gloucester Gaol. The lice I observed creeping about the blankets prevented me lying down.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THREE WEEKS IN PRISON FOR NOT TAKING THE OATH.

(1841–2.)

MARTYRDOM was never to my taste. No person could be more disinclined than myself to acquire that unpleasant distinction. It has been said, "Blessed are ye when men persecute you." I already knew the contrary. Persecution is entirely disagreeable, whether it be incurred for righteousness' sake or any other sake. It was said I sought it. This is always said when public trouble overtakes you. It is the popular excuse of those who bring it upon you. Yet when it comes in consequence of doing what you think to be your duty, it is to be accepted. But he who seeks it is a fool who forfeits all claim to commiseration when he gets what he wanted. Some years later (1847) when I took out a policy in the Equity Law Life Office I asked for the condition that it should not be invalidated if death came to me in prison. The company, like others, held that a policy became void by suicide—the assumption of directors being that as soon as a man insured his life he would cut his throat. I did not expect to die in a prison. I did not want to, I did not mean to, but I did not intend to incur penalties which would affect my family if imprisonment happened to me.

When imprisonment did come to me, I neither feared it nor whined about it. The only favour I asked was not to be put among criminals. The choice offered me was a vacant side of the gaol where the condemned cells lay, with a large yard to walk in. There I spent three weeks, the only occupant of that uncheerful solitude. There was time to prepare my defence,

but the material was lacking. The chaplain vetoed the books which he did not approve. Yet how was a prisoner to defend himself against a charge of the Church, if the chaplain selected the works of reference? On Sir James Graham expressing to the magistrates his disapproval, my books were handed to me. But this was not until the day before my liberation, and only seven days before the assizes opened. They had kept them from me three valuable weeks.

The reason of my detention in prison was my refusal to take an oath. I was required to provide two sureties of £50 each and enter into and swear to my own recognizances in £100. This I declined to do, the oath implying a belief I did not hold. The governor—Captain Mason—who was always gentlemanly, thought this unfair to myself because, the assizes being near, I should, when liberated, have very little time in which to prepare my defence. He said to me, "What does it matter, Holyoake, how many gods you swear by, since you do not appear to believe in any?" I said, "It certainly did not matter to the gods, but it mattered very much to me to pretend to a belief I do not hold. Not assenting to Christianity, how could I take the Christian oath?" At last I was liberated without making an oath, from fear of the scandal of putting a prisoner on his trial who had been denied the means of defence.

This was owing to outside opinion. The *Weekly Despatch*, of great influence in that day, extended to me its protection. "Publicola" (Captain Williams) wrote in condemnation of the conduct of the magistrates. "Publicola's" letters were read all over the country, and each week as they appeared in Gloucester, they occasioned disquietude in the magisterial breast. More than all, Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary, was my friend, as no Home Secretary since has befriended any similar prisoner. He said in his place in Parliament that the magistrates had behaved "with unnecessary harshness" towards me. There was serious censure upon them, and was felt to be so in the county.

Mr. Craven Berkeley, M.P., a friend of the Church, was put up in the House of Commons, in order to obtain the publication of his correspondence with the magistrates that their defence of themselves might be before the public. Sir James Graham adhered to the statements he had made in answer to

Mr. Roebuck's inquiry, namely, that "serious irregularities" had been committed, and said he had ordered an inquiry into them. Sir James was of opinion that they had no defence which could serve them.

Mr. J. A. Roebuck, always the friend of intellectual liberty, presented for me a memorial to Parliament which represented that, as my commitment was to the Quarter Sessions, my judges would be the same magistrates who had already treated me vindictively. Sir James Graham's sense of justice concurred in this view, and when Mr. Roebuck spoke to him upon it he said "justice should be done," and he kept his word. A Bill was immediately brought in and passed, appointing all trials relating to speculative opinion to take place at assizes only, where an independent judge presided. Thus the magistrates were put out of court. I was the first person tried under this Act.

On my liberation I went to London, which I had never seen, walking most of the way. It seemed to me an enchanted city as I entered it, and seems so still. My first night was spent in a summer-house, in a garden in Lambeth, with my colleague on the *Oracle*, M. Q. Ryall, arranging the order of my defence. Morning had long broken before we lay down on the benches to sleep. In those days there was an hostelry near the Mansion House, known as the "City House of Commons," where successive city politicians from the years of the preceding century had discussed public affairs. I was invited to give a narrative of the proceedings at Cheltenham. Afterwards the company made a subscription towards the expenses of the trial. Another night I spoke in the Rotunda, Blackfriars Road. "Publicola" was present, and gave an account in the *Despatch* of what I said, which, better than anything I might say now, will satisfy the reader as to the nature of the principles for which we contended, which, admitted now, then excited implacable hostility and personal defamation.

Captain Williams said :—"Mr. Holyoake delivered a lecture on the Right of Free Discussion to a crowded audience in the Rotunda. He commented on his treatment in Cheltenham, of which mention was made in this journal [the *Despatch*] at the time. The magistrates on that occasion declared that they did not care of what religion he might be so long as he did not

propagate his doctrines. Mr. Holyoake then expatiated very eloquently upon this selfish principle. 'Thus,' he said, 'a man may see the errors of certain systems, and yet not point out emendations.' Our ideas, argued the lecturer, are engendered by the objects around us, and if we are prosecuted by law for the expression of these ideas the external objects which created our ideas ought to be prosecuted. For any class of men to take upon themselves to say to the people, 'If you think in a manner which militates against our ideas, you must not express your sentiments,' is degrading. Without liberty of speech, interchange of ideas, which freedom of discussion can alone encourage, is impossible; no new systems of utility can be adduced; and had not opinions been more or less freely circulated at different times, humanity would be without progressive civilization. Our wealth, our knowledge, our power, are to be attributed to the Press and to the diffusion of opinions. The Press has converted the world into one large conversational party, whose views, wishes, and opinions are thereby communicated to each other. Speculative opinions beget important truths, and useful systems are founded most frequently upon ideas that were at first but wild theories. If the law describes a magic circle around the radii of men's ideas, it naturally forbids the entertainment of progressive measures, and enforces a stationary and sedentary position, to which the activity of the human mind and the nature of human interests are both averse. New generations have new interests, which are only to be defined by legislative enactment, after due and unchecked discussion. All the learning which our greatest men have ever possessed would little avail posterity, unless their assertions might be duly canvassed. It is a very singular fact that we may discuss astronomy, chemistry, botany, geology, and other sciences, but our sentiments must be curbed by the law when once we touch upon politics or religion. Such was the subject of Mr. Holyoake's lecture, in the course of which he uttered many striking truths of an original character, which elicited considerable applause." (*Weekly Despatch*, July, 1841.)

It was within those few days of my visit to London that I made the acquaintance of Mr. W. H. Ashurst, whose friendship then and afterwards was of the greatest advantage to me. He advised me as to my defence, and John Humphrey Parry, after-

wards Serjeant Parry, then a young barrister, prepared the legal argument which I used at my trial.

One night I went down to the House of Commons. It was the old house, afterwards destroyed by fire. Before long I heard my own name pronounced to my surprise. A young prisoner never feels safe for some time afterwards, and I thought I was going to be apprehended again. It was merely my friend Mr. Roebuck, who was presenting a memorial to the House concerning the legal irregularities of the Cheltenham Bench.

It was a bright summer afternoon when I set out alone from the house of my eldest sister, in which my family resided, in Aston, Birmingham, to proceed to Gloucester Assizes. It was not in my power to leave any provision for those I left behind, owing to the unforeseen and unsought apprehension which had befallen me. My little daughter, Madeline, ran from her mother's knee to the door, when she found I had gone, and called after me down the street. Her sweet, clear voice arrested me. I looked back, and saw her dark, black eyes gleaming. I never met her glance again, nor heard her voice any more.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRIAL.

(1842.)

THE assizes opened on August 2, 1842. Mr. Knight Hunt, the author of "The Fourth Estate," who succeeded Dickens as editor of the *Daily News*, reported the trial for me. Hearing that I intended to defend myself, the magistrates told me "the Court would not hear me." The judge, being told of my intention, decided to take my case last, which caused the assizes to extend into another week. On Saturday my case might have come on; but no one could conjecture how long I should speak. The fear of the Court having to sit until Sunday morning caused the judge to defer the trial till Monday. This made trouble among the javelin men attending upon the judge, who had to be kept in the city. The jurymen who had left their farms, their barrels, their poultry, flour mills, shop tills, and orange baskets, suffered in mind, body, and estate; and not less the authorities who found with consternation £200 added to the county expenses through my wilfulness. The Shire Hall was crowded as early as ten o'clock on Monday morning; some of the nobility of the county and wives of clergymen were present, and a fair assortment of surplice wearers.

No one was bound over to prosecute Mrs. Adams. It was not intended that she should be tried, but she was bound out of mere vindictiveness to appear at the assizes, and was kept wandering about the court for ten days, which amounted to a considerable fine, considering the limited means of her household and anxiety for her five children left to chance care. Had

she been a lady, with means of defence, they would not have attempted it. I saw then that the people are never so malignant towards the rich as the rich are towards the poor; as the powerful are towards those of less estate.

Being unable to bring over their bail, she and her husband were alarmed at being told that their bail would be escheated. I told Adams to go into court and state to the judge that he was unable to bring his bail, but he and Mrs. Adams were there ready to surrender themselves. The judge kindly told them that that was sufficient. Mr. Adams's case was first taken. As the prosecution of Adams was owing to his generous resentment of my arrest, I was very solicitous that he should not incur any consequences I could prevent. It was my duty to defend the right of free speech, but he was under no responsibility of that kind, and I therefore requested my friends to provide counsel for him. We chose Mr. Thompson, because he was the son of General Perronet Thompson, as we thought him less likely to make a compromising defence. In those days, and for many years after, there was no barrister, except Mr. Serjeant Thomas, of London, who would defend a heretic without apologizing for his opinions. This Mr. Thompson did at the conclusion of his defence, and expressed "contrition" on the part of the defendant. I said to Adams, in the hearing of the Court, "Don't permit him to do that unless you are really contrite." Adams at once told the judge that he did not concur with what the counsel said, as he did not feel "contrition" for defending, in his humble way, the right of free speech. This did not improve his sentence, but made it more honourable to him. He was awarded one month's imprisonment.

Mr. Adams had witnesses to his character who described him as of entirely good repute, and, indeed, "a pattern of morality in all the relations of life." The judge told him that "in a charge of robbery that might avail him, but unless he had testimony that he was a Christian it could not avail him in a charge of that kind."

Entering the dock on my name being called, I asked Ogden, the chief gaoler, a tall, stout, surly, imperious, pock-marked person, who had had charge of me in prison, to hand me a box which lay near. Thinking it his duty to show the disrespect he presumed the Court to entertain, he told me to take my place

at the bar. Again my injunction was, "Hand me my box." Looking indignantly at the corded chest outside the dock, he said, "You can't have that box here. Go to the bar and plead." "Nonsense, give it me," was my reply. Beginning to think it was he who was detaining the Court, he reluctantly did as I told him, when I applied to the judge for the use of a table. The judge said, "There is one," pointing to a ledge in the dock which, his lordship thought, would serve my purpose. Although not convenient, I proceeded to arrange my books and papers there, which occupied twenty minutes. By which time it was remarked the dock resembled a small bookseller's shop. The judge looked on with great patience, and when ready I went forward and pleaded. Mr. Alexander was the prosecuting counsel. He was less coarse, but as malignant as Mr. Bubb. He told the jury, "I had not put my diabolical intent in the announcement of the lecture, but had concealed it, with a view to attract an audience," which was contrary both to fact and evidence. The Cheltenham Bench, to do them justice, never said this. It was pure invention on the part of Mr. Alexander to recommend me to the favourable consideration of the jury.

The only offence chargeable against me was that of incidentally, without premeditation or intention, and under the provocation of an insolent question, for which no occasion had been given—uttering certain words—yet the Court permitted an indictment to be read which described me as a "labourer," though I was well known as a public lecturer, who had resided in Cheltenham in that capacity. It charged me with devising, intending, and maliciously publishing with a "loud voice" (which I never possessed) the answer to the question of a preacher, intending "with force and arms to bring Almighty God into disbelief." Seven farmers, one grocer, one poulterer, one miller, one nondescript shopkeeper, and one maltster were then empanelled to ascertain whether I had, or had not, assaulted Omnipotence with "force of arms." The utmost offence in my words were infinitesimal compared with the profanity of this amazing indictment. It said I wickedly "composed the words I had spoken, although they occurred in debate without chance or possibility of premeditation. It charged me with having spoken "against the peace of our Lady the Queen," whereas I had neither spoken against the peace nor broken the

peace, and had neither thought of the Queen nor meant her disrespect.

Historians think they illustrate their pages very conclusively when they quote legal documents describing the profession and purposes of some person recorded therein. Why should law courts, which profess to be the guardians of public morality, lie more than rumour, in their documents?

The *Oracle of Reason*, which I undertook to edit during Mr. Southwell's imprisonment, made the defiant declaration, written by Ryall:—"We war not with the Church but the Altar—not with the forms of Christianity but with Christianity itself—not with the attributes but with the Existence of Deity." After what had taken place I was determined to maintain the right of inquiry into these things. My acquaintance with heresy was too short and my knowledge too limited to enable me to do more intelligently. The conception of Deity entertained by the clerical adversaries we encountered seemed to me neither true nor desirable, and I believed that God Himself must dislike persons of that way of thinking about Him.

My defence if it lacked prudence did not lack explicitness. I spoke nine hours and fifteen minutes. In the latter part my voice much improved in strength and tone. When the Court adjourned at mid-day, some ladies, observing that I was taking nothing, offered me some tartlets they had brought for their own refreshment: one I was told was the wife of a clergyman. Not needing to eat, I declined the kindly offer.

When I had spoken six hours, the governor of the gaol came to me to ask how long I should continue, as the judge was interested in knowing. I answered, "If the Court was likely to hear me, I should end in three hours." In all reason the Court "had heard me sufficiently," but the magistrates, who had told me repeatedly that "the Court would not hear me, and I should not be allowed to make my own defence," did me harm in making me thus persistent. When I had spoken some three hours longer, it occurred to me that the Court "had heard" me, and I concluded.

Mr. Justice Erskine said, "If I could convince the jury that my only meaning was that the incomes of the clergy ought to be reduced, and that I did not intend to insult God, I should tell the jury that you ought not to be convicted." This was

the exact purport of what I said. To "insult God" was never in my mind; nor in anybody's mind. It is ever some degrading conception of Deity which is denied. I never knew a case of an atheistic denial in which there was not more reverence in the mind of the heretic than the prosecutor. Had I confined myself to the two points named by the judge, there was a chance my sentence might have been mitigated. But my mind was set upon two other things—one was that we would seek neither favour nor mercy by solicitation or concession; the other was to vindicate the right to say what I did, whatever it might be taken to mean.

Mr. Justice Erskine suggested to the jury that there was no evidence that I had connived at some person putting the question to me to give me an opportunity of uttering these sentiments. This was very fairly said—had the jury been intelligent—but in effect it was a most injurious suggestion. The counsel had put the idea of connivance into their heads, and the stolid and prejudiced jury believed the judge to confirm it. I expected twelve months' imprisonment, as my defence contained no apology, but was absolute and defiant for free speech. The judge admitted that, with my views, I could not honestly answer my questioner otherwise than I did, and, being a young man, he gave me six months' imprisonment to encourage me in candour.

That night Captain Mason remarked that he thought the sentence was not to be much complained of, seeing how many hours I had occupied the Court. In this I quite concurred with him, and never did complain of it. Indeed, I more deserved the imprisonment for the defence than the offence. Never having been a prisoner before, and unacquainted with the ways of magistrates, their ignorant menace had harmed me—made me resentful, and exposed me to the charge of being wanting in good sense, which was more serious in my mind than to be thought wanting in orthodoxy.

Mr. Justice Erskine was the grandson of the famous Lord Chancellor of that name, who defended the publication of one of Thomas Paine's books. The Erskines were descendants of one of the oldest Scottish families. Mr. Justice Erskine bore small trace of his Scottish descent, and was a placid, mild-mannered English gentleman when I made his acquaintance.

He displayed patience and good temper during the unconscionable time I detained him upon the Bench. Some time after he disappeared from the Bench. How I never inquired—always retaining respect for his memory for his fairness to me.

It was eleven o'clock at night when I walked from court to gaol. Captain Mason considerately asked me if I objected to go with two stray criminals he had in charge. I said I would prefer to walk with Adams only. It was so arranged, and together we set out. Before being locked in my cell I asked if I could have a little of something to eat. I had been thirteen hours in court without food, and a feeling of extreme hollowness came over me. All that could be got for me at that hour was a cup of warm water, and the warder found an old apple in his pocket, which he kindly gave me, and with these I made the first repast of my new imprisonment.

But for a misadventure of refreshments, I might have fared better that day. At that time, a Mrs. Chichester resided in Gloucestershire, who took interest in social improvement, and had enough experience to know that the theological portraits of heretics were not executed by pre-Raphaelite artists skilled in adherence to the truth of nature. She knew that in matters of controversy people who read only one side of a question and boast of the duty of not knowing the other, did not come within the pale of competency or trust; she therefore sent down to Gloucester small presents of wine and birds, as she understood I might have to wait about court seven or ten days before the trial came on. The medium for conveying those kindly gifts was Mr. Fry, whom she knew as professing the lofty moral mysticism of John Pierrepoint Greaves, who had disciples in Cheltenham. Mr. Fry, however, was not mystical—he was very practical, for, being a teetotaler, he drank all the wine himself, and, being a vegetarian, he ate the birds. Mr. Fry was editor of the *Communist Apostle*, one of whose mottoes was that "It is the beauty within that reflects beauteous light on outward objects." It was presumably on this principle that my wine and pheasants became irresistible to him.

On the morning of my trial he brought me a small bottle of raspberry vinegar, which he said Mrs. Chichester had sent, as it might be of use to me in speaking. It was two years after before I learned what else she had sent. She must have

wondered at my want of civility in never sending a word in acknowledgment.

One day, attending the courts during the ten days I was awaiting my own trial, I saw a man sentenced to transportation for life to Norfolk Island. His offence had arisen in ignorant and depraving circumstances, yet, when he heard the ferocious sentence, in genuine and awkward humbleness he made a rustic bow to the Bench, saying, "Thank you, my lord." Ignorance had never appeared to me before so frightful, slavish, and blind. Unable to distinguish a deadly sentence passed upon him from a service done to him, he had been taught to bow to his pastors and masters, and he bowed alike when cursed as when blessed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT FOR ANSWERING A QUESTION IN DEBATE.

(1842.)

"Have you bethought you of the tedious days
And dreary nights of your imprisonment?
The long endurance, whose monotony
No tidings come to cheer! *This* were the trial!
It is the detail of blank intervals—
Of patient sufferance, where no action is,
That proves our nature. Have you this thought o'er?"

J. W. MARSTON.

No. It did not appear to me to matter. In a general way I had an impression that imprisonment was unpleasant. But that seemed no reason for not doing what was right. The maxim that conscience was higher than consequence always appeared true to me. Imprisonment was worse in my time than in the days of Leigh Hunt and Carlile. Hunt had books, flowers, and company. Pleasant visitors had access to Carlile, who spent hours in his society. Except through the bars of a gate, I saw no friend. I was imprisoned in a city far from those to whom I was best known, and few visits were possible. The first and chief of the visitors was Richard Carlile, who came to tell me of his approval of my defence. This, from the most intrepid defender of free speech of this century, tended to render me indifferent to the discomfort of my new residence.

The visiting justice who most interested me was Mr. Bransby Cooper, brother of Sir Astley, the famous surgeon. He formerly represented Gloucester in Parliament. He was a man of great stature, great tenderness, great humanity, and, like Lord Byron, a man of tumultuous passion, with a voice like the Plymouth Sound. Old women would waylay him on his road to the gaol,

He would brandish his stick at them, and drive them away with menaces and threats which could be heard across the city ; but though they fled, they returned, for they knew that in the end he would give them all the money he had in his pocket. He would tell me in his stentorian way, before the other prisoners, that I was "a fool for being an atheist," and end by saying, "I could not be one—I did not look like one, nor speak like one." His son was chaplain of the gaol. The old gentleman was very anxious for my conversion, and, had he brought it about, he would no doubt have generously given the credit to his boy. It was therefore a kind of family speculation that I should be brought to a "state of grace." Yet when my little daughter died, and her mother wished to bring the surviving one to me, Mr. Bransby Cooper kindly ordered that we should have the use of the magistrates' room for an interview, without the presence of an officer. This unforeseen consideration—so delicate and trustful—inspired me with real respect for him, which has never departed from my mind. I would have been converted if I could to gratify him. One day the governor told me that Mr. Bransby Cooper had said before a meeting of magistrates, at which he had laid some representation of mine, that "he did not believe I could tell a lie," which was very generous in him, considering the prejudice he entertained towards my opinions. This arose from a prisoner (one Upton) being found smoking. He said he had brought the tobacco (I had given him) in with him after the trial—probably to save me from being made answerable. It was some I had upon me in court. This man, who was in the common room, was subject to fits, which he said tobacco mitigated. So I gave him some. It was a reflection upon the vigilance of the officer who received him if tobacco had escaped his notice. To prevent Ogden, the officer, being wrongfully accused, I sent a note to the governor, saying it was I who had given the tobacco to Upton. I owned it was a censurable violation of the prison rules, and stated that I should not demur to the consequences. None ensued. Probably the authorities were gratified that their officer was vindicated from the suspicion of laxity of vigilance. The tobacco was given me at the time of my trial, and I was not searched after sentence.

The Rev. Robert Cooper, the chaplain of the gaol, had the

kindly nature, but none of the force of character, of his father. He was merely a regulation clergyman, who believed he had spiritual duties to discharge; but his piety was like cold water —it gave you the discomfort of dampness, and when dry again you were as you were before. Still I retain respect for him. He had none of that spite of piety I had hitherto experienced, and he was only disagreeable as a matter of official duty. A prison is a place of organized brutality, and is so intended. For a chaplain to speak of "divine love" *there* is not to understand his business. A single humane act does more to spiritualize a man than a thousand exhortations without it.

The Hon. Andrew Sayer was one of the visiting justices. He was no soldier of the Cross. He brought me "Paley's Natural Theology," and Leslie's "Short and Easy Method with the Deists," which he asked me to read. This I promised to do; and that he might satisfy himself that the promise was fulfilled, I said he might examine me in the works afterwards—but he never did. I wrote pamphlets upon their arguments ("Paley Refuted in his own Words," and "A Short and Easy Method with the Saints") to show that they had received careful attention.

Another of the visiting justices was the Rev. S. Jones, an aged Wesleyan minister, who appeared deferential to his brother justices, placid in speech, and only ill-mannered professionally. He would occasionally deliver a little lecture to me, before the other prisoners, on the belief I ought to entertain. One day he quoted to me the ignorant remark of David, that "the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." This is what the fool never does say, the subject being beyond his capacity. Certainly I had never said it in my heart or otherwise. It had appeared to me to require infinite knowledge of the universe to affirm or deny that stupendous proposition. "There," exclaimed Mr. Jones, "you see David says you are a fool." Whereupon I answered "that I no more admired rudeness in the mouth of David than I did in the mouth of a magistrate." Every one present heard me say it, and the Reverend Samuel looked amazed, was unable to reply, and never more referred to the subject.

Before long the magistrates became a more serious trouble to me—probably their version was that I became a trouble to them.

They called upon me to wear the prison dress. My answer was that "I did not wish to do it." It was the dress of crime, and as I was no criminal it would be admitting it to wear the dress of crime by my own choice. In gaol I knew official force must be supreme; therefore, I never said "I would not" do a thing, only that "I did not wish to do it." Of course they said they should compel me. In that case my reply was "it would be necessary to dress me every morning, as I might not like to put the dress on myself." As it was never done, I fancy they thought the trouble of it might be too much for them, or it might be that they were in doubt whether Sir James Graham would sanction it.

Another trouble soon arose. When the prayer bell rang the first morning, all the prisoners filed out to chapel, but I remained. Seeing my allotted place vacant, the chaplain sent the gaoler for me. I said "it was incredible that the chaplain should send for me. He knew my imprisonment was owing to my not properly believing in his ministration, and that my voluntary attendance at his chapel would be hypocrisy in me." The gaoler said "he must carry out his instructions and take me there." My reply was, "In that case you had better get assistance and carry me, as I do not think I should like to go. Whether the chaplain's congregation will be edified by seeing a dissentient worshipper carried into chapel every morning it will be for him to decide." Probably the gaoler concluded that this mode of bringing me to church needed special instructions—he went to seek them, and returned to me no more.

That morning the chaplain sent for me to account to him for my non-appearance at church. The explanation I gave him was that the service was mainly taken from the Prayer Book, which it seemed impiety to solemnly repeat as true when you knew it was not so. The chaplain said, "But you know, Mr. Holyoake, that you are in prison, and must do as you are bidden." "Yes, I am quite aware I am in prison. I am under no illusion as to that. Still it does not justify me in addressing to Heaven words not true. If you will arrange that I may come into church at the time when you commence to preach, I am ready to do that. Your sermon may have newness of thought instructive to me." The chaplain was not displeased, but did not consent, and I never went to prayers or sermon.

One day towards the end of my term the chaplain thought he ought to do something to change my views, and asked whether I would accompany him to the chapel and talk in a friendly way on the subject of spiritual conviction. As to that I remarked "I had undergone one conviction, and felt no desire for another." However, assenting, we went together to the chapel, where he entered the reading-desk, I remaining standing where he left me. Seeing that, he civilly pointed to a front bench for me to be seated, and began a little oration to me, the sole member of his congregation in that gloomy chapel, where every seat had borne the impress of a thousand scoundrels. When he came to the end he asked me "what I had to say." Receiving no reply, he concluded he was making an impression, and began another short address, at the end of which he again asked me my opinion. As his auditor still remained silent, he took heart again and commenced a third little oration. A third time he appealed to me for some expression of opinion upon his arguments. I then said, "I had no opinion to give. He had spoken to me officially as chaplain, and addressed me as a prisoner, and in that character it was my lot to listen to him. If he wished me to converse with him, he must treat me on a footing of equality. That place was too cold for reasoning," it being an inclement month. He then asked me to accompany him elsewhere. Arriving at a warm cell, where blankets were aired, we had some friendly argument, and he asked me to accept a present of a Bible. It was thought a great thing to give me a Bible. As it had occasioned my imprisonment, it was bad taste to offer it to me; it was not calculated to excite my gratitude. The copy he offered me was a little, squab, dumpling edition, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge at 10d. I remarked to the chaplain, "I should not like to carry a mean-looking little book like that. It was not respectful to God to present His Word in that curmudgeon form; but I would accept a better-looking copy, with marginal references down the centre, such as might assist me in trying to reconcile what appeared to me its many contradictions." So our interview ended, but the 7s. 6d. edition upon which I had fixed my mind never came to hand.

The prisoners I found in the common room were, with one exception, ignorant, and were there for acts of violence, or

minor thefts, or frauds. In the day-time I kept a little school and taught them something. One was a young, good-looking man, belonging to London, whom I thought well of. When his term of imprisonment was up, I entrusted him with two volumes of Hume and Smollet's "History of England," which I had in numbers, to get bound for me, and deliver at the *Oracle* office in London, and I gave him money to pay for the binding. My confidence was not successful, as he kept the money and sold the books.

The chief prisoner was a Mr. Wall, who had been postmaster at Cheltenham, said to have been put in that office by the influence of a peer, for reasons relating to his birth. He had opened letters and taken the money out. One case was very shocking. A servant-girl had saved her money up and sent it to a soldier in the army. Never receiving any answer, she thought him unfaithful, and poisoned herself. Receiving no communication, as she had promised him, the soldier thought she had deserted him, and shot himself. This scoundrelly postmaster was pleasant-spoken, gentlemanly, and cultivated. His criticisms of some things I wrote were instructive to me. He was entirely pious, and punctual at prayer, but a knave at heart.

My liberation occurred some time before Wall's, and he wrote to me shortly after, making in his letter some defamatory remarks upon the governor, and, thereby, implying that I shared the writer's views. As the governor would read the letter, he might think that, despite my professions of respect for him when in his charge, I had used different language privately. Captain Mason, however, wrote upon the letter himself saying that "he did not believe that Wall's expressions were warranted by any remarks of mine, as he had always found me honourable in my statements." This was handsome in Captain Mason, and increased my regard for him.

My prison companions, therefore, were not of an edifying or improving class; but there were other discomforts, different and far more disquieting, which will never depart from my mind. Word was sent me that my child was ill, and then a letter came saying she was dead. The governor considerately called me out into the yard, and gave it to me. It was not till after my liberation that I knew the manner of her death. The

sole income of home was from subscriptions from friends in various parts of the country, supposed to average 10s. a week; but it was not regular. A few days before the fever took the child, her mother was carrying her through Bull Street, Birmingham, when she cried from hunger for a bun in a window. There was no penny to buy it, and the frenzied mother slapped the child to quiet her. She never forgave herself for doing that, and forty years later she oft repeated the last words of the child on the night of her death, when she exclaimed that "I was coming to see her"—repeated them in the tones of the child which went into the mother's heart for evermore.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OTHER TROUBLES IN PRISON.

(1842–3.)

Owing to a Chartist prisoner having died in a neighbouring gaol from disease contracted through bad air, bad diet, and damp, as poor Holbery of Sheffield had done, a Commission was sent down by the Government to take evidence. Dr. Bisset Hawkins, with his sharp look and scrutinising eyes, was at the head of it. The Commissioners came round the cells and asked me, among others, whether I had any complaint to make. I said "Yes." One night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the gaoler came into my cell and told me to dress, as the Commissioners wished to see me. On arriving before them, and observing Captain Mason and the surgeon were present, I held my peace. Reminded by Dr. Hawkins that they sent for me, understanding I had a complaint to make, I explained they could not expect to obtain evidence from prisoners in the presence of the governor, since they would remain in the power of those who might resent afterwards what a prisoner had said; even the surgeon had many ways of retaliation. The governor had behaved to me with courtesy and humanity. He was always a gentleman, and if he had had to hang me he would have apologized for the inconvenience to which he was putting me and have had the bolt withdrawn while I was saying "Don't mention it." It was not that I had any distrust of the governor, but I wished to show the Commissioners that they were not going the way to collect prison facts for an honest report. Dr. Hawkins said, "Captain Mason and the surgeon had better leave." Observing me still silent, Dr. Hawkins asked the

cause. I answered that the Commissioners ought to give a prisoner a guarantee that no personal consequences should ensue to him after they had left, as he would still remain in the hands of the authorities without protection, if they took offence at any allegation he made. Dr. Hawkins assured me that that should not occur.

Then I explained that in that gaol the health of prisoners was in the hands of a kind-hearted but timorous surgeon, who owed his appointment to the magistrates, and had not the resolution or independence to act upon his own judgment when it conflicted with their political, theological, or personal prejudices against prisoners. They explained to me that if a surgeon failed in his duty he was responsible. I answered that was so, but a prisoner must die before the responsibility could be brought home to the surgeon, and that was very grave consolation. They seemed amused at my unconscious use of the word "grave," for they remembered that it was owing to the recent death of a prisoner that they were sent down to inquire into the cause of it. I added that county magistrates did not seem very bright, and had no clear idea of their duties. The Commissioner did not encourage me in these remarks, but they were made before they could stop me. I said some of the cells were filthy and some beds alive with vermin. No prisoner expected tenderness, but cleanliness ought to exist, together with security for life. The dependent position of the doctor, however, afforded none, unless a prisoner was a criminal, then the authorities had no prejudice against him. Neither could they get at the truth they were sent to inquire into and make an honest report to the Crown, unless they caused it to be understood that prisoners who gave them information would be protected. They promised me again that no resentment should follow; nor did it. The governor was civil as heretofore, and the doctor kindly gave me a mutton-chop in my broth. Though inclined to vegetarianism I was glad of that.

The Commission reported finally that Gloucester Gaol lay low, was unhealthy, and recommended that the gaol in which the Chartist died should be superseded. No doubt the poor Chartist was killed in it, all according to law, as poor Holbery was, and as Ernest Jones was nearly killed. No Irish prisoner has run greater risks. Thomas Cooper would have fared no

better save for his wondrous personal resistance. They thought they had driven him mad before the authorities relaxed their restrictions. Under the rules of the gaol, the authorities could have killed me had I resisted indignity as Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville did, and would have run me very near to it had not Sir James Graham and Mr. Roebuck been my friends.

The quality of mind of the visiting justices who had me in charge may be seen in this instance. At the Christmas, which occurred during my imprisonment, it came to their knowledge that a poor labourer had got himself under a short sentence, in order to be in gaol on Christmas Day ; for on that "day of glad tidings" it was the kindly custom to mark it to the desolate prisoners by a treacle dumpling, with a few raisins in it. It was not much of a taste of the "glad tidings," but it gave pleasure ; to some believing hearts among the prisoners it was comfort, and it gave the only sign, all the year round, that they lived in a Christian land. Instead of being struck with compassion that there should be an honest labourer, so hopeless of tasting a bit of Christmas pudding as to get himself incarcerated for a week for that transient pleasure, the magistrates, three clergymen among them (the Rev. and Hon. Andrew Sayer, Rev. Dr. Newell, Rev. Samuel Jones, the chaplain concurring), abolished Christmas pudding on Christmas Day for all the prisoners there, evermore. Thus these clergymen taught the prisoners to rejoice in the "glad tidings of great joy" brought by Christ. Because one poor workman got into prison against Christmas pudding day, they reasoned from that single instance that all the workmen of Gloucester would, if they knew it, get into gaol from the same cause! It is said to be a sign of the ignorance of the people that they reason from a single instance, instead of from a majority of similar instances. But here were magistrates, educated at college, as ignorant as the uninstructed rabble, and more cruel.

After a time, Sir James Graham, in answer to a memorial of mine, sent word for me to be allowed to sit up at night until nine o'clock. It was a great waste of time for me to be shut up in darkness from four o'clock in winter-time until eight o'clock next morning, sixteen hours. I contrived some mitigation by secreting the cover of a book, sticking pins in the sides at even

distances, and running a thread across from side to side. It resembled the page of a ruled copy-book—save that the lines were elastic. By running a sheet of paper under the threads I could write with a pencil in the dark, between the lines. In this way I prepared articles for the *Oracle of Reason*, and got them conveyed as opportunity offered to the post. This night work implied sitting up in bed, and against this was the cold. For two months I was never warm. Besides, I was deteriorating in other ways. My pillow was of coarse sacking stuffed with cocoa-nut fibre, so hard that it flattened and elongated my ears beyond the length which my adversaries expected to find in a person of my way of thinking.

So it was welcome news when Sir James Graham's order came. But Sir James had never been a prisoner (all Home Secretaries ought to be imprisoned before taking office), and did not know that the magistrates would construe every instruction against the prisoner. As he did not say he intended to grant the continuance of fire and light, they construed his kindly interference to mean permission to sit up in cold and darkness. Then I began to regret my disbelief in future perdition, as there was no adequate place hereafter to which these magistrates could go. In this respect imprisonment did succeed in shaking my faith a little.

One night, many years afterwards, in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, I mentioned to Sir Wilfrid Lawson that I cherished grateful memories of his uncle for his generous interference on two occasions on my behalf when I was a prisoner, with no other friend in authority save himself. At another time Sir Wilfrid told me that it was a consolation to Sir James Graham to hear what I had said, "for though he had served his country for many years, and not unsuccessfully, he feared he would only be remembered as the Home Secretary who opened Mazzini's letters." Lord Aberdeen denied that the contents of the letters were communicated to the Austrian Government. Unfortunately, you do not always know when a minister speaks the truth. It is their custom to give a technical answer which is beside the point of the inquiry. The letter might be shown to the Austrian minister without a copy being officially communicated to him. Anyhow, the brothers Bandiera, of noble family, were captured and shot in

consequence of Mazzini's letters being opened. If Sir James did communicate a letter he had opened to a foreign power, he did no more than all Home Secretaries had done before, and he was no worse than his predecessors. All Home Secretaries since have opened letters, and do so still. There is a popular understanding that an English Home Secretary shall not act as a spy for foreign governments. But I remember no assurance being given that they shall never so act. The intention of Liberals in 1844 was not to hold up Sir James Graham as worse than other Home Secretaries, but to stop the system which prevailed in his office when he came to it. It is conceivable that he thought foreign ministers were as just-minded as he was, and would use information for precaution, and not for murder. Anyhow, there has been no Home Secretary in my time who has shown the same regard for the self-respect and rights of unpopular prisoners as Sir James Graham showed towards me.

We had few friends in those days, but there was one whom those of us who went out in the forlorn hope never forget, and to whom I gratefully inscribed my "History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism":—

WILLIAM JOHN BIRCH, M.A.,
Of New Inn Hall, Oxon.,
Who in the "evil days" of Free Discussion
Was its courageous and Liberal Defender;
And was first to help us
When a Friend is twice a Friend—
When we were unknown and struggling.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER IMPRISONMENT.

(1843–80.)

After the affair with Mr. Justice Erskine, I could not retire from public advocacy. I should have been thought a coward; my treatment would have been tried on others; many would have been discouraged if I had shown signs of giving way, and the enemies of free opinion would have triumphed and grown insolent. During my imprisonment it was suggested to me by the chaplain that I might do better by accepting for myself a situation as master of a school in which my wife could be appointed mistress, and this could be arranged if I would desist from the advocacy on which I had embarked. That doleful ending was not to my mind. It was also suggested to me that I might free myself by petition and submission. Not only would I not do it, but I gave notice to my friends that I should count it as an outrage if any one did it in my name, or on my behalf. My wife would have resented it had I done it on her account. So when I was free I took the warpath again.

To compare a small affair with great ones, had I been, like Savonarola or Bruno, subjected to torture and fire, I know not how I should have behaved, for I have no taste for rack or torch. But such trouble as can now befall a wilful person—imprisonment, darkness, privation, cold, and insult—is supportable, though death may come that way.

Wherever I was advertised to lecture, some enthusiasts who engaged me described me as one who had been delivered by the spiritual police to the "secular arm." I never objected to this, because it was defiance—but it was not profit. As soon as I could get means of travelling after my liberation, I went down

to Cheltenham and repeated the words which led to my sojourn at Gloucester, on the ground that I had been called upon to pay a certain price for free speech, and that, as I had paid the price, I had purchased the right. This was not good law, but it was good defiance, and that was what I meant.

One effect of the reputation of having been imprisoned appeared in 1846 where it was least to be expected. Mr. William Ellis, a great friend and admirer of Mr. J. S. Mill, founded some secular schools in London, and defrayed their expenses himself. One was intended for the National Hall, Holborn. Mr. William Lovett was secretary of the proposed school, as he was of the committee of the National Hall. He had been imprisoned himself two years in Warwick Gaol for political reasons. Francis Place was one of the consulting authorities of the intended school. I offered myself for the office of teacher with his consent. Mr. Lovett, the secretary, to whom I wrote upon the subject, never replied to any communication I made to him. When, after some months, the matter was brought to his notice, he said "he understood Mr. Place would reply to my letters." But Mr. Place had never received them. Mr. C. D. Collet and Mr. Serjeant Parry, members of the committee, complained of Mr. Lovett's conduct. Mr. Lovett was employed by Mr. Ellis to conduct one of his secular schools, and he had an income from Mr. Ellis as long as he lived. But so strong was his prejudice against me, who had been imprisoned for heresy, that he who had been incarcerated for sedition was unable to be civil to me. I told him that, if it should appear to the promoters of the school that my being a teacher of it would be detrimental, I should myself object to my own appointment. Heresy in theology proved a much more serious thing than heresy in politics; and that avenue of employment was closed.

At one time a publisher who had known me as a social advocate conceded me employment in his house. This being a friendly act, my first thought was what would happen to him if I went. I thought in the interests of my employer that I should always be called by a writing name I had elsewhere used, to neutralize my identity where, if obtruded, the consequence would fall upon others. My own name would be sure to incite inquiries.

Mr. Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*, gave to an Irish journalist of mark in New York (Thomas Ainge Devyr, before named) a letter of introduction to me. I granted him writing quarters in my publishing house in Fleet Street, and was at willing trouble to be of service to him. On his return to America he wrote a singular paper, setting forth the causes in operation, which would lead to war before long on the question of slavery. This was three years before the war broke out, and when Devyr's calculations were published neither the journalists of England nor those of America believed that war was coming. When it came, three years later, I put this prediction in the hands of several members of Parliament in this country, as an instance of the political foresight of my friend. The paper consisted of several columns. It happened that I never read more than two, and their purport being striking, I lent the paper to valued friends, thinking the whole of it was of the nature of the part I had read. Some years after, curiosity led me to peruse the whole, when I found that it contained indignant reproaches of my friend, Horace Greeley, for having given a letter of introduction to me, as, I being a person well known to hold theological opinions not at all in request, his acquaintance with me was a disadvantage to him ; and more to the same uncomplimentary effect. Thus had I been circulating among my public friends this disparaging account of myself. My object was to exalt the reputation of my visitor for political sagacity ; all the while I was doing my best to destroy any social reputation I might have. This was another instance in which my residence at Gloucester gave me a profitless distinction ; it lent to me a luminosity of a sulphurous kind, which caused me to be distinguished in a crowd.

Some years later Mr. Devyr wrote to me soliciting some friendly offices at my hands, which I had the pleasure to perform, as I had great regard for him on account of perilous services he had rendered to Ireland. But I now took the precaution of reading all through his communications before they passed from my hands. When I visited New York some twenty years later, my ambiguous visitor at Fleet Street appeared on a public platform at Cooper Union, and claimed to bear his testimony in my honour for the advantage to him of the courtesy and kindness I had shown him when he was a

stranger in London. It was quite an unexpected incident. He had become grateful for what he had been ungrateful.

Sometimes, when engaged to deliver co-operative lectures, an excited grocer would write a letter to a paper in the town asking if I was not the same person who had given trouble to the saints on a certain occasion. My friends who engaged me did not care for this, but feared it might harm the society—I was engaged no more. This sort of thing only excites curiosity now, and increases an audience. It excited terror then.

The incident to be related in the chapter on W. E. Forster would never have occurred but for my heretical reputation ; nor would the proposal of certain of the Oddfellows to deprive me of the prizes awarded to me have been made. It was brought against the Society for Repealing the Taxes on Knowledge that I reported in the *Reasoner* proceedings of Mr. Collet, the secretary, Mr. Serle, who wrote under the name of " Caustic " in the *Weekly Dispatch*, made this charge. That most Radical paper was against the Repeal.

When Garibaldi was at Brooke House, I drove nine miles across the Isle of Wight to a telegraph station, that information might reach a London daily, at the request of their reporter, who could not get the news. I paid the expense of the telegrams as well as the charge for the vehicle. Telegrams making a mere paragraph were several shillings then. I was refused any payment at the office, though my communication was used. It was not prudent of me to complain, as my secular wilfulness was remembered and marred my eligibility for engagements. Sometimes I contributed to papers without my work being recognized or paid for, or when paid for I was often precluded from owning to my own articles if I was asked the question, lest the knowledge should damage the paper. In some instances, I should certainly have been on the staff of public journals but for my heretical disqualification. The editor was not afraid, but he was afraid lest other people should be afraid. The only instance to the contrary in those days was the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who was never afraid of anything or anybody, so far as I could discover.[1]

Sometimes my books were not reviewed because it was not

[1] These Chapters, save a few additional ones, are reprinted from the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

to the editor's interest to mention my name ; sometimes, as in the *Quarterly Review*, they were reviewed without my name as author ; six other books were reviewed at the same time, and as the omission of my name looked singular, the editor struck out their names, and seven books without authors were duly reviewed. Sometimes my books were reprinted, as in Paisley, without the name of the writer ; sometimes, as in America, "Public Speaking and Debate" was reprinted with the name of a minister on the title-page, and a preface by the reverend gentleman, that the reader might have instruction without the danger of knowing to whom he owed it. Many hours' amusement all this consideration afforded me ; and made me recall the lines—

> "Yes, I am proud, and must be proud to see
> Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me."

When I first went out in defence of reason and freedom as against dogma and restriction, experience taught me that I was shutting myself out from opportunities of advantage open to others, and I felt neither surprise nor regret when the evil days came. As I have said already, imprisonment was never to my taste. I never wished it : I never sought it—I never feared it. I have exposed myself to it many times since, and would do it again now for a just principle ; but no man will persuade me that persecution is an advantage to any cause or any person. But it is a great dignity when incurred from a sense of duty or resistance to dishonour. I neither provoked persecution nor shrank from it. Though no one else desired freedom, it is enough for me that I desire it ; I would maintain the conflict for it as best I could, though no one else cared about it ; and, as I chose to make the purchase, I do not higgle about the price. Tyranny has its soldiers ; and why not freedom ? While thousands daily perish at the shrine of vice, of vanity, and of passion, what is the pain of a sacrifice now and then for a public principle ?

Innovation in theology is more serious than innovation in politics. Politicians are always dealing with new facts ; and affairs of years ago are soon swept out of memory by the current of new interests. Political parties unpopular a few years ago may be in ascendency to-day, and sedition in the past becomes

patriotism in the present. But in ecclesiasticism all is different. The Church forgets no offence against it, and rarely forgives it. The part taken in Liberal policy by the great statesmen of France and England at the end of the last century none but historical students remember ; but every fool in the streets, in every town and village, knows that Voltaire and Paine were against the priests. Theology is always in power. The party of reason is always in a minority, and a prisoner for heresy is always under condemnation, though his sentence may have long since expired. Indeed, instead of ceasing at his death, it increases. Charges he might answer if living no one answers for him, since he would himself be suspected who did so.

Experience convinced me of one thing. A man need not, like Crusoe, betake himself to the peril of the sea to fall upon a desert island. Any one of strong individual views soon finds himself upon one at home. Insight of things not perceived by your fellows and which they do not wish to see, but which you insist upon making known, create a desert island around you before you are aware of it, and you find yourself dwelling with far-off neighbours. Unknown truth is to the ignorant an unknown terror—a terror because the nature of the new idea is unknown in its relations to the familiar. The propagandist is regarded as the Brahmin regarded the microscope—not as making evident living creatures before unperceived, but as creating the new objects revealed. When new truth is regarded as a heresy, he who maintains it may be glad if his fate is to be only deserted, and not driven out, like the passenger in a plague ship, to perish in the loneliness of the ocean. But too much is not to be made of the disadvantages of taking sides. All opinion has its penalties. Nor would those I have cited be worth recounting, except to show those who seek truth or usefulness, that inconvenience may arise ; and that being forewarned, they may not be discouraged by surprise, and look back.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A REMARKABLE COUNSELLOR OF PROPAGANDISTS.

(1843–55.)

In my time I have known many generous lawyers, but no one who took so wide an interest in freedom of opinion, in political and social progress, or who was the counsellor of so many publicists, who as the writer of this chapter did, by opinionative wilfulness got themselves into unforeseen trouble.

Mr. William Henry Ashurst was an eminent City solicitor of London. He was a colleague of Sir Rowland Hill, and was counted the second person to whom the success of the Penny Postage was due. He was the trusted legal adviser of Robert Owen. He held Owen's principle—that human circumstance had a controlling influence on human action. When called upon professionally to decide whether a servant guilty of defalcation should be prosecuted, he would cause inquiry to be made as to whether poverty, or the pressure of a family beyond means of support, or strong temptation had overcome natural honesty —showing that the exercise of mercy might afford an opportunity for recovering character. Thus he saved many from transportation and ruin. Where a defaulter was without moral principle, he left him to the law. Thus an intelligent principle of compassion, not based on sentiment or on Biblical authority, but upon human considerations, rescued many who would otherwise have been lost.

Under the name of "Edward Search," Mr. Ashurst was a frequent writer in the Boston *Liberator* of Lloyd Garrison, assisting him by counsel, pen, and purse in the battle for negro freedom. Publicists in England and in other nations brought

into conflict with the law, in endeavours to extend the limits of freedom in politics or opinion, often found their way to Mr. Ashurst, whose advice and aid were always at their command. Thus, when my trial in Gloucester befell me, I was introduced to him, and he was my friend all his days. Mr. John Morris, who succeeded to the business, and Mr. Shaen, were trained in Mr. Ashurst's office, both became distinguished solicitors, and alike rendered the same generous counsel to propagandists who had trouble with authority. Mr. Ashurst's son, William Henry, afterwards solicitor to the Post Office, followed in the discerning and merciful steps of his father. Mr. Ashurst had in his own mind the intellectual freedom he defended for others. He believed in the wise maxim of Lucretia Mott, whom he greatly esteemed—"Truth for Authority, not Authority for Truth."

Believing that social ideas would one day largely occupy the attention of society, Mr. Ashurst bought, in 1849, a paper entitled *The Spirit of the Age*, which had been projected by Robert Buchanan, father of the present poet. The paper was about to cease, and the purchase money given for it was of the nature of a gift in acknowledgment of services the conductors had otherwise rendered to social progress. For three months they were retained upon the paper, out of consideration to them, with power to have articles of their own inserted. I received the appointment of editor. My advice was in favour of paying the former conductors the salaries accorded them, and commencing the paper on the new lines of studious "fairness towards the middle and the industrious class," whom it was designed to influence or benefit. Mazzini had consented to write; so had one who afterwards became a Cabinet Minister, two members of the French Provisional Government, and others whose names would have given distinction to the paper, which was intended to be what *The Leader* afterwards was.

In the meantime, the retained contributors, who had acquired class anger in many social conflicts, wrote in hostility to the dispassionate views of the new proprietor. In the last number over which they could exercise the right of insertion, they announced a new paper to be started by themselves. As public support was then very limited, there was little prospect of establishing *The Spirit of the Age*, with a rival journal arising as it were out of itself. I therefore advised Mr. Ashurst that

he would lose all further money which he intended to devote to the enterprise, and that he had better consider the £600 he had already expended as wholly lost. Thus I terminated my own appointment more valued by me than any other which had then been accorded me.

Mr. Ashurst wrote a final notice which was expressed with force and dignity, saying, "It is due to our readers to inform them that with this number *The Spirit of the Age* ceases. He who took the paper and defrayed its entire liabilities has since sustained it, to see whether an addition of quantity, more care in its superintendence, and a well considered devotion to the interests of those whose views it was intended to advance, would obtain for it that support which would give it an independent existence. The experiment would have been continued longer, money not being essentially important; but it appears that, unless the paper is conducted in the same tone and style under which it arrived at death's door, it will not be satisfactory to those who had originally issued it, and who had sought our aid to prevent its termination. Our own views are that just ends should be sought, and ought to be sought by peaceable means. All subscribers who have paid in advance for copies will have returned to them the residue due to them."

The discontinuance of this journal was an advantage to those who had projected a rival paper, as it left the field clear for them. They, however, regarded the advice I had given which led to the cessation of *The Spirit of the Age* as implied censure upon them, which indeed it was. Thus, without deserving it, I incurred their dislike, and the hostility and disparagement by the principal of them, Mr. Lloyd Jones, were protracted through thirty-four years.

Mr. Ashurst was a shrewd judge of efficiency. To the writer of the foreign summary of *The Spirit of the Age*, in which Mr. Ashurst observed vacancies where facts were wanting, he said, "How do you write your summary—from notes?" The reply was, "Oh no, I do not need to do that. I write from memory of the week's news." Mr. Ashurst answered, "The plan has the advantage of saving you the remorse of knowing what you omit."

While I was responsible for *The Spirit of the Age*, I devised a tabular slip of paper on which appeared the number printed,

the number sold, the sum received for papers, the sum received for advertisements, cost of paper, weekly average of rent, taxes, and office expenses, the amount paid for salaries and contributions; total outlay and total loss or gain. This statement I delivered every Saturday to Mr. Ashurst, that he might have at a glance true knowledge of the fortunes of his enterprise. It was a rule in my mind to do what was just, and to take care that others to whom I was answerable saw that I did it, and had not the trouble of inquiring for their own satisfaction. This seemed to me to be due towards those who trusted me.

In many ways I was indebted to Mr. Ashurst's friendship. Desiring to attend lectures at the London University, impossible to me with my means, he made me a loan of £50 to enable me to do it. A year or two afterwards I repaid him by instalments which seemed unexpected to him, as though his experience had not lain much in that way. He was pleased, however, more for my sake than his own. There was no other idea in my mind than that of repaying him. It was a greater gratification to return the loan than to receive it. Upon paying him the last amount he sent me to his cashier, Mr. Mayer, to get the repayment recorded in his ledger, lest it might appear hereafter as still due. This really happened. Mr. Mayer deferred and neglected to make the entry, and after Mr. Ashurst's decease it was mentioned to me that the amount appeared as still owing. The receipt given me by Mr. Ashurst I was then unable to find, and I was told not to trouble about it, as my word was sufficient. Some years later the receipt turned up, and was sent to the family who had so handsomely accepted my word. This was resented as amounting to distrust of their assurance. That was not so. Their word was the same to me as a new receipt, but it was simply following the rule I observed with Mr. Ashurst of making it clear on the first opportunity that the fact corresponded with my word.

When the *Leader* newspaper company was being formed, a provisional meeting was held at the Whittington Club. Mr. Ashurst, who took shares in the paper, attended the meeting. Quite unforeseen by me, he said "he had come to meet the promoters for the purpose of saying that he understood that Mr. Holyoake was to be the manager of the paper. He therefore wished to say that he had held a similar appointment under

him, and had saved him a thousand pounds by his advice, when it was to his interest that he (Mr. Ashurst) should go on expending the money, and that Mr. Holyoake was the only person connected with the ink pot, with whom he had had relations, who had repaid him when he had taken a pecuniary interest in his affairs."

This speech took me very much by surprise. I can see now, writing forty years later, that I ought at once to have risen and thanked Mr. Ashurst for his generous tribute, of which I knew nothing beforehand. That certainly is not "presence of mind" which occurs to you forty years after the event. I was confused, and said nothing. Mr. Thornton Hunt, with his quick kindness, saw the reason of my silence, and he and Mr. Lewes made acknowledgments for me in terms which placed me under obligations to them for their courtesy and confidence. Thus it was not always a disadvantage to me to have done what I conceived to be right without considering whether it was for or against my interest to do it.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RICHARD CARLILE THE PUBLISHER.

(1843.)

Of two men who were for a time contemporaneous—both famous in a different way, both impassable in their opinions—one was English in everything, the other Scotch in everything—one was Richard Carlile, the other Thomas Carlyle.

Richard Carlile was best known to me. It was in 1841, on my first Sunday in London, that I first met him. It was on one of the few days allowed me to prepare for my trial at Gloucester. As I was passing Blackfriars Bridge at two o'clock in the afternoon, I saw approaching a short, thick-set gentleman, with piercing eyes and pleasant though resolute expression of countenance. The beams of the sun, then fiercely descending, lent animation to his features. The friend with me stopped and introduced me to Richard Carlile. He greeted me with many friendly words of commendation, which I valued as coming from a veteran prisoner for opinion to one who had scarcely entered the ranks. He told me he had to speak that night at the Hall of Science in the City Road, a building constructed in a waggon yard, near the Bunhill Fields Cemetery. The hall was put up by Mr. Mordan, the well-known inventor of the gold pen, in order that Rowland Detrosier might speak there. Carlile said he was to lecture upon "The New Scientific Interpretation of the Scripture," and expressed a wish that I should take part in the discussion thereon—which I did, as is related in the chapter on the "Origin of Secularism."

It was an additional attraction to me to go to the Hall of Science, as I should see the place in which Detrosier lectured,

and speak myself there. Rowland Detrosier was dead then. He was a foundling, bearing his mother's French name, and was educated in a Manchester Benevolent Vegetarian Institution, where he came to be a kind of preacher, and astonished, not only his congregation, but the city, by taking geological stones into the pulpit and telling their story to his hearers. Few people in those days knew or believed that stones had a story to tell. Detrosier had French vivacity and a voice like Lord Brougham's. An address which he delivered on the subject of the "Elevation of the Working Class," was printed by John Cleave in London, and became as famous as Dr. Channing's address on a similar subject. This led to his being invited to London by the political reformers of that day. John Stuart Mill took great interest in him, and after his death contributed to the support of his widow for many years. Detrosier died in a little street off Seymour Street, the first as you turn out of Euston Road. The cause of his death was a chill taken by riding on an omnibus from Whitechapel, after lecturing in a heated room. I first read of his death in the *Argus* of Birmingham, published by Mr. Allday, of whom I have made mention. Subscriptions were asked for Detrosier's family. I sent tenpence, the whole contents of a little copper money box which I had made myself. This was my first public subscription. The story of Detrosier's career and singular ability fascinated me, and having a little brother born at that time requiring a name, I persuaded my mother to call him Rowland. She gave him the name of Walter Rowland. She had a suspicion of outlandish names, and put Walter before it to civilize it.

When my trial came on, Mr. Carlile came down to Gloucester and remained all the ten days the assizes lasted ; he was in court with me to counsel me in my defence, and was, as I have said, my first visitor after the sentence. In one of the last articles he published in the *Warrior*, he wrote—"I was present in the court to witness the trial of George Jacob Holyoake. I heard Wooller and Hone defend themselves successfully in 1817 ; but I would prefer to be declared guilty with Holyoake to being acquitted on the ground of Wooller and Hone."

Before my liberation in 1842 Richard Carlile was dead.

Following the example of Jeremy Bentham, Carlile left his body for dissection, and Mr. Lawrence, the eminent surgeon, was the operator. Mr. Lawrence had published a volume of "Lectures on Man" which caused him for a time to be regarded as of Carlile's way of thinking. They contained some materialistic passages which would excite no interest in these days, biological science having advanced far beyond Lawrence; but when the "Lectures" appeared they were regarded as so serious that the author had to recant them. There is no reason to suppose, any more than in the case of Galileo, that the recanter's opinions were changed.

In the days of Bentham, and long after, there was such ignorant prejudice against dissection that "subjects" could not be obtained for the uses of surgical science. This could only be overcome by gentlemen leaving their bodies for dissection. Jeremy Bentham, Richard Carlile, and other distinguished freethinkers ordered their bodies to be given for that purpose. Harriet Martineau gave similar directions with regard to her remains. There is no instance of any distinguished Christian who did this. This generous and courageous devotion to science, though creditable to freethinkers, was a great disadvantage to their cause, and increased the public prejudice against them.

Carlile, like Bunyan, was a tinker. He came to London when a young man, and followed his trade for several years. He had not Bunyan's genius, but he had his courage, and braved imprisonment and endured it with as much heroism as the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

In days when gentlemen were transported for having in their possession Paine's "Age of Reason," Carlile published editions of his works. He was imprisoned himself altogether nine years and three months—his wife was imprisoned also—more than one hundred and fifty of his shopmen were at various times imprisoned. He not only resisted the fetters upon the press, but inspired others to resist. He wrote heretical books, delivered lectures, and by his pen, his speech, and in his person maintained the conflict, until he established a free press. Like Paine, recognition and credit have never been given Carlile because of his heretical sentiments. The enlargement of freedom has always been due to heretics who have been un-

requited during their day and defamed when dead. No publisher in any country ever incurred so much peril to free the press as Richard Carlile. Every British bookseller has profited by his intrepidity and endurance. Speculations of philosophy and science, which are now part of the common intelligence, power, and profit, would have been stifled to this day but for him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THOMAS CARLYLE THE THINKER.

(1843.)

THE two men whose names sound alike were an instructive contrast. Richard Carlile was all for freedom—Thomas Carlyle was all for despotism. Carlile the publisher, was for every one thinking and speaking for himself. Carlyle the writer was for the silence of all men but himself, and for the uninformed many submitting themselves to the imperious dominion of the wise. Carlyle felt tenderness and taught contempt for the people. He described them as consisting of "thirty millions, mostly fools," reserving himself as the only well-ascertained exception. In an age when all power was in the hands of the insolent classes he preached the worship of force and ferocity. He no doubt intended that their exercise should be directed against imposture and in favour of truth and justice, but he did not make it sufficiently clear; whereas he should have made the qualification very plain. He applauded Governor Eyre of Jamaica, who added pianoforte wire to the cats with which he flogged working men and women—an act more likely to find imitators than Carlyle's nobler advice to practise truth and industry. Men in the negro condition, black and white, may one day have their turn of power, when Carlyle's ferocious approval of Eyreism will invigorate many a cat and sharpen many a knife for use on respectable backs and throats—unless they learn from other teachers that firmness and clemency alone bring security. I sent Mr. Carlyle word that he was nurturing dynamiters.

In politics his influence has been wholly disastrous. On

industry his teachings have been less malign. His theory of the Organization of Labour has given us State Socialists; but he has been the friend of the industrious by exalting the dignity of labour and inspiring it with honesty of execution. But it seemed never to occur to him that there can be no general pride in labour, nor dignity in it, until it is endowed with the right of profit in its performance.

January Searle (George Searle Phillips, who wrote under this name) told me that at a breakfast at Fryston Hall at which Carlyle was present, on my name being mentioned, he observed "that was the mon who said there was no God." I had never said that, but Carlyle, though honourably scrupulous about the truth in most things, did not always regard accuracy as of consequence, even where it pleased him to pass judgment. Lord Dalling, who, having been all his life a diplomatist, might be supposed to be familiar with the purport of terms and scrupulous in their application, spoke in one of his last essays of "Thomas Paine the atheist." Had he thought it necessary to proceed upon knowledge, he would have found that Paine was not only not an atheist, but a passionate theist, who founded a Society of Theists in Paris. However, in Carlyle injustice of phrase was artistic picturesqueness rather than malevolence, and when another guest, presuming on what he had said of me, made some disparaging remark concerning me, Carlyle at once stopped him by some fierce and generous words of vindication.

Once, when in Paisley, I had read in a newspaper published there, an attack on Carlyle's opinions, in which the editor confounded his great countryman with Richard Carlile, who was an open heretic. Though complimentary to the party to which I belonged to see it assumed that we had so famous an adherent as Thomas Carlyle, it was not true, and I wrote and pointed out how different a school of religious thought the great Scotch thinker represented from that of Richard Carlile, the English Fleet Street publisher. Probably Mr. Carlyle remembered this when he defended me from conventional aspersion at Lord Houghton's breakfast table.

In what I say of Carlyle here I confine myself to his influence on politics and industry, which mainly concerns me. His personal nobility of character, as it seems to me, is beyond praise, as it is beyond dispute. His intrepid letter in

defence of Mazzini when it was a social peril to one in Carlyle's position to own himself a friend of the great insurgent Italian, was a generous act beyond the reach of common men. But Carlyle knew an honest man when he saw him, and his testimony thereto was at command, come what might. Though Carlyle was the greatest ruffian in literature since the days of Dr. Johnson, he had, like the doctor, the redeeming virtues of honesty and heroic love of truth.

When in Canada, in 1882, I visited Carlyle's sister, Mrs. Hanning, formerly Janet Carlyle, who was then residing at Hamilton in a small detached house. Quite a country garden lay in the rear, from which she gathered bright flowers for my daughter, who was with me—an act of pleasant familiar country life at home which made us forget that Niagara was hard by. Soon after Mrs. Hanning's marriage, which took place near Manchester, England, she emigrated to Canada with her husband. Since her husband's death she had lived alone where we found her, self-dependent in a house "self-contained,' as they say in her own country, keeping no servant. Since that visit she has died. She was tall, with decision of manner, and very much resembling in features her illustrious brother. She had a full-length portrait of him, in which he appears reclining against a wall, in a careless manner, with hat in hand —a sketch by Count d'Orsay. Carlyle was quite a young man then. She had also a book-case filled with the costliest editions of her brother's works, which he had sent her from time to time. All his volumes on Cromwell and Frederick the Great were there, and his last book on John Knox. They all bore affectionate inscriptions written by himself. One book which interested me was one given by Mrs. Carlyle to Mrs. Hanning. It was when she was living near Manchester. It bore the inscription, "To Janet Carlyle, with Jane Welsh Carlyle's affectionate regards. Comely Bank, January 10, 1827." It was not long after her own marriage to Carlyle, and apparently she had not anything more costly to send as a memorial of her having entered the family. The book was one of her earlier school books, being a volume of examples in eloquence and composition of the last century—a book which happily had not influenced her own style. That was natural, bright, and elastic, beyond anything I observed in the book, which bore an earlier

inscription than the one I have quoted, namely, "Jean Welsh, 1806," written with attempts at ornament, and the letters dotted round as a child writes its name for the first time. The book was probably sent as a memento of regard, and might have been intrinsically interesting to Miss Janet, and no doubt was, since she had preserved it to that day.

Speaking of Mr. Froude's account of her brother, which was then the talk of America, as it was of England, she said, "Some of my family have sent me a paper wishing me to sign it as objecting to the appearance of the Froude book. I replied I did not wish to sign it." This was said with true Scotch sagacity and prudence. She did not intend to sign it; but she did not offend any one by saying she would not, contenting herself with saying she "did not wish" to sign it—which still left the door open, should she see reason to do it. She added, "Mr. Froude was a friend of my brother, and he whom my brother trusted I think the family should trust. Mr. Froude had no doubt said the thing that was." And then, drawing herself up with a gesture of dignity, she said, "My brother was always for the truth, and so am I,"—a declaration which had the true Carlylean ring in it.

It was Mrs. Carlyle's letters which, being published, had caused the trouble. Carlyle had shown his noble sense of justice by desiring their publication, although he knew the impression they would make would be against himself. I remarked to Mr. Froude one day, when he did me the honour to call upon me, that to desire to publish her letters was in Carlyle an act of justice to her memory. "Yes," answered the great historian, "but what man thinks of doing justice to his wife?" The singular thing is that Mr. Froude, who published these works in obedience to Carlyle's wish, who desired him as his friend to do it, has been censured, as though he had been the author of the letters. It was noble of Mr. Froude to incur all this censure himself through fidelity to his friend, and it seems to me an act of justice to record that Carlyle's sister had honour in her heart for Mr. Froude.

A Spanish scholar left Mr. Carlyle a thousand pounds, who, remembering that the brother of the donor had suffered some reverses, Mr. Carlyle inquired whether he had become free of them, otherwise, if the money would be useful to him, he, the

legatee, desired to place it at his disposal, as he (Mr. Carlyle) was free from prospect of reverse, and he should remember his friend all the same for his generous regard of him. This act implied a nature of natural nobleness. It is common to find men who have a biting tongue, which they cannot restrain, yet possessed of instinctive tenderness and generosity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A VISIT TO THE LAST COMMUNITY.

(1843.)

WITHIN sixty years there have been four communities in England—Orbiston, Motherwell, Manea Fen, and Queenwood. The promoters were not merely Socialists, they were Communists. As this is still a name of terror, it will interest many readers to have a glimpse of the last place where they had a local habitation and a name.

Cobden, in affairs of trade or peace, had good discernment. In social aims, with which he had little sympathy, he was undiscriminating. In his day communism was a term of alarm in the mind of ignorance, and was exaggerated by interest, which knew better. Though before 1840 there existed community societies, the persons belonging to them were spoken of as "members of the community society," not communists. Communism was a Continental term, scarcely recognized or used in England. Mr. Cobden used it as a term of social spoliation. An English community, as the followers of Robert Owen understood it, was a self-supporting industrial city, distinguished by common labour, common property, and common means of intelligence and recreation. These communal cities were to be examples of industrialism freed from competition. In the communal life an ethical character was to be formed in the young and impressed upon adults, and all assured education, leisure, and ultimate competence. As this was the first systematized social conception in which I believed, and believe no less in it still, it is relevant for me to give some account of the last English attempt to realize it in my time.

On Monday morning, October 14, 1843, I "wended my way," as the novelists say, down by Parliament House, over Vauxhall Bridge, on my visit to Harmony Hall. At the Nine Elms terminus I demanded a ticket for Nine Mile Water, Harmony Hall. "Oh," said the official in the railway office, "you must take a ticket to Farnborough! that's the station." Taking it for granted that he knew, in five minutes I was on my way to Farnborough, the rain coming down like a workman too late for the factory bell, the wind blowing with preternatural velocity. In due time I alighted at Farnborough Station, and thought, "Well, after all, Harmony Hall is not so far off as people have said," and I looked about for one of the Community vehicles. But I found myself surrounded by a crowd of Frenchmen talking with the explosiveness of volleys of musketry, and I thought, "Surely these people can't belong to Harmony Hall, unless they are the 'hired labourers,' who were then unpopular." I inquired at once for Queenwood. "Queenwood," said the marvelling superintendent, "there was a gentleman once before came here asking for that place. It is forty or fifty miles below. You had better take the next train to Winchester, and then 'inquire again!'" I had nothing to do but to turn myself to the fire and the Frenchmen, in the hopes of finding either warmth or amusement. In a few minutes I found that the Frenchmen were king's attendants waiting for the arrival of Louis Philippe and the Queen, who were expected from Windsor at one o'clock. Before long, I observed some strange-looking men darting off at all angles without any apparent reason, and pushing people about I could not tell why. But soon I discovered their movements followed on the nod and beck of a marble-eyed elderly gentleman, who was, if I mistake not, one of Sir James Graham's special commissioners, whom I saw at Gloucester Gaol, and I knew I was surrounded by the A Division of Police from Scotland Yard, who darted about at every roll of the official orbs before mentioned. I immediately called in all external signs of curiosity, and commenced to wear an entirely neutral look, by which means I noticed everybody in security. When the Royal party arrived from Windsor, even the gaping gentry of the neighbourhood were thrust to the back of the building. At every avenue policemen brandished their batons; a poor

Frenchman, looking over a gate, was rudely thrust back, and given in charge of the police; and none but officials and myself stood in the narrow passage made for their Majesties to pass. Finding me walking about the rooms, they probably regarded me as a station assistant. I therefore took a position by the side of the police, deeming that the best place for passing unsuspected, and I was right. Guizot first interested me. His half-military dress detracted from his philosophical character, but his well-moulded head and firm features, resting upon his iron-looking shoulders, gave him, though rather a short man, an appearance of majesty which none of their Majesties possessed. He looked one of the princes of what the Chambers styled the "intellectual aristocracy"—a new phrase of that time used by them. Many a Frenchman would envy me. Louis Philippe I could have shot half-a-dozen times, had I been so disposed. There was nothing inviting about him. His cheeks hung like collapsed pudding bags. The only thing to which I could compare his head was an inverted humming-top. The people of France, I learned afterwards, had nicknamed him "Louis le Poire," or the pear-headed, from the resemblance they discovered in his face and head to an inverted pear. And Paris was placarded with pictures of pears bearing his face, with the words annexed, "When the pear is rotten, it will fall," as afterwards happened.

Prince Albert had a right princely appearance. His large German eyes were singularly full and glaring. He looked as though he was well fed, and without care whence his meals came. None of these notables had I seen before. The Queen I had not seen since she was a girl, and I wondered how the cooped-up, swaddled thing I saw in Birmingham when she was eleven years old, had become so graceful a young woman. I was agreeably surprised at her. The breezes of Blair Athol had left her quite blooming, and her pretty Saxon-looking face, beaming both with maternal affection and thought, quite prepossessed me in her favour. I do but record my impressions at the time. The Royal party passed on to Gosport, for Louis Philippe was going home, having been on a visit to our Court.

About three o'clock I was again on the line making another attempt to get to Harmony Hall. How the wind blows on the

Southampton railway over its uncovered carriages! Even on the Brighton line, then and long after, third-class passengers made the journey in open trucks, where a mother could ill-protect her child from the rain, and with difficulty prevent it from being blown away. Who travel to Hants in October weather should tie caps upon their heads and their heads on their shoulders. My cap, which had seen some service, having had six months' imprisonment, was almost blown into its original fleece, and was near regaining its first abode on the backs of the neighbouring sheep. When I reached Winchester it was half-past four o'clock, and Stockbridge was nine miles off. No conveyance being procurable, and the rain abating, I walked the distance.

At last, regular Egyptian darkness—such as could be felt—set in, but where Stockbridge lay, whether near or far, on hill or in hollow, I knew not. At last, feeling my way with my umbrella, I ran against something that proved to be a ploughman, from whom I learned that I was on the verge of the village, that I must "turn by the Ship, ask for the Queen's Head, and tell Stone that I was one of the Zozialites," and I would be all right. There I found a pretty, kind creature of a landlady, and by half-past seven I was engaged with toast and tea, and listening to the song of one of those organized fungi which seem to vegetate about Stockbridge in the shape of farm labourers.

In those days there were no village reading-rooms. Hetherington's *Poor Man's Guardian* had never been heard of in Stockbridge. Newspapers were then sixpence and ninepence each, and were seen only by the squire or the clergyman, who never lent them to the cottagers. No union of agricultural labourers was thought of. The company I was in reached the highest point of their existence with a mug of beer and a song. There was no assembly in the Queen's Head of long pipes and village philosophers such as George Eliot has depicted in "Silas Marner." One of the Stockbridge zoophytes was singing, for the amusement of his companions, a song, of which the best applauded couplet was—

> If I had a wife wot blowed me up,
> I'd get a gal and make her jalus."

Had these lines come upon them with the novelty of originality, the delight they caused could not have been more spontaneous. They quite brought down the tap-room. The landlady smiled from the bar window, partly in applause of the singer and partly to encourage business. This was the high water mark of intellectuality to which the parson and the squire had brought the farm labourers of Stockbridge.

The next morning I set out for Queenwood. It rained then as in the days of Noah. My directions were "to pass through the village, and, at a mile and half onwards, to turn off to the left by a gentleman's house, which would lead me (somehow) to Broughton." I was now fairly in the land of flint and chalk. Everywhere lay flanks of earth, dressed in nature's shabbiest attire—not unlike a man in threadbare hose, and the mounds of white chalk, peeping up here and there, presented the picture of nature out at the elbows. When high on the road that lay "by the gentleman's house," I asked my way of an old villager, who, unfortunately for me, "knew the road well." He sent me along this field, over that, by a stile "which I should be sure to see" (but be sure not to know), and after turning here, and turning there, I should come out (somewhere) in Broughton.

Reader, beware of one who knows the way. Were I about to be hanged (that being the time when persons who never had any wisdom commence to give important advice) the first thing I should warn young persons against would be those people who "know the way." Many a week I have walked five times farther than the real way through following the directions of people who sent me the "nearest" way. When a stranger asks his road, instead of being directed straightforward through highways or well-known streets, which he could not miss, somebody who knows all the lanes and byways, courts and alleys, will send him through them. The moment a stranger enters the first of these, he knows not where he is, and has to spend more time in making inquiries than would take him ten times the actual distance. Some plain-minded person, who knows little about a place, is the man for a guide. In Bristol, when I went in 1841 to visit Charles Southwell, then in prison there for wounding what Lord Salisbury would call the "grotesque susceptibilities" of

Sir Charles Weatherell, I had the good fortune to be taken to Bristol Bridge. This became my centre of transit. Everywhere I went I started from Bristol Bridge. I was never so happy in any town. In London, though always being directed "the nearest way," I am sure I have walked a thousand unnecessary miles.

After a time, I discovered the road I had left, which soon brought me to Broughton, a pleasant village to look at; but all its pleasantness was outside. It was plain and dull enough within. But as it was the first relief from barrenness and stones, one was glad to see it. About a mile through it, over a chalk hill, is the next road to be taken, and as the traveller descends the hill's brow, he comes suddenly upon Harmony Hall—an entirely respectable-looking building, half red, half blue, a compound of brick and slate of oblong shape, with two spires in front, and two glass chimneys, apparently intended to let people see the smoke come up; but further examination tells you they are lanterns over the corridors leading to the dormitories. "C. M. 1841," are observable at one end of the building, which informed me, for the first time, that the Millennium had commenced three years ago.

Verdure and beauty first make their appearance in the neighbourhood of the Hall. Around pleasant prospects arise. But it was a place to look at rather than to live on. The soil had been made productive at great expense; but the flints which covered the land pointed out the place as one intended by nature, not for a colony of Socialists, but for a colony of gunsmiths, who, before percussion caps came up, might have made their fortunes there.

No devisers are perfect all at once, even in community making, and the site chosen for it in Hampshire, remote from any seat of manufacture or of commerce, was a disadvantage. The quality of the soil was also against the success of the agricultural community. Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, being in friendly relation with Robert Owen, was a reason why that site was chosen. Indeed, at that time it was difficult to obtain land anywhere. A beautiful avenue was preserved upon it; a part of the estate called Rosewood, with a sequestered building in it, was entitled to the name. Roads were laid out at great cost worthy of the Romans. An imposing hall was erected by Mr.

Hansom, the inventor of the cab which Disraeli called the gondola of London. It was built as the "new world" should be built. Forged nails, not machine-made nails, were used in fixing lath and plank. The parts out of sight were as honestly done as those in sight. There was nothing mean about the place. The lower rooms had a costly range of windows, the walls were tastefully panelled, the sides of the room were ribbed with mahogany, and all the tables, neither few nor small, were of the same costly material. The place served as a dining-room when I was there. The kitchen had hardly a rival in London for its completeness. So much was expended in this way (£30,000 altogether), that there was insufficient to put into cultivation the Little and Great Bentley farms. It is due to Mr. Owen to state that he never approved of the attempt to establish a community with the insufficient capital then at command. Mr. Galpin, a banker at Salisbury, had subscribed £8,000 or more, Mr. William Pare £5,000. Mr. Frederick Bate put in £14,000, his total fortune bequeathed to him. Half a million of money was necessary to complete the community on the scale on which the board of directors commenced. The administration being democratic, there was no concentration of authority, so indispensable until success had repaid the capitalists. The arrears of rent accumulated, which the profit from the farms was insufficient to meet. The three trustees who were responsible, evicted, in the Irish fashion, the governor and his family, who encamped in the lanes for some days. The trustees then let the estate to George Edmondson, a Quaker and famous Yorkshire educator. It then became Queenwood College, as it is still known. Professor Tyndall was one of the teachers of science there. In a few years £11,000 of profit accumulated, which Lord Romilly, on the suit of Mr. Pare, myself, and others, ordered to be distributed among the principal shareholders, and the place to be sold and the proceeds further divided. Nothing came to the smaller community shareholders, whom I represented. It was clear that this project under purely commercial management might have paid as a social university, and ultimately as an agricultural settlement. Had it not been denounced by the clergy and the Bishop of Exeter, it is probable that Mr. Owen's great influence had obtained capital sufficient to establish an industrial city. Many independent families

contemplated going to reside there, the rent of whose tenements would have made the place prosperous. It was a satisfaction at last to see a noble college established there, in which students were educated in the arts of industry as well as in science and classical literature, which had never been united on so large a scale elsewhere in England. It was one part of the community scheme.

Thus ended the last of the English communities. Proud efforts were made for its success—noble sacrifices on the part of hundreds of working men were made, ungrudgingly and unrepiningly, although all the savings of their lifetime were lost in it. After lectures in the provinces, to this day grey-headed old men and women oft come to me recalling their sacrifices, which they never regret, and still believe they were not made in vain. The intelligent poor in our chief cities were animated with hope when "community" was named. Toil-worn men at the anvil, at the loom, and in the mine, regarded it as opening to them a way to industrial independence out of the otherwise pathless desert of their lives.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

STORY OF THE ODDFELLOWS' PRIZE LECTURES.

(1845–6.)

THESE chapters appear in general chronological order; though it is difficult to think over your life in strict consecutiveness of detail. Sometimes incidents come back to the mind which were as much out of sight as though they had emigrated. If a story has interest in itself, and it is apparent when its incidents did occur, the reader is commonly content.

In my youth I had a moderate faculty of memory, which I endeavoured to improve after the manner suggested by Jacotot, who had fascinated me. Taking Pope's "Essay on Man," I learned the two first lines, next day two more, always repeating the lines learned. Thus at the end of a year I could repeat 730 lines; at the end of the second year I could repeat 1,460. Then the time required to repeat 1,460 lines, with the addition of new lines each morning, obliged me to desist. This daily use of memory no doubt was an advantage to me when I came to deliver lectures. Though I could not always foresee what I should say when I began to speak, I could always tell what I had said when I had spoken. The act of speaking in public fixed the words in my mind as though they were palpable in the air before me. For six months or more after my speech in the Court at Gloucester, I could repeat all I said, though I spoke upwards of nine hours. To this day I remember where I was, in what town, in what place, in what house, or at what exact spot, when a particular thought first entered my mind. It is far from my intention to convey the impression that everything I relate is errorless, unless I have been able to

verify it, for many details of affairs must have passed from my memory. Yet to mean to be right, and to take trouble to be right, is all a narrator can do for the reader, and the reader is not badly used who gets that.

In 1845, it fell to me to go to Glasgow. Scotland was then an unknown world to me, and I set out, as I do still on a new journey, elated and glad with curiosity, not less so then that our way was over the "dour" sea to Greenock. Our little household then included two little ones. We arrived late one evening at a temperance hotel in Liverpool, near to the dock. Temperance hotels were then penal settlements of teetotalism. A rasher of bacon (which had grown black by exposure, and dry as a slice of mummy cat), an old teapot, a chipped cup and cracked saucer, lying in a dusty window, were the outward signs and melancholy emblems of a temperance hostelry in those days.

My engagement in Glasgow was to lecture to a society of Mr. Owen's followers, which held its meetings in a pleasant little chapel in Great Hamilton Street, near Glasgow Green. I was the last of the stationed lecturers, then called "Social Missionaries."

Soon after my arrival I learned that the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows offered five prizes of £10 each for the five best lectures to be read to the members of the Order on taking successive degrees. The subjects were to be "Charity, Truth, Knowledge, Science, and Progression."

Before this time four of the degrees of the Order bore the designations of white, blue, scarlet, and gold. The ceremony of initiation included a marvellous dialogue. For instance, a candidate for the scarlet degree was asked by the Noble Grand, "Whence come you?" Not even Dr. Darwin could answer that question satisfactorily. The candidate dexterously avoided the scientific difficulty, if he was conscious of it, by answering that he came "from Mount Horeb." All the while the man had never been there, and probably did not know even its situation. The candidate was then asked, "Where are you sojourning?" and he replied, "To the inward Court of the Sanctuary." When the further question was put to him, "How will you gain your admittance?" the answer was, "By my sign and password." This does not seem sufficient had there been a real Sanctuary with an Inner Court, which the

Manchester Unity never possessed. The candidate for the gold degree was asked, "Whom do you represent?" and he replied, "The son of Onias, the High Priest, who repaired the House of God and fortified the Temple"—a very respectable delegation if accompanied by genuine credentials. When asked, "In what light will he appear in the Lodge?" he replied, with wondrous self-complacency, "As the morning star or the moon at full, I shall cheer and refresh the minds of my brethren like the sun on the Temple of the Most High or the rainbow in the heavens." These Colney Hatch answers did very well in the first half of this century, but men in the second half could never be got to give them. The Grand Master therefore advised a change.

In justice to the Order it ought to be admitted that the Old Degree Book was not all of this extraordinary complexion. There were some scattered injunctions of worldly wisdom and worth, such as—

"Be honest to yourself and connection.

Follow your occupation whereby to provide personal sufficiency and something over wherewith to relieve distress.

Be honest to your neighbour by not imposing upon or overreaching him.

Be honest, by candidly acting towards your brother, not professing one thing and meaning another.

Be temperate in the exercise of the powers and passions of body and mind.

Be temperate in forming opinion, in expressing it, and in attempting to obtain your wishes.

You are always to recommend to equals courtesy and affability, to superiors kindness and condescension."

These were excellent Senecan sentences. Oddfellowship, like religion, can only sustain and commend itself by association with morality.

In writing the new lectures, I followed the rule I adopted early in life, of never embarrassing myself by conjecturing what other competitors would say, nor by imagining what adjudicators, or readers, or hearers would expect me to say. I simply considered what ought to be said on a given subject—what was

true and relevant as far as I could discern—and endeavoured to say it as plainly and clearly as I was able. Napoleon's one injunction to his secretaries—"Be clear"—seemed to me to include the first duty of author or speaker, and I applied it not only to the sentences, but to the writing of the Prize Lectures. I wrote them out in a plain Palmerstonian hand. Capital letters I printed, so that the beginning of sentences should be well marked. I left a broad margin, in which I wrote in red ink the subject of each paragraph. All the pages of each lecture were put into a separate coloured cover, bearing a cube in isometrical perspective, merely because it was ornamental, and mitigated the dulness of a blank cover. The motto I took was "Justice is sufficient," believing that no one ought to ask for more, and that this would be a happy world if every one got that.

The result of this was that my five books of lectures would be sure to be looked at, and when opened the red letter words in the margin enabled the appointed reader to see at once the method and quality of treatment, and be able at a glance to decide whether they were entitled to further examination. There were 79 competitors for the prizes, and if each sent in five lectures the adjudicators would have 395 to peruse. They would be sure, therefore, whatever the number, to take up first those they could read most easily.

It was probable that some competitors would send in only one or may be two lectures, such as they thought they could best write. Thus it would be difficult to combine five lectures by five different persons in one set, while one person writing the whole would give them due gradation and unity; and unity would be essential. Therefore I sent in five.

As I was a member of the Robert Burns Lodge of Glasgow, I was eligible to compete. Only one person knew of my intention to do so. The method, matter, or manner of what I wrote no one knew. Though, as I have said, there were 79 competitors, and some of them clergymen, none, when they came to read the lectures adopted, complained of the adjudication of all the prizes to me. I had left Scotland long before the award, and had made up my mind I was out of the running, when one day the Grand Master called upon me and handed me five £10 notes. I remember I was much surprised, for I

had never even seen so much money before. It was with this money that I set up the *Reasoner*.

When it became known in the Order that the prizes were awarded to me, some apprehensive members raised the question whether the money ought to be paid to me, or whether the Order ought to use the lectures written by me. An earthquake might happen in the Order if what I had written were read officially from time to time to a quarter of a million of men who belonged to the great Unity, for the memory of Gloucester Gaol was quite lively in the public mind. But the Order was honest, and I was paid. To pay a second time for worse lectures seemed bad economy and bad policy, and so the lectures were adopted. Several years elapsed before I made any public mention of my connection with them. As secrecy was to the interest of the Order, it was my duty to keep silence. Some enthusiastic officer of the Order, anxious to justify their choice, published privately an edition of the lectures for the gratification of members interested in seeing them. This was a serious breach of faith of which I knew nothing. I had taken no part in that step, and would have opposed it had I known of it. Some, indeed, thought I might have done it ; but the directors did me the justice to entirely disbelieve that I had any knowledge of, or connivance in, the surreptitious publication.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

(1846.)

THE shrewder officers of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows were right. Though no rumblings of earthquake were heard in the Order, some premonitory symptoms were felt six years later. But for six years calm pervaded the solid earth of the widespread Unity. Assurance that it would be so came in a letter from the Noble Grand Master of the Robert Burns Lodge, addressed to me in London. He had been attending the Grand Moveable Committee at Bristol, and on his return home he wrote as follows :—

"124, GALLOWGATE, GLASGOW, *June* 11, 1846.

"SIR AND BROTHER,—Inclosed is an order to any Lodge to which you may go to receive the Quarterly Password and Degree.

"We had a very fine meeting at Bristol, and I dare say that much has been done to consolidate and improve our Order. I also had the pleasure of perusing our New Lectures. They are splendid essays upon the subjects they treat of, and I wish the Board of Directors may soon get them circulated. I believe they will be the means of doing much good. They will undoubtedly give great satisfaction to all your friends here.—I am, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

"THOMAS DONALDSON."

About 1852 the Unity sought legal protection. The Grand Master of the Order, Mr. William Benjamin Smith, of Birming-

ham, had drawn up a masterly statement of the disadvantages under which the Unity, as a friendly society, lay in respect of the funds being at the mercy of any knavish officer with a gift for plunder. When the protective bill which was passed by the Commons went up to the House of Lords, the Bishop of Oxford opposed it on the ground that I had written their Degree Lectures. The bishop, who was naturally tolerant and fair-minded, had been influenced or misled by statements forwarded to him by enemies of the bill acquainted with the origin of the lectures. What took place then, and how the bishop came to withdraw his opposition, the reader will see recounted in the chapter on the "Generosity of the Bishop of Oxford."

Another objection of a different kind, and not easy to be refuted, might have been brought against the genuineness of the lectures, founded upon a passage in one of them, had any one had the wit to make it. When I was writing the lecture on Charity, I was living in the house of Mr. David Glassford, St. Mirren's Street, Paisley. The house has been pulled down, and the street is all changed now. I sat with my back to a small bookcase, and often rested my head against the glass front as I cast about in thought for some new argument which should be clear and entirely secular. Though Secularism as a new form of thought and action was not then in my mind; I had merely a taste for reasoning on morality apart from theology. At length I put my argument thus:—

> "The great obstacles in the way of the friendly intercourse of man with man are the incurable dislikes which some men have the misfortune to entertain for each other. But when we once agree 'to consider the errors of mankind as arising rather from the want of knowledge than the defects of goodness,' we learn to feel for the most despicable some sympathy on account of their unhappy condition. We see that those who agree not with us have some difference in capacity, constitution, or education; and, instead of being repelled because their opinions and tastes seem inferior to our own, we are invited by a prospect of improving and enlightening them—for the voice of kindness and intelligence never fails to soften and refine the rugged and the ignorant. Hence we may be charitable to those we deem mentally unfortunate. If we behold a fellow-creature running

counter to his own happiness, we are satisfied that it is rather his misfortune than his fault.

"This sentiment, that thus has a basis in intelligence, is also justified by self-love and confirmed by human interest. Should you hate your fellow-man, what reason is there that he should not hate you? If you shall regard him but with indifference, you justify him in regarding you with indifference; and why should you provoke only apathy where possibly you might win esteem? But if you fall on the wiser and happier alternative of affection, or at least friendliness, as dislike creates dislike, so love awakens love, the kindlier emotions are reciprocated, and men who else were foes become, by the generous influence of enlightened charity, pacific and fraternal."

At the time I believed this argument to be entirely new. It never occurred to me before, nor had I ever heard or seen anything like it. Some time after the prizes referred to were awarded, and sent to the press, I was again a guest of Mr. Glassford in the same house and occupying the same room. The day being wet and misty as only a Scotch day can be, I turned to the bookcase against which I had formerly sat, just to see what kind of dusty-looking books my friend kept there. It was necessary in my vocation to understand the Covenanter mind, and this seemed an opportunity of doing it. The narrow bookcase was let into the wall, and previously I had thought it locked. Finding it was not, I opened it, and the very first book I took down was a volume of sermons by Richard Hooker. I had read of the "judicious" Hooker, but had never had a work of his in my hands, and I was glad and curious to judge for myself in what the "judiciousness" consisted for which he was so much praised. But greater than I expected were my surprise and interest when the very page which I accidentally opened contained exactly the argument I had constructed myself!

Few persons knowing the circumstances under which I had written my lecture on Charity, with the bishop's volume at hand, would not conclude that my passage was a plagiarism and no coincidence. They would be confirmed in their belief on noticing that in the said lecture I actually cite the following passage:—"If I do harm I must look to suffer; there being no reason that others should show greater love to me than they

have by me shown unto them" (Richard Hooker: *book i., c. 8, Ecclesiastical Polity*). This passage, when proofs of the Lectures came to me, I was glad to quote, as it might prevent my secular arguments being suspected of heresy. I had no idea that the bishop had preceded me altogether. Had I known it before, I should have quoted his words triumphantly, and have made the fortune of my chapter in the orthodox eyes of the Prize Committee.

Not having opportunity of reading as much as I ought, other instances of this kind have happened to me. Had I been what is called "well read," many things would have been known to me which I had to find out for myself. Still there was consolation in the saying of Hobbes, that "had he read as much as his neighbours did, he would be as ignorant as they were."

Several times (the first in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1862), I had said that Mr. Gladstone was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer known to have a conscience. Others may have had it, but finding no use for it in public affairs, the people had not discerned it. On December 4, 1891, I read for the first time an old newspaper report of Mr. Cobden's speech in Exeter Hall, February, 1855, in which he said, "Mr. Gladstone was a statesman who had a conscience, and when once you had convinced his understanding, you were sure to have his support, whether in office or out of it."

X p. 180, my ed.

CHAPTER XL.

FRANCIS PLACE AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(1846–60.)

THE Duke of Wellington was a cold, hard, contemptuous, unsympathetic Tory. He had strong sense, honesty, and veracity, and no desire of killing people when they did not stand in the way of carrying out orders. I have known many soldiers who served under him, but none who had affection for him. He treated his men as he did his muskets. He kept them dry and clean, and ready for action. He took the same care of them as he did of his stores—but had no more human regard for them, or personal sympathy with them, than he had for any other war material.[1] When Napoleon found a corporal asleep at his post, he took up his musket, and kept guard until he awoke. Wellington would have called the guard to arrest him, and had him shot. Thousands of soldiers were ready to die for Napoleon. No soldier ever showed eagerness to die for Wellington, and some sought to shoot him. Yet Wellington had the virtue of being an economist in the lives of his men, while Napoleon lavished them. Kleber said Napoleon was a great general at the cost of ten thousand Frenchmen a week.

In the "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," it is said of Wellington that "he never regarded himself as in any sense the servant of the people. It was as the sworn servant of the Crown that he always spoke and acted, and the only test he ever applied to any project of legislation was, whether it was

[1] "Lord Wolseley had declared that Wellington cannot be placed in the first line of Generals because he did not secure, nor even try to secure the affection of his soldiers," *Wellington*, George Hooper. Macmillan, 1889, p. 224.

likely to strengthen or weaken the Monarchy." He looked upon the people simply as persons to be kept in order, and had no idea that liberty and responsibility would enable them to take care of themselves. In military matters it was not possible to impose upon him—concerning social facts he was as credulous as the country Tory vicar of the time. The duke believed the reports that French Jacobin gold incited English agitation. It was regarded as vulgar ignorance when the French Jacobins believed that English gold was the cause of all their trouble. The duke had this vulgar credulity in politics. Though he had been Premier in England, he wrote to the Earl of Malmesbury saying "he entertained no doubt that there exists a formidable conspiracy, but as yet we have not got a trace of it. We certainly had not when I quitted office, nor do I believe the King's servants have." Yet having "no trace" of it, he still believed it.

"We have in this country," he said, "unfortunately, a numerous class of men well educated who go about in gigs. You will ask how are their gigs paid for? I answer I know that the Société Propagande of Paris has at its command very large means from subscriptions all over Europe, but particularly from the Revolutionary bankers in France." The duke could not know this, but in politics he was ready to believe whatever he was told. There never was a Liberal propagandist society that had funds, and bankers were never the persons to supply them. This did not prevent the duke believing they did.

At the time when he was contriving plans for meeting the Birmingham Political Union in the field, and the whole country was convulsed with demands for reform, he said (1) the mass of the people cared nothing for the bill and were neither agitatting nor agitated; (2) the agitation, if any, was subsiding; (3) it would subside if time was only given it. This old anti-Reform formula of 1830 is repeated in 1891, with regard to Ireland.

In 1840, when Mr. Owen's Social Agitation was represented by Social Missionaries, whom the Bishop of Exeter proposed to put down by coercion, the duke was told that these men were mostly well-informed, and personally of good character. His reply was, "Oh, yes, they are clever; they are clever devils." In his eyes all political reformers were seditious, and all social reformers satanic.

In the duke's time there was living in London, not far from his residence at Apsley House, a man in every way as unlike the duke in character as he was in station—known as "the Radical Tailor of Charing Cross." This was Francis Place, who was one day to circumvent the duke at the height of his power.

Place was a working tailor at the beginning of this century. He was somewhat short in stature, solidly built, with a grave, intelligent face. He was self-taught, studious, well-read, with a strong understanding, without passion, and of immovable resolution. He advised young men who had a taste for the work of a publicist, to continue in business until they had saved money and had some to spare, so as to aid themselves any agitation in which they engaged. By being able to give money themselves they would have more influence than though they gave ten times as much in service. He followed himself the advice he gave. His house, then 16, Charing Cross, in which he had a large library, was the place of meeting for the leading Reformers of Westminster, whose projects were matured and whose policy was decided there. Jeremy Bentham encouraged Place both in his prudence and his political usefulness. Bentham, who lived in Queen Square, Westminister, took his utilitarian walks with Place, and accompanied him on his business calls to take orders from his customers, or deliver the garments he had made for them. While Place was engaged within, Bentham would walk outside until his friend emerged again, when they would continue their walks and their political conversation.

One day when Place was detained longer than usual with a customer difficult to please, Bentham sat down on the step, leaning his head upon his hand, probably meditating some constitution for the government of New Brazil, when there came under his eyes an open palm with a shilling in it. The sight aroused him from his reverie, and, on raising his head, he found a gentleman, who hastily withdrew his hand and begged pardon. He had mistaken Bentham for a person in distress needing assistance. But on Bentham looking up with his bright glance, refined expression, and white flowing locks, he saw he was a gentleman. The hand was instantly withdrawn with apologies. Bentham told Place of his adventure with expressions of respect for his kindly intending friend.

Place had great mastery of all the political questions of the day. He defended the views of Malthus with discrimination as against the misconceptions of William Godwin, then in the height of his popularity. Place was regarded as an equal antagonist. Though a friend and sympathizer with the general views of Godwin, he did not hesitate, in the interest of the public, to confute his errors. In the *Monthly Magazine*, and in such of the press as in those days condescended to notice a Radical writer, Place was described as "an independent and original thinker distinguished by research, accuracy, and acumen." Place was the associate and adviser of the leading Philosophical Radicals and others, as Miss Martineau, with whom he corresponded on her "Illustrations of Political Economy." So high an opinion had James Mill of him, that he entrusted Place with the formation of the political mind of his famous son John Stuart. In after years, when Place was preparing for death, with that deliberation and forethought which always characterized him, he packed up all the letters he had ever received from John Stuart Mill and sent them to him at Blackheath. But the messenger could not find the house. Whether he kept them, or lost them, or whether the messenger delivered them to Mrs. Chatterton, the actress whom Place married, I could never discover from any member of his family or from hers—though years ago I made many endeavours. Mr. Joseph Cowen assisting by enquiries among actors, as Professor Bain wished to see them. If they exist, they would throw more light upon the views, character, and political relations of John Stuart Mill than anything he has said or left behind him. Place was his confidant and agent—and he had no other among politicians.

When Francis Place died, Mr. Mill wrote in the *Spectator* of that day a short notice of him, covering his career in a few words—a reward in itself from Mill's pen of the singular services of Place's life. In Mr. Place's time, young insurgent politicians of any capacity went to him. He instructed them, he counselled them—I well know how wisely; in danger, he found them means of defence, and made known their peril to those who might protect them. Mr. Mill and Mr. Grote showed generous knowledge of it all.

In 1849 I had attacked the Messrs. Chambers in the *Spirit*

of the Age, for an article they had published, entitled, the "Reaction against Philanthropy." The vehemence with which I wrote led them to take the unusual course of replying in *Chambers's Journal*. On that occasion I received from Mr. Place the following letter, which I quote exactly as it was expressed, in Place's quaint, vigorous, candid way ;—

"BROMPTON SQUARE, *March* 3, 1849.

"MASTER HOLYOAKE,—I have read your paper of observations on a paper written by Chambers, and dislike it very much. You assume an evil disposition in Chambers, and have laid yourself open to the same imputation. This dispute now consists of three of us, you and I and Chambers—all three of us, in vulgar parlance, being philanthropists. I have not read Chambers, but expect to find, from what you said and quoted, that he, like yourself, has been led by his feelings, and not by his understanding, and has, therefore, written a mischievous paper. I will read this paper, and decide for myself. Knowledge is not wisdom. The most conspicuous proof of this was the conduct of Lord Brougham. He knows many things—more, indeed, than most men—but is altogether incapable of combining all that relates to any one case, *i.e.*, understanding it thoroughly, and he therefore never exhausts any subject, as a man of a more enlarged understanding would do. This, too, is your case. I think I may say that not any one of your reasonings is as perfect as it ought to be, and if I were in a condition to do so, I would make this quite plain to you by carrying out your defective *notions*—reasonings, if you like the term better.

"It will, I am sure, be admitted, at least as far as your thinking can go, that neither yourself, nor Chambers, nor myself would intentionally write a word for the purpose of misleading, much less injuring, the working people ; yet your paper must, as far as it may be known to them, not only have that tendency, but a much worse one—that of depraving them, by teaching them, in their public capacity, to seek revenge, to an extent which, could it pervade the whole mass, must lead to slaughter among the human race—the beasts of prey called mankind ; for such they have ever been since they have had existence, and such as they must remain for an indefinite time, if not for ever. Their ever being anything else is with me a forlorn hope, while yet,

as I can do no better, I continue in my course of life to act as if I really had a strong hope of immense improvement for the good of all.—Yours really and truly,

"FRANCIS PLACE."

There was value in Mr. Place's friendship. He was able to measure the minds of those with whom he came in contact, and for those for whom he cared he would do the service of showing to them the limits within which they were working. It was thus he took trouble to be useful to those who could never requite him, by putting strong, wide thoughts before them. For himself, he took no steps even to be remembered.

The meeting of two such men as the Duke of Wellington and Francis Place, of views so opposite, each distinguished in his sphere—one, the greatest military commander, the other the greatest working-class politician of his time—was a singular occurrence. It came about thus:

Political excitement ran high all over the country, and especially in London. A Tory Administration was in power, and the Premier was a soldier of overshadowing prestige who thought intimidation was the whole art of government. When dismay and hopelessness prevailed, Place took the course of waiting upon the duke, with four other working men, to represent to him the political condition of the people, and how much reform in Parliament was needed to improve their condition. It was an entirely dangerous proceeding, for the duke was not a man to approach with impunity. On arriving at Apsley House, the duke agreed to see them. When they went upstairs, they found his Grace leaning with his back against the mantelpiece. Whether the duke recognized the name of Francis Place, which would be on the paper of application for the interview, I know not, but his more familiar designation as the "Radical Tailor of Charing Cross" would not be a recommendation to the favourable reception of the duke.

When they entered the room, the duke said in his abrupt, contemptuous way, "Well! what do you want?"

Mr. Place, who was spokesman for the humble deputation, stated that agitation pervaded all classes of society, filling the country with alarm, shaking public confidence, arresting

commercial enterprise : trade was suffering, and the condition of the working class was growing more desperate every day.

The duke heard their brief story—they made it brief, knowing he was not an amiable person to delay with Radical pleas. The duke answered in his curt, unsympathetic way, "I suppose you men know that I am responsible for public order. I know how to keep it. You can go."

Of course, they went, glad that nothing worse befell them than that abrupt dismissal. Before they were well out of the room, the duke called out, "Come back." They returned with some trepidation, expecting the duke would order their arrest. It appeared that the duke had been impressed by their plain, manly story, and, looking at them, he said, "You seem to be men who have heads on your shoulders. Take care you keep them there."

There was a rough sort of compliment in the duke's imperious candour characteristic of him. The intrepid deputation bowed, the duke turned away, and they departed, not without amazement.

Two years later the Duke of Wellington was driven from power a second time. One morning when the citizens of London appeared in the streets they found placards on the walls in large letters bearing two lines only—"Stop the Duke—Go for Gold."

How came these placards there? What printer had the temerity to print them? What stickers could be trusted with the dangerous task of setting them up, who might have been seized and imprisoned until they disclosed their employers, if indeed they escaped on those terms? Who devised that expedient of disturbing the Government of the duke? In those days of spies and militaryism the scheme was dangerous alike in conception and execution. The duke never knew that the blow came from one of the deputation whom he admonished "to keep their heads upon their shoulders." It was Francis Place who devised the scheme—which certainly he carried out.

He knew a printer in a court in Holborn who could be trusted. One Saturday afternoon when the men had left he went in to the master, examined his stock of paper, and finding it sufficient, he went out and brought in beer and food sufficient

for two days, flour, a billstickers' flat can and a brush. They then locked the doors, and he and Place worked all night and the greater part of the Sunday, Place and he pulling alternately at the hand press. They made paste, and a bag which would hold the placards concealed under a loose overcoat, and on midnight of Sunday, Place went out and put up the placards himself, sticking them up in the most convenient places he came to. At certain points, he passed his friend, the printer, who had a supply of placards, which he put quickly into Place's bag, who then went on with his bill-sticking until daylight—when they went back and distributed the type. So, when the men returned to work on Monday morning, no one but Place and the printer knew how London had been placarded.

In the excitement in which London was, this suggestive warning produced an immense impression. The public knew not whence the mysterious announcement came, and, knowing nothing, every one imagined everything. No one doubted that the warning came from influential quarters. The Bank of England was besieged, and the duke who would not have retreated before an army—retreated before Place's placards.

Debate has arisen as to whether the words of the placard were "Run for Gold" or "Go for Gold." The evidence is in favour of "Go." The competent testimony of Mr. Collet admits that Place devised the placard. On hearing Joseph Parkes read a copy of a proposed wall-bill, Place stopped him and wrote instead a placard of one line "To stop the Duke—Go for Gold." It was like Place's directness and impatience of verbiage. Mr. Collet saw one of these bills at Saville House, Leicester Square, on Saturday, May 12, 1832, which may have been one Place had procured. Mr. J. G. Harney relates that he saw a placard at St. Hiliers which bore the words, "J. Brooks, Printer, Oxford Street, London," probably a reproduction of Place's placard, as £80 was subscribed to multiply them. Mr. Brooks claimed to have been the originator of the bill. Doubleday, in his "Life of Sir Robert Peel," says, "The placard was the device of four gentlemen who each put down £20 that thousands might be printed of the terrible missives. The effect was hardly to be described. It was electric." Miss Helena Cobbett, the last surviving child of William Cobbett, writes to Mr. Harney that "Her Father in

the *Register*, vol. lxxvi. p. 392, mentioned the placard at the time of its appearance, and that her brother James had added to it a note, saying, 'The placard was suggested by Mr. John Fielden to Mr. T. Attwood, Mr. J. Parkes, and others.'" Mr. Samuel Kydd sends an extract from Alison's "History of Europe," which supplies a name for the placard which explains its efficiency. "Then were seen the *infernal* placards in the streets of London. 'To Stop the Duke—Go for Gold!' and with such success was the suggestion adopted, that in three days no less than £1,800,000 was drawn out of the Bank of England in specie" (vol. iv. p. 373). The Duke resigned his first Premiership November 16, 1830, and returned to office May 9, 1832, and resigned on the 18th. The public agitations of which the placard was but a symbol, limited the Duke's second reign to nine days.

CHAPTER XLI.

FIRST PLAN OF THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGITATION.

(1847–69.)

In 1840 there were no signs of an agitation for the civil rights of women. Only a small number of women knew how few the rights of their sex were, or had any desire to increase them. The majority did not know, in any intelligent way, whether they had any civil rights at all. Women had no journal of their own. Ladies' newspapers there were, but they were edited by gentlemen. The public tongue of women was in the mouth of men. Among social reformers, Mrs. Chappell Smith, Mrs. Emma Martin, and one or two others were public advocates of social rights. Only in that quarter of society were women speakers seen upon the platform ; they were counted wilful and presuming, and it was thought that they would be better employed at home. At a later period a lady known as Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour appeared as a lecturer on uncontested subjects before religious and literary societies. She was a lady of goodly presence, whose husband was the littlest man ever seen about the House of Commons. He had an appointment in the Private Bills office. He had fought on the *Bellerophon*, and it was put down to his sailor's daredevilism that he allowed his wife to speak in public.

Seeing how much faster political and social amendment would proceed were the quick discernment and decision of women engaged in public affairs, I often spoke of it in lectures. The fine scorn of women for delay in doing what can be done and ought to be done was much wanted in politics, where men who declare an evil to be intolerable will desist from abating it on

the appearance of the first fool who tells them "the time is not come" to act against it. Women, being one-half of society, suffered greatly by the intolerance and ignorance of men in matters which did not concern men. Still the women who well knew this, and wrote eloquently against it, had no idea of combining against it.

In 1847 I wrote in the *Free Press*, printed in the Isle of Man for the advantage of free postal circulation in England, the following passages :—

"Women have no *esprit de corps*. The language of Lord Grey, when he said, 'I shall stand by my order,' is scarcely understood by them. We have a race of women, but no order of women. . . . Reputable and intelligent women were deputed in America to attend a conference of the Peace Society in London. They crossed the Atlantic on this public mission, and when they arrived in London they were refused the privilege of sitting in the conference because they *were women*. Yet this insult was never resented.

"The police courts of the metropolis are satiated with complaints of half-murdered women against brutal husbands who escape with comparative immunity. But where are the women out of court who remonstrate? Why have they not formed a society for their own protection? Women desire a share in the suffrage. They are taxed, and therefore they claim a right to vote. But where are women's political unions—self-originated and self-sustained? If they want political rights, why do they not themselves ask for them? If it is unwomanly to ask for them, it will be unwomanly to exercise them when granted—in short, unwomanly to have them. Women, like peers, should 'stand by their order'—should have societies of their own. The impunity with which women are despoiled of property, liberty, and even of their children, at the caprice of their husbands, as some melancholy instances in our law courts have lately shown, is an imputation more powerful than any conceivable argument upon the womanly spirit of this nation. Let them take their own affairs into their own hands, as Sir Robert Peel once advised the men of this country to do.

"Let them draw up a list of their legal disabilities, and take the usual constitutional modes of obtaining redress. Let them

have societies and public meetings of their own. Let all the offices be filled by women — let the audiences be of women entirely. Let the womanly mind come into action as a separate element of reform—as a 'Fifth Estate.' It is no use to *talk* about fitness; it must be proved—the question is not one of theory, but of practice. If women have capacity for public affairs, let it be demonstrated. Familiar as women now are with literature, we have not one periodical, magazine, or newspaper conducted by women. In America the *Lowell Offering* was produced by Lowell factory-girls, but in England we have nothing of the kind. The *Lady's Newspaper* is not conducted by women. We ought to have a *Woman's Journal*—edited by women, contributed to by women, and in every sense an exponent of womanly thought and an advocate of women's rights. Hints and suggestions might be accepted from men, but no interference, no dictation, no direction. For well or ill, skilfully or unskilfully, the act should be their own in every sense."

I suggested this to several intelligent women without inducing one to follow it out. Those who saw the importance were not prepared to act upon it, and those who were able wanted the spirit of enterprise. "Propose it to Margaret Fuller," said one, when that lady was in this country. But it was not good taste to press upon an American lady a task that ought to be undertaken by an English one. I further urged that "an enterprising woman of wise will, who would undertake such a task, and would train her unpractised sisters in the art of self-emancipation, would be more of a practical benefactor than the authoress of twenty volumes in favour of their rights. When women begin to conduct their own affairs—to generate an *esprit de corps* among themselves, to discuss their own questions in public — there will be blunderings committed, weaknesses displayed, exaggerations perpetrated; but let them remember that men blundered, erred, and exaggerated times without number before they arrived at their present facility. Failure must be ventured or efficiency will never be won. Were women to attempt to legislate for men, and exclude them from their Parliament while doing it, and suffer no information of the rights or claims of men to come before them save through their wives—what an outcry there would

be from men against what they would call 'one-sided, ignorant, blundering, unjust, insolent, feminine legislation!'"

In the two articles from which the preceding passages were taken other arguments may be read, now familiar, which were then new or unfamiliar.

Previously to writing in the *Free Press* what has been cited, I spoke with Madame Belloc (then Bessie Rayner Parkes), with Madame Bodichon (then Barbara Leigh Smith), with Madame Venturi (then Mrs. Hawkes), with Miss Sophia Dobson Collet, and other ladies interested in the public action of women. Harriet Martineau was also one whom I consulted upon the subject. None thought my suggestions practicable.

There was no doubt in my mind that they would be realized. The arguments of Mary Wollstonecraft and Madame de Stäel, the splendid political capacity Harriet Martineau displayed, must issue in action. In lectures and in the *Reasoner* my subject was frequently the "Civil Rights of Women." A handsome sarcophagus inkstand was given me by a committee of ladies in Glasgow in acknowledgment of these efforts. When a publisher in Fleet Street, I obtained, in 1857, through Mr. John Stuart Mill, the consent of Mrs. Mill to issue in a cheap form her famous articles, "Are Women fit for Politics? Are Politics Fit for Women?" and circulated four thousand. Until now no other edition has appeared.

It was not until ten years after the articles quoted from the *Free Press* were written, not until 1857, that women set up a journal of their own. The very name I gave—*Woman's Journal*—was adopted. Women began to edit their own papers. They have organized associations of their own now. They hold meetings of their own sex, preside over them themselves, speak from the platform, make themselves an independent power in the State, and have now come to excel men in University contests.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SON OF A POET WHO BECAME A NOTABLE JOURNALIST.

(1850–70.)

THORNTON HUNT, the eldest son of Leigh Hunt, was, like George Henry Lewes, his friend, a fragile-looking man. Dark, slender, but compact, he had piercing eyes and a singular precision of speech — strong without being loud, and strikingly articulate. The tones were confident, as those of one who had something to say. He gave to those to whom he spoke the impression of being a well-informed, competent man, to whom it was worth while to listen. When a boy, he was with his father during his imprisonment, and was so engaging to Charles Lamb when he was a visitor to the prison that he wrote some charming verses to Thornton, as is well known. Thornton Hunt had West Indian prejudices as well as an Indian complexion. He was by instinct entirely a gentleman—fearless, true, courteous, and decided in opinion. If he entered a house as a guest, and held any opinion or rule of action which he thought it material that his host should know, he informed him thereof. Though tolerant of others where he dissented from them, he would not live under tolerance himself. Socialist, Communist, Chartist, Atheist, insurgent, regicide, were all interesting to him. He desired to know what made them what they were. He was by nature a journalist, and nothing in human life or character was above or beneath him. Human life was a necessary part of his public knowledge. Thornton Hunt's full name was Thornton Leigh Hunt, but he never used "Leigh" as part of his name. because it was so well known as

his father's Christian name. With honourable delicacy he did not wish to associate any views of his with his father's name; nor did he wish to accept any consideration, or to bespeak any leniency of judgment, for himself as the son of a distinguished poet. Like his father, his generosity continually exceeded his means. I often dined with his family at the Broadway, Hammersmith, where another and considerable family, left orphans by relatives, were at table, and were maintained in his house. At that time I knew that he dictated so many leading articles in a week that his earnings might have made him rich. All the time he lived most frugally, and all he gained was consumed in generous acts. Like his father, he was incapable of making provision for himself. It did not seem to occur to him. His main thought was for the misfortunes of others. No one I ever knew better illustrated Lindsay Gordon's lines—

> "Though this world be but a bubble,
> Two things stand like stone:
> Kindness in another's trouble,
> Courage in our own."

Thornton Hunt had two passions—namely, for political freedom and social improvement—and a third, stronger than either, in favour of liberty of opinion and the right to translate it into action. He had a contempt for that philosophic opinion which led to no result. He was a subscriber to the oddest by-way Chartist funds, and found time to attend executive meetings. He was with me as one of the executive who gave the last public dinner to Feargus O'Connor at Highbury Barns on the night when O'Connor first displayed a failure of intellect.

When Thornton Hunt was consulting editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, I used to drive with him some mornings to Lord Palmerston's at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, where Mr. Hunt frequently went to learn the views which the Government wished taken in the journal he represented, to which he would give expression, maintaining his independency of judgment at the same time. He told me that "Lord Palmerston knew nothing of human life below his carriage steps—with the world of the people on the pavement he had no familiarity. He had only a carriage knowledge of mankind."

Mr. Cobden had refused an offer made by Lord Palmerston

of a seat in the Cabinet. Lord Palmerston was then desirous that Mr. Bright should take office, as Mr. Cobden's refusal had been said to be owing to Mr. Bright not having been asked. Afterwards Lord Palmerston told Mr. Hunt to inform me that, if he knew that Mr. Bright would be willing to take a seat, he would make a proposal to him. The understanding was that I should endeavour to ascertain what Mr. Bright's views were. Accordingly, I asked a political friend, in the habit of speaking to Mr. Bright on public affairs, to tell him that, if he were disposed under any circumstances to accept office under Lord Palmerston, he could have it. Mr. Bright, as the public knows, never was disposed.

The reasons which influenced me in being a medium of this communication I did not conceal. It did not seem to be to the public advantage that distinguished friends of the people should refuse office. It was the opinion of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright that they could do most good in opposition. Still, it seemed objectionable to blame the Government for not doing more, and yet refuse to enter the Government and attempt to do more themselves. Of course, if they had good knowledge that they would be outvoted in the Cabinet, and they nevertheless become personally responsible for its inaction, or wrong action, they would be justified in remaining in opposition. But it appeared to me the experiment ought to be tried, and, if it failed, their return to opposition would have greater weight with the country. Looking at the question from the people's point of view, it was useless to complain, as was often done, that our friends were excluded from the Government if, when they had the opportunity, they would not join it. The presence of the enemies of evil would oft prevent evil being done.

Thornton Hunt was trained by Rintoul, the founder of the *Spectator*, the most perfect weekly newspaper we ever had in England. In it all the news of the dailies was re-written and condensed—all the essential Parliamentary papers were carefully summarized. Every essential topic of the day was made clear to the reader, so that he who took the *Spectator* (which was then ninepence, and such a paper would be worth a shilling now) was well informed on all questions of news, politics, and literature. Mr. Hunt told me that on Friday Mr. Rintoul would give him a Parliamentary paper for which there was

space for two columns. It would transpire that that space was not available, and the *précis* would have to be re-written to reduce it to a column and a half. At a late hour it would be found that there was room for only one column, when the *précis* had to be reduced again—not by ellision, but by re-writing. It was Mr. Rintoul's religion to produce a perfect newspaper, and in that sense he was the most religious man of his profession. If there are newspapers in the other world, no doubt Mr. Rintoul is the first journalist there. All the ripe fruit of Mr. Hunt's training under Mr. Rintoul was seen in his programme of the *Leader* newspaper elsewhere quoted.

Mr. Hunt told me how he had once applied for a place on the staff of a journal then of rising influence. He needed no introduction to the proprietor; his name was a letter of recommendation. When he had explained in what way he believed he could contribute to the development of the paper, the proprietor in a few words showed at once his knowledge of Mr. Hunt's character and knowledge of his own enterprise. "Mr. Hunt," said he, "what we want is not strong thinking, but strong writing." The policy, the fortunes, and success of the paper were all included in those few words. Of course the success of such a paper depends upon the sort of readers to whom it appeals.

Yet in judgment and action Mr. Hunt was sometimes entirely wrong—in my opinion in two instances. One was when Mr. Delane had, in *The Times*, charged Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright with "seeking to reduce the franchise as a step to spoliation," with a view to "seize on the estates of the proprietors of land and divide them gratuitously among the poor." This, if true, would expose them to execration and destroy them as public leaders. Mr. Cobden resented the imputation in a letter of just indignation. *The Times* refused insertion to his defence of himself and Mr. Bright. It was sent to all the daily journals. The *Daily News* and *Morning Star* alone inserted it. The *Daily Telegraph* declined to insert it, but published a leading article upon it, so much to the taste of *The Times* that Mr. Delane quoted it. Mr. Hunt wrote several letters to Mr. Cobden to the effect that they were consulting Mr. Cobden's interest by denying him the opportunity of being heard in his own defence, so far as their journal was concerned, at the same

time professing personal respect for Mr. Cobden—which was real. Mr. Cobden resented this, and said it was within their province to refuse his letter, but they should have remained neutral in a controversy where the plaintiff was not to be heard. These letters of Mr. Hunt were quite unlike his better and habitual self. It was otherwise an error to encounter a man of Cobden's vigorous sagacity with an unsubstantial plea.

To write about one's friend as though he was perfect is not to command regard for him. The perfect man is not about, and the reader, not having met with him, will be unprepared to believe in him if adduced here.

The other instance in which I thought my friend wrong was earlier than the one just given. It was at the time when the Crimean War was first in the air. The policy of the *Leader* in respect to it was discussed. Mr. Hunt's doctrine was that nations, like individuals, were sometimes the better for blood-letting, which seemed very shocking to me. I had read in Malthus and other doctrinaires of population, that society was kept down by famine, pestilence, and war, but I never before heard war deliberately advocated for that end, or that public plethora required to be relieved by bleeding. In war, the persons who are bled are the people, while the plethora is among their masters, who are never bled. This doctrine was contrary to Mr. Hunt's habitual humanity. Yet he spoke of it without remorse or misgiving as one of the ordinary principles of political wisdom. The doctrine yet prevails in newspaper quarters.

Thornton Hunt agreed with Mr. Bright (I do not) in his repugnance to direct representation of labour. I had written in *The Times* upon the political education of the working people. The following letter, written from the house in which Mr. Hunt died, refers to this:—

"26, Euston Square, N.W., *Feb.* 12, 1871.

"My Dear Holyoake,—The moment I saw your splendid letter in *The Times* I wanted to write you, expressing the delight I had in reading it. And not only for its immediate subject, but for its general bearing on the real truth of progress. It makes me want to have at least *a* talk with you, though I often wish for more. But I have been specially baulked—by

the *perpetual* press of business on my personal attention, by the constantly increasing press of weakened health, and lately by the state of quarantine in which my house has been placed through the illness of my daughter Kathleen. She has had small-pox, but is now convalescent—after a mild attack—and in a week or two I expect to be released. I only hope this letter will not dismay you ; but she is quite isolated at the top of the house. I have not seen her. Those liable have been re-vaccinated—nearly all in the house ; two or three of us having had the malady, myself among that section. And my writing place is at the bottom of the house, in a room separate from the rest.

"I wanted especially to moot two questions to you : the hideous proposal of the 'direct representation of labour'—a class-perpetuating notion of the worst kind ; and the Emperor Napoleon's best '*Idée*' of a periodical congress. On the last I want much to engage your mind. It is gaining very remarkable converts. As Napoleon said to me in 1864, the periodical assembling would cause many a question to be discussed and settled that now begets a congress only through quarrel, and perhaps actual war ; and, as I said to him, the records of that congress would be the very commencement of that international law which now *has no existence*, except in the Library, and there only as doctrine which may, or may not, suit the practice of nations. Internationally we still have neither more nor less than anarchy, modified by a very limited sense of decency. I have long wished that your mind turned itself to that problem.

"And I often wish that we met more. But I *will* come to you at 20, Cockspur Street, when I am out of quarantine.—Ever yours, as ever, "THORNTON HUNT."

This letter is quoted, as it gives a glimpse of the writer's daily life, and an instance of the large views he entertained and the great opportunities he possessed of influencing public affairs in the direction of progress.

Thornton Hunt's handwriting was as quaint as the old schoolmen. He wrote as the monks would write a missal. It was his taste to wear a close-fitting clerical dress, and, as his complexion was dark, he had the appearance of a Spanish

priest, as may be seen in M. Herview's painting of him, which aptly renders his singular expression.

His death occurred many years before it need have done. It was not unforeseen. On several occasions I visited him at Broadway when he was prostrated by the continuity of overwork. When I urged rest and travel, he would say it was impossible ; he could not give the time.

. "You forget," I would say, "that there is one thing to which you will have to give time."

"What is that?" he asked.

"Time to die. I generally observe that has to be attended to, and causes lengthened interruption in fulfilling engagements."

He did not relent or relax. You could see leading articles in his corrugated expression. So it came to pass that, while he was still in the available maturity of his mind, he was carried to Kensal Green Cemetery and laid in the grave of his father. His friend Mr. Levy Lawson and many distinguished journalists were present, and his oldest political associate, so far as I knew, Sir Eardley Wilmot, came up and talked with me of our lost friend.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONCERNING LEIGH HUNT.

(1851.)

LEIGH HUNT was a taller and statelier man than his son. Thornton one day took me to have tea with his father, who had done me the honour to wish to see me. His ample hair was grey then, but he had the same upright, bright, elastic look which all who had known him earlier knew. His easy, unaffected dignity was a welcome you never forgot.

Dickens is supposed to describe Leigh Hunt in his character of Harold Skimpole. Lord Macaulay was persuaded of this, because the name he first used was that of Leonard Horner, whose initials were the same as Leigh Hunt's. It is likely Dickens did intend at first to found the character upon Hunt's, but afterwards changed his purpose, and produced Skimpole, in whom he could better contrast heartlessness with airiness. Having changed his purpose, he changed the name. It would have been baseness as well as falseness to describe Leigh Hunt as heartless or selfish. Leigh Hunt had airiness of manner ; so had his son Thornton, and like disregard of himself. The weakness of father and son was their sympathy—their fault was their generosity. Though it sometimes involved the loss of other people's money, it first involved the total loss of their own. They were like the river which fertilises the banks through which it flows until it becomes dry in its own bed. I have known several persons who would give away the money of others, without my thinking much of them on that account, but when I found that they gave away their own in like manner, never thinking of themselves, though I might wish that their generosity was restricted to the disposal of their own funds, I had respect for them, for their unselfishness.

Leigh Hunt had consented that a young energetic Manchester gentleman, John Stores Smith (under strong Carlylean impulses, as the style of what he wrote showed), should bring out a paper bearing the title of *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, of which Leigh Hunt's part was the popular attraction. But one day there appeared some imputations on Lord John Russell. Then Leigh Hunt withdrew from the paper. Lord John, with his usual affection for literary men, had given Leigh Hunt a pension which rendered his latter days pleasant to him. Lord John might, or might not, be open to Storian censure, but I quite agreed with the poet (who conversed upon it, as it occurred at the time of my visiting him) that he could not sanction scorn appearing in a paper bearing his name, as it would appear to the public like ingratitude from one who had accepted Lord John's friendship and favour. Lord Russell was not the man to exact coincidence of opinion with him from any one he had served, but there were always sufficient persons to express disparaging censure without his friends doing it, and the public service was not likely to suffer by Leigh Hunt's silence. He would, had his convictions turned that way and the public service required it, have dissented from his illustrious friend, but intellectual dissent is a very different thing from contemptuous censure.

Lord John Russell was himself a man of great independence of spirit and even warmness of heart, which coldness of manner concealed—owing more to want of buoyancy than feeling. One day as he walked up the House of Commons his small, diminutive figure seemed in great contrast to the majestic stature of Daniel O'Connell, who was passing by him to his seat. Some one remarking it to him afterwards, the "Liberator" said, "Ah! it is easy to see that Lord John is the son of an old man."

Mr. Ballantyne, mentioned in another chapter as connected with the *Leader*, told me that when he was editor of the *St. James's Gazette*—which was not a flourishing journal—he waited upon Lord John to solicit him to take a pecuniary interest in the fortunes of the paper, which might thereby become an influential advocate of his lordship's policy. Lord John listened to Mr. Ballantyne with frigid courtesy until he had concluded, when he rose and said: "Mr. Ballantyne, I never court the press; I never fear the press; I never bribe the press—I wish you good-morning."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE "LEADER" NEWSPAPER—ITS PRINCIPLES AND ITS WRITERS.

(1851–56.)

THE *Leader* newspaper excited greater hopes on its announcement, and has since its discontinuance lived longer in the memory of publicists than any other paper started in my time. Its title was not meant to be taken as egotistical in the sense of putting itself forward as a leader of journals, but as indicating that, as a journal should, the *Leader* would go in advance of the reader, spy out the unexplored regions of politics, morals, and speculation, and inform him of the pleasant places worth occupying. No journal conducted by gentlemen ever proposed, before or since, to do this in the same bold way. In one thing or other many journals are bold, but none bold in so many things, as the *Leader* undertook to be. It was Thornton Hunt who drew up the programme, which was privately circulated and never otherwise published. The following are passages from it :—

"The whole mechanical classification of the kinds usual with existing weekly journals will be cast aside for one calculated to bring out the interest of the current news. Every striking incident or class of incidents will be taken substantively.

"Every fact or point of interest connected with the subject will be diligently collected and studied. The whole will then be arranged and compressed into a neatly executed history of the affair, so as to make it the fullest, clearest, and most complete account of all printed. By this mode of treatment

giving the distinctness and simplicity of plain compilation, the papers will read with the smoothness and fulness of historical composition, the freshness and animation of an original article.

"The principle of the paper will be—the right of every opinion to its own free utterance. This principle involves a thorough recognition of *all* existing opinions and their expression in a more positive form than they have hitherto been able to obtain ; it involves also a proportionately distinct and positive statement of the opinions *entertained by the conductors of the journal.* With a principle so free, it will be necessary, in order to acquire rather than to repel influence, that this positive utterance of opinion should be executed in a skilful and decorous manner, in a generous and elevated spirit. It will proceed less by a spirit of antagonism against received opinions or parties, than by the direct development of more forcible opinions. The originators of the enterprise hold that the progress of their country and their kind is advanced by the fostering of new powers as the instruments for obtaining the fruits of opinion ; *since opinion, without social influence and political power, is a mere honorary and sterile distinction for the community among which it exists.* The endeavour will be kept up to obtain for the whole people the full exercise of the franchise and in extending education according to its lights, the new journal will constantly strive for the complete freeing of *secular education from all restraints of sect or dogmatical religion.* Again, in matter of religion every persuasion would meet with respect, and the sympathy due to conscience seen in action ; but the pure religion, which is superior to all, would animate the unceasing and strenuous endeavour for its own perfect emancipation. *Free Trade will be advocated, in order that the theoretical consummation already attained in this country shall be carried out in practice, and extended to other countries. Political economy, however, will be treated as a science not perfected, but demanding progressive development,* with the advance of general knowledge and the growing sense of social necessities."

The passages from this programme, in italics, sufficiently indicate the thoroughness and fearlessness which were afterwards characteristics of the paper. The principles of nearly all news-

papers are tempered by advertisers with a view to attract and retain them. Most journals follow public opinion—not lead it. Their boldness is limited by profitableness. It pays better to play the bagpipes in the rear than march in the vanguard. In other pursuits conscience is apt to collapse before loss, and journalism is not entirely exempt from this infirmity. The policy of the *Leader* was conscience, not consequence. The highest class of advertisements were re-written in the office where taste improved the effect. The aims of the paper were truth and originality.

In three conspicuous things in the programme cited, the *Leader* proved itself an advanced paper. In regarding political economy as imperfect and needing development, it was before John Stuart Mill, who had not then published his book of "Principles" in which he commenced this extension. It announced a policy of national and secular education, before Mr. Forster appeared in the field, with a boldness and precision to be found in no other newspaper of similar rank. It treated for the first time secular education as a distinct, concrete, self-existent thing which should be freed from all restraints of sect or dogmatical religion, in which it was before and beyond Mr. Forster. The *Leader* was for the extension and defence of free trade in land before the Cobden Club took that question in hand.

The Rev. E. R. Larken, a near relative of Lord Monson, was the chief promoter of the *Leader*, partly from his friendship for Thornton Hunt and partly from desire that a larger Christian liberalism than then existed, should have place in the press. Mr. Larken was the first clergyman who had the intrepidity to wear a beard in the pulpit. The upper and lower part of the face were shaven, but he retained his fine dark beard below the chin. Yet this limited innovation was thought to be very serious. It was regarded as indicating laxity in theological principle. Hearing him preach at his rectory on two occasions, I was very watchful, but no one by the use of a theological microscope could have discovered any departure from the tenets of the Church. George Dawson was the next minister in England who ventured to preach in a beard and with his face wholly unshaven, which brought upon him grave suspicions of latitudinarianism. Foreigners, as Orsini, Dr.

Bernard, and others wearing beards, were mostly introduced to Birmingham by the Dawson congregation. Bearded persons of that day were locally known as "Dawsonites."

Thornton Hunt was the editor, but G. H. Lewes, afterwards the husband of George Eliot, was its most brilliant and versatile writer. Herbert Spencer wrote articles in it which were the beginning of his fame. He had already become known by his work entitled "Social Statics." W. E. Forster gave his first indications in it of his interest in social questions by articles on the "Right to Labour." The chief proprietor, who spent the most money upon the paper, was a gentleman who afterwards became Examiner of Plays. He knew many languages, had many accomplishments, considerable Continental experience, and infinite vivacity both in speech and pen. I wrote papers under the signature of "Ion," partly because the name was brief, and more because I admired the character delineated by Serjeant Talfourd in his tragedy of that name. To letters I wrote under this signature, Wendell Phillips, the famous American Abolitionist orator, replied, in orations delivered in the Melodeon, Boston. He afterwards told me I was the only person in Europe to whom he ever replied.

One of the staff was Mr. W. J. Linton, the eminent wood engraver, who had other distinction both as writer and poet. He could speak well also. One night at a meeting on behalf of Italy, at the Old Crown and Anchor Tavern (then occupied by the Whittington Club, founded by Douglas Jerrold), referring to insurgents who had fallen in the cause of Italian freedom, Mr. Linton said "their fate was not to be mourned over, but to be imitated." George Dawson spoke that night, but no one said anything so heroic as this.

Another writer, a contributor to the *Reasoner*, known afterwards by excellent historic military works, though himself a civilian, was George Hooper. Thomas Ballantyne was on the staff, who had been a journalist on the side of the Manchester school, but afterwards wrote against them. He did not do this in the *Leader*. His reputation, through his change of opinion, was not to our advantage. He was an able, patient, watchful sub-editor; and was afterwards editor of the *St. James's Gazette*—a name that has since been revived.

The commissariat of the *Leader* fell to me with my other

duties, and its administration was very pleasant. In those days we only knew George Eliot as Marian Evans. She was residing then at Dr. Chapman's in the Strand, a few doors from our editorial office, which was in Wellington Street. My evening repasts were unexpected when I first introduced them, and George Eliot, who sometimes came in and joined us at table, used to call me "the Providence of the Office." Mr. Lewes, who wrote the Vivian Letters, always said something bright and graceful about "Rose." Mrs. Lewes was Rose, and she looked it, for she had a singularly bright complexion. She would sometimes join the evening repast.

The men of advanced opinions among the working class who chiefly valued the paper were not numerous enough to support it, and the middle class were not then liberal enough, nor intelligent enough, to do it to sufficient extent. In Universities and Parliament it had many subscribers. One drawback of its popularity was that it was written by writers who knew most things valued by those who knew as much as they, whereby many excellent papers were not understood by the general public. The audience thought of chiefly was the friends of writers in society, in Parliament, and the clubs. On one occasion an article was written of which the facts upon which it was based were known to only four persons in Europe—Bismarck, the Emperor Napoleon, Lord John Russell, and Thornton Hunt—and what was said was only comprehensible by them. Once I put the servant's bonnet on the handle of the office broom and placed it before Thornton (we always spoke of Mr. Hunt as Thornton) when he was writing, suggesting that he should make his arguments intelligible to that average young person in effigy. It was an illusion to suppose that you had to write down to the capacity of others. What was required was that a writer should make himself intelligible to persons entirely unfamiliar with the question. A master in science is always simple and clear. A master in rhetoric can always make his highest meaning plain to the lowest listener. A dainty meal need not be adulterated to render it eatable by the multitude.

I had had colleagues in other circles who considered it was a service to wealthy persons to afford them costly opportunities of promoting public progress, and would encourage their enthusiasm manifested that way. I was of a different way of

thinking ; I thought it right to make it quite clear what losses might arise. To this end I made similar tables for the *Leader* that I previously made for the *Spirit of the Age*, so that the proprietors were acquainted every week with the fluctuations or loss in their enterprise.

When the *Leader* had been published several years I went one morning to breakfast with the chief proprietor, who then lodged in Southampton Row, and asked him whether he would tell me what his motive was in continuing the paper. "Some men," I said, "spent their money on horses, or wine, or women ; the motive of that was intelligible—but why did he go on paying £41 a week for writing the *Leader* without prospect of its return? If I knew his motive, it would save me concern." Excepting the desire to establish a high class advanced paper, he had no motive. Thereupon I proposed that my salary should be reduced one half, and that the same reductions should be recommended to all other contributors—for the longer a paper was able to exist the greater would be its reputation and chance of its becoming a property. My advice was acted upon. It was not likely to conduce to my popularity in the office ; but it was approved by the chief writers, and I never observed that it made any difference in their relations with me for having given it.

Subsequently, when the *Leader* came to an end, it was taken by Mr. Edward Whitty, who was a Roman Catholic, and sentiments appeared in it which made its friends wish that it had ceased to exist earlier. Mr. Whitty prolonged its existence, but for a short period. He was the son of the editor of the *Liverpool Post*. His sister was a famous opera singer. He first came into repute himself by writing for the *Leader* remarkable letters from the House of Commons, entitled, "A Stranger in Parliament," in which he introduced for the first time the phrase, "the governing classes," which afterwards entered political literature. He died on his way to Australia.

The first time my name ever appeared among public writers of repute was on the handsomely printed list of contributors to the *Leader*. The paper was intended to be fearless, and my name was thought to be a necessary proof of it, as the paper appealed to the boldness of thought of the time. I was against my name being advertised, as it might bring loss to the paper, my rule

being to aid, but never to hamper, an insurgent cause. My name probably cost the *Leader* £1,000 or more. Professor Maurice took alarm, and he alarmed Professor Charles Kingsley, who was not easy to alarm. There were other disquieting names in our list of writers, but mine was then thought the one most foreboding of innovation, as I was regarded as an atheist and republican. How far, or in what sense this was true, ecclesiastical persons never inquired then. What they inferred from my name were to them as facts.

The Rev. Mr. Maurice's son, in his biography of his father, represented Kingsley as telling Mr. Maurice that the publication of his name on the list of the contributors to the *Leader* was "an impudent attempt to involve him in opinions which he utterly disclaimed and hated." It is difficult to imagine Kingsley saying this—since he knew to the contrary. His name was only published once as one among persons "who *had* contributed to the *Leader*." We only knew Kingsley as an earnest and manly Christian who, differing from us on some questions, did not shrink from attacking us in our own columns. His only contribution was a letter of assault. No orthodox newspaper would have permitted us to attack its cardinal views in its own columns. We not only permitted Kingsley to do this, but honoured him for it. Of thirty names we gave, only five were "involved" in the opinion of the *Leader*. The others were men and women of mark, whom we had allowed to contribute expositions of their views, irrespective of any coincidence with the programme of the *Leader*. The conductors of the paper were men of scrupulous honour, and far too proud to admit Mr. Kingsley to write if he had given any hint that he regarded it as "an impudent attempt to involve him in opinions which he utterly disclaimed."

The Rev. Dr. Jelf had laid down the following fine ecclesiastical syllogism to the Rev. Mr. Maurice:—"Mr. Maurice is identified with Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Kingsley is identified with Mr. Holyoake—Mr. Holyoake is identified with Tom Paine."

Had I spoken of Dr. Richard Jelf as Dick Jelf, it would be rightly counted vulgar offensiveness—to speak of Thomas Paine as "Tom Paine" was not less so. Paine was a passionate theist, which should exempt him from clerical disrespect. He inspired the American nation with a spirit of independence, which made

it free, and that is more than all the Jelfs that ever were have done. It happens that I was more opposed to Paine's principles than Dr. Jelf, but the antagonists of the *Leader* were not often particular in facts or courtesy.

After the *Leader* had been issued for some months, and the public could judge how far it fulfilled its professions, the following words were used on the only announcement in which Mr. Kingsley's name appeared :—

"England is said to be governed by Opinion. To endow that Power with its fullest action the *Leader* offers a systematic utterance for *perfect freedom of opinion in politics, religion, literature, science, and art.*

"For the struggling nationalities abroad it offers a frank voice among the English people. In its columns, devoted weekly to European Democracy, it gives an *official* exposition of the opinions and acts of the great leaders of the European Democratic party, in a form of such authenticity as will enable the public to correct the misrepresentations of the adverse journals of the day. The *Leader* seeks to develop the utmost freedom of intellect, energy of production, popular power, and in the political and social relation of all classes the paramount interest of natural affection."

With all the advance of opinion, the *Leader* has had no successor in range, thoroughness, and courage.

CHAPTER XLV.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

(1851.)

GEORGE HENRY LEWES was intellectually the bravest man I have known. It was not that he was without the wisdom which looks around to see what the consequences of any act would be; but where a thing seemed right in itself he ignored the consequences of doing it. He did not dare the consequences; he did not recognize them. They were to him as though they were not. When he accepted a principle, he accepted all that belonged to it. Courage means facing a danger by force of will, facing danger which you know to be such. Men of natural intrepidity never take danger into account, or, if they are conscious of it, it only influences them as an inspiration of action. Mr. Lewes had intellectual intrepidity of this kind. This was my experience and impression of his character which I gave George Eliot at the time of his death.

Most persons regard toleration as a reluctant necessity; others regard it as an unpleasant duty which they nevertheless have to discharge, and they apologise for their concession by diminishing the credibility of those they condescend to recognize, by pointing out—as even W. J. Fox did in one instance—that anti-Theistic belief is due to some mental deficiency. Lewes did nothing of the kind. He regarded toleration as a right of others. It was he who proposed that my name should appear on the published list of contributors to the *Leader* newspaper, which was attended with polemical consequences that the reader has seen recounted.

Mr. Lewes, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, wrote a charming

book, and did not appear to know it, and afterwards superseded it by a work which never interested the same readers. Mr. Spencer published "Social Statics," which interested readers wherever the English language was intelligible; and this he superseded by "Principles of Sociology," which was only intelligible to a limited class of advanced thinkers. About the same time, Mr. Lewes wrote a "Biography of Philosophy," in four shilling volumes, for Charles Knight, and presented me with the set, in which he inscribed his name. The book fascinated all students who were beginning to turn their attention to philosophy. To this day, all who possess the original volumes value them highly. Mr. Lewes afterwards reproduced the work, with all the erudite illustrations and authorities with which he was so familiar. It is valued by scholars, but is beyond the appreciation of the far larger class whom he had first interested, instructed, and inspired.

Lewes had few rivals as a conversationalist. But he told me ne found one once. He was invited by W. J. Fox to meet, at his house, Margaret Fuller, afterwards Countess Ossoli. Carlyle was another guest that night. Fox, Carlyle, and Lewes were famous talkers; but when Margaret Fuller took her turn they were all silenced, and—their turn came no more.

When in America I met with an interesting instance of the regard in which Mr. Lewes's writings were held by backwoodsmen, who told me they had read them by camp fires at night—books which were then far from popular in England.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PERTURBATION IN WHITEHAVEN.

(1851.)

THE writer does not forget that the reader can take little interest in episodes of controversial turbulence (these not being uncommon) except as illustrating the manners of the period. Milton says that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." But they *are* less renowned, and in most cases not renowned at all. The battles for opinion, however, have some popular interest when they take a fighting form. Robert Owen, the most mild, abstract-speaking, gracious-mannered unaggressive propagandist who ever appeared, was often met by outrage in his time. He, nevertheless, by having declared "all the religions of the world" to be wrong, did not reserve for himself a friend in any church. He excited all against him; and, nothing loath, they went as far in rebuking their philosophical adversary as the popular idea of Christian charity—not much restraining in those days—would warrant.

Shortly before I went to Worcester as a lecturer on Owen's views, he was encountered at a public meeting by the then Dr. Retford,[1] who before a large audience made a gesture of outrage at Mr. Owen undescribable here. Mr. Owen, being a philanthropist who had spent life and fortune in the service of the people, did not mitigate anger at his intellectual errors which were attempted to be confuted in this unpleasant way. Dr. Retford's energetic behaviour was the talk of every citizen in Worcester when I was there, many of whom had witnessed the act. The doctor had a son who became art critic of the *Daily News*, and was a man of tolerant and

[1] Rev. Dr. George Retford, Congregationalist minister.

gentlemanly manners. The preceding incident is merely mentioned as an illustration of the theological ways of a cathedral city when I entered the field of controversy. It is in a cathedral city, with its divine advantages, that you expect the perfect thing in Christianity—but civility is not always one of them.

When mischief was intended to me personally it never came to much. My protection was often my voice. Had I been capable of speaking in strident and imperious tones, my opinions would have been counted highly objectionable. Believing with Leigh Hunt that "the errors of men proceeded more from defect of knowledge than defect of goodness," it seemed the best course to explain the reasons for any new opinion. Thus some listened from curiosity, and those who were not interested were not irritated.

In 1851, in consequence of a magisterial decision in Whitehaven, I volunteered to go down there and speak upon it. Mr. James Hughan, a Unitarian street-lecturer, speaking at the Bulwark on the harmless subject of "Progression," was knocked down by one Charles Flinn, who had been twice before convicted of assaults; but on this occasion, the Rev. F. W. Wicks being on the bench, Flinn was dismissed and Mr. Hughan censured as having "incited" the man by his address. The reputation of others who had been before me, rather than my own, caused me to be regarded with hostility. A Social Missionary who believed in sensationalism had issued a placard, giving the inhabitants the unwelcome intimation that "The Devil and Socialism were in the town." It was not necessary to do this, as the clergy had suggested to the people that the two creatures went about together. All the lecturer had in view was to dispute the existence of that disagreeable personage, and to explain that, if indeed he *was* about, the Social System of Robert Owen was disconnected from him. The lecturer's irritating announcement had a meritorious motive. Since the attack of the Bishop of Exeter, which caused even in Birmingham the resignation of the Registrar, the clergy had been an intimidating force in every town, and many alarmed and prudent persons had denied their opinions or explained them away in self-protection. Therefore, open, even ostentatious, defiance had merit, and some justification

from the point of view of self-respect. It had, however, rendered the town angry and resentful. Unfortunately Mr. Lennon—a courageous sea-rover, an abstainer from alcohol (rare in seaport men then), and well respected for intelligence and character—who had made arrangements for my visit—broke a blood vessel a week before my arrival. The animosity shown to him living was not mitigated by his death, and the burial service was refused over his remains. The religious riots which my predecessors had occasioned were censured by Sir James Graham, who always had the fairness and boldness to rebuke intolerance.

It had not, however, subsided when I entered the town and my friends showed, in their countenances and speech dismal apprehensions. That there was some unusual dread in the air was evident from the fact that the women shared it. Hitherto I had found them, under circumstances of danger, to be the last to utter words of discouragement, but here they helped to diffuse the panic. This led me to avoid the houses of friends whom I should otherwise have visited lest I compromised them. The Irish population were dreaded, and their prejudices were known to be above the reach of reason, and the population of Lord Lonsdale's collieries were no less causes of alarm. It was in vain that I urged that the charges of admission should be raised, which would keep out the more dangerous disturbers. The answer was they would force the door. "If they do," I said, "they cannot reach the stage to interrupt the lecture." "They say they will come armed with stones, and throw at the speaker, and chairman, and whoever is on the stage," was the unpleasant assurance given me. Thinking that so much ingenuity ought not to lack appropriate exercise, I arranged to be my own chairman, and to exclude the committee from the stage, so that, the objects to be thrown at being reduced to one, it might be more to the credit of the mob if they hit it. The proprietor of the theatre sent word that there would be a disturbance, and he demanded payment for both nights before we occupied the place. Some religious Whitehaven men, who were friendly to me personally, had told me in Newcastle-on-Tyne that I should not be heard in their town, and it would be no use going there. When there, appearances looked very much like it.

On the day of the lecture a man went into the shop of a respectable tradesman in Whitehaven, and said, "the theatre would be pulled down that night." The serjeant of police had been heard saying that "there would be blood and slaughter in the theatre, and he should order his men to keep out of the way, as they were not going to get their heads broken." A friend of mine, whom I asked to call at the Police Office with a request that two policemen should be at the door, received a more assuring answer. The superintendent said he would be on that beat and would pass the theatre every five minutes, and look in as often as his duty allowed.

As my engagement was to lecture, I was precluded from feeling apprehension until afterwards. I had long seen that there never could be a quarrel unless there were two parties to it—not even on the platform—and *I* was not going to be one. Experience showed me that men of the rudest nature seldom break out into outrage at once; they act on, indeed often wait for, some pretext or provocation, and if this is not afforded they are confused and do nothing. Anyhow it was most foolish to go about telling every one that an attack was expected; since, if it did not occur, we should be in a manner bound to get up one ourselves, to prevent public disappointment.

One incident occurred which seems ludicrous now, but was lawful then. At that time white hats were in fashion, and a friend in Newcastle had given me one of white silk. The newest gloss of unworn brightness was upon it, and my itinerant wardrobe fortunately included a new coat. In this attire I walked out to inspect the foe. In practice we know divinity doth hedge a gentleman as well as a king, and there was reason to think that appearances might find a response where principle would find none. So it transpired. The local mob made way for me, and those who would have knocked me down had I worn a "seedy" aspect, stepped involuntarily out of the way. Many did not suspect me of being the invading lecturer, and those who did, finding me respectable, surmised I might have friends, and it might not be so safe as they thought to assault me.

When the hour of the lecture came, I was at the theatre, saw to the lights, and that the door was manned by groups of able-bodied friends, placed as much out of sight as possible,

that no provocation might occur. Others diffused themselves over the theatre where Christians were thickest, holding themselves ready either to listen to the lecture or restrain an attack, if a party issued from near them. Wherever two or three militant Christians were gathered together, there was a sentinel in the midst of them. The precautions we took would have been superfluous in orthodox persons, who, having mansions in the skies, see in death but an agreeable change of residence; but to others, no less hopeful, but not so certain as to a celestial manor house, manslaughter amounts to apprehensive disinheritance, and therefore they decline that casualty when obtruded upon them prematurely. Certainly I did not want to fight the people of Whitehaven. I went to reason with them. It was not part of my taste to die in Whitehaven. Besides, if a man is to be killed in an irregular way, he ought to be indulged in his choice of the place and the selection of his own executioner.

The first lecture was well received. The audience included ladies; the gallery was filled, the pit moderately, and the boxes were just inhabited. The *Whitehaven Herald* gave a very fair report of my address, which disarmed the prejudice of the intelligent part of the town. My subject was, "The Moral Innocency of Speculative Opinion, even the most extreme, when conscientiously entertained, setting forth how far a man might dissent from the Religious Opinions of his Neighbours, and yet hope to live in Truth and die in Peace." The latter part had reference to the death of Lennon. My expectations were verified as to the audience. They were astonished at not being outraged, and they saw that a speaker might promote conviction without putting the "Devil" on his placard. My argument was one they could not fight and did not answer. All the discussion amounted to was a few feeble speeches, and a few reluctant admissions. The trick was tried of asking me whether "I believed the Bible to be the revealed will of God!" "Whether I believed in the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ." I answered that they should know my opinions on those subjects quickly enough, should I have an opportunity of speaking upon them in Whitehaven. For the present, while I was obliged by the expression of their curiosity, I must confine myself to the subject on the placard, or the

public would complain that under the pretext of speaking on one subject I had introduced others. It might gratify me and them to talk about anything else, but there was something higher than gratification, and that was good faith; and, as nothing more had to be said on the proper topic of the night, I, thanking them for their attention, closed the meeting, when the speeches of debate had occupied us perhaps three-quarters of an hour.

On the second night our fortifications were the same. It had, however, become known that the police were not likely to interfere. Some persons appeared at the door inciting the people to riot, and, as there were three clergymen on the magistrates' bench, the police could calculate on their sanction of the violation of duty. The new audience were turbulent. Mr. Stuart Potter, a Wesleyan local preacher, was very noisy until some one stopped his mouth by laying a heavy hand upon it. A grey-headed adversary in front of the gallery threw his arms about as though his intention was to throw stones. Like a steam arm, his appeared to move independently of the will of the owner, and had a suspicious activity. Two persons walked on to the stage to enjoy the advantage of closer intercourse with me, but, suspecting the enjoyment might not be mutual, I refused to answer any questions until they resumed their places below. Another man clambered on the stage who seemed to meditate some personal attention to me. I assured him I was sensible of the consideration he showed me by the trouble he was taking to come to me, but I preferred to conduct the meeting without assistance.

Thus ended the adventure in Whitehaven. I left the town next day under the impression that the "beasts of Ephesus" had propagated their species.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE VICAR OF FLEET STREET.

(1852.)

WHEN a publisher in Fleet Street, a demand was made upon me for tithes. When the demand was first made, it astounded me. I, who once proposed to walk ninety miles to see the Rev. George Harris, because of his great sermon against the Rathcormac massacre—I, who, then dreading the Unitarian faith, yet honoured the Unitarian minister whose eloquent denunciations made tithes hateful for ever—I pay tithes? Well, the tithes on "147" were £2 8s. or £2 10s. a-year, or more. The first quarter was 12s. 8d. As I entered at the half-quarter, half was the affair of Mr. Carvalho, my predecessor. He, though a Jew, paid tithes. I was bound to fulfil my agreement as to taxes with Mr. Carvalho, and I paid the 12s. 8d., which I regarded as so much blood-money after what I had read of the manner of their collection in Ireland. In due time I was served with a tithe notice on my own account. I said, "What I might do when I was forced to do something I could not tell, but no tithe should I pay until forced, and not then if I could help it."

A gentleman was sent to me to explain that the parish of St. Bride, or the City, had sold the tithe to Sir Edward Somebody's ancestors two centuries ago, and that certain civil advantage accrued to Fleet Street in consequence, and I was merely paying for *that*. I answered that "neither City nor parish had sold my conscience; and if they had sold the tithe, why did he come collecting it?"

Clergymen in debate upon the French Revolution had frequently shown how Atheists attempted spoliation of church property. If that were so, was it less discreditable, I asked,

than the Church in the plenitude of its power, in the affluence of its wealth, in days of peace, unprovoked by any antagonism, unincited by any want, descending upon a house in Fleet Street and carrying away the property of an "atheist."

Whether my representations were faithfully reported to the Vicar of Fleet Street, I had no means of knowing. He made me no visit, and I was too busy to call upon him. No instance was known to me in which any demand for tithes was ever mitigated by argument or remonstrance. A notice was sent me that unless the tithe claim was paid on demand there would be a distraint. The demand was not paid, and a seizure of goods took place. The officers had some difficulty in making a selection of what to seize. The books in my shop were heretical, or philosophical with an heretical tendency, and the Church had some misgiving as to the seemliness of becoming salesmen at an auction of works of a very unclerical character. Their agents, therefore, went roaming about the house in search of something better to their taste. One year they took my clock. In the printing office they found another time some reams of blank paper, which they thought they could sell with a clear conscience. They had a conscience, such as it was, about the propriety of selling heterodox publications, but no conscience as to the propriety of taking my property as a penalty on my convictions. Whether the proceeds of the sale exceeded, as it ought to have done, the demands made against me, no surplus was returned to me. Some years three or four times the value of the rate was taken.

Satisfied with the result of their raids, they continued to come again. As the paper seized the year before was found in the printing office—my brother Austin's department—he said reasonably he would not have them there again, as they had no right to seize things in his office for a claim against me. Nor did I feel like wishing to pay again for what they might seize another year. I therefore resolved to meet this ecclesiastical demand in a proper ecclesiastical manner, which I hoped would be agreeable to the vicar. When notice of another distraint came, I told the officer "I should pay this year, and send the amount to the vicar." The vicar, on hearing this, no doubt regarded it as a sign of wholesome repentance on the part of his refractory parishioner.

In due course I wrote to the vicar stating that, as it was proper to tender tithes "in kind," as editor and publisher of the *Reasoner* I forwarded him three volumes of that work—they being the "kind" of property produced on my farm. Three volumes likely to interest his reverence were chosen. The "trade price" of them was more than the demand. The vicar was therefore asked for a receipt "in full" for that year's tithes. The vicar did not find it lawful or seemly to refuse this mode of payment; whether he was gratified by it I never heard. He sent me no receipt and no demand for the payment of tithes any more. I consoled myself for the virtual act of payment by the hope that I might have accomplished an act of salutary propagandism, as, for all I knew, the vicar might present the books to the vestry library.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE COWPER STREET DEBATE—FIGURES ON THE PLATFORM.

(1853.)

No truth can be fully trusted until it has been fully discussed in fair and equal contention. Milton thought truth was never worsted in a "free and open encounter." But debate may be "free" and not fair. It may be "open," and yet one-sided if the disputants have unequal advantages. For want of all-round watchfulness in these respects truth has often been put down within my experience. In the Cowper Street debate the conditions were equal, excepting, perhaps, that my adversary was provided with an income, and I had to earn one otherwise, during the six weeks the discussion lasted.

As the report of what took place appeared in a half-crown volume, of which forty-five thousand were sold; as purchasers still survive, and copies exist in public libraries, a description of the affair will be relevant here. The debate took place in 1853, which will soon be forty years since; thus the subject may have novelty if not interest to this generation.

The Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was the promoter of this discussion. In the *Reasoner*, which I edited, a new form of Freethought had been originated, to which the name of "Secularism" was given. Some took this to be a new name for an old thing, whereas it was a new name for a new conception. Many had shown that morality resting on theology was not universally accepted. We maintained that morality

resting on material and social facts was a force among all people. We were the first who taught that the secular was sacred. This was the new conception to which the new name was given.

This form of opinion accepted the ethical precepts of Christianity, so far as they were consonant with the welfare of society. The word secular was taken as George Combe defined it—as implying "those issues which can be tested by the experience of this life." This doctrine of conduct is now widely accepted by Christian preachers as being good—so far as it goes. It was not approved then, and a Dissenting preacher, one Rev. Brewin Grant, of fine disputative faculty, was sent out on a "three years' mission" to arrest the dissemination of the new principles. The rev. gentleman had manifest courage, pertinacity, and ceaseless fertility in objection, but the scrupulousness which commands respect was not so conspicuous. In earlier years there was a Socialist Society in Leicester, and Mr. Grant, then a youth in a hosiery warehouse, used to make smart speeches after the lectures—as discussion was always encouraged by the social reformers, who held that truth was best elicited by comparison of ideas. The vivacity of the youthful disputant brought him into notice, and the elders of the Congregational Church thought they saw in him the making of a defender of the faith. He was sent to college by them, and the alertness in controversy he manifested led to his being sent out on the aforesaid "mission."

The Rev. Dr. Ackworth, of Bradford, had challenged me to a "foot-to-foot encounter," which I afterwards engaged in. It was determined that a debate in London should have precedence. It was to the credit of Mr. Grant's manliness that he was willing to enter the lists in London, where what he took to be error was mainly promulgated, and that he was willing to meet the advocate who was held to be the originator of the new heresy in a six nights' discussion on six successive Thursday evenings, from January 20 to February 24, 1853.

Mr. Grant could have no misgiving in meeting me. The apprehension ought to have been all on my side, for he had informed the public that he had "silenced" Cardinal Newman. Conceive Brewin Grant silencing Cardinal Newman, who crushed Professor Kingsley between two sentences! The

Cardinal was then known as John Henry Newman. When he delivered his famous lectures to the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri, Mr. Grant announced that he had compelled him "to take down his flag and reduce his lectures from twelve to nine." It does not appear that Dr. Newman ever took the slightest notice of Mr. Grant, but this did not concern him whose contentment with himself was immeasurable, and who mistook the Cardinal's contempt for terror.

Mr. Grant's discussion with me was held in the Cowper Street School rooms. His committee was the Rev. Dr. Campbell, editor of the *British Banner;* Rev. Robert Ashton, Samuel Morley, S. Priestly, and J. S. Crisp. My committee was James Watson, Richard Moore, my brother Austin, and the Rev. Ebenezer Syme. Mr. Samuel Morley acted as chairman for Mr. Grant, the Rev. E. Syme was chairman for me, and the Rev. Howard Hinton was umpire.

The Rev. Howard Hinton, the umpire, was a distinguished Congregational preacher, who looked upon Christianity with the eye of a philosopher, as well as that of a believer. He was in Congregational divinity what Sir Benjamin Brodie was in medicine—dispassionate and many-sided in his knowledge. His son, James Hinton, became eminent both as an aurist and a thinker. His work on the "Mystery of Pain" is still in the minds of men. Some years after the debate I had the pleasure to meet him at dinner, at the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's, when I was impressed by his searching power of thought, as others had been. As I walked with him to his door that night, he referred to his father's admission made in one of his discourses upon the discussion—that some of my arguments were entitled to consideration, naming one where I pointed out that the evangelical doctrine of motives was a pathless wilderness. It was this: First, a young inquirer is told to observe moral duties; then he is told he cannot do that, or anything good, unless God first disposes him; then that whatever good works he performs will be of no avail unless he also believes; then that he cannot believe unless God gives him grace to believe; then that God will not give him this grace of belief unless he asks Him; and then that he cannot ask Him effectually unless he already has the grace of faith, which is the very thing he has to ask for.

Mr. Grant's chairman was, as I have said, Mr. Samuel Morley, who became the great leader of the Nonconformist party. He was a man of truth and fairness first, and a Christian afterwards. He would have ascribed these high qualities to his Christianity, but as they were conspicuous in him, in a degree beyond that of his co-religionists, I judged them to be inherent. Some years afterwards he sent me £5 through his secretary, the Rev. Mr. Price, to assist in procuring a law of Secular Affirmation, as the Christian oath was then obligatory as a condition of legal justice—which justice was refused to all who had conscientious scruples as to solemnly professing a faith they did not hold. In acknowledging the subscription in the *Reasoner*, I omitted the name of the giver, as I had reason to know it would subject him to the necessity of explanation and misconception.

A valued friend of mine, who was a student in the Congregational College supported by Mr. Morley, acquired other convictions, and accepted an appointment in a rural Unitarian Church, which afforded but a slender salary. Mr. Morley, knowing that he had done this for conscience' sake, sent him a cheque for £100, although it must have deeply pained Mr. Morley that a Congregational College student should become a Unitarian preacher. There were other instances known to me in which Mr. Morley generously assisted political and social movements, although he knew that those engaged in them differed widely from himself. He seemed to think that progress by reason was compatible with Christianity, although its incentive was purely secular.

As an employer, he had regard to the welfare of his workmen, as they often told me; and his manufactures, known for their genuineness, exalted the character of British industry. While other philanthropists whom I have known, having the honourable ambition of usefulness, would reserve their wealth to make one splendid gift that would bring them renown, and let hundreds perish in their day, whose lives they could have cheered and extended—Mr. Morley, by countless acts of unostentatious kindness, diffused happiness among the living, less fortunate than himself, who could never requite him, nor would the world ever know of the service he rendered them. This form of kindness always seems higher to me than any form of

monumental benevolence to posterity, which commands larger public admiration. He who is the friend of his contemporaries may, on entering another world, expect to meet many who will accord him grateful welcome, while he who has given thought only for those who may live after him, will meet no one who knows him. Those who have had no regard for the born nor the unborn, neither gods nor men will have any interest in knowing ; and those who have lived only for themselves may rightly be left to perish by themselves.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell, editor of the *British Banner*, became friendly to me until his death, and his son was equally so after him ; so that the discussion has many pleasant memories to me. Mr. J. S. Crisp, connected with Ward and Co., the publishers, showed impartiality and judgment in seeing the debate through the press, and each month for nine months I and Mr. Grant received £5 each on every one thousand of the debate printed. We each received £45 altogether.

The Rev. Ebenezer Syme, my chairman, was at that time assistant to Dr. John Chapman and sub-editor of the *Westminster Review*. He was the brother of the Rev. Alexander Syme, of Nottingham, also a Congregational minister, with whom I had debated with instruction to myself, and for whom I conceived regard.

In the debate Mr. Grant professed that I had commended works from which he had rather not read passages. I demanded that he should do it. He would not, but called upon me to do it ; whereupon the Rev. E. Syme, my chairman, rose and promptly undertook to read every passage Mr. Grant wished provided he would read an equal number of passages from the Old Testament which Mr. Syme would select. This relevant and decisive offer was not accepted. It made a lasting impression on the great assembly, and thus that episode ended. It was an instance of Mr. Grant's ingenuity to urge that I should read his illustrations, whereby the time of my speech would be entirely taken up in presenting his case instead of my own.

The general subject was—"What advantages would accrue to mankind generally, and the working class in particular, by the removal of Christianity and the substitution of Secularism in its place?" The pretentious and misleading words "the removal of Christianity" were my adversary's invention. Five

years before, I had elsewhere insisted that our object was to contest the *error*, not the *truth*, which was included in Christianity; whereas to remove it all would be to remove the good as well as the evil. But at no time could we induce adversaries (not even one so amiable as the Rev. H. Townley) to discuss our propositions as we expressed them; and we had to accept their wording (which was always against us) or forego the advantage of debate. Mr. Morley, with his usual frankness, admitted that I had, in committee, objected to the interpolated words. In the discussion I refused to accept the sweeping responsibility. What I maintained was the secular principle that duties of this life which we know should take precedence over those of another which we do not know; that in human affairs science is the providence of man, that morality rests upon foundations purely human; that escape from the penalties of sin by the death of another is not good in principle nor in example; and that where Scriptural precepts appear to conflict, guidance can only come by selection.

In the debate I spoke of my early pastor, the Rev. John Angell James, with a respect due to one who was for many years the minister of my mother, and because of the way in which he had spoken of me, at a time when one less generous might have used disparaging words. Mr. Grant, conceding nothing to this sentiment, charged me with inconsistency in the expression of it. He construed courtesy into an offence. On the other hand the Rev. Thomas Binney wrote to me to assure me that he thought my expressions of regard for my former pastor creditable to me. Mr. Binney, himself a Newcastle-on-Tyne man, was one of the figures of the platform. He wrote afterwards a notable little book entitled "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds." He was the first preacher in my time who admitted and enforced the secular side of New Testament teaching. He had natural vigour of expression, boldness, and humour. He had the true genius of the preacher; he was inspired by his subject and his audience. I once heard him make a remarkable speech in the Town Hall, Birmingham. Many wanted him to publish it, but he answered it was impossible. He said he did not foresee what he should say, and could never recall what he had said. I think he was like Sojourner Truth, the famous negress preacher

of America, who said what she spoke the Lord put into her mouth at the time, and she did not know before she began what it would be. She said the audience went to hear her, and she came to hear herself, that she might know what the Lord had to say to her.

My reverend opponent conducted his part of the discussion entirely to his own satisfaction. It was one of the endowments of Mr. Grant to be always satisfied with himself. He had advantage over me in his rapidity of speech. He boasted that he should talk three times as fast as I should, and so have three times more pages in the report, not reflecting that his velocity rendered it beyond the power of the hearer to follow him. He was the nimblest opponent I ever met, but he never bit your arguments; he only nibbled at them. He was rabbit-minded, with a scavenger's eye for the refuse of old theological controversy. With him epithets were arguments. I was made answerable for whatever could be found in any book I had reviewed favourably, and for every sentiment expressed by writers and correspondents in fourteen volumes of the *Reasoner* I had edited! "There was nothing meaner than a mask, and nothing viler than the purpose for which we wore it," was one thing he said in terms of polished force, but his general epithets were below the level of street-corner coarseness. Regarding personal invective as a digression in argument, I did not reciprocate this language. Had I imitated my adversary's epithets, it would have been ascribed to the viciousness of my principles; while his invective would be counted as "holy wrath" in him. Observation of conflicts and controversy had taught me that he who strikes the first blow begins a fight, because a blow oft obliges another in self-defence. It is the second person in a dispute who begins a quarrel. Not even a lunatic can keep up a dispute with himself. He who, in discussion, explains his case and does not retort, makes a quarrel impossible, and his adversary who seeks it appears a disorderly person. This, in the end, Mr. Grant came to appear in the eyes of his friends.

I had contended that there were two Christs in the New Testament—Christ the Gentle and Christ the Austere. Had Mr. Grant given the audience the right of choice, he would have made converts where he made none. Unless the spirit of

the present is breathed into the letter of the past, stagnation petrifies the minds of men. As Lord Houghton wrote—

> "So, while the world rolls on from change to change,
> And realms of thought expand,
> The letter stands without expanse or range,
> Stiff as a dead man's hand."

Yet it ought to be owned that the theologian is honest under the fetter of infallible Scripture, when he refuses to depart from the letter. To drop the "letter" is to drop the doctrine. To "expand" the letter is to change it. New "range" means new thought which, in this insidious way, is put forward to supersede the old. The frank thing is to say so, and admit that the "letter" is obsolete—is gone—is disproved and that new views which are truer constitute the new letter of progress. The best thing to do with the "dead hand" is to bury it. To try to expand dissolution and life is tying the dead to the living.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DISSENTING CHAMPION WHO DESERTED HIS SUPPORTERS.

(1854–1869.)

SOME readers of the *Newcastle Chronicle* asked for the sequel to the Cowper Street debate. The story is brief. The Congregationalist leaders who promoted Mr. Grant's Three Years' Mission did not extend the term of his services. Some said and more thought that his mode of controversy was not calculated to win adherents to the cause he represented.

Afterwards the Nonconformist body beheld a transformation scene none could have expected. Their champion deserted them and their cause, and wrote a book against them entitled "The Dissenting World," which the *Athenæum* (October 16, 1869) described as "overflowing with spite, vanity, insolence, and coarse derision." So I was not alone in considering him a minister of peculiar ways. His book made it plain to his friends that unjust epithets imply an unjust spirit. He afterwards obtained admission into the Church of England. It was said of the late Dr. Adler, the great Rabbi, that when an importunate Jew threatened to go and be converted if his wishes were not complied with, the Rabbi offered to pay for a cab that he might arrive at the place of conversion speedily, before he changed his mind. Mr. Grant's colleagues were quite as willing to expedite his transference to the Church. I will, however, do him the justice to say that he had one merit, rare in an adversary of that day: he would at times quote fully and fairly what you said. But when he came to put his interpretation upon it, you did not know it again. His powers of seeing things unexpressed

and unimplied would have entitled him to a gold medal, if such honour were provided for such attainments. When the preliminaries of the Cowper Street debate were being arranged, he asked me to meet him, which I declined to do. As he had described me as one not to be trusted on my word, an interview seemed useless. If I was what he asserted, he could not be interested in my company, and, if he believed what he had said, I could not be interested in his.

A year or so later I was invited by the Rev. Dr. Rutherford to breakfast at his house. To my surprise Mr. Grant appeared at table. In the course of conversation with Mr. Grant, I said, "he had precluded himself from friendly intercourse, unless he felt justified in retracting publicly what he had said publicly." I added, "Were I to apply to you the epithets you apply to me, discussion would be a bear garden of invective." He at once rejoined, "I wish you would," which showed his good judgment. Had I, representing infantine and unfriended opinions against full-grown popular orthodoxy, descended to his level, I should have been lost.

In 1854 I joined in a further discussion with Mr. Grant for six nights in the City Hall, Glasgow. Friends of mine in that city had invited the Rev. Dr. Wm. Anderson, affectionately called "Willie Anderson" by the people. Vigorous in speech and wilful in opinion, he had taken the side of Garibaldi, Kossuth, and Mazzini on the platform. In after years pleasant words from him came to me through Mr. Logan, a city missionary, whom I first knew at Bradford; but in 1854 Dr. Anderson had no friendly opinion of me, thought Mr. Grant good enough to meet me, and advised his being sent for, and thus the Glasgow discussion with him came about.

An attempt was made to get me to discuss Reign of Terror questions in which atrocity was attributed to me in the terms of the propositions. This I declined, preferring, as fairer and more instructive, a form of question which implied the comparative reasonableness of our opposing opinions. On one night during the discussion I received a telegram that my wife was attacked by cholera in London. Had I left Glasgow to visit her, Mr. Grant would have represented me as running away, and that he had silenced me, as he said he had Cardinal Newman, who had never exchanged a word with him. One night

for half an hour I showed how my opponent's cause might be made to appear did I pursue the same course toward him as he pursued towards us. His friends were very uneasy. That method which they applauded when applied to me did not seem so interesting when applied to themselves. Mr. Southwell and other friends of mine loudly applauded this half hour's retaliation, but I went no further. It was sufficient to show that it was possible to meet Mr. Grant on his own ground and in his own way. But when the way is a bad way, it is not profitable to truth to walk therein. Discussion is brought into distrust and contempt when it is seen to be a struggle to overthrow an adversary instead of to overthrow error.

Enough has been said, perhaps more than enough, of the epithets Mr. Grant employed in the London and Glasgow debates. A list of them which I had prepared is omitted, as they are not edifying, and they failed in effect, even in Scotland, where theologians used to keep a large variety on hand. Mr. John Brown, of the *Citizen*, whom I did not then know, pointed out that they did not answer their purpose, and that strangers to the disputants in the City Hall took me to be the Christian and Mr. Grant to be the other person. But there is no profit in dwelling upon controversial imputation except on the Irish principle—"that the only way to prevent what is past is to stop it before it happens."

CHAPTER L.

ADVENTURES WHERE ADVENTURES ARE NOT COUNTED POSSIBLE.

(1854–1884.)

FEW persons think that there are adventures in controversy as well as on sea or land. To be murderously assailed in the dark by one who mistakes you for some one else passes for an adventure by common consent. But, in controversy by pen or speech, a man may be mistaken as to what he means and be assassinated in open day. An attack upon character may be more serious than an attack upon life, but is accounted little noteworthy.

It has been said, with the frequency of a proverb, that the lives of literary-minded men are distinguished by few adventures. That is because only one kind of adventures is thought of; yet there are intellectual adventures as strange, as dramatic, and as full of fatalities as those of the physical kind.

How many family feuds and party feuds have arisen from a single saying, perhaps spoken in anger, in most cases never intended to be understood in the sense it was taken. Yet incurable animosity has come of it, and a vendetta which has lasted for years through the lives of a family or the duration of a party. The fortunes of a Cabinet, the reputation of a minister, the fate of a dynasty have sometimes turned on a phrase creating inextinguishable resentments. Carlton has suggested the danger of words in notable lines :—

> "Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds,
> You can't do that way when you're flying words—
> Careful with fire is good advice we know :
> Careful with words is ten times doubly so.

> Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
> But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

Very gradually I found this out.

As a social missionary, I was often called upon to give names to infants before the congregation in our lecture halls. Sometimes foolish names were proposed; sometimes I was responsible for them.

Wanting a name for writing purposes that did not suggest my own, I selected "Landor Praed." Landor I took because the brief, vigorous, clear style of Landor were useful to me to bear in mind. Using Landor as a Christian name would not, I thought, strike any one as an affectation of his qualities. For a surname Praed seemed convenient, being brief and obscure. I took it from a Paddington omnibus which ran to "Praed Street," a street I had never been in and thought little known. After a while I found there was a banker of that name in Fleet Street, and, what was worse, there was a Winthrop Mackworth Praed whom more people knew than knew Praed Street, and some thought his name intentionally chosen.

Afterwards I observed that Mr. Washington Wilks, some time editor of the *Morning Star*, was disparaged, in respect of qualities he really possessed, because his sphere of activity did not enable him to sustain the portentous pretension of the name of "Washington." But graver misadventures befel me.

In 1852 a proposal was made for a shilling subscription in aid of European freedom, to be placed at the discretionary disposal of Kossuth and Mazzini on behalf of Hungary and Italy. Viscount Gooderich, Thornton Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, Professor Newman, and James Stansfeld were on the committee, on which my name also appeared. I published in the *Reasoner* the manifesto relating thereto, and did all I could to give effect to it. By aid of the personality of Mazzini it was evident that money could be had. Therefore I asked him to write me a letter. He did so, and I soon collected one thousand shillings, then another thousand, and so on until nine thousand were sent to me. Correspondence, acknowledgment and transmission of the money was done by me at the cost of a ¼ per cent. to the fund. My brother Austin, with his usual ardour, took a great share of the labour this involved. We had the pleasure of remitting to the great triumvir £450.

There was one, however (W. J. Linton), as desirous as myself to see the subscription succeed, who became my enemy because I did not effect the collection in his name—which was not possible.

The same writer addressed a letter to the *Star of Freedom* saying that "our friend 'Ion' who writes in the *Leader*, has accepted the office of touter in ordinary to the 'Walmsley Incapables,' and serves them from time to time with his most careful emssculations, from the once free-speaking 'Ion,' to the foolishest, tiredest Chartist, who means only to 'take what he can get,' on 'Ion's' recommendation."

I was the subject also of an epigram from the same pen which represented me as once deserving the name of *Iron* from the unyieldingness of my arguments; but now the *r* was well dropped out in "Ion" since I had become flaccid and nerveless.

Among the many who have from time to time done me the service of being my friends, I must often have created confusion and even distrust in their regard by acts the effects of which were unforeseen and which I went on committing when I did see the effect. Among every man's friends there are some who are less discerning than others, and judge by impression or prepossession, without looking at the facts of the case. For instance, when I spoke in favour of Lord Elcho at St. Martin's Hall meeting, it seemed to many that I was more influenced by the pleasure of so appearing than by honesty of opinion. Lord Elcho in 1852 had said things in the House of Commons from which I, as well as my colleagues of the National Reform League, dissented; but at the same time he volunteered to attend an indignation meeting convened by us, to listen to what had to be said against him, and reply face to face. I thought this manly then, and I think so still. He acknowledged the right of the working class to judge his conduct, and in meeting them to defend what he said he paid them a tribute which contradicted his apparent estimate of them, and atoned in some measure for his wrong judgment of them. At the same time he had supported in the House a proposal for an Intelligence Franchise in favour of which I had written public letters to Lord John Russell.

At the same meeting Professor Beesley declared—amid the foolish applause of the meeting—that he would not go across

Long Acre, in which street the hall stood, to vote in behalf of any Reform Bill, if it did not include the social improvement of the working classes. I was in favour of a Reform Bill without any conditions, because it was better to have political reform if you could get it, without social reform, than to postpone political reform until you could have them both together. Professor Beesley's doctrine would delay political redress until some scheme of social redress was agreed upon (which at that time was not formulated), whereas enfranchisement would place in the hands of the people a powerful and constitutional instrument for forcing social redress to the front, when the people clearly understood what they wanted. My being in favour of obtaining what we could get exposed me to the accusation of being unfriendly to entire enfranchisement, of which I was more in favour than Professor Beesley, who, being a Comtist, was against the people having political power.

My willingness to accept an Intelligence Franchise arose from seeing that it would admit at once the most advanced artizans to the electorate, where they could help those below them to enfranchisement. It was not in my mind to accept this limited measure in lieu of the general right of voting, but as an aid to it. If a million could be added to the number of electors, it was treachery to them to prevent their enfranchisement because the larger number could not be included. Lord Elcho, being in favour of an intelligence Franchise, was so far, in my opinion, a friend of the working-class politicians ; and when he appealed to me to say what I thought upon his conduct, it would have been cowardice not to maintain there the principle I had maintained elsewhere. At the same time I said it was strange that Lord Elcho, who had founded the Volunteer force, should give workmen muskets and refuse them votes.

In reply to those at the meeting who represented me as opposed to manhood suffrage, I said that I went further than they, for I had always been an advocate of womanhood suffrage. But this did not help me with my assailants. They regarded me as "throwing in the apple of discord." Thus the civil rights of women was then regarded as an "apple of discord" among Radicals.

At the time of Mr. Foote's imprisonment (1883) for some

heterodox proceeding, Dr. Aveling wrote to me to sign a petition "humbly praying mercy" for Mr. Foote. As this was contrary to English traditions of Freethought, it was not in my way to sign it, unless the person for whom "mercy" was asked wanted it. Then my signature was at his command, as I never made my sense of pride or duty the rule of another. When I was imprisoned, I should have treated him as my worst enemy who put upon me the outrage of asking for "mercy" in my name, without my knowledge or consent. Such a petition implies the renunciation of doing the same thing again. It was to assume Mr. Foote to be a coward without our knowing it, and to act upon the ignominious assumption. In any other way, on ground of injustice, needlessness, or excessiveness of the sentence, I would sign any petition, and said so. Yet Mr. M. D. Conway went to a public meeting at St. James's Hall, and described me, amid outcries, as the only person who would not sign a petition on Mr. Foote's behalf. Mr. Conway, not being an Englishman, might know nothing of the traditions of Freethought among us, and therefore could not be expected to share our sense of freethinking honour, which might be mistaken, but stood up for what it took to be truth—never explained itself away, and never supplicated for mercy.

Nevertheless I addressed the following letter to Sir William Vernon Harcourt, then Home Secretary :—

"SIR,—Two prisoners, Mr. Foote and Mr. Ramsey, are undergoing excessive sentences. Permit me to give reasons why they should be released. A Freethinker who believes what he is doing to be right, never ceases to do it, equally as his adversaries do. I therefore ask for justice, not 'mercy.' I take Mr. Foote and Mr. Ramsey's method of advocacy to be a principle with them, and therefore I think that their sentences should be terminated as a matter of justice. Blasphemy is the sin of all sects, but only punished in the weakest. There is, however, one thing more repulsive than blasphemy, and that is outrage. I do not pretend that outrage is either undefinable or unpunishable under impartial law. Outrage, as they who commit it know full well, is when any one imputes to others a conscious infamy of belief which they do not hold, and intends to shock, or

irritate, or affront them, regardless whether it pains them or not. This is outrage, and, in the interests of society and good-feeling, should be discouraged. Yet this outrage is constantly committed by Christian preachers and writers against Freethinkers, and the law never steps in to protect them. Since, therefore, the law does not deem it its duty to defend the few against the many, it is not needful or seemly that it should be employed to defend the many against the few. Outrage may be committed in excitement or under provocation, and is then an error rather than a crime ; while outrage, as a method of argument, whether employed by the few or the many, is a polecat policy, which induces every self-regarding person to keep clear of the 'cause' which adopts it, whether it be Freethought or Christianity. Therefore, in a civilized community, intellectual outrage may be left to its own consequences, and needs not that the law should decrease them by sentences which, by exciting public sympathy, obscure the intrinsic hatefulness of the offence. Since the country regards you as a Home Secretary who would not do wrong under intimidation, nor be deterred from doing right by unreflecting prejudice, I venture to submit these considerations to you."

At a later date, when the Queen's Jubilee occurred, I accepted an invitation of Major Dickson, M.P., to be present at the Crystal Palace when the working-class representatives were to send an address to the Queen. In my speech, as reported in *The Times* (June 27, 1887), I said Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, was like his father, George III., before him, a promoter of co-operative self-help. The Prince Consort was a subscriber of £50 a year to a band to play in an East End park on Sundays, so that poor workpeople should have music once a week. The Prince of Wales had, with not less kindness, countenanced and encouraged social progress among the people. The Queen, therefore, was entitled to congratulations on her Jubilee, for these things had not come to pass had she disapproved them.

The *Echo* thought it strange that "I, of all men in London, was celebrating (at the Crystal Palace) the virtues of Prince Albert and the Queen, and thereby magnifying the Crown." My reply to the *Echo* was that these Royal personages I had

named had shown interest in the co-operative and social improvement of the people, and this I acknowledged. I do not see how we can expect these services from those more fortunately placed than ourselves, if we show no appreciation of them. If my enemy did me a friendly thing, I should acknowledge it, though I should combat him, nevertheless, when I thought his acts pernicious. I expressly said, in the remarks I made at the Crystal Palace, "that the power of the Crown is greater than is generally known," and it was because great power had been left to it, and no serious attempt made to diminish it, that the Crown is able, if it chooses, not only to retard, but prevent social progress in various ways. Because it has not done so, but, on the other hand, assisted social freedom, I think a fair ground of Jubilee congratulations had been established. Many things have been done tending to increase the enjoyment of the people, at the instigation of the Prince of Wales, which might not have been done had the Queen disapproved it.

It is not an advantage to be represented as changed in your political convictions, when they remain the same, such imputed change being ascribed to feebleness of intellect or abandonment of principle—to decay of mind or decay of honour—and all because you are just in acknowledgment of the services of others, queens or opponents. It is a maxim in England to "give the devil his due." But England is the only country in which he gets it, as a rule ; but the maxim failed in my case.

No faculty I have has given me more pleasure than laughing at the absurdities of things I like. Let him beware who exercises the faculty. He will have adventures raining upon him. Only he who looks all round the field of propagandism ever sees over which fence the bull is coming. But if he gives warning he will have his own friends rush at him. This has oft befallen me in temperance quarters, but not where Sir Wilfrid Lawson had rule. Once I said, "One of the most insipid, unattractive, underivable, meaningless words which ever stood as the badge of a party is the term "Teetotalism." It neither means total water nor total Souchong. It is weak, alike in sound and sense. But, viewed in the light of the men it has rescued from ruin, it is one of the fairest, brightest, sunniest, sweetest words that ever gladdened eye or ear ; every syllable is illumined and

radiant with social deliverance. But it is often belied, dimmed, and distorted by incapacity and antagonism."

This went for nothing with the *Alliance News*, which long treated me as an enemy of temperance. Because I suggested that a term which endangered the efficiency of an advocacy be changed, it was interpreted among those who were wedded to a term, and were incapable of seeing its consequences, that I objected to the advocacy itself. The term "Teetotal," which never had any meaning, originated in the old Lord Derby's Cockpit in Lancaster. It became afterwards a favourite place of meeting. I myself lectured in it. When Joseph Livesey began to advocate abstinence from intoxicating drinks, an illiterate but honest man, who was first to agree to abstain, explained that he was a total abstainer. But, having an incurable stutter in his speech, he said he was a "t-t-t-total abstainer." Livesey, who did not know what name to call his new adherents by, at once exclaimed, "That is the name we will take—tee-tee-totalers!" This was contracted into tee-totaler. So the ludicrous but useful name came to be adopted.

A term which is good in itself becomes after a time like a coin—battered and defaced by reckless ill-conditioned persons using it—and ought to be sent to the mint of worn-out phrases, a new one being issued.

My dislike to see a good cause made to look absurd brought me many enemies when I advised a change would be an improvement. It was not, as many thought, from egotism or vanity that I did so, but because it seemed to me of more importance that our friends should be in the right than that our adversaries should. Any one who looks no further than into the pamphlet literature of movemnets with which I was connected from 1840 to 1880, will find abundant evidence that there are adventures ludicrous and sometimes tragical connected with the use of words.

CHAPTER LI.

THE TROUBLE WITH QUEEN ANNE.

(1854–5.)

THE freedom of the press dates from 1693, when the Commons struck out by a special vote the list of temporary acts against the press which were intended to be continued. But restriction upon its liberty by taxation was the persistent device of the governing classes, who were terrified at the apparition of the wilful little printing-press.

The Free Press Terror lasted 142 years. "Twenty years of resolute government" Lord Salisbury thought sufficient to extinguish the spirit of freedom in Ireland. The press was subjected to "resolute restriction" nearly a century and a half, yet it burst its bonds after all. A free press was never a terror to the people—it was their hope. It was the governing classes who were under alarm. The "terror" began and ended in the reign of two women—Queen Anne (the only queen whose death is always treated as absolute) and Queen Victoria. The Anne Tax commenced in 1712; it ceased with Victoria in 1855. The second lady was better than the first, for Victoria repealed what Anne imposed. The press is a spy upon authority and sells its observations to the public. It makes known new ideas before it knows who will be affected by them, and often after it does know. Princes and priests soon saw an enemy in the press. Type was in their opinion the most serious form lead could take. They therefore hit on the compulsory stamp to restrain the issue of papers, which put money into the Crown's purse and limited news. It robbed the reader by making him pay exorbitantly for his paper, and kept the poorer classes

ignorant. Anne put a halfpenny tax on a little sheet and a penny on a larger one. George II., whom Landor says "was always reckoned vile," added a halfpenny to the impost. George III., who was no better, added another halfpenny. A second time he added a halfpenny, and, finding the larceny of the press profitable, he increased the tax three halfpence, raising the stamp to fourpence. I speak of monarchs doing this. By constitutional jugglery it is contrived that no Minister shall be responsible for injustice. The monarch is exonerated under the pretence that Parliament made the law. All the while the people had no control over the House of Commons. When the king set himself against a good measure, it required the menace of a revolution to pass it. He who could resist good was answerable for evil which he permitted. Thus the rich classes—otherwise the conspiring classes—of the State shut out, as far as they could, all knowledge of their doings, alleging that their object was to prevent the dissemination of "heresy and immorality," thus proclaiming their interest in virtue while concealing their political and ecclesiastical vices.

Nothing reminded the world so long and so disagreeably of the existence of Queen Anne as the 10th Act of her malevolent reign. From 1712 to 1855 she was the pestilent troubler of the press. George III. mitigated in one respect, but intensified in another, her pernicious initiative. The Queen Anne Stamp was put not only on every paper "containing news intended to be made public," but on essays not political, as any one may see who looks at Sir Richard Steele's *Spectator* in the Library of the British Museum. Sir Richard's harmless paper was killed by the red ban of Queen Anne. The 60th George III. extended the stamp to "pamphlets containing remarks on any matter in Church or State published at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days, and sold at less than 6d." George III. further ordained that publishers of a newspaper must, under penalty of £20, enter into a bond of £400 or £300, together with sureties, in case the paper contained a blasphemous or seditious libel—every editor being assumed to be a criminally disposed person and naturally inclined to blasphemy and sedition. Every person possessing a printing-press or types for printing, and every type-founder was ordered to give notice to the Clerk

of the Peace. Every person selling type was ordered to give an account of all persons to whom they were sold. Every person who printed anything also had to keep a copy of the matter printed, and write on it the name and abode of the person who employed him to print it. The printer was treated as an enemy of the State, and compelled to become an informer.

The most popular part of the contest against the taxes centred in the repeal of the newspaper stamp. Until the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, there was little objection to the stamp by Englishmen in general; they rather thought it an inevitable arrangement. The *Atlas*, edited by Mr. H. J. Slack, which had the suggestive intrepidity of Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*, said "the Englishman was a stamped animal: he was tattooed all over. There was not a single spot of his body corporate that was not stamped several times. He could not move without knocking his head against a stamp, and before he could arrive at any station of respectability he must have paid more money for stamps than would have set him up for life. The stamp penetrates everywhere; it seizes upon all things, and fixes its claws wherever there is a tangible substance. Sometimes, indeed, it flies to the intangible, and quarters itself upon the air, the imagination of man, his avocations, his insanity, his hopes and prospects, his pleasures and his pains, and does not scruple to fasten upon his affections. Even love is stamped. A man cannot fall in love and marry a lady without an acknowledgment of the omnipotence of the stamp. An Englishman is born to be stamped: he lives in a state of stamp, and is stamped while he is dying, and after he is dead."

When Lord John Russell introduced the Parliamentary Reform Bill in 1831, the stamp on English newspapers was fourpence. The ordinary price of a newspaper was sevenpence. The interest excited by the Reform Bill created a great demand for newspapers among thousands to whom sevenpence was a prohibitive price. This demand was supplied by publishing newspapers without a stamp in defiance of the law. Some persons did this to make a living by supplying a want. Others were actuated by indignation at the restriction of political knowledge. These ran great risks and suffered serious penalties. Among them no one was more distinguished than Henry Hetherington, who published several unstamped news-

papers with news in every column. But the paper on which he set his heart was the *Poor Man's Guardian*, price one penny. This was exactly the kind of paper the suppression of which was intended by the 10th of Anne and the 60th of George III. The *Guardian's* method of obtaining redress of grievance was to call for Universal Suffrage. It advocated passive resistance to oppressive laws, and was against violence. But it constantly discussed "every matter in Church and State." It gave no bond to the Stamp Office against "blasphemy and sedition," and it paid no stamp duty. More than five hundred persons were prosecuted for selling it, and Mr. Hetherington suffered two imprisonments of six months each for publishing it. He was hunted by the police for years, having to conceal himself, and enter his place of business in successive disguises. His shop goods were carried off, and blacksmiths were brought in to destroy his presses and type.

After three years' persecution, on 17th June, 1834, the *Poor Man's Guardian* was brought before the Court of Exchequer. Henry Hetherington was at the same time sued for publishing the *People's Conservative*, a paper at a higher price, which contained a considerable amount of miscellaneous news. Mr. Hetherington defended himself in person in a speech interesting, argumentative and resolute. He said the "odious 60th George III. was the work of the notorious Lord Castlereagh, who afterwards cut his throat at North Cray, Kent." Under the Castlereagh Act, he said, it was unlawful to print the Bible in numbers with any comment thereon. The Solicitor-General contended that the *Guardian* and *Conservative* were clearly newspapers, as the jury would, on inspecting them, see. He said little, as convictions followed with mechanical celerity. Lord Lyndhurst said less, but to more purport—namely, that "the *Poor Man's Guardian* was a much more *meagre* publication than the *Conservative*, but the jury could inspect them, and they knew as much about a newspaper as he did."

They did, and their verdict was against the *Conservative*, with two penalties, £100 for not delivering the affidavit, and £20 for selling them unstamped, while their verdict upon the *Poor Man's Guardian* was in favour of Mr. Hetherington, who at once exclaimed—"I am glad of that, for it legalizes the publication." Lord Lyndhurst then said—"Mr. Hetherington

is anxious that it should be understood that the jury do not think the *Poor Man's Guardian* comes within the Act." [See report of trial in the acquitted *Guardian* of June 21st, 1834.] Thus Lord Lyndhurst volunteered to explain to the jury the purport of Mr. Hetherington's jubilant exclamation. What could be the intention of the Tory Radical Chief Baron in practically legalising the *Guardian*, for publishing which five hundred persons had been imprisoned, it is difficult to conjecture. He must have intended to terminate the disreputable prosecutions continued by the Government, for he knew that the "meagreness" of the publication was its offence. The 60th George III. was designed by Castlereagh to restrain papers "published in great numbers, and at *very small prices*." "Meagreness" was an aggravation rather than an alleviation of the crime. Lord Lyndhurst knew that the 60th of George III. left standing the Act 10th Queen Anne, which Act declared that "every printed paper containing news to be dispersed and made public must bear a stamp." He treated this act as though it was "as dead as Queen Anne" herself. All the while it had an infamous existence on the Statute Book. He, however, in suggesting to the jury that a "meagre" publication was exempted shows that a judge can, when he pleases, annul an Act and virtually create a new law.

The Inland Revenue Board must have been mad, after obtaining five hundred convictions under the Act, to be baffled and condemned, and, as Mr. Collet wrote, the Board "indignantly left the Government and the Constitution of these realms as well as our holy religion to take care of themselves evermore" as far as "meagre" papers could trouble them. They had still the power of action, for they had the 10th of Queen Anne to go upon, and afterwards they did put it in force on outside instigation. Of course it was the duty of the Revenue Board to protect those publishers who did pay the duty against the rivalry of those who did not. But when public sentiment was against the tax, it became odious to enforce it.

Mr. Alderman Abel Heywood of Manchester, who was one of the imprisoned, recently stated at a City meeting, when the honorary Freedom was conferred upon him, that all told in town and country the number imprisoned was 750.

CHAPTER LII.

THE TWELVE YEARS' AGITATION AGAINST THE 10TH OF QUEEN ANNE.

(1854–5.)

IN 1836 the stamp duty was reduced to a penny. This put an end to the competition of the unstamped newspaper, but it did not put an end to unstamped publications. Papers not "meagre" began to appear as rivals to the stamped press. Among the most eminent violators of the 10th of Anne were afterwards the *Athenæum*, the *Builder*, and the *Penny Magazine*. The most defiant violators of the 60th George III. were subsequently the *Reasoner* and the *National Reformer*.

Our free press has two histories. The right of the free publication of opinion goes back to the days of Milton's splendid advocacy of "Unlicensed Printing," and Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," and comes down to the days of Richard Carlile, Watson, Hetherington, and others. We are not concerned here with the penalties of opinion, but with the taxes which impeded its expression, though a history of the twelve years' agitation against these taxes would be an interesting political story of modern times.

By the Reform Bill of 1832, the government of the country was consigned to what W. J. Fox called the "Worshipful Company of Ten Pound Householders," who sent representatives to Parliament who had the merit of thinking it was time that the dead hand of Queen Anne should be taken off the press. On March 7, 1849, an association was formed "to obtain the exemption of the press from all taxation and from all control except that of a court of law." Francis Place was treasurer; James

Watson, sub-treasurer. Richard Moore, who was afterwards chairman, C. D. Collet, secretary, and others, were members of the committee, which in 1850 was increased by James Stansfeld, George Dawson, and myself. In 1851, Mr. Milner Gibson, M.P., became president, and J. Alfred Novello sub-treasurer. The committee was increased by the names of Dr. Black, John Bright, M.P., R. Cobden, M.P., Passmore Edwards, Herbert Spencer, Joseph Hume, M.P., John Cassell, Thornton Hunt, Professor T. H. Key, Rev. E. R. Larken, George Henry Lewes, William Scholefield, M.P., and others.

These persons had no interest to serve, and only resentment to encounter, in the part they took. It was generous and disinterested indignation at the injustice and insolence of law that brought them into the field. The first Lord Shaftesbury wrote—"I know nothing greater or nobler than the undertaking and managing some important accusation by which some high criminal of State, or some formed body of conspirators against the public, may be arraigned and brought to punishment, through the honest zeal and *public affection* of a private man." "Public affection"—a happy phrase, well describes the sentiment that animated the committee.

The Taxes on Knowledge in 1848 consisted of duties of the following kind, producing in round numbers—

On foreign books	£ 7,647
On advertisements	153,017
On paper	745,795
The penny stamp	360,273

At that time (1848) sixty millions of newspapers were transmitted by post. The cost of this transmission and the manufacture of stamps, taken at £150,000, would leave a net revenue from taxes on knowledge of upwards of one million.

It was entirely an uphill enterprize to undertake the abolition of these long established, fiercely defended, profitable imposts on ideas. Time and artifice had disguised them from the people most affected by them. Canning accused the people of "an ignorant impatience of taxation." He might more reasonably have accused them of ignorant acquiescence in it. Editors of newspapers, fearing competition, were mostly against the repeal of the stamp. Paper makers were against the

repeal of the duty on paper, which, being paid in advance, kept small funded competitors out of the field. Even the advertisement duty had its defenders, as it kept rival tradesmen from appealing to the general public. Yet, within twelve years of incessant and intelligent agitation, all these taxes were swept away by a committee which never had an average income of £300 a year.

Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were the great supporters of the question in Parliament. The leader of the repeal there was Mr. Milner Gibson. Never had a leader more celebrated supporters. Never had supporters a more intrepid and ingenious leader. Mr. Gibson was a young Tory squire when he became member for Ipswich, which seat he lost through becoming convinced of the common sense of Free Trade. He was elected member for Manchester, and his fine abilities enriched Liberalism. He was tall, handsome, with a pleasant, winning expression, and a singular softness and persuasiveness of speech. There was, as the *Daily News* said, "a sparkle in his brisk talk and light comedy manner," and adversaries were oblivious of the rapier in his argument until they felt the point. The contrast of a country gentleman of debonnaire manners being the cordial colleague of manufacturers and Puritan politicians, was a theme of comment. Mr. Gibson was a dexterous debater, master of the methods of Parliament, and excelled in drawing up a resolution which the largest number of those objecting to it would be compelled to vote for.

Next to Mr. Milner Gibson, the success of the movement with means so limited, was owing to Mr. Collet Dobson Collet, whose energy, resource and devices were like Cleopatra's charms, of infinite variety. At every meeting of the committee he had twenty schemes of action to lay before them, from which Bright and Cobden and Gibson would select the most practical, and the most mischievous to the enemy.[1] A good secretary, who has enterprize together with deference to the opinion of those respon-

[1] "It would be unjust of him not to mention the services of their secretary, Mr. Collet. His friend Mr. Cobden had said to him a short time since, 'I wonder what Collet will turn his hand to next?' He hoped he would undertake something, for it would be a pity if such wonderful tact, good-nature, zeal and intelligence were not always employed in the service of his country."—*John Bright, M.P., Speech at Exeter Hall, at meeting for Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge*, February, 1855.

sible, is master of the movement in which he is engaged. He at once serves and instructs without offending the self-respect, or alienating the members by action without their knowledge and consent. The courageous policy of the committee (founded on that of Henry Hetherington) was to destroy obnoxious laws by compelling the Government to enforce them impartially. Odious enactments are maintained by permitting powerful offenders to escape and applying them to poorer offenders, who have no means of resistance or retaliation.

By the same policy the Sunday Society might have repealed in less than twelve years the infamous act of Bishop Porteous, against which they have been for more than thirty years vainly supplicating.

In the chapter on the "Personal Characteristics of Mr. Bright," mention is made of Mr. Peter Borthwick's meeting at the City of London Tavern, called to form a separate society for repealing the paper duty. As a Tory, Mr. Borthwick was against the diffusion of political information amongst the "masses"—a civil substitute (about that time invented) for the term "mob." The policy of the *Morning Post* was to put the question of the paper duty into other hands, which would have diverted public attention and destroyed the unity of the demand for the complete emancipation of the press. When the amendment was carried which I proposed, the Borthwick scheme was heard of no more. The terms in which *The Times* mentioned my speech were of advantage to me. The next day Francis Place spoke of it to me, saying, in the generous way he had of encouraging young men, that I might become a useful advocate. This I remember, as it was the first time I had received approval from him, for, though he freely gave counsel, he seldom gave praise.

As *Punch*, the *Athenæum*, the *Builder*, and *Dickens's Household Narrative of Current Events* all contained news weekly, and were not required to be stamped, the attention of Mr. Timm, of the Inland Revenue, was called to these cases. When he intimidated small country publishers by threatening them with prosecution, he was asked why he assailed publishers whom prosecution would ruin, and left unmolested rich offenders who could well defend themselves. Mr. Timm's answers were never satisfactory. Thereupon further letters

would be sent, pointing out the deficiency of his answers, and a member of Parliament, often Mr. Gibson, would ask for explanation in the House. This worried the Inland Revenue Board, and Mr. Timm would seek repose by not replying to letters. Then questions were again put in Parliament asking why he was silent when the public interest required information from him, which made Mr. Timm's life not worth living. Mr. John Wood, the chairman of the Inland Board of Revenue, said this paltry stamp tax, which only brought in about £500,000 a year, gave them more trouble than all the rest of the revenue put together, including the income-tax. The committee exerted themselves to increase that trouble, and John Stuart Mill afterwards said that "the committee converted the department," which can only be done by compelling the administrators to apply their Acts to rich as well as to poor.

Charles Dickens published the *Household Narrative of Current Events* without a stamp, unaware that the 10th of Queen Anne was not, like its mistress, dead, but only sleeping. The committee promoted a prosecution, which soon suspended that publication—at a loss to him, it was said, of £4,000 a year. Two of the three judges, before whom the case came, decided against Queen Anne, and in favour of Mr. Dickens. Baron Parke dissented. The Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Chief Justice Cockburn) agreed with Baron Parke that the decision was against the law; but it helped the agitation greatly.

The Inland Revenue Board had sleepless nights through our demand that they should define what was "news." It was not in them to do it. They could give no unassailable answer. Disraeli came to their assistance, as the reader will see further on, but failed to give them relief. When the Dickens trial came on, the cry in the newspaper offices was—"What the Dickens *is* news?"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE "HOLY WAR" OF THE UNSTAMPED PRESS.

(1854.)

EVERY reader of Bunyan knows how the town of Mansoul was taken in the "Holy War." The taking of Somerset House by the forces of the No-Stamp Agitators was, if less memorable, not less "Holy," for it was the war against political and religious ignorance.

The first Parliamentary triumph against these taxes was on April 14, 1853, when Mr. Milner Gibson carried a resolution for the total repeal of the advertisement duty, in which he was supported by the vote of Mr. Disraeli. Four days later Mr. Gladstone brought in his Budget, which proposed to reduce the duty from 1s. 6d. to 6d. The resolution that Mr. Gibson carried pledged the House against the tax, but did not repeal it. When Mr. Gladstone brought in the Bill to fix the duty at 6d., Mr. Gibson moved its total repeal, but he was beaten by 116 votes in favour of the 6d., only 106 voting against it. The Government, having performed their duty, went to the clubs or the opera, and left the House to its divisions on the details in committee. It was moved that there be a duty of 6d., when Mr. E. J. Craufurd, M.P. for the Ayr Burghs, who was always at hand in late divisions, moved an amendment that in the Bill the figure 6 should be omitted and 0 substituted. The House divided, when it proved that there were 77 votes in favour of 0, and only 68 in favour of 6: majority for 0—9. So the House determined that there should be an advertisement duty of no pounds, no shillings, no pence, no farthings. "Is this correct?" asked Mr. Gibson. "Perfectly," answered the

Speaker, who was then Mr. Shaw Lefevre, afterwards Lord Eversley. Mr. Craufurd, appearing at his club the next day, was saluted with the exclamation :—"See the conquering Zero comes!" The next morning when Mr. Gladstone awoke, he found his sixpence irrevocably gone. Ministers were surprised, and Lord John Russell was said to be very wroth.

Mr. Craufurd had greater intellectual independence than any Scotch member of my time. His father was Mr. Craufurd of Auchinames and Crosby Castle, formerly Treasurer-General of the Ionian Islands. His mother was Sophia Mariana, a daughter of Major-General Horace Churchill, and great granddaughter of Sir Robert Walpole. One of her daughters married Aurelio Saffi, the second Triumvir of Rome with Mazzini.

In 1833 the duty on advertisements was 3s. 6d. in Great Britain, and 2s. 6d. in Ireland ; it was reduced to 1s. 6d. in Great Britain and 1s. in Ireland. When, in 1853, the duty was totally repealed, it yielded £180,000.

The policy of the committee of which I write was to encourage publishers who issued papers liable to the stamp duty to continue doing it, and inviting them, in case they were interfered with, to communicate with the committee, who would do what they could to defend them. *The Potteries Free Press and Working Man's Chronicle* was one of these papers. It was published by George Turner, a spirited newsagent of Stoke-upon-Trent, who announced that the paper was "under the protection of the Society for Repealing the Taxes on Knowledge." In some cases Mr. Collet gave his name as publisher, so that he might be answerable for the consequences.

To incite Somerset House to action when it showed a politic somnolency, it was decided, at the time of opening Parliament, to get some newspaper of repute to publish a single copy of its issue containing the Queen's Speech, without the newspaper stamp, and call upon the Government to prosecute it. But who would run the risk? I was asked to ascertain that. All in vain I tried the most likely offices. Then I asked the paper whose intrepidity I knew—the *Leader*. The proprietor was willing, but, being a man of fortune, he prudently consulted his solicitor, who advised him that the resources of mischief concealed in the odious Stamp Act were such that he should ask for a £2,000 bond. They said it ought to be £10,000.

There was no means of giving the bond required, and it fell to me to publish special news without the stamp. If any paper had complied with the request, we intended calling upon Mr. Timm at once to prosecute it. It was therefore fair that proprietors should ask for some indemnity. I believe I inquired whether the committee could promise any assistance in case of my becoming involved in liabilities beyond my means. But I soon saw no guarantee could be given, as the Government, if they had chosen, could condemn me in fines which would have absorbed Mr. Milner Gibson's whole fortune. Mr. Collet was of opinion the Government would not go to such an extreme, but said, for reasons included in the Lord's Prayer, it was well not to "lead them into temptation."

After the Dickens decision of the Court of Exchequer, which declared monthly publications not liable to the stamp duty, I received letters from Mr. C. D. Collet, saying :—"I hope to complete my arrangements for publishing my monthly *War Chronicle* next Wednesday. Will you publish it for me?—paying me at the rate of £3 12s. 2d. per thousand; no credit. An answer will oblige." Mr. Richard Moore and Mr. James Hoppey wrote me letters making the same inquiry. In each case I assented. The news in these *Chronicles* was mainly made up from the columns of the *Empire*, a paper owned by Mr. Thomas Livesey and edited by John Hamilton (afterwards editor of the *Morning Star*). Thus *Moore's War Chronicle*, *Collet's War Chronicle*, and *Hoppey's War Chronicle* appeared. All the *Chronicle* purported to be "published by authority" of the Dickens decision in the Court of Exchequer. We had trouble through the fears of newsvendors; therefore I sent notices to the "trade" saying that a "*Legal War Chronicle* would be published monthly, as several enterprising persons had announced their intention to start monthly war papers. In order to secure the public the advantage of continuous news of the war, Messrs. Holyoake and Co. had made arrangements to supply all newsagents with one of these papers every week. If difficulty was experienced by booksellers in the country in obtaining the papers, they should write to Messrs. Holyoake and Co., who would supply them from their office." These papers being issued on successive Saturdays in the month, the series gave the public an unstamped newspaper every week.

It struck the Revenue Board as curious that four separate proprietors of monthly papers should choose me for their publisher, and, as they were entirely wanting in confidence in my simplicity, they took action. Writs were issued to alarm us, but the Attorney-General neglected or refused to file information against the proprietor and publisher. The Board of Inland Revenue were excited, and wrote letters to all whom they had served with writs, threatening to anticipate the judgment of the Court of Exchequer and the verdict of a jury by a summary process. This was an unconstitutional and unprecedented procedure. To counteract this threat I assured the vendors, in a further circular, "that it was not likely proceedings would be taken against them, until conviction had been obtained against me; and instructed any one who should be summoned to apply to me or Mr. Collet." As writs were served upon us, and no information filed, it was clear that there was trouble at the Inland Revenue Board. I therefore issued in two colours a large placard as follows :—

SHAM WAR
Against the Unstamped Press.
Holyoake and Co.
Announce that, though
Diplomatic Relations
Between Fleet Street and Downing Street have been
Suspended,
Yet they have good reason to believe that the Stamp
Office is commanded by
Admiral Keogh,
Whose force is destitute of gunboats, and that there is
NO REAL BLOCKADE
In the City of London. Nothing can therefore prevent
the public from being supplied with the
"WAR CHRONICLE,"
Except the
Connivance or Credulity of
THE TRADE.
The "*War Chronicle*," Price 1d., is published every
Wednesday morning by
Holyoake and Co.,
147, Fleet Street, London.
Signed—Holyoake and Co., Printers.

While the unstamped papers, described in the previous chapter, were being issued, I was under daily liability of arrest. The Crown had the power to arrest every person in my house, seize all the books, and destroy all the printing presses, as they

had done to Mr. Hetherington. I kept a poncho under the counter with some refreshments in, and was in attendance during six weeks, to serve the unstamped papers, as I would never allow any one else to incur the responsibility which I had myself invoked. My brother Austin was not less ready than myself, but I asked him to wait his turn. The poncho, I gave to "Count de" Rudio.

At this time Mr. Edward Lloyd, the founder of *Lloyd's News*, was publishing a penny picture paper, in which he gave an account of the escape of a lion, which, though useful information to the public, was declared to be news. Whereupon Mr. Lloyd found it was less dangerous to fall in the way of the lion than into the jaw of the Stamp laws. He was at once told he must stop or stamp. He stamped, raised his paper to twopence, and lost his circulation. I neither stopped nor stamped. It was computed in one of the publications of the committee for repealing these taxes that I sold some 30,000 copies, which, as the fine upon each was £20, represented fines of £600,000. Besides these, I published twenty-four numbers of the *Fleet Street Advertiser*, which had not a large sale, but every number was liable to the same fine. The best subscriber to it was the Inland Revenue Board themselves, whose agent came regularly every Saturday morning and purchased the first half-dozen copies, so that I was in for £120 of fine before breakfast. In nineteen weeks my liability from official custom alone amounted to £2,280. Finally, I was summoned to the Court of Exchequer to answer to my liability, which obliged me to say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would oblige me by taking the amount weekly, as I had not the money by me. Mr. Gladstone was then the Chancellor, and in my absence from town my brother Austin was one of a deputation to him. Mr. Gladstone said, in his gracious way, "He knew my object was not to break the law, but to try the law." Fortunately for me, the Repeal of the Stamp Duty took place shortly after. Though my solicitors, Messrs. Ashurst and Son, put in an appearance on my behalf, the case was never proceeded with, and I have never applied to have it opened.

All the while I was publishing every week forbidden news in the *Reasoner*. The attention of the Board of Inland Revenue was called to the fact that they were neglecting their

duty by not indicting me, as the *Reasoner* had always published news without a stamp. Eventually they resolved to do it. Their reluctance arose from not wishing to give State publicity to a journal which was not so orthodox as could be desired. As I was a Freeman of the City of London, and my house was within the precincts of the City, it was necessary to take me before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Then they found that the City authorities were opposed to having a press prosecution in the City. The reputation of those they had had in the days of Hone and Carlile was such that they coveted no more of it. So the Government left alone the *Reasoner*, the oldest defiant paper in London at that time.

This defiancy of issue of *War Chronicles* was done not only in spite of interest and ignorance, but in spite of newsvendors. Though they were selling two hundred illegal papers, they were insensible to their own danger. They held a meeting in St. Martin's Hall a few nights before the Repeal, and sent a deputation to Mr. Gladstone with instructions to dissuade him from going on with his bill. On the other hand, we sent him word urging him to proceed with it. Being a newsvendor myself, I attended the St. Martin's Hall meeting, and moved an amendment in favour of their supporting the Repeal in their own interest.

The newsvendors were present in considerable numbers at some of the public meetings. Their fear was that the introduction of penny papers would deprive them of their profits. Mr. Cobden on one occasion said to them, "He had no doubt that could he meet them a few years hence they would acknowledge that their extreme susceptibility to the interests of their pockets had exceedingly blinded their mental vision."[1] This they have long since admitted.

[1] R. Cobden, M.P., Speech at Exeter Hall, February, 1855.

CHAPTER LIV.

END OF THE FREE PRESS TERROR.

(1855.)

THE Midland Railway, by putting third class carriages in all its trains, was the first to bring the workman to his destination at the same time as the gentleman. It was foreseen that the repeal of the newspaper stamp would do more for the workman, for it would bring all the news of the world to his door before his employer was out of bed. Instead of having to wait a week for his master's second-hand newspaper, he would have one of his own. This was worth working for.

The Inland Revenue Board was drawn into an ethical difficulty. I sent a memorial asking that the *Reasoner*, of which I was proprietor, might be put upon the same footing as several other publications, religious and literary, which by the use of the stamp were permitted to pass through the post office free. The privilege was worth the penny, and I was willing to pay that sum for it. This cost "my Lords" of the Treasury, the Revenue Office, and the Postmaster, some tribulation. Messrs. Ashurst, Waller, and Morris revised my memorial, and conducted a disquieting correspondence with the Board. Mr. Ashurst had been, as I have said, the adviser of Sir Rowland Hill in the affair of the penny postage, and was master of the art of giving discomfort to the official mind, in the most constitutional way.

When they asked for a reply from the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote to acquaint my solicitors that "an official communication will be addressed to Mr. Holyoake from the Lords of the Treasury in reply to his

memorial." At length Mr. J. P. Godby informed me that "the Postmaster-General had been pleased to authorize the *Reasoner* to circulate under the usual newspaper privileges, provided each copy is duly stamped in accordance with the regulation of the office." Mr. Ashurst replied that "Mr. Holyoake, upon application at the Stamp Office, was told that the *Reasoner* could not be stamped, unless he made a declaration that the *Reasoner* is a newspaper, which it is not; and that Mr. Holyoake declined to make any such declaration, as it would be false, and was advised that it would be a misdemeanour to do so." The opinion of Mr. Hoggins, Q.C., and Mr. Phinn, Q.C., which Mr. Ashurst had taken, decided that "it was a misdemeanour besides an act of immorality to declare the thing which was not. The essence of the definition of perjury is that it is a false statement made in some judicial proceeding, but a false declaration that a paper is a newspaper which is not a newspaper is a statutable misdemeanour."

I sent to "my Lords" a list of seventeen publications with the names and addresses of the publishers, all of which obtained post-office privileges by means of a "false declaration." Three of these were the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, *The Clerical Journal*, and the *Protestant Magazine*. Clearly these journals were no more newspapers than the *Reasoner*, yet they made a declaration that they were. Mr. Godby was reduced to the necessity of advising me to make a "false declaration" as the only means of obtaining post-office privileges. Thus we worried the departments, and showed that they connived at public falsehood and gave a premium of privilege to it.

In 1855 the newspaper stamp was abolished. On June 13, 1861, the paper duty followed. The agitation for this repeal was fruitful in devices and in curious incidents, though free from the dangerous penalties of the earlier agitation. In the *Gazette* of the society, Mr. Collet had to write (May, 1861) an article "On the Tax which Nobody Pays." It was proved logically and conclusively, by officials and politicians, that the duty was a tax which came out of nobody's pocket—and how the Chancellor of the Exchequer collected it was the only thing left unexplained.

We owed the repeal of the paper duty to Mr. Gladstone. The opposition in Parliament held the loss to the revenue to

be £1,252,000. No other Chancellor of the Exchequer would have taken the risk of this loss with the income tax at tenpence in the pound. The Bill Mr. Gladstone drew was far more comprehensive as to the removal of incidental restrictions than the one passed under Sir George Cornewall Lewis's manipulation. The philosophical baronet was far excelled by Mr. Gladstone. Where a thing was right Mr. Gladstone went all the way of it.

If the reader should look into the *People's Review* edited by me, and into volumes of the *Reasoner* from 1849 to 1862, he will find more authentic documents and a fuller record of facts concerning this agitation than elsewhere, save in the *Gazette* of the association for the repeal of these taxes, and in official records in Mr. Collet's possession. The readers of the *Reasoner* made repeated subscription in aid of the agitation. For the testimonial to Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. John Francis, the secretary, said I collected in town and country £200. I knew everybody who would give anything for agitations of progress, and, as I went about the country speaking, I could, without expense to the committee, promote their objects.

Mr. John Francis, publisher of the *Athenæum*, whose remarkable life has been published by his son, was distinguished in a high degree by public spirit, practical judgment, and untiring persistence. He contributed greatly to the abolition of the paper duty by establishing a "Newspaper and Periodical Press Association" in support of it. Mr. Milner Gibson and his Parliamentary and public colleagues continued the fight until the repeal of that obstructive impost was won. In 1861, a testimonial of several hundred pounds was presented to Mr. Gibson by a committee of whom Robert Chambers was treasurer.

A secretary of sagacity, energy, and resource is the maker of a movement, and Mr. Collet, who had been the secretary of the "Association for Repealing the Taxes on Knowledge" from the beginning to the end (and for seven years of the time his services were honorary) had well earned a testimonial. Afterwards (1862) one was presented to him with grateful unanimity. Among the promoters were the names of W. H. Ashurst, A. S. Ayrton, M.P., E. H. J. Craufurd, M.P., W. E. Hickson, Dr. J. A. Langford, M. E. Marsden, S. Morley, J. Stansfeld, M.P., P.

A. Taylor, M.P., Washington Wilks, and Professor F. W. Newman. Each name had honour in it.

In 1859, Mr. Milner Gibson having accepted the office of President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Ayrton took charge of the Repeal of the Paper Duty. To Mr. Acton Smee Ayrton also belongs the credit of carrying (Feb. 7, 1861) the abolition of the Security System. He had before carried the Bill three times through the House of Commons, only to be rejected by the Lords.

Success was owing to others also, who on the platform gave their great influence to the society. A greater array of eminent men took part in this work than in any other agitation of that time. No cause, not even those of the Anti-Corn Law League, provided for the public of London a more interesting platform of speakers than the Anti-Knowledge Tax Society. On the night of its third public meeting (December 1, 1852), Douglas Jerrold was in the chair at Exeter Hall. Cobden, Milner Gibson, Charles Knight, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, M.A. (the uncle of Herbert Spencer), George Henry Lewes (who was one of the speakers), Samuel Wilderspin, and others were present. George Cruikshank was one whom, when Jerrold saw him enter the committee room, exclaimed—"Now, George, remember that water is very very good anywhere except upon the brain." Cruikshank had become a vehement teetotaller, which Jerrold was not.

Bright spoke on other occasions, as did Cobden. Other speakers were George Dawson, with his easy, luminous, satiric audacity; and Dr. John Watts, with his measured metallic voice, clear statement, and confident mastery of facts. Dr. Watts, in earlier years a fellow social missionary with me in the Robert Owen movement, was always the advocate of free knowledge.

On other occasions we had as speakers G. A. Sala, George Thompson, John Cassell, Professor Key, Charles Knight, Edward Miall, Serjeant Parry, and W. J. Fox. One night Horace Greeley, the founder of the *New York Tribune*, who twice visited me at Fleet Street, displayed a newspaper "of vast dimensions when unfolded," to an Exeter Hall audience who had never seen anything like it. "That is what we have for a few cents in America," exclaimed Greeley, "where we have no taxes on knowledge."

At a soiree given to Mr. Milner Gibson at the Whittington Club in 1854, at which Sir John Shelley presided, Samuel Lucas, of the *Morning Star* (who married a sister of Mr. Bright), and Mr. Cobden spoke. Mr. Gibson proposed "The memory of Francis Place, Henry Hetherington and the agitators of 1836."

It was Leigh Hunt, in the early days of the *Examiner*, who first used the phrase, "Taxes upon knowledge"—a phrase which passed to every tongue. Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer, was the next conspicuous person who used it, and some erroneously thought he originated it. Though that was not so, he acquired patent rights in it. On the famous night when the stamp fell, I was in the House of Commons when the 10th of Queen Anne was put to death. It was on the 26th of March, 1855, and I was present from four o'clock in the afternoon until nearly one o'clock next morning.

Mr. Bouverie had vacated the chair, the usher raised the mace, the Speaker took his seat, and announced with a voice reverberant as the Long Parliament—loud enough to reach into innumerable sessions to come—that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's (Sir George Cornewall Lewis) Bill would be proceeded with.

While Mr. Deedes moved an amendment (in a dull, insipid, gaseous speech, of the carbonic acid kind) to defer the second reading of the Bill, a fashionably-dressed, slenderly-built member appeared on the right of the gangway taking notes. From the Speaker's Gallery he seemed a young man. Before the dull Deedes had regained his seat, the elegantly-looking lounger from the club threw down his hat and caught the Speaker's eye. Rebuking his "honourable friend" (Deedes) for assuming that the House had not had time to understand the bill before it, he announced that twenty years ago he (the lounger) had introduced a similar Bill into Parliament. Strangers then knew that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was the member addressing the House. It was said that Sir Edward purchased his baronetcy by compromising the Newspaper Stamp Bill of 1836. Be this as it may, he nobly vindicated his liberal and literary fame by his brilliant speech this night. "Do not fancy," he exclaimed, "that this penny tax is a slight imposition. Do not fancy that a penny paper is necessarily low and bad. Once

there existed a penny daily paper—it was called the *Spectator*. Addison and Steele were its contributors. It did more to refine the manners of the people than half the books in the British Museum. Suddenly a penny tax was put on that penny paper, and so one fatal morning, the most pleasing and graceful instructor that ever brought philosophy to the fireside, had vanished from the homes of men. A penny tax sufficed to extinguish the *Spectator* and divorce that exquisite alliance which genius had established between mirth and virtue."

This fine passage was worthy of the occasion. Nothing comparable to it was said during the debate. What might have been the condition of society had the interval of more than a century, between Sir Richard Steele and Charles Knight, been illumined by the activity of a free press, instead of the weary period between the *Spectator* and *Penny Magazine* being one of the parlimentary depression of literature!

Mr. Miall rose several times without catching Mr. Speaker's eye. At length the House observing him, courteously called, "Miall, Miall." The honourable member for Rochdale, who had then begun to wear a beard, and looked all the sturdier a Nonconformist for doing so, then addressed the House; and his speech was as forcible, as compact, as sharply-chiselled, as anything spoken that night, not excepting Mr. Gladstone's felicitous speech on the Sardinian loan five hours before.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis spoke more fluently than report gave him credit for; more fluently than Palmerston, who was gutteral, halting, and inelegant. Disraeli's voice, commonly silvery, was, on this night, thick and explosive. His definition of "news" was ludicrous. "N E W S," he said, was derived from the four points of the compass—North, East, West, and South. A fact from one point was not news; a fact from all four was. Whether *one* fact could come from all four points at once, he did not inform the House.

Those who say old convictions are never shaken, nor votes won by debate, should have stood in the lobby at midnight after this division. A burly country squire of the Church-and-King species—fat and circular as a prize pig—a Tory "farmers' friend," born with the belief that a free press would lead to an American Presidency in St. Stephen's, and that the penny stamp was the only barrier in the way of a French Convention

in this country, and that Gibson, Cobden, and Bright, were counterparts of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat in disguise—this obese legislator, nudging a Liberal who had voted in the majority, said, "I gave a vote on your side to-night! Lytton convinced me." A triumph of oratory that for Sir Edward! 215 voted for a free press on this night—161 against; majority 54. Lord Palmerston, be it said, threw in some determined and valuable words before the vote.

The next week we placed a new motto on our *War Fly-sheet*, as follows:—"Consisting exclusively of intelligence from the Seat of War in the *East*, and published in accordance with the recorded and mature judgment of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, that intelligence from only one point of the compass is not News." According to this dictum, an American, an African, or Continental journal was not a newspaper, when its news was indigenous. The *New York Tribune* was not a newspaper when its information was American. The *Journal des Debats* was not a newspaper if its matter was exclusively French. Oh, ingenious Benjamin Disraeli! Of the two men of literary renown in the House, Bulwer spoke up for freedom of knowledge—Disraeli voted against it.

Every member of Parliament had been supplied by adversaries with a paper marked "For immediate perusal." It consisted of various extracts from the *Reasoner*, supposed to be specially calculated to awaken the terrors of the House at the prospect of an unstamped press. A passage was quoted which recorded Mr. Cowen's permission to incorporate the *Northern Tribune* in the *Reasoner*. That was thought to forbode the immediate dissolution of the Empire. A parody I had written on the Rev. Brewin Grant's style of controversy was given as also a ground of alarm. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton took up the circular, and commenting upon it, said it had increased his disgust at the opponents of the measure. He called it "trumpery—an eclecticism of twaddled bugbear." It happened that these "twaddlers in bugbear" had used an unrevised list of Members of Parliament and sent copies to twelve dead members. The Postmaster, finding the circulars bore no writer's name and no printer's name, but guided by the subject, supposed them to be some advertisement I had issued, ordered

them to be sent to the "Publisher of the *Reasoner* Newspaper." Thus the secret circular was a dead opposition—sent to dead members—returned to the Dead Letter Office—proving a dead failure.

The *English Churchman* said that "the *Reasoner* was at the bottom of this agitation." Every member of the House of Commons and House of Lords was told it; yet in after years, when the blessings of the repeal of the taxes on knowledge were admitted by all classes, I found Christian organs, which declared in 1855 that the *Reasoner* was the cause, claiming the victory themselves, and declaring we had nothing to do with it.

The Government itself gave an instance of this contradictoriness. Their Stamp Bills included the precise measures indicated in the memorials I had sent to the Treasury. The Lords of the Treasury had told me six months before that "they had no power to grant my request of posting the *Reasoner* with an ordinary postage stamp. "They had no power—the law did not authorise them to grant my request." This was the stereotyped official answer which had strangled a hundred agitations. No movement ever went beyond this point before. We sent the reply of their lordships to eminent counsel, who answered that the lords *had* the power. In another memorial we respectfully submitted these opinions to the Treasury. "My Lords" then replied (but not admitting their power) saying "they had caused a Bill to be prepared for giving them the power." Yet on the night of the debate Sir George Cornewall Lewis assured the House of Commons that no Bill on the matter of postage was necessary, for his colleagues *had* the power to make a Treasury warrant whereby unstamped publications could be admitted to postal privileges at any rate determined upon. The power which the lords under their own seal told us (see *Reasoner*, No. 457, p. 315) they *could not* exercise, they told the House of Commons a few weeks later they *could.*

Thus the association which undertook to free the press from all taxation did free it. When it concluded its agitation, advertisements were free. The stamp upon political knowledge was abolished. News was no longer criminal. The exciseman was banished from paper manufactories, and editors were no longer a criminal class who had to give heavy bail for their good behaviour.

CHAPTER LV.

DYNAMITE ADVOCACY.

(1855.)

OUTSPOKENNESS is not sensationalism, though it may cause sensation. Outspokenness is the plain, bold, honest, statement of principle. It is reasoned truth, without dishonouring imputation on any of a different way of thinking. Sensationalism is attracting attention by device or language which causes surprise and excitement — appealing to ignorance, passion, or prejudice, regardless whether it pains or repels permanently, providing it answers profitably for the purpose of attracting readers or hearers.

One evil of sensational advocacy is that it allures for a time chiefly a class of people who care only for the gratification "of giving the adversary as good as he sends." Applauding from the love of excitement, caring nothing for the principle, the sensationalists can never be counted upon; when trouble comes they desert those whom they have cheered into danger. This is not the worst result of the policy of outrage. The practical adherents of the cause are compromised by excesses, and stand aloof from a cause discredited by extravagance. A town is often set against a movement which seems without self-controlling principle, and the advocacy of the cause is killed there. The class of citizens of most influence cease to countenance sensational exhibitions, and, when the halls are once closed against the wilder sort of advocates, no one able to do it takes any part in getting them reopened, lest the same thing should occur again. I have known many towns in which honest and advanced movements have been extinguished in this way for years.

The public hall in Nottingham could at one time be had for the public discussion with the clergy. Mr. Charles Southwell encountered the Rev. Brewin Grant there, giving him in the way of vituperation "as good as he sent." Those who approved of sceptics being assailed did not approve of the reprisal, and arranged that the authorities should refuse the hall. The debate ended in tumult, and long years elapsed before discussions with ministers occurred there again. Before that time, there were ministers of the quality of the Rev. Alexander Syme, entirely dispassionate and fair, and discussions with them were informing to the public. A calculating advocate of Christianity could succeed in closing the halls in any town by inciting foolish adversaries to debate in his own way, when a pretext was furnished for those who distrusted all discussion to get discussion prohibited.

A hall which had cost a considerable sum to erect could have its value destroyed almost in a night by one wild lecturer. Some Freethought speakers consider themselves authorised to be free lances—whereas a free lance is a free traitor, taking credit for aiding a party which he destroys, and all the while helping the party to which he pretends to be opposed. Liberty merely means the power of doing what is right—whereas the sensationalist takes it to be freedom to do what suits his purpose. Denunciation being much easier than argument, denunciation is mostly cultivated.

A generous-minded confectioner in Plymouth, thinking it discreditable that there should be no place in the town where liberal opinions could be advocated, sold his business and devoted his savings to the erection of a hall which he thought might, by letting, yield sufficient for his moderate needs—he being an abstainer on principle, and distinguished by heroic self-denial. I warned him that unless he used judgment as to the speakers, he would find the commercial value of the property destroyed. Not understanding that secular thought required as much regulation and control as religious advocacy, he made no conditions, and the result was that the place acquired the colour of extreme heresy in a few months, and was entirely unlettable for general purposes, as the townsfolk would not go there. The result was ruin to him.

Sensationalism, besides the disadvantage it has brought upon

a cause, has often proved perilous through the disadvantage it has brought upon the individual. Some will go to extremes in encouraging extremes. Excitement and zeal will lead to sacrifices beyond the means of those who make them. This led me to discourage gifts which, when the day of reaction came, would cause regret. A young German gentleman, Max Kyllman, sent for me one morning to an hotel in Regent Street, and offered me two bank notes for promoting the law of affirmation. Not knowing his resources or connections, I gave him one back, saying that "at a future time, if more money was needed I would let him know." Mr. Le Blond, in 1855, for several weeks gave me £10 every Sunday morning at South Place Chapel, as loans for the Fleet Street House. After the fifth morning I refused to take more. At an early period in secular advocacy, I proposed that gift or sacrifice, for public principles, should be based on tithes, not to exceed one-tenth of the giver's means—as he who gave more was likely one day to discourage others who observed or suffered from the consequences of his enthusiasm.

Persecution sometimes incites sensationalism, which is then held as justifying persecution to put it down. If those assailed contented themselves with simply maintaining what was unfairly prohibited, just as though the prohibition was not, persecution would be equally defeated, right would be equally vindicated, and persecution afforded no pretext for recommending itself. The harm of ostentatious defiance by a minority is that power is irritated and becomes more vindictive and intimidating. Those who show the greatest daring are themselves commonly ruined. If their courage sustains them, and they do not repine themselves, their families spread warnings and dismay by telling the story of the disadvantages brought upon them. Then many who could afford to resist are alarmed, and do nothing. The hero of extreme defiance often goes to the other extreme himself, and, after keeping no terms with the Church, ends in taking a pew in it and being as ostentatious in supporting as he was in defying it, without the justification of believing it.

The clergy do not know their own business when they keep what they call "blasphemy laws" on the statute books, since they repress extremes by which they can always profit.

I am neither for time-serving nor for cowardice. I am for courage and good sense—I am for a man doing all he can, and not attempting more than he can carry through. He who errs in extremes by miscalculation is to be respected—he who errs from not calculating at all is disentitled to respect. I confine myself to the detail of effects which I myself have seen.

Many years after my visit to Cheltenham, before described, I had a third time an opportunity of speaking there. Covetous of publicity in the papers for what I had to say, I drew up a placard which might excite curiosity without recalling the memory of the resentful past. I, however, failed entirely to get the ear of the press—by no act of my own. Two friends I much valued, who happened to be visitors there, were desirous of retaliating upon the town for its former treatment of me. Yielding to them, I accepted the placard which they drew up. It contained disturbing lines. I was under no illusion as to the consequences. The public were instantly excited. Some of the residents, in favour of my views, applauded the project of retaliation, and many others who cared more for excitement than conviction made themselves prominent in approval of the proposed attack. In that town my own pride incited me to defiance, and, with command of the press, I should have had satisfaction and success. When the hour of action came, most of the residents who should have stood by me left me to the consequences. The owner of the hall engaged was intimidated by the authorities, and the doors were locked. A large room in an inn was procured with difficulty at the last hour. Not a single resident would give his name to indict the owner of the hall for breach of contract after duly letting it. Costs I had incurred beyond my means I was left to defray. Not a single journal ventured to report the proceedings. My original object, which was to reunite the friends of Freethought in the place, was entirely defeated, and never since has any party of protest or exposition existed in the town. Retaliation is very pleasant, but it is not often propagandism. This maxim is true in political, in moral, and in religious agitation.

CHAPTER LVI.

SAWDUST CONTROVERSIALISTS.

(1855.)

In the early days of the *Reasoner*, a gentleman called upon me, saying he wished to contribute an argument upon the existence of Deity. He was a tall, low-speaking man, expensively dressed, and he sometimes came in a carriage with two horses—leaving them in a street near to my house. He gave the name of Aliquis, and desired to be known only by that name. It was ten years later before I knew his name to be Mr. George Gwynne. As he did not wish his name to transpire, I made no attempt to know it. He frequently sent cheques for £5, and occasionally more, to the *Reasoner* Fund. His ambition was to reply to a much paraded "Demonstration of the Existence of Deity" by one who, I believe, was a countryman of his—William Gillespie, of Bathgate, Scotland. No writer who assailed us was so dry, abstract, unimaginative as Mr. Gillespie; and Aliquis, in reasoning against him, acquired like qualities. Though both disputants had great powers of sequence, it was, as respects popular interest, the most sawdust controversy we ever had in that journal. Aliquis would never publish anything until he had discussed every line of his paper with me. When I thought the argument should be differently expressed, or changed in character, he would spend days in recasting it. He usually came to me at night when I was well weary of the day's work, and made me read and analyse for hours every line of his argument. In this way I earned far more than the subscriptions he made to the *Reasoner*. It was impossible not to acquire the belief that the existence of Deity became much less

apparent during the wearisome years these two clever gentlemen spent in endeavouring to make it plain. They gave me the impression that theistical disputants had little material to go upon. Aliquis's was, like Gillespie's, dry-bone argument—a well-articulated frame of logic without a bit of flesh upon it.

True, writers without a gleam of imagination or a single striking sentence on their pen will expect you to publish their articles, which would kill a hundred readers a week and fill with dismay a thousand others. True, a proposition of Euclid has no single sentence which has any gleam of genius in it, but the whole proposition may be as delightful as a poem to him who eventually understands it. But such articles are for students and must be sparsely introduced in a paper for general reading. No popular paper can be conducted by charity. An editor must have money to pay for articles of such quality and variety as he may suggest or select. It is insufficient means that generally render propagandist journals uninteresting save to the converted.

I might here remark that money sent me for public purposes, received only on that ground, and publicly acknowledged as such, and spent with the knowledge of the subscribers, I was sometimes called upon to repay. One, a farmer in the Isle of Arran, whose proneness to extremes in advocacy I at times restrained, and who had sent £10 for the Fleet Street House, many years after threatened an action to recover the amount, with compound interest up to date.

William Honyman Gillespie, of Torbane Hill, Bathgate, had also an office in Melville Street, Edinburgh. Mr. Arthur Trevelyan had chambers in the same building, with only a partition wall between them. Neither knew nor suspected the identity of the other. Yet for many years they were in epistolary conflict. Coming downstairs one day from his chambers, Mr. Trevelyan suffered collision with a gentleman coming up. They mutually apologised and exchanged cards.

"Dear me," said Mr. Gillespie, looking at the card he had received, "are you Mr. Arthur Trevelyan? I am Mr. William Gillespie."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Trevelyan, "we have been writing against each other for nine years, with only a partition wall

between us without knowing it. We might have discussed our differences with less trouble had we been aware how near we were to each other."

Gillespie always dating from Bathgate, and Trevelyan from Pencaitland, their neighbourhoodship in Edinburgh did not transpire between them.

Mr. Gillespie was the most uninteresting and self-sufficient of all the adversaries we encountered. The Rev. Brewin Grant had a diverting offensiveness; but Mr. Gillespie had his boundless egotism without being diverting at all. When he had come to an end of a series of his dreary letters, he wrote—"I need not tell you that our debate is finished. No one can be in any doubt as to how the discussion terminated. My adversary—to say nothing of his coadjutors—was flagrantly beaten." Yet all the while Mr. Gillespie was the most abstract, dull, and dry of all disputants. He had a leaden style, and no particle of imagination glimmered anywhere about it. The sawdust style is not uncommon in literature, but these controversialists excelled in it.

Mr. Arthur Trevelyan was the brother of Sir Walter Trevelyan, and uncle of Sir George Otto Trevelyan. Mr. Arthur had the strong decision of opinion which characterised the Trevelyan family. He acted on Archbishop Whately's principle—he not only "believed the opinions he maintained, but maintained them because he believed them." Whenever any emergency arose in the advocacy of views in which he was interested, his support could always be counted upon. If any one applied to me for aid which I was willing but unable to render, and I communicated the case to Mr. Trevelyan, he was sure to aid.

When I wrote the pamphlet, "The Social Means of Promoting Temperance," apart from a Maine Law, it was inscribed to "Arthur Trevelyan, J.P., of Pencaitland, the constant helper by his means, his influence and his example, of Social Progress and Unsectarian Temperance."

Arthur Trevelyan had more life in his writing than either of the others. His interests were wider. He cared for men and little for *a priori* abstractions. He had distinctive thoughts and passages in his communications which were worth noting. Still, he had a catapult style, and threw his arguments at the

reader. They were unconnected ; you could not tell whence they sprung ; but they hit, and often hurt, the enemy.

Arthur Trevelyan, like all his family, had the courage of his convictions. He sacrificed a valuable estate in his youth for love—preferring to marry one whom he liked, to a fortune. Like his brother, Sir Walter, he was an imperious abstainer. He did not believe in temperance—but in prohibition. One day, as I walked with him through his estate in Midlothian, where he had suppressed all the inns, he directed my attention to a girl with her mother's shawl hanging down over her dress. "That girl," he said, "has a bottle of whiskey suspended to her neck. She is the walking public-house of this village."

I answered that "It was a sad sight, and a bad method of enforcing abstention by demoralizing girls. It would be better to do as Lady Noel Byron did on her estates—keep the inns in her own hands, employing persons to manage them at a salary, they having no interest in selling drink, and whose instruction should be to serve but a limited quantity to each applicant."

Difference of opinion brought no estrangement. Arthur Trevelyan had as much tolerance in opinion as he had zeal—a rare thing in one who has great zeal.

CHAPTER LVII.

STRANGE PROCEEDINGS OF A MAN WHO WAS AFTERWARDS BEHEADED.

(1855.)

SEVERAL times I had received letters urging me to visit a friend in the West of England, whose daughter had read many publications of mine, and much desired to converse with me upon some of the subjects which had interested her. This led her father to invite me to spend a few days at his home. It appeared the young lady had been in ill-health for some time, and when she heard that I was in the courtyard, and about to enter the house, she expired. Afterwards I was his guest on two or three occasions. He wished a remaining daughter to be educated abroad. Her father made many remittances to the master, but heard very little of the pupil, and for a time nothing. One day he received a letter requesting an immediate remittance of money to defray the expenses of her burial, with thoughtful assurances that, since he could do no good, he need not give himself the pain of coming. This suspicious solicitude determined him. Being a man of promptitude, instead of sending the money he went himself, and found his daughter alive. He did not arrive too soon, for it was feared it was intended that she should die. She was confined in a room with so little to eat that other residents in the house, whose sympathy was called to her condition, sometimes threw her food over the fanlight of her chamber. Her father brought her back to his house straightway.

Afterwards he took a foreigner into the house for the purpose of having his daughter privately educated in languages at home.

His sympathy with the struggles of Continental nations at that time blinded him to the fact that everybody is not good even in a kingdom of patriots, and he was again unfortunate in his choice. The teacher he selected had a French wife. My friend's daughter being motherless, the French lady, who had assuming ways, and was a Lady Macbeth in determination, soon interfered in the control of the house. The foreign teachers became distasteful to the pupil, and, very little progress being made, they were ultimately desired to leave, when they refused to go.

The intruders had good discernment, and found out that the gentleman would be subject to unpleasant remarks from his neighbours if it transpired that his sympathy for foreign nationalities, of which they disapproved, had been ill-placed. The astute teachers concluded that he would be likely to sacrifice money rather than that the unsatisfactory relations with them should become known. My friend was anxious on this account to secure a peaceable departure of his vexatious guests; but there was a limit to which this apprehension might be pushed, of which they were not aware. The foreign lady had made herself a terror. Daily and increasing alarm being created in the house, the daughter one morning ran into the garden to her father for protection. He was a tall, powerfully built man, a Saul in stature, and commonly went about with a long staff, which looked like a young tree from its height and girth. He strode into the house, determined to put an end to the impudence of a forced occupancy of his home by strangers. On his appearance thus armed, the foreigner, who was pacing up and down the parlour, at once saw that mischief was meant, and drew a stiletto. Upon seeing this the host threw away the staff and prepared for a fight in the English manner. Whether the unfamiliar mode of attack dismayed his adversary or the fury displayed by one whose single blow might have broken the bones of the foe, the foreigner capitulated in haste.

A cab was called, and the host went in it to the railway. This act passed for a courteous attention to his guests, but it was really a police precaution to see that they left the district. Forty sovereigns was given them for their journey.

This foreigner was Pieri, who was afterwards beheaded with Orsini, at La Roquette. It was believed that he acted under

the inspiration and terror of the formidable lady he had with him. Conspiracy might be a relief from such dominion. Anyhow a man who was capable of entering into a dangerous plot at the imminent risk of sacrificing his life, with a view to save his country, could not be wholly base ; and if he had been, such perilous devotion as he displayed for the advantage of two nations was some atonement.

SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE

PART II

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CHAPTER LVIII.

UNSUSPECTED SPIES.

(1855.)

Spies are of two classes—those in the pay of despotism, and those who watch and report upon the proceedings of the enemies of the people. The vocation of the spy is at best a repulsive pursuit. Deceit, false pretences, and treachery constitute the capital of the business, and its success is the success of a traitor. In war it has its only justification. Where murder is the object of both sides, treachery does not count; it may abridge, or prevent, worse disasters. But in peace it is doing evil that good may come, and introduces baseness into policy. In avowed war the spy of a forlorn hope of a patriotic cause is a pathetic figure. He lives under a double suspicion, and his life is in peril at the hands of foe and friend. He is killed if discovered by the enemy, and he often shares the same fate from his friends, who suspect him from observing his intercourse with the foe. Bound by his mission of secrecy and peril, he is unable to explain himself to any who may be ignorant by whose instruction he acts. And when he succeeds in what he has undertaken, he may find that those to whom he looked for defence and honour may have themselves perished in the same conflict before his dangerous undertaking is over.

The spies of which I write are the venal and baser sort. Some of them do not restrict themselves to discovering plots, but devise them and seduce men to engage in them, in order to betray them.

One of these was Edwards, the spy of Fleet Street, who was employed to prevent the publication of Thomas Paine's works, by finding out the persons engaged in their secret issue, or, failing that, to implicate Richard Carlile in some plot by which he might be got rid of. Edwards, under which name this spy went, was a clever man, who took a room opposite Carlile's shop, professing to be a sculptor, an art for which he had talent. Avowing great sympathy with Carlile's intrepid efforts for freeing the press, and not less admiration for the author of "The Rights of Man," he made a statue of Paine in proof of his sincerity, and presented it to Carlile, who made it one of the ornaments of his shop. The statue is now an ornament in one of the ancient halls of Northumberland. Edwards did not succeed with Carlile, who had such plentiful experience with Government prosecutions as to have vigilant suspicion of all overtures from strangers.

There were several spies in the pay of the Government in the Chartist agitation of 1839. They attended at the meetings of the Chartist Union, whose leaders were against physical force and sought the extension of the suffrage by moral means. These spies sent to congenial papers reports of venomous speeches which were never made, leading the public to regard the speakers as wild and dangerous insurgents. The *Morning Chronicle* was one of the papers open to these reporters. One morning a leader appeared saying—"If the ruffianly language held at the Snow Hill meeting on Friday night—language so foul, so flagitious [which was never uttered], that we reluctantly sullied our columns with expressions which reflect scandal upon an assembly of Englishmen, and are calculated to bring the privilege of free discussion itself into odium and disgrace—if such 'open and advised speaking' is to pass with impunity, then truly the law is a dead letter, and the Government deserves all the contempt with which it is assailed."

The *Morning Chronicle* described two meetings held at Farringdon Hall, Snow Hill, as "Chartist and Irish Confederate gatherings." They had been neither. They were

called by the Co-operative League, a body bent more on social reform than political agitation. The meeting, on Friday night, stated to have been held at the "King's Arms" Tavern, Snow Hill, was held in Farringdon Hall, a building quite distinct from the tavern. It was stated that several of the Foot Guards were there. Only one was present, and he in undress uniform. Mr. Ewen was announced as chairman. The chairman was Mr. Youll. Mr. Walter, reported to have seconded the resolution, was Mr. Cooper; and an indecent expression attributed to Mr. Shorter was never uttered by him. It was stated, also, that the Co-operative League was under the auspices of Douglas Jerrold and William Howitt, who were never seen or heard of in connection with the body. These facts were made known at the time, but with little effect.

About that period there was a small black man bearing the absurd name of Cuffy—a name, however derived or acquired, he foolishly retained, though continually ridiculed by adversaries because of the appellation. He was about the stature of George Odgers, who, many will remember, was once nearly elected member for Southwark. Cuffy was a victim of spy machinations, and was transported. His name contributed to convict him, yet he was an honest, well-conducted man, and much sympathy was felt for him. Mr. Cobden showed him respect by employing Mrs. Cuffy in some domestic office in his household.

The favourite and most successful device of the spies was to advise "speaking out." Their cry was, "The time has come to let the Government know what men think!" Measured and reasonable speech, calculated to impress power without irritating it, was described "as mealy-mouthedness," and men were sent to meetings to applaud, on a secret signal, any outrage of speech by which both speaker and meeting were made to compromise the cause advocated, and justify the repression by force and prosecution, which "friends of order" were always ready to counsel. Their policy was to alarm the timid, who knew nothing of the facts, by a terror which did not exist, and who therefore gave their vote for "strong measures" for exterminating a small struggling party with right and misfortune on their side. Then there would appear among the Radicals a plausible person affecting to burn with patriotic indignation,

and professing to have military and chemical knowledge which he would place at their service. By judiciously giving a subscription to their fund, which he represented as coming from persons who did not wish to be known, he acquired confidence, and created the impression that there were powerful persons in the background willing to aid, provided a blow was struck which would "prove to the Government that the people were in earnest." One of these knaves produced an explosive liquid, which he said could be poured into the sewers, and, being ignited, would blow up London from below. This satanic preparation was tried in a cellar in Judd Street, while I was taking tea in the back parlour above. I did not know at the time of the operation going on below, or it might have interfered with my satisfaction in the repast on which I was engaged.

Another person induced to join in this subterranean plot was a young enthusiast, who had impetuosity without experience, and who was afterwards the subject of many friendly attentions from a Conservative peer. The enthusiast is still living, and there is no reason to suppose that he was not an honest man. He was the type of the men, ardent without foresight, who come into this lumbering, slow-moving world, and are indignant that it does not mend its ways all at once. Their honourable but uninstructed ardour is the material upon which a treacherous spy selects to work. The two spies I next describe were of a superior class. I had personal communication with them extending over several years.

One went under the name of André, a suspicious name, for Washington hanged one of the family. This André was as fat as a Frenchman could be. He was handsome, literally smooth-faced, and mellow; he was quite globular, and when he moved he vibrated like a locomotive jelly. His speech was as soft as his skin. He had an unaffected suavity of manner, and an accent of honesty and enthusiasm which entirely beguiled you, save for a certain vagueness of statement which warned you to wait for its interpretation in action before you entirely trusted it. He had large commercial views with an indefinite outline, a faculty for finance proposals difficult to fathom, and an instinct for the friendship of men who, possessing money, had philanthropic aspirations without business experience. He first appeared as the friend and counsellor of a group of generous-

minded disciples of Professor Maurice, who became known as Christian Socialists. When they became interested in the organization and the extension of co-operation, his subtle penetration enabled him to see that a business agency might be founded in London for the supply of stores. There was then no Wholesale Buying Society such as that afterwards founded in the North, and which has attained great magnitude. Premises were taken in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, which became costly by the alterations made for the transaction of wholesale business before there existed stores sufficiently numerous to support the agency created for serving them. The antecedents of André, so far as they were known, were calculated to inspire confidence in him. When a young man, he was one of the enthusiastic followers of St. Simon, in Paris, distinguished for intrepidity and devotion in their cause, and he had created a strong impression by his eloquence and propagandist fervour. It was difficult to conceive that a rotund gentleman of luxurious habits could ever have been an ardent apostle ; but, with all his soft obesity, he had the energy of Count Fosco, whom Wilkie Collins has depicted in his "Woman in White," and, like that energetic hero, was not unacquainted with secret conspiracies. When Enfantin and other leading St. Simonians sought effacement, he sought employment—without delicacy or scruple as to the nature of it. He came to England on a political mission devised by the conspirators of the Empire. He was, I believe, an agent in the purchase of the *Morning Chronicle* in the interest of the French usurper, but this was unknown to the gentlemen of the party with whom he connected himself. His business here was that of a spy of the Empire.

The better to effect this object, and to justify his secret employment, it was necessary that he could prove his acquaintance with insurgent parties in England, and his connection with so respectable a body of social agitators as the disciples of Mr. Maurice not only ensured him from suspicion, but afforded him the means of influencing popular opinion in favour of his political paymaster. He became acquainted with famous Chartist leaders, and, as I was personally acquainted with the friends of Mazzini and Garibaldi, he showed me many acts of courtesy.

At that time Christian Socialists were generously promoting the interests of working men and desirous of establishing co-operative workshops. As many of these existed in France, and many were subsequently subsidised by the Emperor with a view to making the Empire popular with working men, André, who had been among them, had precisely that kind of knowledge useful to gentlemen who honestly thought that working men would become more interested in Christianity if they were better cared for, and a considerable fortune was expended by one of the most generous of the party, Mr. E. V. Neale, in establishing co-operative workshops. They did not sufficiently appreciate that the elevation of the working men can only be affected by education within, rather than from without, and that their training is most sure when they employ and risk their own capital. Working men may be aided in their efforts, but they quickliest acquire prudence when they peril their own money as well as that of others.

André inspired me with a feeling of friendliness towards him which has never left me. He was the greatest artist in espionage of any spy I have known. He never asked me for any information which would have awakened suspicion in me, but he gave me opportunities of mentioning things. As, however, my habit was to consider as their own the affairs of others in which I was in any way concerned, I never added to André's political knowledge, but I have no doubt he knew how to turn his acquaintance with me to his private professional advantage, and in ways of which I was unconscious.

As I had never seen Oxford, and had a great desire to learn something of its interior life, André had penetration enough to see that a visit there would be agreeable to me. He had a personal interest in influencing the Dean of Oriel as a subscriber to the capital of a new business project of his own, which he called by the well-chosen title of the "Universal Purveyor." The Dean, like many other excellent Christians, believed that the neglect of the social condition of the people was the cause of popular alienation from Christianity. It never occurred to them that its evidences were defective, and that the alienation the Christian deplored arose in most minds from difficulties it presented to the understanding. The interest I took in any proposal of theirs tending to infuse morality into trade, giving the

workmen participation in the profit of his industry, appeared to them to proceed from growing reconcilement to church tenets, especially as I openly honoured and worked willingly with any Christian person who would render help in this direction. André knew how to colour that action with theological hope. Accordingly, he took me down to Oxford, where I became for awhile the guest of the Rev. Charles Marriott, then Dean of Oriel. I then saw Oxford for the first time, and the happy days I stayed there will always dwell in my memory. The rooms occupied by Mr. Ward, who afterwards became a convert to Rome, were entered through the Dean's chambers, and when we were dining Mr. Ward would sometimes have occasion to pass through. Only once, when he was entering, did I catch a glimpse of his florid face and well-fed figure, so different from Mr. Marriott, who was pallid, thin, and gentle in speech and manners. As Mr. Ward passed through, he carried his hat on the side of his face—a delicate consideration, so that Mr. Marriott's guests might not be under conscious observation. I thought it betokened a gentlemanly instinct, but it also prevented us from observing him.

One day Mr. Marriott conducted me round several of the colleges, showing me things he thought might interest me, and we discoursed on the way on matters of opinion. I told him that I did not share the confidence he had in the premises of his faith, though desiring as much as himself to know the will of Deity, and to do it when I did know it. I was restrained by the difficulty I had of knowing what the Infinite Will might be, except through the works of nature and the necessity of justice, truth and kindness in society. I remember he paused in his walk, and, turning to me, said : "Mr. Holyoake, I would rather reason with a thinking atheist than with a Dissenting minister. I find the minister has always a little infallibility of his own which you can never reach ; while the atheist, who proceeds upon reason, is open to reason, and there is a common ground upon which evidence can operate."

By this time much of the wealth of the Christian Socialists had been dissipated. André appeared alone as the projector of the Universal Purveyor. His prospectuses were models of plausibility and just sentiments, of which the only thing certain was the expensiveness of putting them into practice. As I approved

of his professed object, he had a right to count on my aid ; but he sought it in a form for which I was unprepared. It was that I should put my name to a bill for him to negotiate in the City to meet some immediate requirement of his business. I explained to him the rule on which I acted in such cases, which was never to put my name to a bill unless I was able to pay it if the drawer did not, and was willing to pay it if he could not.

Some time afterwards he returned to Paris, and when, subsequently I inquired for him there, on grounds of friendship, I heard he was in a Government office under the Empire. When the Empire happily fell, it transpired that he was in the pay of the Emperor as Director of the Secret Bureau of Espionage, where his personal knowledge of the English parties and press rendered him a competent and useful agent. He had been a spy all the while he was in England. The last I heard of him was a report of his death, which was probable, as he was too fat to live long ; but the report may have been but a form of effacing himself peculiar, to the St. Simonian order to which he formerly belonged. It is a resort of many, no longer solicitous of personal recognition, to put in circulation a rumour of their decease.

A man of a different stamp, inasmuch as he had scruples of honour, was a certain Major W——, in whom I had more trust, because he had more ingenuousness of manner, and by reason of the company in which I found him. He professed to me to be an agent of Mazzini, to whom I believe he was really attached. He never awakened more than a transient suspicion in that penetrating Italian leader. The major often came to me to give me information, intending to enlist my confidence in his zeal. Now and then he would make me a present of a new patent pen, or some other little novelty which he thought might interest me. He was a well-built, good-looking man of about forty, possessing considerable strength. He lived at Fulham, in comfortable lodgings, and always appeared to have means. This observation led me to inquire, from his friends, whence they were derived, as at the Café d'Etoile, Windmill Street, I often found the major playing billiards with other foreigners, manifestly having time on his hands and money to spend. Occasionally he disappeared, at the time of the rising of the Italian patriots or some affair of Garibaldi's, when he would

send me a small paragraph for insertion in the papers. Sometimes there would appear from other hands a paragraph in the incidental way of news, stating that Major W—— had been wounded, which probably never occurred. When the Empire fell, and the list of Napoleon's agents found at the Tuileries was published, we were all very much surprised to find, in addition to the name of André, that of the major. There was no doubt that he communicated to the enemy information of the forces and resources of the insurgents. But there was reason to believe that he made, as many other Italian spies were known to do, a resolution never to betray Mazzini, nor compromise any movement under his instructions.

A sensuous obesity had much to do with André's success. Fatness is a force in politics, though its influence is overlooked. Cassius would never have been suspected by Cæsar had he not been lean. Blatant bulk without sense goes further with a popular audience than bones with intelligence. The Tichborne Claimant would never have had so many followers had he been thin. A fat person is always graceful; his motions are without angularity, even the inclination of the head is self-limited; the nerves themselves are so embedded that they betray no emotion on the surface. This was shown in the Claimant, who, when his friends and the noble lord who was his supporter returned to the Claimant's chambers in Jermyn Street, all depressed and unmanned by the adverse turn affairs were taking, he was entirely unperturbed, maintaining an easy air, which shamed and reassured his dismayed friends. A peer could not have manifested more dignity, or a philosopher more calmness. It was all owing to the physical impossibility of his manifesting solicitude.

CHAPTER LIX.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

(1856–7.)

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, whose age at his death exceeded ninety, enjoyed for seventy years reputation as a poet. As is the case of few poets, he excelled in prose as well as verse. In all his life there was hardly any tyranny against which his brave spirit did not utter an indignant protest. In early manhood, after he had dealt with his patrimony in land with more than princely splendour, he led a troop to join the Spanish patriots who rose against Napoleon I. On every act of national heroism he lavished splendid praise. Late in life an action was brought against him by a lady in Bath, who had provoked him by acts which he regarded as implying meanness and ingratitude. Against her he wrote verses with a satiric vigour which belonged to him alone, which even Swift did not equal. Judgment was given against Landor, when he asked me to print for him a justification of himself, and desired me to transmit copies to certain persons whose names and addresses he gave me. Though he knew his publication would involve him in serious consequences if traced to him, he made no stipulation that I should keep the commission secret. Nor did I (though, as printer, I was liable in law in like manner) make any stipulation for indemnity. In applying to me, I supposed he had reason to believe that he could trust me in a matter where confidence might be of importance to him. I had Landor's manuscript copied in my own house, so that no printer should by chance see the original manuscript in the office. My

brother Austin, whom in all these things I could trust as I could trust myself, set up and printed with his own hands Landor's defence, so that none save he and I ever saw the pamphlet, until the post delivered copies at their destination. A reward of £200 was offered for the discovery of the printer, without result. Twelve years later, Landor being then dead, I told Lord Houghton I was the printer of his "defence," but until this day I have mentioned it to no one else.

In his first letter to me, Landor contemplated my publishing the copies, but this idea was soon abandoned, as appears in his letters. The action against him, which had then recently been decided, had cost him more than £1,500, and another action might arise had I placed the "Defence" on sale.

The eight-paged octavo pamphlet bore the title—

MR. LANDOR'S REMARKS
on a
SUIT PREFERRED AGAINST HIM
at the
SUMMER ASSIZES IN TAUNTON, 1858,
Illustrating the
APPENDIX TO HIS HELLENICS.

Landor's first letter to me was the following :—

"FLORENCE, *March*, 22, 1859.

"SIR,—I know not whether you will think it worth your while to publish the papers I enclose. Curiosity, I am assured, will induce many to purchase it, my name being not quite unknown to the public. For my own part, I can only offer you five pounds for 100 copies—the rest will remain yours. The esteem in which I have ever held you induces me to make this proposal.—I am, sir, very obediently yours,

"W. S. LANDOR.

"No action was brought against the tradesmen for their reports, which I twice published in Bath, and the publications were bought up by Mr. H. Yescombe; nor dared he produce them in his action against me. The action was for verses which the judge would not permit to be recited in court, where two falsifications might be pointed out, one of which (as a jury-

man is reported to have said), ***would have altered the case***, and, of course, the verdict. W.S.L."

Landor did not take into account that further indictable matter after the conviction would be regarded by the Court very seriously. The "falsification" he refers to in the preceding letter is a curious instance of the value of a comma. The appellation which the lady who brought the action against him took to herself was Caina, which is in Dante a region of hell. The judge did not remember the meaning of the name, and appears to have assumed that Landor applied it to her. Landor, using Milton's allegory of "Sin and Death," whose offspring would not be fair to look upon, alluded to a young lady whom he considered had been ill-treated by Caina, and wrote :—

> "Thou hast made her pale and thin
> As the child of Death by Sin."

"That is, begotten by Death on Sin. But the plaintiff's lawyer," Landor said, "inserted a comma which was not to be found in his lines." The lawyer, by placing a comma after Death, would make it appear that Caina was guilty of some horrid sin. The jury found out too late what had been done.

After he had received a proof of his "Defence," to use his own term, he wrote :—

"Your letter has highly gratified me. Would you kindly take the trouble to send copies to the following ?—

To Phinn, M.P.	3
Monckton Milnes, M.P.	3
The Judge whosoever he was (It was Baron Channell)...	3
Lord Brougham	3
Mr. Hall, Highgate	3

And the principal periodicals, newspapers, &c., Leigh Hunt, Linton, and whoso else you please. The rest to me at Florence."

In another letter he further directed me to send copies to other persons, and named the papers he wished to receive

them—*Times*, *Daily News*, *Literary Gazette*, *Examiner*, *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*. John Forster, Montague Square, 3 copies; Kossuth, Admiral Gawen, Sir W. Napier, Scinde House, Clapham Park, 3 copies; 20 to Florence; the remainder to Charles Empson, Esq., The Walks, Bath.

In a further letter he wrote, saying :—

"DEAR SIR,—I forgot, it seems to me, a few persons to whom it seems desirable a part of my hundred copies should be sent :—

3 to Mr. Carbonell, Camden Street, Camden Town.

3 to Mrs. West, Ruthen Castle, Denbighshire.

3 to some Masters in Chancery, whose sorry adversaries have tried to obtain an injunction that nothing should be paid to me or my family out of my estate.—I remain, Dear Sir, truly yours, W. S. LANDOR."

As I had become unwell from overwork, my brother Austin reported what had been done, and the following letter Landor wrote to him :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am grieved to hear of your brother's illness. I very much esteem him, and hope he may soon regain his usual health.

"Many thanks for your care in sending the copies according to my direction.

"I know nothing of the American publishers, but will inform my friends in that country that they may obtain copies from New York. My opinion is that many would be sold in that country. I am, Dear Sir, yours very truly, W. S. LANDOR.

"Mr. AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

"Pray send 3 or 4 copies to J. Forster, Esq., Montague Square, London" (not remembering that he had mentioned them before).

His next letter was to me :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am as sorry to hear of your continued illness as at my failure of obtaining redress in my grievous wrongs. It may be necessary that the title page containing

your name should be torn off; but surely *then* it would be quite safe to send a dozen copies to Captain Brickman, Beaufort Buildings, Bath, with my compliments. Could not the whole come out as printed at Genoa? This is suggested to me as being safe and practicable. Of what is now printed, send me a dozen, without the title page containing your name. I have promised them to friends about to leave Rome and Florence for a tour in Switzerland.—I remain, my Dear Sir, with high esteem, yours, W. S. LANDOR."

In the letters I quote of Landor's in relation to his defence, I omit many remarks and also names which, however justifiable they were from his pen in relation to his own cause, I, who have no resentment to pursue, do not reproduce. They would be painful to others or the survivors of others. Forster in his "Life of Landor" quotes some letters which ought to have been omitted for the same reason. What is true, unless it has public interest or instruction, should have no place either in history or biography; and what is known to be untrue, and which Landor, being a man of good faith, would not persist in when it was shown to be untrue, should be precluded from repetition.

The next letter I quote in full:—

FLORENCE, *Oct.* 5.

"MY DEAR SIR.—On the tenth of last month I wrote a few lines to you enclosing a letter, in reply to a very polite one, remonstrating on mine to Emerson. A few days ago, I found my few lines intended for you in my desk. Pray let me hear, at your leisure, whether this reply ever reached you; for several of my prepared letters entrusted to a servant never arrived at their destination.—Believe me, Dear Sir, very truly and thankfully yours, W. S. LANDOR."

Forster, in his "Life of Landor," if I remember rightly, relates that Emerson had seen some wonderful microscopes in Florence, and spoke of the uses to which they were applied; but he found that Landor despised entomology, yet in the same breath said, "The sublime was in a grain of dust": which anticipated the fine saying by Herschel about the microscope

and telescope being explorers of the infinite "in both directions."

So far as I know, Landor's reply to the friend who remonstrated with him concerning his letter to Emerson has not been published. It covers four large quarto pages. Singularly, being from Landor, it was against the impending war for the extinction of negro slavery. It is a remarkable defence of the Southern side of the argument. I cite here only a few sentences in which his bright precision is visible in every one :—

"Interest is a stronger bond of concord than affinity. Beware of inculcating unintelligible doctrines. Men quarrel most fiercely about what they least understand. Laws are religion ; let these be intelligible and uncostly. It is pleasanter at all times to converse on literature than on politics. However, on neither subject are men always dispassionate and judicious. They form opinions hastily and crudely, and defend them frequently on ground ill chosen. Few scholars are critics, few critics are philosophers, and few philosophers look with equal care on both sides of a question."

One day I received the following letter :—

"6, CLIFFORD STREET, *July* 7, 1872.

"DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I remember well having a little talk with you. At what time of the day are you at home, as I should like to renew the acquaintance.—I am yours sincerely,

"HOUGHTON."

I answered Lord Houghton, saying I should appreciate the honour of his calling. Ordinarily I was at 20, Cockspur Street, where I then resided, from 5 to 9 p.m. When the House of Commons sat in the morning, I was home much earlier ; but it was an act of mercy to say that my chambers were at the top. Once there it was a pinnacle from which could be seen all the kingdom of London and the glory thereof ; but I include no other feature in the reference, remembering Lord Brougham's admonition, "Beware of Analogy."

Afterwards Lord Houghton asked me "to give him the pleasure of breakfasting with him at Clifford Street at 10.30 on Saturday next, the 20th instant."

The breakfast justified the celebrity Lord Houghton's morning repasts had obtained. Several breakfasts and dinners remain in my mind. Even the flavour as well as the charm I can recall; but for profusion and variety of joints, birds, fish, wines, fruits, coffee, and cigars, Lord Houghton's breakfast exceeded all. I remember the astonishment he expressed to a new footman who brought in coffee half an hour before the birds and wine ended. On an easel near the table was a new portrait in oil of Landor, which was shown to every one. This led me to mention that I had several letters of Landor's, at which Lord Houghton expressed great interest, and I promised he should see some of them. I made up a parcel, with notes explaining them. Being precious in my eyes, I left them myself at his house. I heard no more of them. At times I sat behind him when he came to the Pèers' Gallery in the Commons, and expected he would refer to them. At length I wrote and asked for their return. In July, 1873, he wrote from the House of Lords to say, "he was distressed to find that, acting on the supposition that I had given him the Landor MSS., he had bound some of them up with one of his books. If worth while, he would take them out again and send them." As he had never acknowledged their receipt, I did not understand how he came by the impression that I had given them to him. It was as proofs of Landor's confidence in me that I most valued them, and also as evidence of the risks I was willing to incur for him. The letters his lordship had bound up I told him "I was quite content should remain in his possession, as it would be a pleasure to think they would be preserved by him." As Lord Houghton was a valued friend of Landor's, I felt that he was a congenial custodian of relics of him. He sent me copies of the letters he retained, and others which accompanied them he returned, writing :—

"FRYSTON HALL, FERRYBRIDGE, *Nov.* 28, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged for the loan and the gift. I am afraid Landor's repute still remains in the world of men of letters, and not in that of national literature. There is no doubt that with him the thing said is less important than his manner of saying it. Every day we become less and less careful of style for its own sake.—Yours sincerely,

"HOUGHTON."

On such a subject no opinion of mine is comparable with Lord Houghton's; nevertheless, I own I value Landor's writing for its sense as well as its style, and think that his "repute" in "national literature" is higher and more assured than Lord Houghton supposed.

Landor did me the honour to write to me many times (after the affair of his pamphlet) on Italian affairs. Some communications I sent to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, where they would be more influential than in any paper of mine; some, relating more to social life and character than to public affairs, I inserted in the Journal I edited. Landor made scarcely a correction in his proofs. He was sure of what he wanted to say, and said it in unchangeable terms. He seldom dated his letters. In one from Scena, July 3 (during the Italian struggle), he remarks:—"If I had any photograph, I would gladly send it you. Three were sent to me from Bath, but I know not the name of the artist. Ladies have all three." He wrote with enthusiasm of Garibaldi, saying, "I hope Sicily may become independent, and that Garibaldi will condescend to be its king under the protection of Italy and England." The following sonnet he sent me ends with a fine line on Garibaldi:—

"SICARIA.

Again her brow Sicaria rears
Above the tombs: Two thousand years
Have smitten sore her beauteous breast,
And war forbidden her to rest.
Yet war at last becomes her friend,
And shouts aloud
'Thy grief shall end.
Sicaria! hear me! rise again!
A homeless hero breaks thy chain.'"

Walter Savage Landor I admired for his force, simplicity, directness, and the wonderful compression of his style: for his singular fearlessness, determination of thought, and his Paganism. As I was precluded from engagements on the press by reason of my name, I adopted that of "Landor Praed." Landor in his graceful way sent me his authority to use it, for reasons I may not repeat, as they existed alone in his generosity of judgment.

One night near the end of his days, after Charles Dickens

and John Forster had left him on their last visit, he wrote his own epitaph in these noble words :—

> "I strove with none—for none were worth my strife :
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.
> I've warmed both hands before the fire of life :
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

He said, in his incomparable way, "Phocion conquered with few soldiers, and he convinced with few words. I know of no better description of a great captain or a great orator," which might be said of himself.

CHAPTER LX.

IN CHARGE OF BOMBSHELLS.

(1856.)

It was at Ginger's Hotel, which then stood near Westminster Bridge, that I first saw the bombs whose construction was perfected afterwards for use in Paris, in the attempt to kill the Emperor Napoleon III. The bombs were in sections then. When strangers came into the coffee-room, Dr. Bernard laid them back on the seat between him and a friend. Understanding machine work, I could judge whether they were well devised for their purpose, which was my reason for being there. At a later stage I was told that Mazzini thought they might be useful in the unequal warfare carried on in Italy, where the insurgent forces of liberty were almost armless.[1]

He who gave the order in Birmingham for their manufacture, also gave his name and address at the same time, and went down to see the maker when there was delay through doubt as to the kind of construction specified. He used no disguise or concealment of any kind. He acted just as an inventor might act who wanted a new kind of military weapon made. When two of the shells were afterwards delivered to me to make experiment with, I understood that they were a new weapon for military warfare in Italy, to be used from the house tops by insurgents, when the enemy might be in the streets

[1] Many persons imagine that novel deadly projectiles are a device of insurgents and are of modern date. Whereas "Infernal Machines" were used by the English at Dunkirk and St. Malo, and at Havre de Grace by the English and Dutch, under King William. The first inventor of them, or the first known to employ them, was Frederick Jambelli, an Italian engineer, at the siege of Antwerp, under the Duke of Parma, 1585.

firing into houses, as the Louis Napoleon troops did in the days of the Presidential butchery in Paris at the *coup d'état* of 1852. At the time of the meeting at Ginger's Hotel, if there was any thought of operating in Paris, the design was known only to the six persons ultimately concerned—among whom neither myself nor Mazzini was included.

When the war-balls came into my hands I had small conception of what I had undertaken in consenting to test them. The detonating powder with which they were filled had been prepared for quick explosion. "Elizabeth," a courageous young woman engaged in the household in which Orsini resided, had, well knowing the danger, superintended the drying of the powder before the kitchen fire, where, had accident happened, she had been heard of no more, and any persons above would have been made uncomfortable. Percussion caps were on the nipples of the shells (which, like porcupine quills, stuck out all round them) when I received them. Their bulk being from four to five inches in diameter, they were heavy enough to be quite a little load to carry about ; and thinking that any force used in removing the caps, which were firmly fixed, might cause an explosion, for which I was not provided, I left them on. Deeming it best to carry them apart, lest coming into collision with each other they might give me premature trouble, I put one into each of the side pockets of my coat. As I went along the street it occurred to me, that it was undesirable to fall down, as I might not be found when I wanted to get up.

When I arrived at home I packed the bombs considerately in a small, harmless-looking black brief bag ; but where to put the bag was the question. I had no closet which I was accustomed to lock, and to do it might occasion questions to be put which I did not want to answer, as the truth might create apprehension that the inscrutable things might go off of themselves, which for all I knew they might. This was, however, the only futile apprehension that occurred to me, for my wife made no trouble about the matter, and found a place of safety for the parcel. She had respect for those for whom I acted, and readily aided.

The next morning found me setting off to Sheffield, where I had an engagement to lecture, and in which town I had proposed to try this new weapon of war. The insurgent leaders of that day had no funds to spare ; and by choosing a time

when I had to travel anyhow, it avoided the expense of a special journey. The selection of Sheffield was made by me as being a noisy manufacturing town, where the addition to its uproar of a bomb going off would be little noticeable. Going on the journey out to the railway station, I did not take a cab through fear the cabman or porter might snatch up the bomb-bag in which I had placed the shells, and afterwards throw it down carelessly. So I carried that bag in one hand and my portmanteau in the other. At the station I found opportunity of putting the contents of the bag into my pockets. I was afraid of the bag in the carriage : it required so much watching. A passenger might at any minute suddenly remove it to make room for some box which might strike against it, and as suddenly disperse the travellers themselves. Besides, I could never leave the train for refreshment, with the bag in it ; and the third-class journey was long in those days from London to Sheffield—the Midland Company not having set the generous example of carrying third-class passengers with swift trains. With a shell as large as a Dutch cheese in each pocket, I looked like John Gilpin when he rode with the wine kegs on either side of him. But I passed very well as one who had made ample provision for his journey. My only anxiety was that some mechanic with his carpenter's or plumber's basket might choose to sit down by my side, when a projecting hammer or chisel might be the cause of an unexpected disturbance. For the same reason I thought it wiser not to sit in the corner of the carriage, where one of my pockets oscillating against the side by sudden motion of the train might occasion difficulties there.

On arriving at Sheffield the trouble did not end. In the house where I lodged new perplexities arose. I might ask for a closet in which I might lock up my peculiar luggage, but my landlady might have a duplicate key and be just curious to see what I was so careful in securing ; and thus some accident might ensue upon the discovery. This fear deterred me from that expedient. My watchfulness kept me a prisoner in the house, and when I went below to write I took the bag and placed it on the table, keeping pens and paper in the same receptacle to divert attention from the other contents. Sunday was an entirely troublesome day with my percussioned companions, because I had to carry the bag twice to the morning

and evening lecture and place it upon the table before me while I spoke. As I took my notes and papers from the bag, its presence on the table was a matter of course. It was not prudent to put it under the table, lest the toes of some excited adversary might kick against it there. Had my opponents, who were numerous at that period, had any idea of the contents of my bag, they would have been very brief in their observations. At night I was again solicitous, fearing something should occur in the house, where there were many inmates.

Monday was welcome to me when I could take one of the missives out with me and seek a place for its explosion. As I might need to move rapidly after throwing it, I concealed the one I left behind between the mattress and the bed in my room, after the bed was made for the day. Had anything happened to me to prevent my return, the next lodger sleeping in the bed had found something quite inexplicable under him. I had lived in Sheffield and knew my way about, having walked through its suburbs with Ebenezer Elliott and other rambling friends of that time. But I had never observed the roads with a view to present requirements. I walked in various directions until afternoon, before finding a sufficiently straight road, without houses upon it. It was necessary to command with my eye a long sweep of way, since I must operate in the middle thereof, and be sure that no person could enter upon it from either extreme without my seeing him. Besides, I had to examine both sides of the road to be certain there was no lane or bye-path by which unseen persons could emerge and be struck by any flying fragment about at that minute. After all my trouble, pedestrians, or vehicles, or horsemen, were continually coming into sight; and I had to return home without making any attempt that day. And night was useless, it being more dangerous for my purpose than day. Had I had a companion to keep watch with me, we might have found an opportunity; but it was my duty not to trust any one with a knowledge of my object. There was no knowing what alarm he might take at being in my company with the uncertain missives I bore about me.

The next day I took a different course—that of selecting a disused quarry, as that would test the quality of the bombs under the most favourable circumstances. If one would not

explode by its own momentum of descent on so hard a floor, it would show that its construction was an entire failure. The quarry was in an immediate suburb, not very far from the centre of the town. There were several villas in sight of it, with gardens that came near to the verge of it. What would be the amount of noise I should create, or what would be the effect of it, I could not tell. I had to trust that it might pass among other commotions to which Sheffield was subject. Having examined the quarry to ensure that there was no one in it, and finding no one above, I threw the bomb from the top—from a point where I could shelter myself in case the explosion brought any fragments my way. The sound was very great, and reverberated around. Expecting people would run from their houses, I quickly arose and sauntered away. I met a person hastening towards the spot. "Did you hear that great noise?" he asked. "Oh, yes!" I answered. "I think it came from the quarry," he replied. "Had it come from there I must have seen it," I answered, "as I passed by it. It might be some cannon firing. If you can show me a pathway to yonder field, we should see if there is anything going on there." He turned and went with me, but we found nothing there. I was desirous he should not get to the quarry until the smoke had disappeared. Later in the day I returned to the place, lest some portions of convexed nippled iron should lie about, which being found might excite curiosity; but nothing was to be seen. I posted a paper to London, without address or signature, saying:—

"My two companions behaved as well as could be expected. One has said nothing; perhaps through not having an opportunity. The other, being put upon his mettle, went off in high dudgeon. He was heard of immediately after, but has not since been seen."

Finding the deposited shell in the bed where I had left it, I returned to town with it, when it was proposed that I should take another shell with the one I had, and proceed to Devon, where dwelt one who had the courage for any affair advancing the war of liberty. For this journey I received thirty-two shillings, as the distance was great; and this was the cost of the third-class fare. It was the only expense to which I put

the projectors of these wandering experiments. The object was to ascertain whether the new grenades would really explode, when thrown as high as a man could throw them, and falling on an ordinary road. The journey West was less troublesome than that to the North, as the railway carriages were less crowded, and mechanics carrying tools were much fewer. My friend lived in "The Den." This was the actual name of his residence, and not inappropriate, considering the nature of the business we had on hand, when we two issued from it. The vigilance falling to me was much diminished, as my host could take care of my "brief bag" when I needed personal liberty.

We soon found a suitable highway. My friend watched the way, and, being tall, could take a wide range of view; but it was necessary to choose a field which had a stone fence, where, after throwing the bomb into the air, I could at once lie down and be protected while the fierce fragments flew around. There was, however, little need of the precaution, as no explosion followed. The nipples buried themselves in the earth, and the obstinate shell remained fixed and silent. I had not foreseen this, and it was necessary to remain on the ground a while lest the thing might go off after some time. It was not possible to wait long, for a signal told me a passenger was descried. The difficulty then was to get the perverse ball out of the earth, since plucking it might occasion an abrasion of the cap, and cause it to burst while I was over it. Happily, I restored the wilful shell to my pocket and I went to meet the traveller to ask him "if he knew where there was a good place for football about"—in case he had observed the unusual movements on the way.

Having no taste for further trials on the common roads, we found opportunities of throwing the two portable thunderbolts on a really hard surface, where, with loud report, every fragment flew into untraceable space. It was not without satisfaction that I saw, or rather heard, the last of my perplexing companions. My next report to London said :—

"Leniency of treatment was quite thrown away upon our two companions. As a man makes his bed, so he must lie upon it; still out of consideration, we wished it to be not absolutely hard. But that did just no good whatever. The harder treat-

ment had to be tried: and I am glad to say it proved entirely successful. But nothing otherwise would do."

The result of the experiments was that the bombs in the first state in which they were perfected were proved to be inefficient; unless thrown to a great altitude in the air they would not explode on an ordinary roadway. If the percussion caps did act, they failed to ignite the contents of the shell. Except upon a well macadamized and hardened ground, or upon flagstones, they could not be depended upon for the purposes for which they were intended. They would not answer for ordinary military operations, where the surface might be soft ground or grass land. Whether the bombs used in Paris were improved, or whether the choice of Rue Lepelletier, where the ground was firm, was determined by the experiments upon which I reported I never inquired.[1] If my report ever became known to any one concerned in that affair, it probably had some instructive result.

[1] Some time ago sections of the shells used in Paris were drawn and published. They certainly were not of bombs which passed through my hands.

CHAPTER LXI.

ORSINI THE CONSPIRATOR

(1856.)

ORSINI was an egotist, but, like Benvenuto Cellini, he had something to boast of. His love of heroic distinction helped to make him a patriot; the passion for renown helped him to excel all other patriots in daring and in doing things of which Italian patriotism may always be proud. The escape of Baron Trenck was not more wonderful than Orsini's escape from the impregnable fortress of San Giorgio. The narrative of his astonishing adventures, published under the title of "The Austrian's Dungeon," and translated by Madame Mario, shows, in force of narration, that he was a good writer as well as an intrepid soldier. When it was ready for the press he came to me, through the instructions he had received, for suggestions as to the best mode of issuing it. I see him now as he stood in the shop in Fleet Street, the sun falling upon his dark hair, bronzed features, and glance of fire. I told him I would bring out his book gladly, but that Routledge was able to put many more thousands into the market than I was, and would no doubt give him £50 for the MS., which, though it did not amount to much, was of moment to an exile. Routledge did give him £50. The title, "The Austrian Dungeons in Italy," was one of interest at the period, but, if reprinted under the title of "The Wonderful Escape of Orsini," or some other which indicated its marvellousness, it would have interest in the literature of adventure as permanent as Silvio Pellico's story. There were heroes in Italy all about. Bystanders took Orsini, lame and stained with mud and blood, on the morning of his

escape, and secreted him with a certainty of themselves suffering torture and death in the same fortress, were they discovered. The whole district was then overrun with spies. He who realises this will appreciate the courage and resource of the peasant people—only to be matched in Ireland. I know of no single book concerning Italy which more stirs the blood of indignation at Austrian subjugation than Orsini's narrative. The address appended to his book (he could give his address in England) was 2, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, July 10, 1856. A year later he was headless.

Felice Orsini relates that an Austrian colonel was one day galloping through Mercato di Mezzo, followed by a large dog. A youth of sixteen was passing by with a smaller dog, which was attacked by the colonel's and almost killed. To save his dog, the youth picked up a stone and hurled it at the colonel's. By chance it struck its head, and it fell dead. By order of this colonel the youth was arrested and sentenced to 30 blows on the cavaletto, which meant 90 strokes of the bastinado—for three strokes counted as one blow. When the unfortunate youth was removed from the Cavaletto he was dead. On the following day the colonel was sitting with some of his fellow officers in the Café dei Grigioni. A man suddenly appeared in their midst, and after despatching the colonel with several stabs of his poniard, disappeared before any one could arrest him. This was the father of the boy who had died under the bastinado. That was a righteous assassination.

Orsini, by his attempt to destroy the French usurper, intended also to avenge Italy upon the false President of the Republic who sent troops to put down the heroic Republic of Rome. Orsini perilled his head to do for France what thousands wished done, and no one else attempted, with the same determination. When Cato visited the palace of a tyrant and saw the persons he put to death, and the terror of the citizens who approached him, he asked, "Why does not some one kill this man?" Orsini came forward in like case to do it. Those who engage in political assassination should have no hesitation in sacrificing themselves. If they are careful for their own welfare, they lose their lives all the same. By using bombs, Orsini imperilled the lives of others, and, being wounded by a fragment which filled his eyes with blood, was unable to complete his design.

After his execution at La Roquette, a compromising article appeared in the *Westminster Review*, upon which I addressed the following letter :—

"147, FLEET STREET, *June* 17, 1860.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'WESTMINSTER REVIEW.'

"DEAR SIR,—On the part of the colleagues and friends of Orsini, I am requested to solicit your attention to the following passages in the *Review* for January, 1860. We believe we shall not appeal to you in vain to do justice to the dead. What is asked is the correction or proof of the statements questioned.

"You say—'Through a confidential agent, he (Louis Napoleon) conveyed a solemn assurance of his intentions to Orsini, who had been a member of the same Carbonaro conspiracy in 1831 with the Emperor. Orsini declared himself satisfied with this communication. He gave the persons who brought it a list of friends in Italy, whose co-operation was to be sought at the proper time, and then wrote as the testament of his dying convictions the famous letter, pointing to Napoleon III. as the coming liberator of his country, which was printed in Turin, having been sent thither by the Emperor for publication. Soon followed the interview at Plombieres with Count Cavour, and the project succeeded rapidly towards execution.'

"In connection with this statement, I submit the following facts :—

"Orsini was not born until the end of December, 1819.

"In 1831, when he is alleged to be a joint conspirator with Louis Napoleon, Orsini was a boy at school, being only eleven years of age ; and he remained at school until 1836—until he was sixteen.

"It was not until 1843 that he was a member of any secret society.

"He never was a member with the Emperor. He never was a Carbonaro at all.

"He never saw Louis Napoleon before the year 1857.

"The 'famous letter' referred to was not in Orsini's French. He did not write French well. The letter appeared in pure Florentine Italian. Orsini was educated as a Bolognese, and was by no means a master of good Italian.

"Without proof it is not to be believed that Orsini, of all men, would 'give a list of his friends' to the man whom he sought to kill. He was not the man to do it to save his own life. Was he likely to have done it when his life was not to be saved? Without proof, no assertion of this kind is to be believed. It is a serious calumny upon Orsini, and to be resented.

"Again you state that—'The Emperor learnt at Milan, from the mouth of his own couriers. . . . and especially of that confidential one whom we have repeatedly mentioned, and who brought to Milan the discouraging results of his interview with Orsini's friends, whom he had found deaf to Bonapartist suggestions.'

"No doubt they were found 'deaf.' Were they ever found at all? No such persons have ever been visited. A confidential agent of the Orsini party has been sent over the whole ground, each *capi* or chief of sections has been inquired of, and the answer of each is that no Bonapartist emissary nor any such pretended communication has ever reached them. The 'confidential one' whom the writer 'repeatedly mentioned' was M. Pietri.

"The *Westminster Review* has given too many proofs of its profound sympathy with Continental liberty, and for those who have given their lives to promote it, for the friends of Orsini to be under any other impression than that you have been mislead or misinformed of the facts of Felice Orsini's character and career.—Yours faithfully, G. J. HOLYOAKE."

With his usual fairness and promptness the editor inserted this letter at the end of the next issue of the *Westminster Review*, regretting that he had inserted the communication, which he believed at the time to be trustworthy.

When in England Orsini was for many weeks the guest of a friend in the North, whose doors were always open to exiles. His daily habit was to ride through the country, and his fine figure and handsome resolute face was met by passengers as he galloped through splendid scenes and over sterile moors where the volcanoes of industry reminded him of those of his own brighter land.

When Madame Herwegh presented Orsini with white gloves,

he laid them aside to wear on the morning of his execution, although he was then free. He had so often been near death that he thought death always near him, and, as it was impossible for him to cease to conspire for the freedom of Italy, he regarded himself as destined to the scaffold. He had known the perils of prisons—he had mastered the language of stone walls—the language of misery—by which the last messages of the condemned are struck from cell to cell. When the last hour came and Pierri, who was with him, faltered, Orsini, not only undaunted but bright and daring as was his wont in danger, counselled Pierri to be of good courage and acquit himself as a patriot should.

CHAPTER LXII.

A FRENCH JACOBIN IN LONDON.

(1856.)

FROM 1851 to 1856 we had a real French Jacobin active in England, sprung like a Revolutionary Phœnix from the ashes of the Parisian clubs of 1793—Dr. Simon "Bernard le Clubiste," as he signed himself in his first letter to *The Times*. Dr. Bernard was born in Carcasonne in 1817. A physician by education, he, as surgeon on board a man-of-war, displayed intrepidity in two or more sea battles. He was a Phalansterist of the school of Fourier. He edited insurgent papers, and was chairman of the club of the Bazaar *Bonne Nouvelle*, where he addressed five thousand people nightly. Unintimidated when his colleagues were shot, he carried the agitation to Belgium, and was soon in prison and on his trial there. He got into trouble about Robert Blum, the publisher, who was shot by the Austrians in Vienna. Eight prosecutions had spent their rage upon him, when in 1851 he came to England, and practised as a physician at 40, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, London. Before two years were well gone he was in Newgate. His knowledge of the physiology of elocution, in which he excelled, and of the cure of the impediments of speech, would soon have brought him fame and fortune. His skill in Belgium had brought him great renown. We who knew him, liked him for his simplicity, genuineness, and courage. Becoming involved in the Orsini affair, he was tried for his life at the Old Bailey, in London, and would have been condemned had it not been for the defiant spirit of a city of London jury, who would not convict any one at the bidding of a foreign power. Louis Napoleon, the

usurper, was understood to ask that Dr. Bernard should be put upon his trial, which was done. The case lasted five days. Edwin James, an advocate politically popular in his time, defended the doctor. I was in court, and heard with amazement his ornate appeal so materially destitute of facts. He was unacquainted with what he was supposed to know, or might have known—and should have known. The Attorney-General, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who prosecuted, made it a point of horror that a letter from Orsini found in Dr. Bernard's room inquired "How about the Red and Co.," which the jury were told, with upturned eyes and uplifted hands, referred to the "Red Republic," for which the doctor and his terrific correspondent were plotting. All the while Orsini's letter merely inquired after a lady, the colour of whose hair he exaggerated because she had refused his offer to marry her. He always afterwards referred to the committee of which the lady was a member as the "Red and Co." Mr. Edwin James had no explanation to give. He had not inquired into the facts of the case which a question would have elicited. The Attorney-General Kelly was he who shed tears before the jury in attesting the innocence of the Quaker, Tawell, who had confessed to Kelly that he had murdered the woman at Berkhampstead, for which Tawell was hanged. From Sir Fitzroy, pious without scruples, Dr. Bernard had nothing to expect. Edwin James, his counsel, trusted entirely to the hereditary spirit of English defiance of foreign dictation, and modelled his appeal to the jury on the famous reply of Mirabeau to the message of the king. Fortunately for Dr. Bernard, this intrepid eloquence succeeded. Spoken in a loud, strong, imperious voice, the following is the passage which won, or justified, the verdict :—

"Gentlemen, I need not remind you that it has been of the greatest advantage to this country that her free shores have been open to exiles from other lands. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove to our shores the Saurins, the Romillys, and the Laboucheres, who have shed a lustre on this country. Will you, then, at the bidding of a neighbouring despot, destroy the asylum which aliens have hitherto enjoyed? Let me urge you to let the verdict be your own, uninfluenced by the ridiculous fears of French armaments or French invasions, such as

were raised in Peltier's case. You, gentlemen, will not be intimidated ; you will not pervert and wrest the law of England to please a foreign dictator ! No. Tell the prosecutor in this case that the jury-box is the sanctuary of English liberty. Tell him that on this spot your predecessors have resisted the arbitrary power of the Crown, backed by the influence of Crown-serving and time-serving judges. Tell him that under every difficulty and danger your predecessors have secured the political liberties of the people. Tell him that the verdicts of English juries are founded on the eternal and immutable principles of justice. Tell him that, panoplied in that armour, no threat of armament or invasion can awe you. Tell him that, though 600,000 French bayonets glittered before you, though the roar of French cannon thundered in your ears, you will return a verdict which your own breasts and consciences will sanctify and approve, careless whether that verdict pleases or displeases a foreign despot, or secures or shakes, and destroys for ever the throne which a tyrant has built upon the ruins of the liberty of a once free and mighty people."

Lord Campbell—one of those Whigs who apologise for their honourable sympathy with liberty by acts which Tories might covet, and then wonder why they are not popular—summed up for conviction. As the jury were about to retire, Dr. Bernard, lifting his hands and standing erect in the dock, exclaimed with great fervour, "I declare the words which have been used by the judge are not correct, and that the balls taken by Georgi to Brussels were not those which were taken to Paris. I have brought no evidence here, because I am not accustomed to compromise any person. I declare that I am not the hirer of assassins, that Rudio has declared in Paris, on his trial, that he asked himself to go to Orsini. I was not the hirer of assassins. Of the blood of the victims of the 14th of January there is nothing on my heart any more than on any one here. We want only to crush despotism and tyranny everywhere. I have conspired—I will conspire everywhere—because it is my duty, my sacred duty, as of every one ; but never, never, will I be a murderer."

On the verdict of acquittal being given, men waved their hats, the members of the bar cheered, ladies stood on their seats and

waved their handkerchiefs or their bonnets, and cheered again, and again, the crowd outside catching indications of the nature of the verdict, sent back in still louder cheers, their greetings at the result.

"At length," says *The Times* reporter, "silence was restored, and Bernard, whose eye sparkled, and whose frame quivered with intense emotion, said, in a loud voice, "I do declare that this verdict is the truth, and it proves that in England there will be always liberty to crush tyranny. All honour to an English jury!"

Thus the great Jacobin escaped being hanged. Unhappily he came to a more lamentable end. A bewitching angelic traitor was sent as a spy to beguile him, and to her, in fatal confidence, he spoke of his friends. When he found that they were seized one by one and shot, he realized his irremediable error, lost his reason, and so died.

Dr. Bernard had every virtue save prudence. I observed with apprehension that he would talk in a loud voice in the streets, of things it were best to whisper with circumspection in private. It suggested itself to me that if I conspired it would be well to watch the ways of him I conspired with. Dr. Bernard had that fervour which made him imagine all the world had come to his opinion, and took the town into his confidence. Partly it was England that misled him, he could not imagine that spies were in English streets.

Edwin James was not a man of many scruples. When he was a candidate for Marylebone he spoke one day at the usual hustings at the Regent's Park end of Portland Place. His adversary put himself forward as a "Resident Candidate," when James exclaimed, "I may be one day a happy resident—but, alas! as yet I have no wife and family." "You old incubator," exclaimed a loud-mouthed and abrupt elector, "you have three families in the borough already, and you know it!" The "gentle Edwin" was not abashed, but laughed and spoke on. The electors knew when they voted for him that he would sell them if he could get a price for them, calculating that, if he could not, he would serve them well. In which they were right. Within twenty minutes of his entering the House of Commons after being declared duly elected, I heard him take part in a debate, and offer himself to Lord John Russell. But Lord John,

when the opportunity came to him, would not buy, and James remained a popular member—until Lord Yarborough gave him the choice of leaving England or being indicted here. He went to New York, where the enemies of the Republic said the bar had fewer scruples as to its associates. Edwin James found to the contrary. After many years banishment he returned to England. Re-admission at the bar being impossible, he began a new legal career, and kept terms in a solicitor's office, to come up for examination as a new candidate. I often met him walking to the city at an early hour, pale, sedate, unostentatious—his ruddiness, grossness, and pomposity gone out of him. I felt respect for his courage and perseverance. Death intervened, and he came to his end without attaining his purpose.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE STORY OF CARLO DE RUDIO.

(1857–62.)

Rudio—"Count Carlo de Rudio"[1] he called himself, but there was little of the "Count" about him—was an Italian, and one of the shell-bearers when Orsini and Pierri made their attack on the Emperor Louis Napoleon in Paris. Rudio bore a shell, but whether he threw it is doubtful. "He could not get near enough," he said. Though deported to Guiana for his reputed share in the transaction, he escaped, it was believed by connivance of the French authorities there. In a small boat he managed to reach the English colony of Berbice, and afterwards worked his passage to England. Dr. Bernard stated on his trial at the Old Bailey that Rudio came and was not sought. Why he came, or who sent him, demanded scrutiny by those who received him before employing him, or suffering his participation. He may have been impelled to join in the enterprize by patriotism, and afterwards have shrunk from the consequences. The *Daily Telegraph* of August 30, 1861, described him as one who "betrayed his confederates," and stated that "the revelations he made were of considerable help towards the prosecution of Dr. Bernard." The allusion must be to information given at the time of Rudio's own apprehension. Nothing transpired at Bernard's trial as to "revelations" made by him.

In England Rudio afterwards asked my advice and aid to bring out a Life of himself, of which some pretentious numbers

[1] I remember he traced his descent from Nosa Danus, whom the Emperor Otone the Great, in the ninth century, made Governor of Belluno.

appeared. Probably I published some numbers for him. He went about lecturing. At some places, as the *Telegraph* reported, he complained that he was underpaid for his expedition to Paris, and that "Dr. Bernard only gave him £14 and his railway ticket"; further, that "Mazzini refused to recommend him to the Revolutionary Committee." Making these statements looked like the act of a traitor. It was, as far as his word could go, fixing on Dr. Bernard a complicity of which he had been acquitted by a jury, and doing so in a form which no one had attempted to prove against him. Though Rudio's words did not affect Mazzini, who refused to recognize him, they served to give the public the impression that Rudio had a right to look to Mazzini as a patron. My wish was to decline any communication with Rudio, and I would have done so but for the request of a friend of Dr. Bernard, who, too generously commiserating Rudio's condition, besought me and also Mazzini to aid him.

Mazzini, always forgiving to his enemies, had pity for Rudio, because he was an Italian who had, peradventure, entered into conspiracy and peril for his country, and because he thought that probably fear had led him to betray others. At that time attempts were made in Parliament, and in the press of the governing classes, to connect Mazzini with every act of insurgency or outrage in Europe, as was afterwards done towards Mr. Parnell with respect to Ireland. Yet Mazzini incurred the peril of affording a colourable pretext for this imputation against him, as he had often done, from motives of humanity.

One of Rudio's letters to me was the following :—

"4, Felix Place, Barker Gate, Nottingham,
"*Feb.* 16, 1861.

"Dear Sir,—I have received a letter from your friend, ——, which tells me that you offer yourself to help me in my publication. Of course my letter is to let you know that my publication cannot go further for the want of pecuniary means, and I am obliged to leave off, as I have resolved to leave this town and go elsewhere, where I hope I shall find means of subsistence for myself and my poor unhappy family. But, as I am without the most necessary means of carrying out my views, I will take the liberty to make you an offer; and that would be

to sell you the copywrite of my pamphlet, leaving at your consciousness the value of it. I assure you, dear sir, that no man of my condition has more suffered than I, in this last few months especially. Many a day we have been without any thing to eat—without coal to warm us; twice some propositions very brilliant has been offered to me; but them was brilliant to those that have another heart than mine. With strength of mind I have rejected them, and preferred to suffer than become a spy. To you, then, I appeal as a man of religious and political principles equally to those that I am proud to have; no, sir, no human power shall have the chance of turning me out of that path that I have been for twelve years. Death only shall put a stop at my principles, but until I shall have a drop of blood in my veins I shall always be ready to run against the danger for the benefit of our noble cause, though I have been repayed with the blackest of ingratitude. Still I will pessever while my heart still beats within me, and the taske I have undertaken is unaccomplished. Hoping of a reply, I with my wife and child, send our best expression of gratitude, and believe me, Dear Sir, your truly and fellowman,

"C. CARLO DE RUDIO.

"P.S.—I hope you will excuse my bad styl of the English language; I have a great presentiment, 'and that is only the aliment that keeps me a life,' that I shall no longer stay without that my person will again be sacrificed for the great principle of patriotism, liberty, and honour."

This letter, creditably written for one in humble society who had taught himself, had the fault of protesting his fidelity to one who did not question it, nor believe it. Interest in the American Civil War led Rudio to wish to go to that country. By that time he had his English wife, whom he married at Nottingham, and two children. He wrote to me, January 13, 1864, saying, "Mr. Bradlaugh had promised him aid," and Rudio entreated me for more. I had sent him £6 on the second of that month (as I see from the cheque before me). The following letter to me relates to these affairs :—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I shall be very grateful for all that you will do with W. to help our collecting. I did most unhappily

give to Rudio the £1. But if £1 shall be wanted for his going, you may reckon on another one from me. It will be economy too, for if he remains I shall have to help him often.—Ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI."

At length the means for a voyage were collected, and I gave Rudio a warm poncho to protect him from the cold at sea. At that time I was expecting daily apprehension for selling unstamped papers at Fleet Street, and this poncho, as I have said, was kept under the counter with biscuits and a small flask of *eau de vie*. I had had experience of apprehension, and knew the value of warmth and refreshment the first night. As Rudio was leaving me, I thought this would protect him from the Atlantic blasts. Whether he perished in the war, or on which side he fought, I never heard, nor have I heard of him since.

CHAPTER LXIV.

STABBING SPIES IN LONDON.

(1857.)

DESPOTISM is the nursing mother of murder. It employs spies to betray patriots to the scaffold. The friends of liberty have often no choice but to conspire and kill in self-defence. Sometimes these desperate feuds, originating in Naples or St. Petersburg, in Berlin or Paris, were fought out in London.

One day an announcement appeared in the London papers that a young Italian, on patriotic duty, had stabbed four foreigners in a restaurant in Panton Street, Haymarket. They were all seriously wounded by thrusts which had the vigour of assassination in them. It was a miracle none were killed. They were conveyed to an hospital, and the active assailant, who had attacked them with such invincible rapidity that they were unable to detain him, was "wanted" by the police. The question was put to me whether I would provide for him. I readily agreed to do so, as I held a house convenient for that purpose. The back rooms overlooked open-gate grounds, and I could watch the arrival of the police in that direction if they made a descent in the rear. So if they came at the back, I could let my active guest out at the front—if they came at the front, he could escape at the back. If they came both ways at once, I had an apartment at the lower end of the garden, and as soon as they had passed over him to enter the house, a signal would enable him to leap into adjacent gardens before they could be aware of the movement. I had information that my guest would probably refuse to be taken alive, and a desperate encounter would have caused alarm in my family, in which there

was illness. As a guarantee against this could not be given, other arrangements were made for the determined visitor. Afterwards I much regretted having made the inquiry as to his intended resistance, as he was not brought to me, and I lost the pleasure of succouring so alert and brave a man, for whose safety I had matured preparations. The four wounded men were foreign spies supposed to be in the pay of the Emperor Napoleon, and mouchardism is a profession we did not recognise in London.

When the men in the hospital recovered, they went their way. They knew very well who their assailant was, but would never tell, nor could the police induce them to appear before the magistrates and make any charge. They had sufficing reasons for not allowing their own identity, or the nature of their business, or the name of their employer, to be known, and the fourfold attempted assassinations in Panton Street consequently passed out of the memory of London. Their intrepid assailant knew the spies very well. He had tracked them to their lair, and fallen upon them with almost superhuman fury. He kept his own counsel, and no one who knew it spoke his name. The contest had to be renewed elsewhere—at another time. The terrible silence of the perilous enterprise was never broken.

CHAPTER LXV.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATURE IN THE TOWER HAMLETS.

(1857.)

It was in 1857 that I first became a Parliamentary candidate. It was in opposition to Sir William Clay, who had for twenty-four years represented the Tower Hamlets, but who was regarded as a stationary Liberal.

Eleven years later (1868)—never being impatient — I addressed the electors of my native town, Birmingham. Fifteen years afterwards, in 1884, I was a candidate at Leicester, on the retirement of Mr. P. A. Taylor. My object this time was to promote the passing of an Affirmation Bill for members of Parliament, which would open the doors of the House to all persons who found the ecclesiastical terms of the oath not in accordance with their personal belief. As I should on this ground have refused to take the oath, I might have aided the cause of affirmation had I been supported by a constituency whose self-respect lay in the same direction. But that was not to be. On addressing a public meeting at Leicester, twenty-nine questions were put to me. Nine of them were still-born, were ideal and impracticable, and never had working life in them. The other twenty I had invented myself or advocated being put to candidates years ago when in Leicester, before the questioners were out of their cradles. The answers therefore were easy to me.

My candidature in the Tower Hamlets was the first claim ever made to represent labour in Parliament ; and it was the first time Mr. Mill supported such an intention. It was at

my request that Mr. Mill's subscription of £10 was not made public, as I knew his generosity would do him more harm than it would do me good. Mr. Mill would have accepted the consequences, but it was not for me who profited by his friendship to impose the risk upon him. Some years later, when he sought to re-enter Parliament for Westminster, it was reported that he had, at the same time, given a subscription to support the candidature of Mr. Bradlaugh at Northampton, as little popular as myself—and it cost Mr. Mill his seat.

My Committee Room was at 4, West Street, Cambridge Heath, N.E., and Mr. Charles Bradlaugh was one of my committee. My address to the constituency was the following, which shows the questions in the minds of those regarded as "advanced" Reformers of that day :—

"GENTLEMEN,—During sixteen years in which I have been engaged in the public advocacy of Industrial and Religious Reforms, I have only been solicitous to be of service. The last prosecution in this country for the independent expression of theological opinion was sustained by me. I was the last person against whom the Queen's Exchequer Writ was issued for the part taken in securing the Repeal of the Newspaper Stamp, and but for the risks thus incurred the public might still be struggling with that question. I have constantly helped public movements, not the less when those who accepted my services thought it well not to acknowledge them—the rule of modern political life being to ignore those who do the work lest you should discourage those who never do anything. In all this I have acquiesced, because it is the first duty of a publicist to help without permitting any personal consideration to hamper the public cause.

"I should vote for Residential Suffrage ; and the Ballot, which would make it honest ; and for Triennial Parliaments, which would make it a power ; and for Equal Electoral Districts, which would make it just. A public opinion which can only make itself heard in the streets, and cannot reach the Cabinet, is impotent. In the late war the only character that stood the test was the character of the people. When aristocratic administrators failed, the people were efficient. Therefore, if English honour was safe in the hands of the common soldier

in the bloody defiles of Inkermann, it may equally be trusted to the common people at the polling booth.

"First among social improvements is the measure introduced by Sir Erskine Perry for giving, under just conditions, married women an independent right to their property and earnings.

"Next is the demand that the State should establish well-devised Home Colonies upon the waste lands of the Crown, which might eventually extinguish pauperism—home colonies where the labourer in distress, instead of taking his wallet for the parish loaf, need only take his spade to dig his honest bread—home colonies which should be training schools of emigrants, who might leave England not as now so often to perish helplessly out of our sight, but as qualified to support themselves as agricultural experience alone can enable them to do.

"In this country there is a decided element of active and progressive opinion, systematically denied recognition; and which is misjudged, because never legitimately represented. This is nowhere more evident than in the Tower Hamlets.

"There wants more than the abolition of Church Rates. All religious endowments are but a tax imposed by the strong upon the consciences of the weaker party.

"Then why should a Christian State accept the credit of the Rothschild House, and refuse Parliamentary position to a member of the family; and where is the religious equality in a State which admits the Catholic and excludes the Jew? Religious liberty is not in half the danger from the Chief Rabbi that it is from the Pope.

"Public justice requires that the oath, like marriage, should be a civil or religious rite, at the option of those concerned. Without a law of Affirmation in favour of those who conscientiously object to the oath as now administered, the magistrate is made a judge of religious opinion, and awards to unscrupulous consciences advantages denied to veracity.

"In this country, where the mass of the people are so hard worked, Sunday recreation is both a necessity and a mercy, and, where it can be accompanied by instruction, it is also a moral improvement. Hence I should support the opening of the Crystal Palace, the National Gallery, the British Museum, and similar places on the Sunday afternoon. Since nonconformity of creed is permitted among us, uniformity of conduct should

not be enforced by Act of Parliament. The poor man who is a slave to-day and a pauper to-morrow should not be dictated to as to how he shall spend the only day which is his: whether in seeking the fresh air from which he has been six days excluded, or in affording instructive enjoyment to his family. To deny him this humble freedom is surely the worst of the insolences of opinion.

"All progress is a growth, not an invention. Legislation can do little more than enable the people to help themselves. But this help, given with a personal knowledge of their wants, and in a spirit free from the temerity which would precipitate society on an unknown future, and free from the cowardice which is afraid to advance at all, may do much.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant, GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"147, Fleet Street, March 23, 1857."

Looking at this address with its manifold proposals so long before their day, the reader will not wonder at my not being elected.

Mr. Acton Smee Ayrton was popular in the Tower Hamlets because he promised more thoroughness in Liberalism than Sir William Clay, who was a gentleman of fine manners and fixed principles—fixed also in the sense of not moving forwards, and this made many electors wish for a member capable of progress. Mr. Ayrton's election was uncertain, my candidature could not be successful, but by persisting in it I might imperil his chances; so I wrote to him to the effect that I would retire and advise my friends to vote for him. At midnight he wrote me a grateful letter of acknowledgment.

On the day of the declaration of the poll, I was on the platform. Mr. Ayrton was not only hoarse, but his voice had that vinous impediment of utterance that Lord Garlies manifested when addressing the House of Commons on the Disabilities of Women, or Viscount Royston's when he spoke upon the Game Laws late at night. The returning officer, seeing Mr. Ayrton's distress, with kindly consideration procured an orange, no easy thing to get on that crowded platform, and handed it to Mr. Ayrton, saying—"Here, sir, try an orange, it may relieve you." A Tower Hamlets election mob thirty years ago was not a very dainty crowd, but they had an instinct for an act of public

courtesy, and cheered the returning officer who showed it. To their astonishment Mr. Ayrton tossed the orange back into the giver's face, saying, with incredible rudeness, "I want no orange! That's what they offer people when they are going to be hanged" —accusing the returning officer of treating him as a culprit. The remark was probably meant to be a witticism, and the speaker looked to the audience as though he expected the crowd would laugh. Their astonished silence did them credit. The returning officer never offered any more oranges to distressed members elect, but left them to roar unrelieved.

At the end there was a cry among some of the electors for me to speak. The majority of the crowd refused to hear anybody speak but Mr. Ayrton, and the returning officer, who was courteous to every one, said to him, "They will hear you; just speak to them, and procure Mr. Holyoake a hearing." Though he had so recently written to me a letter of thanks for having contributed to his success, he turned away, and refused compliance with the request. As his election was assured, nothing could harm him further. But civility was contrary to his nature, nor could the obligation of gratitude reconcile him to it. The habit of offensiveness never forsook him. When he became the Right Hon. Commissioner of Works, he was always throwing the orange in somebody's face.

Mr Ayrton came into St. James's Hall after the great Radical procession to Hyde Park, and reproached the Queen for not being present in the Mall to see it pass. Mr. Ayrton himself was not there. It was then Mr. Bright arose and made his famous defence of the Queen. The Board of Works, of which Mr. Ayrton became Commissioner, suggests familiarity with scaffold poles, excavations, and brick carts, and Mr. Ayrton's manners were in keeping. He addressed Mr. Barry, the architect of the House of Commons, as though he were a jerry builder, and he compared Sir Joseph Hooker, the great botanical professor at Kew, to a "market gardener." These uncivil outrages cost Mr. Ayrton his seat at the Tower Hamlets, and I own to feeling gratification when discomfiture befel him. His unpopularity excluded him from Parliament ever after.

Long before his death I aided in promoting his return to the House of Commons by writing words to his advantage, where they were likely to be influential (in the *Nineteenth Century*):

because, though manners are much in politics, principle is more, and Mr. Ayrton had principles to which, in his offensive way, he was true. The interest of the public service required that the architects' accounts and the Kew Gardens accounts should be audited by the Board of Works. Mr. Ayrton was an honest minister, and he encountered hostility enough on this ground without augmenting it by ill taste. It was to his credit that he opposed every system of centralisation, aided the repeal of the taxes upon knowledge, and procured the extinction of the editorial sureties. He had the credit when in the House of being the only member who read every bill brought in. He knew all that was attempted, and if he sometimes made mischief he stopped much. I ought also to mention that it was Mr. Ayrton who, finding in the archives of his office my suggestion made to Lord John Manners to have a light on the Clock Tower, put it up.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A LONDON REVOLUTION.

(1858.)

THIRTY-THREE years have elapsed since the parcel of papers and placards relating to the "Anti-Conspiracy Bill Committee" of 1858 (which were for the first time untied February 21, 1891) were laid aside. Most of those who took part in the agitation, which overthrew Lord Palmerston at that time, are now dead. Of Parliamentary men, Bright, Byng, Baines, Cobden, Disraeli, Gibson, Gilpin, Roebuck, Lord John Russell, Sir John Shelley; of members of the Committee, Mr. Ashurst, Mr. Shaen, Col. A. B. Richards, Mr. Richardson, and Mr Mackintosh have all died.

Few persons of the general public now have any definite idea of what took place in London in the third week in February, 1858. After the attempt of Orsini to kill the Emperor of the French in Paris, it was believed the Government would be asked to, and would, give up Dr. Bernard and another London citizen, reputedly associated with him. Some French colonels who happened to be in Paris at the time made warlike and menacing speeches, expressive of their readiness to come to London and fetch Dr. Bernard to be disposed of in Paris. This was an outrage upon the Queen, as it proclaimed a hostile invasion of her capital; but the Emperor of the French did not cause to be introduced into the French Parliament any bill to deal with these belligerent and compromising colonels. On the contrary, he directed Count Walewski to bring a charge against the English Government of "sheltering assassins and actually favouring their designs." Lord Palmerston, a friend

of Louis Napoleon, who connived at and encouraged his usurpation, made no reply to this insolent despatch, but brought in a bill to call foreigners to account who in this country conspired against a friendly government abroad. The bill was reasonable, but untimely. Being brought in immediately after Walewski's despatch, it gave the people of England the impression that we were going to alter our laws, or make laws, at the dictation of a foreign Power. To this Englishmen never consent. Neither Radical, Whig, Tory, nor Quaker would countenance this un-English proceeding. Then I witnessed the only peremptory revolution occurring in England in my time, of which I saw the beginning and the end.

Lord Palmerston brought in his Conspiracy Bill, and the House of Commons passed the first reading. The next day, Mr. W. H. Ashurst, Mr. James Stansfeld, Mr. P. A. Taylor, Sir John Bennett, and Mr. Shaen, subscribed £5 each; Colonel A. B. Richards, George Leverson, Alderman Healey of Rochdale, Mr. John Mackintosh, and Mr. Connell subscribed lesser amounts; and I see, on the list made at the time, the name of C. Bradlaugh for 5s., of which he had very few in those days.

On Saturday afternoon it was resolved to call a meeting for Monday night, in the Freemason's Hall, though the intimation of it, owing to shortness of time, could only be given by word of mouth to political societies. On Monday, a meeting was held in the Secular Room at my house, 147, Fleet Street. Mr. W. H. Ashurst, Mr. W. Shaen, Mr. J. Stansfeld, Colonel Richards (a Conservative, and then editor of the *Morning Advertiser*), Mr. John Mackintosh, Mr. J. B. Langley, Mr. George Leverson, Mr. Connell, and others were present. I was asked to take the chair, and a committee was appointed of those present, with power to add to their number. Funds were to be collected, and I was elected treasurer. A demonstration was projected, if it could be brought about, to be held in Hyde Park on Sunday.

On Monday evening, when we arrived, the Freemasons' Hall was so crowded that the conveners of the meeting were unable to get in. Mr. Stansfeld spoke to the manager of the hall, who conducted us through the wine cellars to a private passage that led on to the platform. In a small gallery on the opposite side of the hall, fronting the platform, were two French spies,

disguised as gasfitters—assumed to be placed there by the manager in case their services should be required. They were admitted in the interests of the French Emperor. There were no foreigners on the platform, nor were they observable in the meeting. It was an English meeting called to consider an English question. The variety and excitement of the audience, who knew not who had called them together, was metropolitan, and we saw that the question was in the hands of the people. It then occurred to the leaders on the platform that they might proceed to call a public meeting in Hyde Park on the following Sunday, where the people of London could assemble to give their opinion on the steps taken by the Government concerning the honour and reputation of the country. We had objections to holding political meetings in Hyde Park on the Sunday except on a great national emergency, when the voice of London required to be heard. Owing to business pursuits, the people in imposing numbers could be assembled on no other day. It was thought that the occasion justified a Sunday meeting in the Park, and I was asked to announce it. The audience in the hall was tumultuous, and, fearing I might not speak with sufficient loudness for every one to hear, I asked several gentlemen to make the announcement for me. They, however, proved unwilling to take the responsibility of it. I explained that the committee took that onus, and merely wanted to borrow a voice. Mr. Mackintosh, who wrote as "Northumbrian" in *Reynolds's Newspaper*, who had been a schoolmaster, and had stentorian lungs, finally complied with my request. For a time he demurred; but on my saying "Use my name, and say you give the notice at my request," he consented. The committee desired notice given to that meeting, as there were not sufficient funds to make known to the whole of London their intention.

From the way in which the announcement was received, there was no doubt those present would extend the publicity of it. At eleven o'clock on that Monday night it was a matter of doubt if London could be interested in the protest against the proposed bill. Yet on the following Friday morning all London was in the streets. I never knew London change so in a few days. Not one shopkeeper in a hundred takes any part in public affairs. Probably not one man in a thousand of

the four millions of population can be counted upon to appear in public agitation; yet on that Friday morning the shopkeepers in Oxford Street, from Holborn to the Marble Arch, were at their doors conversing with passers-by, and discussing the motion of which Mr. Milner Gibson had given notice for the rejection of Lord Palmerston's Bill. The first reading of that bill had been carried by the enormous majority of 200. To destroy that majority in a week was an unusual undertaking. The Government were not merely confident—they were jubilant. Mr. Baxter Langley placed his office in 3, Falcon Court, at our disposal for placard purposes; and the committee, at 147, Fleet Street, issued the following circular to known publicists, societies, and clubs in town and country, for none of us expected that success would come so swiftly as it did :—

"You are urgently requested to co-operate with the great movement which has commenced with the meeting at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday night, for the purpose of opposing, by all legal means, the iniquitous Act of Lord Palmerston, called the Conspiracy to Murder Bill. We shall be happy to receive delegates from the provinces to appear at our public meetings in London, and we beg to impress upon you the value of haste, in order that support may be given to those members of Parliament who have voted against the bill, and that the supporters of Palmerston may receive a warning from their constituencies that if their votes be repeated they will lose their seats. We intend now to hold meeting upon meeting, as rapidly as possible, in every quarter, in order to elicit from the people and the press a full expression of the wide and deep feeling of disgust which pervades the public mind in London."

We need not have been so solicitous. Resentment at foreign interference we found to be instinctive in the English heart. In the meantime we issued placards. The longest, which follows, was drafted by Colonel Richards :—

"THE PEOPLE OF LONDON

will meet in Hyde Park on Sunday next, the 21st February, at 3 o'clock p.m., to protest by their peaceable and orderly presence

against the new Conspiracy Bill, introduced by Lord Palmerston under the dictation of the French Emperor, Louis Napoleon.

"Think of your countryman, the Engineer Watts, driven mad at Naples.

"Think of the insults of the French colonels.

"Are Foreign Spies and Police to be allowed to act on British Soil?

"Let those who attend in Hyde Park on Sunday next

Maintain perfect order.

"By order of the Freemasons' Hall Meeting Committee."

The next two were written by me :—

"ENGLISHMEN,

"On Monday, at Bow Street, an English magistrate presided at a political trial, under the surveillance of French Police Agents. Sir Richard Mayne sat on one hand, and a French Agent on the other. Is it come to this in London?

"Keep the Peace. Attend at Hyde Park,
"Break no Law. On Sunday, at 3 o'clock.
"Beware of all who attempt it."

The second was as follows :—

"MEN OF LONDON,

"Lord John Russell has said that, whoever may vote for Lord Palmerston's Bill, dictated by the French Government, 'that shame and humiliation he will not share.'

"Let all who would not share it either be present in Hyde Park on Sunday, at 3 o'clock."

Another placard was a passage from *The Times*, not complimentary to Lord Palmerston. We did not know then that *The Times* attacked him in the interests of despots :—

"It is impossible to mention a spot from the Tagus to the Dardanelles, from Sicily to the North Cape, where Lord Palmerston has founded one solid tangible claim to our gratitude and confidence. We will not measure him as a Russian

Minister, or an Austrian Minister, or a French Minister, because, if we do, we must admit that he has given Russia a plea for successful aggrandisement; that he has helped to aggravate and confirm the Austrian dominion in Italy, rend her influences in Germany; and that he may even claim a share in the honour in making France what it is. He has played the game of our national rivals and political antagonists, or, to borrow a sentence from Mr. Osborne, he has merged into a tool and automaton whose hands have been directed, and whose moves have been made, by the will and unseen influence of a foreign prompter. There is no constituted authority in Europe with which Lord Palmerston has not quarrelled; there is no insurrection that he has not betrayed. The ardent partizans of Sicilian, Italian, and Hungarian independence have certainly no special cause for gratitude to a minister who gave them an abundance of verbal encouragements and then abandoned them to their fate." —*The Times*, June, 1850.

There was another side to Palmerston's character. He expressed more sympathy with "struggling nationalities" than any other foreign Minister of his day, which, from one in his position, was an advantage to them. Foreign leaders in some cases expected military aid to follow, and in their disappointment condemned him for not doing what he had not promised. Lord Palmerston must have had good in him and have done some, since every despotic government abroad, save Louis Napoleon's, detested him. We next placarded Lord John Russell's famous speech against the Conspiracy Bill.

"'The threat (of France) has been somewhat too barely exposed, somewhat too loudly uttered; it has been so uttered that I confess if I were to vote for this bill I should feel shame and humiliation in giving that vote. Let those who will support the bill of the Government; that *shame* and *humiliation* I am determined not to share.' (Tuesday, February 9, 1858.)"

We enjoined order on every placard and suspicion of all who did not observe it. London was overrun by foreign spies, and is, indeed, never free from them. "Ignorant men, strangers

to public affairs, accuse in general the police of itself fabricating the plots which it discovers." Thiers said this, and his word has to be taken into account, as he had had great State experience. The police are often accused in this matter wrongfully; but experience also shows that they are at times accused rightfully. They have invented plots in England, as they do in Ireland to this day. There are always "fool friends" of progress who commit the cause quite enough without police plots.

We issued smaller bills for shop windows and for hand to hand circulation.

"Will you submit to surrender your rights and liberties at the demand of a Foreign Sovereign? If not—if you have still the same spirit your fathers had—attend in Hyde Park to protest against Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill dictated by the French Government."

A meeting of delegates from England and Scotland was assembled in London then. Mr. Alderman Livesey, of Rochdale (a school-fellow of John Bright), presided, and made the most British speech delivered from any platform at that time. At this meeting I moved a petition to Parliament which set forth that no foreign prince ought to have power or jurisdiction in this realm, and that the "French Colonels' Bill"—as it had become to be called—was unnecessary, impolitic, and humiliating to the British nation. On receiving the petition, Lord John Russell wrote to me from Chesham Place saying he should have pleasure in presenting it.

Our meeting at the Freemasons' Hall was held on Monday night, February 16. On Friday, in the same week, Mr. Milner Gibson moved the rejection of the bill by an amendment drawn, as the press of the day said, "with his consummate skill." Mr. Walpole spoke against the bill, and so did Mr. Byng. Mr. Gladstone, too, made a speech against it, which Mr. Byng—a very good judge—said "excelled the finest efforts of Burke or Fox." Sir Robert Peel made against it the most sustained and dramatic speech he had delivered in the House. The Government had employed a Mr. Bodkin to prosecute Dr. Bernard. The way in which Sir Robert pronounced "Lawyer

Bodkin" filled the House with laughter. That night every Liberal speaker seemed nationalized. Though only one public meeting had been held and one Hyde Park meeting arranged, the excitement of the country had taken possession of the House. I have witnessed many great debates in Parliament, but I never saw the same vehemence and national spirit as was displayed from eleven o'clock till twenty minutes past two o'clock on Saturday morning. I saw the proceedings from the Reporters' Gallery. Those who think Mr. Gladstone cannot speak with directness, compression, and economy of words, should have heard his speech that night. Lord Palmerston was never less happy or less relevant. His voice was thick and halting, as though he foresaw defeat. When the division came, the 200 majority of the Government changed sides or vanished, and, instead, a majority of 19 was recorded against the "Colonels' Bill." Hats were waved (an unusual thing in the House then) when the announcement was made. The lobbies were crowded, and Palace Yard contained a large throng of publicists and patriots waiting to learn the decision. They went huzzaing along the streets, and people leaned out of their bedroom windows to learn and cheer the good tidings.

A Cabinet Council was held the next afternoon, and the Government resigned. From an early hour we were busy endeavouring to undo what we had been energetically doing—namely, to prevent the meeting we had called in Hyde Park. The Government being overthrown, and the "Colonels' Bill" dead, we wished to save London from tumult. We therefore issued the two following announcements :—

1. "The committee of the Freemasons' Hall meeting, who have been making arrangements for a great open-air demonstration in Hyde Park on Sunday, have resolved on abandoning such meeting in consequence of the defeat of Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill by the House of Commons on Friday night."

2. "This morning a deputation from the committee for arranging the Hyde Park meeting waited upon Sir Richard Mayne to obtain his advice as to the best means of preventing the public inconvenience from the announced meeting."

We spent more money on the Saturday and Sunday to

prevent an assemblage in the Park than we had spent all the week. We had notices of abandonment of the meeting posted at all points indicated by the police, where they would meet the eye of the East End throngs who might set out to the Park. However, the people went all the same, and it was computed that 200,000 were present on the Sunday afternoon, who came to rejoice instead of to protest.

There were some cases of disorder before the courts the next day, when the London magistrates were offensive and brutal to the people, as they usually are when political issues arise. Some cases of pocket-picking occurred, as they do even at the Lord Mayor's Show. Mr. Beadon, the Marlborough Street magistrate, said the committee who brought the people together were "morally as guilty as the pickpockets." Calling upon the public to meet in defence of national honour is legal, and it was the duty of the magistrate to aid the committee on asserting that right, and to punish and denounce only those who abuse a public right. But London magistrates acted otherwise. The police authorities well knew that the committee kept on legal lines. We had nothing to conceal. I sent to Sir Richard Mayne and the Home Secretary copies of all placards and circulars the moment they were issued. We had no idea that a vast meeting would result from any appeal we could make. It was well for us the bill was defeated, or London in still greater numbers would have been in the Park, and the excitement would have been beyond our control. But for that the Government alone would have been "morally" responsible.

The most memorable contribution to the agitation was the following brilliant answer to Louis Napoleon by Walter Savage Landor. The French Government described England as "a den of assassins." The poet published in the *Daily News* this "Reply from the 'Den'":—

"We encourage assassins! Sir! Have no fear,
No hold has the murderer or sympathies here:
England loathes an assassin, and loathes him no less
Whether shameful by failure or great by success—
Whether hiding from sight, or set high on a throne—
Whether killer of thousands, or killer of one—
Whether bribe or revenge, or the hope of a name,
Or the dream of a 'Destiny' 'damn him to fame.'
Whatever the prompting, whatever the end,
Has he slaughtered a people he swore to defend:

Has he banded with ruffians, like him, to strike
At a brother assassin—we loathe him alike!

E'en where, Cain-like, by Providence guarded from ill,
With a mark set upon him that no man may kill;
Where prosperity seems all his projects to crown,
We've no faith in his Favour—no fear of his Frown:
Undismayed by his Fortunes—unawed by his Fate,
We smile at his 'Destiny'—WATCH him and WAIT."

People did so—and saw the dynasty of the Usurper go down under the sword of Germany and the assegai of a Zulu.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MURDER AS A MODE OF PROGRESS.

(1859.)

My experience at one time made me a connoisseur in assassination—a question often defended but seldom discussed in a practical way. Unconsidered applause on one hand and uninstructive reprobation on the other, are all that meet the public ear. Professor Tyndall made a notable contribution to physical science, entitled "Heat a Mode of Motion." It is not less useful in political science to consider the question of "Murder as a Mode of Progress." If the theory of political murder were understood, it would not command many followers. Yet, in consequence of its being treated as a suppressed question, it has for many persons the enchantment which belongs to the "forbidden."

Intelligence may be revolutionary, but ignorance, especially if it be hungry, always is. Its impulse is change by force—its reason a sense of unendurable wrong. It has no plan—its future is only a day or a week, yet retaliation as a remedy is far from being the doctrine of the ferocious. I have known persons of real tenderness and sympathy, and for whose humanity I could unhesitatingly answer, who yet have had a reserve of sanguinary principles for advancing political progress. Those who look to see not what they expect to see, but what is to be seen, will find that a Government which upholds its authority by the discriminate killing of adversaries, accepts itself the principle of progress by murder. Seeing this, persons of strong purpose whom I have known come to think that the oppressed may use the same means. Despotism being mere force, wielded

by irresponsible will, tyrant killing, undertaken for public ends, with a view to temper or suppress despotism, is *not* regarded by moralists as murder. It is apparently a necessity of progress *there* and at that stage only, and is only defensible when done under such circumstances that armed resistance cannot be reasonably attempted. Where the justification of irremediable oppression does not exist, tyrant-killing is a mistake.

It is admitted now that the old theory of kingship is worn out. Formerly a man was regarded as a lawful ruler who reigned by what he called "divine right." Since representative government began, a king is regarded as a despot unless he reigns by Parliamentary right. A ruler may be good or bad, but he is still a despot if he rules by his own authority, or prevents any one else ruling by public appointment. If he be a good ruler, he is called "Paternal"—if bad, he is called a "Tyrant." But in both characters he is a despot. Force used without public consent officially expressed, is tyranny, and he who employs it is a tyrant, whether his purpose be good or evil. Mankind are prone to be enslaved, and are generally content so long as they are enslaved pleasantly. If a succession of good kings could be secured, paternal government would be eternal. The indolence of mankind would never attempt the honourable trouble of self-government. Therefore the good tyrants are seldom attacked. Yet they render manliness and progress impossible. Every man who seeks self-government himself, or seeks it for his countrymen, is a judge and adversary of him who renders it impossible. Nevertheless the good despot who rules justly cannot be usefully killed, since one cannot be sure that an untried government, introduced by force, could rule better than he. Self-government is justified as offering greater security for peace and wider progress, and cannot consistently be begun by blood. But the base ruler, whose power is personal and regulated by his own will for his own ends, and not by public law for the public good, is the enemy of an intelligent people: and if he withstand by force the advocacy of liberty, the law of progress exposes him, like a beast of prey, to be destroyed when met. Despotic rulers know this well.

The doctrine of tyrant killing is not a doctrine of the people merely: it has been accepted by kings as well as peoples.

Silas Titus was accorded a colonelcy under Charles II., because he had published a pamphlet of deadly purport against the chief ruler—the Lord Protector Cromwell. The English Tories favoured the assassination of Napoleon I., and he in his turn pensioned a man who meditated the assassination of the Duke of Wellington. Charlotte Corday's knife was applauded by the monarchs of France. Royalist assassins always abound. Lord Beaconsfield in a famous triplet—"Blessed the hand that wields the regicidal steel." Mr. Froude shows that Catholics and Protestants have alike approved tyrannicide and used it. The doctrine is not confined to the class of "agitators." Governments hold the doctrine and act upon it. They often cause persons to be put to death on principle. They have often held it to be good policy to kill a few popular leaders in order to strike terror into their followers. Carlyle favoured this policy, Governor Eyre put it in practice in Jamaica, and he found Canon Kingsley (just minded as he was in most things) and men more eminent than he came forward to approve it.

Four things seem necessary in him who assumes to act by his single hand as the agent of a nation:

1. That the tyrannicide must have intelligence sufficient to understand the responsibility of setting himself up as the redresser of a nation. If set upon the work by others he is a tool, or secondhand operator—an instrument in the hands of others; a bravo rather than a self-determined patriot.

2. He who proposes to take a life for the good of the people must at least be prepared to give his own if necessary—both as atonement for taking upon himself the office of public avenger and to secure that his example shall not generate other than equally disinterested imitators. The many failures of tyrannicidal attempts have been mainly owing to the precaution taken by the actors for their own safety, and who end by bestowing upon the tyrant the reputation of "bearing a charmed life," when retaliatory oppression is brought upon others. Colonel Titus, the royalist pamphleteer who wrote "Killing no Murder," which advised that some one should put Cromwell to death, was without pretension to the dignity of a tyrannicide, since he was a mere inciter of assassination which somebody else was to take the risk of committing.

3. The adversary of the despot must not be weak, vacillating,

or likely to lose his head in unforeseen circumstances, nor be deficient in the knowledge and skill needful for his purpose. Without these qualities he should keep clear of an undertaking where failure will prove dangerous to those he professes to free.

4. He should have good knowledge that the result intended is likely to come to pass afterwards. History tells us how many noble men have been sacrificed ; how many a holy cause has been put back for years, or for centuries even, by untimely self-sacrifice. Curtius would have been an idiot if he had leaped into the gulph before he was well-assured that doing so would close it.

If tyrannicide is to be approved as a policy the business of the despot-ender should be an art, and praise should be given under conditions. The public avenger is one who aspires to the foremost place which patriotism can occupy. He, by his single hand, is the deliverer of a nation from an overshadowing terror and danger. He voluntarily accepts supreme peril that his country may escape it. More disinterested than the hero who perishes in battle, where he has chances of escape, he ranks with the martyr who gives up his life for the freedom of others. For him we change the dread epithet of " murderer " and call him by the proud name of " Avenger of the People." He should be no mean man for whom we do this.

In days when men were wanted for forlorn hopes, I received letters from persons whom I knew and could trust, offering to engage in any work involving death which I might commend. I could not advise where I took no risk. The decision I left to them when they knew the circumstances of the occasion : and the higher the ideal of duty and peril in their minds the less likely they were to act heedlessly or needlessly.

Once I was asked to meet a number of ladies, two or three were wives of members of Parliament. Politics interested them, and they had capacity for public affairs. They asked my opinion upon tyrant killing, which they favoured, and there were elsewhere many ready to act upon their sanction. I answered that " at the time preceding the French Revolution many ladies held the same opinion, and if these English ladies spread the doctrine with the same fervour and had the same influence, they would assuredly share the same fate. For myself, I had not made up my mind that murder was a mode of progress."

I saw that character of the doctrine had not occurred to them, nor that it was a doctrine that may have unpleasant adherents. "Disciples," I said, "might arise of more advanced views than their own, and who might, in the interests of public progress, apply the doctrine to them."

It was because death by private hands begets death that it came to be limited by law. The French revolutionists of 1793 were insurgents created by oppression, who, having no experience of the limitations of freedom, contrived to make Liberty a greater terror than despotism. They killed on suspicion. Tyrannicide became a profession, and thousands followed the calling. Mrs. Francis Pulzsky once said to me at her own table, "Mr. Holyoake, when we had power we gave our influence to prevent any throat being cut. But no sooner were our enemies secure, whom we had saved, than they cut the throats of our party. When we get power again," said the brilliant little lady, "we will cut theirs without mercy." I said "I hoped not, for the forbearance she regretted was the noblest example democracy ever set." Leniency may fail for a time, but in politics it is a noble error. Acts of kindness will fail in private life, but kindness in the long run proves the first of virtues. She was speaking not of her own country, but of the policy of the Continental defenders of liberty, among whom were the Hungarian patriots, who suffered everywhere when the "Saviours of society" again got the upper hand.

In a free country "tyrannicide" is a worn-out theory. Under representative Government, the ballot-box, penny newspapers, and the right of public meeting, those who cannot extend the bounds of freedom do not understand their business. The printing press has made opinion a force in politics. If all those who depend upon the knife for improvement were to display half the amount of self-sacrifice which they have to make in their perilous method of extermination, they would see accomplished what they wish earlier and more surely.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

DEFENDING A POLE.

(1858.)

WHEN a publisher in London, I had my business to consider, but so often as a public question arose I found myself under some unprofitable impulse to take part in it, when others with a more prudent sense of personal interest abstained. Louis Napoleon, in one of his disquieting and menacing New Year Day addresses, had announced that—"The Empire seeks a strong power capable of overcoming the obstacles which might stop its advance." "I do not," he said, "fear to declare to you to-day that the danger, no matter what is said to the contrary, does not exist in the excessive prerogatives of power, but in the *absence of repressive laws*." This is exactly what has often been said of Ireland.

The President of the Senate, addressing the Emperor in reply, said—"Sire, your glorious House sits as firmly as the throne of England. The revolutionary spirit has been driven from France. [The Emperor having made the bloodiest revolution on record.] It is from foreign strongholds, situated in the centre of Europe [meaning England] that hired assassins are sent. Foreign Governments and people *do not take measures to give a legitimate support to the cause of order*."

Mr. William Carpenter, the author of the best "Political Text Book" of the time, was chairman of the Discussion Forum, which the French Government described as "a coffee-house near Temple Bar," and he had to write to the Emperor informing him that "the members were for the most part substantial tradesmen and men of business, who discussed the question 'Is

Regicide Justifiable?' without reference to existing governments or politics." The Emperor replied that he was satisfied with the explanation, which he well might be, as he knew all about it, and had hung about the Fleet Street Forum himself.

At this time (1858), Felix Pyat, M. Besson, and A. Talandier published a "Letter" in French, entitled "Parliament and the Press." Proceedings were taken against a Pole, Stanislaus Tchorzewski, for publishing the letter here. I thought that the ground of the prosecution, and the manner of it, were alike objectionable and unnecessary. The English could not read the letter in French, and the few Frenchmen likely to see it in this country were not likely to be influenced by it, as it told them nothing they did not already know. I asked Professor Newman for his opinion upon it, as one far more competent than myself to judge it. He answered (*Reasoner*, No. 615) that "the outline of thought in the pamphlet was judicial and its conclusion breathed no spirit of blood-thirsty revenge. It reminded us that Louis Napoleon was deposed and condemned for high treason by a lawful court, and that after this, being no longer a lawful officer, he had slaughtered citizens for doing that which the law commanded them to do—namely, to uphold the Constitution against him; and that by such lawless violence he had seized and kept supreme power." There could be little danger from the Pyat Letter since it took Lord Derby, who was then in power, three weeks to make up his mind whether it ought to be prosecuted. The proceedings against the Polish publisher were believed to have been taken at foreign instigation, and amounted to denial of freedom of speech for the exiles among us—exiles who, being friendless, were entitled to our sympathy, and who, being residents in England, were entitled to equality; who, being our guests, were entitled to our protection. I objected to the policy of prosecuting the publisher of Felix Pyat's "Letter," because it in no way endangered the life of Louis Napoleon. The conspirators who are to be feared are, as a rule, not those who are weak enough to proclaim their wishes, or suicidal enough to publish their intentions. By doing so they invite observation to themselves and fix suspicion upon their friends. Conspirators who publish their plans usually give hostages to the police that they shall never succeed.

The prosecution of Tchorzewski was a purely French prose-

cution, conducted with a political indecency alien to English sentiment. On the left hand of Mr. Jardine, at Bow Street, there sat, during the investigations, Sir Richard Mayne, the chief of the Metropolitan police, and on the right, agents of the French police; and we saw an English magistrate so unmindful of British dignity as to sit under their surveillance and act like a French official, and, forgetting his character as an English gentleman and his duty as an English magistrate, deliver himself of sentiments which we could only suppose were dictated to him. When Mr. Sleigh, speaking as a British barrister should, in the presence of the British people, uttered a few words which found their way to the heart of some poor exiles in court (who, glad to believe that a foreign servility was not tainting every English tongue, gave utterance to their feelings), Mr. Bodkin made offensive remarks upon Mr. Sleigh, who deemed it necessary to apologise for his own manliness. Mr. Bodkin (Sir Robert Peel's Bodkin), the prosecuting counsel, all the while spoke himself to that interfering Tuileries public whom, instead of his own countrymen, he represented. No demagogue in London, nor all the pamphlets published by exiles, had produced so much ill-blood between the two nations as the proceedings in Mr. Jardine's court. We cheer the demagogue and forget his speech. We invite the violent exile to dinner, and neglect his exhortation; but we remember as an abiding degradation when the English magistrate insults us in the eyes of the foreigner, and that too in London, where the countryman comes with wonder, the artizan with pride, and the provincial gentleman to watch our highest public manners. I was in Sheffield when I read the account of these proceedings against Tchorzewski. I consulted no one. My own sense of duty dictated the step I took, and I telegraphed to London to instruct my brother Austin to procure a translation and put it in the press.

The newspapers soon acquainted the Government that one result of their prosecuting an unknown Polish bookseller in Rupert Street, for having issued a French pamphlet, which few would ever see, was that a publisher in the city of London had issued an English edition which everybody could read. As I had no wish to be Bodkinized or Jardinized, I begged the Attorney-General to distinguish between this act of public

defence and one of defiance. In the preface I wrote to the English edition I issued at Fleet Street, I stated that it was not my interest to incur imprisonment, that I knew what it was and was not covetous to renew that experience, and that I neither wanted notoriety nor martyrdom. Therefore, I prayed the Government not to honour me with their perilous attentions. I sent the first copy of the Tchorzewski pamphlet in English to Lord Derby, who was then Premier, saying—

"My Lord,—Permit to me the liberty of enclosing to you a pamphlet which I deem a public duty to publish. I do not send it to each member of the Cabinet—that might appear a defiance. Not to send it to any one would be a discourtesy ; I therefore send it to your lordship as one who, in the opinion of the people, views all political questions in an unprejudiced English spirit."

In the silence of abject submission which reigned in France, we heard only the chains of the slave and the voice of the informer. That state of things concerned us. Despotism so near cast its shadow over England. To extend liberty here was a reproach to our ally ; every discussion upon it in London made Paris uneasy. Every plea for it here was an indirect reflection upon the ruler there. Still England did not desist. For myself I sought shelter under no technicality. I invited no consequences, nor did I evade them. I did but justify an English act by English reasons.

The pamphlet published by Stanislaus Tchorzewski was signed by the "Committee of the Revolutionary Commune—Felix Pyat, Besson, A. Tallandier." Tchorzewski I never saw ; Pyat I did not know, nor Besson. Tallandier was a friend of mine. He was the first who translated my "History of the Rochdale Pioneers" into the French language ; but no personal reason induced me to publish the manifesto of the Commune in English. My object was to vindicate the liberty of the English press. In my note to the English edition I said, "I regretted the inopportune appearance of the Letter. Being issued while the fate of Orsini was undecided, it was calculated to ensure his execution. It was so illtimed that the Emperor might have been suspected of instigating its appearance." But

at the request of Tallandier I omitted these words. Mazzini wrote me a letter approving of the Tchorzewski publication in English, as calculated to convince the Government of the futility of these prosecutions. Upon re-reading the prosecuted letter of Pyat, many years later, I thought its style neither so good, nor its sentiments so bad, as they were both believed to be then.

At the same time I commenced editing a series of "Tyrannicide Literature," and began with a cheap edition of "Killing no Murder," by Colonel Titus, to show Englishmen what the Royalist doctrine of assassination was. I also published a remarkable poem entitled, "The Peace of Napoleon," by my friend, the late Mr. Percy Greg, and signed with the name under which he usually wrote for me—Lionel H. Holdreth. The poem was more indictable than anything which the Government honoured by prosecution. I quote a few prophetic verses :—

"Peace! Hark, the voices of despairing men
Pining in exile, squalor, solitude,
Cry from the deadly swamps of far Cayenne—
'God! give us blood for blood!'

Since that sad morning when December's sky
Scowled on the brave who fruitlessly withstood
The Perjurer's arms, the stones of Paris cry
'God! give us blood for blood!'

And thou, fair partner of the Perjurer's throne,
Recreant to virtue, truth, and womanhood!
Think, if perchance he should not fall alone,
'Twill but be blood for blood!

I pray thou may'st be scathless—spared in scorn—
Husband, child, empire gone, till thou hast rued
In bitter tears the hour that thou wert born
When God sends blood for blood!

Blood shall have blood ere long, if One on high
The prayer of earth hath heard and understood;
To whom the nations ceaselessly do cry—
'God! give us blood for blood!'"

Notwithstanding, no proceedings were taken against me. By what reason the Government were actuated I know not—probably it was the City that saved me. I was a freeman of the city of London, which always sets itself against prosecutions of the press. My friend, Edward Truelove, at that time pub-

lished a pamphlet entitled "Tyrannicide," and his house being west of Temple Bar, he was arrested and taken to Bow Street. My house being in the City, I must have been taken to the Mansion House. It was impossible to prosecute the Pole for his French publication, and I be left unmolested. In the end the prosecution of Tchorzewski was dropped, and that against Mr. Truelove was compromised. Miss Harriet Martineau, Mr. William Coningham, M.P. for Brighton, Mr. John Stuart Mill, and Professor F. W. Newman publicly subscribed to a fund for Mr. Truelove's defence, names which may have induced the Government to desist from the prosecution they had commenced against him.

When the Government ceased to prosecute, the tyrannicide literature ceased also. The object was not persistence in it, but to vindicate the liberty of the press. Just resistance is of public advantage even when not successful in its aim, as in the case here related it appeared to be. Thiers said of Orsini's bombs —"They missed the Emperor, but they killed the Empire."

CHAPTER LXIX.

A LOST WILL.

(1858.)

MR. FLETCHER, a gentleman of Kennington, often came to the Fleet Street House. One day he proposed to make me a loan of £250 in the form of a bill for three years, which I was to get discounted. I offered it to W. Devonshire Saul, who dealt in bills and wine, and who knew Mr. Fletcher. Without giving reasons, he declined it. To put it in circulation I must sacrifice a large proportion of the amount. As I felt bound to repay Mr. Fletcher, a large discount would render me unable to do it. All the while he intended to give the sum to me, but did not say so. Eventually I returned the bill, lest I incurred an obligation beyond my power to meet. This act no doubt wounded his commercial pride, and also gave him a deplorable impression of my business ability. Had I been a "smart" man, I should have got what I could for the bill, and have left him to take it up. Had I had business wit, I should have kept the bill and had it presented by a confederate, when matured, and thus have profited. It was the feeling of being bound in honour to repay the money if I received it which prevented my retaining it. Herein scrupulousness was a disadvantage.

Mr. Fletcher showed no resentment, and made his will in my favour. At that time he estimated his fortune at £30,000. Having fair expectation of life, he invested a large portion in purchasing an annuity of £2,000 a year, expecting that in due course the proceeds of the annuity would make him still richer. The will he handed to me in a sealed parcel, which my brother Austin kept for me. At the end of two years he asked for the parcel again. One day he invited Robert Cooper and me to

tea, and afterwards in my presence handed him the will. Mr. Fletcher had acquired a prejudice against me, being told by the chief person in my employ that fair play had not been given at Fleet Street to Mr. Cooper's works — he being an author and lecturer like myself. This was entirely untrue. Had I been aware of what had been told to Mr. Fletcher, it would have been easy to disabuse his mind. If my conduct had been what he believed, he would have been justified in resenting it. Mr. Cooper was editing the *Investigator*. He considered himself a rival to me, and his paper frequently contained attacks upon me, not conceived with the intention of being pleasing. But I published his paper all the same, never caring what anybody said. Never did any one, save Lloyd Garrison, of America, publish more articles against himself than I did. In the *Reasoner* similar articles were constantly published, nothing being omitted save dishonouring imputations upon others. My chief clerk at Fleet Street was formerly a local preacher, who seemed trustworthy. Finding that he owed his last employer £20, I lent him the money to pay it, as I declined to take an indebted man into my service. This person ultimately appropriated to his own uses upwards of £100 of my money. For reasons of his own he told Mr. Fletcher that I kept back Mr. Cooper's books, although I had enjoined him that Mr. Cooper's publications should be kept prominently in sight—and they were so kept—that he might have no cause for jealousy.

No doubt in due time Mr. Fletcher would have found that he had been misinformed and would have restored his will to me, but in a few months he unexpectedly died. Being penurious, though rich, he was insufficiently clothed in inclement weather, and, being overtaken by a storm, the effects were fatal to him in a few days. Mr. Cooper received the remainder of his fortune, which, however, did not do him much good, as he went into a banking business and lost it. For three days only after Mr. Fletcher's death the sense of my loss was a sharp discomfort, but it passed away then. During the time the will was in my possession, I was constantly away debating with adversaries in distant parts of England and Scotland, and seldom had time to see Mr. Fletcher, or I should have found out what influence he was under. Thus absorption in public work was against me.

When the local preacher referred to ceased to be in my employ, he owed me £112. He then sought an engagement as minister among the Unitarians. The Rev. Samuel Martin, hearing of this, told Mr. Kendrick, in whose hands the appointment rested, that he "had better see Mr. Holyoake before he made it." How Mr. Martin came to know of the indebtedness to me I was never aware, though I was indebted to Mr. Martin's consideration. Mr. Kendrick came to me and asked my opinion of the candidate. My reply was that "he had zeal and doubtless good intention, but was wanting in self-control, but under clear and strong direction he might make a useful preacher." As I had once trusted him, I was unwilling by any word of mine to stand in the way of his future.

Mr. Kendrick then asked me for what sum, if any less than that owing, the candidate's indebtedness could be condoned, as they could not receive him into their communion unabsolved. My answer was that, as "I had once told him, if he repaid me the half of that which he owed me, I would acquit him, I would do so still." That sum was sent me, and I owed that sum to Mr. Kendrick's Unitarian sense of honour. I wrote a letter at Mr. Kendrick's request, which enabled the appointment to be made. No acknowledgment was ever sent me by the person concerned for the consideration shown him, nor any return made for the half amount in equity due to me, when it became possible to him to make it.

CHAPTER LXX.

MR. SECRETARY WALPOLE AND THE JACOBIN'S FRIEND.

(1858.)

A GOVERNMENT ought to be more scrupulously just and more considerately generous than private individuals, for they have unlimited powers of damage, annoyance, and penal revenge in their hands. They can strike at the innocent and guilty alike, and that passes for commendable vigilance in them which in individuals would be seen to be rank spite. The Dr. Bernard trouble did not end with his acquittal. One not a Frenchman, but because he was a friend of Dr. Bernard, became a person of so much interest or anxiety to the English Government that they offered £200 for his head. They did not put it in that plain way, but their object was to try him for his life. He was known as a man of noble friendships and generous courage, or he had not permitted himself to be regarded as Dr. Bernard's personal acquaintance.

His high spirit, his disinterestedness, his philosophic mind and personal intrepidity, were a constant cause of inspiration to all who knew him. He became, as I have said, the subject of solicitude on the part of the Government, who thought they had international reason for hanging him. They had no just cause for such belief, but made a show of assiduity in the matter, to gratify the susceptibility of the Emperor of the French, who was then considered our "good ally." The friend whose death was sought Dr. Bernard and I sometimes met at the White Swan Hotel, Covent Garden, and at Ginger's Hotel, which, as I have said, then stood near Palace Yard, Westminster Bridge Road.

After the Lepelletier affair, the Government were induced to offer a reward of £200 for the discovery of my friend, who, having means of knowing what was in their minds, was nowhere apparent in the British dominions. For two years he was an exile. The reward for his apprehension being still in force at the end of that period, I and Mr. Baxter Langley waited upon the Home Secretary, who in those days was Mr. Spencer Walpole. We presented ourselves to him as persons who had a friend to sell, provided we were sure of payment. We were not so lost to self-respect as not to put a price upon our virtue. We were prepared to be perfidious for £200. On our being guaranteed the reward, the gentleman the Government desired to see would appear. He had no objections to being hanged if that was thought right, but, being accustomed to outdoor life, he objected to be imprisoned, but would (he instructed us to say) present himself on the day appointed for trial. We stated that the reward offered for his appearance, which we applied for, was to defray the cost of his defence, as it was not reasonable that any one void of offence should be put to expense to prove it. Though aided by gratuitous services on many hands, Dr. Bernard's defence cost him £850. He, with no means but his earnings, had many lectures, lessons, and prescriptions to give before he paid that serious bill. All we asked further was that when our exiled friend appeared within British precincts, the police who might become aware of it should not have a right of reward as against us, who brought him within their range. The Government took time to consider the proposition. The sagacious Home Secretary surmised some plot, and Mr. H. Waddington, writing from "Whitehall, June 18, 1858," told us that "he was desired by Mr. Secretary Walpole to inform us that the reward of two hundred pounds offered by the Government in the case referred to by us had not been withdrawn." This was so far assuring—the money was to be had if we could induce Mr. Walpole to sign a cheque for it.

My friend the "Man in the Street" (the writing name in the *Morning Star* of Mr. Langley) took steps in his way, and I in mine, to cause Mr. Walpole to know that the object of the application made to him was simply the return home of the political wanderer in whom the Government had taken such complimentary but mistaken interest. Mr. Milner Gibson put one of his skilful

questions in the House of Commons. Mr. William Coningham, M.P. for Brighton, always for justice, spoke with Mr. Walpole. In twenty-four days Mr. Waddington wrote a much more intelligent and satisfactory letter, thus :—

"WHITEHALL, *July* 12, 1858.

"GENTLEMEN,—I am directed by Mr. Secretary Walpole to inform you that, since the date of my answer to your application, the law officers of the Crown have been consulted and have expressed the opinion that it is not advisable to take any further steps in the prosecution in question. The Government have consequently determined to put an end to the proceedings against that gentleman and to withdraw the offer of a reward of £200 for his apprehension.—I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant, H. WADDINGTON.

"Mr. G. J. Holyoake—Mr. J. B. Langley."

This letter was a charter of freedom. Mr. Walpole, in his gentlemanly way, so intended it. It was explicit and complete. We have had Home Secretaries and Irish Secretaries who would have gone so far as to say that the reward was withdrawn, and have kept silence as to whether other "proceedings" might or might not take place at the discretion of the Government. The terms of our letter of inquiry as to the reward would have been answered and no more. All the requirements of cold, contemptuous, red-tape courtesy would have been fulfilled, and we could have made no complaint. Besides, Mr. Walpole was under no necessity of showing civility to one reputed to be a friend of Orsini and Dr. Bernard, however distinguished his social position might be. In the opinion of Mr. Walpole's class, insolence would not only have been condoned, it would have been applauded, as we have since seen with Irish gentlemen. Silence as to future proceedings would have been thought politic. The Emperor of the French had his views of the affair ; and silence as to whether "further steps were put an end to" would have amounted to an unexpressed ticket-of-leave, without incurring the odium of formally issuing it, although no trial had been held and no verdict of guilty given. Dr. Bernard's friend, as a gentleman of independent spirit, would have still remained under accusation and must have stayed abroad.

But this was not Mr. Walpole's way. He did not agree with us on any question of opinion or politics, but he was a man of honour—an adversary of generous instinct—and his letter was a charter of acquittal. Withdrawing the reward, he withdrew the charge. And the exile returned to England, and dwelt many years in the land with honour.

CHAPTER LXXI.

LORD PALMERSTON AND FEARGUS O'CONNOR'S SISTER.

(1858–64.)

LORD PALMERSTON was a Minister for whom I had respect without sympathy. He was without prejudice, and without enthusiasm. Mr. Cobden said of him he was absolutely impartial, having no bias, not even towards the truth. This was not a general estimate of him, but provoked by an incident as to what Mr. David Urquhart called the "falsification of the Burnes despatches." Personally Lord Palmerston was capable of generous things, but in politics he was a Minister of the stationaries, and for years was kept in office by Whig and Tory, because he could be trusted not to do anything. He never said he was the enemy of reform, but he never "felt like" promoting it.

The author of no great measure, the advocate of no great cause; like the singer, the dancer, and the actor, Lord Palmerston's genius was personal, and died with him. His power of waiting was something like Talleyrand's. He became great simply by living long and keeping his eyes open. His length of days was an advantage to him in diplomacy, as he knew all the tricks of two generations of intriguers all over the world, and had Palmerston any passion for the service of the people he had opportunities to do them good. His face was wrinkled with treaties. If pricked, he would have bled despatches.

The best thing ever said of him was that foreign tyrants hated him. It was not clear in his day why they did. The reason being he was seldom ready to befriend them. He caused the recognition of Louis Napoleon's usurpation which disgraced England

and set France against us. Yet Palmerston had merits which those whose aspirations he opposed were unable to estimate, or Mr. Gladstone would not have esteemed him so highly as he did. It was brought against him by Liberal leaders abroad, that he held out to them hopes of assistance, but rendered none when the time for it came. Still it was to his credit that he had diplomatic sympathy with their aims. It was seldom they found that in an English Foreign Minister. Any foreign leaders whom I knew, who spoke to me on the subject, I warned against expecting anything more than sympathy (and they might be glad if they got that), as the Foreign Office was quite independent of the people, and very often a generous Minister could not, under dynastic restraints, do what he wished.

About 1838 I was asked to join a political society which met at Mr. Jenkinson's (No. 6, Church Street, Birmingham), a bookseller and politician. It proved to be a Foreign Affairs Committee, established by David Urquhart. The object of the society I found to be to cut off Lord Palmerston's head. Things were bad among workmen in those days, and I had no doubt somebody's head ought to be cut off, and I hoped they had hit upon the right one. The secretary was a Chartist leader named Warden, who ended by cutting his own head off instead, which showed confusion of ideas by which Lord Palmerston profited. Poor Warden cut his own throat. He was a man of ability, and had a studious mind. He gave me a volume of the speeches of Demosthenes, which he often read. It bore his name written in a neat hand. Lord Palmerston was not to be assassinated, but "impeached" in a constitutional way, and the block at the Tower was to be looked up, and the too long disused axe was to be furbished and sharpened for the occasion. This was my first introduction to practical politics.

Lord Palmerston always had an airy indifference of manner —*Punch* drew him with a straw in his mouth, as though he regarded politics from a sporting point of view. Buoyancy was his characteristic. Shortly before his death, when he was more than 80, I watched him crossing Palace Yard, one summer evening, when the House was up early. Cabs were running about wildly, but he dodged them with agility, and went on foot to Cambridge House, in Piccadilly, where he resided.

This notice of Lord Palmerston is, of course, confined to matters of personal knowledge, or of the influence he exercised on agitations in which I was concerned or interested. Cobden warned all reformers anxious for an extension of the franchise that nothing would be done while Lord Palmerston lived. There was no hope until heaven called him away. When at length he died, I wrote that "the political atmosphere was fresher, if not sweeter." The Reform Club draped itself in black as his remains passed by its doors. The Carlton Club might have done this consistently. The Princess of Wales sat at the window of St. James's Palace, next her own house, to see the Premier's funeral pass. How they bury public men in Denmark I know not. She could not be favourably impressed with the English way. A dreary, ugly hearse, with horses carrying on their ribs a tinfoil, gingerbread-painted plate of the Palmerston arms, was the tinsel centre of the pageant—not inappropriate considering the noble lord's career as far as the people were concerned.

He learnt from Lord Melbourne the art of doing nothing. Melbourne valued most those advisers who could show him how a public question could be let alone. Palmerston had the merit in his turn of impressing Disraeli with the advantage of gaiety in politics. The rich were glad to have reform put back with a jest, but working men had not the same reason for satisfaction.

Towards the end of his life, Lord Palmerston was invited to Bradford to lay the foundation-stone of the new Exchange. On that occasion, the working men were desirous of presenting an address to him, upon their wish for an extension of the franchise. Mr. Ripley, chairman of the Exchange Committee, utterly ignorant of Lord Palmerston's nature, refused to permit any approach to him. The worst enemy of Lord Palmerston could not have done him a worse service. Nothing would have pleased him better than to have met a working-class deputation. His personal heartiness, his invincible temper, his humour and ready wit would have captivated the working men, and sent them away enthusiastic, although without anything to be enthusiastic about.

At that time, 1864, I was editing the *English Leader*, read by many working-class leaders in Bradford. What I could do

by articles and lectures in the town to encourage them to maintain public silence on Lord Palmerston's visit I did. They put out an address in which they told the people that more was involved in the visit than the ceremony of laying a foundation stone.

"The principal actor," they said, "being no less a personage than the Prime Minister of England, the working classes will be expected, by the promoters of the visit, to assemble in thousands, and give his lordship welcome—receiving him with plaudits without a thought as to whether the object of their homage is a friend or foe to their just rights and privileges. But will it be wise on your part—who are as yet unenfranchised, and mainly so through the influence of this Minister's antagonistic policy—to greet him with demonstrations of gladness? What has he ever done to merit it? Nothing. Then reserve your enthusiastic cheers for such men as have with talent and influence—on the platform and by the pen—advocated your social and political advancement in society as a class. Working men, would it not be more manly and becoming to exhibit, in some measure, your disappointment at the manner in which your claims have been received—not by hisses and groans—but by a dignified and significant abstinence from all cheering, or other noisy demonstrations of joy?"

This was a remarkable address. I urged adherence to this policy, saying, "The middle-class cannot cheer like the people. Gentlemen never do it well; they don't think it respectable. It is contemptuously said that the working class will cheer anybody, and Lord Palmerston is just the man to make an argument against the people, if they run after him. He is sure to say that 'they receive him with acclamations as they do Mr. Gladstone; that their voices go for nothing, for they have not the self-respect to keep their mouths shut, or sense to tell a friend who would give them a right from one who will give them nothing.'"

Bradford men did act on the advice given them. There were said to be 30,000 in the streets. The Exchange Committee, and friends of their way of thinking, did set up a cheer for Lord Palmerston, but, not being taken up by the people, it had a faint-hearted effect, and soon ceased. Lord Palmerston,

as Mr. W. E. Forster afterwards told me, was "touched and pained" at standing as it were alone in that vast and voiceless crowd. No hissing or groans would have produced such an effect. Hooting would have called forth counter-cheers, which would have been magnified in the press into effective applause. Silence could not be misrepresented.

Lord Palmerston, apart from Liberalism, had popular qualities. He had boldness and common sense. No Minister save himself had ever told the Scotch elders that it was useless to proclaim a public fast to arrest the cholera until they had cleaned the city. He thought more of scavengers' shovels than bishops' prayers.

In anything I wrote of him it was always owned that he had generous personal qualities which adversaries might trust. On one occasion I wrote to him, informing him "there was a Miss O'Connor living, a sister of Feargus O'Connor, and the only survivor of the family. She had more eloquence than her brother, but the poor lady was in very straitened circumstances; and although Feargus O'Connor often denounced his lordship, I believed he would not remember that against his sister in her day of need. It would be regarded as a very generous thing by the Chartists if his lordship would advise her Majesty to accord some slender pension to Miss O'Connor."

She had written to me at times, by which means I became incidentally aware of her necessitous condition. My friend Mr. Thornton Hunt conveyed my letter to Lord Palmerston, who kindly sent me word that "though it was not in his power at that time (the appointments of the Civil List being made for the year) to propose a pension, yet if the gift of £100 would be acceptable to Miss O'Connor, that sum should be at her disposal."

I sent her the letters, which otherwise I should quote here. I never heard further from her. The poor lady often changed her address. Whether the letters ever reached her—whether she died in the meantime—whether she accepted the offer and informed Lord Palmerston privately of it as I advised her, I never heard. But Lord Palmerston's generosity is a matter I record in his honour.

It was on Thornton Hunt's representation that Lord Palmerston agreed to procure me a seat in Parliament. He

said "he knew Mr. Holyoake would often vote against him, but at the same time he should find in him a fair adversary." Lord Palmerston's object was to show that a working-class representative could be brought into Parliament, and therefore there was no necessity for a Reform Bill for that purpose. Lord Palmerston's death prevented him carrying his intention into execution. Therefore I had reasons personally to respect Lord Palmerston. But respect does not imply coincidence of opinion, and it was on public grounds of political policy alone that I ever wrote dissenting words concerning him. He had secular views which I could well agree with. When Sir James Graham spoke in the China debate of the approval of conscience and the ratification of a Higher Power, Lord Palmerston declared that for his own part he did not look so far, and was content with the support of that House. This was the real Palmerston. The approval of conscience was always to be regarded, but he took a just view when he suggested that peace or war was better determined in Parliament by human than by ecclesiastical considerations.

CHAPTER LXXII.

THOMAS SCOTT—THE FRIEND OF BISHOP COLENSO.

(1858.)

One morning, at the Reception Room we kept at 147, Fleet Street, a gentleman was announced who wished to see me. He was a tall man, of military bearing, with a long grey beard, abundant hair, and a voice of explosive power. It was Mr. Thomas Scott, then of Ramsgate, well known among scholars for his attainments in Hebrew literature. After some conversation on means of circulating works of theological criticism he was issuing, he said, with a pleasant frankness which I afterwards knew to be characteristic, "I had a great repugnance to meeting you, but I have come at the suggestion of Bishop Colenso. I was making in his presence some remarks against you, when the bishop said, 'You go and see Holyoake; you will find the devil is not so black as he is painted.'" In those days I was commonly thought of under some Satanic similitude, and Bishop Colenso was the first ecclesiastic who suggested an abatement in the colour. I suppose I fulfilled the bishop's forecast in point of hue, as Mr. Scott's acquaintance passed into friendship which only ended with his death; and many were the happy days I spent when his guest at his home in Ramsgate and Norwood, which Mrs. Scott made enchanting to all visitors.

Mr. Scott, I understood, had been employed in some military capacity among North American Indians. He told me he had camped out for two years at a time, without sleeping in a house. The son of a Scotch professor of great learning, he had Hebrew in his blood, and when he came home he was a Tory

in politics and a Liberal in religion. Dr. Colenso had so much confidence in his critical erudition that he submitted the proofs of his celebrated works to him. Mr. Scott presented to me a bound volume of proof sheets which he had corrected or revised for the bishop.

When Bishop Colenso went down to Claybrook, in Leicestershire, to preach, the then Bishop of Peterborough (the predecessor of Dr. Magee) sent an inhibition. Mr. Scott, who was skilled in things ecclesiastical, was waiting in the churchyard the arrival of the inhibition. The bishop's messenger did not appear until Sunday morning, shortly before the service would commence. Mr. Scott met him and demanded the inhibition from him. Whether, from Mr. Scott's magisterial manner or authoritative voice—for he had the appearance of one of the Sanhedrim—the messenger thought he was Bishop Colenso, or an official representative thereof, was never known, but he at once handed the inhibition to Mr. Scott, who dismissed him and put the document in his pocket. As Bishop Colenso found the inhibition never came, he preached in due course. The inhibition would have been respected had it been delivered; but as it was not, the Bishop of Peterborough could do nothing against Dr. Colenso. All the bishop could learn was that his messenger had delivered his inhibition to a gentleman whom he supposed to be authorised to receive it, and who neglected to deliver it to Dr. Colenso until after the sermon had been delivered. Dr. Colenso knew nothing of it until after, and was no party to its being intercepted.

Mrs. Scott, who was in earlier years a ward of Mr. Scott, was a lady of singularly bright ways—and the aptest, most indefatigable post parcel maker in the world. The innumerable pamphlets issued from their house were mostly made up by her. No committee could have conducted the remarkable propagandist bureau Mr. Scott administered. He being a gentleman, writers with a secret as to their authorship could trust him, when a committee, however honourable, could not command the confidence which was accorded unhesitatingly to one. He was an institute in himself. Ecclesiastics (Bishop Hinde was one) professors, and others to whom it was not convenient to give their names to the public, wrote for him. His house was a theological pamphlet manufactory. Ladies were among his

contributors. In some cases atheists wrote, whose names it would not have been prudent in Mr. Scott to print, as their arguments on independent subjects would have been misjudged. Mr. Scott himself was an ardent, unswerving Theist. His own works were as remarkable as any he published from the pens of others. He issued more than two hundred separate works to my knowledge—none of them mean or unimportant. The whole constituted a pamphlet library of controversy never equalled.

Mr. Scott died, and no successor has appeared. As the wise adviser and intrepid friend of Bishop Colenso, he will long live in the memory of all who knew how great his services were. To others, the old warrior devoting his years to scholastic research and criticism, with the enthusiasm of a young professor, will be a singular figure. He was the greatest propagandist by pamphlets of his own origination ever known to me, in reading or experience.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

HOW BISHOP COLENSO BECAME CONVERTED.

(1860.)

On one or two occasions I met Bishop Colenso. His earnest, alert, inquiring demeanour, his frankness and tolerance would suggest to any one that he was for truth first and faith afterwards.

One Sunday night I was lecturing at the Hall of Science, City Road. At the conclusion notice was given out that it was expected Bishop Colenso would speak in that place next Sunday. He had been invited to lay his views before the audience assembling there. Simple as a child in matters of duty, he was ready to vindicate his views before any whom he supposed to be earnest inquirers. He never counted the risks; he never thought of them. Though he rejected the literary and arithmetical errors of the Scriptures, he was deeply Christian, while the audience he would have met were not so. I at once said it would be unfortunate for the bishop's cause if he came there, and I wrote and told him so. The Hall of Science had an atheistic reputation, and his enemies, who were then very fierce against him, would never dissociate his appearance at the Hall of Science from sympathy with the far-reaching heresy promulgated in it. It would have been a distinction to the side to which I belonged that the bishop should appear among us, but it would not have been generous in us to have permitted it at his peril. The audience, I was glad to see, thought so too.

The bishop sent me a brief note of thanks, and did not appear there. He may have had this incident in his mind when he

told Mr. Scott that I was a paler sort of Satan than I was usually represented to be.

Or Bishop Colenso may have had in memory an earlier incident. When he was appointed to the See of Natal, he selected (I forget how it came to pass) an intelligent Secular carpenter and frequent correspondent of the *Reasoner* —Robert Ryder— to go out and build his church and school-house. Mr. Ryder, when I first knew him, was employed at New Leeds, near Bradford. He afterwards came to London, and kept a small inn off Gray's Inn Road, which he gave up to go to Natal. As Ryder had never been abroad, he asked my advice as to going, and I encouraged him to accept the Natal engagement. He had become acquainted through the *Reasoner* with Herbert Spencer's writings, and was his earliest disciple whom I knew. His fascination was the first edition of "Social Statics." It was to him as a new Gospel. He had a copy with him wherever he went. Its contents had coloured his mind, and he took the book with him to Natal. He was in the bishop's employ several years, and sent me photographs which he had taken of the actual Zulus who were said to have converted the bishop, long before any such conversion was heard of in England. This English carpenter and builder was an agnostic, an enthusiast, and a ready disputant. Zulus were workers under him, and the bishop saw them daily and conversed with them as to their religious views, so far as they had any. They were very shrewd and good at argument, as the bishop admits in one of his works. My friend told me that the Zulus used to remark upon the fact that the bishop had a room built in the rear of the church, in which he stored an eighteen-pounder. They knew what that cannon was for, and they thought that the bishop, fair-spoken as he was, did not place his ultimate reliance on the "Good Father" in whom he told them to trust.

Afterwards the bishop's builder came to consider that his contract was not fairly fulfilled by the bishop, and sent me particulars for publication in the *Reasoner*. I endeavoured to dissuade him from an action at law which he contemplated. Being a mathematician, the bishop was more likely to be right in matters of charge than he. Besides, the bishop was a gentleman as well as a Christian, and therefore to be trusted. Further, it would be a scandal for a Secularist to go to law with a good

bishop, who had incurred the enmity of his order by his splendid tolerance. It came to pass that Mr. Ryder had to sue the bishop, when occurred the only instance in which the bishop displayed the prejudice and injustice too often the characteristics of his profession.

It was years before Bishop Colenso's criticisms of the Old Testament were "noised abroad," when my friend Robert Ryder became his mechanical manager of works in the diocese of Natal. Mr. Ryder, in a letter which I published in the *Reasoner* in June, 1858, said :—

"I am the same R. R. I was when you knew me in England. I have laboured for the last three years to prove that it is possible for an atheist (so-called), holding extreme speculative views, to work with a party, for a secular object, whose views are diametrically opposed to mine. I endeavour to prove in my own person that duty, faithfulness, and honesty are moral qualities independent of creed. I have risen to the highest honour and confidence my employer can bestow upon me—not for what I believe, but for what I have done, and the manner in which I have served the mission in general. The bishop is quite familiar with my views, but he is one of those noble men who adorn Christianity by his consideration, his kindness, his life, and his freedom from all intolerance. He often comes to get one of your works out of my library. I have my esteemed employer's certificate that I have served the cause well, and faithfully discharged my duties for three years, and am going on for two more years. I have been entrusted with thousands of pounds. I have built three churches, three schools, a corn-mill, a 20-feet water wheel fitted up with lathes and smithy, potter's wheel, and simple machines ; also an industrial training school for the natives, one hundred of whom we have in training, chiefly young boys. We do not attend much to the old ones. I brought a brick and tile machine from England, with which we have made about a million bricks. The natives have made a great number by hand, a thing they never did before. I am now building the Bishop's Palace, 120 feet frontage, with two wings of 80 feet each, in the Elizabethan style of architecture."

This passage is interesting as showing how early and to how great an extent the bishop provided, not only for the spiritual

but for the material comfort and education of the Zulus. In publishing Mr. Ryder's letter, I divested it of all names and allusions by which any readers in England could connect it with the Natal Mission. A letter from Brazil and one from Mexico, equally divested of personal references, had brought my correspondents trouble. Therefore no mention was made of any place in Africa, and, as there was no reason to suppose that the *Reasoner* circulated there, it was concluded that any person referred to was sufficiently protected. However, the Rev. Calvert Spensley, being in England, called at the *Reasoner* office and purchased some numbers, one of them containing the letter in question. He recognized that the scene of Mr. Ryder's work was at Ekukanyeni, and sent the letter in the *Reasoner* to the editor of the *Natal Mercury*, who reprinted it under the imaginative title of "Atheistic Socialism in Natal." Mr. Ryder had been before described by the editor of the *Mercury* as "the bishop's very liberal-minded, shrewd, and independent agent." All that could be brought against Mr. Ryder was that in 1848 he had been on a deputation to Paris to congratulate the Government on the establishment of the "Republic Democratic and Social." The bishop was now assailed for employing such an agent, and charged with disseminating "Atheistic Socialism." Not a thought was given nor a word of consideration said that Mr. Ryder had, in spite of his convictions, generously devoted himself to aiding the mission work and in increasing its reputation and influence by building the churches and schools, all the while keeping silence on his own opinions that the bishop and his work might not be compromised.

The Rev. C. Spensley was engaged upon a rival Dissenting Mission, and his party naturally took pleasure in disparaging the Church Mission; but it was not justifiable to do it by untrue and venomous accusation.

Mr. Ryder defended himself in a clear, manly letter in the *Natal Star*. He said: "I have never made a profession of atheism. I engaged to the Bishop of Natal as mechanical manager to the Mission. My labours have been perfectly secular, having nothing whatever to do with either Theism or Atheism. Neither have I taken any part in matters political or religious, private or public, or sought to obtrude any views of mine on those subjects since I came to this colony."

He accounted for the hostility of the *Natal Mercury*, the organ of the Dissenting Mission, by stating that the editor had made overtures to join the Church, and "offered himself to the bishop body, soul, and paper," which being refused, the editor was resentful.

The rival mission succeeded in doing the Church Mission some harm. As soon as Mr. Ryder's letter to the *Reasoner* appeared in the colony—in which letter Mr. Ryder had said "the Zulus had intelligence, truth, probity, and chastity, all the virtues of the Christian nations without their vices, and he did not see what Christianity could do for them"—the bishop discharged him, lest the Church Mission should suffer; and Mr. Ryder was obliged to appeal to the law to recover the claim he had against the bishop. The decision was given in Mr. Ryder's favour. The bishop then appealed against it and lost. The judges confirmed the decision in favour of his late agent. An attempt was made to disqualify Mr. Ryder's evidence by reason of his opinions, but his word was believed against the bishop. The judge who gave the judgment of the court said: "If I followed feeling and class prejudice, I should decide in favour of the educated man of my own class, rather than for the uneducated man Ryder. But justice stands in the way." Ryder had no written engagement, but his character went with his word.

It is singular that the bishop, whose characteristic was just-mindedness, should have been unfair to one who was not a Theist. He was prejudiced against heresy when he was ignorantly described as having sympathy with it. He afterwards saw, when Christian persecution befel him, that truth and fairness often co-existed in persons who did not hold his theistical belief—from which belief he never departed himself.

Mr. Ryder had seen frequent accounts and quotations in the *Reasoner* of Lieut. Lecount's "Hunt after the Devil," and probably had the book in his library. There was nothing about the "Devil" in Lecount's three volumes, which were filled with calculations of the dimensions of the ark, with reference to its required capacity. The chief statements of the Old Testament which could be tested by figures, Lecount, being a great mathematician, had presented with an originality and vividness not before shown. If the bishop had not seen

the book, it was a remarkable coincidence that he should go over the same ground in the same way, applying the same methods, and arriving at similar results.

Any reader of this chapter will see the bishop had ample means of becoming acquainted with the intellectual difficulties of heretics. Being himself an accomplished arithmetician, the investigation by which he became distinguished was natural to him, and it was quite out of the line of any Zulu to suggest it. The Zulus were strongest concerning the difficulties of Theism; but the bishop was never in any degree moved by their arguments, except so far as their intelligence and earnestness may have inspired him with tolerance and respect for extreme difference of belief. The Zulus had a quick sense of moral preception, of the discrepancies between profession and practice, but these were points upon which the bishop did not deal in his Pentateuchal criticisms. He dwelt mainly with intellectual and scientific objections.

When his first volume on the Pentateuch came out it was said of him—

> "To Natal, where savage men so
> Err in faith and badly live,
> Forth from England went Colenso,
> To the heathen light to give.
>
> But, behold the issue awful!
> Christian, vanquished by Zulu,
> Says polygamy is lawful,
> And the Bible isn't true!"

The bishop had not said this, but it was quite as near to the truth as clerical criticism usually gets on its first effort. Dr. Cumming was one of his adversaries. He was an ingenious prophet who predicted the end of the world in a certain year, and at the same time negotiated a lease of his house for a much longer period, whereby he obtained a reduction of rent to which he was not morally entitled. He issued some frenzied pamphlets entitled "Moses right, Colenso wrong," which I answered by another series entitled "Cumming wrong, Colenso Right; by a London Zulu." Bishop Colenso certainly showed that an educated Christian gentleman, who had sympathy for the people and a genial toleration of the pagan conscience, could do much for their elevation in the arts of life.

The bishop took his beautiful electrical apparatus and delivered lectures with experiments in Natal to the great delight of the Zulus, who in their grateful and appreciative way called him Sokululeka, Sobantu, "Father of raising up" —"Father of the People." No Zulu heart would apply such honouring words towards Dr. Cumming, whose divinity was a snarl and his orthodoxy a sneer. One day I sent the bishop a set of the pamphlets I had written in reply to his adversary. Here in his answer dated from Pendyffryn, Conway, July 25, 1863 :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your note. I enclose a letter from Professor Kuenen, of Leyden, which you may like to see. He ranks not merely *among* the first—but, I believe, as *the* first—of living Biblical critics, and treats my book rather differently from Dr. Cumming and Co.—Faithfully yours, J W. NATAL."

The bishop also sent me the third part of his "Examination of the Pentateuch" on its publication.

Next to Huc and Gabet's Travels in Tartary, Bishop Colenso's "Ten Weeks in Natal" is the most alluring missionary book I ever read. Had ecclesiastical appointments gone by merit in Colenso's time, he would have been made Archbishop of Canterbury, as he had more learning and more Christianity, in the best sense of the term, than any contemporary prelate. With noble self-sacrifice he ended his days among the Zulu people. He was the friend of their kings—he was ceaseless in pleading for justice to Cetewayo. He was the only bishop for centuries who won the love of a barbarian nation.

Mr. Ruskin, whose regard is praise, presented his large diamond to the Natural History Museum on the condition that the following words should always appear on the label descriptive of the specimen :—"The Colenso diamond, presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamantine first Bishop of Natal."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

LORD COLERIDGE AND THOMAS HENRY BUCKLE.

(1859.)

MR. JUSTICE ERSKINE, in his address to me, said in 1841, that "the arm of the law was not stretched out to protect the character of the Almighty. The law did not assume to be a protector of God." But he used it so all the same. His words, however, admitted that blasphemy, as respects Deity, is not a crime which the law takes cognizance of. Blasphemy is only a secular concern, a crime that affects the peace and taste of society.

Blasphemy is an erminic creation. In the eyes of a Theistical moralist, orthodox Christianity is blasphemy of a bad kind. Yet a judge seldom considers that the conscience of an atheist is outraged by ordinary Christian language. Usually the judge protects Christians alone, and, according as he is bigoted or tolerant himself, his definition of blasphemy is malignant or generous. In cases of opinion judges make the law, and when a Lord Chief Justice is tolerant it is fortunate, since his judgment becomes a precedent which minor judges respect. Lord Coleridge, in giving judgment on certain publications two or more years ago alleged to be blasphemous, said to the jury :—

"If the law as I laid it down to you is correct—and I believe it has always been so ;[1] if the decencies of controversy are observed, even the *fundamentals of religion may be attacked*, without a person being guilty of blasphemous libel. There are many great and grave writers who have attacked the

[1] If so, it has been disregarded by most judges.

foundations of Christianity. Mr. Mill undoubtedly did so; some great writers now alive have done so too; but no one can read their writings without seeing a difference between them and the incriminated publications, which I am obliged to say is a difference *not of degree, but of kind.* There is a grave, an earnest, a reverent, I am almost tempted to say a religious tone in the very attacks on Christianity itself, which shows that what is aimed at is not insult to the opinions of the majority of Christians, but a real, quiet, honest pursuit of truth. If the truth at which these writers have arrived is not the truth we have been taught, and which, if we had not been taught it, we might have discovered, yet, because these conclusions differ from ours, they are not to be exposed to a criminal indictment. With regard to these persons, therefore, I should say, *they are within the protection of the law* as I understand it."

This judgment gives protection against Christian penalties to such writers as Buckle, Carlyle, Harriet Martineau, Huxley, Tyndall, Morley, and Spencer. It is the amplest Charter of Free Discussion yet promulgated on high authority in any nation or in any country.

One day Mr. William Coningham, then M.P. for Brighton, took me to call on Thomas Henry Buckle, who was residing with his mother in Sussex Square in that town. Mr. Coningham had often spoken to me of Mr. Buckle as one who had long been engaged on a great work which would make an impression upon the age. It proved to be the "History of Civilization," which was afterwards published. It was Sunday morning when our visit was made. Mr. Buckle wore a light dress; he had a fresh complexion, a welcoming manner, and appeared to me as a country squire with unusual ease and readiness in conversation. He did not give me the impression that he was a philosopher, a man of ideas, of studious and immense research; but I knew all this when I subsequently read his review in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1859, of John Stuart Mill's famous treatise on "Liberty." After thirty years I have read the review again with equal wonder and admiration. We have no such reviews in these days. We have writers whose sentences of light and music linger in the ear of the mind, but we have none who have Buckle's passionate

eloquence and generous eagerness in defence of unfriended heretics.

It was in that review that he animadverted on the trial of Thomas Pooley before Mr. Justice Coleridge, at Bodmin, in 1857, and on the part taken by Mr. John Duke Coleridge (now Lord Chief Justice Coleridge), who was the prosecuting counsel pleading before his father. I had written a narrative of the career and trial of Pooley, having been down to Cornwall, at the instance of the Secularists of that day, to report upon Pooley's case. Mr. J. D. Coleridge replied to Mr. Buckle in defence of his father, Sir John Coleridge, and himself, and stated, in his remarks in *Fraser's Magazine*, for June, 1859, "that every fact mentioned by Mr. Buckle is to be found in the aforesaid report, and often nearly in the language of Mr. Holyoake." It was so. Mr. Mill had mentioned my name in "Liberty," and that of Pooley, which led Mr. Buckle to inquire of me what the facts of the case were. I sent him my published narrative. Though I had been long before, and was at the time, exposed to a storm of clerical persecution, no resentment colours that story. There is no publication of mine which I would more willingly see reprinted, and by which I would consent to be judged as a controversialist narrator, than by that. But in any such reprint I should withdraw the phrases in which I represent that Mr. J. D. Coleridge "concealed facts from the jury," or was otherwise consciously unfair; nor should I use the same accusatory words I did in speaking of Sir John Coleridge, the judge. Afterwards, when the remission of Pooley's sentence was sought, and the Judge consulted upon it, he wrote to say that "he saw no reason why Pooley should not receive a free pardon under the circumstances stated." At the same time he remarked that he did not suspect Pooley's insanity, that "there was not the slightest suggestion made to him" thereunto, nor had he been led to inquire into it, and "he should have been very glad" to arrive at the conclusion he was insane and have "directed his acquittal on that ground." Mr. J. D. Coleridge on his own part said in his reply to Mr. Buckle:—"I took pains to open the case in a tone of studied moderation. I carefully explained to the jury that the prosecution was not a prosecution of opinion in any sense. I mentioned, and I beg their pardon for here repeating, the names of Mr. Newman, Mr. Carlyle,

and Miss Martineau, as persons who maintained what I and others might think erroneous opinions, but who maintained them gravely, with serious argument and with a sense of responsibility, and whom no one would dream of interfering with. I said that the time was long gone by for persecution, which I thought as foolish as it was wicked; but that as liberty of opinion was to be protected, so was society to be protected from outrage and indecency." This is not only entirely fair; it is a generous interpretation of freedom of speech, and is consistent with what Mr. Coleridge, as Lord Chief Justice, avowed in yet more remarkable language twenty-six years later. There was no report of the trial. No one whom I could meet in Cornwall was aware of what had been said to the jury, and the strange severity of the sentence hid from my mind the probability of its being said. The letter of the judge and the speech of the counsel I have quoted show that I was wrong in saying that there was a "concealment" of facts, or "shameful reticence" on his part, or in suggesting conscious unfairness on his father's part. As I am the only person remaining on Pooley's side, conversant with the facts of the trial as they subsequently transpired, it is a duty in me to make the correction.

Pooley had no counsel, no friend, and his side was not put before the court. The *Spectator*, which in those days was always well informed on these cases, had the only report which appeared in the London press; the writer, probably a barrister present, was struck with the signs of insanity in Pooley. He remarks, however, that "Mr. Coleridge was quite correct in his statement of the law as it stood."

My own opinion of the clergy of Liskeard, of public opinion there and in Bodmin, of the extraordinary indictment, of the lack of discernment in the jury, and of the strange extent of the sentence pronounced, remain the same. At the same time, it must be owned that Pooley's manner of acting, with which, as my narrative shows, I did not sympathize and did not conceal, must have set all uninquiring, unsuspecting persons against him.

Had what I learned of Pooley's life been known to the counsel and judge, their trial of Pooley would have ended differently. Had I known what limited knowledge of facts the court had of Pooley's history, I should have written differently

of those who conducted the trial and decided his fate. It did not seem to me to be possible that the pathetic facts of Pooley's life, for fifteen years known to his family, neighbours, and employers, could be unknown to gentlemen in the same town. It was not then known to me that Truth is more lame-stepping than Justice, and is very dilatory in making known what she knows. It was not then known to me that the rich know no more of the lives of the poor than persons on land know or care to know of the ways of fish in the sea. It was not known to me that theological prejudice may so close the eyes and ears of the mind that it neither sees nor hears outside itself. It was not known to me then, as it has been since, that in political warfare educated gentlemen on one side do not believe in the integrity of equally educated gentlemen on the other side, and not only put on their acts a construction never thought of by the actors, but will report as true the falsest charges after they have been publicly and often confuted. So I did think, without misgiving, that the pagan insensibility of Pooley had excited the indignation of counsel and judge, and led them to ignore the facts which I supposed them to know. Mr. Buckle, I doubt not, were he living to revise the statement he made, would cancel all imputations upon the personal honour or conscious unfairness of judge or counsel in this case, for Mr. Buckle himself invited all readers of his to peruse the defence of Mr. J. D. Coleridge, and he reprinted and circulated the most vehement passages against himself, and they were hardly less fierce than his own. Mr. Buckle always had fairness in his mind, and his publishing and circulating the strongest passages in reply to himself which his adversary had penned, is a proof of it. Only a candid man who cared more for the truth than for himself would do it.

That such a prosecution could take place and such a sentence as that upon Pooley could be pronounced excited Buckle's generous indignation. His brilliant defence of the poor, crazed, but intrepid well-sinker of Cornwall, is the only example in this generation or this century of a gentleman coming forward in that personal way, to vindicate the right of Free Thought in the friendless and obscure. Mr. Mill would give money, which was a great thing, or use his influence, which was more, to protect them, but Mr. Buckle descended personally into the arena to defend and deliver them.

CHAPTER LXXV.

BEQUEST OF A SUICIDE.

(1860.)

It is the common experience of those who advocate liberty in some new direction to receive an unforeseen and undesirable adhesion of all the "cranks," religious, social, and political, extant in the innovator's day. I mean by a "crank" one who mistakes his impressions for ideas, or, having ideas resting on proof only perceived by himself, insists, in season and out of season, on attention being given to them. He is a crank, whatever his "views" may be, who persistently claims notice for them before he has thought them out to their consequences and described the grounds on which they rest, so that others can discern and test them. The number of "cranks" are much larger in most parties than are supposed.

An innovator who knows his business presents his case as that of reasoned truth. The "crank," not knowing the justification and conditions of innovation, rushes at you from all directions to carry his fad forward. But discrimination is necessary, lest you repel a thinker who seeks direction or confirmation, which your experience may afford him. Sometimes a well-convinced but too ardent pioneer has fallen into evil environments from which he cannot see his way out. Among these was Bombardier Thomas B. Scott, 7th Battery, 8th Brigade, Royal Artillery, Cove Common, Aldershot. Having the making of a good soldier in him, he enlisted in the Royal Artillery, on being assured by the recruiting officer that he should have the rank and pay of a bombardier from the date of his entering the service. On this condition he entered, but

he soon found, as Mr. Bradlaugh found, that faith is not kept with recruits in the army. Scott found the condition was ignored, and when he complained, he was told it was unauthorised and used merely as an inducement for him to enlist. He concluded, therefore, that as his enlistment was false and a fraud, it was illegal, and he wrote to Mr. Sydney Herbert, who did not deny the fraud, but did not redress it. The reply of the Secretary of War was sent to me, which I returned or I would quote it. It seems strange that a man of Sydney Herbert's high character for honour neither accorded censure nor redress for admitted deceit. Scott's personal character was good, but the position assigned him was that of a gunner merely. He was employed as schoolmaster, and received certificates of competency from the General Inspector of Army Schools, from two head normal schoolmasters, and from his colonel, captain, and officers. He was requested to stand examination as a candidate for a studentcy in the Military Asylum at Chelsea. He did so, and passed. He might have risen from the ranks, as was his ambition, had it not been for his speculative opinions and his untimely zeal. He had in camp some works I had written, and others, "Volney's Ruins of Empires" among them. This becoming known, he was arraigned before his colonel and officers on the charge of being an "atheist," though Volney was a Theist. A soldier enlists for the purpose of being killed, as the exigence or convenience of war may warrant. Scott did not object to this, and it does not appear what these officers had to do with a gunner's opinions on outside questions, entirely apart from his duty; and his trial for the purely ecclesiastical offence was irrelevant.

Scott made the mistake of considering it his duty to do as the apostles did (which is only counted meritorious in them) of standing by his opinions. For doing this he was sent back to do his duty as a gunner, was denied the privilege of entering the Normal School, and his prospects of military advancement were cut off. This made him despondent.

In December the same year (1860) Scott had written to me to advise him as to some mode of obtaining his discharge; but as I had no means of procuring funds for that purpose then, I counselled him to observe circumspection as to his opinions until he could be bought off. He then, through his captain,

sought to speak to his colonel on the subject of Mr. Sydney Herbert's letter. He was received in a very forbidding way. The colonel denounced him for his opinions, and told him that if he would abandon them, he would do something for him, and further told him that, until he did, he should not allow him to hold any rank or appointment in the Royal Artillery. Scott replied that his convictions were involuntary, which he could not change until stronger evidence appeared before him ; that, if the colonel believed him to be in error, it was his duty, as a Christian, to convince him rather than coerce him. Whereupon the colonel sent for the sergeant-major and ordered him to confine Scott in the guardroom, and the charge of insubordination to be entered against him. After two days' imprisonment, Sunday occurred, and he was marched under guard to church. Scott, therefore, desired a communication to be made to the officer in charge to the effect that he did not wish to enter the church, as his habit was to attend the Wesleyan Chapel, which he frequented, as all soldiers are obliged to attend some place of worship. Scott did not refuse to go, but expressed his wish not to go to church, and claimed liberty of conscience, as he did not agree with what he should hear in church. Being offensively addressed by the officer, he refused to go. He was then sent back into confinement, and an additional charge of "insubordination" was entered against him. Eventually he was taken before a court martial. Twelve hours prior to his trial, a copy of the charges against him was given to him, and he was told to frame his defence, but was denied writing material. He sent me a very dramatic account, on eight foolscap pages, of the whole affair. Around a large table in the mess-room sat three lieutenants, two captains, one major, and one colonel. On the table lay the Articles of War, a large Bible, and Jamison's Code. The officers seized the Bible, and, placing finger and thumb upon it, each kissed it, like cabmen, and swore to give justice on all sides, which they could not intend to do, being a military court without ecclesiastical functions or competence.

Scott found the court martial a mere department of the Church. Every scrap of evidence was made the most of against him ; but when he attempted to correct the misstatements of his judges, he was put down. He stood up manfully for his

principles, which was considered a new offence. He said he was ready to render the best service in his power to her Majesty, and give his life in discharge of his duty, but his conscience was his honour, and he could not change. They might drive him to suicide, but he would not deny his conviction. They did drive him to suicide, which was discreditable in gentlemen. Scott, on his own showing, spoke very plainly, and the court resented his contumaciousness; but they should have remembered that they had got him into their power by fraud, and after knowing it, they kept him there. Being an intelligent, logical-minded man, this injustice preyed upon him. How long he was imprisoned I never heard. His health was broken, and he became an inmate of the hospital. There he had been two months when I next heard of him. He was daily harassed about his opinions. The doctor, the chaplain, the lieutenant, a captain's wife, and others assailed him from time to time. He stated to a Roman Catholic comrade, who had great regard for him, that he would give four years' service to any one who would get him bought out, as I learned afterwards. His own family were unable to do it. He had religious connections better able; but his opinions prevented his being aided in that quarter. Solicitous always and to the end that no discredit should come through him to the cause he espoused, he provided that all his few debts should be paid. His prospects in the army ended, friendless and assailed, he died by his own hand. A faithful comrade of his, having occasion to write to me in 1862, informed me, in answer to my inquiry after Scott, that he had long been dead, of which no notice was sent me, although he had bequeathed what little property he had to me. I wrote to the colonel of his troop, and otherwise obtained information of his bequest. On learning that his family had need of anything he had, I transferred all his possessions to them, valuing all the same this proof of the dying regard of which he intended to assure me. Thus closed the career of the brave suicide, who will have no record save this.

In the Indian mutiny of 1857 the Mahometans would save any one who would consent to profess himself a Moslem. Those who would not were knocked on the head. Only one half-caste saved his life by denying his faith. Mr. A. C. Lyall, an

eminent Indian official, wrote lines of noble praise of their heroic honesty. One of those who thus died held the same opinions as poor Scott. In Mr. Lyall's poem he tells of the honest soldier's convictions and fate :—

"A bullock's death, and at thirty years!
Just one phrase, and a man gets off it.
Look at that mongrel clerk in his tears,
Whining aloud the name of the prophet!
Only a formula easy to patter,
And, God Almighty, what *can* it matter?

I must be gone to the crowd untold
Of men by the cause which they served unknown,
Who moulder in myriad graves of old,
Never a story and never a stone
Tell of the martyrs who die like me,
Just for the pride of the old countree.

Aye, but the word, if I could have said it,
I by no terrors of hell perplext—
Hard to be silent and get no credit
From man in this world, or reward in the next.
None to bear witness and reckon the cost,
Of the name that is saved by the life that is lost."

These lines may fitly serve as Scott's epitaph. The conscientious heroism of the heretic is as noble as that of the Christian.

Other soldiers have written to me at times, who had found that volunteering to fight for the liberty of others did not include freedom for themselves—not even of their own minds.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

VISIT TO A STRANGE TREASURER OF GARIBALDI.

(1861.)

In the year 1860 I was acting secretary to the London "Garibaldi Fund Committee." In many towns money was generously given for "the General," as Garibaldi was popularly and affectionately called. In some cases money so subscribed was sent to Garibaldi; in others taken to him, to prevent misadventure. Some local treasurers neither sent it nor took it. Thus some sums were lost, and others held back by persons who did not know where to send them to; and in some cases a treasurer would refuse to part with the funds in his hands until he was personally and specially certain of its reaching the General. For the convenience and satisfaction of all who held funds given for him, Garibaldi appointed Mr. W. H. Ashurst, his personal friend, as his treasurer. Mr. Ashurst was known in America as well as England for patriotic services and high character.

In an important town—not Newcastle-on-Tyne and not Birmingham—it was known that a banker held upwards of £400, which the General needed, but which never came to hand. I do not mention the name of the banker, because he was much and justly esteemed for his personal honour and interest in public affairs. In this narrative I therefore speak of him as Mr. Marvell, itself an honourable name in history. Mr. Ashurst wrote to him from 6, Old Jewry, London, E.C. (April 15, 1861), saying:—

"Dear Sir,—I received on Saturday a despatch from General

Garibaldi, from which I beg to forward you the following extract :—

"'I have already by my last letter requested you to act as treasurer, or collector-general, in your country, of all monies raised in aid of the cause of Italy, and subject to my order, and this position I request you still to hold—advising me as before of the amount in hand, as to the disposal of which you shall from time to time receive instructions from me.

"'I now urgently call upon you to let it be known to the various committees and friends of Italy throughout Great Britain, that funds are greatly needed to complete the good work of aiding in the emancipation of those parts of our country which are still subject to priestly misrule and foreign oppression, and the liberation of which will require all the efforts of the patriots of Italy.'

"I have the pleasure of bringing this instruction under your notice, and request that you will forward to me the balance remaining in your hands on the General Garibaldi account.—I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

"To D. M., Esq. W. H. ASHURST."

To this friendly letter the following singular reply was sent, April 17, 1861 :—

"DEAR SIR,—We have peculiar notions on some subjects, and do not sympathise in all the views set forth in your favour of the 13th inst.

"We decline to send any contributions to London, as we prefer to act independently, and shall take our own course when the proper time arrives,—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"D. M."

It had been known for some time that this gentleman was unwilling to pay over the money in his hands to the General's treasurer. At length the London Committee of the "Garibaldi Fund" instructed Captain de Rohan, the General's aide-de-camp, to ask him for a special authorisation to be shown for the fuller satisfaction of hesitating and "independent" persons. Mr. Ashurst, on April 25, 1861, wrote again to the banker in question :—

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of the 17th inst., and communicated its contents to the committee. I found that they had already communicated with General Garibaldi in order to obtain from him some authority which should satisfy you as to the mode in which you should apply the money in your hands collected for him; and it is now my duty to enclose to you the original authority from General Garibaldi, received by me this day, to send to me, as his treasurer, the money you have in hand. I have kept a copy of the authority and of the translation.

"In yours of the 17th, acknowledging mine of the 15th, you say that you 'do not sympathise in all the views set forth' in mine of that date. On reference to my letter you will find I set forth no views, but simply enclosed you the translation of a letter from General Garibaldi, and requested you to act upon it.

"To me personally it is of course indifferent what you do with the money the various contributors have confided to you for the Garibaldi Fund; my duty is simply to follow out the instructions of General Garibaldi.

"I request the favour of your prompt acknowledgment of this letter, stating the course you intend to pursue, and remain, dear sir, yours faithfully, W. H. ASHURST."

To this Mr. Ashurst received no reply.

Time went on and needs increased, for Garibaldi was still in the field—but the money came not. Mr. E. H. J. Craufurd, M.P. for the Ayr Burgh, being the Chairman of the Garibaldi Fund Committee, then wrote to the banker resenting the distrust and non-compliance of the request the general treasurer made in the name of the committee. No notice was taken of this communication, and there was no prospect, therefore, of obtaining the money. There was no legal remedy, and, had there been, the committee would not have felt justified in expending any funds to obtain it. I therefore proposed to the committee that they should give me 30s., which would be the third-class fare to and fro, to go to the town where the money lay (I paying my personal expenses myself), and I would collect the money for them. No one thought I should succeed, but, as they were unable to obtain the money themselves, leave was given me to try.

On arriving in the town I went to a society of working men, some of whom had been subscribers to the local fund, and informed them that the money intrusted to their treasurer had never been paid over, although a request to do so had reached him from Garibaldi. Then I asked them to make that fact known to other subscribers. Knowing members of the congregation where Mr. Marvell worshipped, I asked them whether it was possible that he could not be a man of good faith, or that he could have any object in withholding the Italian fund which had been intrusted to him from the uses for which it had been subscribed. We could not understand in London why he should disregard the written request of the General which had been sent him to forward the money to his treasurer. My calculation was that Mr. Marvell would very shortly have inquiries addressed to him by persons whose opinions he would not be likely to disregard. He being mayor of the town, I next communicated the information to such members of the Town Council as were known to me, who were promoters of the subscription. They were astonished to learn that the money was still in Mr. Marvell's hands. I remarked that we understood him to be a man of unquestionable honour, which they said was the case. I asked whether it was common in that town for a banker to withhold money contrary to the wishes of the subscribers; besides, it was not respectful to Garibaldi (to whom it was due), whose friend he professed to be.

When I thought that news of these remarks made in the town by me, as acting secretary of the Garibaldi Committee, who must know what he was speaking of, had had time to reach the bank, I called there myself, and asked for an interview with Mr. Marvell, on business of personal importance. I was told that he was absent at his home, through indisposition, and I was asked whether it was business the manager could transact for him. I said I would explain my business to him, and he might himself judge. I said we understood in London that Mr. Marvell was a man of honour—that he not only kept public faith, but as a magistrate was bound to vindicate it. The manager said that was so, and wished to know on what ground any question to the contrary could be raised. I answered that he was aware that his principal was treasurer to the Garibaldi Fund, and that subscribers in that town entrusted their

money to him in the implicit belief that it would, in reasonable time, be paid over for the use of the General. But that was not the case, as several hundred pounds were still detained at that bank.

He admitted that the money was detained there, but said there were reasons why it had not been paid over. I answered that I knew that, but I had come down to inquire what those reasons were. Had not Mr. Marvell received communications from the General authorising and requesting him to pay all money in his hands for the General's use to his treasurer in London, Mr. Ashurst? The manager admitted Mr. Marvell had received them, but he was not satisfied with them. "That means," I said, "that Mr. Marvell doubts their authenticity. If they were genuine, he had no choice but to comply with them; and if he thought they were not genuine, how came it to pass that he had taken no steps in consequence? If they were not genuine, they were forgeries, and it was an attempt, being practised upon him, to obtain by forged documents money in his possession. Yet he had taken no steps to expose the forgery, or warn the subscribers or the public that he held proofs of so infamous a proceeding in his hands. The manager looked a little confused at that aspect of the question. I therefore added—"You are well aware who the persons are who have sent these fraudulent communications from the General. One is Mr. W. H. Ashurst, the Solicitor of her Majesty's Post Office, and the other is Mr. E. H. J. Craufurd, a member of Parliament, and counsel for the Mint. If they have taken to forgery, and have acquired such confidence in their success that they can venture to practise upon a banker and a magistrate, so distinguished for sagacity and public spirit as Mr. Marvell, that is a very serious thing, which ought not to be concealed from the public. The law ought to have been set in motion long ago. The Attorney-General should have been informed of the proceedings of the Solicitor of the Post Office, and the Speaker should have been made acquainted with this conduct of a member of Parliament and counsel for the Mint. If Mr. Marvell doubted the authenticity of Garibaldi's communication, he could have sent it to Count Corti, or the Marquis D'Azeglio, the Italian Minister in London, who knew the General's handwriting well, and in twenty-four hours Mr. Marvell could have taken pro-

ceedings; but he had, now for two months or more, concealed or condoned this extraordinary and scandalous forgery. If he would give me Mr. Marvell's address, I would at once proceed there, and speak to him upon the subject."

Upon being informed of his residence, I took a cab and drove straight to his house in the suburbs, where I was received by Mrs. Marvell, who informed me that her husband was unwell, and unable to see visitors. I said in that case I would await his recovery, although the matter upon which I wished to see him was serious and of public importance. Upon her remarking that if it were a matter which I could communicate to her she might, at a convenient opportunity, mention it to him, I told her precisely what I had told the manager of the bank, which she appeared to hear with some consternation. I learned by post shortly after that Mr. Ashurst had received £411 from Mr. Marvell, the amount of all the subscriptions received by him.

I knew all the while why this banker wished to retain the money in his hands, until he had opportunity of sending it to the General himself. It was because he thought Garibaldi might direct its employment by Mazzini, who was doing everything in his power to send reinforcements into the field to aid the General. It was Mazzini who inspired the men who shed their blood under Garibaldi's standard, and not one sixpence of the money would have been used except in Garibaldi's service. It was not the province of any treasurer to dictate how money should be applied which was subscribed for services in Italy, of which he was merely the custodian, and every hour he withheld it he was in danger of imperilling Garibaldi's interest and his fortunes in the field.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

FAMOUS FIGHTS.

(1863.)

ARE science and courage a match for overwhelming strength? Can a man skilled in the art of hand-fighting overcome an antagonist immensely his superior in stature and power? I saw this done at Wadhurst in 1863.

After the fight between Sayers and Heenan it became a question whether Heenan could be beaten. He certainly was not beaten by Sayers. In his contest with Heenan, Sayers made a high name for English pluck. Seldom had a short-built David of pugilism undertaken to fight such a ponderous Goliath of Heenan's altitude. A single blow disabled Sayers's left arm. Heenan struck like a battering-ram. It implied no mean skill and pluck in Sayers to parry and return the blows of such a tremendous assailant for many rounds, in that disabled condition. Had not the ring been broken by the crowd, Heenan would have killed his adversary. A subscription was made for Sayers at the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston subscribing the first guinea. Exhaustive training, excitement of victory and subsequent excess, have death in them, and soon laid Sayers low. No contests or feats of great danger ought to be encouraged. All whose presence incites them are morally participants in self-murder, disguised as a spectacle in which the actor kills himself for renown.

Heenan having a name of international repute, I reported the last of his battles—which was with Tom King—for the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. Washington Wilks, a journalist whom you could always trust for chivalry, represented the *Morning Star*

and we agreed to go together. I knew Mr. Feist, editor of the *Sporting Life*, whose office was next to mine in Fleet Street, and by his invitation we joined him. From him I obtained a railway ticket to the fight for £2 10s. At that time I was publishing in the *English Leader* Dr. Shorthouse's articles on the "Biology and Pedigree of Racing Horses." The Doctor afterwards continued them under the title of *The Sporting Times*. He understood his subject so well that one year he predicted the winner of the Derby, which no one else foresaw. Dr. Shorthouse, knowing I had to write an account of the fight while it was progressing, suggested that I should have a "nurse." On consulting Feist, he named Johnny Broome as my "nurse," who in consideration of a guinea, undertook to protect me from molestation probable in that belligerent society of which I was not a recognised member. The duty of a "nurse" is to secure you a good place close to the ring and to "punch anybody's head" who interferes with you. Johnny was himself a pugilist of renown. Some time later he killed himself, for which I was sorry, for he was a good fellow according to his calling. He rode with us to the fight. Feist wore a dark fur cap, which well became him, and moreover was of excellent service in a blast or a rush. When, some years later, Sir John Sinclair, M.P., sent me £5 to buy something I liked, I bought a sealskin cap like Feist's, and had it on when run over by an omnibus at Charing Cross. It kept well on my head; had I worn a hat that day it would have fallen off, and getting under the horses' feet embarrassed them in their friendly efforts not to tread upon me, in which they succeeded.

It was midnight early in December, 1863, when the fighting party assembled at the London Bridge railway station. There we hung about the waiting-rooms until word was given to take the train, which had glided noiselessly into the station. None of us knew where we were going. About five o'clock we alighted in Sussex, at a place thought convenient for the business in hand. A mounted policeman being observed by the scouts sent out, it was conjectured he might ride for aid and interfere, so we were recalled to the train and proceeded to Wadhurst, where we again alighted and started about two miles or more to the interior. Rain had fallen during the night, and the run over fences, ditches, and stiles was more

diverting than agreeable. We were a rough, strong-footed gang. The wet, clayey mounds were as slippery as hillocks of soap, and one or two noblemen, as well as others, were soon on their knees. A field was chosen and the stakes set. Tom King, though nearly as tall as Heenan, was but a handsome stripling compared with him. Both were pallid, and their lips were pale and bloodless. Experts said they were overtrained. Their flesh seemed concreted as though no blow could indent it. Heenan won the toss both for the higher ground and for the shade, and King had to take the declivity of the field with the sun in his eyes. I had a seat on the ground next the ring, in the circle of those who had paid for near places. As the excitement of the fight grew, surrounding spectators pressed down, and would have trampled on me had not the vigilant eyes of Johnny Broome been upon them, who passed the word that he was "nursing" me. That was sufficient to the wise, who knew they would have to answer to him on the spot if they incommoded me. And those who were not wise soon became so when they were subjected to a volley of Johnny's threats, expressed in the minatory language of the Prize Ring Otherwise I could not have maintained my place when the fury of the fight became contagious. At first King merely sparred at his great antagonist, dancing round him, alluring him to parts of the ring in shadow. This lasted some minutes. At last King struck Heenan a series of blows on mouth and face with a rapidity the like of which I had never seen. Heenan was not dazed, but amazed. Before he could get his elephantine arms into play he was again and again subjected to a rain of blows, resembling the Chinese punishment with the flat bamboo, in which short, rapid strokes produce intensity of effect. These King delivered in showers, and leaped back like a kangaroo, and Heenan was never able to retaliate effectually. The monster could have knocked his assailant over the ropes into the adjoining field could he have got a fair blow at him. But the nimble King took care this chance should not occur. Never was a more majestic figure than Heenan beheld in the ring; such splendour of strength I have never seen since in combat. As he stood up, his broad chest and massive arms were defiant, and more so his mien, as, raising erect his colossal frame, he planted his spiked boots well in the grass

and strode down like a buffalo to his adversary, with conscious pride of power and contempt for his foe. Up till the seventh round he smiled as he met King; but it was observed then that his smile was a squirm, as his mouth was so swollen that the laughing-lip was no more in use; but his savage courage kept him from knowing it. After this Heenan commenced his native mode of fighting. After the battle with Sayers he said he would never again be fettered by English rules, in which his prairie prowess could not express itself. His policy was to seize his opponent, crush like a boa constrictor the strength out of him, throw him down, and fall upon him with his elbow on his neck. He did this. No doubt he could kill any single antagonist who was unable to evade his strong grip. He rushed on King, and compressed him under his arm. King was entirely helpless. He fibbed away with one arm at Heenan's back in a feeble, ineffectual way. He was thrown down and fallen on. When he was picked up his face was black. Heenan had beaten him. King could not be brought up to time. But "time" was not called according to rule. He was given more. The barbaric restoratives of the ring were applied, when he reappeared before his foe alert as a fox. Before long Heenan became blinded by King's incessant blows. By the sixteenth round we were all excited. We of the inner circle sat on the ground that the outer crowd might the better see. But the fury of the battle took possession of us. We all arose. When the combatants were on my side of the ring it seemed as though they would fall over the ropes upon us. Both fighters were raging, especially King, probably from spirit given him, but more from the madness of battle. His eagerness to get at his opponent was such that his feet were on the knees of his second and he sat upon his shoulder. Instead of being behind, he was now ready before his time. Cans of water were thrown in their faces to refresh Heenan's eyes and enable him to see King. By this time Heenan fought wildly. His senses were going under the fierce unparried blows of King. The Jupiter of the Prize Ring was beaten: overwhelming strength was defeated by science which waited for its chance and knew how to profit by it.

By that time some policemen were on the ground, more anxious to witness the fight than to prevent it. They were

too few to stop it, and they were told it would all be over before they could collect aid, which they were quite willing to believe, and made no attempt to do so. Subsequently the combatants were tried at the Lewes Sessions, but no evidence was forthcoming and they were acquitted. Yet there was no doubt of the fight. Heenan was led by his seconds to the train. Besides being unable to see his way, his strength had been so reduced that his arms were supported on the shoulders of his guides. Tom King, with scarcely a mark upon him, came gaily round the carriage windows to collect, as is the custom, a present for the loser of the battle. We made up about £25.

Accustomed to write on the railway, in boats, in cabs, and crowds, making on occasion notes on a short man's hat, whom I allowed to stand on my toes in order to raise himself higher, I had no difficulty in getting my account of the fight (two thousand words) ready for the telegraphist when I got to town. It was calculated that two thousand words were all we could then get over the wires in time for the afternoon edition. I was the first person at the telegraph office with a report of the fight. The chief of the department on seeing it, came to me to ask whether I could allow him to delay sending it on to Newcastle that he might send it to Windsor, as the Prince of Wales wished to see the first account of the fight. I answered the report was the property of the paper I represented ; I had no right in its disposal, but had no doubt Mr. Cowen would himself assent to such an act of courtesy to His Royal Highness ; but I must ask that no other account should be sent anywhere over the wires until the *Chronicle* report was despatched. My condition was assented to, and the Prince first received the description of the fight, which was at least unlike any other common in that day, or since. There was no slang of the ring in it, no technicalities of experts which confuse the general reader. My object was to give a brief, vivid account of what took place which a gentleman might peruse, and which would tell the readers of the *Chronicle* what actually took place. Prize-fighting is not necessary for the cultivation of public courage ; but the last fight of Heenan, in which science was matched against strength, was not without instruction, and not without national pride in the victory of skill.

To this day I look back with satisfaction to the Titan fight on that December morning—it was the 10th—on the plateau at Wadhurst. The passion of Newcastle-on-Tyne is for the oar, the naval sceptre of the Norse kings, but one cannot carry an oar about for inland defence—hence the Wadhurst fight had interest on the Tyne. Its purpose, its swiftness, its pluck were unexampled in my experience. Passion, pride and power struggled on both sides for mastery; the grand gleam of disdain and conscious strength which shone in the eyes of the American Ajax during the earlier rounds was a sight not seen more than once in a generation. For fighting as Englishmen fight, King was the regal type. Sayers was King's chief second, who astonished the boxers present by appearing in a yellow shirt. English prejudice against anything new at once burst out. The colour was too glaring, but some distinctive colour was the right thing. But it was jeered down, and Sayers who never gave in at a blow was beaten by a laugh, and put on a coat over his yellow shirt. Why should not seconds be distinguished from the umpire? Were jockies to ride in their daily attire, the race for the Derby would be as dull as a run of mounted costermongers. Sayers deserved credit for the sense and courage of his picturesque device. Sayers died a year or two later, and his colossal dog lay on his master's rug on his car and was chief mourner at his grave. King died not long ago, well regarded for his character and accomplishments. Heenan is no more now, and Ada Isaacs Menken, the dreamy-eyed, spiritualistic poetess, whom we knew at the exhibition of the Davenport Brothers, and as "Mazeppa" at Astley's—who was as lovely as she was dreamy—was personally attached to the Benicia athlete—is also dead: so is Feist; and Dr. Shorthouse, for whom I had great regard. He was a lineal descendant of Dr. Johnson's wife, who was a Shorthouse. He became an LL.D. as well as an M.D. because he was proud of his descent, and he wilfully resembled the Doctor in a rough frankness of manner; but though he had the bear in his speech, he had an angel in his heart. He practised, when I knew him, at Carshalton, and every poor creature for miles round could command his services and his medicines, although they were never able to pay him. Once, when I was unwell, I was a guest six weeks in his house, and I saw what took place among his

poor patients, who had no other friend in their sickness. At my request Dr. Shorthouse visited many publicists who needed the skill of the physician. Though his speech was not encouraging or attractive, his kindly acts won every heart. The only time I ever engaged in sporting was when he asked me to join a sweepstake. I took two tickets, and forgot all about them. Some time after he remarked to my brother Austin that he had £50 due to some claimant who had never appeared; and one day my brother Austin, who remembered I had tickets, looked among my papers and found that one of them was the ticket wanted, and the £50 was paid to me. Alas! the excitement of the turf was too much for Dr. Shorthouse, and he died all too soon for those who had affection for him.

In my youth I had barbaric taste enough to look with favour on fighting, and had some ambition that way. Once I went out on that business. A tendon of one wrist had been cut when a boy, which lamed me for life, and otherwise I found that prize fighting was not my vocation. The war spirit, engendered by Napoleonic battles, had not abated in my youth. Shaw, the famous Life Guardsman at Waterloo, was a prize fighter. The Ring was popular in Birmingham in my time, and would be again did invasion threaten us. Phil Sampson was a local hero and, had Hammer Lane been successful in his amour, I should have been nearly related to him. The first fight I witnessed was between two women. It took place on the Old Parsonage ground, which was then open previous to its being built over. The combatants were two lusty women, between thirty and forty years old, as far as I judged. They had come from courts adjoining the open ground. Having quarrelled, they challenged each other to fight. In their neighbourhood fighting would be common, their husbands might be boxers. There were few persons about, and the women fought because they were enraged. Each was so far stripped that their bosoms and arms were bare. They had full breasts, and the strangeness of their appearance caused me to stop and look at them. They sparred in the usual way, but after a few blows they closed, and then seized each other by the hair. Some women who had become aware of the fight rushed up and parted them. There was only one round. That was the first fight I saw. I have given an account of the last.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE LAST LESSONS OF THE HANGMAN.

(1864.)

For fourteen years I wrote against the hangman, intending to abolish him so far as any influence I had might go—and if not abolish him repress him as a public teacher. Had I not been myself a teacher in Glasgow, and found that pupils never seemed eager to come up for instruction, I should never have felt jealousy of my successful rival, Jack Ketch, who in those days was put forward with great parade and circumstance as the chief moral teacher of the Government. I had some knowledge of murderers besides that acquired by connection with the press, through being ordered to report public executions. In the days of the *Leader* newspaper, I was required to supply an account of the hanging of a man and woman in Jail Square, Glasgow. It was then (1853) I first became envious of the success of the Professor of the Gallows in drawing crowds of scholars to his classes.

The most eminent teachers lament the indocility of mankind to receive moral impressions. They exhaust all the arts of blandishment and persuasion, and win but scant pupils and reluctant learners. All the while the Government were in possession of a secret which genius, earnestness, and solicitude had failed to discover. Exchange the blackboard of the teacher for the black cap of the judge, the desk for the gallows, and the scholars rush up in crowds ; every student is eager : you cannot count their numbers ; you require strong and far-extended barriers to restrain their impatience for instruction.

In Jail Square at an early hour of a Glasgow summer morning I found the Trongate impassable. At every angle perspiring mobs of dirty men and tattered women came down like an avalanche. Hans Smith Macfarlane and Helen Blackwood were out in Jail Square, and the operation of strangling them was about to commence. The Salt Market was wedged full of raw depravity. You could take the dimension of villainy by the square inch. The cubic measure of Scotch scoundrelism in the city of Glasgow could be ascertained that morning.

A fog hung over the city, and the approaching spectator could only discern the edge of the struggling mass in Glasgow Green. Its thick murmur resounded like the coming of the cholera cloud, said to be heard by its first victims. The vast span of the bridge adjoining Jail Square was covered with human heads, gilded by beams from the bursting sun. All beyond and before that living arch was an undefined sea of glaring life. The huge city appeared to have lined its square and streets to welcome home some national hero. The city welcomed no victor—it was regaling its villains. The Lord Provost had bestowed on the public another moralising and deterring spectacle of a public strangling; the policeman and the gaoler profitted—and thus civilisation was advanced.

Eleven years later (in 1864) I had to report for the *Morning Star* the "public killing" (as Douglas Jerrold called hanging) of Franz Muller. That morning was devoted by the Government to public instruction by the hangman. His subject was a German murderer.

In London professional debauchery and well-fed brutality transcend in quantity that of Glasgow. Calcraft, the teacher, had announced that he should give a lesson at Newgate. A surging throng attended his summons. Housetops, windows, and streets were crowded with pupils though a heavy rain was falling. What a commonplace, contracted, unsightly, uncomfortable, hideous area is the popular schoolroom of the Old Bailey! Well may the murderous teacher exult in the punctuality of his pupils. No Pestalozzi, no Fellenburg, no Arnold, no Key, no Temple, no De Morgan was ever able to command the painful, prompt, and spontaneous allegiance of so many scholars. Neither Cambridge nor Oxford can compare with the University of Newgate. Ratcliffe Highway, Shore-

ditch, Houndsditch, and every other ditch that harbours a thief; Billingsgate, the Seven Dials, and the Brill of Somers Town sent their choicest representatives. The knave and the burglar had run and raced from every purlieu of the metropolis in order not to miss their Newgate lecture. The pickpocket was there. The ticket-of-leave man was present. The drunkard and the wife-beater found means to profit by this great State opportunity. The sickly, the consumptive were among the throng—defying the cold, which must be misery, and the damp, which may kill. Eager for the instruction the gallows imparts, the most vicious business is suspended. The garotter lets his intended victim pass; the burglar leaves the shutter half splintered, and hastens on when the hangman is teaching. An influence stronger than lust, more alluring than vice, more tempting than plunder, is exercised by this seductive instructor. The condemned has been kept a fortnight within hearing of the very footstep of Death, daily coming nearer and nearer to him. He is brought out upon the scaffold. Twenty thousand strange eyes glare upon him, with hungry terror-striking warning. He is shown to the excited mob before his face is covered. The spectators see the last spark of hope die out of his soul. No reprieve has come; no horseman rushes up to the throng; no shout of pardon is heard; no possible rescue, which always lingers in the mind of the doomed, occurs. The wretch stands face to face with inevitable, pitiless, premeditated Death, and the crowd know that he knows it. They see the frame quiver and the blood rush to the neck. A thrill passes through the congregated scoundrels whom the Government has thus undertaken to entertain. If Godfrey Kneller said he never looked upon a bad picture but he carried away a dirty tint, we may be sure that no eye looks upon the scaffold but it takes or transmits a tint of murder.

I was not much before my time in urging these arguments upon public consideration. Two days after my last letter upon the subject appeared in the *Star* (November 16, 1864), newspapers wrote against the spectacle which had never so written before. No doubt the distrust of public killing had crept into many minds. *The Times* had a leader which might be taken as a summary of my statements (so closely was it analogous to them), and admitted that public executions were disastrous in

London ; but arguing that the hangman's lessons told on those who were absent, treating the gallows as a school where only those pupils profit who do not attend ! The *Standard* afterwards published a poem strenuously deploring the effect upon the public of the appearance at the gallows of two teachers together—the Clergyman and the Strangler, the one preaching mercy and the other murder. Soon after the Grand Jury at Manchester protested against executions in that city, and advised that they should " take place within the precincts of the gaol for the hundred of Salford." This the law eventually conformed to, and public instruction by the hangman ended.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

AN ADVENTURE WITH GARIBALDI.

(1864.)

INCIDENTS when Garibaldi was at Brooke House in 1864, are worth relating. I was, by instruction, in attendance upon him. I had been since he was received at Southampton. The *Ripon*, which brought him there, was stormed by crowds of deputations and persons who, in his day of insurgency and unpopularity, never showed him friendship or sympathy, but were even among his defamers. They were all anxious now to show themselves as his friends. The only persons who displayed dignity, self-respect and knowledge of the situation were Mr. Joseph Cowen—the general's old friend in adversity—and the Duke of Sutherland. The Duke simply greeted Garibaldi, and, neither officious nor persistent, gave him an invitation to his house in London when it suited him to come, and then went away. Mr. Cowen (Garibaldi's eyes brightened as he greeted him) explained to Garibaldi the English situation, and what course would be best for Italy for him to pursue, and left him.

After I had been a week at the Isle of Wight—often seeing Garibaldi, once dining with him, and sometimes joining him in his morning walk in the gardens of Brooke House—all Mr. Seely's guests returned to England in the *Medina*. It was stated by members of Parliament on board that 100,000 men intended to file before the General at Nine Elms. As it was desirable to save him the fatigue of standing five hours while this was done, a wish was expressed that a different arrangement should be acted upon, but no one was willing to take the

responsibility of suggesting it. Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., therefore, said to me, "Holyoake, you do it."

Not being able to understand why Mr. Forster or any one should hesitate about doing a right thing, I drew up and telegraphed to London to personal friends at the head of the proposed procession, as follows :—

"ON BOARD THE 'MEDINA,'
"10 o'clock, *Monday.*

"If the 100,000 persons, as reported here, are to file before the General at Nine Elms, he will have to stand five hours. He will be weary ; his entry into London will be delayed till dusk. If practicable, let the General go first, and the procession follow and defile before him at Stafford House. Nobody else here will take the responsibility of saying this, although every one wishes it said."

There was also in the train a vain Italian tradesman who put himself forward as representing the Italians in the metropolis. All the years while the English friends of Italy had been working and subscribing to promote Italian freedom, the name of this person was never heard ; nor was he ever seen at any of their meetings. He had no colour except that of an enemy of Mazzini. He had met me in the Isle of Wight, and knowing me to be in communication with Mazzini, had conceived against me hostility on that account. With the wit which small enmity sometimes has, he discerned that Mr. Seely might be acted upon. He went to him, and, speaking English, which the General and Menotti (Garibaldi's son) had but limited knowledge of, obtained from Mr. Seely authority, even using Mazzini's name, to remove me from the train on the pretence that my presence in it, on arriving at London, might compromise the General. He then informed the stationmaster, one Mr. Godson, who (an exception to railway officers) was a discourteous person, that he had Mr. Seely's authority for my removal from the train at the Micheldever Station.

As I was the representative of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* and the *Morning Star*, I had a seat in the press carriage. Menotti was with his father. Mr. Charles Seely, M.P. for Lincoln, whose guest Garibaldi had been at Brooke House, was

with them. When we arrived at the station my removal was attempted. My colleagues on the press, representing *The Star*, *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily News*, *Telegraph* and *Morning Post*, were in the same compartment with me. When Mr. Godson demanded that I should leave, not one of them resented this proceeding, though two of them had depended on me daily for information—which I alone could give them—for their journals. For one of them I had myself, at a cost of fifteen shillings, driven across the island to telegraph for his paper news in my possession which he desired to have sent; and I had lent him thirty shillings to pay his hotel bill, when he fell short of money. Neither of these sums were ever repaid. I refused to leave the train, and told Mr. Godson it was an outrage on a member of the English press.

Seeing on the platform my friend Mr. Forster, whose guest I had twice been, and who the night before had obtained from me private information of what had taken place concerning Garibaldi during the week he had spent in the Isle of Wight, I felt sure of friendly interference. Stepping out of the carriage, I told him what was being done, and said, "Please speak to Mr. Godson, and tell him that an English member of the press cannot be removed from a public train at the instigation of a foreigner. A word from you, a member of Parliament, will prevent this." He turned away, however, saying, "he could not interfere." I saw then that he knew all about it, and was a party to it.

The stationmaster, seeing Mr. Forster turn away, prevented me from returning to the carriage. Baffled thus, I would have opened the General's carriage door, and leaped in. I well knew he would never allow me to be removed, as I was the representative of the paper of Mr. Cowen, his earliest and greatest English friend. But this would have caused a scene. It would have got into the papers, and been taken advantage of by the enemies of the Italian cause. So I said to Mr. Godson that, "as the objection was to my entering London in the train of the General, I would give my word that I would leave the train at Nine Elms." I was then allowed to return to my carriage.

When we arrived at Nine Elms, I did what I could to fulfil my promise; first waiting until the General and all other persons

had passed out. Then I found the station in possession of the police, who informed me they had orders to prevent any one going out save through the station exit. In a minute I was nearly under horses' feet in the midst of the mighty throng. Here I found a number of carriages waiting. I was invited by the Garibaldi Committee to take a seat with them, but I preferred the private carriage of a friend, having first procured a seat for Basso, who was in attendance upon Garibaldi. I had met Basso in company with Menotti. Not knowing a word of English, he was hopelessly lost amid the half million of people who lined the streets between Nine Elms and Pall Mall.

Without perceiving it, the carriage I had chosen was next to the General's, and thus, without any intention of my own, I rode right before Garibaldi, in the centre of the mighty throng which lined the road all the way to the Duke of Sutherland's.

The conduct of the eccentric Italian was all the more preposterous, since I was elected at a large meeting of the London Tavern on the same reception committee as himself, and I had as much right to prevent him appearing in the General's train as he had to prevent me. Yet this man, who never rendered assistance nor made sacrifice in any of those enterprises which had built up Garibaldi's reputation, now thrust himself forward, even to the exclusion of Menotti from his father's carriage, taking his seat himself.

Mr. Washington Wilks, who was in the train on the part of the *Morning Star*, was the only gentleman among the reporters of the press present. His chivalry towards me I have never forgotten. He expressed his contempt for my press colleagues in the carriage, because of their cowardly silence when I was attacked in their company. Afterwards, when some of them went abroad for their papers in the Franco-German war, and met with outrage in a country in which they were foreigners, at the hands of the inhabitants who had a right to object to them, they had reason to remember their own conduct in tolerating and conniving at an outrage instigated by a foreigner in their own country. When it came to their turn, they sent home shrieks to the Foreign Office for protection.

Mr. Wilks went down to the House of Commons the same night. Mr. Forster told me that he attacked him with fury in the lobby, and Mr. Seely also. Mr. Forster assumed not to

know what the occasion of his resentment was. The proprietor of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, with his customary public spirit, at once made known the personal indignation with which he regarded this interference with its representative. The *Morning Star*, as might be expected from its independence, held the same tone. The editor of the *Daily News* was prompt to animadvert upon the proceeding in its columns, not knowing that its own reporter, to whom I had twice supplied information, connived at it.

When Mazzini heard that his name had been used for a pretext for the proceeding recounted, he at once sent me the following letter :—

"*April* 22, 1864.

"My Dear Friend,—It is with a deep regret and sense of humiliation for Italy that I have heard of the uncourteous, ungentlemanly, ungrateful conduct of an Italian towards you. I have written to him [Negretti] that he has offended me, too, through the unwarranted use of my name. Let me apologise for him to you. If he was different from what he is, I might proceed further, and insist on his apologising to you. But he is, in intellect, tendencies, and manners, belonging to that class of men whom I call 'irresponsible.' Forget him, and be contented with knowing that I and we all are, not only esteeming and loving you, but grateful for your efforts in our cause.—Ever faithfully yours, Joseph Mazzini."

In justice to the Italian nation, it ought to be said that every public man who became acquainted with the facts volunteered his personal regret. Guerzoni, Major Woolf, and others were foremost. On the day that his illustrious father visited the House of Commons, Menotti stepped across the lobby, from the side of the Earl of Shaftesbury, with whom he was conversing, to stand by me and show by that act his disapprobation of the occurrence. It is due to Italians to say that the outrage Menotti resented was the act of a single "irresponsible" Italian.

The outrage was aimed at Mazzini (whose name had been treacherously used), who could not be reached, and in whose place it was an honour to stand. But the professional consequences were a very different affair. A newspaper proprietor would have on important occasions to despatch another repre-

sentative to accompany me, to take my place when under arrest, which would not conduce to engagements.

When Garibaldi learned what had occurred, his indignation was unmeasured. My friend Mr. James Stansfeld, to whom meanness or cowardice of any kind was instinctively abhorrent, did not conceal from Mr. Forster or Mr. Seely his opinion of their conduct at Micheldever.

Mr. Seely was really a generous, kind-hearted man, but without strength of intellectual conviction. I have seen him come out of the House of Commons, and finding in the lobby two Chartist agitators without means necessary for their work, give a £5 note to each. He joined with Mr. Forster and Mr. Mundella in providing permanent means of comfort in his declining years for another Chartist, Thomas Cooper, whose honesty and ability they knew; and Colonel Seely, with the same honourable kindness, continued the payment after his father's death. I wrote to Mr. Seely to ask for an explanation, whether he had given authority for my removal from the train. Mr. Seely gave no denial, but drove over to my house and left word with my son, I being out, that he wished me to call on him and talk the matter over. This I declined, as "no private word was a compensation for a public affront." I wrote to him saying:—

"Either you were a party to the outrage upon me or you were not. If you were, why should you hesitate to say so? Mr. ——, whom you authorise to write to me, fixes upon you as the authority under which he acted. I always understood that an English gentleman neither did a wrong nor suffered the imputation of sanctioning it; his pride dictated, if his honour did not, instant reparation. Had not you and your confederate calculated that my independent opinions would prevent me having friends to publicly take my part, you had not ventured to treat me thus—neither he by his act, nor you by your silence."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Forster again met me at the House of Commons, when he mentioned Mr. Wilks's vehemence to him, and said he had no power to interfere with the arrangement of the train. I answered, "That was not it, Mr. Forster; you did not want to know me in public. I did not ask you to

know me—I did not appeal to you as a friend. I addressed you as I would any other member of Parliament whom I knew to be such. I claimed, as a stranger might, your political protection of my civil right, and you refused it. Had it been Mr. Newdegate who, though Tory and Churchman, was passing as you were, and I had claimed his interference, he would have stopped twenty trains before he would have permitted an Englishman to be seized and detained at the instigation of a foreigner." Mr. Forster spoke some general words of regret, and hoped I would dismiss the subject from my mind. On leaving me, he offered me his hand, which I took, because I had memory of his former courtesy, and had been his guest; but I addressed him no more for twenty years.

At the end of his Irish Secretaryship, and when he had volunteered to go back after the murder of Mr. Burke and Lord F. Cavendish, notwithstanding the many perils of assassination through which he had himself passed, I again conceived a great admiration of his courage and noble spirit of duty. I was proud that an Englishman should show these qualities. For when intimidation or murder is attempted, it is not English to submit to it, and not English to give in, and I forgot and forgave everything. One night at the House of Commons, as I was standing in the lobby, Mr. Forster came by. I assured him I had honour for his courage, and was glad that adversaries he had tried to serve had not succeeded in killing him. He said "They certainly did their best." He asked kindly after Mr. Thomas Cooper and the comforts of his home, of which I gave him an account. We parted friends again, and remained so all his days, and he saw many proofs in the press of my regard for him.

In accepting the office of Irish Secretary in succession to Lord Cavendish, Mr. George Otto Trevelyan was in one sense yet more to be honoured. Mr. Forster was naturally indifferent to danger, and rather liked it. Mr. Trevelyan was less adventurous by nature. His was the courage of duty; he was intrepid by force of will. One night when I spoke to him of the manner in which he had undertaken the Irish Secretaryship he appeared gratified, and added lightly, "They do not particularly wish to kill me, but to make a protest against English rule." "Yes," I rejoined; "but it is not particularly pleasant to be the subject of the protest"—at which he went away laughing.

CHAPTER LXXX.

UNPUBLISHED INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF W. E. FORSTER.

(1864.)

MR. FORSTER has been described mainly by those who happened to agree with him in the respects in which he was wrong, saving Mr. Justin McCarthy, who, differing from him discerningly, gave, in an article in the *Contemporary* for August, 1888, a true impression of him.

Mr. Forster was ambitious, and without recognising that there is no understanding him. Ambition was stronger in him than any other sentiment. Humanity and liberal principles were, to the end of his days, characteristic of him, and he preferred advancing his personal ascendency by these means ; but they had not the personal dominion over him that ambition had.

When I first knew him he gave me this impression. He did not profess to share my opinions, but he had an inquiring mind, and wished to know what the opinions of others were, and on what they were founded. Had he not been of a liberal and just mind himself, he would not have cared to know such views as I held. His choice would have been not to know them. He would have judged them without knowing them. Because Mr. Forster was friendly to me, I never assumed that he agreed with me. I never assume this of any one, unless he tells me so. It would make friendship impossible with independent thinkers, if it were held to imply coincidence of ideas.

Mr. Forster told me at that time the nature of his opinions on education. Had he likewise told his friends in Bradford,

and they had understood him as I did, they would not have been disappointed in their reliance on his educational policy, as they would never have had any expectation of his going in the direction they wished.

What he said to me was—"Those who stand at the head of society and argue that the minds of the people must be left alone or they will break loose from the religious ties which are supposed to bind them, and drift away no one knows whither, must take a new course, as the people are already free from those ties; and they who mean to guide them must guide them speedily, or some one else will do it for them."

Mr. Forster had been present at lectures and discussions in which I took part. He was surprised very much to see that the majority of large meetings were entirely in sympathy with what were then regarded as the heretical views submitted to them. He was then quite resolved, should he attain power, that the authority of the State Church should be the agent of national religious instruction. My impression was that his marriage with Dr. Arnold's daughter further excited his ambition to serve the ends of the Church.

In my time I have seen many men treat every principle in which they were interested as subordinate to ambition. Also, I have seen opponents who, disliking the ambition, shut their eyes to every other quality the ambitious man had, and overlook the services he might render to right principles when they did not interfere with his personal ends. I have known many men promote movements they did not much care for, their object being to obtain influence in them in favour of some view of their own. Thus the recruiting sergeant will have honest admiration of a straight, well-made man, because he has the qualities of a soldier in him. The sergeant will be civil to such a man, will praise him, will take an interest in him, and even desire his welfare from a professional point of view; but his main object all the while is to enlist him.

Thus the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice took interest in co-operation, not because he cared for it for its own sake. As he said himself, "His great wish was to Christianise Socialism, not Christian-socialise the universe." So far as co-operation infused morality into trade Mr. Maurice did care for it, and his sympathy was of great service to it. I have known many

Christians, whose ability and good feeling commanded regard, take part in social and political efforts, without caring intrinsically for them; but, as Comtists do in like cases, they sympathised to what extent they can from quite a different motive from that which inspires those whom they serve. It would, however, be most unjust to many not of my way of thinking to conceal my knowledge that they do often promote the interests of others without any considerations of their own. For myself, I never cared one jot whether the persons whose movements I promoted adopted my views or not. I never, with a view to their adopting my views, treated Christians with fairness and respect, or spoke with courtesy to them. I acted so solely because courtesy, fairness, justice, and discernment of the good qualities of others were right principles in themselves, and should for their own sake be observed towards all persons, whether adversaries or friends.

A fortnight before his marriage Mr. Forster had driven me over to Burley for a night's conversation. We did not set out until after my lecture that night in Bradford. Burley was ten or more miles away. We had a fine high-stepping horse; the night was dark, and the roads were steep. Never before nor since have I ridden with any one who drove so furiously as Mr. Forster. I fully expected to be found next morning distributed on the wayside banks between Bradford and Burley. The anecdote of Mr. Forster's dare-devil driving which Mr. Wemyss Reid relates in his "Life" of Mr. Forster accords with my experience.

Shortly after his marriage, I was again a guest at Burley. Mrs. Forster appeared to me a pretty and gentle lady—in every way a contrast to her tall and energetic husband. She lent me the travels of Huc and Gabet in Tartary, which has seemed to me, ever since, one of the brightest of all books of missionary adventures. She walked by my side as we went down to dinner. Being a stranger, and diffident, I did not offer her my arm, doubtful whether it might not be presuming. Afterwards I asked Miss Martineau what I was free to do under such circumstances. With that ready condescension and instructiveness, always a conspicuous grace in her, she wrote me a letter of great interest, telling me that, being a guest, I was for the time being an equal, and might have complied

with the opportunities of the hour with propriety. Some time previous to Mr. Forster's death I mentioned the letter to him, and he asked me to let him see it, but some person who admired it had retained it.

In a town of influence where the question of education was much discussed, Mr. Forster one day sought an interview with the leaders whose influence might facilitate his entrance to the Cabinet. He had a communication to make of importance, it was said. Those interested in hearing it were present in assembly. Mr. Forster suggested that it would be better not to have reporters present, as what he wanted to say might, in the hands of adversaries, produce obstacles. The communication was made, and filled the little assembly with enthusiasm for the ascendency of one so likely to carry their wishes into legislation. When Mr. Forster obtained the position in which he could give effect to what he was understood to have in his mind, his proposal and his speeches did not correspond with the expectations entertained by his hearers. They thought they might have misunderstood him, and were about to refer to some independent record of what he did say, when they remembered his objection to reporters being present. The impression they had, therefore, was that they had been outwitted; and they certainly thought that what appeared reasonable diplomatic precaution was a trick. Whether they ever wrote to Mr. Forster to ask him what he did say, I know not. They probably distrusted him then so much that they thought the proceeding futile. Mr. Forster was a man of truth, and would probably have answered frankly, as he was not lacking in courage to stand by what he had thought proper to do. Judging of Mr. Forster by his antecedents, they might have interpreted his words through his character and Nonconformist predilections, while his actual words might have admitted of the interpretation he put upon them. But the indignation with which the narrative was related to me by one who was present showed that the impression was strong that they had been deceived, and that they had used influence they never would have exercised had they understood what was afterwards to happen.

I was in the House when Mr. Forster made his declaration that "he had Puritan blood in his veins." He held out his

arm as he spoke, as though he would bare it that the House might see the blood throbbing. I said at the time, to a member who was speaking to me, that if Mr. Forster would put a drop of that Puritan blood into his bill, his adversaries would all be satisfied. Afterwards I asked Professor Huxley or Professor Tyndal to get a drop of that Puritan fluid and analyse it, to see if some adulteration were not present.

Soon after, at a large deputation of Nonconformist ministers at Downing Street, Mr. Forster put to them the plain question whether, as the character of religious education to be given in Board Schools seemed to present irreconcilable difficulties, they were prepared to give education without the Bible. There was an immediate and general response "without." Mr. Forster in the House described this deputation of three hundred Nonconformist ministers as though they were three hundred infidels; though any one of them had stronger religious convictions than Mr. Forster, who said at the same time that "there was no Church which satisfied him to which he could attach himself." It was this rancorous tone on the part of Mr. Forster, unbecoming in a Minister and unseemly in him, which embittered the controversy. He might have said that it was a question between no national education at all and the concessions he made to the ascendency of the Church; and that he would have done better if he could, but he thought so much of national education that we had better have it, and leave the Church to manipulate it, than to be without it. This would have justified Mr. Forster. Such a policy might have been the necessity of statesmanship. Nonconformists might have thought Mr. Forster wanting in judgment in not better interpreting the temper or liberalism of the nation, but there would have been no abiding anger, and he would never have forfeited the personal respect of his adversaries of another way of thinking. Mr. Forster did not do this. He said he would not do other than he did if he could. He spoke in Parliament in terms which seemed intended to elicit the applause of the ancient enemies of Nonconformists, and at times spoke of Nonconformists as unpleasantly as ever they did of him. They spoke in defence of their traditional principle, and he spoke in defence of his departure from it. This came from his early Quaker training, which made resentment in him more determined and

persistent than in other Christians, for reasons which I explain elsewhere in the chapter on Mr. Bright.

To give ascendency to the Church as against the Nonconformists, and say he "would not do better if he could," took all his neighbours and supporters by surprise. Their familiar friend, whom they had placed where he was, was henceforth to them a man of almost unknown principles.

When the election came again he refused to trust those who had trusted him, and appealed to the Tories whose interest he had served, and who had done their best to keep him out of Parliament. This was neither chivalry nor gratitude, nor cordiality to those who had been his friends when other friends he had none. If they were less enthusiastic for him than heretofore, it was not he who could reproach them. Mr. Forster had his reasons, and they the disappointment. A man cannot command trust and not reciprocate it. One bold, frank, generous speech such as Mr. Forster at other times was capable of, would have bound his old constituents to him all his days.

Towards the close of his career, he made a speech, or gave some vote, the effect of which was hostile to Mr. Gladstone, or was so interpreted by the Tories. I was given to understand by a confidential friend of his that Mr. Forster regretted this. This was like his real self, whose instincts were liberal. One of his last speeches in Bradford was too plaintive, and made too much of the "anxieties" of statesmanship. He went to Ireland, he said, with a "heavy heart," and he had more reason for disquietude than we know. Yet it is the commonplace experience of statesmanship to find difficulties. To have a "heavy heart" about it is entirely a waste of time. Unpleasantnesses fall to every statesman who does his duty. One half of his friends will complain of him not going far enough; the other half for going too far; and his adversaries will denounce him whichever way he goes, and not less if he stands still. However, Mr. Forster made it clear that, while Liberal Irish advocates were denouncing him for considering landlord interests, the landlords denounced him because he was utterly neglecting them. They were right; Mr. Forster in his heart was always with the people.

I was myself of Mr. Forster's opinion that a law should be

enforced against crime that was clearly crime. It seemed to me that Irish Americans were attempting to run secession in Ireland, as they had tried to do in America—out of spite to England, and not unnaturally, so long as Nationalist aspiration was regarded as a form of crime. The more a Minister exerted himself and conferred upon them local benefits to divert their minds from nationality, amelioration seemed hateful to them. The Chartists in England manifested precisely the same spirit when they were offered ameliorative measures to divert their minds from enfranchisement. When the Irish were generally enfranchised, and they sent eighty-six members to represent the national demand for self-government, and Mr. Gladstone showed that that was possible without separation, the Irish people became our friends, and no longer desired separation. The offer of substantial independence cancelled the hatred and distrust of seven centuries.

One day, when the agitation for a real Reform Bill in England was in progress, a conference was held in Leeds to promote it. A gentleman entered the room who had spent more money than any man in England to bring it to pass. His mode of attire was far from fashionable. He despised fashion —but he cared for service. Seeing Mr. Forster, whose political interests he had strenuously promoted, he went up to him first to greet him. Whether it was that Mr. Forster thought a further acquaintance unimportant, or whether he did not care to identify himself with a man of the determined views his friend was known to entertain, Mr. Forster took no notice of him. Mr. Bright at once rose to greet the unimportant looking delegate. Then Mr. Forster went over and offered his hand, which the repulsed delegate in his turn declined to take, long afterwards entertaining contempt for Mr. Forster. Many years later, when both were members of Parliament, I was with the delegate at Wimbledon Station when Mr. Forster stood there in volunteer uniform waiting for a train ; but my friend kept me in conversation, walking up and down the platform lest Mr. Forster, to whom he would not speak, should accost him. For some reason I never knew, my friend afterwards became reconciled to him. Something inexplicable had been explained.

When I was in frequent communication with Mr. Forster, he passed me by without notice when I stood by accident in

his way. When I came to know that Mr. Forster was short-sighted, I thought this explained much; men engrossed in thought will often pass by persons without seeing them, and, if short-sighted, may do this without knowing it. Many persons are indignant at being slighted when no slight is intended. If we only knew everything, many men would be acquitted who are now condemned.

In 1875, when an annuity was given me, there appeared in the list, "An Old Friend," £20. I asked who that was, but was told I was not to know. After Mr. Forster's death Major Bell told me the "Old Friend" was Mr. Forster. I never experienced any act more delicate and generous than this. It was during our feud when he sent the subscription which he suspected I should refuse if I knew who gave it; or he might think that if I knew I might regard it as intended to mitigate my anger against him. He was too manly to incur that suspicion. But he wished to serve me, and took a way of doing it which I could neither resent nor acknowledge. When I learned this I was glad we had become friends, and that I had done him some service in his later years, which he acknowledged in a letter he sent me from Torquay shortly before his death.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

NAPOLEON III. IN LONDON.

(1865.)

LANDOR'S injunction—"Watch him and wait"—was followed both by the Government and the people. Every year Louis Napoleon was on the throne of France it cost us millions a year to watch him, since no Bonaparte was to be trusted. Palmerston, though a comrade of the false President, never trusted him. The people waited, and they saw him twice—once a visitor and then a fugitive. Had a bill been passed for giving up Dr. Bernard, no Royal exile had any more found peace on these shores.

When the Queen went to Paris on a visit to the Emperor, I was instructed by the *Leader* to proceed there and report the features of the Royal journey. I then saw the Emperor for the first time. He was smoking a cigar on a verandah in Boulogne. His 70,000 troops were massed for review below, awaiting the arrival of the Queen. The Emperor was then in the prime of his usurpation. The next time I saw him it was before my door in Fleet Street, where he stopped some time and read some placards which interested him, and which met his inquiring eye.

It came about in this wise. He was then on a visit to the Queen in London. Great preparations had been made for his safety, as he had not many friends in the metropolis, and the natural anxiety of the Court was that nothing unpleasant should happen to him on that occasion. In those days Daniel Whittle Harvey was Commissioner of Police in the City of London, and things were always pleasant between the City

police and the people. The City police always treated the working class as citizens, and as such entitled to protection in their political processions; whereas Sir Richard Mayne, as all Metropolitan Commissioners do, treated the working class as a criminal class, and more frequently attacked them than assisted them. Commissioner Harvey, therefore, knew he could count upon the good-will of the people in any regulation he wished observed. Sir Richard Mayne had no such ground of confidence; and, on the night before the arrival of the Emperor, he and Commissioner Harvey met together on horseback in Fleet Street before my publishing house, to consult as to what they should do with regard to it. They suspected that some unpleasant persons might be within who had good reasons not to be amiable towards the Emperor. Police agents had been to me several times, making inquiries, which I answered in a manner calculated to satisfy them that they need be under no apprehension on my account. I said I regarded the French Emperor as the guest of the nation, and should oppose any discourtesy being shown to him while he appeared in that character. At that time Mazzini and Professor Francis William Newman were both contributors to the *Reasoner*, and, with the "courage of conviction" characteristic of them, permitted me to make the announcement. It happened that their names appeared in large red letters on a placard which stretched across the fanlight of my door. The question discussed by the two Commissioners when they met, was whether I should be asked to take that placard down, lest it might meet the eye of the Emperor and produce disquietude in his mind. Mazzini had addressed an eloquent and indignant "Letter to Louis Napoleon" which had not contributed to his peace of mind. The Commissioners came to the conclusion that they had no right to ask me to take down a business placard, and, next, they did not think I should do it if they did. Commissioner Harvey respected City independence.

The next day the Emperor duly came by, accompanied by guards, and seated in a carriage said to be lined with plates of steel, lest a stray shot from some Fieschi might strike the panel. There was a great throng in the street, and every house had its windows let to curious and other spectators. I gave orders that my house should be closed as on Sundays, and that no

persons employed in it should appear at the windows. I would show the unwelcome visitor no active disrespect, neither would I show him any attention, and least of all any jubilation. It happened that at that time Mr. Samuel Bright, brother of John Bright, was at the office of *Diogenes*, with which he was connected. It had a window in Fleet Street, but he did not wish to appear there, and he came over with his pretty wife, to whom he had not long been married, to ask me if I would allow them to see the Emperor from my window. This was contrary to the rule I had laid down ; but as I had been his guest at Spotland, I could not refuse him. He had just returned from the Continent. He had a dark flowing beard, and wore a high Hungarian hat, and might be mistaken for a brigand or for the heir-at-law of William Tell. As he sat on the window-sill he certainly looked a suspicious person. The Emperor could not fail to see him as he glanced up the street. The moment he arrived opposite Mr. Bright, his horses reared and the carriage suddenly stopped. The air was filled with thousands of pieces of white paper, like a heavy snowstorm. This sudden descent of floating, flickering flakes had frightened the horses. Not knowing what could be the matter, the Emperor looked for a moment out of the carriage at the house, and then his eye met the name of Mazzini in red letters, which was not reassuring. In a minute the horses were calmed, and the procession passed on.

The next house to mine was the office of the *Sporting Life*, then a new journal. Mr. Feist had printed 50,000 small bills announcing the paper, and the printers were out on the house-top showering them down on the procession. It was this that caused the procession to stop. It was odd that it should have occurred before my door.

There were many patriots very indignant at the Queen for kissing the Emperor on his arrrival, and they said so in the newspapers. It might be a regal ceremony, but it was not pleasant to think of. It was bad enough to have such a visitor, but to kiss "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" was worse. It made people think that Royalty was unfortunate, or was not fastidious.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

VISITS FROM A MURDERER.

(1865.)

WHEN I had chambers in Cockspur Street, London, a man called upon me several times who stated himself to be "Ernest W. Southey." His real name was Stephen Forward. I suppose, from what I afterwards knew of his character, that he had taken the name of "Southey" as more imposing, and as suggesting that he was a possible relative of the poet; but his proper name, Forward, much better suited his disposition. He was a somewhat handsome man, with a glistening, feverish eye. He had a grievance which he represented was against Lord Dudley. So far as my visitor was known to have an occupation, it was that of a billiard-marker at some hotel in Brighton. His story was that Lord Dudley, being there, had sometimes played with him (which he might have done for practice when he found no one else at hand, Forward being an intelligent person). His account was that Lord Dudley played him a match for £1,000, and of course lost it. He refused to pay it. If Forward had lost, it is quite clear he could never have paid it; and it is not supposable that his lordship would play a match for such a sum with a billiard-marker who had no money. His primary grievance was the claim for this debt of honour. Afterwards he went down to Witley Court, Worcestershire, Lord Dudley's country seat, with a person professing to be his wife, and demanded of Lord Dudley the billiard money. In the end, a charge was brought against Lord Dudley of accosting the woman in the Court grounds and making some improper overtures to her. The case was heard

at the local police court, and, being without any foundation, was dismissed. As "Southey" pressed his tale of distress upon me, I procured him some aid from friends, and sometimes met him in the lobby of the House of Commons. He had written to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Russell, representing he was in distress and should commit some dreadful crime unless he had assistance. Earl Russell gave him five pounds. One day, after a protracted visit, he told me that, since he could not get his £1,000 from Lord Dudley, he should murder his wife and children. I told him that "it was very absurd to kill them because of the fault of another. The logical thing was to go and kill Lord Dudley!" My impression was that a man who talked of killing people was not at all likely to do it. Great was my astonishment when, a few days later, I found from the newspapers that he had killed seven persons—his wife and six children. Five children of his by another person he took to a coffee-house off Holborn, and poisoned the whole of them in one night. Then he went down to Ramsgate, and killed his wife, who resided there, and one of two children whom she provided for. The other child fortunately escaped.

His object was to make a great sensation by a great crime. Tropmann in France had obtained notoriety even in the English press in this way. "Southey" coveted this sort of attention. He knew that any one who perpetrated a murderous atrocity could depend upon having his statements and remarks published in the newspapers. He knew that ladies, who forgot that their sympathies were due to the unhappy victims or their unhappy relatives, sent delicacies to the cells of famous murderers. Clergymen were assiduous in their attentions to them, and promised them certain and early admission to Paradise. This notoriety and distinguished attention induced Forward to qualify himself for them. I thought it impossible, until I knew him, that any man would sacrifice his life for this brief and perilous applause. I remembered afterwards that he had said that he thought it would be "a fine thing to call attention to the injustice of society," which neglected persons in his condition—meaning the hard-heartedness of gentlemen who would not give money to an intelligent man who was not willing to work. I understood too late that killing his wife and children was the "fine thing" he had in his mind.

After he had committed the crime, he wrote to me from Sandwich Gaol inviting me, as "a leader of enlightened opinion, and connected with the press," to come down and see him early, as I might thereby "serve my own interests by striking a blow at the hypocrisies and superstitions of the country." He informed me that "he was aiding, as far as he could, in the work in which I was engaged"—that was, any one would think, murdering innocent persons wholesale! His desire was, he said, "to obtain respect for the class of opinions we mutually hold." This monstrous letter I knew would be read by the governor of the gaol before he despatched it to me. I read it with indignation, as the governor must have regarded me as a confederate abroad, engaged in the atrocious propagation of opinion by blood. The following are copies of his letter, and the reply which I returned to it :—

"PRISON HOUSE, SANDWICH,
"*Sunday, August* 13, 1865.

"SIR,—As a leader of enlightened opinions, as an advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, as a man connected with the press and publishing houses, if you would run down here and see me at an early opportunity, I assure you you might find such an opportunity of serving your own interests, as well as an opportunity of striking a great blow against the hypocrisies, superstitions, and ignorance of the country, such as you could not estimate. I ask you to send me a line, for I am aiding so far as I can in the work you are also engaged in, and with help I may be enabled to assist in obtaining respect for that class of opinion we mutually hold, and which I should be sorry to be the means of bringing into disrepute.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, ERNEST W. SOUTHEY."

"20, COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
"*August* 14, 1865.

"MR. STEPHEN FORWARD.

"SIR,—I am reluctant to kick a man when he is down, even though he be a murderer ; but the letter you send me strongly inclines me to do it. I am sorry to give you pain, unless I could increase the deep remorse which I trust you are beginning to feel for the frightful guilt you have incurred. I can have

no 'interest' to serve by seeing you. Were you innocent, I would not try to make anything out of your misfortunes, and I scorn to do it out of your crimes. I know not what you mean by 'opinions' we mutually hold. I knew you had a grievance, and I was sorry to hear you say your family were suffering. You came to me a stranger. I never saw you but four times. ' I treated you kindly, because I thought your mind unhinged. When I last saw you at the House of Commons I counselled you to dismiss the idea of suicide from your mind, and with your busy intelligence not to be afraid of honest work to extricate yourself. Don't write to me any more. Your prate about justice must end, now you have imbrued your hands in blood. I can only feel sorrow for you if you show contrition. G. J. HOLYOAKE."

The vain scoundrel did not attempt to kill the mother of the five children whom he put to death, probably because she was inaccessible, being out at work earning means to feed the poor things. The wife who was keeping, by her own industry, her two deserted children he did kill, and one of the little ones. The knave had religious belief, and carried a Bible in his pocket. It may be that he pretended to be a Christian, as he pretended to be of my opinions, with a view to obtain money and notice.

Afterwards I reflected that, had he acted on my preferential suggestion, and killed Lord Dudley, and said that I had advised it, it had been unpleasant for me. He murdered for publicity. It was a frightful taste, but it was his. Madame Tussaud put the scoundrel in her Chamber of Horrors. It was his grim ambition to figure there.

On the last Sunday before his execution, he arose in the chapel, and addressed his fellow-criminals there assembled. No murderer before had thought of this expedient for obtaining notice in the press. There is no doubt "Southey" would make a speech in the infernal regions if they would condescend to hear him there, and he thought the Satanic reporters would publish it. When on the scaffold he had the impudence to stop the chaplain in the prayer he was reading, and request him to say only what he would dictate, which the compliant chaplain did. It was imprudent in the chaplain to consent,

for "Southey" might have said something which it would be unbecoming in a clergyman to repeat, and an altercation with a man with a noose round his neck would not have been edifying. He had the effrontery to make the chaplain "commend him, his brother, to God who had redeemed him." Not even the gallows could repress his lust of notoriety.

Wherever I could I called attention in the press to the evil effects of publicity at that time accorded to murderers; as I had previously written against hanging in sight of a crowd of ruffians, who were afforded the gratification of "assisting" at murder without responsibility. Forward's trial was but briefly mentioned in the newspapers, and less distinction has since been accorded to murderers.

A writer, signing himself "H. B. Dudley," wrote to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, apparently with authority, to explain that the gentleman who played with "Southey" was a "relative" of Lord Dudley, whom Southey understood to be Lord Dudley. I wrote to "H. B. Dudley," who professed to have written "without consulting any member of the late lord's family," for such authentication as would warrant me in making corrections due to the late lord. But no answer came. Nor did Lord Dudley himself question my statement, which I sent to him at the time.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

AMONG THE FISHERMEN OF CROMER.

(1867.)

It is at once incredible and amusing to contemplate the primeval spiritual subjugation which parts of this little island are still under. I was wandering in 1867 on the stormy coast of Cromer. The boisterous sea visible there was once covered by cliff and forest. Druidical temples, Aryan altars, villages and churches had all been beaten down by the fierce waters which now roll over their sites. The noble church of lofty arches and majestic towers which now stands in Cromer would have been swept away ere now had not a stout sea wall protected it. The great ocean, being free, had no doubt suggested to the inhabitants round about that thought ought to be free also. I had never been in the place, but on the morning of my arrival it was noised abroad that I was the guest of a Quaker of repute thereabout. On Sunday I attended church. In a new town I take the first opportunity of hearing the most distinguished preacher in it. Preachers of different denominations often utter noble sentiments in a noble way, and hearing them enables one better to appreciate the eclecticism of piety. The preacher at the church was a greyheaded, dignified ecclesiastic in the maturity of his powers. He was a dean who preached. He said that there was a class of persons of high character, of perfect intellectual probity, who had that living morality which bound society together. Yet they professed not the Christian name. Nevertheless, it must be observed that, while morality bound man to the world, it was spiritual life which bound man to God. The sentences were clearly cut, as though chiselled by the hand of Woolner. Nor were the sentiments taken back

again in any part of the discourse, as is often the case with some preachers. One often hears a fine concession at the beginning of a sermon which is explained away at the conclusion.

The next day it was represented to me that many inhabitants of the town, and especially the fishermen, would like to hear from me a lecture on the "Orators of the English Parliament." A messenger was sent miles away to the nearest printing press, and early next morning, as I went down to the beach, I found neat little placards in every shop window announcing my lecture for the evening. In some windows which faced the town two ways, placards were exhibited on each, announcing that I would speak in the evening. Outside the Bible Society's Depôt one of the bills appeared. So amicable was everything, I thought I had alighted in an unfrequented corner of the Millennium! The fishermen's room was readily granted by two of them who had authority over it. It was in that room that an eminent member of Parliament, Charles Buxton, used to deliver annual summaries of Parliamentary proceedings, which ranked among the classics of political criticism. He was dead then; and a memorial window of great beauty of colour and design, which I was told cost a thousand guineas, had been put up in Cromer Church to his memory. The clouded and chastened light which passed through the window recalled those fine sentiments he used to express, in which philosophy had softened and variegated the fierce light of the controversies of his day.

Before noon a great change had come over Cromer; there was consternation in the place. Muffled whisperings were heard behind every counter. The vicar had been in the town. The bill on the Bible Society's door had attracted his attention. He did not know me, but he knew I was not one of the apostles. Though my name is partly Biblical, the vicar had the announcement bearing it removed. He went to the shopkeepers and requested them to take the bills from their windows, and not to go to the lecture. He admitted my subject was not in itself objectionable, but then I might say something else in speaking upon it. He was told that I regarded it as a breach of faith to announce one subject, and, after inciting people to come to hear that, to speak upon another. Whether the vicar was con-

vinced, I know not; but, as he did not call again at the places he visited to reverse his request, the bills were not replaced, and by the afternoon not a single copy was to be seen anywhere in the town. Had Mr. Buxton, whose guest I had been, been living at hand, things would have been different.

In the meantime I composed, in case the fishermen had a choir, a variation of one of Byron's Hebrew Melodies—beginning, as they say in chapel, at the second verse :—

> "Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
> Placards in the windows at sunrise were seen;
> Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
> The placards at sunset lay withered and strown.
>
> The vicar of Cromer came in with the blast,
> And spoke at the door of each shop as he past;
> And the hearts of the keepers waxed deadly and chill;
> Their souls but once heaved and thenceforward grew still."

When I returned from a tour of inspection, I sent word to the fishermen who had let their rooms to me, that if they thought anything would happen to their families through their act, they were quite at liberty to recall it. I thought it likely that the vicar might be the almoner of many kind-hearted and wealthy families in the neighbourhood, and the people might fear being passed over when they wanted help in the hard seasons that befell them. "Tell the men," I said, "that I am no pedlar of opinions; I do not hawk my principles about the country; and if Cromer would rather I should not speak in the town, I had no wish to speak to unwilling ears."

The stout fishermen probably reflected that they earned their bread in the tempest, by day and by night, holding their lives in their own hands, while the vicar passed his days secure from harm, and that they would get through my lecture as they had through other storms. Hence they answered "they should light their best candles for Mr. Holyoake, and make their room as bright and cheerful as they could, if he chooses to come." When nightfall arrived, I marched through the village with my host (whose Quaker blood was a little stirred) to lecture. Not a soul was moving in Cromer. Nearing the rooms, we observed a solitary man emerging from a cottage in the direction of the Lecture Room. His back was made visible by a penny candle in the window. "There does not appear," I said to my friend, "any great stampede to the lecture, but I

shall deliver it to you, and our friend, whose back we have seen, should he arrive there."

On entering the room I was astounded by an immense shout of welcome. The fishermen were there in force. A respectable inhabitant of the place was voted to the chair, and a gracious little speech of introduction was made by the gentleman, Mr. Kemp, whose guest I was.

I delivered my lecture. As I explained the difference between oratory and mere public speaking, and the characteristics of Bright, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lowe, Bernal Osborne, Buxton, Sir Wilfred Lawson, Stansfeld, and others, and pointed out the gradations of that art by which men climb on phrases to power, signs of discernment arose sufficient to satisfy any speaker. A reverend visitor, Mr. Valpy, whose father was a great classic authority, made a neat little speech at the end.

We said not a word about the vicar. I made no allusion to him, direct or indirect. It is a long time since those little peculiarities of the ecclesiastical mind, which he had displayed, affected or concerned me ; and the audience imagined I did not notice what he had done. I doubt not he was a kind-hearted gentleman to whom many have been indebted for words of counsel and acts of humanity. He was, perhaps, a little apt to forget that the people of Cromer were citizens as well as Christians, and had a right to know what affected them as Englishmen—that they needed to understand the secular merits of those great men who influence their destinies and make the English name distinguished on the earth. The Cromer men had no doubt reasons for respecting the vicar in removing the placards which were distasteful to him, and respected themselves by giving a courteous hearing to what a stranger had to say to them.

In any other town in England it is necessary to advertise a lecture two or three days ; but in Cromer it is sufficient to advertise a lecture for three hours, and this may have been the reason why they took the placards out of the windows at midday. However, to the inexperienced visitor, it seemed that Church courtesy in Cromer had contracted the qualities of the East wind, and dictation of the Romish type, which many thought obsolete in England, was still in force in that remote corner of East Anglia.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

STORY OF THE LIMELIGHT ON THE CLOCK TOWER.

(1868.)

DURING several pleasant years I was secretary to a member of Parliament. His residence being at a considerable distance from the House of Commons, he had no means of knowing when "the House was up." Some days there would be an early "count out." Most members daily leave the House during what is termed "dinner hours" to dine, but it sometimes happened that the House would be counted out in the dinner-time. Then the return journey to the House was needless. A member in constant attendance at committees and Parliament would be glad to absent himself until later in the evening, when a division in which he was interested might be taken. But though the House might adjourn before the usual time; there was no means of discovering this until he drove into sight of Palace Yard.

At that time the limelight was coming into use, and I thought it might be made available to prevent this inconvenience to members. The present Duke of Rutland was then at the Board of Works, and I addressed to him a letter on the subject which remained some years in the archives of the Board of Works, and is probably there now. I have no copy of the letter, but I well remember its purport. It was to this effect:—

"Being secretary of a member of Parliament, I have observed that considerable inconvenience arises by members having no means of knowing when the House is up, at times when they

are unable to foresee it. There are no means by which a member can know it, unless he provides some one to send him a telegram to an address which he would have to renew every night, according to the place where he expected to be after leaving the House sitting. If he dined at one of the great clubs, he would learn when the House was up there, by members coming in who had recently left the House, or from the arrival of the hourly report of the proceedings in Parliament. But he might be dining four or five miles away, and must drive to one of the clubs to get the information. It is true that in Palace Yard gas lights, which have three arms, have only the centre one left burning—to indicate to persons arriving there that the House is up. But any one must drive to the bottom of Parliament Street before the single light can be discerned. It is a probable calculation that many members in the course of a session drive five hundred miles before they can reach Palace Yard to learn that the House is up. Reporters and others who have business with members at the House at night are subject to similar inconvenience. All this might be prevented if a limelight were placed at the summit of the Clock Tower. It could be seen six or seven miles in most directions, and members could learn at will whether the House was sitting or not."

This letter was longer than would seem necessary ; but it was needful to explain in detail the inconvenience to which members were subjected which might be so simply obviated. It was necessary to show that all the existing means of information were taken into account by the writer, for if any one had been omitted the suggestion might be thought based upon insufficient information—the official mind being always quick to show that there is no necessity for doing what it does not want to do.

Lord John Manners, the name by which the Duke of Rutland was then known, acknowledged the receipt of the communication, but without indicating whether it would be considered. Nothing came of it until Mr. Ayrton became Commissioner of the Board of Works. Though he excelled all Ministers in making himself unpleasant in debate, he also excelled in being the most vigilant of servants of the public in Parliament, being tireless in his attendance and reading more Parliamentary papers than any four members. He found my letter in the

pigeon-holes of the Board of Works, and put up the limelight on the Clock Tower, which has made the House of Parliament as it were a beacon light visible all over London during the night sittings. An article upon it in *The Times*, after Mr. Ayrton had ceased to be Commissioner, giving a description of this Tower light, began by the remark that "a former Commissioner of Works found the suggestion in the office." The article was evidently written by a well-informed but reticent writer. It implied that the Commissioner who put up the light did not originate it, but it was not said how the suggestion came into the office, or who sent it there.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATURE IN BIRMINGHAM

(1868.)

My second candidature was in Birmingham. It was constantly said that the working class had no reasonable measures to propose which the middle class would not pass. This was not, and is not, true; for the master class no more feels as the workmen feel than the old aristocratical class before 1830 felt, or as the middle class proved they did, when afterwards they came into power. And if it were true that the middle class would now do all the working men want, it is better that the working men should do it for themselves. For these reasons I sought the opportunity of addressing my own townsmen, to whom I could naturally speak with most freedom, upon the conditions and consequences of working-class representation.

In my address delivered in the Town Hall I said—

"More than thirty years ago I was a member of your Political Union, and since that time there has been no combination (sometimes called "conspiracy") in this country to bring general enfranchisement about, which I have not, by speech and pen, advocated without intermission. Now we have a considerable extension of the suffrage, there are things of evil to cancel, and conditions of progress to create.

"We have, though limited, a 'political commonwealth' at last, and one result is that working men will, sooner or later, find their way into Parliament. Venturous of it myself, it is my townsmen whom I address. My ancestors lie here; I know most of, and naturally care much for, Birmingham. In all my

writings I have looked on public affairs in the light of the workshop. A Democracy is a great trouble. Everybody has to be consulted. The Conservative is enraged to have this necessity put upon him; the Whigs never meant it to come to this; and I am not sure that many of the Radicals like it.

"Several things will happen now. 1. The Irish Church will go. Well I remember the horror with which the news was received in the workshops of this town of the massacre of Rathcormac, when a clergyman of the Irish Protestant Church had the sons of the poor Widow Ryan shot before her eyes for the non-payment of tithes. The middle class mother cannot feel resentment as a poor woman can; she can afford to pay tithes, and no dragoon shoots her children down. But Widow Ryan's sons were labourers—they belonged to us. The shriek of the mother reached us. We in England could do nothing to avert or avenge their murder. But let us not have the baseness to forget it. Now that slow, tardy, long-lingering retribution has put the Irish Church in the noose, let *us* hope it will be allowed a good drop.

"2. We shall have compulsory education. There is no ascendency for the people without sense. We live in a world where the battle of life can no longer be fought by fools; and the child who is turned out into it ignorant is bound, hand and foot, in the conflict. We shall put away with contempt that pitiful, fitful, partial, mendicant instruction with which voluntaryism has cheated and degraded us so long.

"3. Pauperism will be put down as the infamy of industry. A million paupers—a vast standing army of mendicants—in the midst of the working class, depending for support upon the middle class, is a reproach to every workman now. Every law which deprives Industry of a fair chance must be attacked; whatever facilitates the accumulation of immense fortunes and tends to check the natural distribution of property must be stopped.

"4. We shall have the ballot. Open voting is merely an insolent device for getting at those electors who do their duty. The poll-book is a penal list, first made publishable by those who intended to act upon it—and it is acted upon by all who are enraged at defeat."

It does good to create a popular belief that the day of progress has arrived ; that men need no longer despair of improvement, or seek to obtain it by conflict of arms, as they were formerly justified in doing under the hopelessness of obtaining it by reason. In my address I ventured to say that the Irish Church would go ; that we should have compulsory education ; that pauperism would be regarded as the infamy of industry ; that elections would be decided by ballot. I had heard the four things I had spoken of, hoped for, agitated for, and they seemed no nearer, and were believed to be no nearer, than the right of women to sit in Parliament is now. Yet each of these things, then regarded as words of Utopian enthusiasm, have come to pass.

The object of my being a candidate at Birmingham was to test and advocate the question of working-class representation. At that time there was no strong feeling on the part of the working class in favour of the representation of their order. Had I sought I could have obtained a sufficient support from Conservatives to have embarrassed the prospects of Mr. Bright or his colleague, and the Conservatives would have obtained the credit of supporting a principle for which they did not care and would disown when their own end was served. I might have obtained some publicity useful to a candidate by such an alliance, but it never seemed to me to be any more right in politics than in morals to do evil that good may come. For thirty-six years the representation of Birmingham had been in the hands of the middle class, and though the working class were twenty times more numerous than they, it had never occurred to the middle class that the industrious majority were entitled to any personal representation. Certainly they never offered or facilitated it.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

A DANGEROUS VISITOR.

(1868.)

A FEW years ago, London was startled by the discovery of a murder in Whitechapel which recalled the Red Barn murder of Maria Martin, by William Corder, half a century before. A woman was shot in the rear of some business premises in Whitechapel and buried there, and her murderer, one Wainwright, was caught in the streets twelve months later, conveying the body to another hiding-place.

Some time previously a public writer, for whom I had much regard, became unwell. One day a lady came to me at Cockspur Street saying that he was very ill, that she was his wife and needed aid for his succour. She met my offer to visit him by assuring me that he had a malignant fever, and I had better not call. This was to deter me from calling, but I did not suspect it. Soon after she came again in deep mourning, in the character of his widow. She was a handsome, voluptuous woman, with great dramatic talent. Her speech, tears, and gestures were very eloquent, and I promised to ask for subscriptions for her. This entertaining applicant gave me to understand that she had been upon the stage in earlier years, and certainly she showed qualifications for acting which warranted what she said. I knew that my lost friend, who was really dead, had at one time £30,000 in a public company, which yielded 10 to 12 per cent., when he lived opulently in a house in Piccadilly. Afterwards his income fell to zero. In his prosperous days he had given eighty guineas for a jewelled watch, and presented it to Samuel Bailey, of Sheffield, in testimony of appreciation of his philosophical writings.

In the end I fulfilled my promise to the distressed lady in black, and published the substance of the story told to me by her. The eventual result was some £40 or £50. The first and second £5 I remitted to her. The lady paid me a further visit of thanks, and asked me to call upon her and take breakfast at a suburban cottage, at which she resided with a female friend, as it would save my time in writing, and I could bring any further subscription which might be to hand. Not wishing any personal acquaintance, which might raise expectations of aid beyond my means of procuring, I asked my brother Austin to make a call at his convenience, and leave further remittances for her ; and sometimes a clerk in my employ was sent. I never went myself.

It was fortunate I did not. On the apprehension of Wainwright, I saw in the papers accounts that his brother—who was afterwards transported for his complicity in the murder—was supporting a mistress, and was frequently at the very house to which I had been invited. Had I accepted the invitation to breakfast, I might have been found there by the police officers who went to the place in search of the brother. As the murderer was a lecturer at institutes of the kind I had promoted and been present at myself, my intimacy with him would have been inferred. Had my name been mentioned as that of a visitor at Rosamond Cottage when the address with other interesting particulars were published, I should have found it difficult to persuade everybody of the disinterested nature of my visits, especially as I could only have explained that my business there was to take money to a lady who had invited me there. My brother had simply called and left the sums I gave him, and neither of us suspected that she was not the wife of my friend.

Before the Whitechapel affair transpired, the enterprising pretender had written to several public persons on her own account. As it was my practice always to print in the paper I edited all sums for whatever purpose sent, the "widow" could see who were the friends who had answered my appeal, and she wrote to them and others whom she thought had knowledge of her alleged husband, enclosing what I had written upon him on her behalf. She was what the Scots would call an "ingenious body." All her letters to me bore a deep mourning

border. Several members of Parliament wrote to me to ask whether they were warranted in giving money. In my replies I said I had no knowledge of the new applications made to them, nor was there any public claim on them, though I understood there was need of help. Several cheques were sent to me for her. When I found that I had been misled, I gave notice to all who afterwards wrote to me, and publicly cancelled my appeal and informed the applicant to that effect.

The judge at the trial of Wainwright was Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. The summing-up of some judges is often so learnedly elaborate, involved, dreary, and inartistic, that it is a species of penal infliction on the jury and only merciful to the doomed, upon whom it acts as the drugs given to the Suttee, which stupefies and makes insensible to the fatal fire. Sir John Holker, as Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution. Sir John was a Conservative. It was frequently said there was a good deal in him, but it did not come out on this occasion. Mr. Moody made the speech for the defence, in which he said nothing wrong and nothing strong. There was no glamour of light, or pathos, or ingenuity in any one.

But when Lord Cockburn rose, the hand of the master appeared. The ornateness which he sometimes showed in speeches out of court was chastened down. His sentences were expressed with pure nervous force. Nothing was repeated, no phrase nor even idea recurred. The story of the evidence was clear, direct, vivid, brief, complete, and conclusive. The first sentences of the summing-up against Wainwright had death in them. The jury could see, as in a panorama, the perpetration of a foul murder, the source of the blow, and the ghastly procedure of successive concealments, as plainly as Hamlet displayed the process of the death of his father to his mother and the king. In sleuth-hound sentences the stealthy steps of the brutal, calculating murderer were tracked. Wainwright must have seen the noose in every passage. Lord Cockburn's address to the jury was an unequalled piece of forensic reasoning, so far as any charge of the kind has come within my knowledge. Its coherence was not only evident to the jury—it was never out of sight. It had picturesque terms which had colour in them. The crisp, penetrating voice of Cockburn suited the finished structure of his address. Juries

charged by him were instructed; the prisoner at the bar, who had taste, was afterwards proud to have been condemned with such classic art, and the sentiment of the Court was raised above the level of crime by the genius of the judge.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

REPORTING SPEECHES WHICH NEVER WERE MADE.

A good deal of reporting has fallen to me in my time, chiefly of the descriptive kind. During several years that I had opportunity of hearing nightly the speeches made in Parliament, I found that all the new ideas expressed there could easily be taken down in long hand, since they occurred seldom and were far between. A newspaper, not having space to report everything said, might entertain and much instruct its readers by giving merely the new ideas of the debates, or remarkable ways of presenting a familiar case. Once a Cabinet Minister, who was going into the provinces to make a speech, he wished to see reproduced in London papers, asked me what he should do to secure that what he said should not be open to misinterpretation. I answered that, if he was sure of saying exactly what he intended, he might ask the editor of the leading local paper to send a reporter to take down his speech exactly as he made it. Good stenographers so abound that he would get what he wanted. But were he doubtful of being quoted at full length in the London press, he had better take a summary reporter with him, since a verbatim reporter, by his habit of literalness, would lack the faculty of bringing into focus the genius of a speech. To produce a telling summary the reporter need not be able to make the speech, but he must be able to measure the mind and discern the purpose of the speaker.

When in America in 1879, I found in some parts a class of Reversible Reporters. After an interview I found next day in the paper sentiments put down to me the very reverse of what I had expressed. Once I tried the experiment of saying the

opposite of what I meant, and next day it came out all right. It was not perversity nor incapacity which misrepresented me, it was owing to professional confidence in young reporters that they knew better than any speaker did what he ought to say.

Once a friend of mine, a Jew, who knew this world as well as the Talmud, was the proprietor of a newspaper in a country town, within an hour's ride from London, asked me to come down and give an account of laying the foundation stone of a new town building and report the speeches at the banquet which was to follow at night. Some members of Parliament came down with whose ways of thought I was familiar, and I made summaries of their speeches which I knew they would be willing to circulate among their constituents. If the object is to promote the circulation of the paper, the effective portion of what a speaker says must be brought out, or there will be no orders for copies sent to the office. A reporter may make a clever report of a speech and prefix it with the remark that "the meeting was small." There are no copies of that paper bought by the speaker or his friends for circulation. If the hall is crowded it is well to say so. But no public persons care to circulate information that few care to listen to them. If the object is to discredit a speaker the question is one of policy not circulation.

Now, there was a rival paper in the town to which I went. The proprietor of the paper I represented wished his paper to excel that, which was not difficult, as it was sleepy and unenterprising. So I wrote a leader upon the speeches at the stone-laying. A speaker who has ability is pleased to see it discerned and handsomely acknowledged. A man who acquits himself well may without vanity be pleased with the credit he has fairly earned ; and he who does not excel in expression may have merit of character and purpose to which it is the interest of the public to accord recognition.

The banquet in the evening was prolonged and boisterous. No reporter was present from the rival paper and I was instructed to report the speeches. On seeing the composition of the guests, I consulted with my Jewish friend, who, like all his race, was shrewd and foreseeing. We examined the toast list and then I inquired the characteristics of the speakers, their manner of mind, peculiarity of expression and antecedents

of family, public service, and other particulars. One old farmer was reputed to represent a generation of predecessors who had held the same land from the Norman Conquest. By the time the toasts began the whole company was more hilarious than coherent. Some never could speak in public, and little was expected from them. A few when they began to speak were unable to stop. Some had forgotten what they intended to say, and others had nothing to forget. Some could speak better before the banquet began than after, and some acquired boldness in consequence of it, and made up by audacity what they lacked in relevance. By eleven o'clock I had sent out speeches for them all, and by midnight their orations were all in type, and the paper was out in the early morning. The town was astonished at the enterprise to which it was unaccustomed. The principal orator had a speech of some brightness to read at his breakfast, of which he was unconscious when he retired to rest. My friend the proprietor of the paper had misgivings when he read the report. He said the town would be surprised that such speeches were made. I answered, "the town was not present. The guests who did not speak were not in a condition to know what was said, and, take my word for it, no speaker will disown what he is reported to have said." And no one did. As a leader upon the proceedings of the day confirmed and illustrated the report by descriptive characteristics of the speakers, which the town knew to be true, my friend received many congratulations on the variety and vivacity of that issue of his *Gazette*. The office was not rich, and for all the writing from midday till midnight my remuneration was but thirty shillings, but I served my friend and increased for that week the reputation of his paper and its commercial value when he transferred it, as it was his intention shortly after to do.

"Reporting speeches which never were made" is a title open to the objection of being incomplete. The speeches were made, but not in the manner which met the public eye. Two or three of the festive orators had sagacity and brightness, though, on that occasion, not of the consecutive kind. Every provincial assembly of speakers furnishes instances of native wit or idiomatic humour. If these points are preserved in the report of the proceedings, an interesting monograph of the

meeting is the result. Every night in Parliament occur notable relevant passages, occasional flashes of common sense, sometimes overlaid with words, and sometimes insufficiently expressed, of which an epitome would be good reading. Every day the Parliamentary reports of speeches presents them in a more effective form than the hearer was sensible of during the delivery. When *The Times* sought to destroy the popularity of Orator Hunt of a former day, it reported his speeches verbatim. There are many speakers in Parliament who would suffer in public estimation if their repetitions and eccentricities of expression were recorded. On one memorable occasion the *Morning Star* reported a passage from a speech of Mr. Disraeli's, with all its bibulous aspirates set forth, which few forgot who read it. It was on the night of his famous financial speech when Lord John Manners carried into the House five glasses of brandy and water to refresh him—which got at last into his articulation. The late Sir John Trelawny told me that he had preserved notes of speeches made after midnight in the House of Commons over a period of twelve years. At late sittings scarcely a reporter remains, and the necessity of going to the press with some account of the proceedings obliges the editor to give but a brief summary in which the speeches are not only divested of flesh and blood, but are almost boneless. Yet things are said at those times which the public would read with amazement both for their instruction and their boldness. Sir John said he did not intend his notes to be published until after his death. It will be a remarkable volume when it appears.

A London daily paper of age and pretension, often describes speeches of note which are never found in the report in its columns. Sometimes it quotes sentences of distinction which nowhere appear in the speech in its pages. Only one paper gives a full Parliamentary report. Once five papers did it. On the great debate when the Taxes on Knowledge was the question before the House, five daily papers gave full reports. So marvellously accurate were they, that there was scarcely a variation of a word in them. I heard all the speeches and compared the reports the next day. Competition in reporting produced a perfection which exists in London no longer.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

AN UNTOLD STORY OF THE FLEET STREET HOUSE.

(1868.)

THIS chapter illustrates the wisdom of the proverb that zeal without experience is as fire without light.

It was an early ambition of mine to have a publishing house in Fleet Street. There Richard Carlile had established the right of heretical opinion to publicity. I was for continuing it there. The Duke of Wellington headed a society to drive Carlile from the street. He did not intimidate him, nor was the society able to remove him except by procuring his further imprisonment. Resentment at this incited me to succeed him. Fleet Street was one of the highways of the world. A million curious people pass through it every year, of every travelling nationality under the sun.

We had won the right to say what we pleased, and the question arose, What did we please to say, and how were we going to say it? In the combat for the right to speak, very picturesque invective had been used. In the use of that weapon our adversaries much excelled us; but, we being the party of the minority, the blame of employing it fell upon us. When we had won the field we could hold it only by fairness of speech, the "outward and visible sign" of just intention and just principles.

William and Robert Chambers had established a secular publishing house in the High Street of Edinburgh. I proposed to my brother Austin that we should do the same thing for Freethought, in Fleet Street, London. The printing business

was to be his—the publishing and its risks mine. The responsibility of capital, trade salaries, rent, and taxes remained with me. My name alone was on every bond.

Mr. James Watson had been, since the days of Julian Hibbert, the publisher of Carlile's works, taking like peril. As the new house in Fleet Street would necessarily affect his business, which was his only means of subsistence, I asked him what would compensate him for loss of trade thus caused. He said £350, which, with what he had, would provide for him in the future. According to the accepted morality of trade, I was under no obligation to consider his interests. A man sets up in business next door to one in the same line, doing what he can to lure away his neighbour's custom, and it is not counted dishonourable. It seemed baseness to me, and I promised Mr. Watson the money. This proved an unfortunate thing for me. When he came to know the indispensable business expenses of the new house were £300 a year, he did not see how I was to meet them, apart from fulfilling my promise to him, and, being of an apprehensive nature, he could not conceal his misgivings; and as he knew the chief country agents upon whom I depended, his fears transpired in personal communications with them and to my chief friends whom he knew, they having as much regard for him as for me. The effect of this was disastrous on a young business. My solicitor, who had advanced me purchase money of the lease, asked me what I was to have for the money to be paid to Mr. Watson. He thought me imprudent. I had nothing to produce, save the right of selling his books, which never yielded £50. Nevertheless I kept my promise. My brother Austin was as solicitous as I was to do it. Seeing Mr. Watson on the opposite side of the street, looking in his wistful way at the house, I sent my brother with the only £60 in hand to go over and pay him the final instalment, which he did. The transaction was in every way unfortunate to me, but I never regretted it. Nor do I now. The curious thing was that no one respected me for it, or believed it, and no one ever made any acknowledgment of it, not even Mr. Watson. Mr. W. J. Linton in his "Life of Watson" omits it, although it made the end of Watson's days pleasant. It was treated as incredible, and for the first time I came to understand the sagacious maxim of the Italians,

"Beware of being too good." I had known few persons in danger of transgressing the rule, and did not suspect I was one.

A valued colleague, Charles Southwell, took a very different view from Mr. Watson as to the profits obtainable in Fleet Street, and thought I was making riches there, as many others thought, so what was loss to me was envy to others. Southwell published pamphlets on my prosperity. One day I sent for him, showed him the bonds I had signed, and that I owed all the money he thought had been given me. His exclamation was a full acquittal—"Jacob, you are a damned fool!" I asked him to publish it. "No, I won't own I was wrong; but I will no more say what I have said," was all I could get. The financial part of the story may end here. The £250 given me after the Cowper Street debate, £650 given me subsequently, a gift of £250 and all I could earn by lectures and writing—over the needs of my household—were all lost.

Propagandism is not, as some suppose, a "trade," because nobody will follow a "trade" at which you may work with the industry of a slave and die with the reputation of a mendicant. The motives of any persons to pursue such a profession must be different from those of trade, deeper than pride, and stronger than interest.

Afterwards there came mischief of another kind, which I had bespoken without knowing it. As a co-operator I was an advocate for profit-sharing, and I made this arrangement with those I employed. As the law then stood, this made them my partners, and gave them an equal claim with me to the property. One who had some knowledge of law, and was hostile to me, incited two servants to act on their "rights." They might have carted the stock away, and could only be prevented by force, which I had reason to avoid. An assault case would then have come on at the Mansion House which would have had an effect bad for the secular cause. The addresses of my friends were copied from my books, and letters sent to them, which cost me for many years many valued friendships, for reasons I could not answer—not knowing them. The manager of the newsagents' department was instructed that he might take away the business books, and did it. It was two years before I could recover them by process of law. Then I had

to keep outside the court because, were I called upon to give evidence, I could not take the oath, and that fact would have set the court against me. The judge said that had I come into court he would have given the man twelve months' imprisonment.[1] This affair put me to £200 expense—besides losses through having no proof to adduce of the balances of news-agents due to me. Had the law which, later, Mr. Wm. Scholefield, M.P. for Birmingham, caused to be passed, been in force then, I should not have been at the mercy of enemies. Now-a-days, an employer giving profits to servants does not constitute them partners.

Just then, when my fortunes were least to my mind, Mr. Ross, at that time an optician of repute, learning that I was being unfairly used, came down and gave me a cheque for £250. That was a bright, unparalleled morning which I shall never forget until remembrance of all things fades.

Despite all difficulties, "147, Fleet Street" was kept in force from 1853 to 1861. Its objects were—

1. Promoting the solution of public questions, on secular grounds, apart from theology.

2. Obtaining equal civil rights for all excluded from them by conscientious opinion not recognised by the State.

3. Maintaining a publishing organisation which should influence public affairs.

4. Maintaining a centre of personal communication open to publicists at home and from abroad.

5. Stimulating the free search for truth, without which it is unattainable—the free utterance of the result, without which search is useless—the free criticism of it, without which truth must remain uncertain—the fair action of conviction, without which public improvement is impossible.

6. Maintaining an organ which should be open to all writers, without regard to coincidence of opinion, provided there was general relevance and freedom from odious personalities.

The shop was made bright, and, by removal of partitions, spacious. All new books of progress were on sale, and

[1] He was a Wesleyan and of good integrity, until seduced by prospect held out to him of setting up himself with my business.

advertised in papers of the house without cost to the authors. A large room was fitted up for meetings and for the use of visitors. In each panel hung a portrait of some eminent writer. Visitors from every part of the world interested in New Thought came and found information respecting all lecture halls and places they wished to see. We published a catalogue of all the chief works of advanced thinkers (giving the prices and the names of the publishers to promote their sales), by whomsoever issued. No other house ever printed a catalogue like it. The house was an Institute. There have been other houses in Fleet Street since with similar objects, but none like it—none having the same features. The main object was the advancement of new opinion : business was an appendage to be well attended to ; but it stood in the second place.

When the peace of 1856 was proclaimed—though the great nations of the Continent were left still enslaved—we illuminated in front of the house those nobly reproachful words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which said :—

> " It is no peace.
> Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
> Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the throng,
> And Austria wearing a smooth olive leaf
> On her brute forehead, while her troops outpress
> The life from Italy."

These words were read by a quarter of a million of people. Every newspaper in London agreed that this was the sole illumination which expressed the political truth of the hour. These things could never have been done save in a house standing in one of the highways of the world, where those must pass whose eyes it was worth while engaging, and where nothing can well be ignored which was done. On other public occasions Garibaldian and Italian flags greeted memorable processions.

In 1857 there was the Day of Humiliation proclaimed on account of the Indian Mutiny. Instead of joining in it, a placard appeared in our windows which attracted crowds of readers. It was entitled, " Objections to the Humiliation."

" 1. It is an ineffective proceeding, seeing that temporal deliverance is not to be obtained by intercession of Heaven.

2. It is offensive, as imputing to the judicial act of God the blunders of the East India Company.

3. It is impolitic, if we have enemies in India, to give them the satisfaction of thinking that they have brought Great Britain to confess 'humiliation.'"

Without a publishing house we could not have rendered the service in the Repeal of the Taxes upon Knowledge mentioned in a previous chapter. In the affair of the opposition to the Conspiracy Bill, the committee met in the Fleet Street house, as did the Garibaldi Committee at the time when the British Legion were sent out to Italy. Then, for several days, a committee of soldiers sat in the visitors' room, and the shop was constantly crowded with Garibaldians who volunteered to join the Legion. My brother was as much occupied as I was. This was international service, but it was not business.

We published works for Mazzini, Robert Owen, Kossuth, Louis Blanc, Professor Newman, Dr. Arnold Rouge, January Searle, Major Evans Bell, William Maccall, W. J. Birch, and many others.

I had a bust of Kossuth made by a Hungarian sculptor, and one of Mazzini by Bizzi. The original of Mazzini was purchased by Mr. Ashurst. The mould, which cost me £7, was never returned to me by the bust maker. It was said it had been broken. A few years later I saw several busts in a window cast in my mould, which I judge still exists.

We printed and published also the "Manifesto of the Republican Party," by Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, and Mazzini. Though written by Mazzini, he modestly, as was his wont, put his name last. All the publications I issued bore my imprint as printer as well as publisher, for the law makes the printer responsible. Were there no printing of books, there could be no publishing of books. The publisher may be a nominal person, of residential address unknown; but the printer is real, and commonly has a plant of type which may be confiscated, while he himself can readily be found and incarcerated. The law aims mostly to intimidate the printer. I, therefore, took the responsibility of the printer as well as publisher.

Julian Hibbert gave Carlile £1,000 with which to furnish his shop when he opened it, and he had like sums from him on

other occasions for publishing purposes. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes which befell us, we should have succeeded in a "business point of view" had we had money sufficient to continue when hostilities were surmounted. As it was, we did enough to justify the expectation of usefulness which induced so many to support the undertaking.

When we opened this house the voice of the Socialist was silent in the land and the watch-fires of the Chartist were extinct. As far as we were able, we intended to maintain the claim of Socialists and Chartists and some other causes for which they cared not. We cared for political freedom at home and abroad, for unless it prevails abroad it can never be secure at home. There is an aristocracy of sex quite as offensive as an aristocracy of peers. Manhood suffrage was popular with the Chartists, but they cared nothing for women's enfranchisement.

In a passage which I quote from a manifesto of Kossuth, Rollin, and Mazzini, which did but express our ambition :—

"A great movement must have an arm to raise the flag, a voice to cry aloud—*The hour has come!* We are that arm and that voice. . . . Advanced Guard of the Revolution, we shall disappear amid the ranks on the day of the awakening of the peoples. . . . We are not the future; we are its precursors. We are not the democracy; we are an army bound to clear the way for democracy."

It was my intention to "disappear in the ranks." As soon as I had extinguished all the liabilities I had incurred, I volunteered to hand over the place to the promoters. I thought if others had the profit which might accrue they would continue the work without direction. This was my mistake. To me it was of no consequence who had the advantage if the house was maintained. But nobody believed this.

Freethought is of the nature of intellectual Republicanism. All are equal who think, and the only distinction is in the capacity of thinking. I never set up as a chief. I never talked of loyalty to me, but of loyalty to principle alone. In freethought there is no leadership save the leadership of ideas. I went into this undertaking with this conviction, and as I went in I came out.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

LORD CLARENDON'S CONCESSION

(1869–72.)

THIS chapter describes another instance of work which, my being of the Secularistic persuasion, I was incited to attempt. In my Christian days I had been taught that the safety of my own soul was the supreme object I should keep before me; but experience showed me that the human welfare of others was a more honourable solicitude, and more profitable to them.

It has been the custom of the Government, since 1858, to instruct her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassy and Legation to prepare "Reports on the State of Manufactures and Commerce Abroad." It seemed to me that the same persons might collect information of not less importance to working men. At times, during several years, I made attempts to get this done. Through Mr. Milner Gibson, I obtained a copy of the original circular of instruction for the preparation of the manufacturers' reports on commerce, as I intended to base on them a plea for reports on labour.

At length, in April, 1869, Lord Clarendon being Foreign Minister, whose generous sympathy with those who live by industry was known, I concluded he might, on due representation, make this concession. It was then I wrote to Mr. Bright, whose attention was always given to proposals which could be shown to be reasonable, useful, and practical; for that which is reasonable may not be useful, and that which is useful may not be practical, while a project which is at once relevant, beneficial, and possible, is self-commended. Seeing me next midnight at the House of Commons, he called me to him, saying, "Tell me now what you want." On hearing it, he answered,

"Write me a letter with your reasons in it, and I will give it to Lord Clarendon." By the courtesy of Mr. William White, chief doorkeeper of the House, I wrote in his room the letter the same night, and posted it in the Lobby before two o'clock. The next day (April 19, 1869), Mr. H. G. Calcraft (Mr. Bright's secretary, he being then a Minister) wrote to say, "Mr. Bright would ask Lord Clarendon to take into consideration my suggestions." On April 21st following, Mr. Calcraft again wrote, "by Mr. Bright's request, to say that Lord Clarendon thought my proposal an admirable one, and that he had given instructions that the information may be obtained from the several Legations." My letter upon which Lord Clarendon acted set forth that workmen needed information of the condition of labour markets abroad as much as their employers. Strikes against reduction of wages take place, which reduction is often owing to competition abroad, but is not believed, owing to the knowledge upon which the employer acts being unknown to the men. Authentic information accessible to trade unionists would be instructive and useful. Emigration is promoted by Government. Some who go out suffer great disappointment from want of knowledge of the right places to which to go. This becoming known, many are deterred from emigrating, and thus miss good opportunities of advantage through ignorance of where the right labour markets in other countries lie. In Turkey 6,000 stone-masons were suddenly wanted for one of the Sultan's new palaces. while masons were emigrating to countries where stones were not used in buildings. I enumerated certain kinds of information secretaries of Embassy and Legation could furnish from the countries in which they were stationed.

Questions to which I asked answers were :—

1. What was the state of the labour market? What openings were there, if any? And what kind of workmen were wanted?

2. How would English workmen be hired and housed? What kind of dwellings would they find? What wages would they be offered? What rent would they have to pay? In what quarters would they have to dwell, in healthy or unhealthy places? Would they find tenements available—ventilated, drained, and free from air poisoning?

3. What was the purchasing power of money in other countries? All prices should be reduced to English values. A workman at home earning £2 a week, on hearing he could earn £6 a week abroad, would resolve to go out; whereas the cost of food, clothing, and rent might be thrice as high as in England, and his £6 in a new country might go no farther than £2 at home.

4. What is the dietary and habits to which an Englishman must conform in another country, as respects health-preserving power. Should a workman live in some places abroad as he lived in England, he would be dead in twelve months. Workmen who have overcome every industrial disadvantage and have raised themselves to competence abroad, yet rush down the inclined plane of excess, the bottom of which is social perdition. A report which afterwards came from Egypt said—"Spirits must be avoided. Temperate workmen keep their health well. The intemperate die." The report from Réunion said, "Rum is rank poison to the European. None who contract the habit of drinking it can remain in this country and live." These are torpedo sentences which arrest the attention of the unthinking transgressor. In the mining districts of Alabama night air is deadly.

5. School questions need also to be asked. If an emigrant took out a family, what education could he get for his children?

6. What is the standard of skill among native artizans with whom the Englishman would have to compete? Do they put their character into their work, or are they without artizan pride? Would they make a stand against doing bad work as they would against bad wages? In what degree would good quality in work have effect in raising wages? A workman might deteriorate among new comrades if they were shabby, bungling, careless workmen.

All these questions were not contained in my first letter. They were increased by permission of Lord Clarendon, as mentioned hereafter. The additions incorporated were three —(*a*) those relating to health-preserving power abroad, (*b*) to means of education of children, (*c*) to the quality of artizan skill.

A few days after these suggestions were made (April 26), Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Otway informed me that "he was to state

that Lord Clarendon, who fully shared my views as to the interest and importance of such information, had received my suggestions with much pleasure, and that it was his lordship's intention to instruct her Majesty's Secretaries of Legation to furnish reports on this subject, which Lord Clarendon proposed eventually to present to Parliament in a collective form, which he hoped might meet the objects indicated in my letter." When the first volume of these "Reports upon the Condition of the Working Classes Abroad" appeared, they received from the *New York Tribune* the name of the "People's Blue Book," given, I believe, by Mr. G. W. Smalley. The volume was found to be of unexpected interest, and abounding in curious information. Some Secretaries of Embassy excelled in brightness, variety, and relevance. As each volume appeared, I wrote a letter in *The Times* describing it. On April 13, 1870, and on September 26, 1871, leaders in *The Times* were written, illustrating the value of the reports, concurring also in my representations of their usefulness. Lord Clarendon was pleased to express the satisfaction with which he read my first letter to *The Times*. His death unfortunately occurred soon after.

In Lord Clarendon's instruction to the Secretaries of Legation, I observed that he had changed my phrase "*purchasing* power of money" into "the *purchase* power of money." "Purchasing power" was a phrase new to the Foreign Office, nor was I aware that it had been used in this financial sense before I employed it. It seemed a fair form of the participle. The term afterwards came into general use, and is quite common now.

Occasionally a consul of an inquiring mind, who happened to be in England when the instructions were first issued, had doubts as to their purport. Lord Clarendon sent him to me, at Cockspur Street, where I then had chambers, and I had the honour of explaining the nature of the information sought.

In due course, Mr. Robert Coningsby, a young working engineer, known at that period as the author of letters on social questions having a Tory tinge, wrote to *The Times*, saying, "It was all very well for Mr. Holyoake to connect his name with these Blue Books. The Society of Arts is entitled to the credit of bringing the subject before the Government, and the credit of bringing the subject to the notice of that

society belonged to him." The Society of Arts did not corroborate Mr. Coningsby, nor did he know how early had been my efforts in this matter. Nor did he pretend that he conceived or defined the scope of the questions, or method of obtaining the information required. The Foreign Office frankly accorded me permission to cite the communication received from them. I therefore explained in *The Times* that Lord Clarendon sent me the minute he had forwarded to the Embassies beginning with the words—"Mr. Holyoake has made a valuable suggestion as to the steps to be taken to ascertain the facts as regards the position of the artizan and industrial classes in foreign States." This minute was also sent to me for my consideration with the intimation "that Lord Clarendon would be happy to consider any suggestions I might have to offer, as to any other matters connected with foreign countries in which the industrial classes in this country take an interest, on which the Secretaries of her Majesty's Legations might be instructed to report." This I did, as the reader has seen, in the enumeration already given of questions to be answered. Sir Arthur Otway, with the spontaneous courtesy usual with him, wrote to me, saying that "these reports which were found so useful and interesting were mainly due to my suggestions, and that the late Lord Clarendon, as also the late Mr. Spring Rice, spoke to him more than once of my services in this matter in terms which would be very gratifying to me." After these facts appeared in *The Times*, Mr. Coningsby made no more claim of being the originator of these People's Blue Books. Three volumes of reports, of nearly 1,000 pages, were issued. Had the trades unions subscribed £20,000 and sent out commissioners, they could not in five years have collected and published the same amount of accurate, verified, and trustworthy information contained in these volumes thus supplied without cost to them by the Foreign Office. It was believed that these reports would be furnished at intervals of five or ten years. Twenty have elapsed since the last was issued. Changes in artizans' condition, interests, and aims have occurred since then, and new reports would now have new uses and new influence. Before the People's Blue Books appeared, the information necessary for industrial advancement abroad depended mainly on chance and charity, and as Madame de

Staël said of M. de Calonne, whether he meant mischief or service, "he did not do it with ability"—for want of knowledge.

Men learn patience if not contentment by a comparison of their condition with that of others, which may be no better or worse than their own. They may be encouraged by examples of success attained under discouraging circumstances. A workman can appreciate industrial causes in operation apart from himself, which he fails to discern or estimate through familiarity and prejudice, while he is in contact with his own condition. Principles true in our own streets are discerned more vividly when their operations are traced in the destiny of strange and distant communities. Artizans gain expansion of knowledge, like that which travel gives, when they are brought into the presence of international facts, and are inclined to respect a Government which, instead of lecturing them or coercing them, gathers the experience of nations into a page, and bids them read it for themselves.

CHAPTER XC.

ASSASSINATION BY A JOURNALIST.

(1870.)

ABOUT the time of the sixth volume of the *Reasoner* (that is not an accepted calender of events, though it enables me to fix the date of many) two young Irishmen came to London seeking their fortune in literature, and to them I was able to be of some service. Both made acknowledgments of it in after years, which I did not often experience in other instances. One of them, Mr. Gerald Supple, came from Dublin; for him I had regard because, out of his slender earnings, he always sent a portion for the support of his mother and two sisters. He had seen patriotic service in 1848, having been concerned in an insurrection planned in Meath. He wrote for me in the *Reasoner* on secular subjects. Afterwards he wrote in the *Empire* and *Morning Star*, to which I introduced him. At length he went to Australia, studied law, and became a barrister. As is the case with the best Irishmen, his sympathies were with liberty and freedom everywhere, and he never forgot the claims of his country. He had many friends at the bar, and no one who knew him could fail to be impressed by the generous qualities in his character. In 1848, he had been a contributor to the *Nation*, then at its best, and several national ballads written by him are to be found in Hayes's collection, to which good judges assigned great merit. Mr. Ebenezer Syme said in the *Argus* that Mr. Supple "always wrote with extreme moderation and good taste, never permitting his private predilections or animosities to influence his public writings. On several subjects outside the newspaper sphere, he had a fulness of know-

ledge, and wrote upon them with a judgment that was admirable. He wrote on Irish genealogies and antiquities in a manner no other Australian journalist could approach."

In 1870 news came that he was under sentence of death in Melbourne. Newspaper controversialists, as is common in new colonies, are addicted to primitive forms of invective. Melbourne resembled then the amenities of journalism which prevailed in Canada, a much older settlement, until Mr. Goldwin Smith infused refinement in it ; and my friend in Melbourne believed that no reformation in certain quarters there was possible except by the pistol. He therefore resolved to shoot an imputative adversary, one George Paton Smith, at sight—and did it, the shot taking effect in his arm. Mr. John Walshe, a retired police officer, hearing shooting about, with the instinct of his profession, rushed forward to defend the man assailed. Mr. Supple, being near-sighted, mistook the ex-officer for his enemy, shot and killed him. It was his near-sightedness which caused him to entertain unfounded resentment against many persons whom he thought showed him public disrespect by passing him without notice, who had no unfriendly intentions towards him ; he was simply unable to observe their recognition. His brother barristers considered that he had suffered in his professional career by loss of briefs through his infirmity of sight, and he had become moody and unhinged in mind. They therefore set up a plea of insanity to save him. This Mr. Supple repudiated in court, stating that he knew perfectly well what he was doing, and that he intended to kill Mr. Smith, but did not intend to kill Mr. Walshe.

Many persons who commit brutal outrages, or even commit murder in a brutal manner, when it comes to their turn to suffer, squeal and whine to be saved from that which they have inflicted upon others. It was not so with Mr. Supple. In his speech to the Court, before sentence was pronounced, he declared " his purpose was to teach certain persons in Melbourne a lesson in manners. He well knew the consequences of what he had undertaken, and did not object to be hanged." Mr. Supple continued :—" Some years ago I quarrelled with G. P. Smith because of his scurrilous abuse of the people of my country, written by his pen and published in the newspaper he edited. I was the only Irishman on that paper, and I resented

it. He who will not stand up for his country is a paltry person. From that time Mr. Smith slandered me. In this colony there is no check on slander. An action for libel does not arrest it. The duel does not exist here. If any man sent a challenge he would be handed over to the police, and his challenge treated as a farce, as a piece of swagger or bravado. In England public opinion acts as a check on slander. There is nothing of the sort here. I have done this colony good service in reviving something of old-fashioned honour, in the middle of this coarse and wholly material civilization—this mean and sordid thing, in which little seems to be valued higher than the dinner or the bank account. The time will come, and my act will hasten it, when the community will cease to tolerate the assassin of character. As for me, I hope to give my life very cheerfully in this cause. Hanging cannot disgrace me. The gallows cannot disgrace me—I shall confer honour upon it. I shall be glad to get away from this colony, and I can leave it no other way than by the gate of death."

This manly speech could not but inspire respect for the prisoner, however much one must feel that society would be impossible if everybody should resent slander in the deadly way he had adopted. Mr. Supple was sentenced to death. But his counsel appealed against it, on the ground that it was not justifiable to hang a man for an act he never intended to commit. A plea good in morals, but not in law. Mr. E. J. Williams, who was in the Gallery of the House of Commons, and who knew of my early friendship for Mr. Supple, having intimation of the appeal, asked me to aid in saving him from execution. To this end I made the following affidavit, which Sir Wilfrid Lawson did me the favour of attesting for me :—

"I, George Jacob Holyoake, of 20, Cockspur Street, London, County of Middlesex, do truly and solemnly make declaration that I knew well Mr. Gerald H. Supple, now imprisoned, as I am informed, in Melbourne, Australia, on charge of murder. When he was in England he was employed by me in journalistic work : I assisted in procuring him engagements. I had and still have great respect for him as an honourable man ; but I observed a moodiness in his manner, varying from impulsive generosity of speech to inexplicable reticence. His shortness of

sight was greatly against him. He seemed a despairing man at times, and I used to consider him a person whom some great calamity would one day overtake. From the difficulty his manner put in the way of his friends serving, or indeed being sure when they were serving him, I feared great suffering would befall him. Though very intimate with me, and as I believed having personal regard for me, he went away without saying such was his intention, and never communicated with me at the time,[1] nor mentioned me in writing to friends of mine who had served him at my instigation. I doubt not he had acquired some distrust of me, utterly without reason. No doubt he was liable to dangerous delusions.

"GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

"Signed in the presence of WILFRID LAWSON, Justice of the Peace for the County of Cumberland."

Having rendered political service to Lord Enfield in his Middlesex candidature, I asked him if he could do me the favour of enclosing my affidavit in the Foreign Office bag, he being then in that department. The transmission would then be surer and probably swifter. Lord Kimberley, who became aware of my request, directed (Aug. 4, 1870) me to be informed (which I was by Mr. J. Rogers) that my "affidavit would be forwarded by the next mail to the Governor of Victoria." But Lord Kimberley did much more than this, as I afterwards learned. Seeing that a man's life was at stake, his lordship, from motives of humanity and kindness, directed that the substance of my affidavit be telegraphed to the Governor of Ceylon with instructions to transmit it to Lord Canterbury at Victoria. By good fortune, which ought always to attend on so generous an act, the telegram was received in Melbourne on the very day before the appeal, and, being delivered by the Foreign Office messenger, it was a welcome surprise to Mr. Supple's counsel, and gave the Court the impression that the Government at home were desirous that the prisoner should have the advantage of whatever evidence existed on his behalf. The result was that, instead of the sentence of death being con-

[1] Afterwards he did, and I was of service to him by sending him letters of introduction.

firmed, Mr. Supple was granted a new trial on the ground of his mental condition.

Four months later a letter arrived from Lord Canterbury upon the subject. Lord Kimberley, still remembering my interest in the fate of my friend, desired Mr. H. T. Holland to transmit to me a copy of the following despatch from the Governor of Victoria :—

"LORD CANTERBURY TO THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.

"GOVERNMENT OFFICES, MELBOURNE,
Sept. 7, 1870.

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your lordship's telegram forwarded to me through the Governor of Ceylon, relative to the mental state of health of G. H. Supple (now under sentence of death), and stating that a despatch and affidavit would be forwarded by the next mail.

"I lost no time in forwarding this telegram to the Law Officers of the Crown. I may mention that a point of law was reserved at Supple's trial which comes on for argument before the full court to-morrow.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

"CANTERBURY."

It is clear from this despatch that but for Lord Kimberley's calculating promptitude my affidavit had been all too late.

The next communication I received was dated Melbourne Gaol, October 4, 1870, from the prisoner, saying :—

"MY DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—How can I thank you for your friendship and kindness in stepping in so promptly to my help! That telegram must have been an expensive one—I understand from £15 to £18. My friends only ascertained from the Government the day before the last English mail left that it is you who thus came forward for me.

"I have been thirteen years in this country now. Ebenezer Syme was my very good friend, thanks to the favourable things you said of me in your letter of introduction to him.

"I calculated upon getting into trouble for what I did, but I cheerfully accept the consequence as a smaller evil than endurance. The medical commission found I was no lunatic. I was to be hanged last month, when, two days before the morning

fixed, leading members of the bar picked flaws in the legal proceedings, the public was stirred with interest, and the Government granted a reprieve and an appeal to the Privy Council. I was notified of a new trial—the same case under another aspect. My legal friends insisted on the plea of insanity. I would have no more of it, and defended myself. The jury were half for acquittal and half for conviction. I may not be hanged for some time yet.

"I often think of those days in London in '50 and '51, and again in '56, when you and Mrs. Holyoake made me feel as if I were at home.—Ever yours sincerely and gratefully,

"GERALD H. SUPPLE."

In the end he was sentenced to imprisonment during her Majesty's pleasure. A year later (Aug. 11, 1871), he wrote again from his gaol, saying :—

"I am unable to express what I feel, and how grateful I am, for what you have done for me, so kindly and ably in such various ways, at a time "when a friend is twice a friend." Your articles in the press, your telegram, and Lord Kimberley's kind interference, thanks to you, have each and all had a great effect in my favour on public opinion here. Your article in the *Reasoner*, which I saw (as well as that in the *Birmingham Post*, which you enclosed to me), was put into one of the papers here, the *Herald*, and has done me much service. The public in Australia are much influenced in all social matters by opinion at home, and your word goes a long way here as well as in England, even among people who may differ from you in politics and theology. After the appearance of that article I had an unusual number of visiting strangers, including three or four members of the Legislature, cordially promising me their good offices at opportunity."

How difficult Mr. Supple was to serve was shown by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. When he was in office at Melbourne, Supple, at that time a law student and journalist, asked him for permanent Government employment. Several months afterwards, he offered him a post with a salary of £400, which had been previously held by another journalist, one of Supple's

friends. Supple had a short time previously been called to the bar. He indignantly resented the offer, which made Sir Gavan think his mind was affected. He was a singular being, but his courage, disinterestedness, and noble scruples, were honourable singularities. He had done that for which, as a lawyer, he knew he deserved hanging, and felt bound in honour as a gentleman not to shrink from nor evade the penalty. Eight years' imprisonment in Melbourne Gaol elicited from him no murmur. He wrote articles with his dim eyes, and continued his support of sisters who needed aid. Mr. Eaton, of the Treasury Department in Melbourne, was a valued friend of Supple's. On his visit to England we consulted how Supple's imprisonment might one day be changed into banishment, and ultimately the Government considerately permitted him to reside in New Zealand, where he followed pursuits of literature to the advantage of himself and his connections, and he had ever a grateful word for whoever had served him.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE STORY OF THE BALLOT.

(1868–71.)

HAVING been foremost, or at least publicly persistent, in maintaining that the secular duties of this life had precedence in time and importance over ecclesiastical considerations, it became incumbent on me to follow my own precepts, and, as far as in my power lay, to improve the opportunities of daily life. Being a member of the Council of the London Reform League in 1868, I undertook to vindicate the claim for the Ballot by a "New Defence" of it, of which 10,000 were circulated. Mr. Henry F. Berkeley, M.P., who succeeded Mr. George Grote as the advocate of the Ballot in Parliament, wrote a letter to the press asking attention to my "Defence." He had previously written to me, saying "a greater than I has arisen"—not meaning that I was great and he less than before, but merely that the argument for the Ballot was not exhausted, as the House of Commons supposed, and that I, a young man, might continue an advocacy which the nearness of death to him would soon compel him to abandon. Mr. Bright also was of opinion that the reasons for the Ballot had all been gathered in, and he wrote to me, saying "yours is the only original argument I have seen," which implied no more than that all advocacy of it had proceeded from the points of view of the party politician and the electioneering agent. No one had treated it from the point of view of the working-class voter, which constituted the distinction, whatever it amounted to, of my argument.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, notwithstanding the long champion-

ship of the Ballot by his friend Mr. Grote, declared that "it ought to form no part of a measure for reforming the representation of the people. He thought it unmanly that men should not resent intimidation and defy it. It did not occur to him that it was unmanly on the part of Liberal politicians to allow the means of intimidation to exist. Like Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mill was for individuality and self-help—not thinking that self-help has its limits. To help yourself as much as you can, and as far as you can, is a condition every man must fulfil before he has a claim for the aid of others where his own strength is insufficient. There is no sense in telling a man whose legs are broken he ought to walk unassisted. Under open voting none who depend upon others for employment can be independent without ruin, and it is not practical politics to expect from the people impracticable virtue. Liberals in my time were overwhelmed with the prestige of mad manliness, and used to apologise for the Ballot by saying they "wished the people were strong enough to do without it." Whereas the Ballot was no crutch: it was protection. It was a device which destroyed intimidation by rendering it impossible. Mr. Mill, who, like Jeremy Bentham, was a master of what an American would call "ironclad" phrases, said that the Ballot meant "secret suffrage"—that was the merit of it. Secret suffrage is free suffrage — it means an impenetrable, an impassable, a defiant suffrage; since intimidation could not touch it in the case of those who could trust to the secrecy of the ballot box. There is a base secrecy which men employ in mean, furtive, or criminal acts, but there is a manly secrecy when a man locks his door against impertinent and intrusive people meddling with his affairs without consent. Privacy in what concerns a man vitally—concerns him alone—is manly and justifiable. My argument was that of the following paragraph :—

The old doctrine was that voting was a duty the elector owed to his country. Then it was the duty of the country to take care that he did discharge it. Voting, therefore, should be made compulsory, and intimidation impossible in the discharge of a public duty. The voter is a known person: he is selected by the State—his qualifications are approved: he has recognised interests at stake. He has assigned to him a duty to his

country and to his conscience. It is only by a secret suffrage that he can without "let or hindrance" discharge it. I am said to be an "independent" elector, I am told it is my duty to be independent. Then why should any one want to know the facts of my vote? It is no affair of my neighbour *how* I vote, or for *whom* I vote, or *why* I vote, since I exercise no power nor use any freedom which he does not equally possess. I am not called upon to consult my neighbour as to what I shall do. If I am obliged to consult him, *he is my master.* But he has no business with a knowledge of my affairs; and if he wants it, he is impertinent—if he insists upon it, he is offensive, and means me mischief if I decline to do his bidding. The theory of Representative Government calls upon me to delegate my power to another for a given time. Once in seven years I am master of the situation; afterwards I am at the mercy of the member of Parliament I elect. He may tax me, he may compel the country into unjust and costly wars; he may be a party to base treaties; he may limit my liberty; he may degrade me as an Englishman, but I am bound by his acts. From election to election, he is my master. I must obey the laws he helps to make, or he will suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and put a sword to my throat, or fire upon me with the latest improved rifle he has made me pay for in the estimates. I may howl, but I cannot alter anything. My only security is that a time will come when I shall be master again without fear from my neighbour, or customer, or employer, or creditor, or banker, or landlord, or priest. I shall taste of power for one supreme minute when I shall stand by the ballot box. Then I can vote to displace the member who has betrayed me, and choose another representative in his stead. Representative Government confers upon the English citizen *one minute of liberty every seven years.* It is not much to ask. It is little to be content with. It is a wondrous proof of the people's docility that they yield obedience on such terms. The State ought to keep faith with the elector one minute in every three millions of minutes which elapse on the average between one General Election and another.

The enemies of the Ballot thought fit to oppose this slender concession. Sydney Smith derided it. Lord Palmerston held that it was un-English. According to this reasoning, the use

of armour-plates is cowardly, and it is un-English for a gunner to fire from a casemate. It is madness, not manliness, in a man who opposes his single head to twenty swords. His foolhardiness will merely deter others, and the reputation for courage he will acquire will not outlive the coroner's inquest upon him. There might be more individuality of character than there is if every man rejected the enervating equality of the law, which protects the weak against the strong. Then even the coward must fight and the weak must struggle or perish. But it is insanity of individuality which wantonly enters upon unequal conflicts ; and open voting is of that nature. Secret suffrage is the needle-gun which places the proletariat and the proprietor upon an equality in the electoral combat.

Whittier understood this when he wrote :

> " We have a weapon firmer set,
> And better than the bayonet ;
> A weapon that comes down as still
> As snowflakes fall upon the sod,
> Yet executes a freeman's will,
> As lightning does the will of God,
> And from its force no bolts or locks
> Can shield you—'tis the ballot-box."

Much more to the same end was in " The New Defence of the Ballot," which it was said at the time did something in determining the minds of many members of Parliament when they came to vote for the bill who had never looked upon the Ballot from the working class point of view.

After being before the House of Commons for forty years, the Ballot Bill went up to the Lords—a body of gentlemen endowed with legal power to maim or stifle any live measure of progress which they may deem premature. To allay the fear of change which constitutionally agitates them, I said, wherever I had the opportunity of being heard, that the first effect of the Ballot would be to give us a Tory Government for ten years. I wrote to *The Times*, *Daily News*, and *Echo*, urging—

" The two great fears of the Ballot are these. One is that electors will vote so differently under it as to disturb the balance of parties in many boroughs. The other and greater fear is that such numbers will vote under the Ballot who never

voted before, that nobody will know what will happen anywhere. For three centuries the political vote in England has been a trust, under the condition that the elector used it under the cognizance and in accordance with the views of *somebody else*. Tory and Whig, employer and squire, Radical and Quaker, have all done their best to enforce this doctrine of trust. Relieve the electors of this hereditary pressure, and after allowing for much that habit will do, and less for the action of intelligence, we come down to what the late Lord Derby needlessly dreaded—the dark, unknown land of ignorance, prejudice, passion, of honest but blind hope. The Liberals do not quite like that risk, the Conservatives shudder at any change, and the Radicals think of the cost of providing for the neglected political education of the people, *which must then be attended to* if they are to hold their own. [The rise of Liberal Clubs, never before heard of, soon proved this.] The Conservatives who collect the suffrage of stolidity will be the first to profit by the Ballot. In an uneducated nation the 'stupid' are always the majority, and the Tories have so often profited by the fact, that they will be the 'stupid party' themselves if they throw away the mighty chance now before them.

"The working class accept the Ballot, not because it will very early benefit their order, but because it is an indispensable condition to their being able to benefit themselves. Therefore, let no one be apprehensive of the change which will approach with the Ballot. In politics nothing approaches; everything has to be fetched.

"The fear of the Ballot is as old as England. It is the fear lest another should take his own way, and not take yours. It is in religion as well as in politics, and not easily eradicated. Error (it was an early maxim of mine) is like a serpent alive at both ends; if severed, it may still sting; while it wriggles, it lives, and those who mean to end it must chop at it."

It would be futile to recite now this prediction concerning the Ballot, if the reader could not turn to the *Echo*, August 5, 1871, and read it there. The first election after the Ballot gave us a Tory Government, and old London Reformers bewailed to me that, after having laboured for fifty years to give the working class the power to be their own friends, they

used it to vote for those who always opposed their having a vote. The nature of a nation does not change all at once with power. All history gives examples which seem to be unobserved. The French Revolutionists did but do as they had been done by. It may be regretted that they did not do better. To pour on the Revolutionists the censure of Europe, and conceal that the censure belongs to those who made them what they were—is ignorant criticism. Liberty does not take care of people. It is intended to enable them to take care of themselves, and it generally takes them a long time to learn how to do it.

The story of the Ballot illustrates the characteristics of the English political mind in the last generation

CHAPTER XCII.

ADVENTURES AT THE HOME OFFICE.

(1870.)

It is good advice that a man should guard himself from misconception. But, do what he will, misconceptions will come to him. Then all he can do is to explain—stand to the truth and never mind.

At the time of the Reform League agitation in 1866, being a member of the executive, I was one of a deputation to the Home Office, to confer with Mr. Walpole concerning a meeting the League intended to hold in Hyde Park. The Government was then Tory, and the Tories are always against public meetings, as being unnecessary and inconvenient. Then (1866) they said: "We had Trafalgar Square to go to, and what better place could we have? Hyde Park was impossible." In 1888, twenty-two years later, they said "we could not have a better place than Hyde Park, and that Trafalgar Square was impossible."

Mr. Walpole showed an honourable anxiety to prevent collision between the police and the people, for fear of "bloodshed," which Mr. J. S. Mill said in Parliament, the next night, "the League firmly believed would result." Mr. Walpole stood in the recess of a window at the Home Office, and our small deputation stood near him.

Mr. Beales stated that our object was "not to censure the Government, but to declare the public sentiment on the franchise," and therefore we demanded permission to hold a public meeting in the park on Monday. Mr. Walpole (deprecatingly): "Don't ask me that." After consulting with Lord

J. Manners, Mr. Walpole said, "Well, put your request in writing to me. I will consult my colleagues, and, that there may be no mistake, I will send an answer in writing." It was, however, agreed that we might occupy a platform that night in Hyde Park to dissuade people from assembling further.

Afterwards, being at the House of Commons, I told all this to many members who inquired what had occurred at the Home Office. Later, I went to Hyde Park to attend the dispersion meeting, and, being on the platform, I heard Mr. Beales announce that we had permission to hold a meeting on Monday night. Whereupon I asked him whether Mr. Walpole had since given him permission to do so, as I did not so understand him at our interview. The next morning a letter appeared from Mr. Walpole in *The Times*, stating that Mr. Beales's letter had been received, but no answer had been given. The same morning placards appeared, issued by the League, stating that a public meeting would be held in the park by Mr. Walpole's permission.

That morning, Mr. George Howell, secretary of the League, sent me by hand to Waterloo Chambers, Cockspur Street, a summons to attend another deputation to Mr. Walpole at 2 o'clock. At that hour I went there, but, seeing none of my colleagues, I supposed they had already arrived, and were in some room awaiting the interview. I asked to be shown to the deputation to Mr. Walpole, and I was told "there was no deputation; and Mr. Walpole himself was not at the Home Office." I said that was incredible, as I had been summoned to attend a deputation to him at 2 o'clock. Seeing that I was unconvinced, an officer said, I "had better see Mr. Walpole's secretary and satisfy myself." Accordingly I did so, and was told that "Mr. Walpole really had declined to receive any deputation." I answered that, "as the League had sent me notice to attend the interview, they should have sent me word it was not to be. I understood we were to see Mr. Walpole respecting his letter to *The Times*, and that I intended to say I for one thought Mr. Walpole right in his letter. The placard assumed that the meeting was agreed to, which was not my impression."

The secretary asked whether he might state that to Mr. Walpole. I answered "certainly." I went at once to the

Reform League, and explained to Mr. T. Bayley Potter, M.P., and other friends of the League present, what I had said at the Home Office, and learned then, for the first time, that Mr. Beales was decidedly under a different impression. Mr. P. A. Taylor asked me at the House of Commons the same day to put in writing what took place with Mr. Walpole, which I did, and placed it in the hands of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who, I knew, was always for the truth.

In the meantime Lord Derby in the House of Lords, speaking in defence of the Home Secretary, accused by his party of indecision, said: "Mr. Holyoake, one of the members of the deputation to Mr. Walpole, having seen the placard, *came* this morning to repudiate in the strongest terms Mr. Beales's proclamation. He spoke to many Liberal members last night at the House of Commons, informing them that Mr. Walpole had not given his consent to the meeting announced."

Mr. Walpole, on his part, stated in the House of Commons that, "in justice to a member of the Reform League, who is known to many members in this House, and who was present with the deputation—I mean Mr. Holyoake—he, in a manner which reflects infinite credit on him, *volunteered* to come to my office to-day. I was so busily engaged I could not see him, but he saw my private secretary, who came into my room immediately afterwards, and told me what had passed between them. I (Mr. Walpole) said, 'The words which you say were used by Mr. Holyoake are so important, let me, while they are fresh in your recollection, take them down.' The words taken down are these: 'He *came* to repudiate in the strongest terms Mr. Beales's proclamation. He perfectly understood Mr. Walpole to decline to sanction any meeting in the park, and to ask that an application for that should be made in writing. He spoke to many Liberal members last night, and also to Mr. Beales, *when the proclamation was being posted.*'"

Reciting these incidents serves to show by authentic instances how difficult it is to get at the truth of history, and how the simplest facts become transformed into what Carlyle would have called "curiously the reverse of truth." Even when the facts are fresh—not even an hour old—variations of them occur even while passing through the minds of educated official persons. Neither Lord Derby, Mr. Walpole, nor his secretary,

could have any intention of perverting the truth, and yet the perversion transpired on the part of each of them. Mr. Walpole said that I "volunteered to come to his office." I did not "volunteer" to go to the Home Office. It never entered into my mind to go—I certainly never should have gone on any notion of my own. My going was solely through the instruction sent me by the secretary of the Reform League. It was quite unforeseen by me that I should enter the secretary's room. It was purely incidental that I was asked by an official to do so. It was to account for my acquiescence in seeing the secretary that I mentioned the subject of the placard. The officer in the corridor of the Home Office told me "Mr. Walpole was not in the building." Yet Mr. Walpole said "he was busily engaged there." My words as related by the private secretary, and as taken down by Mr. Walpole, were that "I came to repudiate in the strongest terms Mr. Beales's proclamation." I did not go for any such purpose. The words taken down represent me as saying "I spoke to Mr. Beales when the proclamation was being posted." I never saw Mr. Beales at that time. I was not present when the proclamation was posted. My words were: "I spoke to him the same night at Hyde Park." That was before the placards were printed.

The *Express*, the evening issue of the *Daily News*, remarked that the Tory papers commended me, the *Standard* describing me as "a man of high honour and probity, whose opinions, however offensive to the general feeling of society, had not prevented him from commanding the respect of all who knew his reverence for truth, and his thorough loyalty in all dealings with friend or foe."

It is not a matter of suspicion when any one is commended by his adversaries, unless it appears that he has abandoned his professed principles to win their praise.

Notwithstanding my explanations, the Reform League regarded me as a traitor who had gone down to the Home Office privately, and made a communication against them. A great meeting was held, within a few days of these events, at the Agricultural Hall. Mr. Mill asked me to accompany him from the House of Commons to the hall, and afterwards I returned with him to the House. It was well I was in his company, as my colleagues of the Reform League were wrathful

with me. Had I done what they supposed, their indignation would have been justified. Certainly the version of the affair given by Ministers was calculated to confirm their impressions.

Mr. Walpole for a time fared no better at the hands of his colleagues than I did with mine. They accused him of weakness in giving way to the League Radicals. They even said he wept before the deputation. Lord John Manners could have contradicted that, as he was present, but he made no sign. Had it not been for my accidental testimony, which, being that of a political opponent, satisfied both Houses, it was said that Mr. Walpole must have resigned. On the following Sunday he sent me a handsome letter of acknowledgment. At no time did I ever speak to Mr. Walpole, nor did he ever speak to me. My action with regard to him was public and not personal.

Afterwards some Radicals enclosed bread pills in small bottles, labelled them "Walpole's tears," and sold them at Reform League meetings, which was ill treatment of a Minister who had shown honourable scruples against firing upon them.

Mr. Walpole was the first Home Secretary who, so far as we knew, ever showed consideration for the people at his own peril.

On the day when the Hyde Park railings fell, the Reform League went in procession to the gates. As I was one of the executive, I accompanied my colleagues. Mr. Beales was to attempt to enter the gates, when, the police opposing him, a question of assault was to be raised, and legal opinion taken as to the legality of closing the gates against the people. The throng was dense about the entrance. A man in a rough cap and round jacket—in appearance like an ostler—thrust a watch in my vest pocket, saying, "Take care of that the next time." I thought he might be a thief who, being followed, was planting a watch he had stolen on me to get rid of it. But on taking out the watch I saw it was my own. I had no time to thank the man, who darted through the crowd to keep the real thief in sight. The man was a detective, who had seen the theft of my watch, had taken it from the man, and restored it to me.

Thus ended my adventures on the Hyde Park question.

CHAPTER XCIII.

STORY OF A LOST LETTER.

(1870.)

In 1870 I had expressed, in some journal or speech, the opinion that Lord Palmerston's wilful and hasty recognition (1851) of the Government of the usurper, Louis Napoleon, was discreditable to the Crown and injurious to the English nation, as openly sanctioning the massacre of thousands of French citizens, of the imprisonment of its Parliament and expatriation of many eminent men, who withstood the illegality of the false President. It was a great affront to the majority of Frenchmen, who would be incensed at England giving official countenance to Bonapartist treachery and assassination. In what way this opinion came under the notice of Mr. Gladstone I now forget, but he was kind enough and considerate enough to write me a letter, in which he explained the facts of that affair.

On February 3, 1852, Lord John Russell explained that Lord Palmerston had sent an approval to Lord Normanby, our ambassador at Paris, of the usurpation of Louis Napoleon. Lord Palmerston said "it was a misrepresentation of the fact to say that he had given instructions to Lord Normanby inconsistent with the relations of general intercourse between England and France.

What Lord Palmerston did was this. He wrote to the British ambassador at Paris (Lord Normanby), December 5, 1851, saying that he had been commanded by her Majesty to instruct him not to make any change in his relations with the French Government. "It is her Majesty's desire that nothing should be done which would even wear the appearance of an

interference of any kind in the internal affairs of France." At the same time M. Turgot said he had heard from M. Walewski (the French ambassador in London) that Lord Palmerston had expressed to him his entire approbation of the act of the President, and his conviction that he (Louis Napoleon) could not have acted otherwise than he had done. Lord Normanby complained that this "placed him in an awkward position for misrepresentation and suspicion." Lord Palmerston replied next day that if "Lord Normanby wishes to know my own opinion on the change which has taken place in France, it is that such a state of antagonism had arisen between the President and the Assembly that it was becoming every day more clear that their co-existence would not be of long duration; and it seemed to me better for the interests of France, and through them for the interest of the rest of Europe, that the power of the President should prevail."

The representative of the French nation naturally regarded this as the opinion of the Government, being given by a Minister of the Crown at the Foreign Office, and it was cited by the confederates of the usurper as proof that Liberal Parliamentary England was in favour of a murderous despotism being imposed by arms on the French people.

On February 17, 1852, Lord John Russell advised the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the office of Foreign Secretary on the ground that "he had, first, in a conversation with the French ambassador, and next, in a despatch to Lord Normanby, expressed officially his approval of the recent proceedings of Louis Napoleon," contrary to the following instructions, laid down by her Majesty in 1850, for the guidance of her Secretary :—

"The Queen requires, first, that Lord Palmerston will distinctly state what he proposes, in a given case, in order that the Queen may know as distinctly to what she is giving her royal sanction. Secondly, having once given her Royal sanction to a measure, that it be not arbitrarily altered or modified by the Minister. Such an act she must consider as failing in sincerity towards the Crown, and justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that Minister. She expects to be kept informed of

what passes between him and the foreign Ministers before important decisions are taken based upon that intercourse ; to receive the foreign despatches in good time, and to have the drafts for her approval sent to her in sufficient time to make herself acquainted with their contents before they must be sent off."

Lord Palmerston was dismissed, and was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Earl Granville.

From this instruction it appears that Lord Palmerston two years previously had sent instructions to foreign Courts without the knowledge of her Majesty, and had in other cases changed the purport of what had been submitted to her. The Queen's note is also instructive to those foolish, misleading or uninformed politicians who continually assure the people that the English monarchy is practically a democracy, and that the interfering power of the Crown is ideal. The Crown has the power of vetoing any international instruction the Demcroacy may wish to give through its representatives. The Foreign Minister is simply the mouthpiece of the Crown. The Crown has a voice—and the people are dumb.

Mr. Gladstone, with a brevity beyond my power, explained to me that the Crown did in the case of Lord Palmerston's conduct what the people would have done. The Queen deserves very high credit for her action in dismissing him, reassuring the French people that England was neutral, intended no interference in their affairs, and lent no encouragement or sanction to the usurpation imposed upon them.

After receiving (1870) the letter of Mr. Gladstone, in which he explained all this, I placed it in the *Edinburgh Review* of that date and left it in a cab. After fruitless efforts to recover the lost articles, they were advertised for in *The Times*, in one of the numbers of that journal which was photographed for circulation in Paris during the siege. The photographed copies of *The Times* were dropped over Paris from balloons, and the contents were magnified and well scanned, but as my lost letter was never heard of, I concluded that it had probably got into the hands of some intelligent and covetous reader, and I have sometimes attended sales of autograph letters expecting to find it.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE SCOTT-RUSSELL PLOT.

(1871.)

A FEW years ago, the Liberal world in London and at large—so far as the outer world took notice of metropolitan affairs—were surprised by an announcement that eminent peers, not before known for Radical partisanship, were about to place themselves at the head of a new movement, which was to do great things. The working classes were to be taken from pestiferous dwellings in crowded towns and put, as Lord Hampton said, out "in the open," and other advantages, never dreamt of by the unenterprising Liberals who had hitherto been looked up to by the people, were to be bestowed upon them. Mr. Scott-Russell, a naval enthusiast, who had built the *Great Eastern* ship, was the constructor of this new political vessel for carrying Tory Democratic passengers into the Conservative haven.

Certain working class leaders[1] were invited to form a committee or syndicate of popular sponsors of the new project. All were known to be on the Liberal side, but some, like the teetotal cabmen, were not bigoted; they preferred fishing in Liberal waters provided fish were to be caught, but, if not, they had no invincible repugnance to trying another stream. They called this "being above the narrowness of party"; sometimes they represented it as "taking an independent view" of things—phrases honestly used by men of conscientious conception of principle, but whose scruples these patriots,

[1] The best known were Robert Applegarth, George Howell, H. Broadhurst, Lloyd Jones, George Potter, Daniel Guile, P. Barry.

with principles turning on a universal pivot, burlesqued. There were others among them, men of consistency, who were curious to find out what these unexpected friends of the people (whom Mr. Scott-Russell assumed to represent) really intended. They asked time to consider the project to which they were to be committed. Their meetings were held at a pleasant restaurant near King Lud's in Ludgate Hill, and, as good dinners were provided to assist their deliberations, they were not impatient to come to a decision. Like men having responsible business on hand, they felt precipitation unbecoming; they took time and dinners, too. They made suggestions, and adjourned until Mr. Scott-Russell had considered them. Then it became necessary to dine again to receive his opinion. When adjournments were played out, they, with show of reason, intimated that it was desirable that they should know who the noblemen were who were at the head of the project which they were to commend to the working class, whom these leaders were supposed to influence. A further dinner was necessary for receiving and weighing this information. It was conceded by the constructor of the *Great Eastern* that this committee should see a list of the names, which, however, were not to be divulged.

If there really were persons of eminence desirous of rendering some new service to the people, the intention was to be respected. There was one member of the committee, Mr. Robert Applegarth, who never thought there was anything in the scheme, and there were others who did not feel any sure ground under their feet. Thus the inspection of the list of peers who had popular ideas ready to put in force, was interesting. That the names were to be held secret did not inspire confidence. How could honest leaders of the people command a project of which they could not disclose the authority which alone could inspire trust. Mr. Applegarth prudently suggested to his colleagues that, since they were not to possess or copy the list, and might not remember all the names upon it, it would be well that one of them should fix in his memory the first two names, another should notice the second two, and so on through the list. Afterwards, when they met, they could verify the whole list of names appended to a document which was to be published without the names. It was observed that the

names were all in the same handwriting as the text of the address prepared for their issue.

In a way never explained to the public, the list of the names—which, in the way described, came into the hands of the committee—met the sharp journalistic eyes of Mr. Stephen Girard, of the *New York Herald*, and were by him made known, much to the chagrin of Mr. Scott-Russell and to the astonishment of the peers, who instantly became subjects of comment. Each of them immediately wrote to the papers disavowing any knowledge of the affair or complicity in it. Thus it happened that the political Leviathan ship for carrying Democratic passengers into the sea of Conservatism never set sail.

Knowing all the members of the Scott-Russell Committee, their proceedings interested me, and I wrote in the public press reasons for regarding the project as suspicious in origin and tendency.

Mr. Scott-Russell had genius in his own walk. His conception of a great ship, so ponderous that the waves should not vibrate beneath it, so powerful that the storm should not retard it, showed naval daring; but the sea of politics was unknown to him, and the craft he put upon it was of antiquated build.

Every aspirant for power, who has ambition for personal ascendency, every despot who understands his business, holds out promises of what excellent things he will do if he be only secured a position whereby he may be able to act. When the power is once put into his hands, he is able to defy those who dare to claim the fulfilment of their expectations, as did Louis Napoleon, who promised great things to the working classes, and shot them when they asked for them. In the meantime the policy of holding out great hopes of this kind has its success. Like the "confidence trick," it finds a succession of credulous persons ready made. There are always a number of people ready to have something done for them, and very unwilling to be put to the trouble of doing it for themselves.

My reason for opposing the Scott-Russell plot was that Liberal working men could not join in it without foregoing their principles. A man is free to change his principles without reproach when his honest view of duty dictates it. But he

should know what he is doing, and not go on pretending to be on one side when he has gone over to another. If working men calling themselves Liberals accept Tory leadership, they have left their party. If they accepted this Tory-peer scheme, in the belief that the Tory party would carry it out, they must at elections canvass for and vote for Tory candidates. It were vain to adopt a programme and not provide a majority in Parliament to give effect to it. He who chooses new leaders proclaims his distrust of his old ones, and has changed sides whether he knows it or not. Not thinking it to the credit of the working classes to be under illusions, I publicly explained the nature of the Tory democratical scheme.

If Conservatives come to profess, as they sometimes do, to be in favour of a Liberal measure, respect such concession, and give them, so far as such measure extends, aid and credit for it. But that is a different thing from changing sides and undertaking to sustain a party opposed to the main principles you profess to hold.

The names of the peers who were alleged to be the "high contracting parties" in this plot were Lord Salisbury, Lord Derby, Mr. Disraeli, the Earls of Carnarvon and Lichfield, Lord Henry Lennox, Lord John Manners, Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and the Duke of Richmond. Mr. P. Barry wrote to *The Times* saying that "Mr. Scott-Russell had the signatures of the lords," which they naturally repudiated in successive letters to the newspapers. The Seven-Leagued programme to which these noble Socialistic Democrats were alleged to have given their assent, is not without historic interest to-day. Its planks were as follows :—

1. Something like the United States Homestead Law, with modern improvements, is to be enacted, by which "the families of our workmen" may be removed from the crowded quarters of the towns, and given detached homesteads in the suburbs.

2. The Commune is to be established so far as to confer upon all counties, towns, and villages, a perfect organisation for self-government, with powers for the acquisition and disposal of lands for the common good.

3. Eight hours of honest and skilled work shall constitute a day's labour.

4. Schools for technical instruction shall be established at the expense of the State, in the midst of the homesteads of the proletariat.

5. Public markets shall be erected in every town, at the public expense, for the sale of goods of the best quality, in small quantities at wholesale prices.

6. There shall be established, as parts of the public service, places of public recreation, knowledge, and refinement.

7. The railways shall be purchased and conducted at the public expense and for the common good, as the post-office service is now conducted

CHAPTER XCV.

RETICENCE OF THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

(1872.)

THE Bishop of Peterborough was a prelate remarkable alike for timidity and boldness. The public were often amazed at his ecclesiastical candour. But he had apprehensive intervals, as this chapter will show. In 1871 he and the Dean of Norwich announced their intention to deliver controversial discourses in that city.

Wet, half-melted snow covered the ground, the sky above was dark and disturbed, a cold haze made chill and damp the crowd which stood in the silent cathedral yard on Tuesday night (December 12, 1871) waiting for the cathedral doors to open. No city in England has been so fortunate as Norwich in its bishops. It has had no bad bishop in our time. The memory of man runneth not back to the contrary. The preacher, however, whom we waited to hear was not the Bishop of Norwich, but the Bishop of Peterborough. In the pulpit this bishop appeared somewhat short, stoutly built, and had the look of a man who ate more than his spiritual profession required. Nevertheless the bishop's discourse was admirable. It had the chief qualities of an oration. It was delivered with elasticity: the action, though not always graceful, was pleasantly vehement, and there was a manly energy in the preacher's tones.

Dr. Goulburn, the Dean, was a very pleasant gentleman to see. He was one of those radiant divines who diffuse a sense of satisfaction around them, looking on life with a dignity that appears never to have been distressed. You saw at once that

his "lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places, and that he had a goodly heritage." Yet, notwithstanding Dr. Meyrick Goulburn's sunbeam aspect, he threw out some venomous little epithets at his supposed adversaries which need not be recounted here.

The Bishop's alluring subject was the "Demonstration of the Spirit." Who could expect the future Archbishop of York, whose revenue would be princely, whose palace looked down on the lotus waters of the Ouse, whose earthly home an angel might envy, to be appreciative of the humble ethical philosophy which knew none of these things? To the Bishop of Peterborough whose worldly welfare was provided for by a happy destiny and a powerful patron, Christianity must seem "demonstrably" true. Mean, poor, and even wicked must seem the scruples of those who find themselves condemned to perplexity and patience; while to others, who mean no better and strive less to realise human good, opulence and honour fall. To the prelates of that day, the efforts of obscure moralists, who, with penurious means, unaided and contemned, struggled to multiply secular comfort, to cheer the unfortunate with the consolations of duty, and kindle the fire of reason in cold and abandoned minds, must seem pitiful, and to be sufficiently recognised by being scolded into grace.

In the cathedral city of Norwich, where prelatical doctrine had the advantage of State splendour and official advocacy, it might be expected that civil equity would prevail under its supreme influence. Yet the ratepayers there had no right to the use of the public halls for which they paid. To obtain one in which to reply to the Bishop of Peterborough was impossible.

A Dissenter in Norwich, who was proprietor of a hall eligible for the proposed review of the "Cathedral Discourses," said he would let it for the purpose if he knew that it would not be displeasing to the Lord Bishop of Peterborough. I thereupon wrote to the bishop upon the subject. My chambers were then at 20, Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, London. The Bishop was at the Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, and our correspondence was conducted hardly a hundred yards apart.

Several letters passed between us. I did not ask that the Bishop should advise the cathedral authorities to use their influence in favour of controversial equity, or that he should

interfere in the affairs of a diocese in which he had no authority, but simply to say on his own part whether it was distasteful to him that a hall should be conceded in which his Discourses should be reviewed on the part of those whose attention and concurrence he had challenged.

In his first discourse, the Bishop urged that it was "the duty of the Christian to manifest the truth in love"; but he declined to manifest it at all. He told us how the first apostles went to Christ, saying, "Master, tell us." But the Bishop was not of his Master's mind, and would tell us nothing.

In the end I did deliver a review of the Bishop's polemical orations; but it was owing to the independence of Mr. R. A. Cooper, who lent a large room in his Albion Mills for the purpose.

Why should the Bishop show such timidity in giving an opinion asked of him? He had nothing to fear. No one in Norwich could harm him. A bishop is set high above clergy and deans that he may be independent and discharge even Christian duty fearlessly.

Had he spoken the one word which would cost him nothing, he had taught a lesson of toleration to a city which wanted it much, and have won for Christianity a respect on the part of adversaries which the most brilliant clerical argument would fail to create.

A curious circumstance occurred while Dr. Magee was in Norwich. Mr. R. A. Cooper, before mentioned, the largest sugar baker in East Anglia, had a place of business opposite the cathedral. During a successful career in Cincinnatti he had acquired American ways of vivid speech, and as Dean Goulburn was an adversary of ponderous orthodoxy, Mr. Cooper offered to take the cathedral as a sugar bakery, it being little used and he in want of larger premises. The Bishop being the Dean's guest at the time was told this bit of American irreverent humour, when the clever Bishop went elsewhere and declared that the Liberation Society of the Nonconformists had "shown itself willing to turn churches into drinking saloons or shoe factories"—though the Nonconformists had no knowledge of Mr. Cooper's isolated saying, had no more to do with it, or sympathy with it, than Dr. Goulburn himself.

The Nonconformists resented the wanton imputation upon them, without knowing how it originated.

CHAPTER XCVI.

GENEROSITY OF THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

(1872.)

In two instances I had personal opportunity of forming an opinion of Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and in both he displayed more fairness and candour than I expected from a bishop. Perhaps my limited acquaintance with prelates obliged me to judge them from a narrow standpoint. The Bishop of Exeter had not given me a favourable impression of the clerical bench. I knew of no case among my friends in which a reference to them in the case of injustice or intolerance had been favourably entertained, and we all knew that in the House of Lords the votes of the prelates were mostly given against the people.

Oddfellows as well as the co-operators were liable before 1852 to be robbed by their officers without redress in law. A secretary had appropriated £4,000 of the money belonging to widows and orphans of the Manchester Unity. When placed in the dock in that city, he was dismissed, as the law then gave no protection to such societies. When the Friendly Societies Bill in 1852 came before the House of Lords, the Bishop of Oxford raised objections to the legalisation of the Manchester Unity, on the ground that I had written their Prize Lectures, which he therefore concluded must be atheistic.

The Grand Master of that day, Mr. W. B. Smith, hearing this objection, asked, "Has your lordship ever read them?" The Bishop said very frankly he had not. "Does not your lordship think," rejoined the Grand Master, "that you ought to do so before pronouncing a deterrent judgment on them?" "Well," said the Bishop, "perhaps I ought. Send me a copy

and I will do so." At the next interview, the Bishop said candidly that, "after reading them, he must admit that they were not irreligious—neither were they religious."

The Grand Master replied: "We have a quarter of a million of members in our Order, and among them are included some of every religious persuasion in the land. How could the Lectures be 'religious' in your lordship's sense without leading to dissent and theological controversy in all our lodges—which would be an evil, and inconsistent with that concord and brotherhood our Order is designed to promote?"

The Bishop admitted the force of this representation, and withdrew his opposition to the Friendly Societies Act, which was afterwards passed.

Some years later when, acting as Commissioner of the *Morning Star*, I was writing upon "Rural Life in Bucks," I became acquainted with the condition of the labourers of Gawcott, who had, as they believed, a grievance. A commodious schoolhouse in which their little children were educated had been taken from them, and the school was held in a cottage quite inadequate for the purpose. The parents believed that the schoolhouse was given to them by the kindness of the wife of a former vicar. For years the poor people had been lamenting their deprivation of the schoolroom. No one was able to help them. I said to a friend who sympathised with them, "Why do they not put their case before the Duke of Buckingham, who lives within four miles of them? If there be an injustice, what is the advantage of ducal influence, of which we hear so much, if it be not exercised for redress in such a case as this?" The answer was, "No one had trust or hope in the Duke, and the poor people are rather afraid of him." "Then why not apply to the bishop of their diocese?" I answered. "These poor people, who mostly attend the church, have claims upon him, and surely he is not afraid of the Duke?" That remedy was thought to be more hopeless still.

Upon hearing this, though I was not exactly the person to put their case before the Bishop with advantage, I offered to do so, and accordingly I wrote to the Bishop of Oxford. Since they were hopeless, no harm could come of it. Things could not be worse if no redress resulted. My letter was as follows:—

"My Lord,—Standing without the pale of your lordship's communion, I have no personal claim upon your attention, but I unhesitatingly assume that this circumstance will not disincline you to give ear to a demand if commended by fitness and humanity.

"It is this. At Gawcott, in Bucks, is a commodious village school erected by the active charity of the wife of the then incumbent—to be held and used in trust for the benefit of the Gawcott poor. This school, the villagers say, has been appropriated to the purposes of a Middle Class School by the Rev. Mr. Whitehead. For twelve years the infant poor of Gawcott have been displaced, ill-trained, and personally ill-treated—suffering in health and morals. Their situation is a public scandal. Herewith I beg to enclose your lordship certain public letters written by myself after personal inspection of the place. In fairness I add others defensive of the incumbent. The Rev. Mr. Whitehead, the reputed appropriator, is now leaving Gawcott, if I am correctly informed, and is about to sell the schoolhouse, which, if suffered, will complicate or compromise the claim of the poor to its use. There may be a remedy for this wrong in equity, but these poor villagers can never invoke it. The Rev. Mr. Whitehead is undoubtedly a kind-hearted gentleman, who has done much in his way for the Gawcott poor. The villagers speak affectionately of him in many respects, but nevertheless say 'he has defrauded us of our school.'

"My lord, whether these poor people are acting under a painful delusion, or suffering, as I believe, a great wrong, they are equally entitled to your all-powerful consideration, which I am told is never refused to the humblest person in your diocese who really deserves it. If these villagers are under a wrong impression, let an inquiry dispel it; let the Trust Deed be published. They will be instructed, they will be satisfied: and, if they are in error, the Rev. Mr. Whitehead will be vindicated. If, however, the reverend gentleman has acted wrongfully, none but your lordship can do these poor villagers justice. You can prohibit the sale of the school, and restore to these poor children that education which a merciful lady of your Church once provided for them. The people of Gawcott are poor, are timid, are despairing. They pray for a powerful friend. They hoped

and ought to have found one in the Mayor of Buckingham. He, however, is silent, fearing the ducal influence he would confront. The Duke does not—as it would be graceful and noble to do—volunteer them protection. These poor villagers should be able to obtain redress from their own clergyman, but he is the alleged offender. You, their bishop, high in holy and independent authority, may not hesitate to act where mayors fear and dukes neglect, and for the sake of these friendless villagers I entreat your lordship's interference.—I am, your lordship's obedient servant,

"GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE."

The Bishop sent a courteous reply, and said that he would request the Rural Dean to inquire into the case, and when he received the report he would send it to me.

The cottage room in Gawcott, in which the poor children received their humble instruction, was as unsatisfactory as any school I ever entered. From fifty to sixty children occupied raised seats, as in a theatre. The young woman who acted as teacher stood in their midst, without room to move among them. Indeed, they were so crowded that any of them could be reached with the cane. Without other ventilation in the room than the fireplace, the air was unbreathable, and the pallid, consumptive look of the teacher showed that she found it so. The parents complained that if one child caught the measles all the children had it, and then the school was closed for a time. The description of the state of things as I found them, which I published in the *Morning Star*, I enclosed in my letter.

The Bishop was as good as his word, and in due time sent me the report of the Rural Dean and a copy of the Trust Deed, asking my opinion upon them, whereupon I wrote to the Bishop as follows, from which the reader will gather what the Rural Dean's report was :—

"MY LORD,—I am under obligation for the courtesy and consideration with which you have made inquiries respecting the allegations of my letter of February 1st, and sent for my perusal the replies you have received. These enable me to present to the villagers a clearer and more definite view of the

case than I was able to put before. There is clearly an end of the alarm that the Rev. Mr. Whitehead is about to sell the school. That gentleman's denial is conclusive. I dismiss this point. The grievance of the villagers is substantially this :—

"They say the schoolhouse was built for the benefit of the infant poor of Gawcott; that the instruction given was to be under the direction of the incumbent is not in question.

"They say that the object of the benevolent foundress of the school, the wife of the incumbent of that day, was to provide a place where the infant children of the poor wives of the village could be sent during the day.

"They say that this was the meaning of the words in the Trust Deed 'to permit and suffer the said schoolhouse to be used and enjoyed in such manner for the religious instruction of the poor children of the said hamlet.' They say that the schoolhouse was used in this way for the eight years previous to the Rev. Mr. Whitehead's coming to the hamlet, when he turned the poor children out of the school.

"They say that the poor children, 70 in number, were crowded for years into a small room unfit and unhealthy, where it was a sin to put them and a scandal to keep them.

"It is never difficult anywhere to find middle-class subscribers who, lured by the offer of a superior education for their sons, will not be of opinion that their own interests include the rights of others usurped by them.

"The Trust Deed shows that Mr. Whitehead had a right to use the place as he saw fit, but for 'the instruction of the *poor children*.' But the use to which he put it was not that, but was for the benefit of the middle-class children. The benefits he offers do not meet the want of an infant school and were not so intended, as he has kept up a cruel sort of child-pen, under the name of an infant school, in the village. Is the rural dean aware that Mr. Whitehead's offer of instruction is at an age when the children begin to go to work and cannot use it? It is a good, but comes too late. Mr. Whitehead's Middle School is entirely praiseworthy and needed in Gawcott, and, had these middle-class parents built a school for themselves, there would have been but one unmixed feeling of gratitude towards the reverend founder.

"Mr. Whitehead's evidence shows that he found the school-

house occupied as an infant school. Only three children under eight are now in the school. There were eighty under that age before Mr. Whitehead's time.

"Mr. Whitehead admits that he found the room in the occupation of an infant school. He does not deny that it had been so occupied for the eight years during which it had been built. He states that he called together the subscribers of the school. But he does not say whether these were the parties to the Trust Deed, and who subscribed to build the school. Should he not have called together the parents of the poor children who were to be turned out to make way for the children of these subscribers? Had these parents consented, Mr. Whitehead's case would be made out.

"Apart from any truth or relevance there may be in these representations—which do not affect the right to dispose of the school for other uses than those which the villagers desire—power to redress the evil which exists is, I believe, nevertheless, in your lordship's hands. Were you to express an opinion that you think, under the circumstances, the farmers, whose children are now educated in the schoolhouse, should build a new school for their own use, they would, under the encouragement of your lordship's opinion, do it. They are well able to do it, and I have ascertained from personal inquiries that many would be disposed to take that course, if commended to them by your lordship. I have the honour to be, your lordship's faithful servant,

"GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE."

Before making these representations I visited Gawcott again, called upon the officers of the church and several of the farmers, and suggested the erection of a schoolhouse for themselves, which would be honourable to them and insure the gratitude and good feeling of the villagers. The Bishop very generously did express his opinion and advised them to build for themselves. A new schoolhouse was built, and the old one restored to the villagers, which they enjoy to this day.

Considering how unlikely, and I fear how unacceptable, a person I was to interfere in the matter, the willing and courteous attention given to my representations impressed me, as it did all the people in the district who knew or heard of the corre-

spondence, with grateful admiration of the impartial generosity of the Bishop of Oxford.

The Bishop was not my adversary. He had not, as the Bishop of Peterborough had done, delivered lectures against views I held, and in a manner challenged my answer. I was not a resident in Bishop Wilberforce's diocese, and had no right, except on purely public grounds, to interfere in its affairs. It showed an intrinsic love of justice on his part that he should give heed to what he might rightfully regard as alien representations.

When the Bishop died some years after, from a fall from his horse, one night in the House of Lords I listened to various encomiums on his character. Speaker after speaker pronounced eulogiums on his zeal, his eloquence, and his various attainments —no one gave any instance which impressed the public mind as to the qualities of his heart and mind ; and, though I was not the person qualified to lay a chaplet on the Bishop's grave, I wrote to *The Times* citing his conduct at Gawcott in illustration of his character.

CHAPTER XCVII.

FLIGHT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON FROM BRIGHTON.

(1872.)

THOSE who otherwise followed Landor's advice and "waited," next saw Napoleon III. a fugitive and an exile. In 1872, he was at Brighton at the time of the meeting of the British Association. There arrived also a Frenchman of repute both as a politician (who had fought at the barricades) and as a man of science—Wilfrid de Fonvielle. He and his brother Ulric were my oldest friends in Paris. I had been their guest. Ulric, a man of accomplishments and courage, had had trouble with the Bonapartes. It was he who accompanied Victor Noir on his visit to Prince Pierre Napoleon. But he was not an amiable person to call upon, for he shot Victor Noir dead without provocation, and fired three times at his friend Ulric de Fonvielle, but without killing him. The Emperor had saved the Prince from being hanged as he ought to have been. If the reader bears this in mind, he will understand the perturbation of the Emperor on having to confront Wilfrid de Fonvielle, who was not indisposed to avenge the attempt to shoot his brother Ulric, as I have to relate.

It was with Wilfrid that I was most intimate. On arriving in Brighton he came to consult with me about lodgings, as the list at the Reception Room was exhausted. His intention was to join his friend and co-balloonist, Mr. Glaisher, who had taken rooms at Cannon Place, in the rear of the Grand Hotel. As Mr. Glaisher had not arrived, I induced the landlady to allow M. de Fonvielle, his friend, to occupy his chambers until

he came. Thus he resided within a few yards of the apartments of the Empress, and from her window she could see his house. But he neither intended, nor sought, nor wished that situation.

The Napoleonic fête day immediately preceded the meeting of the British Association, and many Frenchmen, who were then in Brighton, had congregated a good deal about the hotel. Thinking the sound of the "Marseillaise" might remind the Emperor that liberty was still living in France, some Frenchmen paid a band to play it under the Emperor's window; but M. de Fonvielle very properly stepped into the hotel to inquire if there were any objection to it on the part of the proprietors, who were responsible for the convenience of their guests. Not obtaining the information, he descended the steps. The bandmaster, seeing him come from the hotel, thought he was one of the Emperor's suite, and one of them asked whether it was right to play. On being told by Fonvielle that "he did not know," the bandsman said, "Do you not belong to the hotel? Seeing you come out, I thought you belonged to the Emperor's party." It would have been easy to mislead the band and get the terrible "Marseillaise" played, but the answer was that of a gentleman—"No, I do not belong to the hotel; I am not of the Emperor's party." It ended in no music being played. The band offered to go to Cannon Place, and play the "Marseillaise" to De Fonvielle.

On the night of the address of the President (Dr. W. B. Carpenter) in the Dome, I was standing near him, and De Fonvielle next to me. All at once the audience on the platform and floor of the Dome rose, we knew not why. Looking round, I said to de Fonvielle, "Here is the Emperor," who was walking, with the aid of a stick, towards us. M. de Fonvielle, not remembering where he was, was disgusted to see such deference paid to the expelled adventurer who had brought such misery on the people of France. De Fonvielle and other Frenchmen cried out, "Shame!" "Shame!" "Don't do that!" I said; "remember you are on English ground, and that the Emperor is an exile here. As such, he is the guest of the nation. We receive him as we would a Republican or a Communistic exile. Tyrant and patriot stand here on neutral ground." My friend at once desisted, but his excitement was pardonable.

The quick eye of the Emperor knew De Fonvielle, and they steadily looked at each other. The brilliant audience in the Dome settled down, and Dr. Carpenter was proceeding with his address, when a local agitation was observed opposite the ex-Emperor, between the small, compact, quick de Fonvielle and a large, diffusive, rather phlegmatic clergyman of the Church of England (Dr. Griffiths), one of the secretaries of the local committee. Rapid and subdued words, a sharp flash of the eyes on the part of the French aeronaut, a sort of aquarium look on the part of the divine, and a hasty seizing of a small parcel by the Gaul, were all that could be made out. Immediately de Fonvielle arose with a shrug of excitement. Doubling his marine cap under his arm, and raising himself erect, he marched in front of the Emperor straight out of the Dome, merely stopping as he passed me to say, "I shall see you again."

Not all the practised sagacity of the Emperor could make out that series of movements, of ambiguous meaning. Doubt soon reached the point of perturbation, for the dark-headed, square-shouldered, gleaming-eyed Frenchman returned, and striding in front of the Emperor, who might well feel relieved when he had passed him, De Fonvielle was next seen in fierce altercation with Dr. Griffiths, to whom he presented some oval packet not much unlike a small Orsini shell (as the Emperor might think who had remembrances of those missives), and then withdraw it, thrusting it into his own pocket. Immediately the clerical gentleman began an excited speech, whereupon the Frenchman threw the packet to him. The Doctor opened it, and said something to De Fonvielle which appeared to appease him. Meanwhile Dr. Carpenter, knowing nothing of the bye-play under his reading desk, went on quoting Pope until the end.

The imperial visitor must have given the Empress that evening a curious account of the mysterious proceedings in which, to his astonishment, a respectable clergyman of the Church of England appeared to take a conscious part. The mystery was never explained to his Majesty; but it was all comedy, not tragedy. Dr. Griffiths, amid his many labours as local secretary, had acquired a sore throat, and it occurred to him that while the President was speaking he might find time to try a lozenge as a remedy. Seeing De Fonvielle in aeronaut

marine dress, he took him for one of the assistants provided by the forethought of Mr. Alderman Hallett, and said to him, "I should be glad if you would take a parcel for me to Mr. Glaisher." "Mr. Glaisher, do you say?" "Yes, Mr. Glaisher," replied Dr. Griffiths. "Then I will go with pleasure. I have been all over Brighton looking for my friend Mr. Glaisher. Please put his address on the parcel, and I will go and inquire for him." And accordingly he left the Dome as I have related. Mr. Glaisher and De Fonvielle were joint editors of a work on ballooning. De Fonvielle was the first man who took a balloon out of Paris during the siege, over the German lines, and he was most anxious to meet Mr. Glaisher. It was one of his objects in coming to Brighton, and for the hope of meeting him early he was willing to forego the pleasure of hearing the presidential address. In his eagerness to meet his friend, De Fonvielle had forgotten all about the Emperor, and passed before him without even seeing him.

When, however, he reached Mr. Glaisher's, he was discomfited and astounded. It was a chemist's shop. "Mon Dieu," exclaimed the curious Frenchman, "is my friend Glaisher a chemist and in business in Brighton, and he never to say a word about it? How reticent these English are! You must live among them to understand them." And he plunged into the shop.

"I want to see Mr. Glaisher, I have a message for him from a gentleman—a priest, I think—now at the Dome meeting. Tell him M. de Fonvielle wishes to see him." "I am Mr. Glaisher," said the chemist. "I have not the pleasure of knowing you. But what can I serve you with?" "Then what is this?" exclaimed the indignant balloonist, presenting his packet. "Why, it is a note from Dr. Griffiths, inclosing a shilling, saying he has a bad cold, and asking for a box of throat lozenges." "Mon Dieu! And has he sent me on this infernal errand? And I have lost the President's address, to buy lozenges for a person I don't know; and you are not my friend Glaisher, but a chemist?" And he darted from the shop, leaving the paper and the shilling. But soon reflecting that as a gentleman he was bound to account for the money he had received, he stepped back and consented to take the box.

Returning to the Dome he again marched up the reporters'

gangway, passing again before the Emperor, but no more regarding him in his new indignation at Dr. Griffiths, of whom he demanded whom he had taken him for, and why he had sent him to buy his lozenges. "You shall not have them," exclaimed the irate Gaul, after displaying them, and he thrust them back into his pocket. "You sent me to a chemist, sir, and not to my friend Glaisher." Dr. Griffiths, understanding at last what a mistake he had made, apologised ; his indignant messenger relented, and, handing the Rev. Doctor the box, peace was made. But the mystery of it was unintelligible to the Emperor and to the audience, who observed these Gallic movements. They certainly seemed ominous to me until De Fonvielle came and explained them.

It was known that the Empress did not regard the matter with the equanimity of her Imperial husband. The lady actually had fears of some attempt at assassination, which were not allayed by learning that De Fonvielle was actually living in Cannon Place, within a few yards of her own apartments in the Grand Hotel. He did not intend being there ; it was too far from the sections. This, however, was not known, or the Mayor, Mr. Cordy Burrows, who was rightly and assiduously solicitous for the comfort of the Empress, would have explained the matter to her. Mr. J. E. Mayall, the famous photographer, and chairman of the hotel company, gave orders that no French gentleman not of the Emperor's suite should be permitted to have apartments or to enter the hotel, and, at inconvenience to himself, acted as a guard of etiquette and peace while the Imperial visitors remained at the Grand Hotel.

But for the Empress, the Emperor would have remained in Brighton. He liked the gaiety of the New Pier, and the brightness of the scene from the Grand Hotel windows. The perilous journey the poor lady made to this country, after the affair of Sedan, and the affairs in Paris subsequently, had not been of a nature to reassure her. The Empress went over Hove Place House (the property of Mr. Mayall), which the Emperor contemplated taking. It seemed admirably suited to him—enclosed grounds, a handsome house, near the pier, yet out of the way of the town, and overlooking the open country Dykewards, where he could drive for days unobserved. But nothing could reconcile the illustrious lady to stay in the town.

There were other French gentlemen in Brighton besides M. de Fonvielle, but they were all engaged in scientific inquiry, and had no intention of diverting their attention from those pursuits. They were desirous, nevertheless, of showing the Emperor that they still maintained their political hostility towards him. When an Englishman has triumphed over his political adversary, he will be civil to him, and even pay him honour. The Emperor might have remained in Brighton with perfect security. The Scriptures say that certain people flee when no man pursueth. In a few days the novelty of the Imperial visit would have subsided. The Association would be gone; the Frenchmen, too, would have departed to their homes. They were all philosophers engaged on ideas, and that never means other than limited resources to them. They remain poor that society, which disregards them while they live, may grow rich when they are dead.

Most lovers of the good fame of England have noticed how Court journalists and Court officials continually gave to the ex-Emperor and family their full reigning titles, ignoring the French people and the Republican Government who had expelled them in the public interest. This was international offensiveness. It was done at Brighton. M. de Fonvielle, being deputed by the French Government to report upon the laws of storms, resented the description of the late Emperor as "His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French," and wrote to Mr. Griffith (not Dr. the Griffiths whose name has occurred in this narrative, but the Assistant-General Secretary) saying :—

"DEAR SIR,—I find that M. Louis Bonaparte and family are styled in a manner which is disregardful of the whole present state of things in France. I have no objection to meet the ex-Emperor in a scientific forum, but I should not be willingly a party in an Association which could be considered as giving some assistance to any demonstration against the French Government; and I should protest energetically, humble as may be my individual position, against such a perversion of science for promoting the ends of hostile factions. Consequently I think I am justified in asking on what authority the Association has done this?

"(Signed) W. DE FONVIELLE."

Mr. Griffith replied, saying—

"DEAR SIR,—It is to be regretted that you have felt it necessary to give a political significance to a matter which has in no way a political bearing. [This was not true.] It is as a foreigner who has always taken a prominent interest in science that the ticket has been given to the late Emperor of the French. By this course the Association has not intended to express any opinion on the position of the late Emperor of the French as either *de facto* or *de jure* ruler of France. [But it did it.] "(Signed) G. GRIFFITH."

The action of Mr. Griffith was better than his explanation. The next day a new list of foreigners attending the meeting was issued, in which "His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French" was changed into "His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III." Whether the ex-Emperor inquired why his title was changed I never heard.

The next time I saw the Emperor he was dead. I saw him twice at Chislehurst after his decease. Death had lent dignity to his face which it lacked when living. When he resided here as a libertine, when he returned as an Emperor, and again as an exile, the expression of his face was always that of an adventurer. Seeing his end in exile without honour, it was impossible not to feel that this world is not so bad as it is painted. Napoleon I. might have continued to sit on the throne of the Cæsars could his word have been depended upon, and the dead Usurper renewed and confirmed the impression of the world that no Bonaparte could be believed on his word nor trusted on his oath. When Napoleon III. made a triumphal entry into Bordeaux soon after the Coup d'Etat, it was arranged that from an arch of flowers, under which he was to pass, an imperial crown should hang, surmounted by the words, "He well deserves it." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the Emperor passed under the arch only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He well deserves it" standing out in bold relief above it. The noose still hangs over him in history, and the legend also.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

ORIGIN OF THE JINGOES.

(1873.)

ONE Sunday afternoon, in March, 1878, a meeting was held in Hyde Park in support of Mr. Gladstone's policy on the Eastern Question. The two principal persons taking part in it were the Honourable Auberon Herbert and Mr. Bradlaugh. The chief supporters of the Conservative Government of the day were the music-hall politicians, a class of persons little distinguished for sober discernment in public affairs or for patriotic service. A wild and vain glorious ditty, calculated to excite the contempt of foreigners, was sung with ostentatious applause in their convivial halls. Its best known lines were—

> "We don't want to fight,
> But by Jingo if we do,
> We have the ships, we have the men,
> And have the money too."

A certain Lieutenant Armitt, not much heard of previously in war or politics, assembled these jocund politicians in the park, and a conflict ensued. It was reported in the papers that Mr. Herbert was chased and had his clothes torn, and that Mr. Bradlaugh drew a new truncheon from his pocket, which he fortunately did not use—probably because those who knew him thought it undesirable to incite him to do it, as he was not a man to be intimidated in maintaining the right of public meeting. Afterwards a portion of the assembly set out to Harley Street, and broke Mr. Gladstone's windows. The poet of the music-hall patriots received a Royal letter of approval of

his production, and those vinous politicians thought themselves called upon to give some public proof of their quality. It was not advisable that truncheons should be produced at a Sunday meeting by any party. As I was an advocate of the freer use of Sunday than was customary, I thought fighting on that day would compromise the claim, and that a belligerent meeting was better held on the Saturday, since the Sunday succeeding would give the humbler combatants time to recover before their workshop duties on Monday commenced. I, therefore, said the leaders of the Jingoes were better left to their own devices on church day. I entitled my letter to the *Daily News* "The Jingoes in the Park." This was the origin of the term "Jingoes," and was the first time it was used. The public reading it in the *Daily News* on the morning of March 13, 1878, the term was taken up generally, and it was added to the nomenclature of political literature. We had then a Music Hall majority in the House of Commons, and the patriotism of the singing saloons and the spread-eagleism of Lord Cranbrook, would produce a bad impression of England on the public opinion of Europe if no one openly expressed dissent.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, in the first edition (and probably in others) of his "History of Our Own Times," said "The origin of the term was ascribed to Mr. Holyoake." The editor of the *World* subsequently remarked, "It is a common belief that the term Jingo was first applied to a certain political party by Mr. G. J. Holyoake," to whom I answered (November 27, 1878) that it was so, as I had certainly intended to mark, by a convenient name, a new species of patriots who, often found in the germ state in their native haunts, had propagated in the bibulous atmosphere of a Tory Government, had begun to infest public meetings, and were unrecognised and unclassified. Their characteristic was a war-urging pretentiousness which discredited the silent, resolute, self-defensiveness of the British people. Sir Hardinge Giffard, the Solicitor-General of the day, in a speech at Salford, reported in the *Standard*, deprecated the application of the term to the Conservative Government, saying the "phrase was presented to the Liberal party" by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who, he (the speaker) thought, "might claim better than the accredited leader in the House to be the leader of the Liberal party in the country, as he found

brains for them." Of course he did not mean this. His object was to disparage his political antagonists in Parliament. A term to obtain currency must be brief, relevant to the time, and easily spoken. The qualities I did not invent. I had no merit save that of discerning them in the new political pretensions of the Music Hall party and their Jingo song.

The *Irish World* (March 30, 1878), of New York, gave a cartoon, in which the British Lion, with a knife and pistol in his belt, a revolver in one hand, and a waving Union Jack in the other, is calling upon the Jingoes in the park to follow him to demolish Mr. Gladstone's house. The scene had a special application in the New York paper, as a Jingo riot had broken out in Toronto. The central figure in the cartoon is the first of the Jingoes, upon whom volumes have since been written.

In controversy which arose on this subject, Mr. G. J. Harney cited St. Gingoulph as the origin of the term Jingo who may be taken as a patron saint. The *World* newspaper is in favour of an origin more German—that of the *Salisburia* or *gingko-tree* (mentioned by Mr. A. R. Wallace in the *Fortnightly Review*, 1878)—"a pine with a foliage like that of a gigantic maidenhair fern." The *World* says the Jingo tree received the name of *Salisburia* from Smith so long ago as 1796. If this be true, it had not outgrown its name in 1878. The Ranger might plant a Salisburia in the Park. Then we should have a Jingo tree as well as a "Reformers' tree." There is an abuse of the term when applied to politicians of intelligence and sober thought who are for the consolidation of the empire or for imperial policy. The Jingoes are mainly the *habitués* of the turf, the tap-room, and the low music halls, whose inspiration is beer, whose politics are swagger, and whose policy is insult to foreign nations.

CHAPTER XCIX.

STORY OF THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE.

(1839–1874.)

In 1874, the projectors of "Johnson's American Cyclopædia" desired to include in it an article on the Anti-Corn Law League. It came to pass that, on the advice of Mr. Smalley, I was asked to write it. I remember well that when I delivered it to the European agent of the "Cyclopædia," a poet known as "Hans Breitman," he asked me what he should pay me. I had not thought of that, thinking there was a tariff already fixed which I should be paid per column, as is usual in these cases. Three pounds seemed to me a probable sum. I answered: "As I had to go to Basingstoke to see Mr. Paulton, I would add £1 on that account," and named £4. Producing a handful of sovereigns, Mr. Leland said, "You had better take seven." As I had expended time in research and correspondence upon the paper, and as there was nothing in my circumstances that made £7 inconvenient to me, I took it. The incident is still in my memory, as that form of payment was new to me. It was freedom of payment consistently applied to an article on freedom of trade.

Before writing it I asked Mr. Leland if he had any suggestions to make as to the character of the article. His reply was sensible and characteristic. He answered: "It would be useless. I would say, however, that I find a great disposition (and it is very creditable) among English writers for American publications to write so as to please Americans. It is a very hazardous experiment, and frequently fails." I was not likely to run this risk. My wilfulness in writing would preserve me from it. My policy is simply to tell the reader the truth

relevant to the subject, so far as I know it, without implying that the reader is a fool if he takes a different view, for I never forget that the readers who differ from me may be better informed than myself. No reader is displeased who is treated with candour and respect.

In the days of the *Morning Star* there appeared a short letter from Mr. Bright to a correspondent in which the case of Free Trade was stated with a completeness I had never seen equalled. I wrote to Mr. Bright to ask if it remained in his mind, and if there were any special sources of information I ought to consult—provided "his leisure, or health, or opportunity, or wishfulness permitted him to answer." He kindly replied as follows :—

"ROCHDALE, *Sept.* 23, 1874.

"DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I am glad you are to write the article on the League, but I do not know how I can help you. The doings of the League are written in detail in the 'Anti-Bread-Tax Circular' and in the League newspaper, and some copies of these exist. From them, by research and study, everything connected with the movement may be learned.

"To write much is to me burdensome, and my correspondence, diminished as it is, is still burdensome ; so I cannot sit down to tell you anything, and indeed I do not feel as if I had anything special to tell you. If I were in London, and could spend an evening with you, perhaps something might be said that would assist you. My friend Mr. Paulton is a great authority on League matters. He was its private and confidential secretary, and a great personal friend of Mr. Cobden and myself. He is living at Boughton Hall, near Woking ; but he is in poor health, and I doubt if he would be able to enter into the matter at all or not.

"I do not remember anything about the letter in the *Star* to which you refer.

"A good article on the League might do great good in America, and I hope you will be able to write it so as to please yourself. I feel sure you will do justice to your subject.

"If there is any special point on which you think I can give you an opinion, I shall be glad to hear from you again.—Yours very truly, "JOHN BRIGHT.

"Geo. J. Holyoake, Esq., 22, Essex Street, London"

Mr. Thomas Thomasson, of Bolton, who better understood the political economy of trade than any other manufacturer of those days, and whom both Cobden and Bright consulted when they were young men, sent me, with his usual friendliness, information respecting all the works accessible of Prentice, Dunckley, and others, as did Mr. W. E. A. Axon also. Afterwards I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Paulton, of Boughton Hall. He reminded me of Charles Reece Pemberton. Still retaining the contagious enthusiasm of his youth, he might be described as having an electric animation of manner. One thing he said I remember, because it was similar in sentiment to one Francis Place once expressed to me:—"I do not do what I can for men because I have hope of men as they are, but because of what they may be." It surprised me that two men so dissimilar as Place, the solid-minded, and Paulton, the mercurial, should have the same despair of the present and confidence in the future. Another remark Mr. Paulton made has been made elsewhere, and must occur to many observers and actors in agitations—namely, "There would be no rogues were there no fools."

I was a member of the League, and my impressions of its career, principles, and orators may, therefore, have interest for readers of this generation. The notes Mr. Bright made on my narrative when shown to him I indicate in brackets in this and the next chapter.

Anti-Corn Law League was a name taken by a famous association of Manchester manufacturers [and others], founded in 1839, for abolishing all fiscal imposts on corn. The first Manchester election of members of Parliament, which took place in 1832, carried Free Trade candidates, that electoral issue being then raised for the first time in England. In 1834, the first meeting of the Manchester merchants was called to consider the question of Corn Law repeal. In 1836, a miscellaneous Anti-Corn Law Society was formed in London which included twenty-two members of Parliament. Among the names of the adherents were those of George Grote, the historian; Joseph Hume, the economist; Sir William Molesworth, editor of the works of Hobbes; John Arthur Roebuck,

historian of the Whigs; Ebenezer Elliot, the Corn Law rhymer; W. H. Ashurst, a leading promoter of the Penny Postage System; Francis Place, the chief of working-class agitators [Place was not a working man in the common use of the term. He was a tailor at Charing Cross in good circumstances and of gentlemanly education.—J. B.]; and William Weir, subsequently editor of the *Daily News*; Gen. Perronet Thompson, the great exponent of Free Trade. But no intellect, however eminent and various in its force, could avail against monopoly without money and popular opinion; and of these forces the precursor was W. A. Paulton, a young surgeon of bright, incessant enthusiasm, with a genius for agitation.

In 1838, a Dr. Birnie had announced at the theatre, Bolton, Lancashire, a "Lecture on the Corn Laws." The doctor was laden with notes, in which he got so entangled that he could not tell what he had to say. Mr. Thomas Thomasson, afterwards the executor of Cobden, a man of striking energy of character and commercial sagacity, being among the auditors, said to Paulton, who was near him, "You can speak; go down on the stage and deliver the doctor." The spontaneity and capacity which Paulton showed on that occasion led to his being invited to lecture himself, and ultimately he delivered three hundred lectures against the Corn Laws throughout Great Britain. He became the private and confidential secretary of the future League, which his eloquence and thoroughness mainly instigated. At a dinner given to him at Bolton, Mr. Bright made the first public speech delivered out of his native town, Rochdale. Later in the same year Dr. Bowring, then of Free Trade repute, being entertained to dinner in Manchester, Mr. James Howie cried out, on Mr. Paulton's health being drunk, "Why could not we have a Free Trade Association?" A week later one was formed, consisting of seven persons, of which the chief was Mr. Archibald Prentice, founder of the *Manchester Examiner*, who had himself, as early as 1828, advised the foundation of such a society. A subscription of five shillings each was adopted; £5,000 each was wanted before Corn Law repeal was carried. Some members paid that amount, and Mr. Thomasson much more.

In 1838, Mr. Cobden first became prominent in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce for resistance to the restrictive commercial policy of the manufacturing trade of the country. In 1839, delegates from the manufacturing districts were appointed to proceed to London to press their opinions upon the Legislature. Mr. Charles Pelham Villiers, who ten years later became President of the Poor Law Board, undertook to represent the Free Trade question in the House of Commons. On February 19th, 1839, Mr. Villiers moved that certain manufacturers be heard by counsel, before the bar of the House of Commons, against the Corn Laws, as injurious to their private interests. The motion was rejected by an overwhelming majority. On March 12th following, the day on which the Anti-Corn Law League originated, Mr. Villiers again moved "that the House resolve itself into a committee of inquiry on the Corn Laws," when only 195 members could be found to vote for inquiry [I doubt whether so many voted so.—J. B.], while 342 voted against it.

Discouraged and dismayed, the partisans of inquiry, who had come up from Manchester to await the result of the motion, rushed over to Herbert's Hotel, then standing in Palace Yard, opposite the House of Parliament, to consider what could be done. It was in that crowded room that Cobden, leaping on a chair, reminded the delegates of the victorious effects of the Hanseatic League, which, three centuries previously, had freed the trade of Hans Towns from the imposts of German princes. "Let us," cried Cobden, "have an Anti-Corn Law League, which shall free corn and trade also." It was then and there that the League originated. Cobden proposed that a fund of £50,000 be raised, and a considerable portion of that sum was subscribed in the room. The chief Manchester commercial houses followed with subsc. iptions of £50 and £100 each.

The English Corn Laws, which had for their object the restriction of the trade in grain, date as far back as 1360. At that time the prohibition was against exportation. It was not until 1462 that an Act was passed prohibiting its free importation. The object of the Anti-Corn Law League of 1839 was stated by the chairman (Mr. J. B. Smith) on the occasion of Paulton's first lecture, in the Manchester Corn Exchange, "to be the same righteous object as that of the Anti-Slavery Society,

which sought to obtain for the negro the right to dispose of himself; and the object of the League was to obtain for the people the right to dispose of their labour for as much food as could be got for it, in whatever market the exchange could be made." The Leaguers little foresaw at the time the formidable work they had undertaken, and only gradually learned themselves, as the great agitation proceeded, the principles they had to establish. What they discovered was that monopoly always had advocates ready made, who, sharing in its exclusive advantages, had reasons for being enthusiastic in its defence. Any tradesman would profit could he exclude from the market rival articles of those in which he dealt. His profits would increase at the expense of the purchaser. The monopolist dealer considers this protection, but the public, who are customers of the market, find it to be but protection on one side—the protection of the seller, while he has his hands in the pocket of the buyer. What the public want is free purchase in a free market, the power to procure what they want from whomsoever has it to offer. Free buying—that is protection to the customer. The doctrine of the purchaser is as much food as a man can buy, for as much wages as a man can earn, for as much work as a man can do; and is the natural and ought to be inalienable birthright of every man who has the strength to labour and the will to work.

In other things besides corn, protection was always on the side of the seller, until the Anti-Corn Law League freed all English industry from restrictive imposts. These "Free Traders," as the Leaguers were styled, were opposed by an organised party, who took the title "Protectionist," and maintained—

(1) That Protection was necessary to keep certain lands in cultivation; (2) that it was desirable to cultivate as much land as possible, in order to improve the country; (3) that if improvement by that means were to cease, there must be dependence on the foreigner for a large portion of the food of the people: (4) that such dependence would be fraught with immense danger. In the event of war, supplies might be stopped, for the ports might be blockaded, the result being famine, disease, and civil war. (5) That the advantage gained by Protection enabled landed proprietors and their tenants to

encourage manufactures and trade; so much so that, were the Corn Laws abolished, half the country shopkeepers would be ruined. That would be followed by the stoppage of many mills and factories; large numbers of the working classes would be thrown idle, disturbances would ensue, capital would be withdrawn, and no one would venture to say what would be the final consequences.

By this formidable enumeration, it was made to appear that the end of England was certainly at hand if the corn monopoly was disturbed. No country in the world can hope to put on record a more appalling set of consequences if protection is menaced. In England they exercised a commanding influence, even over the working people, who were induced to believe that it was for their interest that bread was made dear. The learned as well as the ignorant, the aristocracy as well as the small shopkeeper, were under the same uninstructed terror. Even Sir James Graham declared in Parliament, when a fixed duty on corn instead of a fluctuating one was proposed by Lord John Russell, that "it would not be the destruction of one particular class in the State alone, but of the State itself." Sir Robert Peel at first met the effort of the League by a sliding scale, varying with the price of wheat. This was a thoroughly English device, worthy of the genius of a people who never precipitate themselves even into the truth. Had Moses been an English premier, instead of making the Commandments absolute he would have proclaimed a sliding scale of violation.

CHAPTER C.

THE ORATORS OF THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

(1839–1874.)

THE Anti-Corn-Law League instructed the people, its organisation enabled the people to express their opinion, but it was the platform orators who inspired the opinion. The struggle of the League lasted seven years, and cost half a million of money. In the fourth year of its activity, Mr. Paulton stated that the League employed upward of 300 persons in making up electoral packets of tracts, and 500 other persons in distributing them among the constituencies. In England and Scotland alone they distributed to electors 5,000,000 tracts and stamped publications, while to non-electors of the working class they distributed 3,600,000 publications. In addition, the League had stitched up in monthly magazines and other periodicals 426,000 tracts. The entire number of tracts and stamped publications issued by the League in the single year 1843, was 9,026,000, weighing upwards of 100 tons.

Such were the business features of this famous association. But its success came from its inspiration, and its inspiration, as I have said, came from its remarkable leaders. Ebenezer Elliott wrote fiery rhymes for it; Gen. Thompson wrote its Catechism; George Wilson, the chairman of the League, admittedly the most efficient chairman in England during his day [organised its popular action]; James Acland, a vigorous speaker, acquainted with the people, was a sort of outrider to the League, going into market towns on market days on a white horse, perhaps as a pacific emblem, but partly as a means of drawing attention. He took the fighting among the belligerent

farmers, so that when Bright and Cobden came [here Mr. Bright changed the order of names and put Cobden first] the strength of the enemy was known, and the local stock of turbulence being expended, the peripatetic orators obtained a hearing. Cobden mainly addressed himself to the villagers. He foresaw the great jam industry, and predicted to mothers cheap sugar and abundant fruit preserves. Oxfordshire cottagers tell to this day of the happy tidings their mothers brought home after listening to the League orators in the Market Place. Bright dealt more with the landlords and farmers, into whose cold understanding he poured the hot shot of League logic.

The League was the first body of agitators who introduced method into public meetings. In the hour of argument in the Covent Garden Theatre, Mr. Villiers' mastery of the question was heard, his high character lending influence to the cause. Mr. Milner Gibson, another Parliamentary voice, had a graceful and cogent eloquence which always commanded attention. Mr. W. J. Fox, a Unitarian minister, and subsequently M.P. for Oldham, surpassed all the orators of the League of that day in brilliance of speech. Shorter and more rotund than Charles James Fox, he, notwithstanding, produced effects of rhetoric transcending those of his great namesake. The term "brilliant" does not entirely describe them. You no more thought of his appearance while he was speaking than you did of Thiers's insignificant stature. His low, clear, lute-like voice penetrated over the pit and gallery of Covent Garden Theatre. "You saw in the papers yesterday," he would begin, "the case of a poacher who was seized, indignantly treated, summarily tried, and sentenced to a serious term of degrading imprisonment. If this," he exclaimed, "be the rightful treatment of the poor man who steals the rich man's bird, what ought to be done to the rich man who steals the poor man's bread?" In words to this effect he spoke. Men remember that argument to this day. It constituted the first words of his speech. He began with it. No first words of any speech in my time ever produced the same effect upon an audience.

The public and the press were allured by the great names of Cobden and Bright. Mr. Cobden, "the palefaced manufacturer," whom the landowners believed, and the farmers were

persuaded to believe, was a Manchester enemy of agriculture, and a paid emissary of the Socialist insurgents of the Continent, was himself the son of a Sussex farmer, whose ambition was to die one of that class, and did so die, seeking and accepting no other distinction than that which his genius cast around his name. He was the logician of the League. As a master of lucid statement on the platform or in Parliament, he left no equal at his death. When he had made a statement, he looked at it and around it, as though he saw it in the air before him. What was deficient he supplied, what was redundant he withdrew, by putting the question in another way, in which he omitted any mischievous word, or qualified any phrase he had used which might mislead, so that he could not be misunderstood by accident, nor his meaning perverted by design. This contributed to give the League great ascendency, since all its adherents could quote without fear of contradiction what he said, and his speeches of one day became the authority of the next.

Mr. Bright's was a grander, more imposing and impassioned order of eloquence. Cobden presented the facts. Bright put fire into them. With the finest voice of any European orator, he displayed a measured vehemence on the platform which gave the impression of unknown power. He was the Vulcan of the movement; he forged at red heat, and hurled the burning bolts which finally set Protection on fire.

Finally there came the collection maker of the League, R. R. R. Moore, with a voice that fell on a meeting like the bursting of a reservoir. It was not what he said, so much as the sound he made, that produced the effect. The maddest clamour was not hushed—it was overwhelmed by the new roar, which was always reserved to the end of the meeting. His function was to appeal for subscriptions, and he exactly answered that end, for when his astounding voice fell upon the meeting no one seemed to have the power of going away. I do but describe my impressions; but here Mr. Bright remarks: ["His speeches were often logical and very good. The description of his voice is greatly exaggerated. He worked hard and was of great service to the League.—J. B."]

These were the great propagandists of Free Trade Economy, who made conquest of the Premier, Sir Robert Peel, who won for himself an imperishable name, by repealing in 1846 the

Corn Laws ; thus "giving the people bread no longer leavened," as he proudly said, "by a sense of injustice." Never was there such a wreck of political reputations as took place within a few years of the abolition of Protection in Corn. Nothing happened which had been predicted by the prognosticators of disaster. Poor lands were more cultivated than before ; no stoppage of imports by war occurred ; manufacturers and shopkeepers throve beyond their forefathers' dreams of prosperity ; instead of rents of land falling, the aristocracy, the chief owners of it, grew rich while they slept—as they do still ; and farmers found "ruin" a very pleasant thing to them. The working classes became better instead of worse employed, and their wages in some places excite the jealousy of curates, while the agricultural labourers are at last able to insist upon improved provision for themselves. A stimulus, inconceivable before, was given to trade ; fluctuations in the price of corn decreased ; apprehensions of insufficient harvests no longer excited dread, and the British race became physically one-half larger in bulk and one-half heavier in weight than in the days before Cobden and Bright arose. The victory of the Anti-Corn-Law League was the greatest ever won by reason in the history of human agitations. Neither in piety, nor morals, nor trade are men for trusting one another. Everybody is for protecting his neighbour from benefiting himself. Nobody is for leaving freedom free. The principle of progress in commerce and social life is not to limit liberty, but to limit injury. It was the establishment of this principle in trade that caused this League to be regarded as one of the historic forces of British civilisation.

Mr. Cobden told me one night at the House of Commons that, despite all the expenditure in public instruction, "the League would not have carried the repeal of the Corn Laws when they did, had it not been for the Irish famine and the circumstance that we had a Minister who thought more of the lives of the people than his own continuance in power."

George Wilson was a great chairman. In a short, strong speech he explained the position of the question (to be considered) out of doors, and the case to be submitted to the meeting. But in conducting the meetings he was despotic. There was no code for their regulation then in England nor now, and despotism alone brought them to an end.

During a thousand years the theory of public meetings in England has not been revised. In Saxon times, we are told, the wise men of the commune assembled under a tree and took counsel together. If public meetings were limited to "wise men" in these days they would seldom be crowded. Saxon public meetings were not so numerous but that every one could give his opinion who had an opinion to give, and the theory of the Saxon public meeting was that every one present had a right to be heard. Upon this theory meetings to-day are held when they amount to ten thousand persons, or, as at Bingley Hall, Birmingham, when Mr. Gladstone was there, to thirty thousand. In the days of Thomas Attwood a Newhall Hill meeting in Birmingham was held, when Daniel O'Connell spoke, at which two hundred thousand persons were present. Had each person "stood upon his right to be heard," the meeting would have lasted a year. Whenever disorder is intended, persons are put forward to "demand" a hearing. The friends of the impossible "right" yell for it, and the friends of order yell against it. The chairman all the while is as helpless as a windmill. When Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., was Mayor of Birmingham, he was insulted by Tories for two hours. They stopped the meeting over which he presided. They had made a large drawing of the head of an ass, and suspended it from the gallery in front of Mr. Collings, loudly calling his attention to it. At last he ordered the police to remove the asinine rioters, who indicted him for assault, which a Tory magistrate (Mr. Kynersley) sustained. At Brighton, during the Tory Government of Mr. Disraeli, no Liberal meeting could be held for five years, because the Liberals were unwilling to physically fight the Tories who were ready with a contingent of ruffians for that kind of disturbance. In Rochdale, when Mr. T. B. Potter was first elected, men were sent into the town, armed with sticks, to break up the meeting. I therefore advised that thick-headed Liberals should be put in the front, and they proved to be the most valuable members of the party of order, since they could best resist the arguments of insurgent sticks. Patriots of cranial tenuity were of no use.

It is singular and absurd that the right of public meeting should be a boasted English institution, at which no chairman can lawfully preserve order, and the proceedings can only be

regulated by riot, or by the *clôture* of clamour, as in the House of Commons. The organisation of democracy is a long way off, and Liberalism is deliberate enough to reassure the most alarmed and apprehensive Toryism in the kingdom not to have established, one hundred years ago, the right of order at public meetings, and promulgated a code of procedure suitable to the conditions of modern days. The resolutions to be proposed should be described by the Chair. They should be few, the speakers few, and the time of each allotted and time for amendments provided and limited, and the authority of the Chair as to order should be made legal.[1]

[1] In this and the previous chapter I have used annotations by Mr. Bright. He then and always deprecated any words of praise applied to himself, but I did not wholly leave them out on that account.

CHAPTER CI.

CAREER OF A BOHEMIAN ARTIST.

(1847–1877.)

About 1847, two young men came to London from Oxford, not so much to seek their fortunes as to find occupation more genial than that they followed. Still they both had the instinct of distinction in them. One was George Hooper, who afterwards wrote, in the *Reasoner*, some articles under the signature of "Eugene." He brought some knowledge of Latin to town, and continued to read the classics in his leisure, which was much to his credit. I spoke of him to Mr. Thornton Hunt, and when the *Leader* was started he was assigned a place upon it. He pursued journalism and authorship, and made himself a name in military literature. His companion, Henry Merritt, came to reside in my house, where he continued nearly eighteen years, employing himself in picture restoration, in which he ultimately acquired skill and repute.

His life had been one of vicissitude. His social condition as a youth in Oxford was below hope, save by self-help. He had been in a charity school, an errand boy about the colleges, had filled various humble and precarious situations. In London he had been a Bohemian with art-love in his mind, honesty in his heart, and nothing in his pocket; with no patrons save a watchmaker in a passage off Drury Lane and a Jew coffee-house keeper in the Strand, both "good fellows" in their way.

When about Graves's shop (the printseller's) in Oxford, he had become acquainted with Mr. Delamotte, who, seeing the youth's taste, kindly gave him encouragement; and what was more valuable, he gave him instruction in art, for which

Merritt was grateful all his days. He dedicated his first book, "Dirt and Pictures Separated," thus :—

To
WILLIAM ALFRED DELAMOTTE, ESQ.,
Who, when I was a boy—a stranger,
Unknown to him even by name,
Carefully and gratuitously instructed me
In the rudiments of art,
I inscribe this little Volume
With long-cherished feelings of respect.[1]

As he resided with me, I had opportunities of introducing him to my friends, and at times he shared invitations with me. He occupied two rooms in my house (one being his studio), and had the use of the dining-room. He paid seven or eight shillings then. Sometimes he was in arrears several pounds, as I see from his account-book of that time. When money came to hand he paid up arrears, for he was as honest in his dealings as in his work.

When I removed to a lodge near Regent's Park, Merritt went with me by his own desire. There he worked for two years upon the oldest picture in England, Richard II., brought there from the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, and entrusted to him by Dean Stanley, Mr. Richmond the elder superintending its restoration. Mr. Dennison, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and other eminent persons, oft came to witness the progress of the work. It was a delight to me to see this picture day by day, and see the king revealed whose face no eye had seen for 150 years. In the last century the House of Commons appointed one Captain Broome to brighten up the portrait, who knew no more of restoration than a house painter. He put upon the panel a new portrait in which the king was lost, and a staring, treacle-faced young man appeared in his place, with a sceptre as short and stumpy as a policeman's staff. Underneath Broome's paint was found the true presentment of the pensive, timorous king whom Shakespeare drew,

[1] Merritt never heard of his friend more. Yet all the while he was pursuing his art in Brighton and executed some works for Joseph Ellis, who told me he had much regard for Delamotte.

holding a graceful sceptre in his hand. Broome had forgotten that the tails of the king's ermine pointed down, and had painted them up. The reader may see the real Richard II. in the Jerusalem Chamber now.

As remarkable in its way is the ponderous panel on which the life-sized king was painted. It is more than an inch thick, and is composed of three planks of oak, not only as sound as when they were sawn five hundred years ago, but as unwarped as a plane of steel. Mr. Hans Holbein, who believed himself a descendant of his famous namesake, could not by a microscope discover the suture where the clever carpenter who made it had joined the panel.

At the Lodge the ground rent exceeded £23, and house charges were considerable. Merritt occupied four rooms; the two chief having folding doors, made him a spacious studio. He took up the whole time of a servant, and the Lodge grounds were yielded to him for recreation. Here he paid £1 a week. Like most persons born and reared in indigence, he was alarmed at any new expense, even when he could well bear it. He was distressed and apprehensive even at this charge, and never paid more to the end of his tenancy. But I had other interest than profit in continuing it. It was partly friendship —partly liking, and partly the love of seeing pictures, curious or choice, about my rooms—a pleasure otherwise unattainable by me. It was diverting in another way to see, in the earlier years, the straits of impecuniousness in artist life. Well I remember when at Woburn Buildings, Mr. Parrington, a friend of mine, called with a picture for Merritt to test or restore. It happened he had no solvent of any kind by him, by which he could clean the surface or remove encrustations of varnish. Then Mrs. Holyoake secretly sent out for what he wanted, so that the visitor might not be aware of its scarcity; for a patron with a valuable picture would be loathe to leave it if he suspected the need of the artist might lead him to pledge it. Then when the solvents came it was found that there was no linen with which to apply or absorb them at the critical moment, when the household collection had to be drawn upon, and sent into the studio—as from a store-room where he was supposed to keep his rolls of old soft linen.

Besides the interest of these episodes, Merritt was ordinarily

excellent company to talk to, or contradict. As Hartley Coleridge said of one of his friends :—

> "Fine wit he had—and knew not it was wit
> And native thoughts before he dreamed of thinking;
> Odd sayings, too, for each occasion fit,
> To oldest sights the newest fancies linking.

What I most honoured my friend for was his honesty in art. By falsifying pictures, making new ones look old, and finding the signature of the master under the paint where it had never been put, inventing for a picture a pedigree and a character, he might have made money as others did, but he preferred poverty to deceit. After many years he had his reward. He could be trusted. He was known to know his art; his word could be believed, and his opinion was worth money. Connoisseurs so eminent as Mr. Gladstone in Merritt's later years consulted him.

My brother William, Curator of the Art Schools of the Royal Academy, was useful to Merritt, as he was to others in his way; but Merritt could not paint, and therefore he could be trusted to restore. He had colour in his blood. He had the patience of Gerard Dow (whom Merritt was fond of citing), who was said to spend days in painting a broom. I have seen Merritt spend days over a few inches of injured canvas, until, by careful stipling, he matched the colours, and replaced the lost tints, so that no ordinary eye could tell where the effacing fingers of neglect or decay had wrought mischief. No one who could paint could be depended upon to take this trouble, when he could in an hour paint in the defective parts; whether such a one could do it better or worse, or as well, he would not represent the genius of the master nor restore *his* work.

When we lived at No. 1, Woburn Buildings, a window overlooked the grounds of Charles Dickens, who resided then at Tavistock Place, made Merritt's working-room the best room, because it looked on trees. On Sundays Dickens would have a friend or two in the garden, and a tray of bottled stout, "churchwardens," and tobacco would be brought from the house. We were told that this was Dickens's protest against the doleful way of keeping Sunday then thought becoming. Tavistock House was the one formerly occupied by "Perry of the

Morning Chronicle," as he used to be described, but in my time it was divided into two houses. One was occupied by Frank Stone the elder, who died there—a very genial person to know. The other was occupied by Sidney Milnes Hawkes, afterwards by Mr. James Stansfield. Mazzini was frequently there in those times. One morning, when Dickens resided there, a person purporting to be Mazzini called, and solicited aid. Dickens sent down a servant, who presented a sovereign on a silver tray. The visitor took the gift with thanks. When this came to be known to Mazzini's friends they were filled with amazement at Dickens's thoughtlessness, to say the least. How could he imagine that a gentleman whom he had met in society, as a man of reputation for honour and self-respect, would come to his door soliciting alms, like an adventurer or an impostor? And, if he believed the applicant to be Mazzini, some inquiry, some commiseration and identification was necessary to make sure that one so eminent was suddenly in distress so abject. Mazzini had a hundred friends who would have aided him before he need have been a suppliant at Dickens's door.

Though he hardly knew it, Merritt had the ambition of authorship in him, but he cost me infinite trouble to make him believe it. He began by writing for me in the *Reasoner* under the signature of "Christopher." Sometimes I suggested the subjects, and revised what he wrote. At length I urged him to write about his own profession, as nothing distinctive or readable existed upon it. At last he wrote some chapters on the Art of Restoration. At that time Mr. Hans Holbein, then stationmaster at Euston, was frequently at my house. His passion was to collect all the engravings of Holbein he could afford to purchase. He induced Merritt to call his little treatise "Dirt and Pictures Separated"—a purely technical title which could interest nobody but connoisseurs. I added the line "in the Works of the Old Masters" to render the title more human. At that time Merritt was not apt with his pen, but there was originality and fervour in him which showed he had literary taste. He had read no books save odd volumes of the letters of Pope, Defoe, or an old dramatist or two, which he had picked up on second-hand bookstalls. He had had no education save the Charity School sort—Church Catechism chiefly, which leaves a youth helpless and

abject in the battle of life. But he had the education of the streets—an excellent school for those who have sense enough to learn in it. He knew that an acquaintance of mine who made a name as a tragedian had learned grammar from a book I had written, which he had read when he resided in the house of my sister Caroline. I had put on the title-page of the book the words :—"No department of knowledge is like grammar. A person may conceal his ignorance of any other art; but every time he speaks he publishes his ignorance of this. There can be no greater imputation on the intelligence of any man than that he should talk from the cradle to the tomb, and never talk well."

These words incited Merritt, who had the instinct of a simple and manly style in him. Like every person of taste, he was dissatisfied with his first efforts, not only dissatisfied but dismayed and despairing, and threw his chapters on Restoration six or seven times into the fire, where they would have perished had not my wife rescued them until a more hopeful mood came to him. Again and again they were enlarged and improved, and again thrown on the fire. To encourage him, I induced the editor of the *Leader* newspaper, by my accounts of their intrinsic excellence, to publish them in the "Portfolio" of that journal, where the chief chapters first appeared.

To this end I invented reasons to prove their insertion would be relevant, and wrote the introduction to the chapters in the *Leader*, and also a handbill about them, which was sent out to artisan readers in all the towns where I was in the habit of speaking. What I said was this :—

"The interesting discussion which several times has arisen respecting the preservation of the pictures in the National Gallery renders it necessary that every man having regard to the credit of the nation in this respect should be able to form an intelligent opinion upon pictures.

"Hitherto this has not been practicable to the mass of the people, because nearly all works on the subject of painting are written from the professional point of view, and abound in technicalities unintelligible to the general reader.

"Newspaper criticisms are usually written for the initiated

alone. The editor of the *Leader*, therefore, has thought it useful to insert a series of

PAPERS ON THE PAINTINGS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

which are written in popular language, and by explaining the artistic processes employed in creating a great painting, and in restoring it when unhappily damaged by accident, time, or neglect, shall enable the general reader to understand pictures and learn to appreciate them, and take part in the discussions which relate to them.

"A great painter sheds renown on his country, and refinement on all people who have the good fortune to gaze on his work. Taste for the fine arts is a proof of the civilisation of a nation. English artisans would not be behind those of any on the Continent, if knowledge of the right kind was submitted to them. The names of poets and philosophers are become household words in our land—why should not the painters become equal favourites? They would if equally well known. If political economists and politicians attain popularity, surely the day of the great artists is come. Raphael sounds as well as Ricardo, Titian may stand by Torrens, the canvas of Correggio is as attractive as Cobbett's Paper against Gold."

Had the *Leader* not possessed that heroic sentimentality in favour of usefulness which practical men despise, Merritt's papers had never appeared. He was paid, as I considered, liberally, but such was his nature that he was dissatisfied, although it was the first money he received for any writing, save such limited compensation as I was able to make him for his papers in the *Reasoner*.

The name of the errand boy of Oxford appearing in the Portfolio of a famous journal, with those of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, and George Henry Lewes, was reputation. Merritt had not the money to purchase the distinction, and could not have bought it if he had. Yet it was not until I threatened to abandon him that he gave up his purpose of writing to the office a letter of discontent at his payment. He was as difficult to befriend as Rousseau. Yet his papers in the *Leader* were the beginning of his fortune. He became known to connoisseurs who otherwise had never heard

of him. Mr. Boxall (afterwards Sir William) could then afford to know his Bohemian townsman.

The chapters would have ended with the *Leader* had I not induced him to complete them and make a little book of them, which I printed in the "Cabinet of Reason" series, although the subject was not suited thereto. The preface was wholly mine, and the table of the painters named in the work. In concert with its purpose, I added here and there in the book remarks to enlist the interest of outside readers in a subject which would strike them as being alien. The publication brought him picture clients from the provinces. The book had a new kind of genius, and the genius was all his own. It showed knowledge, devotion, and enthusiasm, qualities Merritt alone put into the book.

CHAPTER CII.

THE PICTURE RESTORER FURTHER DELINEATED.

(1847–1877.)

HENRY MERRITT had some delightful qualities, but he was the most timid, the most irritable and inconsistent of all the children of genius whom I have known. He now possessed the status the *Leader* had given him. Next opportunity occurred of introducing him to the *Empire*, set up by Mr. Livesey, the founder of Teetotalism. The editor was John Hamilton, who had the passion of a prophet in him, and with whom I had public discussion, and for whom I had great regard. Hamilton became editor of the *Morning Star*, and Merritt came to write on art in both papers. Through the *Star*, he contributed for a time to the *Manchester Examiner*, and he went to Manchester on the occasion of an exhibition of pictures in that city. Then I was able to give him an introduction to Mr. Stephen Pettitt of Merchants' Hotel, where he made friends and had pleasant days. It was a pleasure to me to be useful to him.

An intimate friend of mine on the staff of the *Standard*, Mr. Percy Greg, was a constant visitor at my house, and I enlisted his influence to obtain the appointment of Merritt as its art critic. When he came home in Gallery days he was sometimes unable to write out his notes in time for the *Standard* the same night. Then it fell to me to write them out for him, which involved many hours of close work. Sometimes this occurred two or three times in a week. For no week, even when I spent the day at the Gallery, did I receive more than £1 for work for which he received £6. Nor should I have taken what I did had not this

work prevented me from doing my own. He would have been as ready to help me in like case.

When, in a season of illness, he was unable to attend the Galleries, he would ask me to go and make notes for him. Devoid of his critical knowledge of pictures, long familiarity with them enabled me to describe their features and the story the artist had told by his pencil. Merritt found from the art notices in other newspapers, which he subsequently perused, that my reports were to be trusted. He knew the kind of work produced by each artist who habitually exhibited. His notices sent to the *Standard*, written upon my report, were confined to descriptions of the subjects and the general characteristics of the painters, reserving technical criticisms until he was able to run down to the Galleries and see for himself. On the occasions when I went for him some droll experience befell me, such as recalled Boswell in a forgotten passage, preserved by Hazlitt in his "Memoirs of Thomas Holcroft." The comedian, who knew Boswell, records in his diary that one morning Boswell, calling on Johnson, found him writing a letter for a Mr. Lowe. On Lowe leaving, Boswell followed him, and with insinuating professions began: "How do you do, Mr. Lowe? I hope you are very well, Mr. Lowe. Pardon my freedom, Mr. Lowe, but I think I saw my dear friend Dr. Johnson writing a letter for you." "Yes, sir." "I hope you will not think me rude, but if it would not be too great a favour you would infinitely oblige me if you would just let me have a sight of it. Everything from that hand is so inestimable." "It is on my own private affairs." "I would not pry into any person's affairs, my dear Mr. Lowe, by any means. I am sure you would not accuse me of such a thing, only if it were no particular secret." "Sir, you are welcome to read the letter." I thank you, my dear Mr. Lowe; you are very obliging. I take it exceedingly kind" (having read it). "It is nothing, I believe, Mr. Lowe, that you would be ashamed of." "Certainly not!" "Why, then, my dear sir, if you would do me another favour, you would make the obligation eternal. If you would but step to Peele's coffee-house with me, and just suffer me to take a copy of it, I would do anything in my power to oblige you." "I was overcome," said Lowe, "by this sudden familiarity and condescension, accompanied with bows and

grimaces. I had no power to refuse; we went to the coffee-house, my letter was presently transcribed, and as soon as he had put his document in his pocket, Mr. Boswell walked away as erect and as proud as he was half an hour before suppliant, and I ever afterwards was unnoticed." Lowe added that he was left to pay for the coffee he had ordered to give Boswell opportunity of copying his letter.

A countryman of Boswell's, one of the habitual critics of the Galleries, knew me well, and would come to me in the most desultory way, with cordial greetings and incidental inquiries as to "what paper I wrote for," "why was I there," and "whom did I represent." I then wrote for three papers, but not upon art subjects. "Did I write art notices for them?" he would inquire. "Merritt writes for the *Standard*, does he not? Is he here?" Beguiled by cordial familiarity, I incautiously said "my friend was unwell, and I was looking round for him." Immediately he mentioned in the paper for which he wrote—the *Reader*—that Mr. Merritt's criticisms in the *Standard* were done by another hand. This would have given great pain to Merritt, whom my questioner knew and for whom he always expressed the greatest regard. Had the treacherous information come under the eyes of the *Standard*, it might have cost my friend his appointment. When the inquisitive critic next put his familiar question to me, I said "his solicitude was very interesting, but I observed he never prefaced his inquiries by informing me what he was doing and for what paper he was writing." His curiosity there and then ceased. I suspected him of seeking Merritt's place. Of course I kept the incident from Merritt, and kept the *Reader* out of his sight.

Mr. Merritt remained art critic of the *Standard* until the time of his death. His criticisms were written on a theory we had often discussed; it was that of subordinating merely technical criticism, giving mainly an animated description of the character of the pictures and design of the painter, with his characteristics as an artist. By limiting technical criticism to such points as were necessary for the connoisseur and picture buyer, and describing in what respect the pictures were additions to the scenic glory of art, his notices were always, and are still, readable, and they sent more persons to

the Galleries to see the pictures for themselves than any other art criticisms of his time. Art critics mostly wrote not to interest the public in art, but to show off their skill as critics; just as most books on education are written, not to explain difficulties to uninformed students, but to show how much the author is better informed than his rival teachers. Always distrustful of his own work, Mr. Merritt cast aside his criticisms after they appeared. I kept copies of them all, and made them up into four volumes, which he afterwards was glad to refer to and show.

"Robert Dalby and his World of Troubles," Merritt's best work, I copied out several times for him. The "Oxford Professor," which he never finished, I was to re-write for him, just so far as to show him my idea how it should be treated. In everything I did for him, I did but polish the diamond: the diamond was his, not mine. Merritt had no inside life. In description of outside life he had genius. Separate passages were perfect and inimitable. He attained a spontaneous grace which change could only mar. This needs no testimony, since Mr. Ruskin wrote to him:—

"You have given great pleasure to Carlyle by your report, and you always give much to *me* whenever you write to me. I have no other friend who says such pretty things to me, in a way that reminds me of the little courtesies of old days, when people were graceful by kind act in a letter as much as in a quadrille, and when flattery was the naughtiest of one's faults to one's friends—never carelessness."

In later years, when we were still home companions, Merritt's health became precarious. For two years his life was a daily uncertainty. The whole household was absorbed in attending upon him. Often I rose once or twice in the night, and went to his room to see if he were alive, or needed aid. After he had left me, he was again in danger, and when he became delirious I sat up all night with him. When his death occurred I wrote a solicitous letter to the editor of the *Standard* to procure the art criticship for one to whom he had left his fortune, as I was always willing to serve any one whom a friend of mine befriended.

Merritt never married until within a few weeks of his death.

Though a Bohemian in freedom and precariousness, he was Bohemian in nothing else; yet all his life his most amusing satire had been upon the peril and subjection of marriage, and he could not bear to tell me or any one that he had married. On his death I made it known in the papers, that she whom he had married might not be exposed to incredulity, for none of his friends would have otherwise believed in his marriage. The last time I saw him, scarcely a fortnight before he died, he besought me to come to him soon, as he had many things to tell me. He said that in his will he had left small bequests of £50 each to two of my children, but he should arrange to fulfil another promise he had often made. I received a telegram from a common friend summoning me from the country, as he was in great danger. I at once returned, but he was in other hands, and no opportunity occurred to me of seeing him again. He had no idea that his days would be so short, and thought he had time to do everything he meditated. He bequeathed shortly before his death several thousand pounds which he had honourably earned, and never doubted that he should earn more for his own use.

After his death, what purported to be a "Memoir" of him appeared by persons who had not known him long, and were unacquainted with the circumstances of his life, in which it was said that "the persons with whom he lived shared the benefits of his increased earnings." Again, "It was touching to see how often he supplied one family especially who depended upon him for every comfort with the means of that enjoyment in the country or by the sea-shore, while he remained at home literally to work for them." A reference to Merritt's friend and townsman, George Hooper, was still worse. Mr. Basil Champneys, the editor of the book, vouches that these things "are done with perfect tact and graphic fidelity." I attempted to obtain some correction of these statements from the editor and the publisher, but found I had no resources to obtain it legally, and expectation of its being done from a sense of justice there was none. Besides my family, some eminent friends in London and many friends elsewhere who would see the book, knew of Merritt's long residence with me, and that these references related to me. After fourteen years there comes to me this opportunity of correcting them.

Merritt had all the irascibility of the artist, but he was honourable and truthful at heart, and would have been very wild had he lived to see these statements made in his name. All the years he resided with me we seldom went to the country or seaside but we took him with us, increasing our expenses to which for many years he was unable to contribute his share. His querulousness with our friends always embittered our days, and made us glad when the unpleasantness ended. To do him justice, he regretted this, but could not help it, and he strove to make amends in his way. I used to say to him he was like Dr. Johnson's good-natured, angry man—"he spent his time in injury and reparation." When he came to acquire means of his own he became more insupportable, and, as his income was good, I besought him to take apartments elsewhere. He wrote to me saying "I was killing him, as I had given him nineteen notices to leave my house." Were I "living upon him," it was very injudicious in me to beseech him "nineteen times" to do me the favour of going away. To mitigate the tone of my request, I used to repeat the lines of Martial—

> "In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
> Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
> Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
> That there's no living with thee nor without thee."

But I could "live without him," and I had ceaseless relief when I recovered the control of my house.

He did leave at length, but my personal regard for him never changed, nor his for me. Not long before his death he wrote to my friend Major Bell, saying, "It is nearly thirty years since my friendship for Holyoake commenced, and it is not likely to terminate till death."

When a person has arrived at years of discretion (some arrive very late, I am afraid: I have not reached that period yet), he sees many things which were always palpable, but which he did not observe until experience opened his eyes. Then he sees irritating things dispassionately. Many times I have tried to analyse the complex character of my artist friend. I often say of the inhabitants of a famous town which I know well, that God has given to them more humility and more pride than He has vouchsafed to any other collection of His creatures. Merritt

was not born on the Tyne, but he had these qualities. He had an insatiable expectancy of the recognition by others of qualities he disclaimed having. Charles Lamb excelled all English humourists in the American wit of exaggeration. When, he said, Coleridge met him on his way to the India House and took him by the button to discourse to him, he, with his penknife, deftly released himself, and on returning in the evening found Coleridge still holding the button, preaching to it. No one misunderstood Lamb, who merely put a halo round a fact which he left palpable. Merritt, with less than Lamb's art and genial restraint, had the bright gift of enlargement, and misled, without meaning it, those who did not know him.

We say of some men that they are nervous, meaning all the while that they have no nerves. Merritt had none. But, in lieu of them, he had a set of organised electric filaments, which, the moment you touched him with a harmless phrase, gave you a shock. He was the first person in whom I observed supernatural sensitiveness, who, starting at the slightest reflection upon himself, would say habitually things which it exceeded mortal self-respect to tolerate. In those moods you avoided him, and forgave him because it was his nature, to which he had never taught restraint. When he became eminent he kindly undertook to teach my eldest son his art. It was a distinction to be his pupil. But, with frequent kindness, there were outbursts of imputation which imperilled manliness itself to submit to. I have seen his best physician refuse further to attend him in consequence of his porcupine episodes. Yet, being just at heart, he would, like Carlyle, speak generously of the same persons, and, if others disparaged them, would defend them with many a bright and graceful phrase. Merritt thought that no one would remember what he never meant. Had I not known what heredity and circumstances do for all of us, I should have had sharp and permanent contempt, where I had only compassion and forbearance. Pained as an honourable man is that his nature should so betray him against those whom he regards, Merritt made, when he had means, what reparation he could by gifts. These he made to persons in whom I was interested, which was his way of giving me (as he thought) pleasure. In vain I besought him not to do it. For

myself, I never had any gift from him, nor did I seek one, and he knew it. Thus in some instances he destroyed my natural authority by attracting expectation to himself, and left me a legacy of mischief which made me say on one occasion that Merritt with the best intention brought great misery on others and requited some one else. His friendship was a pleasure to me and a misfortune. Merritt had the elements of a noble character in him, and, counting the disadvantages which he surmounted and the eminence he attained in art and in literature, owing everything to his honesty and skill, he deserves a place in the annals of remarkable men. A wise ancient said, "Know thyself." Merritt did not know himself. Of all knowledge possible to him he lacked this alone.

CHAPTER CIII.

ERNEST JONES, THE CHARTIST ADVOCATE.

(1848–1867.)

I own I have the sympathies of Old Mortality. In my time I have perpetuated the memory of many unregarded heroes, who gave their strength, and in some cases their lives, in defence of the people who had forgotten, or who had never inquired, to whom they owed their advantages.

Ernest Charles Jones will, however, be long remembered by Chartist generations. He was the son of a Major Jones, of high connections, who had served in the wars of Wellington, and was at Waterloo. He was subsequently equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards Ernest I. of Hanover, and uncle of Queen Victoria. Major Jones's mother was an Annesley, daughter of a squire of Kent. His only son, Ernest, was born in Vienna, in January, 1819. His father having an estate in Holstein, on the border of the Black Forest, Ernest Jones passed his boyhood there, and in 1830, when eleven years old, he set out across the Black Forest, with a bundle under his arm, to "help the Poles." With a similar precarious equipment, he in after years set out to help the Chartists. He was educated at St. Michael's College in Luneburg, where only high-caste students were admitted, and where he won distinction by delivering an oration in German. In 1838, he became a regular attendant at the English Court, where he was presented by the Duke of Beaufort. He married into the aristocratic family of Gibson Atherley, of Barfield, Cumberland, the name being borne by his son Atherley Jones, now member of Parliament. We of the Chartist times all knew the gentle lady who lived in Brompton during the dreary days of her husband's frightful imprisonment.

In 1844, Ernest Jones was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. All along he had high tastes and high prospects. Thus he was reared under circumstances which did not render it necessary that he should have any sympathy with the people. But the inspiration of poetry came to him. The influence of Byron may be seen in his verse. He had no mean capacity of song. With better fortune than befell him when he had cast his lot with Chartism, and with more leisure, he would have been a poet of mark; but he threw fortune away. His family did not like the idea of his being a Chartist rhymer. His uncle, Holton Annesley, offered to leave him £2,000 a year if he would abandon Chartist advocacy. If not, he would leave the fortune to another—and he did. Mr. Jones must have had in him elements of a valorous integrity to refuse that splendid prospect. He knew well what he was about, and that the service of the people would not keep him in bread. They whom he served were not able to do it—they had too many needs of their own. He had declined his uncle's wealthy offer in terms of noble but disastrous pride, and the fortune he relinquished was given to his uncle's gardener. Though he had chosen penury, he retained the patrician taste natural to him, and made a point of not taking payment for his speeches and addresses. There was more pride than sense in this. Those who consumed his days in travelling and his strength in speaking could and would have made him some remuneration. Without it his home must be unprovided. Making a speech has as fair a claim to payment as writing an article. Honest oratory is as much entitled to costs as honest literature. Mr. Jones often walked from town to town without means of procuring adequate refreshment by day or accommodation by night. On some occasions an observant Chartist would buy him a pair of shoes, seeing his need of them. Ernest Jones published the *People's Paper*—the sale of which did not pay expenses. The sense of debt was a new burden to him. On one occasion when I printed for him, and he was considerably in arrears, he said, "I must go to my friend Disraeli." An hour later he returned, and handed my brother Austin three of several £5 notes. He had others in his hand. That politic Minister inspired many Chartists with hatred of the Whigs, whom he himself disliked, because they did not favour his

circuitous pretensions; and when he found Chartists of genius having the same hatred, he would supply them with money, the better to give effect to it. I never knew any Chartist in the habit of taking money, who took it for the abandonment of his principles; nor do I believe Disraeli ever gave it them for that purpose. Their undiscerning hatred answered Tory ends.

It was July, 1843, when Mr. Jones was sentenced to two years' solitary imprisonment, and to find two sureties of £100 each and himself £200 for three years after his release—for saying, "Only organise, and you will see the green flag floating over Downing Street; let that be accomplished, and John Mitchell shall be brought back again to his native country, and Sir G. Grey and Lord John Russell shall be sent out to exchange places with him." This was simply amusing, and there was no more danger of this happening than of a flock of pigeons stopping a railway train. In the same speech for which he was condemned, he gave the same advice to the meeting that I had given to the delegates to the Convention in the John Street Hall, on the night before the 10th of April, 1848.

When Jones was imprisoned, it was sought to humiliate him. The Whigs did it, but the Tories would have done the same—yet the Whigs were more bound to respect the advocates of the people. Jones was required to pick oakum. Being a gentleman, he refused to be degraded as a criminal. Politics was not a crime. In the case of Colonel Valentine Baker, the Government had just respect for a gentlemen; but not when the gentlemen was the political advocate of the poor, though Jones was socially superior to Baker.

Mr. Jones was kept in solitary confinement on the silent system—enforced with the utmost rigour for nineteen months. He complied with all the prison regulations, excepting oakum picking. That he steadfastly refused, as he would never bend himself to voluntary degradation. To break his firmness on this point he was again and again confined in a dark cell and fed on bread and water.

When suffering from dysentery, he was put into a cell in an indescribable state from which a prisoner who died from cholera had been carried. It may be reasonably assumed that it was intended to kill him. The cholera was then raging in London, and, had Jones died, no question would have been

asked. Still the authorities never succeeded in making him pick oakum.

In the second year of his imprisonment he was so broken in health that he could no longer stand upright, and was found lying on the floor of his cell. Only then was he taken to the hospital. He was told, if he would petition for his release and abjure politics, the remainder of his sentence would be remitted. This he refused, and he was sent back to his cell. Let any one consider what those two dreary years of indignity, brutality, peril, and solitude must have been to a man like Ernest Jones—nervous, sanguine, ambitious, with his fiery spirit, fine taste, and consciousness of great powers—and restrain if he can admiration of that splendid courage and steadfastness. Unregarded, uncared for, he maintained his self-respect. Thomas Carlyle went to look at the caged Chartist through the bars of his prison, and increased, by his heartless and contemptuous remarks, public indifference to the fate of the friendless prisoner. Carlyle wrote :—"The world and its cares quite excluded for some months to come, master of his own time, and spiritual resources to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent." This shows that, like meaner men, Carlyle could write without facts, or even inquiring for them. Ernest Jones, "master of his own time," had to pick oakum, or spend his days in a dark cell. Thus his "spiritual resources" were limited. He was refused a Bible even, and had to write with his blood. His "really enviable" condition was that of knowing that his wife was ignorant whether he was dead or alive, and he was denied the knowledge what fate in the cholera season had befallen her or his children, for whom no provision existed.

In his savage imprisonment he did write poems, but it had to be done with his own blood—not from sensationalism, but from necessity, pen and ink being denied him. Undaunted, he returned on his liberation to his old advocacy of the people. Mr. Benjamin Wilson, of Salterhebble, Halifax, who knew Jones well, has given many facts not before known of his career in the "Struggles of Old Chartists."

Ernest Jones and I were associated in Chartist agitation while it lasted. I was a visitor at his fireside at Brompton. Mrs. Ernest Jones, a lady of great refinement, shared the vicissitudes of his Chartist days, which shortened her own.

Mr. Jones left London in 1859, and went to Manchester with a sad heart. Practice at the Bar had to be won. One night, after attending the court at Leeds, he was met by Mr. Moses Clayton, who found he had no home to go to. A home was found him at Dr. Skelton's, and a brief also next day. He had come to the resolution that night that he would see no morning. Afterwards better fortune came to him. He had the chance of being member for Dewsbury. He was nearly elected member for Manchester, and the reversion of the seat to him was likely when he suddenly died. His grand energy, fatigue, and exposure killed him. Had he reached Parliament, he had all the qualities which promised a great career there. Shortly before his death he spent some hours with me in my chambers in Cockspur Street, overlooking Trafalgar Square, discussing a favourite theory of his—the manner in which an actor on the stage of the world should quit it.[1]

In every workshop in Great Britain, in mine and mill, and in other lands where his name was familiar, there was sadness when his death was known. His friend in many a conflict, George Julian Harney, sent from America to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* an impassioned account of the effect of the news on him as he read it in a telegram in Boston.

Mr. Jones had a strong musical voice, energy and fire, and a more classic style of expression than any of his compeers in agitation. When he spoke at the grave of Benjamin Rushton of Ovenden, he began :—"We meet to-day at a burial and a birth—the burial of a noble patriot is the resurrection of a glorious principle. The foundation stones of liberty are the graves of the just ; the lives of the departed are the landmarks of the living ; the memories of the past are the beacons of the future."

Despite his popular sympathies and generous sacrifices for the people, the patrician distrust of them, now and then, broke out, as when he wrote :—

> "Ill fare the men who, flushed with sudden power,
> Would uproot centuries in a single hour.

[1] After his death an "Ernest Jones Fund" was proposed. Lord Armstrong, then Sir William, sent two guineas to the *Punch* office, which was sent to me for the Fund.

Gaze on those crowds—is theirs the force that saves?
What were they yesterday?—a horde of slaves!
What are they now but slaves without their chains?
The badge is cancelled, but the man remains."

There is some truth in these lines. The abatements I take to be these:—1. You can't "uproot centuries" if you try. 2. The "crowds" are always better than they look. 3. The "slaves" are always free in spirit long before they get rid of "their chains." 4. When the "badge is cancelled," the "man" who "remains" generally turns out a gladsome, practical creature.

In the nobler vein which so well became him, he vindicated with a poet's insight his own career:—

"Men counted him a dreamer? Dreams
Are but the light of clearer skies—
Too dazzling for our naked eyes.
And when we catch their flashing beams
We turn aside and call them *dreams*.
Oh! trust me every thought that yet
In greatness rose and sorrow set,
That time to ripening glory nurst,
Was called an 'idle dream' at first."

Mr. Morrison Davidson has published the most comprehensive sketch of the career of Ernest Jones which has appeared, and a noble volume might be made of his poems, speeches and political writings. Because he opposed middle-class projects and broke up their meetings, little attention was paid to his views by those who would have been most impressed by them. Before their day he was as well informed as Karl Marx or Henry George on questions of capital and land, and held eventually wider views of co-operation than were advocated in his time. It would have been economy to mankind to have pensioned Ernest Jones, that he might have devoted his genius to oratory, literature, and liberty.

Those of this generation who have not in their memory any instance of Ernest Jones's eloquence, may see it in the following passage from his Lecture on the Middle Ages and the Papacy.

"You have been told that the Church in the Dark Ages was the preserver of learning, the patron of science, and the friend of freedom. The preserver of learning in the Dark Ages! It was the Church that made these ages dark. The preserver of learning! Yes, as the worm-eaten oak chest preserves a manu-

script. No more thanks to them than to the rats for not devouring its pages. It was the Republics of Italy and the Saracens of Spain that preserved learning—and it was the Church that trod out the light of those Italian Republics. The patron of science! What? When they burned Savonarola and Bruno, imprisoned Galileo, persecuted Columbus, and mutilated Abelard? The friend of freedom! What? When they crushed the Republics of the South, pressed the Netherlands like the vintage in a wine-kelter, girdled Switzerland with a belt of fire and steel, banded the crowned tyrants of Europe against the Reformers of Germany, and launched Claverhouse against the Covenanters of Scotland? The friend of freedom! When they hedged kings with a divinity! Their superstitions alone upheld the rotten fabric of oppression. Their superstitions alone turned the indignant freeman into a willing slave and made men bow to the Hell they created here by a hope of the Heaven *they* could not insure hereafter. There is nothing so corrupt that the Papacy has not befriended, and but one gleam of sunshine flashes across the black picture, in the architecture of its churches, the painting of its aisles, and the music of its choirs."

CHAPTER CIV.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATURE IN LEICESTER.

(1884.)

The Liberals of Leicester had sent deputations to London in support of Mr. Bradlaugh, who was excluded from his seat in Parliament on the ground of atheistical opinions, which were held to disqualify him from taking the oath. The appearance at the bar of another member equally disqualified to make oath would have strengthened the argument for affirmation. A vacancy occurring at that time in the representation of the borough, I offered myself as a candidate. My primary qualification consisted in my being the only public man in England—not a Quaker—who on no occasion and for no private or public advantage had ever taken an oath. I made it clear that, if chosen as member for Leicester, I should take no oath either by speech or pantomime, nor profane the oath in the opinion of men of Christian conviction, by solemnly repeating words which indicated no corresponding belief in my mind. But if any tribunal, exacting the oath and knowing my opinions, treated the oath as a mere secular undertaking of good faith, there would be neither profanity nor deceit in taking it, though there would be repugnance in using a form of words otherwise disingenuous, ambiguous, and misleading.

Apart from this question, the chances were against me, as I had been long known as one having decided views on public questions; whereas the most presentable candidates are men who have spoken no word of principle—written no books—made no effort—taken no side—professed no principle—helped in no contest—shared in no sacrifice—served in no forlorn

hope. Men who have done nothing, who are uncommitted to anything, and upon whom no one has any reason to depend, are the candidates mostly chosen. The cowards who kept on the outskirts of the field while the fight was going on—all the supine and superfine, who sat before the cosy fire with their feet upon the fender, while the combatants were out in the tempest—find laid at their feet the spoils of progress which others have won.

As to my professions, I said I was no Tory Radical, professing to be more "advanced" than anybody else, and helping the enemy on every occasion. I was no Social Democrat, offering the people comfort as a charity instead of putting in their hands the right and means of commanding it by honest effort. I was no reformer by confiscation. I was not a Liberal who would trust, without conditions, the wise with the fortunes of the many, nor the many with the fortunes of the wise, nor set one against the other—but would charge both equally with responsibility for the honour and welfare of the State. I followed the path of the great Minister who brought in our new Franchise Bill. All other Ministers bringing in Reform Bills have studied how many they could exclude from it. Mr. Gladstone has been the first Minister who has studied how many he could include in it. I am for trusting the Minister who trusts the people, and for supporting with my vote that foreign policy which is just without sentimentality—brave without swagger—which keeps faith with treaties adversaries have made—fights with English courage for English honour, and does not knowingly murder for prestige.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's opinions on Parliament were published at the Leicester election. He, being a thinker and an opinion maker, was well fitted for Parliamentary service. He, however, declined, as he was for individuality and for independence of the views of constituencies. On Mr. Spencer's principle every man would have his will and nobody have his way. He thought "the influence possessed by members of Parliament" was rated too high—the representative being too "subject to his constituents." Mr. Spencer held that "laws were practically made out of doors and simply registered by Parliament." He, like Lord Sherbrooke, regarded the duties of the delegate as merely mechanical. Yet could there be a nobler function dis-

charged or nobler office filled than that of explaining the opinions of those who had no other way of being heard save by the mouth of their member? Is a member a machine because he is a delegate? Where is there such a delegate as a judge upon the bench? His instructions are not merely given by word of mouth, or at a poll, but discussed in Parliament, fixed with strictness and printed in books; so that the instructions of a judge are so defined that, when perfect, he can neither misunderstand nor misinterpret them. And yet is there not scope on the Bench for the greatest forensic genius? If a delegate to Parliament was confined as a judge is, he would have ample scope for his independence and individuality. But there is a much wider margin in Parliament. Many who were prominent in smaller circles, as in the Vestry or Town Council, found themselves powerless in Parliament, because there was required more art and persuasiveness—there a man has to see farther, to hear more, to understand better, to master all the points pertaining to a question, to accord regard to the convictions of others, and present a question in a light so clear, and with arguments so conclusive, that he can create conviction on the side of public justice. There is no assembly in the world where there is greater room for the display of the highest powers in representing a constituency, interpreting its views, maintaining them when assailed, and, when need demands, storming the fortresses of the enemy.

There were in Parliament several members disqualified like myself by conviction from taking the oath, and Leicester was the one town most likely to be desirous of opening a door through which an honest man might enter the House of Commons without humiliation. It proved not to be so, and thus my candidature ended.

CHAPTER CV.

THREE REMARKABLE EXILES.

(1884.)

ENGLAND has often been enriched by the inventive genius of industrial exiles who have sought our shores for religious liberty. Not less has it been indebted to political exiles, who, seeking freedom here, extended it by their teaching and exalted it by their example.

Kossuth was the chief of the few foreigners who took at once a high place as a public speaker in a new tongue. No sooner had he landed than he appeared as an English orator, displaying not only mastery but imposing force. Neither Bright nor Gladstone had then attained like ascendency on the platform, and Joseph Rayner Stephens, who might be compared with Kossuth for his mastery of tongues, was silent. Since Kossuth's day only one orator has with the same suddenness engaged public imagination—Joseph Cowen. But Kossuth's distinction was the greater because he spoke in a tongue foreign to him. And what was not less striking, his reputation was as much owing to what he said as to his manner of saying it. In his speech on Poland he said : " In the public life of nations, never is anything accidental. There everything is cause and effect. An act of political morality can never be neglected with impunity. Every such neglect is fraught with the necessity of atoning it with sacrifices, increasing step by step, which, however, never will remedy the evil, unless the wrong occasioned by that neglect be redressed. In politics a fault is equivalent to a crime, and no false political step can ever escape punishment."

In speaking in the House of Legislation, Ohio, Kossuth said: "The spirit of our age is democratic. All *for* the people and all *by* the people. Nothing *about* the people *without* the people. That is Democracy." The conception of the popular aspiration and the idiomatic expression of it are alike remarkable. He instructed as well as declaimed. In Kossuth's speeches you found definition as in Paine or John Stuart Mill, which is rare in popular orators and writers.

I published Kossuth's oration on the "Independence of Poland," delivered in Sheffield, June, 1854; but his speeches on the "War in the East" and "The Alliance with Austria," delivered in Sheffield and Nottingham the same year, were "published by himself." They were printed by Tucker, Perry Place, Oxford Street, and sold by him. As Kossuth had no place of business, he could not "publish by himself." Probably, by saying so, he merely meant to indicate that they appeared by his authority.

Louis Blanc was long resident in this country. He spent twenty years of exile among us, and understood men and things in England, our politics and prejudices, and more faithfully interpreted them to the French people than any other exile who ever dwelt in England save Mazzini. Mr. G. W. Smalley, an American, not an exile, has excelled in the same art. Kossuth, on the other hand, sometimes entertained suspicions which fuller information would have made impossible. An attempt to serve him would seem to him, as it did to Weitling, something very different. Foreigners as a rule are liable to suspicion, but Kossuth was so distinguished for cosmopolitan attainments that anything ordinary became noticeable in him.

In another respect, not of contrast, but of similarity, Kossuth may be compared with Louis Blanc. Kossuth was regarded as a man of flexible principles, yet, like Blanc, he proved to have inflexibility to a degree unforeseen. Kossuth lacked the penetration of Mazzini, and put such trust in Louis Napoleon as to enter into negotiation with him when he was Emperor; yet he preferred to live an exile rather than acknowledge an order of things in his own country he disapproved.

Louis Blanc was distrusted because the policy of French Republicanism which he espoused was deemed materialistic. I

published the manifesto of Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, and Mazzini, and also Louis Blanc's "Reply" thereto. Yet Louis Blanc possessed an inflexibility on questions of principle as austere as Mazzini himself. He was many times besought to return to Paris, and offers of a Parliamentary seat were made, to which he answered—

"Duty could only call me to Paris to take part in Parliamentary struggles, if the electors should assign me a post. But this post no power on earth can make me occupy, so long as I must needs, in order to do so, take an oath which is not in my heart.

"Do the people really wish to be the sovereign? Let them elect those who refuse to take the oath; let them elect them, not in spite of, but because of their refusal."

These sentiments are all the more remarkable since few public men in England have expressed them or acted upon them.

This resolution was as noble as the warning was wise, and Louis Blanc remained an exile until Sedan swept the false Emperor away. His exile lasted twenty years. I knew him from the beginning to the end, during his residence in London and Brighton. It was said of him, and of his distinguished but more demonstrative brother Charles, that Charles was a reed painted like iron, while Louis was iron painted like a reed. This was true. Beneath Louis Blanc's passionless cordiality lay impassable determination, which neither profit, nor applause, nor obscurity, nor neglect could divert from honest principle. Though a small man, smaller than the First Napoleon, he had none of the self-assertion by which little people often seek to conceal their diminutiveness. Louis Blanc was a self-possessed man, and, alike when he conversed or spoke on the platform, you never thought of his stature under the boldness of his tones and his commanding gesture.

He ranked among the great political historians of France. Like M. Thiers, he made history a stepping-stone to power. The "History of the Consulate and the Empire" led to Thiers becoming a statesman; and the "History of Ten Years" mainly inspired the Revolution of 1848, and made

Louis Blanc a member of the Provisional Government. Unlike Ledru Rollin, whom he resembled in a noble irreconcilability, Louis Blanc had literary genius and capacity for statesmanship, which consists in understanding what measures are best conducive to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and acting with large toleration. Blanc continued to maintain his influence as a commanding force in French politics until his death. It seemed as though all Paris followed him to the tomb. Since the burial of Thiers so great a concourse had not marched to a tomb until Hugo died. I was proud to be one of his English friends invited by Louis Blanc's family to follow him to his grave.

Ledru Rollin was another exile of note who had a singular career. When he did return to France, another generation had grown up, to whom he was unknown. Exile is a fatal power in the hands of tyranny: since it not only kills influence, it kills reputation. Louis Blanc having literary powers, his pen kept his name before his countrymen. Rollin's power was in the courts, on the platform, and in the Senate. Exile destroyed it. Mazzini said of him that he was the only Frenchman who gave up a public position and sacrificed himself for the welfare of a country not France, and for a cause not French. He incurred exile by his generous championship of the cause of Italy. He was what he appeared in Madame Venturi's painting of him—of manly bearing, of conscious power, yet withal unobtrusive in manner. That Barthélémy—a duellist whom some regarded as a murderer, and who was eventually hanged at Newgate for an undoubted murder—was hostile to the famous tribune is proof that he was less extreme than he was taken to be. Some politicians speak better than they act: Rollin acted more wisely than he spoke. The Royalist press of England decried him because of the title of a book he published some time after his arrival in England—"The Decadence of England." That work contained nothing but what we knew—nothing but what we had said ourselves. Had the great Republican lawyer entitled his volume, "Extracts from the *Morning Chronicle*," or "England drawn by Horace Mayhew," or the "Fall of the English Foretold by Themselves," any one of these titles would have expressed the character of the work. But because the author employed another title, the public were

incited to take offence at the book. Six out of every seven titles of books have no relation to their contents.

The sagacious French jurist, no doubt, saw signs of decadence in England, in aristocratic incumbrance. With the millstone of noble incompetence hanging round the neck of the nation, he might well think Britain was going to sink "ten thousand fathoms deep." What Ledru Rollin could not see was that England has the power of renewing its youth. The Sindbad of Britain will not carry the Old Man of Privilege on its back for ever. Soaring, it will drop the aristocratic tortoise on some well-chosen rock, and smash it. Rollin thought he saw the old English lion stuffed with cotton. The noble brute who, in the days of Cromwell, could roar until he made the isles resound and Europe reverberate, seemed turned into a puff-bellied, flaxen-hearted old beast, whose lungs were a pair of steam-boilers, his breath condensed vapour, his molars spinning-jennies, and his royal old tail a horizontal factory chimney. With these signs before him, Ledru Rollin might conclude the English nation was declining.

When the recruiting sergeant went to Manchester and Preston, did he not find the men too stunted to reach the standard and too weak to wield a sword? The race had been spun up in Jacquard looms. Many who condemned Ledru Rollin's book hastened to abolish these signs of the decline of manhood in our manufacturing towns. We needed a foreigner to tell us this fact which our own statesmen did not see, or did not own, and did not alter, and have not done it wholly yet.

CHAPTER CVI.

REMARKABLE WORKING-CLASS POLITICIANS.

(1884.)

BEFORE mentioning those who are the chief subjects of this chapter, I cite two who will have no other biographer. One is Allan Davenport, known at the beginning of this century as an enthusiastic advocate of the Spencerian system—not the new one of Herbert Spencer, but his of agrarian repute. Davenport wrote verse. His last publication he dedicated to me. I remember it, because it was the first time that distinction came to me. The poet was thin, and pale, and poor. He lived about the East End, was known at every workman's political meeting, and any surplus over his personal needs arising from his daily labour, was spent in publications giving information to men of his order, whom he sought to serve.

The other was John Weston—the thinnest, wiriest, gentlest, yet most ardent, prompt, and demonstrative of working-class politicians. There was nothing of him save his voice and his ceaseless energy. He was a workman who owed everything to himself. He was a cow-boy and a page-boy in his youth, and at last hand-rail maker—a trade he learned himself. And no man knew it better, or so well, for he wrote a book upon it, which is an authority in the trade. He lived to be seventy-two, working ten to twelve hours a day at the bench, and making speeches when evening came With the independence which only a good workman can afford to show, he carried his principles into every house, high or low, where he went, and gave his opinions upon public questions to the noblest employer who fell into conversation with him. He stood none of the Imperialistic Communism and State Socialism of Carl Marx,

but confronted that master of agitation, and carried resolutions against him. Whatever good movement was on foot anywhere in the metropolis, Weston was soon in it, if, indeed, he were not there first; and yet there were more home difficulties in his way, of the Zantippe type, than any man save Socrates had to encounter. But no discomfort deterred him. Of all men of gentle spirit I have known he was the fiercest worker: a jelly-fish in speech, he was dynamite in action. He had the genuine passion of progress which brings good to others, but only gratitude and poverty to those who have it.

Those who look back fifty years usually remember a few persons among working-class politicians of whom they find no parallel at the present day. In diplomacy, in oratory, indeed in every department of human professions or trades, some observe the same thing. Fifty years hence, people will look back upon these days and distinguish a few men in every class who surpassed all others in conspicuousness of service, manifesting qualities unlike any of their compeers. The reason is that there is excellence in every generation, but not of the same kind. The Quintin Matzys and Benvenuto Cellinis have been superseded by machinery; but the genius which conceives the wonderful machines that now do the work of the world is but another form of genius, and surpasses in its way anything which preceded it. Henry Hetherington, Richard Moore, and James Watson, three working-class politicians, had remarkable qualities not common now, though no doubt there are men of this day as remarkable in relation to their time and the new work now requiring to be done.

Henry Hetherington was a Londoner, being born in Compton Street, Soho, 1792. He was apprenticed to the father o. Luke Hansard, the Parliamentary printer. For some time he worked in Belgium. In London he was the most energetic working man who assisted Dr. Birkbeck in establishing Mechanics' Institutions. Though then a Radical politician, he was desirous that working men should have knowledge—the better to use the increase of freedom they were then seeking. In 1830 he was chosen by his Radical colleagues to draw up the "Circular for the Formation of Trades Unions," out of which arose the National Union of the Working Classes; and out of that union arose Char tism.

In 1831, Hetherington commenced to print and publish his famous unstamped paper, the *Poor Man's Guardian*, at one penny, when newspapers were sixpence and ninepence each. This was the first messenger of popular and political intelligence which reached the working classes. Three convictions were soon obtained against him. He was imprisoned for six months and again imprisoned for six months. The names of "Hetherington, Watson, and Cleave" were in the mouths of every newsvendor and mechanic in the three kingdoms, Hetherington's name being always mentioned first. On the title-page of the *Poor Man's Guardian* appeared the candid but perilous words, "Published in defiance of the law, to try the power of right against might." This was not a profitable business. He had to leave his shop disguised, and return to it disguised—sometimes as a Quaker, a waggoner, or a costermonger. After one of his flights he returned to London to see his dying mother, when a Bow Street runner seized him as he was knocking at the door. To distribute his paper, dummy parcels were sent off by persons instructed to make all resistance they could to constables who seized them, and in the meantime real parcels were sent by another road. His shopmen were imprisoned, his premises entered, his property taken, and men were brought into the house by constables who broke up, with blacksmith's hammers, his press and his type; as the reader has seen recounted in the chapter, "The Trouble with Queen Anne."

In 1840 he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for publishing "Haslam's Letters to the Clergy"—a performance which would not disquiet General Booth, and which Mr. Spurgeon would dismiss with the feeble censure of being a "down grade" book. Hetherington defended himself, Lord Denman saying he had "listened to him with sentiments of respect." Acting on the militant advice of Francis Place, Hetherington indicted Moxon for publishing Shelley's works, when Serjeant Talfourd discovered that the power of indicting gentlemen for publishing the works of gentlemen "was a fearful engine of oppression," which led eventually to restriction being put upon that "right of action" dear to the clerical mind. He died in London, 1849, of cholera, through trusting to his habitual temperance and distrust of medical aid At his

burial at Kensal Green, 2,000 persons assembled, and I made the first funeral oration it fell to me to deliver. I spoke from the tomb of "Publicola" of the *Weekly Dispatch*, who had oft defended Hetherington in the dark days of conflict. Hetherington had a strong, honest voice and genial manners. He was the first trade unionist who told his colleagues that the co-operative workshop was the bulwark of the strike, and that they were not to rob any class, but take care no class robbed them—or, as Carlyle put it later, "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not be stolen from."

James Watson was a Malton man (Yorkshire), distinguished as a Radical and Liberal publisher by integrity, courage, and a Puritan inflexibility of character. He came up to London to act as shopman to Richard Carlile, and underwent successive imprisonments when judges were insulting and their sentences merciless. A magistrate being ostentatiously Christian was no guarantee of justice or civility in his time. Becoming familiar with Mr. Owen's views, Hetherington undertook in 1828 the agency of the Co-Operative Store at 36, Red Lion Square, and in 1829 he went through Northern towns promoting the formation of co-operative, political, and free inquiry societies. When he came to London, in 1823, it was to defend Carlile, whom he had never seen, and who was then in Dorchester Gaol. Mrs. Carlile had just been liberated after two years' imprisonment. Carlile's house was then 201, Strand. For selling a copy of Palmer's "Principles of Nature," which nobody cared for then and nobody understands now, Watson was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This was in 1823. Three of his fellow-shopmen were sentenced in 1824 to three years' imprisonment. For ten years the Government did business chiefly in sentences. In 1825, Watson was attacked by cholera, followed by typhus and brain fever. Julian Hibbert took him to his house at Kentish Town and nursed him eight weeks. Watson had learned printing, and Hibbert employed him to set up a Greek work he was writing at that time. Afterwards Hibbert gave Watson press and types, and left him 450 guineas in his will, which Watson spent in bringing out editions of forbidden books. In 1832, when gentlemen went abroad to escape the cholera, and left a Fast Day at home for the poor, Watson was arrested for organising a public

procession of protest against a Fast, when the people needed less labour and more food. Watson and his friends Lovell and Benbow completed their "fast" in the lockup at Bow Street, which was the way to give them cholera. In 1833 he received six months' imprisonment for selling the *Poor Man's Guardian*. In 1834, within a month of his marriage, he was again subjected to six months' imprisonment. But nothing moved him from his purpose. To disparage these sacrifices, it was said in the hostile press that those who incurred imprisonment were fools and were unable to defend themselves. Then they did defend themselves; when the judges made it worse for them. Watson, Hetherington, Carlile, all who defended the right of the free publicity of Radical or unorthodox opinion, were straightforward and defiant. Whether they fought against the Crown or the Church, they denied nothing they had done, they explained nothing away, they evaded nothing, and they never asked for mercy. Watson published Bronterre O'Brien's "Life of Robespierre," and Babœuf's "Conspiracy," and Thomas Cooper's "Purgatory of Suicides." I was his successor in business.

Hetherington and Watson were friends. Neither would accept any business which one thought the other ought to have, or would like to have. Of the same pursuits, they engaged in the same contests, were inspired with the same ideas, worked for the same public objects. Both suffered in the same way, for the same cause. Both regarded the cause they represented as sacred; both had pride; both exalted their principles by their character.

Another who did this was Richard Moore (born in London, 1810), a wood-carver in Hart Street, Bloomsbury. He took an active part in Westminster and Finsbury politics. He was one of the Radicals who acted under the inspiration of Francis Place. He and James Watson married two sisters, who shared their interest in public affairs. The People's Charter was signed by six members of Parliament and six working men. Moore was one of the six, and was one of the Council of the National Political Union of 1830, and of the Chartist Convention of 1839. For twelve years he was chairman of the Association for Repealing the Taxes on Knowledge. Though interested mainly in politics, he was, like Watson and Lovett, active in the Socialist movement of Robert Owen, in which he acquired,

as others did, placability of character. He rendered Mr. Owen aid at Gray's Inn Rooms, when Mr. Owen gave the use of his large apartment on Sundays for his friend Edward Irving to preach in, when he had been expelled from the Scotch Church, Regent's Square, for heresy. Moore, as member of the council of the National Union, took part in opening a political newsroom on Sunday, the first time working men had the independence to do it. Mr. C. D. Collett, in his life of Moore, relates that W. J. Fox approved of it, saying working men had as much right as gentlemen had to enter their newsroom on a Sunday. All his life Moore worked at his trade, never seeking anything for himself. He was unnoticed, because he had no speciality save disinterestedness, energy, and good sense. He had no arrogance, or egotism, or bluster, which destroy political associations among the middle as well as among the working class, where enthusiasm in adherents has often been dissipated by personal ambition in leaders. Moore was the reverse of all this. Never swerving from well-considered principle, abating no demand which was ascertained to be just, never imperilling a claim by putting it forward in an offensive way, he persisted in it to the end. On the way to the end, concession of some portion of the demand became oft imperative. These he would accept, and in due time proceed with the advocacy of the remainder.

When the Lodger Franchise Association of Finsbury closed, Moore himself discharged the balance of its expenses remaining unpaid (£20). As he left little at his death, a presentation was made to Mrs. Moore. Mr. Milner Gibson sent £25, Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., Mr. Cowen, Mr. Novello, and others joined. In these days, when newspapers fill columns with notices of the known who have done nothing, it is but justice to devote a little to the unknown who have done much.

The Rev. Mr. White, the Speaker's chaplain, as was befitting the end of the old Parliamentary Reformer, read the service at his grave in Highgate Cemetery, at which Mr. Joseph Cowen was present, which would have given gratification to Moore could he have known it.

William Lovett, with Watson, Moore, and Hetherington, made a quadrilateral of remarkable working-men politicians. Lovett was a Cornish man. In 1828 he was the first manager

of the Greville Street Co-operative Store, where men afterwards famous, as J. A. Roebuck, J. S. Mill, and others, oft attended meetings for promoting social progress. It was Lovett's hand which drew the People's Charter, which Roebuck revised. Lovett was the first person who drew up and sent to Parliament a petition for opening museums and art galleries on Sunday. In 1839 he was imprisoned two years with John Collins in Warwick Gaol for having issued a protest against the violence of the Government in putting down public meetings in the Bull Ring, Birmingham, by London policemen. Lovett published a scheme, devised in Warwick Gaol, of political education for the people, for he was always for intelligent liberty. Lovett was an excellent political secretary. He observed everything, made notes of everything, and kept everything relating to important conference. His fault was that he had too much suspicion of the motives of others not taking his view of things. Later in life he was teacher and superintendent of the only secular schools we had in London, established and supported by William Ellis, an early colleague of Mr. Mill. Lovett died in 1877, and I spoke at his grave at Highgate, quoting as relating to him the words of W. R. Greg :—"It is not by the monk in his cell, or the saint in his closet, but by the valiant worker in humble sphere and in dangerous days, that the landmarks of liberty are pushed forward"—a sentiment which applies to all of whom I have here written.

CHAPTER CVII.

QUITE A NEW VIEW OF JOHN BRIGHT.

(1850–1889.)

MR. BRIGHT resembled a Company Limited. Compared with average men he was a company in himself, but, not being registered under the Companies Act, few noticed that his trading capital of convictions (if his noble qualities may be so spoken of) was limited. No other simile I can think of so well describes what was not understood about him.

In politics there is more eagerness than observation. Public men are not adequately regarded for what they do, and are often praised for what they do not intend to do. Champions of a popular question are taken to be champions of all that the people desire. Those who have long observed public men know where and on what questions they will fail the people. Hardly ten leaders in a hundred are thorough and can be trusted all round—not so much because they are base, as because they are limited in knowledge or sympathy, and are for a question without knowing or caring for the principle of it. The safe rule is to accord leaders full credit for the service they do render, and not count on more, unless they give reason for such expectation.

The Tory hatred of Mr. Bright which long prevailed was without foundation, and the eulogies passed upon him since his death for merits but lately discerned, have given the public no consistent or complete idea what manner of man he was politically. Not being under youthful illusions as to public men is an advantage. I may do them more justice for the service they do render, and not defame them, nor feel disap-

pointment at their not doing what is not and never was, in their nature to do.

Mr. Bright was not a political tribune of the people, though his fame was political. He was a social tribune—though he was against Socialism. Working men distrusted Mr. Bright when he first became known to them, because he was against the Factory Acts, which he regarded as opposed to free trade between employer and workman, and did not see that where humanity comes in, humanity is to be respected, and is not to be subjected to laws of barter. Mr. Bright was for Free Trade before everything, and the Chartists were of the same mind, being for political freedom before everything. We have lived to see men of higher position than Chartists persist in their own views to the peril of every other interest. Mr. Bright professed no sympathy with Chartist aims, and they knew he was not with them; but when Free Trade brought them better wages and fuller employment they respected Mr. Bright for his defence of it, and when he advocated the suffrage they thought he was with them in their political theories, not seeing that Mr. Bright was still Conservative, and moving in a plane apart from them. He never expressed sympathy for struggling nationalities. The patriots of Poland—of Hungary, of Italy, of France—never had help from his voice. He was silent on Neapolitan and Austrian oppression which moved the heart of Mr. Gladstone. He was incapable of approving the perjury and usurpation of Louis Napoleon, but no protest came from him. He was for the extension of the suffrage, because it was a necessity—not because it was a right. With him the franchise was a means to an end, and that end was the creation of a popular force for the maintenance of Free Trade, international peace, and public economy. Politically, he regarded the voter not as a man, but as an elector—nor did he think it necessary that all men should be electors. He was content if the majority of the people had a determining power, and whatever franchise gave this was sufficient in his eyes. He had no sympathy with manhood suffrage, and less for womanhood suffrage. He believed in the aristocracy of sex, and thought the political equality of women unnecessary, a perplexing and disturbing element in electoral calculations. That manhood suffrage gave dignity to the individual, by investing him with power and

responsibility, was not much in his mind. Womanhood suffrage, enabling half the human race to bring their quicker, gentler, and juster influence to bear on public affairs in which their welfare and that of their children are concerned, was outside Mr. Bright's sympathies.

There are two sorts of Tories—those who seek power for ends of personal supremacy; and the better sort, who seek to retain power in order to do good, but the good is to be good they give the people—the Tory belief being that the people cannot be trusted to determine what is good for themselves. Mr. Bright was better than the better sort of Tories. He believed a majority of the people were to be trusted. So far he was for Liberalism—but he was for Liberalism Limited. The Whigs of 1832 put down boroughmongering and entrusted the franchise to a "worshipful company of ten-pound householders." Mr. Bright was for enlarging that company by the admission of six-pound householders. When the Duke of Wellington heard new prayers read which were not to be found in the old, crude prayer book of the Established Church, he refused to join in them, as being "fancy prayers." Following in the Duke's steps Mr. Bright contemptuously called any new scheme of enfranchisement, which increased the number of electors indefinitely, "fancy franchises."[1] The Duke was for addressing Heaven by regulation prayers, and in the same spirit Mr. Bright was for "standing on the old lines." He was against working-class representation just as the Tories were against middle-class representation. Those in possession always think they sufficiently represent those excluded. Mr. Bright was of this way of thinking. He had this defence: he meant to be just to all outsiders, and did not deem it necessary that they should be able to enforce their own claim in person. Later he applied this doctrine to the whole Irish nation.

He was against the ascendency of the Church as allied to the State, not because its ascendency was an offence against equality, but because it was contrary to the simplicity of Christ's teaching as he read it, and because a State Church gave religious sanction to State war. As a man Mr. Bright put Christianity in the

[1] He applied this phrase to my proposal, that proof of intelligence, such as a workman could give and which I defined, should be a certificate of enfranchisement.

first place as a personal influence—as a politician he regarded it chiefly as a public force to be appealed to on behalf of social welfare. What he hated was injustice ; what he abhorred was cruelty, whether of war or slavery ; what he cared for was the comfort and prosperity of common people. Whatever stood in the way of these things he would withstand, whether the opposing forces were spiritual principalities, or peers, or thrones. If they fell, it would be their own fault—the forces of humanity must triumph. He would not set up privilege, nor would he put it down—provided it behaved itself. He was no leveller, he envied no rank, he coveted no distinction ; but he was for the honest, industrious people, whether manufacturers or workmen, having control over their own interests—come what would.

It was to this end that he opposed the Corn Laws and advocated Free Trade and the repeal of the taxes on knowledge. He desired that the people might learn what their social interests were. He was for the extension of the suffrage, that those who came to understand their commercial and industrial interests should be able to insist upon attention, and not have to supplicate for it. If the governing classes had given heed to social interests, Mr. Bright would never have invoked the power of the people. Like Canning, he was for calling in a "new world" [of power] to redress the persistent injustice of "the old." He would no more have sought the suffrage than Robert Owen would the support of the people, if his aims could have been realised without them. Owen went from court to court ; he waited in the ante-chamber of Sidmouth and Liverpool in vain ; and when courts and Ministers gave no heed he appealed to the people. Because he did so, Liberals and Radicals thought he was with them, but all the while he was a Tory. Bright, like Owen, cared for the people more than for theories ; and the people, whose principles were opposed to thrones, thought the great social tribune was with them all through. This was the mistake which they, and wiser men than they, have made. Bright aided the extinction of slavery because it shocked his sense of justice and humanity ; but had the slave been well treated, and not bought and sold and flogged, he might, like Owen, have seen no such harm in it as to warrant the disturbance of States to put it down. But when its immorality and cruelty became authentically known

to Bright, his noble sense of humanity was outraged, and his splendid eloquence, like O'Connell's, was exerted on behalf of the slave.

He was friendly to co-operators—he spoke for their protection, but never in favour of their principle. Like Bastiat, he believed in the divinity of competition. He was at once the advocate of Peace and Competition — the principle of sleepless and pitiless resistance to the interests of others. With him adulteration was but a form of competition. This is true. But if adulteration be its concomitant, that is the condemnation of both. Mr. Bright thought this reasoning Utopian.

Mr. Bright, like Mr. Disraeli, had little respect for philosophers. He did not dread them like Lord Beaconsfield, but he mistrusted them in politics. The region of the philosopher is the region of the possible. Bright's mind ran always in the region of the practical. His tendency was to regard new rights as "fads." The philosophers laid down new lines—he was content with the old. He, as I have said, ridiculed a franchise founded upon intelligence, as a "fancy franchise." Yet he sat in the House himself under a "fancy franchise." The concession which enabled the Quaker to affirm was a "fancy franchise;" the Jews were brought into the House by a "fanciful" alteration of the oath to meet their tribal but honourable fastidiousness. It was not well that he should have contempt for new paths discovered by thought; but he was not without merit in his preference for established roads, since many men give all their time to searching for new precepts who would be the better for practising the good ones they already have.

If, however, the great Tribune had the characteristics herein described, the reader will ask, "How is it that he was so widely mistaken for an aggressive and uncompromising Liberal?" Most men think that because a man goes down the same street with them he is going to the same place. Bright accepted the aid of the men of right, without sympathy with the passion for right, beyond the helpfulness of its advocates in the attainment of the public ends he cared for. Cobden did the same, but he owned it, and sought such aid. Bright did neither, but did not decline alien aid when it came. He was the terror of the Tories, and they never discerned that he was their friend. He opposed them for what they did, not for what they were.

When riotous Radicals of 1832 had became fat and contented middle-class manufacturers, and were shrieking as dismally as Conservatives against a transfer of power to workmen, Mr. Bright, deserted by his compeers in Parliament, appeared alone on provincial platforms, pleading for larger enfranchisement. Members of Parliament, themselves Liberals, thought the question of the suffrage hopeless for years to come, and said to me, "Why does Bright go about flogging a dead horse?" Tories expressed contemptuous scorn for his enthusiasm. Had he been silent or supine, working men would be without substantial enfranchisement now. What Ebenezer Elliott wrote of Cobbett they may, with a change of name, say of Bright :—

> "Our friend when other friend we'd none,
> Our champion when we had but one;
> Cursed by all knaves, beneath this sod
> Brave John Bright lies—a man by God."

Yet he had limits in his mind beyond which he would not, and did not, go. In 1870, he deprecated the admission of working men in Parliament as likely to increase the evils of class legislation, yet all the while the House of Commons is, and always has been, full of class interests. Mr. Bright and his friend Cobden were the great representatives of the middle class, yet he did not propose that middle-class representation should cease so that the evils of class representation might cease or diminish. If any class at all ought to be represented in the House of Commons, surely it is the working class, who exceed all other classes in numbers and usefulness in the State. But the idea of democracy was not in his mind, and women, as part of the human race, having political interests was simply abhorrent to him. He was always for the Crown, the Bible, and the Constitution as much as any Conservative. He was against the Tories—when they put passion in the place of principle and their interests in the place of duty—but not otherwise.

It is quite a vulgar error to suppose that the democracy are more undiscerning than patricians. They made as many mistakes about Mr. Bright as the people did. An illustrious poet could write of him as :—

> "This broad-brimmed brawler of holy things,
> Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and sings
> Even in dreams, to the chink of his pence."

True, this was said long ago. But no one who personally knew Bright, at his advent in public affairs, could think this. Bright was no "brawler of holy things." Sincerity and reverence were always deep in his heart. There was no "cotton in his ears." He knew Free Trade and peace would benefit the manufacturer, but would benefit the people more. No politician of his day was less influenced by the "chink of his pence" than John Bright. Carlyle, with all his clamorous philosophy, made the same mistake as the poet, in his contemptuous remark upon the "cock-nosed Rochdale Radical," who had as fair a nose as the scornful "Sage of Chelsea."

All the while Mr. Bright's eloquence was directed to the maintenance of an honest garrison in the fortress of authority. He was the one platform warder of the constitution, but it must minister to freedom and justice. He spoke no word against the throne from his first speech until his last. Quakers ask protection from power; they never seek to subvert power. Their doctrine of non-resistance makes them the natural allies of monarchs. Penn had the ear of Charles II. Edmundson had ready audience of King James. Shillitoe prayed with the Emperor of Russia, who knelt by Shillitoe's side. Quakers were not spies against freedom, but honest reporters of wrong done, whose honest impartial word kings could trust. Mr. Bright was always of the Quaker mind. He regarded authority as of God, but he held that authority was responsible for righteous rule. He was a courtier with an honest conscience. He was for the perpetuity of the Crown, and also, and more so, for the welfare of the people. In one of his great speeches he avowed:—

> "There is a yet augüster thing,
> Veiled though it be, than Parliament or King."

Mr. Bright was always for freedom of conscience, and equally for freedom of action, at the dictate of conscience. "Are mankind to stand still?" he asked in one of his earlier speeches. He was for order, but with order there must be progress. It was this conviction which made him insurgent against the policy of doing nothing. Now he is gone, there is no great popular Conservative force left, save Mr. Gladstone.

CHAPTER CVIII.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF MR. BRIGHT.

(1850–1889.)

Of Mr. Bright's political appreciation of orthodoxy, an instance occurred in connection with the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. It was proposed that I should move, and Mr. C. D. Collet second, an amendment at the London Tavern, at a public meeting convened by Mr. Peter Borthwick, M.P., for the purpose of founding a separate association for repealing the Paper duty, leaving out the repeal of the Stamp duty, which he did not desire—the Tories being opposed to it, and being also against the abolition of the newspaper stamp, which prevented the people having newspapers in their interests. Mr. C. D. Collet, the secretary, defended my being appointed to make the anti-Borthwick speech, on the ground that I was the most likely person to perform a disagreeable duty in the least disagreeable manner. Mr. Bright, when told of the appointment, objected on the score of policy—it not being advisable that the society should be represented on so conspicuous an occasion by a person of my known opinions on other subjects. "We might be described by the enemy as a society of atheists." Mr. Cobden, who was always for carrying a point by whatever force was at hand, said, when the arrangement was mentioned to him, that "for his part he saw no objection to my moving the amendment in question, as he would accept the assistance of the devil in a justifiable enterprise, provided he observed such regard to personal appearances as might preclude his identity at an untimely moment." As I was considered a person who would fulfil these conditions, I

was appointed. There was no doubt in any mind as to my identity with the sable agitator who had been named. I and Mr. Collet made our speeches, and our resolution was carried. Mr. Milner Gibson, who had remained in an ante-room until the success of the motion was clear, came forward and took part in the meeting, it being thought best that he should not appear at all, unless Mr. Borthwick's proposal was doomed to defeat. Thus it came to pass that the resolution against Mr. Borthwick's separatist project was carried (January 2, 1851), and the Advertisement Duty, the Newspaper Stamp, and the Paper Tax were kept unitedly before Parliament until they were all repealed. Mr. Bright's objection to me was on grounds of policy alone. Personally he was always friendly to me.

As I have said, he possessed a strong sense of personal religion; there was no narrowness in his judgments. He cared more for the conduct of men than for their professions. A Cabinet colleague of Mr. Bright has related that one day objection was made by some one as to the opinions he supposed me to hold, when Mr. Bright, who was present, stopped him by saying, "Holyoake is a very good Christian, and does not know it."

At the burial of Samuel Lucas, the editor of the *Morning Star*, I accompanied Mr. Bright to the grave of his sister, who died soon after her marriage. She was considered beautiful, as most of the Bright family are. Afterwards, speaking of many things, I asked him if he remembered a Moslem said to have been in his father's employ who was considered a famous manipulator of colours.[1] The man was unable, even for reward, to communicate his secret. His sense of the quality of colour was an instinct, and he decided the proportions by feeling (by feelth as the Saxons would say more expressively) on passing the colour through his fingers. On my early visits to Rochdale I often heard him spoken of by workmen, he being a foreigner and a Mohammedan. He attended church and passed as a Christian during his lifetime. When, however, his end came, it was found that he had the Koran under his pillow, and that he turned his face to Mecca to die. Christianity did very well for him to live by, but he could not trust it to

[1] Mr. Bright did not remember him. Mr. J. A. Bright tells me there is no tradition of him in the family, and he must have worked elsewhere in Rochdale.

die by. In the most unoriental of towns—Rochdale—he preserved his trust in his Oriental faith. Mr. Bright was much interested in the story of the man. He might, had he been in Mr. Bright's employ, have lived openly as a Moslem, and no disadvantage would have accrued to him on the part of his employer. Mr. Bright had in his works men of all political, religious, speculative, and socialistic convictions, who never had reason to conceal their opinions from him.

The last time I saw Mr. Bright was at One Ash, his residence in Rochdale, a few months before his death. He showed me the political presents in his rooms, especially those from America, and pointed out portraits of members of his family known to me. We conversed on many things. He was the same to me as ever, although he knew that with his later opinions I could never be brought to agree—even by the aid of machinery.

He was the friend of his workpeople ; respecting their views, he asked no questions, but they might ask him any, and he was often stopped in the mill yard when his advice was wished in some personal trouble. A visitor might at times see Mr. Bright, while walking home, overtake one of his waggoners, and converse with him as they went along, side by side.

At Lord Palmerston's desire, conveyed to me by Mr. Thornton Hunt, I undertook to ascertain whether Mr. Bright would take office, being of opinion myself that it was not advantageous for a great leader to remain outside the Cabinet, to criticise it for not doing more, and not to go in when it was open to him and attempt to do what he could, where his presence would at least be a deterrent influence against evil measures to some extent. Mr. Bright thought differently, and he was more competent than myself to form an opinion upon that proposal, which concerned himself alone. Years later, when, in obedience to what he was assured was the public interest, and under the influence of Mr. Gladstone's friendship, Mr. Bright took office, he had to present himself to the Queen as one of her Ministers. The Queen, with that personal consideration by which she was often distinguished, remembering that Mr. Bright was a Quaker and might have scruples at kneeling to a monarch, who refused to uncover his head in the presence of God—therefore caused it to be made known to Mr.

Bright that he might, if he pleased, omit the ceremony of kneeling *on* kissing hands. A friend of Mr. Bright's, thinking this act of fine consideration for the feelings of others ought to be made public, asked me to state it. When I had ascertained that there was no objection to the fact being mentioned in print, I communicated it to the *Newcastle Chronicle;* but either from misreading or from the printer having no letter "n" in his case, it was printed "or" instead of "on"; and it went forth that Mr. Bright was at liberty to dispense with kneeling *or* kissing hands on his presentation to the Queen, which was quite a superfluous concession, as a Quaker is never wanting in ceremonial courtesy to a lady, and Mr. Bright—himself a Monarchist by conviction—would never demur to kissing the Queen's hands. The paragraph was copied into *The Times* with the same error in it; it went through the press in the same way. Mr. Camden Hotten, in his edition of the "Speeches of John Bright," repeated it. I wrote to the *New York Tribune* correcting the error in America. Nevertheless, owing to the error of a single letter, it has passed into English history that Mr. Bright neither knelt nor kissed hands when he became Minister of the Crown.

Mr. Paulton, who knew as much as most men of the early history of the Anti-Corn Law League, told me that both "Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were taught and confirmed" in the principles of commercial freedom they espoused by Mr. Thomas Thomasson. Mr. Thomasson was a manufacturer of Bolton, who understood the political economy of trade better than any other manufacturer of his day. Mr. Thomasson being a Quaker, it was natural that Mr. Bright should be impressed by him. The first time Mr. Bright went out to deliver a lecture, he was doubtful of his success. He had well considered what he would say, but on his way to the hall he called upon Mr. Thomasson to take his advice as to the quality of his arguments. Mr. Paulton said Mr. Cobden had often consulted Mr. Thomasson in a similar way.

CHAPTER CIX.

MR. BRIGHT'S ORATORICAL METHOD AND MANNER OF MIND.

(1850–1889.)

THOUGH engaged in business, with little time to spare for study, Mr. Bright became a great orator—on the principle explained by the Irishman, who said "a short sleep did for him, because when he slept he paid attention to it." Force of expression was natural to Mr. Bright. His fine voice and public applause made him conscious that excellence in public speaking was possible to him. But force and finish of expression came slowly. The great speeches of Sheridan and Fox do not—from such accounts as we have of them—justify their great reputation. That is owing probably to their not being adequately reported. When a speaker is master of his subject and sure of his terms, an exact report will give him fame. But if his speech be summarised, his reputation may suffer—unless he who makes the summary is capable of making the speech. Dr. Johnson was a man of this capacity, and his summaries made the fame of the orators of whose speeches he condescended to give an account. Porson said: "Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them, but Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again." Fox got himself out before his auditors, by his overmastering energy, but his reader needed aid. Pitt's later speeches, fully reported (as I judge from reading some of them), had captivating fluency. When Bright's speeches are read, they justify the reputation assigned to them. He moved the hearers as Danton and Mirabeau did the audiences they addressed. Mr. Beresford

Hope's description of Mr. Bright—when he was advanced in years—as "the white lion of Birmingham" could best be understood by those who heard him. One night, at Birmingham, when he had delivered a long, forcible, but not brilliant speech, on Ireland, a vote of thanks was accorded to him late in the evening. In acknowledging the vote, there came a storm of oratory from him awakening a fury of enthusiasm in the somewhat languid meeting. "If you, my countrymen," he exclaimed, "are unanimous that justice should be done to Ireland, it shall be done." He spoke the words as though he were the tribune of the kingdom, and his resolute and commanding tone gave the impression that he was able to cause it to come to pass.

In the earlier elections in which Mr. Bright was concerned in Birmingham, he spoke at various ward meetings, when his language was often disjointed, and sometimes incomplete. It might be owing to the work of inferior or wearied reporters to some extent, but the language was that of an ordinary and excited speaker. Mr. Bright himself might be exhausted, but the defects of style were such as exhaustion would not occasion. It was the original manner, which cultivation had not then effaced.

At a Covent Garden meeting, October, 1843, Mr. Bright, in the course of his speech in defence of Free Trade, exclaimed :—

> "Oh! then, innocently brave,
> We will wrestle with the wave
> Where commerce spreads her daring sail,
> And yokes her naval chariots to the gale."

The loud and long-continued cheering evoked was owing to the orator's manner rather than his matter. Twenty-five years later Mr. Bright showed far greater taste in selecting quotations from the poets. Speaking in Birmingham on January 13, 1868, he said—

> "Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will,
> A word's enough to rouse mankind to kill,
> Some cunning phrase by faction caught and spread
> That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed."

There was instruction as well as honest rage in these lines.

At the Anti-Corn Law meeting of 1843, as may be read in

the *League* newspaper reports and elsewhere at that period, Mr. Bright told us, in various terms, that the cost of the army and navy was maintained in the interest of the upper class. Twenty-five years later I heard him recur to this idea at a banquet in the Birmingham Town Hall, but no longer in the crude form of earlier days. The flint-headed hatchet was exchanged for a flashing scimitar. He said that "the army and navy were but a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy." The effect upon the audience was notable. The satire of the expression was caught at first only by the quicker part of the audience, who cheered—when immediately a larger number saw the point and the cheering was doubled—then everybody saw it, and the hall resounded with cheering and laughter and striking the plates with knife and fork. The next day Lord Lyttelton wrote a letter denying that the words were cheered : but the banquet committee had to pay a considerable sum for breakages which occurred at that particular time.

Some years later Mr. Bright was speaking at St Martin's Hall. Mr. Ayrton came in. It was on the day of, or the day after, the great Reform procession which had passed through the Mall. Complaints had been made by the Tories that the procession should have been allowed so near Buckingham Palace. Mr. Ayrton uttered reproaches of the Queen that she had not condescended to witness it Then Mr. Bright arose and made his famous defence of the Queen. He could not foresee that Mr. Ayrton would come in, nor foreknow what he would say—yet his language was as perfect as though premeditated. I sat by him as he spoke, and concluded from that night that a style of dignity and grace had become habitual to him. In earlier years he had spoken of the Queen at Covent Garden meetings with studied respectfulness, but never with the felicity of phrase which he had now acquired. He had the voice of an organ, at once strong and harmonious, which swelled but never screeched. A resolute face and a resolute tone gave him a commanding manner, which, united to a stately way of thinking, gave him ascendency in oratory. Disregarding details, he put the relevance of a question so strongly that it is difficult to express in other words the same idea with equal force. This is the mark of the style we call Shakespearean,

Miltonic, or Tennysonian—noble thought put in unchangeable terms. A single passage in one of his orations makes clear his method of speech. "I believe, he said, "there is no permanent greatness to a nation, except it be based on morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown ; I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am ; but crown, coronets, mitres, military displays, pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, and stately mansions do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage." Here is the Homeric, realistic tread of simplicity and power—not among metaphysical abstractions which flit before the mind like shadows, but among men and things palpable to every mind and touching living interests.

The Quaker gets from his self-chosen faith self-sufficiency, concentration, and force, and to this Bright owed his simplicity, directness and massiveness of speech.

In his earlier speeches he made furious personal imputations upon the landlords of the aristocracy who stood in the way of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. They thought he hated them. That was their mistake. On the contrary, he said that, if they would take the part of the people, he should welcome them in council and would "defer to their opinions."

Mr. Bright's invective was owing to his Quaker belief, and he was never free from invective. An everyday man will think his adversary has some common sense, and that if facts could be put before him his opinion would change. But a Quaker says, "I have an inner light which tells me what the truth is, and what is more, you have the same inner light which tells you the truth, and you are sinning against it." The true Quaker regards the "inner light" as the very voice of God, and is more wroth in terms than other men, and has more difficulty in forgiving dissent from his views.

Though a peace-lover from humanity as well as from faith, I once heard Mr. Bright express interest in battle. It was the third year of the American war, and the House of Commons

derided his predictions of the success of the Union, because it had obtained no signal advantages in the field. An eminent American came down to the House and spoke with Mr. Bright on their prospects. Mr. Bright said to me, "If they would give us a victory, we should soon put things right here"—meaning in the House of Commons.

There hung, some years ago, in the National Portrait Gallery, a portrait of George Fox in leathern garments, with a face of great sensual beauty. No wonder the women of fifty towns were in love with him. The portrait inspired me with respect for a man of his nature, who gave up the worship of women for his life in gaols. Seeing Mr. Bright in one of the rooms, I said, "Go and see George Fox's portrait," which he had not noticed; "you will understand why he came to wear a leather dress and attain his strange ascendency." He went to see it, and took Mrs. Bright with him, who was then in town.

Mr. Bright never distinguished that sentimentality is the sense of what ought to be, and practicality is the sense of what can be. He had both senses, though he denied it. One night, in the Smoke Room of the House of Commons, I asked him to present a petition for me upon a question he thought unattainable. Seeing a Minister near, he said, "Take it to him. He parts his hair down the middle. He is a man of sentiment—just the man for you." He forgot that he came from the Puritan stock who all parted their hair. He was himself a shareholder in the *Morning Star*. All London was amazed when the hard-headed Manchester school elected to be represented by the sentimental title of old Utopian journals.

Mr. Bright had moral imagination beyond any political orator of my time. The ethical passion glowed in his speeches. It was that which won for him popular trust. One night he had quoted in Parliament George Fox—whom he did not name—a fine passage to the effect—When death shall divest the soul of its human garments of passions and prejudices, and we come to know ourselves as we are, we shall wonder to find how much our intentions have been the same. Speaking to Mr. Bright as he came out of the House, I said: "That peroration was a sermon which only you would have the courage to preach there, and from you only would they listen to it." He answered, "This is a House where sermons are more needed than any place I know."

It may be said of Mr. Bright as Ben Jonson said of Lord Bacon, "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare, or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressingly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. He commanded where he spoke. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end."

One morning, at a breakfast at Mr. Gladstone's, he said, "I want to speak to you about your book," meaning the "History of Co-operation in England," which he had permitted me to dedicate to him. "There is only one thing in which I think you wrong. You speak of capital as injurious in itself." I said that was not in my mind. He answered quickly, putting his hand on my shoulder, "But it is in your book." This was true. I had not distinguished that it was certain acts of capitalists which I deprecated.

In 1882, I took to America the fine, almost life-size photograph of Mr. Bright, by Mayall, which I presented to my friend James Charlton, of Chicago. That represents Bright as he appeared when he took the floor in Parliament, with fire and defiance in his face. The *Century* gave an engraving of it. Mr. G. W. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, was to write a paper on Bright. Not being able to do it at the time, it was given to Mr. Escott, a coadjutor of Captain Hamber on the *Hour*. I was indignant at seeing Mr. Bright depicted before the American nation by dashes of Tory disparagement, and resented it wherever I wrote.

One orator whom Mr. Bright would never admit that he equalled, was Wendell Phillips, whom he regarded, he said, "as the greatest orator who spoke the English tongue." In 1879, as Mr. Phillips was showing me the memorable buildings in State Street, Boston, Mr. Bright's son came up. He was visiting America at the time, and I introduced Mr. Phillips to him. Mr. Phillips took off his hat and stood uncovered all the time of the interview, after the Indian manner of doing honour to the father by treating his son with distinction. I wrote Mr. Bright of this fine act of courtesy on the part of Mr. Wendell Phillips. On my return to England he passed me on the platform of the Birmingham Town Hall as he was about to address

his constituents. Not expecting to meet me so soon he turned back and said, "Why, Holyoake, you are always *somewhere*."

During several years I heard all the principal debates in the House of Commons. For two sessions he was continually assailed for his Franchise speeches. So constantly was this done, that every measure he was supposed to favour was condemned, until it seemed that his sympathy with a Liberal bill was dangerous to it. All the while the Tory party had come to see that he was right and had made up their minds to further enfranchisement, and this was the way in which they disguised the concession which had become inevitable. It was exactly the case described by the American poet at the collapse of the Slaveholder's Confederacy:—

> "Not all at once did the skunk curl up;
> We saw it bounce and heard it lie—
> But all the while it was looking about
> For a hole in which to die."

Shortly after, Mr. Bright became the most popular man in the House and the country, and his approval valuable to politicians in difficulties.

The views of Mr. Bright's character I have described are such as impressed me who knew him in movements he liked and in those he disliked. Despite his avowed contempt for sentiment, he was the most sentimental member of the House of Commons. He had the same aversion to philosophers as Lord Beaconsfield, but for different reasons. He had great humility, as Mr. Gladstone has; but in Mr. Bright it was the humility of genius falling below its own ideal—in Mr. Gladstone it is the humility of duty falling short of the obligation of service due to the Giver of his great powers. Mr. Bright was no friend of democracy; he had no sympathy for it. With political principles, as thinkers define them, he little troubled. His great passions were for justice, public prosperity, the comfort and contentment of the people. To these ends he devoted his great powers. Of these he was the foremost champion of our time. All else was to him as though it were not. As far as he was concerned, thrones might stand. To him intellectual rights were impracticable ideals. But within the limits in which his mind ranged he commanded the admiration and gratitude of the English people.

This is why the people had honour for Mr. Bright, and put trust in him. He was a Liberal who strove for progress, vindicated it, pleaded for it, urged it forward, attacked all who withstood it. A Tory studies how he can stop it—defames it, obstructs it, and denounces all who are friendly to it: and when, despite of him, it comes to pass, he claims to have originated it.

When Mr. Bright's last illness came, bulletins went out which led the press to make remarks that his end was near. Mr. Bright might not see the papers, but they could not but affect his attendants, and he was too quick an observer not to divine foreboding in their faces; so it came to pass by a friendly suggestion to the bulletin maker that they were less frequent and more placid. Mr. Bright was always cheered by friendly remembrances by his townsmen, and, having to address a great meeting of co-operators in Rochdale, representing twelve thousand of his neighbours, I moved that we sent a message (not a condolence) to him, saying—

"That this assembly, celebrating the forty-fourth anniversary of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, desires to send to Mr. Bright a message of regard for acts of neighbourly friendship and counsel to the early Pioneers, and for his aid in Parliament in procuring legal protection for societies of self-help in their unfriended days. The Rochdale members send him their grateful wishes. They know he is sustained by a simple and noble faith, and by a conscience rich in a thousand memories of services to those who dwell in cottages or labour in our towns. The days of one who gave his strength for the benefit of the people ought to be "long in the land," and they who send him this message are glad to believe that his days will be yet long extended."

It gave Mr. Bright pleasure. It was the only resolution of sympathy made public having no dash of the undertaker in it.

He was the friend of industrious working people everywhere; what is more, he had personal friendliness towards them, and sympathy with them, and helped them in difficulty, in old age, and need, as his own work-people knew. His choice was to dwell among his own people. He lived among them, he died

among them ; he elected to be buried among them, and he left the lustre of his name to their town.

What Lord Tennyson said of the Duke of Wellington may be written on the tomb of Mr. Bright :—

> " His voice is silent in your council hall
> For ever ; . . . yet remember all
> He spoke among you, and the man who spoke
> Who never sold the truth to serve the hour."

A new fact concerning Mr. Bright, which illustrates his noble passion for justice beyond all instances I have known, has just been published in the Rochdale Congress Handbook. There is in that town, works known as the Mitchell Hey Mill, started by workmen on co-operative principles, giving the right of profit to all concerned in making it. As soon as the shareholders were numerous enough, they took the workmen's shares of profit from them. "Mr. Bright expressed disapproval of the decision," and meeting one of the co-operative leaders (Mr. A. Greenwood) "inquired if it could not be reversed. A large number of Members of Parliament had taken great interest in the experiment, and he also knew," he said, "manufacturers who would have been quite willing to allow workmen to share in a certain amount of the profits." Mr. Bright accepted the principle that a share in profit was included in equity to labour ; and had Mitchell Hey Mill been permitted to prove that equity could succeed in manufacture, he would have put his own mills on the same plan.

CHAPTER CX.

ORIGIN OF SECULARISM.

(1850–1890.)

As my name has been associated with Secularism for forty years, and as I have no intention of disconnecting myself from it, nor evading any responsibility for having originated it, I give some account of it before ending the present autobiographical series.

Not seeing in my youth what better I could do in a world where no one seemed infallible than to think for myself, led to my acquiring opinions different from other people. For a time it distressed me very much to find that I differed from the world, until it occurred to me that the world differed from me; then I had no more anxiety. Those who believe because others believe the same, are without claim to authority; while those who hold opinions because they have thought them out for themselves, have used the same liberty I had taken, and I was guilty neither of presumption nor singularity. If the world differed from me, it was doubtless in self-defence, and if I differed from the world, it was in self-protection. And, as the world did not make any arrangement to answer for my opinions, it was but common sense that I should myself select the principles for which I was to be responsible.

At Carlile's lecture, to which he invited me,[1] he took the line he adopted in his *Christian Warrior*, in which he taught that a scientific and mythologic explanation could be given of the main facts of the Bible. When I spoke, I explained the ideas from which I never departed—namely, that mythologic and astronomic modes of accounting for scriptural doctrine could

[1] See "Carlile the Publisher," vol. i. chap. xxxv. p. 87.

never be made intelligible and convincing except to students of very considerable research. Such theories, I contended, must rest, more or less, on conjectural interpretation, which could never command the popular mind nor enable a working man to dare the understanding of others in argument. Scientific interpretation, I maintained, lay entirely outside Christian acquirements, and seemed to them as disingenuous evasions of what they take to be obvious truths. My contention was —"The people have no historic or critical knowledge enabling them to judge of the authenticity or genuineness of the Scriptures — their astronomic or mythologic origin. That controversy must always be confined to scholars. On the platform he who has most knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, or Latin will always be able to silence any dissentient who has not equal information and reputation for learning and research. If by accident a controversialist happened to have this knowledge, it goes for nothing as authority, unless he has credit for classical competency. In matters of controversy it is not enough for a man to know; he must be known to know, before his conclusions can have acceptance. To myself it was not of moment whether the Scriptures were authentic or inspired. My sole inquiry was—Do they contain clear moral guidance which would increase our certainty of aid from God? If they do, I accept that guidance with implicitness and gratitude. If I find maxims obviously useful and true, judged by human experience, I adopt them, whether given by inspiration or not. If precepts did not answer to this test, they were not acceptable, though all the apostles in committee had signed them. To miracles I did not object, nor did I see any sense in endeavouring to explain them way. We all have reason to regret that no one performs them now. It was our misfortune that the power delegated with so much pomp of promise to the saints had not descended to these days. If any preacher or deacon could, in this day, feed five thousand men on a few loaves and a few small fishes, and leave as many baskets of fragments as would run a workhouse for a week, the Poor Law Commissioners would make a king of that saint. But if a precept enjoined me to believe what was not true, it would be a base precept, and all the miracles in the Scriptures could not alter its character: while, if a precept be honest and just, no miracle is wanted to

attest it—indeed, a miracle, to allure credence in it, would only cast suspicion on its genuineness. The moral test of the Scriptures was sufficient, and the only one that had popular education in it, and needed neither ridicule, nor scorn, nor bitterness to enforce it, since it had the commanding advantage of appealing to the common sense and best sense of all sorts and conditions of men, of Christian or of Pagan persuasion. Ethical criticism has this further merit, that on the platform of discussion the miner, the weaver, or farm labourer, are on the same level as the priest. A man goes to Heaven upon his own judgment: whereas, if his belief is based on the learning of others, he goes to Heaven second hand."

My mind being given to open thought, I came to consider whether a simple theory of ethical duty was possible, which would save from indifference the increasing class of thinkers who regarded the theology then in vogue as *vague*, uncertain, irrelevant, or untrue. It seemed to me that doing good was being good—that it was good to do good, and that if a God of Goodness existed he would count goodness as merit; and if no such God did exist, goodness was the best thing men could do in this world. It was best for ourselves for its satisfaction and its example, and it was best for others as they would profit by it. It was not less plain that there was no mode of doing good open to us so certain as by *material* means. What were called spiritual means could not be depended on; the preacher who put his trust in aid from above still found it necessary to take up a collection. Looking to Providence for protection against epidemics or famine, still left a good deal for physicians and Poor Law Guardians to do. Those who, like Mr. Spurgeon, could fill their meal barrels by prayer, had no unfailing formula they could patent, of which the public could purchase the royalty. Clearly science is the only Providence which can be depended upon. Therefore, the morality of duty and material effort were the practical precepts of Life, yielding preservation in this world, and furnishing the best credentials to present in any other.

These principles being few, practical, and demonstrable to any capable of observation and reflection, they constituted an independent code of conduct which, owing nothing to ancient revelations, adherents of such views were under no obligation to

waste time in reconciling the truth of to-day with error of the past. Distinct from received opinion, the form here described is at least equal to it, for, in the words of the Oriental motto before cited, "There is no religion higher than Truth." Secularism, it was hoped, would aid the "coming of the kingdom of man," to which Professor Clifford looked forward.

In my youth I had borne the burden of theologic hopes and fears until my mind ached, and if I could lead others into a simpler, surer, and brighter way, I was wishful to do so. The "Principles of Secularism," which I published, were submitted to the better judgment of others. Not being a fanatic, insisting on opinions without reason or relevance; nor a prophet claiming authority for his word; nor having a "mission" for which there was no necessity; but being one of the few persons extant who had no impression of his own infallibility, I sought confirmation from better instructed minds. One was Mr. John Stuart Mill, who approved my proposal as a useful departure from the theologic thought of the day, ever obstructive of secular improvement. The reader may see the nature of these principles in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" in an article which I wrote at the request of the editor, who "wished an account of Secularism by one responsible for it, and not one by a dissentient, which might be a caricature." Professor Francis William Newman, to whom I was indebted for the better expression of some points than was possible to me, regarded all who believed that duty to man is prior in time and importance to duty to God, as Secularists—and in this sense he might be so classed himself, though he maintains Theism with a noble earnestness like that of Theodore Parker.

That this secular form of opinion implies Atheism is an error into which many fall. Secularism, like mathematics, is independent of theistical or other doctrine. Euclid did not ignore the gods of his day; he did not recognise them in geometry. They were not included in it. But if pagan theology undertook to contradict mathematical principle, Euclid might have joined issue thereupon. But his province was geometry. At one time the only two men of note in England who maintained that the Secular was Atheistic, were Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York, and Mr. Bradlaugh. Twice I discussed this point with Mr. Bradlaugh—first about 1856, and again in 1870.

The reader may see the report of the last debate in "A Little Book About Great Britain," by Azimat Batuk, an agent of the Napoleonic dynasty, who wrote under a Turkish name. My argument was that a man could judge a house as to its suitability of situation, structure, surroundings, and general desirableness, without ever knowing who was the architect or landlord; and if as occupant he received no application for rent, he ought in gratitude to keep the place in good repair. So it is with this world. It is our dwelling place. We know the laws of sanitation, economy, and equity, upon which health, wealth, and security depend. All these things are quite independent of any knowledge of the *origin* of the universe or the *owner* of it. And as no demands are made upon us in consideration of our tenancy, the least we can do is to improve the estate as our acknowledgment of the advantage we enjoy. This is Secularism.

When I first knew the party of independent opinion, it had no policy. Its sole occupation was the confutation of error, or what it took to be error, and went no further. Anything more was not then to be expected. The confutation of theologic error was a forbidden right, and they who exercised it did it at their peril, and they did much who maintained that right. But the time came when those who had succeeded in proving certain received principles to be wrong, were called upon to show what independent and self-dependent principles, in accordance with reason and conscience, could take their places and guarantee the continuance of public and private morality, and not only continue them but improve their quality. It was to this new theory of secular life, the sequel and complement of free criticism, that the name of Secularism was given.[1] Some societies, simply anti-theological, have taken the secular name, which leads many unobservant persons to consider the term Secularism as synonymous with atheism and general church-fighting; whereas Secularism is a new name implying a new principle and a new policy. It would be an impostor term were it merely a new name intended to diguise an old thing.

[1] In Chambers's "Encyclopædia," in Molesworth's "History of England," in Cassell's "Encyclopædic Dictionary," in Dr. Murray's Oxford Dictionary, the reader will see definitions of it. In theological literature readers may meet with fair estimates of it. "Mr. Holyoake taught us many years ago those truths of Secularism which are happily no longer neglected by Christian teachers."—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in *New Review*.

CHAPTER CXI.

THE KNIGHT WHO UPLIFTED THE DEAD HAND.

THE "dead hand" has destroyed the grace of many gifts, as when a man endows a church on the condition that certain doctrines are to be for ever preached in it. This precludes progress in thought and furnishes a premium to the gentleman in the pulpit to go on preaching what is no longer true, and if true no longer useful to the hearers. The doctrine is dead, but the dead hand cannot be lifted. Though the object of the endower was no doubt that truth should be preached, yet the spirit of his provision cannot be acted upon owing to the terms of his gift not providing for this. In the case of charity schools it is different. The dead hand gets uplifted by cupidity. Schools founded for the education of poor scholars or poor children are perverted to the uses of children of the rich. The intent of the founder, his spirit and letter are alike set aside.

I knew one great donor who left no dead hand on his gifts, though they amounted to half a million. In Birmingham there lived, until lately, one Josiah Mason, who, when I and others were advocates of Social views in Lawrence Street Chapel, used to be one of the hearers. Josiah Mason had an inquiring, an observant, and ambitious mind, but his ambition was the wholesome ambition of usefulness. He had risen from the humblest occupation. When a young man he held a situation as manager of a business in which his master promised him a partnership. Under the inspiration of this promise he had put into his service the zeal and sagacity of a partner. At length he found that the promise was not to be fulfilled; he left, and no inducement, not that of a salary higher than he

had any prospect of obtaining elsewhere, could induce him to stay. He had self-reliance and self-help in him. No honest duty was beneath him, and industry and probity did the rest. He knew that thrift was fortune. He became a manufacturer eventually, and when the day of prosperity came, he built a great orphanage at Erdington, open to children of any sect and of any race. Neither opinion nor colour was a bar to admission. He had acquired Robert Owen's passion for the formation of character, and concluded that wholesome conditions and good practical education would go a good way towards it in the young. One day he explained to me himself his arrangements, which showed that he was a kindly student of child nature. He had their baths made of wood, and the spaces around on which they stepped into the bath also of wood, so that no cold or discomfort should be associated with a healthy habit, rendering it distasteful and repugnant. He had all the doors in the buildings made so that they would open in or out by a child pushing them, that the little ones might not be impeded nor kept in or out by knobs difficult to turn. He had the beams of the roof left visible, that a child who could not understand why the ceiling was kept up might see it was supported and would not fall down. The gas and water pipes he had left visible, so that they might understand everything that was liable to instruct them or excite their curiosity. In the chapel in which they were assembled on Sundays he prescribed that a preacher of any denomination might conduct the service, providing he was willing to discourse a wise and kindly morality, omitting the awful tenet of eternal punishment, which he thought a fearful terror to the young mind and a barbaric conception of God.

Adopting a wise provision, suggested by a philosophical lawyer he consulted (Mr. G. J. Johnson), he gave the whole property in trust to persons half chosen by himself and half by municipal authority; and at his decease the trust was to be entirely controlled by the town. A further wise provision was that, at the end of every thirty years, the trust should be open for two years for suggestions of improvement in its objects needed to meet new requirements which time and experience might develop. Thus was substituted the authority of the public interests for the dead hand of the donor. I do not

remember any like instance of tolerant and sagacious thoughtfulness enabling a great public gift to be kept in line with public progress.

The trustees chosen by Mr. Josiah Mason for the administration of the orphanage were nearly all personal friends of mine. Meeting some of them shortly after the endowment (which amounted to nearly a quarter of a million of money) was placed in their hands, I asked "Under what circumstances they received it and by what ceremony it was accompanied. Did they assemble the citizens in the Town Hall and receive from his hands the splendid gift with circumstances of public honour?" It transpired that they had met him at luncheon at the Orphanage, received the transfer of the building and its opulent endowments, and wished him good morning. Considering that the giver of so unusual a gift was entitled to public honour, I inquired why did they not ask a knighthood for him? Honour was the wine of old age, and such a recognition would be creditable to the town. The answer was they did not see how it was to be done, but if I thought it possible I might take any steps to that end with their concurrence. Then I mentioned the matter to such members of Parliament as I thought might take an interest in municipal equity. I wrote upon the subject in the papers, and asked Mr. Walker, the then editor of the *Daily News*, who was always ready to promote any project for local or public good, to mention the matter in his columns. Public honour conferred upon mere worth is hard to be obtained until the public take interest in it, and to do this it is necessary that they have information. It was also necessary that the knighthood I suggested should be concurred in by the members of Parliament for the borough in which Mr. Mason dwelt. Mr. George Dixon readily assented, and supported the proposal; but Mr. Bright saw objections to it, and asked me, "Whether I thought it a good principle that a man should be made a knight because he had given £200,000 to a town?" I answered, "If the question was whether an order of knighthood or other social distinctions should be created, its usefulness was open to contention; but, knowing as he did how knights were made, how men who never rendered any public service received that distinction, and many because they had become possessed by ways unknown of £100,000—it did seem to me

not an unprofitable principle to establish that any one who *had given* £200,000 to the community should be eligible for a knighthood." Mr. Bright admitted there was some reason in that view, and when he learned that Mr. Mason had not proposed to leave this money at his death liable to dispute and doubtfulness of application—but had actually divested himself of it while living, and placed its administration in the hands of the municipality—he concurred in the proposal.

In the deed of trust which Mr. Mason executed, he stated that when he first entered Birmingham as a youth he sold muffins in the streets. No bell had a purer tinkle than his. No muffins were warmer or cosier than his in the clean green baize which covered them. From that humble beginning he had risen by industry and integrity to the possession of great wealth, which he had devoted to a well-considered public purpose. I asked a member of the Government, Mr. Stansfeld, whose friendliness to unrecognised service I knew, to put Mr. Mason's candid and manly story into the hands of the Queen, who I believe would be interested in it. She was interested, and considerately ordered that Mr. Mason's knighthood should be gazetted that he might be saved the necessity of appearing at Court to receive the distinction, at his age, which was then 78. Thus the benefactor who made a great gift and attached no dead hand to it became Sir Josiah Mason. When I received intimation of the Queen's decision, Mr. George Dixon, M.P., said it was for me to communicate it to Mr. Mason because I had caused it to occur. I had pride in it, because it added well-earned dignity to one who was the providence of little children, and had done a generous thing in an unexampled way, and who would otherwise have remained unrecognised by any public distinction. Sir Josiah Mason afterwards gave a quarter of a million more to found and endow the Mason College in which no creed or want of one is any disqualification for entering it.

CHAPTER CXII.

APOLOGY TO THE READER.

MANY books at their close need this: and he who has perused these chapters has probably thought some apology was due long ago. The story of many persons and many events remain untold in them; should I ever tell them, as in those I have related, one characteristic will be found—that of depicting the manners, prejudices, and progress of my time, so far as, judging from my own experience, may be of use to others. In any manifesto of a committee, of which I have been one, I have asked, in mercy to others, for brevity and clearness. Having myself a full share both of perversity and dulness, the statement which compelled my assent might be intelligible to the public; for I never put myself forward as representing other than the average stupidity of mankind. In this way I have been of service to men wiser than myself. Only in this way I may have been of service to the reader, who, being better informed than the writer, has been saved time in making out his meaning.

Forty of my colleagues of former years, all counted, have died by my side, and I should be dead also had I been as strong as they. Being otherwise, I had to keep both work and pleasure within the limits of my strength, whereas they, being like Dr. Wendell Holmes's "one-horse shay," equally strong in every part, went down, without suspicion or foreboding, altogether.

In my life one constant source of pleasure has been—that of laughing at the absurdity of the things I like. Seeing principles as objects apart from me, I could not but notice the grotesque way in which unconsciously they were sometimes carried out. A friend of mine who had progress in his heart and was bent upon the redemption of the world, which has been

the ambition of noble men in all ages, founded a "Redemption Society"—a big business surely—and we began to acknowledge the weekly receipts in the *Leader*, which ran—Leeds, 7d.; London, 10½d.; Glasgow, 1s. 3d. These small sums for a vast end made it look absurd. I suggested that the contributions should be allowed to accumulate before inserting them, which caused me to be counted unsympathetic. In speech, in conduct, as in judgments, I am for proportion. In social and political aims credence depends upon proportion between progression and possibility. Far be it from me to pretend to be without points of amusement in the judgment of others. The only apology for absurdity lies in admitting it when you have committed it. There is no safeguard against ridiculousness, save by looking outside yourself, and observing the reflection which conduct makes in the mirror of circumambient eyes.

Many who enter on the path of public service are repelled, as I have seen, by the prevalence there of aspirants for the position of pontiffs, chiefs, and lesser popes and potentates. Yet it is a good sign that this ambition exists. When, however, these persons are found decrying the thing another is doing, which you therefore conclude to be wrong and extol them for their wiser perception—you are discouraged on finding that they did not consider the thing wrong, but sought to prevent another doing it in order to have the credit of doing it themselves. Carlyle, proclaiming the doctrine of silence in order that his own voice might be alone heard, is an instance of the same thing in literature. Surprise on the first discovery of this artifice is one of the instructive shocks of experience.

The ambition of distinction is wholesome so long as it permits equal opportunity to others. In democracy there is no chieftainship to which others must submit their judgment against their reason. There is no legitimate leadership, save the leadership of ideas, no allegiance save that of conviction, no loyalty save loyalty to principle. The passion of personal ascendency—the more than impatience, the dislike such persons have of submitting their conduct to the judgment of others—their belief that they are superior persons and all others inferior—the desire to keep others separate and apart—the reluctance to consult them except when applause or suffrages are necessary to the success of their aims

—lies deep in the hearts of those who seek personal ascendency. When the genius of democracy enters the mind and teaches a leader to aim at the elevation of his cause or his country, rather than the elevation of himself, then he says with Byron—

> "I wish men to be free
> As much from mobs as kings—from you as me."

Those who look back on life disappointed because it has not been what they wished it to be, should be put back again into the kingdom of the unborn—they do not understand the world into which they have come. Those who look on their days with regret because they have not been what they might have been had they availed themselves of the opportunities they have had, have not adequately observed what has gone on around them. No one does avail himself of all his opportunities. Every one has to regret fatal or irreparable omissions. The dice of life are loaded by unseen agents before we throw them, and we may be glad if we win anything, not discontented because we do not win all.

My information, all told, does not amount to much ; but the best and surest part of it has been gained in discussion, and in listening to criticisms. It is wise to believe in the Arabic proverb :—

"Men are four.

"He who knows not, and knows not he knows not. He is a fool ; shun him.

"He who knows not, and knows he knows not. He is simple ; teach him.

"He who knows, and knows not he knows. He is asleep ; wake him.

"He who knows, and knows he knows. He is wise ; follow him."

Sayings are like glowworms. It is only in the night of experience that we discern the light in them. One reads the saying of Pascal : "What an enigma is man ! What a strange, chaotic, and contradictory being. Judge of all things, feeble earthworm, depository of the Truth, mass of uncertainty, glory and butt of the universe ! " It was a long time before it became

evident to me that these contradictions which Pascal discerned of men in the aggregate are true of every man. Each individual has within himself, latent or operant, all the characteristics of the race, which opportunity or circumstance (more enduring than opportunity), brings out. Byron saw that man was "half dust, half deity." Like Carlyle, a man may be at once brutal, contemptuous, and tender—unjust, yet loving justice—reverencing right in man, yet exhorting them to despotism. Seeing that every person possesses all the qualities of mankind in proportion, what remains but to look with unexpectant eyes upon all, waiting to see what baser elements have been repressed or transmuted by wise education and noble conditions of life, or what lofty principles have been exalted and confirmed. Only on such considerations can a man protect himself from mistaken judgments and irreparable disappointment.

It is less difficult to inspire persons with the passion for knowledge than to induce them to extend the advantage of it to others. Too many despise those in the condition from which they have escaped; their contemptible philosophy is that of the Coptic song which tells us that everywhere

> "This, and but this, was the gospel alway:
> Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay,
> Mules will be mules by the law of their mulishness;
> Then be advised and leave fools to foolishness—
> What from an ass can be got but a bray?"

But mankind are not asses, though he is who thinks them so. Certainly there are men of mulish minds, and their muline judgments have to be tolerated on grounds of heredity. But none knew better than Goethe, who wrote the Coptic song, that the average man could be exalted. To this he contributed by his splendid genius. He who alleges the unimprovability of others as an excuse for his doing nothing for them—and thinks only of himself—forfeits his right to exist. There is no place or need for him in another life; and were he raised from the dead, it would bring resurrection itself into contempt.

Once I had opportunity of aid unforeseen by me. A valued friend (Mr. W. H. Dingnan), whom the Government of the day desired to requite for public service, generously proposed that I should be requited in his stead. It being intended, I wrote to

Mr. Gladstone "not to give heed to it as I could not accept anything. I had spent many years in teaching working men the lesson of self-help, and that it was the duty of the people to support the State, and not the State the people. Should blindness come again or age render me incapable of my accustomed work, I might think differently." Age, with noiseless and unnoticed steps has arrived, and friends with it, who have mitigated its disablement. In 1876 Mr. John Stephens Storr, and in 1888 Mr. Thomas Allsop, were the cause of it. On each occasion a Committee, whose names will always be in my mind,[1] enabled all future work by me to depend on choice and pleasure.

A curious feature was this: Some whom I had served, not without cost and peril to myself when I might rightly have served myself instead, were as the Levite and passed by on the other side; while others I had never known, even by name, whom I had never seen, upon whom I had no claim, whom I never had opportunity of serving, with others whose thoughts were alien to mine, showed me a disinterested friendliness. The world is a field sprinkled with generous seed which springs up in unexpected and unknown places. Whatever I have done since, I owe to these diversified friends. They gave me length of days and pleasure greater than they can know.

Every one who has taste in ideas, and is above adopting second-hand opinions—because they can be had cheap—incurs trouble in selecting those of the best quality and testing them himself. He who does this has trouble, but his pleasure and pride in true thinking is greater than the slovenly and shabby minded ever know. If a man could believe in everybody's creed, it would make things pleasanter in this world, and perhaps safer for the next; since surely some of them must be the right ones. But he thinks meanly of the arbiters of Heaven if he supposes its doors are open to applicants of indolence, calcu-

[1] Among them were George Anderson, Robert Applegarth, Major Evans Bell, Lord Brassey, Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, Thomas Burt, M.P., Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., Rev. J. R. Green, Judge Hughes, Walter Morrison, M.P., E. Vansittart Neale, Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. To Drs. George Bird and Hugh Campbell I owed the recovery of my health, and to Mr. Brudenell Carter the restoration of my sight. Nor can I be unmindful that Professors Bain, Huxley, Newman, and Tyndall, that Harriet Martineau, Herbert Spencer, and many others, were among those to whose friendship I was indebted.

lation and low taste. The "land of the leal" belongs to those who, like Savonarola, judge not authors according to their fame, nor accept opinions because they are in vogue, but always keep their eyes fixed on truth and reason; not to those who, in Diderot's words, think it more prudent to be mad with the mad than be wise by themselves. This is my apology to the reader for that wilfulness of opinion which I fear has often perplexed or perturbed him in these pages.

THE END.

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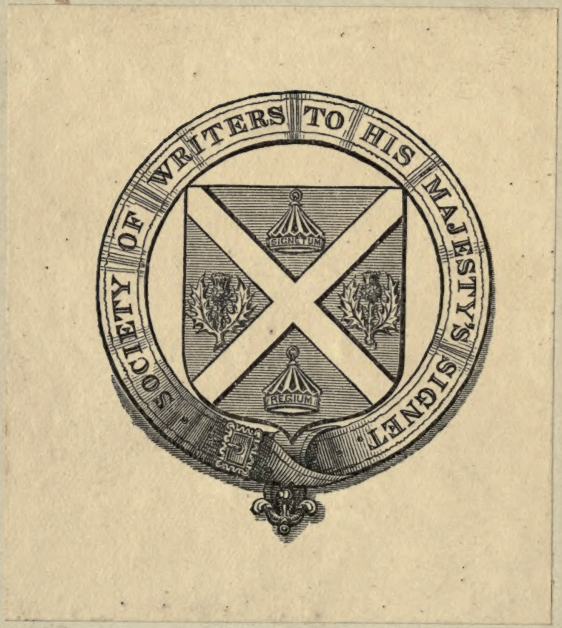

SELF-HELP

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND."

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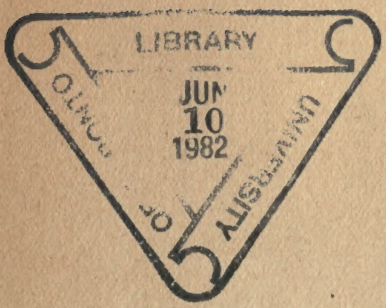

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Royal Family of England, from the end of the last century down to this day, have taken real interest in the self-helping welfare of the people. The remarkable devices (commenced in 1794), recited in this book, appeared under the direct encouragement of George III. The early volumes in which they were printed were preserved by him, and now exist in the "King's Library," in the British Museum. The Duke of Kent, the Father of the Queen (the wisest of all the sons of George III.), took the chair on several public occasions in the City of London, when organisation of industrial life was advocated. The Duke said to a friend that "should he come to the Throne—(which his death unfortunately prevented)—he would give effect to Mr. Owen's plans of Industrial Villages—of the advantages of which he felt assured." Since that day, industrial efforts of the more thinking portion of the working people have, in various Co-operative ways, attained unforeseen dimensions. In 1883 this was recognised in memorable words addressed to the Committee of the great Wholesale Society of Manchester, who had sent their Annual Volume to Her Majesty. The words were these:—

"The Queen is glad to learn the success of a movement which not only encourages thrift, but which also teaches the habits of business and promotes education among so large and important a body of her people."

Lately, the Prince of Wales in acknowledging the receipt of two volumes of the "History of Co-operation in England," caused assurances to be given in his name, that "the lively interest which the Prince took in 1883 in this all-important question remains unabated, and it affords him the highest satisfaction to learn that the movement continues to make such encouraging and satisfactory progress."

What the Prince of Wales said at the period to which he refers was so thoughtful, comprehensive and discriminating, that it is a matter of public interest to quote it here. The words were:—

"The Prince has read with the greatest interest the details of the working of the society with which you have supplied him, and he is anxious to express the extreme gratification which he experiences in finding that so large a body of the working men of this country are united in a determination to benefit themselves, both morally and physically, by endeavouring to carry out a scheme which his Royal Highness conceives is admirably adapted to raise the standard of their knowledge and intelligence, and to increase their welfare and happiness; and, in stating this opinion, he feels very strongly that such praiseworthy efforts are deserving of the highest commendation and encouragement. He wishes your society, therefore, every success, and he sincerely trusts it will continue to increase in prosperity in the same proportion as heretofore."

This consecutive record of hereditary opinion, by personages so eminent, will be new to many readers. The self-helping devices presented in these pages exceed in wisdom of principle, in variety and definiteness of conception, those in the minds of any persons living now. Their promulgation was owing to the personal encouragement of George III. The Mongewell Shop, 1795, devised by the Bishop of Durham, may be regarded as the mustard-seed whence has sprung that vast network of Distributive Stores which now overspread Great Britain, constituting a self-helping movement which has grown into prominence during Her Majesty's reign, the like of which has arisen in no other nation on the earth.

Three organised forces contend in this country for the rights of labour and competent incomes for working people:—Trade Unionists, Socialists, and Co-operators. Trade Unionists seek to raise wages by strikes; Socialists at the cost or outlay of State Funds; Co-operators help themselves by Commercial and Industrial Associations, neither making war on Capitalists, nor supplicating aid from the State. This last-named movement, the manlier and more English form of self-help, is but one of the singular and versatile suggestions put forward by prelates, peers, and gentlemen a century ago. The story of these notable conceptions may advantageously be made known now.

It is difficult now to conjecture from what motive such unusual interest in the condition of the poor was taken at the end of the last century. It might be that the American Declaration of Independence had awakened unrest in the "common people." The French Revolution, which occurred shortly before these reports began, might have taught the wealthier classes that it was not prudent to leave the

labouring people in a condition of hopelessness. The awful reign of revenge which came to pass in Paris had scarcely closed when these reports began. Byron at a later date wrote:—

> France got drunk with blood . :
> And fatal have her saturnalia been
> To freedom's cause in every age and clime.

France did put back freedom in England; but this interest in the social "comfort" of the poor was not interrupted, but continued many years. The leaders of this considerate movement died out and left no successors. Certainly, since 1816 no similar organised concern for the poor has been shown.

It was the Peace of 1815 which killed it. While the population was being thinned by war, it became of consequence to keep up the supply of men, or gentlemen who made the war in class interests must go out themselves to be shot. Substitutes grew scarcer and dearer year by year. "God's daughter, Carnage," as Wordsworth styled her, had "a good time" of it, in the early part of this century, and the slaughter of battle abroad was aided by fever at home, bred of squalor and starvation. Large families were encouraged, and mothers who had three children at a birth received a bounty; but the children being poorly fed, lacked the stamina and spirit required in recruits. It was therefore good policy to institute plans for feeding and cheering them. The human sympathy of the eminent persons, whose devices are herein recounted, were their primary incentives, but it was the discernment of the national need which stimulated so many promoters among the general public, and thus policy continued what humanity began.

When Peace came, the necessity for rearing soldiers ceased, and no public belief then existed that it was the permanent interest of a great nation that the industrial portion of the people should be free from disease, poverty, or precariousness. Without this exemption being secured, patriotism is but spuriousness or imposture—since there can be no honest patriotic pride in a nation in which the condition of the people is a scandal.

G. J. H.

SELF-HELP A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER I.

DR. SHUTE BARRINGTON, THE FIRST CO-OPERATIVE BISHOP.

THE three distinguished men who furnished the inspiration, the invention, and the advocacy of the remarkable devices of self-help promulgated at the end of the last century were Bishop Barrington, Count Rumford, and Sir Thomas Bernard, who inherited the title after the original publication of the famous Reports associated with his name.

Shute Barrington, successively Bishop of Llandaff Salisbury, and Durham, was the sixth and youngest son of John Shute, first Viscount Barrington in the peerage of Ireland, by Anne, daughter and co-heiress of Sir William Daines. The bishop was born 26th of May, 1734, at Becket, Berkshire, and lost his father early. He was educated at Eton, was afterwards a gentleman commoner of Merton College, Oxford, where he took B.A. degree, afterwards M.A. By the interest of his brother William, the second Lord Barrington, he was appointed in 1760 Chaplain in ordinary to George III., afterwards Canon of Christ Church, and took the degree of D.C.L. in 1762.

He was promoted in 1768 to a canonry in St. Paul's, which he afterwards exchanged for a stall at Windsor. He was consecrated Bishop of Llandaff in 1769. In the following year he issued a second edition of his father's

"Miscellanea Sacria," in 3 vols. In 1782 he was translated to the See of Salisbury. In 1791 he succeeded Dr. Thurlow in the rich See of Durham, into which he made a public entry, with interchange of courtesies. Barrington presided for thirty-five years over the See of Durham. He was a vigorous champion of the Protestant establishment, of which his father had been among the foremost supporters, and, dreading the revival of their political power, he was zealously opposed to granting any further concessions to the Roman Catholics. His tract, entitled "The Grounds on which the Church of England Separated from the Church of Rome," was generally esteemed by his contemporaries as one of the most valuable pamphlets on the subject. Much discussion followed its publication. His opinion was that the corruption of the Church of Rome accounted for the French Revolution. Yet he was willing to grant the Roman Catholics every degree of toleration short of political power and establishment, and he offered not only financial assistance, but also the utmost hospitality to the French emigrant bishops and clergy.

The Bishop died on 25th March, 1826, at his house in Cavendish-square, at the age of 92. At that time he was Count Palatine and *custos rotulorum* of Durham, visitor of Balliol College, Oxford, a trustee, by election, of the British Museum, and president of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, and of the School for Indigent Blind. He left numerous legacies to charities, and provided for the establishment of the Barrington Society for Promoting Religious and Christian Piety in the Diocese of Durham. Besides other works, a large number of occasional pamphlets were collected in a volume—sermons, charges, and tracts. He was author of

"The Political Life of Wm. Wildman, Viscount Barrington," compiled from original papers by his brother, Shute, Bishop of Durham, 1815. The bishop was twice married, in 1761 to Lady Diana Beauclerc, daughter of second Duke of St. Albans, and in 1770 to Jane, daughter of Sir John Guise, Bart., who died at Mongewell, 1807. One biography of the bishop says he had no children, another says he had three daughters. Since no one has a right to children who cannot afford to keep them, and the bishop could do it, I adhere to the record which gives him three daughters.

At Salisbury, Dr. Shute Barrington greatly distinguished himself by his liberality in promoting the repairs of the cathedral. The palace was repaired at an expense of £7,000. He established a fund of £2,000, the interest of which is distributed among the poor clergy.

Barrington held the See of Durham for thirty-five years —only three bishops have exceeded that period. This was said in 1828.

The qualities of this distinguished prelate will cause his name to be long venerated in the history of the English Church. His learning was considered various and extended through all the branches of knowledge connected with his profession. In his day he was counted a preacher of no mean order; and as a good speaker in the House of Lords. For his highest preferments he was mainly indebted to his own merit. His first preferment he owed to his brother, and afterwards it was the king himself who advanced him. Barrington's final promotion to Durham was the unsolicited act of the king, but not without the hearty concurrence of Mr. Pitt, who was content to waive the pretension of at least one candidate out of deference to the king's wishes.

The following lines, signed "S. Dunelm," were inscribed by him on an urn in the centre of a group of elms at Mongewell :—

"To the memory of my two highly-valued friends, Thomas Tyrrwhit, Esq., and Rev. C. M. Cracherode, M.A."

> In this once favour'd walk, beneath these elms,
> Whose thickened foliage, to the solar ray
> Impervious, sheds a venerable gloom,
> Oft in instructive conversation beguiled
> The fervid time, which each returning year
> To Friendship's call devoted. Such things were;
> But are, alas! no more.

A relative of Mrs. Barrington, it is said, having experienced some embarrassments and disappointments in life, wished to amend his situation (being a military officer) by entering the Church, thinking that the Bishop would provide handsomely for him. On making the necessary application to his kinsman, he was asked what preferment would satisfy him. To this home question he readily answered about £500 would make him a happy man. "You shall have it," said his lordship, "but not out of the patrimony of the Church. I will not deprive a worthy and regular divine to provide for a necessitous relation. You shall have the sum you mention yearly out of my own pocket." This was a noble answer of the bishop, not very common in the Church in this day.

The union of the gentleman and scholar was considered to be well exemplified in the bishop. His manners were courteous, and dignified; his composition was described in those days as "chaste and classical." His piety, devout, fervent, and charitable. He was conspicuous in the eyes of the world for his great munificence. Every charitable scheme was headed with his name.

No one better understood the true value of money, or

employed it more as an instrument of usefulness for others. It was stated in the newspapers that in 1825 he sent no less than 674 begging letters to the mendicity officer for investigation.

Barrington's conversation was cheerful, and even humorous. He was tall and majestic, yet in his youth he was supposed to be far from possessing a vigorous constitution. He lived with few attacks of illness to the age of ninety-two, and fifty-seventh year of his episcopal functions. During the last year of his life he stayed at Worthing, Sussex, at Warwick House, one time the residence of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

It was stated that his decease occurring after twelve o'clock on the 25th of March, 1826, it being quarter day, it gave his representatives emoluments of half a year. The bishop's will occupied forty-three sheets.

Such were the character and career of the first co-operative bishop. It was singular that he should spend the last year of his life at Worthing, where, at the time of his death, co-operation was re-commencing. In the Social Reports no personal particulars are given of Count Rumford, or of Bishop Barrington, or of Sir Thomas Bernard. The preceding biographical facts and those given in the next two chapters have been collected elsewhere.

CHAPTER II.

SINGULAR CAREER OF COUNT RUMFORD.

COUNT Rumford, the most practical philanthropist of his time, bore the name of Benjamin Thompson. He was an American, born in Concord, which became famous during the war of Independence, and to which I went in 1879 to visit Emerson, who had added to it the attraction of his name. The town was known as Rumford when Thompson was born in it. Next to Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Thompson was the most ingenious philosopher America has produced, and he exceeded Franklin in the romance of his life. Thompson was taught by a clergyman named Bernard. Whether this clergyman was related to the Mr. Bernard whose name the reader will often see in these pages, I know not. From his infancy, Thompson's attention was turned to science. Before the age of fourteen he could trace without assistance, and calculate the phases of an eclipse of the sun. Though destined for business, he could apply himself to nothing but his favourite objects of study. He attended Harvard. At a very early period he was launched into the world. "My ideas," he said to friend, "were not yet fixed; one scheme succeeded another, and perhaps I should have acquired a habit of indecision and inconstancy, perhaps I should have lived poor and miserable to the end of my days if a woman had not loved me, if she had not given me existence, a habitation, and an independent fortune. I took a wife, or

rather she took me. At nineteen years of age I married the widow of Colonel Rolfe, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Walker, a respectable clergyman of Rumford." At the commencement of the American troubles Thompson, then twenty, was drawn naturally to the Royalist party through the civil and military appointments he held. He was obliged to abandon his home, his wife, and his daughter, who was just born, and seek an asylum at Boston, then occupied by English troops. His wife he never saw again, and his daughter not for twenty years, when she joined him in Europe.

Thompson was received with distinction by the commander-in-chief of the British army, and ordered to raise a regiment for the king. In 1776 he came to England with important despatches to the Government. He was made Secretary of the Province of Georgia, an office which he never exercised. In 1778 he became a member of the Royal Society. In 1779 he went on board the "Victory," commanded by Sir Charles Hardy, who was his friend. He passed that whole campaign with the grand fleet of England, making experiments and repeating them on different ships. On his return he wrote an article on "Naval Architecture." He joined to it a code of signals for the navy which have never been published. Being appointed Under-Secretary of State in 1780, he was constantly employed in the business of the American War. The King's American Dragoons were raised by his friends, and he was made lieut.-colonel. This determined him to return to America to serve with his regiment. He assumed the command in 1782, in New York, and Prince William Henry, the Duke of Clarence, delivered the colours to him with his own hand. In 1783 he returned to England, and his first object was to obtain compensation

for the American officers, which he did in spite of strong opposition. The king made him colonel, although it was only two years since he was made Lieut.-Colonel. On quitting England he landed at Boulogne along with the celebrated Gibbon, who describes him as "the soldier, philosopher, statesman, Thompson." While in Bavaria he received an invitation from the Elector to enter his service. Thompson returned to England to gain the king's permission not only did he gain that, but the king made him a knight. He returned to Bavaria Sir Benjamin Thompson and became colonel of the horse, and general aide-de-camp to the sovereign, who wished to obtain his services.

Sir Benjamin employed the first four years at Munich in acquiring the political and statistical knowledge necessary for realising the plans which his philanthropy suggested to him for improving the condition of the lower orders. He did not neglect his studies, though political and literary honours poured in upon him.

The year 1789 witnessed the accomplishment of his project. The house of Industry at Manheim was established; the islands of Mulhan, near Manheim, which had been nothing but a pestilential morass, useless for culture, and pernicious to health, were joined together and transformed into a fertile garden consecrated to the industry of the garrison. The military academy was founded, a scheme of military police to deliver the country from vagabonds, robbers, and beggars; schools of industry belonging to every regiment were founded to employ the wives and children of the soldiers.

At the beginning of 1790 the House of Industry at Munich was formed—that fine establishment which the count has described in his essays, for bettering the condition of the poor. Mendicity was completely

abolished ; nor has it again made its appearance in Bavaria since that memorable epoch. The beautiful English garden in Munich was begun, and military gardens in all the garrisons. The sovereign expressed his obligation for these numerous services by making him Lieut-general of his armies and giving him a regiment of artillery. He was created, in 1791, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and honoured with the order of the White Eagle. He returned to England in 1795 to publish his essays and direct the attention of the English nation towards the plans of public and domestic economy which he had realised in Germany. He visited Ireland, where every testimony of honour and gratitude was lavished upon him, and introduced several improvements into the hospitals and houses of industry, and left models of a number of mechanical inventions, In London he directed alterations in the Foundling Hospital, and he presented to the Board of Agriculture several machines as models for imitation. At this time he placed £1,000 in the English and American funds to establish a premium to be given away every two years to the author of the most useful discovery on light or heat. For some time he was head of the police in Bavaria, but ill-health caused him to return to England, where he lived as a private individual. The American Government invited him back to his native country, but he did not go. In Scotland he was consulted on the means of improving the existing charitable institutions, and on the measures for abolishing mendicity. The work was undertaken without loss of time, and was completely successful. During his stay in Edinburgh he employed himself in Heriot's Hospital, superintending improvements which he invented, with regard to the employment of fuel in the preparation of

food, and the managers in return sent him a silver box. In 1803 he married the widow of the celebrated Lavoisier, but separated from her and lived a secluded life four miles from Paris.

No man had more the spirit of order: everything was classed: no object was ever allowed to remain an instant out of its place: and he was never a single instant beyond his time in an appointment. He died August 21, 1814. His literary productions have been translated into many languages. His essays contain—"Account of Establishment for the Poor at Munich." "The Fundamental Principles on which General Establishments for the Relief of the Poor may be Formed in all Countries." "Of Chimney Fireplaces," "Management of Fire," "Construction of Kitchen Fireplaces and Kitchen Utensils." Another work was entitled "Of the Excellent Qualities of Coffee, and the Art of Making it in Perfection."

Such were the wonderful career and diversified talents of a man who could turn from the military command of a nation to the invention of a soup-boiler.

When Count Rumford died he was a member of the learned, scientific, and artistic societies of six nations; Knight of the orders of the White Eagle and St. Stanislaus, Chamberlain, Privy Councillor of State, and Lieutenant-General in the service of his most Serene Highness the Elector Palatine, reigning Duke of Bavaria, colonel of his regiment of artillery, and commander-in-chief of the general staff of his army.

In the library of Mr. Joseph Cowen (Stella Hall, Blaydon-on-Tyne), I have, since writing the last chapter, found a portrait of the Count. His profile resembles that of Dr. Priestley in Wedgewood's medallion of that philosopher. The nearest approach to the Count the reader can

see is in the profile of Mr. A. H. D. Acland, M.P. Sitting on the platform of the Town Hall of Newcastle-on-Tyne, at the celebration meeting of the opening of the new co-operative stores of that city, I was struck by Mr. Acland's resemblance to the Count. Having examined Count Rumford's portrait that afternoon, his face was in my mind at the meeting.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE OF SIR THOMAS BERNARD.

It was only after much search after all the Bernards that ever were, that I came upon him whose name has so often occurred in these chapters. There was St. Bernard (of Fountain, in Burgundy), born in 1091. There was also a Bernard of Menthon, a monk of Annecy, who in 923 built two hospitals on the Alps for the reception of monks. An Andrew Bernard, of Tholouse, Poet Laureate to Henry VII., and a Catherine Bernard, born at Rouen, who died in 1712, and who obtained three times the poetical prize of the French Academy, and wrote the tragedy of *Brutus*. There was Charles Bernard, who was born in Paris, 1571, and was the king's counsellor and histriographer, and Claude Bernard, born in Dijon in 1588. He was founder of "The School of Thirty-three," so named for the number of years Christ was upon earth; and Edward Bernard, born in 1638 at Parler's Ferry, in Northamptonshire, a divine of note, and especially as a mathematician; he was appointed to carry out the publication of works of all the ancient mathematicians; Francis Bernard, a physician to James II., whose curious library sold for £1,600 in 1711. James Bernard, a Protestant divine, who was born at Nions, in Dauphiné, 1658, was famous for mathematical knowledge and books. John Frederick Bernard, a bookseller of Amsterdam, was a great scientific author. John Stephen Bernard, a physician, born in Berlin, 1718, projected an

edition of the Greek medical writers. A Nicholas Bernard took degrees at Oxford in 1628, and afterwards became chaplain to Cromwell. There were Peter Joseph Bernard, a French poet, born in 1710—Richard Bernard, Rector of Batecombe, in Somersetshire, died in 1641, and who compiled a "Thesaurus Biblicus." There was a Bernard of Brussels, in the 16th century, a famous painter of hunting scenes—Samuel Bernard, a French painter, who died in 1687, professor of the Royal Academy in Paris. All the Bernards had books, usefulness, or philanthropy in their blood. It is curious that the best of dogs for saving life is a Bernard. These particulars I found in the library of Daniel Baker, of Balsall Heath, Birmingham, and in the library of W. H. Duignan, of Rushall, Walsall, I found the biographical facts which follow :—

Sir Thomas Bernard, the father of the Thomas Bernard of these chapters, was born in Lincolnshire, and educated at Westminster School, whence he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1729, and took his master's degree in 1736. He next became a student of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. In 1758 he was appointed governor of New Jersey, and in 1760 governor of Massachusetts Bay. In 1769 he was created a baronet, and on the commencement of the Rebellion he returned to England. He died in 1779, leaving a numerous family Sir Francis published the Latin odes of Anthony Alsop in 1752.

Sir Thomas Bernard, the colleague of Bishop Barrington, was, according to a contemporary writer, born at Lincoln, in 1750. He received his education at Harvard College, in New England, and on his return to his native country, became a student of Lincoln's Inn. In 1780 he was called to the bar, but did not practise in the courts, contenting

himself with the conveyancing business. In 1795 he was appointed treasurer of the Foundling Hospital. In 1809 he succeeded to the title of baronet, by the death of his brother in the West Indies. About this time he was created Doctor of Civil Law, at Oxford, and he was also chancellor of the diocese of Durham. He died at Leamington Spa, in Warwickshire, July 1, 1818, and was buried with his first wife, in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital.

Another account describes him as "an English philanthropist," and explains the grounds of his friendship with Count Rumford, with whom he was a fellow student at Harvard, and like him became wealthy by marriage.

Sir Thomas Bernard adopted for the profession of the law, and commenced practising at the bar in 1780; but having two years afterwards married a rich heiress, he quitted his forensic pursuits, and gave himself up to the charitable employment of devising and executing schemes for ameliorating the condition of the poor and suffering classes of society. He first turned his attention to the state of the Foundling Hospital in London, in which he effected many valuable improvements. In 1792 a society for the relief of the poor was constituted on a plan which he had sketched. He was among the first to direct public attention to the condition of children employed in chimney-sweeping and in cotton-spinning. He took also an active interest in promoting the spread of vaccination. In 1799 he entered warmly into the views of Thompson, a patriotic American, who had conceived the design of establishing in this country a corporation of learned men, similar to the Institute of France; and two years afterwards, mainly through their joint labours, the Royal Institution, of Albemarle-street, in London, was founded.

He afterwards formed two other establishments, the British gallery for the exhibition of pictures by the old masters of Great Britain, and the Alfred Club for the advancement of literature. Between 1793-1817 he published "Observations on the Proceedings of the Friends of the Liberty of the Press," 8vo. 2, "A Letter to the Bishop of Durham on the Measures under Consideration for Promoting the Relief of the Poor," 8vo. 3, "The Barrington School, being an account of that founded by the Bishop of Durham at Bishop Auckland," 8vo. 4, "An Account of the Supply of Fish for the Poor," 8vo. 5, "Spurina, or the Comforts of Old Age," 8vo. 6, "Case of the Salt Duties," 8vo. 7, "The Cottager's Meditations," 12mo. 8, "Dialogue between Monsieur Francois and John English."

CHAPTER IV.

ORIGIN OF BISHOP BARRINGTON'S SOCIETY.

FEW persons, as has been already said, have any adequate idea of the wealth of self-helping views and devices extant in England a century ago. The germ-principles of movements which have since established themselves, and of others now advocated, were all entertained by men of high position at the end of the last century. They not only approved, they advocated wise and liberal plans of social reform; when their inspiration and guidance were withdrawn, the people took up some of the beneficent schemes in their own way. Then they were opposed by the classes above them, who were ignorant, prejudiced, and devoid of the generous wisdom of the eminent men who preceded them. The readers of these pages will be surprised to find with what vehemence, circumstance, and intelligence, noblemen, clergymen, and gentlemen advocated "Three acres and a cow" for all agricultural labourers. The Cow Question was the most popular device of a former day. Mr. Jesse Collings and Mr. Arch, friends of the cow, have been thought to be dangerous and Utopian innovators, advocating an unknown and absurd thing. We have gone back, from not knowing what has gone before. Even in respect to co-operation in the Store and in the Workshop the working people to-day are scarcely on the level of their "betters" a hundred years ago. Undoubtedly we have advanced the Store, and organised that form of Co-operation, but still Workshop labour limps behind, and is glad to accept the assistance of very wild friends—the

Social Democrats—for want of more stalwart advocates of self-helping improvement.

When collecting information for a History of Co-operation I made inquiries in America for facts among the scattered co-operators of the early days of the movement, whom I knew to be in the United States. One day I received by the American post, from a hand unknown, a few time-stained pages, cut out of an old volume, containing an account of a Co-operative Store established in 1795, by Dr. Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham—"Shute Barrington, George the Third's Bishop," as he is still called on the Tyne side. I had often heard him spoken of affectionately there. His good memory has descended to this generation. At the Newcastle Congress of 1884, Dr. Lightfoot, the present Bishop of Durham, who was the President that year, asked me, "In what volume of the works of his famous predecessor, his account of the early Co-operative Mongewell Store could be found. He (Dr. Lightfoot) had looked through the works of Dr. Barrington in the library at Auckland Castle, without meeting with it." I answered that I had never seen the book. If it existed it was in unknown hands in America; and though the United States was a large conntry to look for a lost volume in, I would make inquiries. A notice in the *Co-operative News* brought me the remainder of the missing volume. It came from Mr. Peter Sidebotham, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who had bought it—a dilapidated, coverless, mis-stitched old book, for a few pence, many years ago, at a "Cheap Jack" auction in the Market Place of Hyde, Cheshire, in this country. Mr. Sidebotham says, "There has been a special providence that saved it from destruction." It was the only book he left at home at Hyde when he went out to America in 1853. All other books

he had he took with him and lost them all at the Providence, Rhode Island, Depôt, in August of the same year, owing to a train collision and baggage smashing between the Boston and Worcester trains, in which 27 persons were either killed or wounded. All Mr. Sidebotham's baggage was destroyed, and he might himself have been destroyed, but, through his inability to get a ticket in time, he was unable to rejoin the cars, to which he owed his escape. It ought to be added that it was owing to Mrs. Sidebotham's thoughtfulness that Bishop Barrington's book was preserved, for when she went out to America to join her husband, she took it over with her.

I had the book rearranged in its proper order, its worn leaves repaired, those cut from it and sent to me formerly, replaced and duly bound in ecclesiastical morocco. I sent it to the Bishop of Durham. This volume was the first of a series of which four had come into the possession of Mr. Alderman Hallett, D.L., of Brighton. Being favoured by him with their use, I have enriched this series of chapters with relevant facts and new papers, not included in the original book.

The original volume of the first edition issued (the same that I received from America), contains the best papers, the names of the early subscribers to its funds and the amounts they gave, which do not appear in any second edition nor in anay subsequent publication. The first title-page of the book was this:—

THE FIRST REPORT OF THE SOCIETY
FOR
BETTERING THE CONDITION AND INCREASING
THE COMFORTS OF THE POOR.

LONDON:
Printed by W. Bulmer & Co., for T. Becket, Bookseller, Pall Mall.
1797.

The society took measures to have their organ put well about the publishing world, for they announce that it was sold by J. Hatchard, 173, Piccadilly. Also by Robson, Bond-street; Payne, Mews'-gate; Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard; Egerton, Whitehall; Cadell and Davies, Strand; and Vernor and Hood, Poultry. Also by Todd, York; Hazard, Bath; Akenhead and Sons, Newcastle; Pennington, Durham; Browne, Hull; Easton, Salisbury; Trewman, Exeter; Clarke, Manchester; and Hough, Gloucester.

This shows that the promoters of the society were men of business. It must have taken much correspondence and the co-operation of many active friends to secure the consent of all these publishers, who probably received copies on sale to keep in stock. In those days the post was dilatory and expensive.

Sir Thomas Bernard was the editor of the volumes. He was probably the father of Dr. Bernard, of Oxford, who held an official position in one of the Universities. He had interest in social ideas, was acquainted with Robert Owen, and sent letters to the *New Moral World* about 1835. Sir Thomas Bernard, as the reader will see, had great mastery of social questions, and was an eloquent writer. It was his pen which gave coherence to the social reports, and supplemented them by wise notes and "observations."

Writing to William Wilberforce, M.P., in 1808, Mr. Bernard says:—"You can recall to your memory that when I first proposed the subject (of this society) to the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Eliot, and yourself, I deprecated every attempt at early and rapid progress." Mr. Bernard must have had great enthusiasm to expect any progress at all in those days when the excesses of the French

Revolutionists, to whom tyranny had denied all experience in nation-making, were producing reaction against all freedom, and distrust of the people as the dangerous classes.

The society in question was formed at a meeting at Mr. Wilberforce's, Old Palace Yard, Wednesday, December 21, 1796. It was summoned by a circular signed "J. Bernard, William Wilberforce, E. J. Eliot." It met at a quarter to two o'clock. It had a clear plan before it, and selected subjects on which to obtain and circulate information. Among those then named were—"Friendly societies, Village Shops for better supplying the poor, Village kitchens and soup shops, Cottage gardens, and on the Means of enabling a cottager to keep a cow." The cow was in their minds from the beginning.

"His Majesty George III., being informed of the plan and object of the society, was graciously pleased to declare himself the patron of it."

Subscriptions were arranged to be received by Messrs. Ransom, Morland, and Co., Pall Mall, bankers to the society; or by Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith, George-street, Mansion House; and Messrs. Hoare, Fleet-street. It shows that things are pretty well "fixed" in this old country, that the same banking houses, with the same names, are still situated in the same streets in which they flourished a century ago.

In consideration of the great inventions and extraordinary social services of Count Rumford, he was elected and declared a member of the society and one of the general committee for life.

"A convenient house was proposed to be engaged for the purpose of lectures and experiments, and for a public exhibition of all such new and useful inventions and

improvements as are applicable to the common purposes of life; and especially those which tend to increase the conveniences and comforts of mankind, and to promote domestic economy and useful industry. In the priority of introduction, it was proposed that regard should be had to the degree of public utility; and particularly as they might benefit the general mass of the people."

This was an extraordinary step for that day, when International and Health Exhibitions were unborn. The managers soon after purchased a large and roomy house, the late Mr. Mellish's, in Albemarle-street. This step was taken in 1805. Here was a real Sanitary institution. We have within very recent years established an exhibition of this kind at the London University, and many perturbed and prudent heads were shaken before that step was taken; but adventurous spirits were abroad in 1805. When a social thing seemed useful it was set on foot forthwith.

Sir Thomas Bernard was a bold and confident thinker. In one place, when writing "Observations on the Chester Charity Schools" of that day, he says—"The absurd prejudices that *have* existed against extending the common and general benefits of education to the children of the poor, and the extraordinary supposition that an uneducated and neglected boy will prove an honest and useful man—that a youth of ignorance and idleness will produce a mature age of industry and virtue, are now in a great measure exploded."

Mr. Bernard thought the objections to popular education nearly "exploded" then. A quarter of a century later Lord Brougham (then Henry Brougham) described in an eloquent passage the incurable prejudices which then prevailed against education. Half a century after Brougham's speech, the late Mr. W. E. Forster found

Board Schools powerfully resisted, and the distrust of them has not yet ceased. London has lately witnessed a reaction in this respect. It is something to have more persons than formerly who are willing to control education; but we still have many who, if they cannot control education, are willing to destroy it.

The president of this Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor was the Lord Bishop of Durham. The vice-presidents were W. Morton Pitt, M.P., the Earl of Winchilsea, Thomas Bernard, and Richard J. Sullivan. The members of the committee were the Right Hon. Henry Addington, Speaker of the House of Commons; John Julius Angerstein, M.P., the Marquis of Buckingham, Rowland Burdon, M.P., the Marquis of Bute, Lord Carrington, Patrick Colquhon, the Earl of Egremont, the Marquis of Hertford, Thomas Hibbert, Henry Hoare, the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Lord Bishop of London, William Manning, Rev. Archdeacon Plymnly, Count Rumford, the Lord Bishop of St. David's, John Sargant, the Earl Spencer, George Vansittart, M.P., Sir George Staunton, Bart., William Wilberforce, M.P.

The reader will find in this list many notable names well known in history, and many more will soon come under his notice.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BISHOP'S SOCIETY.

Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Bernard was what we should now call the "organising secretary" of philanthropic and useful projects. He saw that preceptive morality would not save the world. To have good will and dream of doing good might be very amiable, but little comes of it. The moralists have made it easy for us to say what men ought to do. The philosophers have assisted in showing why they should do it, but it is only the practical men of good sense who can make it clear how it is to be done. This idea had a distinct place in the bishop's mind, who said in one of his communications—"Many benevolent minds suffer their excellent dispositions for doing good to remain unemployed in the great service of Christian charity, not for want of means or of objects but for want of knowing what good may be done within their own sphere and how."

It is one of the charms of the work in question, that so many persons agreed with this discerning prelate as to the value of a practical over a dreaming morality—and they showed their sympathy with it by giving not only their names but their subscriptions to promote it.

The terms of membership in this society were a donation of fifty guineas, or an annual donation of five guineas. The Hon. Edward James Elliot, M.P., died prematurely soon after the formation of the society. The following is

a list of the principal and best known members of this remarkable association for "Bettering the Condition, and increasing the Comforts of the Poor" (for it was thought then that the poor were entitled not only to existence and adequate subsistence, but even to "Comforts"):—The Right Hon. Henry Addington, Speaker of the House of Commons, £5 5s.; William Allen, Plough-court, Lombard-street, £1 1s.; Marquis of Buckingham, £5 5s.; Marquis of Bute, £5 5s.; Hon. Mrs. Barrington, £3 3s.; Thomas Bernard, Foundling, £52 10s., for life; Scrope Bernard, M.P., £2 2s.; Rev. Dr. Bery Blancy, Christ Church, Oxford, £1 1s.; Hon. Barth Bouverie, £1 1s.; Hon. William Brodrick, £1 1s.; Hon. George Bower, £1 1s.; William Bowes, jun., £5 5s.; Mrs. Bradney, Clapham Common, £10 10s.; G. J. Cholmondeley, £1 1s.; Rev. Clayton Cracherode, Queen-square, Westminster, £10 10s., for life; the Lord Bishop of Durham, £52 10s. for life; the Lord Bishop of St. David's, £5 5s.; Hon. Lionel Damer, M.P., £1 1s.; Hon. Baron Dimsdale, £1 1s.; Lady Dobben, £1 1s.; the Earl of Egremont, £5 5s.; the Earl of Euston, £1 1s.; Hon. E. T. Elliott, M.P., £5 5s.; Nathaniel Fenn, Botolph-lane, £10 10s. for life; Edward Forster, Threadneedle-street, £1 1s.; the Earl of Grandison, £1 1s.; Rear-Admiral Gambier, £1 1s.; General Garth, £1 1s.; Rev. Dr. Glasse, Wanstead, £5 5s.; General Golsworthy, M.P., £1 1s.; Miss Grier, Bucklersbury, £10 10s. for life; Miss Sarah Grier, £10 10s. for life; the Marquis of Hertford, £5 5s.; Lord Heathfield, £1 1s.; General Grenville, £1 1s.; Hon. General Harcourt, £1 1s.; Robert Harpur, British Museum, £1 1s.; Sir Robert Harvey, Bart., Langley Park, Bucks, £5 5s.; Rev. Charles des Guiffardiere, Cleveland-row, £1 1s.; Henry Hoare, Mitcham, Surrey, £52 10s. for life;

Lord Kinnaird, £5 5s.; Rev. Lacelles Iremonger, Vicarage, near Andover, £2 2s.; Lady Jones, Bolton-street, £1 1s.; Lord Bishop of Lincoln, £5 5s.; the Lord Bishop of London, £5 5s.; Rev. Thomas L'Mesurrier, Oxford, £1 1s.; Capt. Lowndes, Royal Bucks Militia, £1 1s.; Mrs. Lloyd, Kensington Palace, £3 3s.; R. Warburton Lytton, Knebworth-place, Herts, £1 1s.; The Duke of Montrose, £1 1s.; The Earl of Morton, £1 1s.; Lord Malmesbury, £1 1s.; Rev. and Right Hon. Lord George Murray, £1 1s.; Rev. Dr. Majendie, Amen Corner, St. Paul's, £1 1s.; Wm. Manning, M.P., £5 5s.; Mrs. Maltby, Bath, £2 2s.; Miss Maltby, £1 1s.; Mrs. Middleton, Kensington Palace, £1 1s.; Lady Neale, Walhampton, near Lymington, £1 1s.; Hon. Thomas Onslow, M.P., £1 1s.; Earl of Pembroke, £1 1s.; Earl Powlet, £1 1s.; Right Hon. Sir William Pitt, £1 1s.; Sir Wm. Pepperell, Bart., £1 1s.; Right Hon. Thomas Pelham, M.P., £1 1s.; Rev. Archdeacon Paley, £1 1s.; Rev. J. Pinnock, Gower-street, £1 1s.; William Morton Pitt, M.P., £5 5s.; Rev. Dr. Price, Wimpole-street, £5 5s.; Barrington Price, Becket, near Farringdon, £1 1s.; Right Hon. Lady Maria Price, £1 1s.; Rev. Dr. Prosser, Gateshead, Newcastle, £2 2s.; Lord Rivers, £1 1s.; The Dean of Rochester, £2 2s.; Sir John Russell, Bart., £1 1s.; Earl Spencer, £5 5s.; Countess Spencer, £1 1s.: Countess Dowager Spencer, £10 10s. for life; Samuel Thornton, M.P., £2 2s.; Robert Thornton, M.P., £2 2s.; Henry Thornton, M.P., £2 2s.; Right Hon. Lady Gertrude Villiers, £1 1s.; George Vansittart, M.P., £5 5s.; Earl of Westmoreland, £1 1s.; Earl of Winchilsea, £5 5s.; Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart., £5 5s.; Miss Webster, £10 10s. for life; Charles White, Lincoln, £10 10s. for life; William Wilberforce, M.P., £5 5s.; Rev.

Francis Wollaston, Chislehurst, Kent, £10 10s. for life.

The preceding list of the names of subscribers contains less than a hundred, selected from the full list of upwards of 250. Of these the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Bernard, and Mr. Henry Hoare, were life subscribers of fifty-two guineas each, so that the new society had considerable funds guaranteed, and which must have been collected in a very short time. Mr. Speaker Addington was conspicuous by his interest both as a member of the committee and a subscriber. The last Speaker, the Right Hon. Bouverie Brand, was the first Speaker, so far as I know, after an interval of eighty years, to favour similar ideas as he did in the co-operative arrangements he made on the Glynde Estate. William Allen was the same who afterwards joined with Robert Owen and Jeremy Bentham in the Lanark Mill Company. No doubt Robert Owen knew of this society, for we shall have to give an account of the Lanark Mills when held by David Dale. It is the earliest accounts of the Lanark Mills made public, and many years before Robert Owen's connection with them, which shows that he entered upon traditions of social reform, but he had a more comprehensive conception of them, which he sought to make universal in Europe. The reader will recognise other familiar names—that of Edward Forster, presumably of W. E. Forster's family. Allen, being a Quaker, was likely to have interested his Quaker friend, Forster. The names of Brodrick, Lytton, Pelham the Parliamentarian, D. Price, a well-known writer on social questions, will be familiar to the reader; Earl Spencer, Earl Winchilsea, Lady Neale, Mr. Vansittart; Mr. Bowes, of the famous Northumberland family; Majendie, Russell, the three Thorntons, who were members of Parliament; and last,

but not least, William Wilberforce, the father of the Bishop of Oxford, were among the subscribers. Another subscriber was Archdeacon Paley, the distinguished theological writer, whom George III. did not like, and refused preferment, calling him "Pigeon Paley," in consequence of a curious passage in one of his works, in which he described the folly of an entire flock of pigeons all working for one pigeon, they living on less than their proper sustenance in order that one might have more than he could possibly consume. Lord Carrington is another name occurring upon the committee.

The "Preliminary Address" to the public, much worthy to be quoted, which introduced the society's reports, was from the pen of Mr. Thomas Bernard. This was a very remarkable production, as the reader will see: it commences thus:—

"The interests of the poorer classes of society are so interwoven with those of every part of the community that there is no subject more deserving of general attention, nor any knowledge more entitled to the exalted name of science, than that in which their well-being is concerned—than that, the tendency of which is to carry domestic comfort into the recesses of every cottage, and to add to the virtue and morality of a nation by increasing its happiness. The noblest and most elevated employments of the human mind lose their importance when placed in competition with researches on which the welfare and good conduct of millions may depend, and the result whereof may add as much to national prosperity as to individual benefit.

"Let us, therefore, make the inquiry into all that concerns the poor and the promotion of their happiness a science; let us investigate *practically*, and upon *system*,

the nature and consequences, and let us unite in the extension and improvement of those things which experience hath ascertained to be beneficial to the poor. Let the labours of the industrious, the talents of the wise, the influence of the powerful, and the leisure of the many, be directed to this important subject; and let us be assured that united and patient industry will not fail of success.

"The principle of all modern improvement in the sciences—in the arts—in everything in which the industry of man has extended the narrow limits of human knowledge—that principle, without which all is conjecture and hazard, has never yet been properly applied to the concerns of the poor. A search after what has really augmented their happiness and virtue—after what use and experience have given their sanction to—an investigation of facts and existing circumstances—this has never yet been fairly and fully made. For a period of more than two centuries the attention of the nation has been engaged by a succession of projects for the management of the poor, almost all of them originating in benevolence, and every one of them received in a manner and with an interest that distinctly marked the public anxiety upon the subject. The good effects, however, as to the poor, have been limited and uncertain—the projects having originated not in them, but in the projectors—not in fact, but in speculation.

"We all feel how far we can be led by encouragement, by kindness, by management, and while we retain the idea of choice and freewill. We all know, in our own instances, how little is to be effected by compulsion; that where force begins inclination ceases. Let us then give effect to the master-spring of action, that on which equally

depends the prosperity of individuals and of empires—the desire implanted in the human breast of bettering its condition. Let it be our endeavour to give that principle its full effect among the lower classes of society. Our duty to the poor is a *personal* service, enjoined by the highest authority, and cannot be commuted. It is a work in which no man has a right to be idle. Where is it that in such a world as this health, and leisure, and affluence, may not find some ignorance to instruct, some wrong to redress, some want to supply, some misery to alleviate? Shall ambition and avarice never sleep? Shall they never want objects on which to fasten? Shall they be so observant to discover, so acute to discern, so eager, so patient to pursue, and shall the benevolence of Christians want employment?'"

The wise and eloquent quotation with which this portion of the "preliminary address" concludes, is from William Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity;" a book which made a great impression on the public mind of that day. It still retains its reputation, and is regarded as the most famous book produced on the subject by a layman, at the close of the last century.

CHAPTER VI.

A REMARKABLE VINDICATION OF THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.

THE reader will be willing to see the continuation of the striking and eloquent "Preliminary Address" of the remarkable Social Society of which details have been given. It would be difficult to find to-day in any modern quarterly, a more discriminating or better-written paper, or one more advanced in conception than this of Mr. Bernard—which thus proceeds :—

"I am aware there is not, in general, much credit given to the good dispositions of the poor; and that we may be told that we are endeavouring to serve those who will not be served. I know it is said, among other things, that they are jealous of everything that can be done for them, and averse to profit by information. In truth, it is not entirely without cause that the poor are jealous of the variety of measures, however well intended, that are brought forward with regard to them; they understand as little of the motives as the theorist does of the consequences of his experiment. As to unwillingness to profit by information, it may indeed be sometimes imputable to the higher as well as to the lower classes of life. But the poor have never yet had a fair trial. Let useful and practical information be offered to them; give them time to understand, and the choice of adopting it; and I am mistaken if they do not show as much good sense on the subject as any other class of men in the kingdom.

"There is a common theme of declamation, particularly among those who are very little employed themselves, and that is, the idleness of the poor. How far this is exclusively imputable to the labourer, let those judge who have seen him working by the piece, and not by the day. I do not mean by the distinction to admit any culpable degree of idleness in those who work by the day; but in task work, where the earnings are proportioned to the degree of labour and energy employed, I have often wished it were possible to restrain the poor man from injuring himself by excess of exertion—the fatal effect of which I have too frequently seen.

"Another imputation on the poor is drunkenness—an odious and pernicious vice, not confined, I fear, to any particular class of men. Upon this subject it must be a very great satisfaction to every friend of his country that the fatal and poisonous system of dram-drinking is not now so noxiously prevalent* among the lower ranks of life as it has been, the present consumption of British spirits (notwithstanding all our increase of population and manufactures) being much less than it was half a century ago. Of ale and beer, a wholesome and nourishing beverage for the labouring poor, there may be an increased consumption, though, I believe, no excess upon the whole; however, it might be wished that the quantity which they have were more wisely husbanded and applied by them to the purposes of their own domestic comfort and enjoyment.

"Before we give judgment, however, upon the crimes of the poor, it will be prudent, at least, to examine how

* This was written in 1797. In 1805 Mr. Bernard said that the account of the position of this habit would not be so favourable, not only as to the poor, but with respect to some other ranks of life.

far we have, in any degree, been accessories. If habitual drunkenness be frequently the consequence of weakness of body, or of despondency of mind; and, among the poor at least, most prevalent where the constitution has been impaired by comfortless habits of life, or by want of nutritive and regular food; and if of every species of idleness that of hopeless indigence be the most inveterate, was it not our duty—were we not bound by every tie, moral and religious—to have assisted and encouraged them in the use of a better* system of diet, to have increased the internal comfort of their habitations, and to have converted listless indolence, which is without energy when it is without hope, into cheerful, active, and prosperous industry?

"Upon our proposed subjects of inquiry it would be hardly fair to expect much in the very infancy of an establishment. Something, however, has been already done. Friendly societies are the objects of the first paper, which presents an interesting detail respecting one at Castle Eden, upon a scale capable of general adoption. It contains an important illustration of the true principles of action with regard to the poor, and proves how much they may, in a short time, learn to do for themselves, and to what a degree of kindness and affection they may be habituated to extend their interest in the welfare of each other. The manner in which the poor and industrious member of that society has been assisted in the purchase of his cow, and its beneficial consequences both to the individual and to the property with which he is connected by increasing and improving the stock upon it, is deserving of attention and imitation.

* See Sir Fred. Eden's valuable work on the poor. I. 491—496.

"The second is an account of a village shop; a subject the importance of which will be felt by all who interest themselves in the domestic concerns of the poor, when it is known that a saving of about 20 per cent. may be thereby made to the labourer in the purchase of the necessaries of life, that it is the most effectual means to prevent his running in debt, that the expense and trouble to the charitable founder of the shop is inconsiderable, and that it is liable to no objection but what may be easily obviated.

"The next communication is upon workhouses of united hundreds, an inquiry of no small importance at the present moment. The mode of their management, and the objections* and inconveniences that attend them, even under the best regulations and management, are stated with clearness and perspicuity. The rules of a spinning school, established with success at Oakham, upon the principles of Count Rumford, is the next in order—a school where the poor attend with pleasure and regularity, and thankfully receive the benefit of a cheaper and more nourishing diet, supplied to them at a very small price, and for these reasons simply, because they are allowed to continue free agents, and to retain an option on the subject, and because they have the *whole of their earnings inviolably at their own disposal.* May the example be speedily followed in other parts of England.

"The fifth is an account of the gaol and house of correction at Dorchester. When we consider the important consequences of what has been effected there, in annually saving, to the public and to themselves, many persons

* See Sir William Young's "Observations," published in 1788; and "Considerations on the Subject of Poorhouses and Workhouses," 1796.

otherwise abandoned to destruction, we cannot help lamenting that so very few similar instances are to be found in the whole kingdom. The principle of this reform will apply with still greater force to every measure that regards the local and domestic concerns of mankind, in all of which it will invariably be found that in proportion as coercion is given up, and the *interest of the party is made the spring of action*, temptations to vice will be excluded, and habits of labour and honesty will be gradually acquired.

"In the next paper, upon fuel, the reader will find a very gratifying proof that the poor may be easily reconciled to enclosures or to any other measure of public benefit where their own feelings and interests are only properly consulted. The last communication is on parochial relief, and the mode and principle upon which it has been administered by the magistrates of the hundred of Stoke.

"I cannot close without suggesting to the reader some of the very beneficial effects which may be produced by union and perseverance in a proper system of conduct with regard to the poor; our present parochial expenses being at the same time diminished, and a very gentle and gradual variation being made in our code of poor laws. Let it be imagined that the landowner may be awakened to his real* interest, and the industrious labourer supplied with a sufficient portion of garden-ground, and, in many instances, with the means of keeping his cow:—that the fireplaces of cottagers be improved, and their supply of fuel increased; so as to give more comfort to their habi-

* See the Earl of Winchilsea's letter on the advantages of cottagers renting land. 1796.

tations, and to remove an inducement to petty thefts, too frequently the source of criminal habits:—that parish mills, village shops, and all other means of affording the poor a plentiful and cheap supply of the necessaries of life, be gradually introduced wherever they may be useful and proper; that the cases of beggars be inquired into; that the idle and criminal be compelled to work, and the friendless and distressed either relieved at home or received into a clean and comfortable asylum—that the condition of poor children, consigned in lots as apprentices to manufactories, and there left unprotected and forgotten, be placed under a system of inspection. Let us suppose friendly societies the subjects of individual and voluntary aid and encouragement in every part of the kingdom—parish workhouses amended and regulated, and tenanted by the only persons who should be resident in them—those whose forlorn and insulated condition precludes their doing better out of them; and, lastly, that parish relief be systematically directed to the encouragement of industry and economy, and to making the poor man happy in his own cottage, instead of its being the instrument of driving him and his family into a workhouse. Suppose even a part of this effected, and then let the reader himself judge what must be its operation on the poor, on the rich, on every class and rank of society. What must be the addition to individual morality and happiness? What to national security and prosperity?

"27th April, 1797. "THOMAS BERNARD."

There will not be two opinions that this is a distinguished address to have been written nearly one hundred years ago. It contains a code of social principles not yet fully put into practice. I know not where to look for a more original vindication of the industrious classes against

the still common charges of "idleness" of nature, and "unwillingness to profit by information." Sir Wilfrid Lawson might learn from it to-day by what social devices temperance can be promoted—which temperance advocates have always discouraged and often opposed. As State Socialists decry co-operation as tedious amelioration, so temperance advocates are for prohibition only, as a "short cut" to sobriety.

In proposals for the advantage of the farm labourer the reader will smile to see how often the "cow" comes in. At every Co-operative Congress we have still to plead for the opportunity of the workman to have an adequate share in the profit of his labour. So long ago as the times of which we write, the principle of the "spinning school of Oakham" is commended, in which the workers had the "whole of their earnings invariably at their disposal."

In the great agitation from 1817 to 1840, when the foundations of the co-operative movement were laid, what contests were maintained to establish the principle "that in proportion as coercion is given up, and the interests of the party is made the spring of action, temptations to vice will be excluded, and habits of labour and honesty will be gradually acquired." To-day Great Britain is convulsed to determine whether this principle shall be applied to Ireland.

CHAPTER VII.

A REAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY WITH A COW IN IT.

FRIENDLY societies were first in the mind of the students of social science. It was Mr. Bernard who first used the term "science" in connection with social arrangements. Thirty years later Robert Owen, who, as we shall show, had doubtless read these papers, began to write upon the "Science of Society." Seventy and more years elapsed before Lord Brougham, who knew all about Mr. Bernard's views, became the president of the "Social Science Association."

The first paper of Bishop Barrington's Social Reports commenced with an "extract from an account of a friendly society at Castle Eden, in the county of Durham. Communicated by Rowland Burdon, Esq.," who relates that—

"In 1793 my steward, Mr. Michael Scarth, concerted with me the plan of a friendly society at Castle Eden, which commenced on August 10 of that year. The trustees of the society are the lord of the manor, the clergy and justices of that and the two adjacent parishes, within which its members for the most part reside. All donors or subscribers of one guinea and upwards annually are honorary members. Twelve principal inhabitants, with the churchwardens of the three parishes, and all honorary members, are directors for the time being. For the immediate management of the business of the society, an annual committee, with a steward, clerk, and treasurer,

are elected, and two visitors are appointed from each parish.

"The number of members has never reached 200, consisting for the most part of farmers, artificers, labourers, and their families.

The Accounts from August 10, 1793, *to December* 31, 1796.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To donations and subscriptions from honorary members since the commencement	43	0	0	By lent on interest	440	0	0
Interest from sundry members	29	19	6	„ lent to members for purchase of cows	22	0	0
Monthly contributions, deducting sums paid during sickness	386	7	10	Balance in Treasurer's hands	0	16	0
Surplus from funerals, entrances, &c.	3	8	8				
	£462	16	0		£462	16	0

[The ages at which members were admitted ranged from twenty-two to forty-six. Their payments ranged from 1s. per month to 2s., for life.]

"Sixpence is paid for each share on the decease of every member for whose funeral the society has any disbursement to make; and each member above twenty-one years of age (excepting women) pays, at each yearly meeting, one shilling for dinner and liquor; but no member is obliged to be at any expense at monthly or other meetings. A deposit of two shillings and sixpence is made on proposing any person to become a member, which, if the person be not admitted, is returned. Any member under forty-five years of age may increase his or her original share on contributing according to his or her age at the time of making such increase. The benefits were as follow:—

"To men* in sickness, lameness, or infirmity. For one share, and so in proportion for half a share :—

"Six shillings a week when confined in bed, or unable to go out of the house, or to perform any kind of work; and

"Three shillings a week, when able to walk out, or to labour in a small degree: but both these allowances cease when the member is able to follow his usual occupation, or even to earn three shillings a week regularly.

"A surgeon and apothecary is appointed to attend the sick members.

"In old age.—For each share, and so in proportion for half a share, each member may receive the following annuity :—

	To Men. £ s. d.	To Women. £ s. d.
From 50 to 60 years of age, a yearly annuity (by quarterly payments) of ..	.. .. ..	4 0 0
From 60 to 70 years of age	6 0 0 ..	6 0 0
From 70 to 80 „	8 0 0 ..	8 0 0
From 80 to 90 „	10 0 0 ..	10 0 0
From 90 „ to death....	12 0 0 ..	12 0 0

"Such annuities to commence from the first of January next after the member's attaining the age of 50, 60, 70, 80, and 90 years respectively; but no annuity is payable to any member until he shall have contributed for fifteen years, nor for any shares on which he may have received relief in sickness, &c.; but a man may take relief in sickness for one share, and receive annuities for other shares, which occasions many of the members to subscribe for more than one share.

"At death.—Five pounds for each share, and fifty shillings for each half-share, is paid to the representative of each member who has contributed to the fund for

* Women were not entitled to benefit in sickness

twelve months (whether man or woman), and if the member die before contributing twelve months, the full amount of what he or she may have paid is returned. This is repaid to the fund by contributions from the surviving members.

"To the widow of each member who shall die after contributing fifteen years an annuity of four pounds, by quarterly payments from the member's death during widowhood, for each share, and so in proportion for half a share, for which no other benefit had been received during the member's life-time; and if he leave no widow, the same annuity to be applied for the benefit of orphan children—if any—under twelve years of age, until the youngest of them attain that age.

"To young children.—Any member who wishes to make provision for a child or children, is allowed to enter any of them on the following terms:—

"If under four years of age when entered, the member pays fourpence monthly for each child, till it attains twelve years of age, if the member should live so long.

"If four years, and under seven years, when entered, he pays threepence monthly for each child.

"If seven years, and under ten years, when entered, he pays twopence monthly for each child.

"If a member die, and leave any child or children so contributed for, under twelve years of age, one shilling per week is applied out of the fund of the society towards the maintenance of each such child, till it attains the age of twelve years; and if the member choose to contribute double the above-mentioned sums for each child, the child or children will be entitled to double benefit; but no child is entitled to any benefit (excepting the annuity to be paid in case of the member's dying after contributing

for fifteen years, without leaving a widow) unless entered and paid for twelve calendar months before the death of its father.

"By purchasing cows.—A sum of money, not exceeding ten, nor less than five pounds, is lent to any one member for this purpose, on his giving a promissory note, signed by himself and two householders (to be approved of by the steward, directors, and committee) for the repayment (with interest) by instalments, after the rate of two shillings a week, or such other rate as may be agreed on.

"By certificate.—Each member may obtain a certificate as soon as admitted, which, by the Act of Parliament, will prevent him or her from being removed until actually chargeable; and in cases of unmarried women having children in a parish to which they do not belong, the society's certificate will be a better security than many bonds of indemnity. Questions, also, of settlement may be decided without the removal of the certificated person, under the said Act, 33rd of George III., ch. 54, sec. 21, 22.

"The calculations for the contributions, &c., were formed upon Dr. Price's tables, making them, however, more in favour of old than young members, by which the funds are not injured, but rather the reverse, because young men are more inclined to subscribe than old; and if the latter were to contribute according to the proportions of Dr. Price's tables, very few would become members. The composition table is lower also than Dr. Price's, nothwithstanding which very few are found to avail themselves of the advantage.

"The allowance in sickness is one-third higher than Dr. Price's, but members who receive in sickness are debarred from annuities for the same share, and consequently this allowance in sickness may well be afforded.

"In drawing the Castle-Eden tables the object was to make the monthly contributions fully equal to the disbursements, and to induce persons of all ages, under forty-six, to become members, without calculating exactly what each age ought to pay."

Mr. Bernard makes "Observations" upon this statement, and says:—"It shows the accounts of the society, the gradation of its contributions, and the benefits derived by its members, in which the principal rules of the society may be traced. Little has been the amount of donations or subscriptions, and yet, during the severe trial of the late scarcity of bread corn, few or none of the members omitted to keep up their subscriptions, testifying thereby an anxious and steady wish to provide permanently for themselves and families.

"The families of the poor have easier access to medical assistance at their own houses, and they have been associated for each other's support. In more instances than one they have collected little sums among themselves to present to their sick and necessitous over and above the allowance from the funds of the society, which, as far as I know, is an effect of philanthropy derived from the institution. All the members are uniformly anxious to avoid taking relief for sickness during fifteen years on their shares—a circumstance which, whilst it protects the fund, adds force to the habitual lesson of thrift; and as there is a regular ledger kept, in which each member's separate account is entered, no mistake can arise on that subject. The encouragement given to buying and keeping cows promises considerable improvement to my estate, as I find it very well worth my while to accommodate the members with pasture for a cow and two tons of hay each for six pounds per annum. This, to a poor family, is a great

advantage, and will, according to my apprehension, tend much to diminish the weight of poor upon the parishes to which they belong. The locomotive faculty also derived from the certificates of friendly societies is a very obvious advantage, and I was sorry to be obliged to give way to the authority of the legislature in the adoption of a general principle of this nature with respect to the poor, by the passing of an Act for preventing vexatious removals which has taken away, or at least diminished much, the inducement for entering friendly societies."

In a "fourth edition" of this report, printed for the society by Savage and Easingwood, James-street, Buckingham-gate, 1798, Mr. Bernard adds this note:—"In a late instance, in the neighbourhood of Ealing, a majority, composed of the *young* men of a friendly society, agreed to dissolve the society and divide the stock; and thereby at once defrauded all the *old* members of that provision for age and infirmity, which had been the object of many years' contribution. A new society was immediately formed of the young persons, and all the old members were left to the parish. This could not have happened *if their rules had been regularly confirmed at the quarter sessions.* The advantages of the rules being confirmed and registered (which by the Act is to be without any fee or expense) are many and important; their *bonds* are not chargeable with any *stamp duty;* they have a copy of their rules on record, which they may always recur to; if their steward or other person embezzles their money they may apply to the Court of Chancery, and obtain a decree and *relief without any expense* whatever; and in case any person who has money or effects of the society in his hands, dies, or becomes a bankrupt, the debt of the Society is to be discharged *in preference to*

any other demand whatsoever. If all members of friendly societies had been aware how much their security and benefits are increased by the confirmation of their rules there would have been none but would have taken advantage of the Act. There is an unnecessary restriction in the statute law, as to the time for the confirmation of the rules of any friendly societies established *before* the passing of that Act."

The reader who knows what friendly societies and the Acts relating to them have become by the exertions of Mr. E. Vansittart Neale, and his legal friends, whose names all co-operators hold in grateful memory, will read with no mean interest this singular record of the prudent devices of this early friendly society, in which a cow was one of the benefits which its members assisted in obtaining.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

FIGURES in an article affect the general reader as the fall of the curtain does the spectators in a theatre, when it descends in the interval of the acts. All interest ceases, except to the few, when the curtain of figures falls before his eyes. Statistical dissertations on social questions are rather for reflection than entertainment. Meditations among figures are very like meditations among tombs—since there the wholesome curiosity of the general reader lies buried. Figures are the mathematical parts of an argument, and, when exact and relevant, the figures, in the eyes of the student, contain the proof. All the average reader has time for is the result clearly stated. When Mr. Irving is slaying a villain on the stage, what the spectators care most for is to see him killed. The few amateurs who are learning fencing are much interested in watching how the attack and parrying are conducted. But the few fencers to whom this part of the play is most interesting are not sufficient to keep the theatre going. Neither will figures keep any periodical going, and the reader may depend upon me to use them sparingly. In the last chapter I abridged them considerably, and selected just enough to show the financial basis and construction of the early friendly society described therein. In the days of scarcity and distress, when it was formed, there was a hope of its imitation in other districts, and, therefore, every detail would have been interesting then, because guiding.

We now come to the story—the formation of the first recorded co-operative store in a village. It has not appeared in an entirely complete form until now. The narrative is from the pen of the practical bishop, and stands second in the volume of the Social Reports as follows :—

"Extract from an account of a village shop at Mongewell, in the county of Oxford. Communicated by the Bishop of Durham.

"In the year 1794, a village shop was opened at Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, for the benefit of the poor of that and three small adjoining parishes. A quantity of such articles of consumption as they use was procured from the wholesale dealers, as bacon, cheese, candles, soap, and salt, to be sold at prime cost, and for ready money. They were restricted in their purchases to the supposed weekly demand of their families. The bacon and cheese, being purchased in Gloucestershire, had the charge of carriage. Most other situations would be nearer to an advantageous market. This plan was adopted under the apparent inconvenience of not having a more proper person to sell the commodities than an infirm old man, unable to read or write. He received the articles that were wanted for the week; and it has appeared by his receipts at the close of it that he has been correct. Since the commencement to the present time there has been no reason to regret his want of scholarship, a proof how very easy it must be to procure, in every village, a person equal to the task. As he has parish pay, and his house rent is discharged, he is perfectly contented with his salary of one shilling per week, having also the common benefit of the shop.

"As the prices of the shop articles have varied much during the past year (1796) it will be easy to judge of the

advantage by taking them at the average, and the account will be more simple. The price of the sale throughout has been in the proportion stated, against the prices of the shops in the neighbourhood.

"The rate of bacon purchased has been 8½d. per lb.; the carriage rather more than ¼d. It was sold for 9¼d; the advantage to the poor was 2¾d. per lb. Cheese cost 4¾d.; sold for 6d.; advantage to the poor, 1d. per lb. Soap, candles, and salt sold at prime cost; the advantage on these articles to the poor was £1 11s.

"There is a loss on the soap from cutting and keeping, to prevent which it is laid in by small quantities. Buying the salt by the bushel almost covers the loss sustained from selling it by the lb.

"The quantity of bacon sold during the year was 168 score; Cheese, 28 cwt.

"Account of payments in 1796:—

	£	s.	d.
Candles, soap, and salt	31	1	6
Bacon	120	0	0
Cheese	62	9	5
Carriage	7	11	3
Salary	2	12	0
	£223	14	2

"The receipts corresponded, except by 15s., which arose from the poor of Mongewell having been allowed their soap and candles 1d. per lb. under prime cost. The saving to the poor was:—

	£	s.	d.
On bacon	34	16	8
On cheese	11	13	4
On candles, &c.	1	11	0
	£48	1	0

"Hence, it appears that the addition to the prime cost

of bacon and cheese is equal to the loss on the hocks and the cutting. Every other part of the flitch being sold at the same price.

"Since the commencement of the present year (1797), rice and coarse sugar have been introduced into the Mongewell shop with much benefit, particularly the former."

The "Observations" which follow are also by the bishop:—"From the above statement it is seen that taking all the articles together sold at the Mongewell shop, there was a saving to the poor of 21 per cent. in the supply of several of the most important articles of life. Many in every parish would lend their assistance to carry this plan into execution if it were known that the rates would be lowered at the same time that the poor were benefited.

"From the adoption of this plan, the poor will have good weight, and articles of the best quality; which, without imputing dishonesty to the country shopkeeper, will not always be the case at a common shop. Where there is no claim on the part of the purchaser, and no power of rejection, it is not probable that much regard should be paid to these considerations by the seller.

"The comforts of the poor may thus be promoted by bringing within their reach the articles of life which they chiefly want of the best quality and at the cheapest rate. Their morals will also be improved by the removal of an inducement to frequent the alehouse. As their time will not be misspent, their means also will be increased. The parish rates will be lessened, even if the articles were sold without profit, for the labourer will be enabled to purchase clothing for his family without other assistance. The farmer will gain by keeping his servants regularly at their

work, and by taking from the younger of them those examples of bad economy and dissolute conduct which tend to lead them into the same evil habits.

"Another benefit of this measure is the preventing the poor running in debt. The credit given them adds much to the sufferings they undergo from their situation. The season in which they have the best opportunity of exertion, and their industry is best recompensed, is in the harvest. Their wages then must be applied to discharge the debts which they have contracted ; and they are obliged to their parishes for such clothing and fuel (not to mention house rent) with which they are supplied during the winter. As the poor find that they can procure necessaries for their families by this indulgence of the shopkeeper, they feel less scrupulous in spending part of their weekly wages at the alehouse. Hence the earnings of the following week are diminished by having misspent their time as well as their money. There are but few parishes which do not confirm the truth of these observations, and which have not been called upon to redeem such goods of the poor as the shopkeeper had at length seized to cover himself from loss, when he had no hopes of security from their labour.

"It is hence obvious to remark, that another striking benefit to be derived from that plan is giving to the poor the full enjoyment of their earnings ; for whoever attends to the circumstances under which the labouring country poor usually purchase the necessaries of life, must be sensible of the inconveniences to which they are subjected. If the shopkeeper be of substance he frequently employs them in spinning, for which he pays by his own goods. They have not the option of seeking a better market with the price of their labour, as he will furnish work only on

those terms. A connection is thus formed, and the poor easily obtain credit, especially if there should be more shops than one, for then they cannot leave their creditor without exposing themselves to his vengeance for the debt. This has often happened in the neighbourhood of Mongewell, where, owing to these causes, many whose condition would have been bettered, and their comforts increased by the village shop, have not yet been able to profit by the benefit it affords.

"An objection has been urged against this plan, from the injury supposed to be done to the shopkeeper, who would therefore be deprived of his livelihood.

"It may be presumed that the honest and deserving shopkeeper would be employed by preference, wherever this institution is established. And his gains are at present so trifling, so precarious, so unpleasantly acquired, and his feelings so frequently hurt by the measures he is obliged to recur to for the payment of his debts, that almost any certain income would be preferable. The country shopkeepers are usually employed by dealers in a more extensive trade, and credit given for their stock, to dispose of which they in their turn give credit to their customers. The failure of payment in the poor produces a similar failure on the part of the shopkeeper. The common rate of this description earn a very scanty subsistence. They frequently become chargeable to the parish, when their creditor, perceiving his debt in danger, obliges them to settle their account.

"But were it otherwise, and the objection well-founded, can it be a question whether a plan productive of such numerous and essential comforts to the poor should be adopted? Admit the principle on which the objection rests, and it would obstruct improvements of every kind.'

It may reasonably, therefore, be hoped that a plan where the risk is small, and the expectations of benefit to the labouring poor great and certain, will not be abandoned on such slight grounds.

"There may be situations in which the establishment of such a shop as I have described would prove prejudicial in its consequences to some honest shopkeeper, who, by assistance in the mode of his supply of goods to more advantage than they are now usually obtained on long credit, might be enabled to sell at a moderate price for ready money, and thereby give the poor a part, at least, of the benefits which the poor at Mongewell enjoy.

"This certainly would be desirable where the whole of that benefit cannot be given consistently with local or particular circumstances.

"24th Feb., 1797."

This was not a perfect store as we understand them now. But neither Alexander Campbell, of Glasgow, nor Charles Howarth, of Rochdale, separate originators of the plan of dividing profits upon purchases, were about in those days. But, as a cheap-selling store in which the consumer had all the advantages, the Mongewell store was complete. The shrewd bishop understood the Leakage question, as well as the advantage to the member of not being in debt to the shopkeeper. The objections raised by shopkeepers to the co-operative village shop, and the improvement in morals and social condition of the villagers who had such a store were clearly understood by his lordship. The bishop would make a good co-operative lecturer even in these days.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHURCH CO-OPERATIVE STORE IN THE EARLY DAYS.

A CO-OPERATIVE store is of the nature of a social machine for producing thrift and trade morality. The Bishop of Durham was the inventor of the first on record. It is not, however, known that two other stores were established of the same kind within five years. One was a village shop, set going by the Rev. Dr. Glasse, at Greenford, a Middlesex hamlet, within a mile of Harrow-on-the-Hill. Dr. Glasse, the reader has seen, was one of the subscribers to the social society funds which were designed to promote the improvement and comfort of the poor. The rev. doctor therefore knew all about the bishop's store at Mongewell, and, indeed, avows that he took it for his model. Greenford is still a straggling village, to which only a lane of cottages have been added within the last half-century. It never had any sanitary attention. It is picturesque, verdant, and its poorer houses are unhealthy, where death, as I have seen, often gathers a harvest of poor lives from malaria damp and undrainage.

It is disgraceful that around the famous halls of learning at Harrow, villagers should be allowed to die, and be left to die of preventible diseases. For two centuries Harrow has been a famous seat of learning, and to this day there is not a single public bath in it, and poor people who need a warm bath in fever have to go, or be taken, ten miles to London to obtain one. In the days of Dr. Glasse, health

was little known to depend on physical conditions. Social science, however, was dawning on the public mind, and he thoughtfully did what he could to promote it in Greenford. He gave the following account of what he did in the third volume of the society's social reports :—

"In January, 1800, I resolved to open a village shop at Greenford, as nearly as possible on the plan of that at Mongewell; for this purpose I fitted up a room near my house, and appointed an intelligent young woman—one of my servants—to the office of shopkeeper; the time of sale being limited to the hour, between twelve and one o'clock, which I knew would not be inconvenient to those for whom the shop was intended, as they almost all live near to my house. I proposed to supply them with bacon, cheese, butter, rice, soap, sugar, and tea. We had no difficulty in conducting the sale of any of these articles except the last, which, being a subject of excise, could not be dealt in without a license specially taken out for that purpose. This I thought at first might be dispensed with; but the exciseman is obliged, by his oath, to require it. Accordingly a license was obtained at the expense of only a few shillings; and the young woman's name, as a dealer in tea, &c., was written on the door of her shop.

"The principal objection to a village shop was, in this instance, removed by an established shopkeeper in the village leaving off business, there being only one remaining, the keeper of which had sufficient means of support. I was, therefore, doing no material injury to anyone in the service which I was endeavouring to render to many.

"I resolved to lay in every article for sale of the best kind, and to sell it at the prime cost; and the poor, which had their comfort and advantage for its sole objects, were

immediately supplied for *ready money only* with the necessaries of life, at a price which, on comparison with what they had been accustomed to pay, appeared to them to be extremely moderate and reasonable. It is too true, however, that at the best, every article which they now purchase must come to them exceedingly dear.

"Whoever deals at the shop is supplied with a card or ticket, inscribed with his or her name, which is to be given to the parish clerk in church by some one grown-up person of the family, after morning or evening service. This ticket the clerk is to bring to the shop on Monday, and if by the absence of any ticket it appears that the owner was absent from church on the preceding day, such, however, unless a satisfactory reason can be given, is deprived of the advantages of the shop for the ensuing week.

"The receipts in six months are rather better than £150; and the savings to the poor, besides the prevention of frequent journeys to Brentford (four miles), and that chiefly on Sunday morning, are different on different articles; on some less than 15 per cent., on some 20 per cent., and others 25 per cent.

"I should have mentioned that although the hour of applying to the shop is limited, on other days, to between twelve and one, yet on Saturdays it is open from six till nine in the evening. The labourers have prevailed on their employers to lay aside the practice of paying wages on Sunday, and urge, as an argument, the necessity of their carrying money in their hands, when they go to this shop, to purchase the necessary supplies for their families on Saturday evening. I hope I shall be able to continue this mode of assistance to the poor, and to extend it with effect to other articles, particularly to those of coals and

potatoes, the latter of which we are now selling to the poor at one halfpenny a pound; but they are small, though of the best sort. Our price for coals never exceeds one shilling a bushel, which, at the present cost of the article, will require a subscription to support it, as, if the demand were great, the deficiency would be too considerable to be conveniently supported by an individual."

In his "Observations" upon this store, Dr. Glasse says:—"It is but too obvious how much the poor are imposed upon by the petty shopkeepers in the necessaries which they are enabled to purchase. The quality of the goods is not the best, the price is extravagantly high, and the quantity is reduced by deceitful weights and a scanty measure. This is so often the case as to call for particular attention to two recent Acts of Parliament for the inspection of weights and balances; and I cannot help considering those officers, who undertake this enquiry when they faithfully discharge their duty, as public benefactors.

"One great advantage which I hope my poor neighbours will derive from my shop will be an established habit of paying *ready money*, for we have *no book debts*. In too many cases the ready cash used to go elsewhere—doing no good, but much harm—while the poor shopkeeper was the principal creditor, and thought himself justified in charging an extravagant price to make himself amends for long credit and frequent losses of the whole debt.

"There is another benefit much more important which I hope will arise from this little institution, and that is that the poor will acquire a habit of attending public worship on the Lord's Day. By the church ticket required to be delivered to the clerk the congregation is greatly increased; the habit of indolence, perhaps, rather than downright irreligion, which kept them from church, is overcome, and

an improvement in the morals of my customers may reasonably be expected. 1st. Nov., 1800."

Such was the second "village shop" set up in the infantine days of co-operative ideas. This was a church store. Many years ago I, myself, explained in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that church and chapel too might make moral and financial uses of co-operation. But this ingenious device of making it a means of church attendance did not occur to me. However, Dr. Glasse was considerate in his condition. One attendance on the "Sunday morning or evening" was to be sufficient, and "any grown-up member of the family" might present the store ticket to the clerk, so that any heroic member of the adult household might vicariously devote himself to that duty. As any "grown-up *person*" might so act, no doubt the wife to whom the duty of sacrifice is usually assigned—would often be the person to present the ticket at church; and as it was to be given in "*after* the service," possibly the good clerk found tickets handed to him by some whom he had not previously observed as present in the congregation. But if the Rev. Dr. Glasse's sermons were as good as his intentions were kindly, this would not often be the case.

Let the reader note how admirable a store manager Dr. Glasse made! His village store was opened in a daintier way than that of Rochdale, forty-four years later. How well Dr. Glasse thought over all the commodities he ought to lay in stock; what trouble he took about the tea license! As a magistrate, he soon found that the excise law was not to be evaded. The intelligent young woman who was storekeeper must have been proud to see her licensed name inscribed in capital letters over "her shop." What wise consideration

Dr. Glasse showed for the interests of local shopkeepers! What just importance he attached to the principle of "ready money," and the avoidance of "book debts." We learn a curious fact—that the wages of workmen were not paid the men until Sunday, the only leisure day they had, when no shop, save the public-house, was open. How could the mother lay out her money (if it came into her hands) for her family, or provide a Sunday dinner without previously contracting debts with the shopkeepers? It is gratifying to learn that the labourers were intelligent enough to urge that the necessity of paying ready money at the store was a reason why their employers should pay them on Saturday. The argument succeeded, and the store principle of *no debt* improved the social position of men outside the village shop.

I find that there was a third store at the end of the last century—one at Hanwell, an account of which shall next be submitted to the reader. No one could guess where this store was held. Its situation is the most surprising in the history of stores.

CHAPTER X.

A CO-OPERATIVE STORE IN A VICARAGE.

It is the Rev. George Glasse, vicar of Hanwell (probably a relative, brother or son, of Dr. Glasse of Greenford), who gives the account of this singular store. He relates that—

"In the course of last winter (1800), I endeavoured to establish a village shop at Hanwell, in Middlesex. A considerable sum had been subscribed, in December, 1799, for the relief of the poor; but it had been entirely exhausted before the end of January. In endeavouring to remedy the evil, I had to struggle with some difficulties, particularly with that arising from the disinclination of the poor to apply money to buy those articles, which they had just been in the habit of receiving gratuitously and abundantly.

"I adopted, however, the plan of purchasing by wholesale the following articles, viz., Bohea tea (which may now be fairly considered as a necessary of life to the poor), tea dust (a commodity not very generally known, but very serviceable and extremely cheap), sugar, butter, cheese, rice, Scotch Barley, potatoes, coals, and soap; the last of which is an article wherein the poor are subject to the greatest imposition, both as to quality and price. To these I have been since able to add the article of food (introduced by the society) of corned herrings.

"I then circulated in my parish printed cards specifying the prime cost of these several articles, and the most approved receipts for dressing rice, potatoes, Scotch barley,

&c. The depôt is kept at my own house in a room which I have built for the purpose, to which my shopkeeper, a very honest villager with a large family, has access at ten o'clock every day for the supply of such articles as may be necessary."

Clearly, the Rev. Mr. Glasse had boldly set his mind (or his mind was set by wise consideration) upon creating a real store for the benefit of his parishioners. He opened a village shop "in his own house." He, finding no available room in the parish, erected one "for the purpose." The Rev. George Glasse is the first store builder on record. It will be interesting to ascertain whether that structure is still standing in Hanwell Rectory. Mr. Glasse was confronted by what we are taught is a purely Irish difficulty, an unwillingness—by persons who had not been trained in self-help—to pay for what they wanted. The reverend store-builder had been better placed if he had had the Wholesale Society to fall back upon to make his purchases for him. Nevertheless he bought wholesale as well as he could, and no doubt he did it with judgment. By circulating in Hanwell printed cards of the "prime cost" of his purchases, he may be said to have commenced that practice of co-operative publicity which is a feature of that disinterested trade. It was very beneficial to the villagers no less than to store members, that he circulated also receipts for cooking, in the best way known, popular articles of consumption. The *Co-operative News* often contains similar receipts, but there are many stores which might to-day follow the Hanwell plan of circulating receipts which would benefit members; profit, interest and often attract outside persons to the store.

From Mr. Glasse's brief paper we learn some historic facts. It was in 1800 that tea was first "considered a

necessary of life to the poor." "Tea dust," it appears, was not then a commodity very generally known. "Corned herrings" was then an unknown food, it being "first introduced by this society." The promoters of this social movement on behalf of the poorer classes, introduced or made known other kinds of food, of which the poor were ignorant. There are new foods now which co-operative societies will one day introduce when they have time to consider and act upon their opportunities.

In another place Mr. Thomas Bernard makes some instructive observations upon the disadvantages under which the poor laboured in that day from not paying for their domestic purchases as they made them. His words were—

"The usual habit of the poor is to send to the shop for their bread from day to day, as they consume it. At the end of the week their earnings and what they are to receive for parish relief are due to the shopkeeper, with whom they almost universally contract debts; so they are bound to deal with him, at whatever rate the goods are charged; and as those goods are laid in by small quantities, and on credit, they must be sold to the poor under every disadvantage. When the debt amounts to a few shillings only it is necessary that the shopkeeper reserve a portion of the earnings and parochial assistance towards the liquidation of it, and it is much if the poor have a sufficiency of bread from them. Hence follow numberless inconveniences. The mind of the man is oppressed, for his wages are pledged. His family can afford him no satisfaction, for he regards them as the cause of his hard fare, as on their account the debt was contracted. Thus his attachment to his home is broken, and his domestic habits destroyed."

In too many districts at this day these evils exist, which

can be remedied only by the establishment of co-operative stores there.

One instance of the suggestiveness of this society, whose transactions are the subject of this Book, was its recommendation of Indian corn as an article of cheap and nutritious diet. It was unknown in England in that day, and sixty years elapsed before working people generally would look at it. This was what was then said of it by this society :—"A large importation of Indian corn is soon expected from America. This is a nourishing and heartening food; but it is not to be expected that it should be immediately brought into general use. There will be no difficulty, however, in applying it to the feeding of horses, oxen, and poultry, so as to save a proportion of other corn. It should be broken, or coarsely ground; and care should be taken not to give too large a quantity, as its nutritive power is very strong."

This society had real common sense. They were not sanguine of any good thing, but nevertheless went on advising it, explaining it, and giving it a chance. Americans were living deliciously on Indian corn preparations of food, but this society did not expect that the English poor would touch it, and so suggested that it might be tried on horses and geese. So the farmyard geese had a "good time" of it, and the superior geese who fed them, went on starving. The society understood that Englishmen are creatures into whose head it is difficult to get a new idea, but there is this advantage, that if ever it is got in, no human being can get it out again.

In a letter to the Bishop of Durham by Mr. Bernard, he gives a picture of the "good old times" to which many vainly look back and ignorantly regret. Mr. Thomas Bernard remarks :—"During the present scarcity of wheat-

corn, I have heard some persons express a wish for the return of those good old times of plenty, when there was always abundance of food in this country. I have in vain searched the History of England for this golden age; for, until the last century, and with exception of a short period that annually succeeded the harvest, wheat was never so cheap and plentiful in England as to make part of the food of the cottagers. It frequently happened that the cost of a quartern loaf of wheaten bread would exceed the produce of a week's labour. Those who will refer to the relative prices of corn and labour during the last 700 years (as given in Sir Fred. Eden's "State of the Poor," and Bishop Fleetwood's "Chronicon Pretiosum") will have abundant reason to be satisfied that not only scarcity was formerly a periodical and expected evil, but that famine was not uncommon in these good old times. Without noticing the dearth in 1270, when the cost of a bushel of wheat was almost beyond credibility (17s. a bushel, labour being then 1d. a day), and the scarcity in 1289: the price of wheat in the year 1316, 1317, and 1318, when labour was 1d. a day, was from 4s. to 8s. a bushel. When, in 1587, the average price of labour was raised 3d. a day, wheat was sold at 10s. a bushel, and at the same price in 1596—and in several instances not much cheaper. Eighteen bushels of wheat then constituted a fair average crop for an acre. The substance of this statement was inserted in a former publication. At the suggestion of a friend I repeat it here, in the hope that those who are dissatisfied with the present times will inform themselves as to other periods of English history, and as to the present situation of other countries; and then judge whether, with any temporary pressure which we may be subject to at present, there is any other age or country which is to be preferred to our own."

There never was any "golden age" for the poor in any country or at any time, and those are very silly who think there was. In some respects the poor may be better off than they are in another age, but the poor have always a bad time of it. The "golden age" is what we have to make, and co-operation in industry is the best means of doing it, yet discovered. Competence is the "golden age," but those who have competence are no longer "poor."

Those who remember the cotton famine will know the trouble we had to obtain relief in Lancashire and Yorkshire for co-operators who had savings in the store. It was mainly by the social discernment and liberality of the late Lord Derby that relief was accorded to those who had savings without calling upon them to sell the shares they held. Mr. Bernard gives an instructive account how this very question came up in the Hundred of Stoke in the county of Bucks, and how it was dealt with before this century began. Mr. Bernard relates that—

"In December, 1795, when the applications of the poor for relief were necessarily much increased by the high price of bread, it appeared to the magistrates of the hundred of Stoke, that a regular book, by way of register of the cases relieved in that district, might be of considerable use; and might tend to put the relief given to the poor on a more regular system.

"In order to encourage industry and economy, and to explain their general plan of granting relief for the poor, the magistrates gave notice that particular attention is paid by them to the number of children of any age who require relief; and to the degree of industry of the person applying, and of every part of his or her family; and that,

for this purpose, a book is kept by them, in which these circumstances, and any other entitling the party to relief, are entered before any order is made.

"The magistrates having hitherto granted reliefat home to persons applying on account of children under seven years of age, have it now in their power, under the provisions of an Act lately passed, to extend that relief to industrious and sober persons who have in part, though not entirely, the means of comfort and subsistence in their own dwellings: they therefore declare that, in all cases where any parish workhouse is farmed out, they shall consider that circumstance as an additional reason for giving (as far as the law authorises) relief at home to the industrious and well-disposed poor of that parish; it appearing that the farming of a parish workhouse sets the interest of the party in opposition to his duty, and prevents the relief that the poor are by law entitled to, and which they would otherwise receive.

"They also recommend to the parishes not to lessen at all (or at least in a very small degree) the relief to the labouring poor, on account of any allowance the party may receive from any friendly society, or on account of any little portion of property which his industry or economy may have treasured up against an evil day; such conduct tending to discourage frugality, and to increase the parish burthens.

"This notice was signed by Sir Charles Palmer, Mr. Sullivan, Sir Robert Harvey, Mr. Penn, Sir William Johnston, and myself, acting as magistrates for the hundred of Stoke; and printed copies of it circulated pretty generally throughout all the parishes in the hundred."

Mr. Bernard adds these "Observations" in reference thereto:—

"I have had many opportunities of observing that the industrious and well-disposed poor are gratified by every inquiry that is made respecting their industry and good conduct, and that they are frequently much hurt and discouraged by so little distinction (indeed, in some instances, no distinction at all) being made between them and the idle and profligate poor. The mode of inquiry, and the inquiry, and the registry and publicity that attends it, have had the effect of giving satisfaction and encouragement to the well-disposed poor in that neighbourhood, and they have felt that in this mode relief was impartially granted to them, according to the necessity and industry of the family. At the same time, the inquiry that has been always made after the earnings of every branch of the family has tended to keep up in them a disposition to activity and exertion."

With regard to the mention which the magistrates have made of friendly societies, I should observe that an idea had prevailed that persons entitled to assistance from any friendly society, however small that assistance might be, were to be considered as having waived their claim to parochial relief. This idea, it was apprehended, might operate to the discouragement of those useful institutions The overseers concurred in the opinion, and, in one instance, agreed to an allowance, part of the object of which was to enable the pauper to continue his monthly payment at his club during the continuance of the winter, and of the high price of bread. It was, therefore, thought proper for the magistrates to declare their opinion that the members of friendly societies should by no means be excluded from relief, though, at the same time, we were satisfied that they would seldom have occasion or inclination to apply for it.—16th March, 1797.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY CO-OPERATIVE CORN MILLS, AND STORY OF A COAL STORE.

THE co-operative corn mill on Barham Downs, wind-driven, was contemporary with the oldest recorded corn mill established in the interest of the consumer. The oldest was the Hull Corn Mill of 1795. The Barham mill commenced one year later. The reader will see it has the co-operative features of ready-money payments, no credit, no debt, and fixes the co-operative interest on capital at 5 per cent.—the earliest mention of the amount I have found. It is Mr. Thomas Bernard who relates the story of the Barham Corn Mill:—

"In January, 1796, a parish windmill was erected by subscription on Barham Downs, very near the village of Barham. The subscribers were eight in number; the subscriptions £40 each. The whole cost of the mill (which began to work on the 5th of April, 1796, and contains two pair of stones, one for wheat, and one for other corn) was £336; the expenses of the scales and utensils of different kinds was £17; the whole together amounting to £353, being £33 more than the original sum subscribed. This surplus of expense was discharged out of the extra profits of the mill that were received between the 5th of April, 1796, and the 1st January, 1797.

"By an agreement between the subscribers, it was settled that (after payment of the miller's wages, the repairs

of the mill, and other necessary expenses, together with *interest at 5 per cent.* on the subscriptions) half the surplus of the profits should be set apart as a fund towards discharging the moneys advanced until the same should be reduced to £150; the remainder of the surplus in the meantime, and ultimately the whole of it, being applied for the benefit of the labouring industrious poor of the parish of Barham* in such a manner as the subscribers should think proper; it being their determined resolution not to appropriate any part of it to their own use.

"The mill is already so far in profit as to give a fair prospect of producing a fund for discharging by degrees the greater part of the money originally subscribed, and for providing for the future expenses of the repairs of the mill, which will necessarily increase as it grows older. The miller attends constantly every day, as well for the purpose of grinding corn in small quantities, by preference for the poor, as of grinding for any of the farmers or neighbours. The fixed price for grinding at the mill is fourpence a bushel, with an allowance of half a pound only for waste, which is found to be sufficient, whereas the neighbouring millers used to charge sixpence a bushel for grinding, with a deduction of one pound a bushel for waste.

"The price for grinding taken by millers in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, before this mill was set up, was sixpence a bushel—they have now reduced it to threepence. When, indeed, the millers take toll the amount of it is various, sometimes as high as a tenth, and some-

* Here Mr. Bernard expresses a hope "that this surplus may be applied in giving aid and encouragement to those labourers whose industry and economy have enabled them to do without parochial relief, by furnishing the annual premium of a cow, a pig, or the fitting up of a cottage, as the means of enabling them to thrive, and of raising them above the condition of applying for relief under the poor's rate."

times as low as a sixteenth or even a twentieth: supposing it put on an average at a fourteenth. During the late scarcity corn was, in some parts of England, at one time, as high as a guinea a bushel, the toll on which would be one shilling and sixpence; but when it is recollected that the miller's toll is always taken from the best of the meal and from the finer flour that is in the centre of the hopper, the value of that toll cannot be less than two and sixpence a bushel. If, in addition to these circumstances, we advert to the fact that, during the scarcity of wheat, some millers purchased at half price foreign and damaged corn, which they mixed with English wheat, we shall have reason to believe that five shillings a bushel on grinding wheat is not more than may have been made in some instances during that period of scarcity.

"There is a fourteen-shilling cloth to dress the flour for those who bring their own corn. People are sure to have their own corn returned to them, which is not generally the case in corn mills, and if they please they may stay and see it ground, and take it away with them. A bushel of corn takes in grinding about ten minutes. The consequence of these regulations is that the neighbours bring their corn (by preference) to this mill to grind.

"The meal is sold to the poor of the parish of Barham, and of the four adjoining parishes, for ready money only, at a rate which is fixed once a week, according to the average price of wheat at Canterbury on the preceding Saturday. In fixing the price there is a profit reserved of two shillings and eightpence per quarter for grinding, the proprietors taking upon themselves the risk of the fluctuation of the market. This price has been, on an average, rather more than one shilling per bushel, or three-halfpence a gallon cheaper than of the neighbouring millers.

It is sold to the poor at one halfpenny a gallon cheaper than the price at which it is sold to the tradesmen and farmers, but no meal is sold at the mill except the *whole meal*, the object of which is to hold out a prevalent inducement to make bread of the whole meal, without taking out the bran and coarse flour.

"No meal is sold but for ready money; everyone comes and fetches it away at his own expense. There is a general day for delivery of meal to the poor once a week. Upon that day a person attends from nine of the clock in the morning till twelve, on behalf of the subscribers, to see the delivery of the meal and the payment of the money, and to cast up the books. The same person is employed to purchase the corn, and great care is taken that no wheat shall be purchased but what is of the very best quality, by which means the customers are sure of not having any musty or damaged wheat—a most material circumstance to the poor, who are too frequently obliged to take bad meal from the common millers. It may be right to observe that since the erection of this mill the neighbouring millers have sold their flour much nearer to the price of the wheat than they did formerly.

"The conversion of many corn mills into cotton mills, and for other purposes of manufacture has enabled the millers in many parts of England to establish a monopoly in the most important article of life. How they have used the advantages which they have derived from the number of corn mills being diminished, and how much the poor have suffered by it, is too well known, and has been too deeply and generally felt to require observation. By the preceding detail it appears that it is in the power of the other classes of society, with very little trouble and without any expense, to protect the poor against this very

baneful monopoly, and to rescue them from the hands of persons who, to say the least, have not used their power with moderation. This is an object of very great importance, which may be immediately and effectually obtained, by the erection of parish mills, similar to that on Barham Downs, for the establishment of which the public is indebted to the philanthropy and spirit of Mr. Oxenden and the other subscribers.

"Such mills in country districts would secure to the poor, at reduced and moderate prices, and of a good quality and honest measure, that which is to them the most material article of subsistence, and would be the means of inducing people in general, instead of rejecting all except the finest flour, to use the *whole meal*, thereby husbanding with more economy that necessary article of life, on the abundance of which so much of their comfort depends.

"N.B.—A parish mill has been very lately erected at Chislehurst, in Kent, by a subscription of ten ladies and gentlemen there. It is built on an elevated and beautiful part of Chislehurst Common, two acres of which have been granted by the lord of the manor for the site of the mill and house, and for a garden and little field to it, on the express condition of two specific days every week, Monday and Tuesday, being allotted to grinding for the poor of Chislehurst, in preference to all other persons; on which days the miller is to have a pair of stones ready to grind for any poor person who brings a bushel of corn, or any small quantity, which person, if he pleases, may stay and see it ground immediately, and take it way with him, paying in ready money at the rate of fourpence a bushel for grinding. On failure of these conditions, the mill and ground are forfeited.

"It is only a short time that this mill has been working. I depend on it as the subject of an interesting communication in a future report of the society. In the meantime, I shall only observe that the poor can now purchase their flour there with ready money, for near two shillings a bushel under the price of the shops in that county, at the same time getting it of a good quality and fair measure. This mill is built on a large scale, and contains in it a great deal of very curious mechanism. It has been erected under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Wollaston, the rector of Chislehurst."

This account was written under date "27th Oct. 1797." A remarkable note is made (as to what the poor lost by parish corn mills being converted to other uses) saying:—

"It has been clearly proved that by the conversion of many corn mills into mills for manufactories, and by other circumstances, the cottager has been subjected to a grievous monopoly in respect of bread, which is now become his prime necessary of life. The injury to the poor by this alone (if we may estimate from the facts which have come before us) is nearly equal to two-thirds of all the poor's rates collected in England, and considerably exceeds a million a year."

It was intended, indeed prescribed in this narrative that the whole surplus profits (when capital had been paid its fixed interest) should be applied to the benefit of the poor consumers. The poor are to be served first at this mill. They are, if they choose, to wait and see their own corn ground. Their confidence is not asked, they are given the opportunity of knowing that they are fairly dealt with. The influence of this co-operative mill was felt all over the district, as far as Canterbury, and the public were better served by other millers than otherwise

they would have been. Again, it is urged that the poor should be relieved where honestly needed, and be enabled to continue their subscriptions to cow clubs. The change of corn windmills into spinning mills shows that cotton mills were coming fast into existence at the beginning of the century. A monopoly in milling thus arose, and the loss to the poor from being at the mercy of vendors who were irresponsible, was clearly seen by the promoters of people's corn mills. The value of "whole-meal" bread was well understood in those days. So much has that knowledge been lost, that a very short time ago a society had to be formed in London to promote the use of whole-meal flour, and the Sheerness Society had lectures delivered upon it; and at one of their great tea parties no other bread than that was supplied. The Lord of the Manor of Chislehurst gave a site for a mill and house on condition that the poor had a preferential right to have their corn ground.

The Rev. Dr. Glasse, whose account of a village shop at Greenford in 1800 the reader has seen, did not come to that comprehensive form of store-keeping all at once. He acquired the idea by a previous experiment in 1797 of setting up a village coal shop "for supplying the poor with coals at prime cost." Dr. Glasse relates:—

"Having long observed that there is scarcely any article of life in respect to which the poor are under greater difficulties, or for the supply of which they have stronger temptations to dishonest practices, than that of fuel, I have been induced, in the parish of Greenford, in Middlesex, and in that of Wanstead, in Essex, to lay in a certain quantity of coals every summer, when they are to be purchased at a moderate price, perhaps at two guineas a chaldron at the wharf, and to have them brought in my

own carts from the water side. As soon as the winter sets in the poor have liberty to apply for any quantity, not less at one time than half a bushel, nor more than a bushel, every Monday in the afternoon, for which the price is one shilling a bushel, being equal to one pound sixteen shillings per chaldron. They are expected to bring ready money, and they bring it with great cheerfulness, as they are very sensible of the benefit of it. What is sold at the shops is of an inferior sort; the price one shilling and sixpence per bushel.

"I have the satisfaction of knowing that the poor are hereby supplied with as good coals as myself, upon reasonable terms and with good measure. I am afraid that they had been but ill supplied before, as I am sorry to say they are in very many other articles of life, as to quality quantity, and price; and hence it is that I am induced to think that there is hardly any mode of affording essential relief to the poor more promising than that of extending what is here done respecting coals to other necessary articles of their daily consumption. A subscription set on foot for this purpose would, I think, be attended with the happiest consequences. The benefit arising from the relief afforded them in this article of coals is obvious; they are habituated to pay for what they have, whereas at the shop they ran in debt. When their credit was at an end they contrived to do without coals by having recourse to wood-stealing; than which I know no practice which tends more effectually to introduce into young minds a habit of dishonesty; it is also very injurious to the farmer, and excites a degree of resentment in his breast, which, in many instances, renders him averse to affording relief to the poor, even where real necessity calls loudly for it.

"The trouble and expense of setting up a coal shop in

any village is trifling; and no law will ever be made against wood-stealing that will so much operate to prevent it as such a provision for the benefit of the poor."

This brief account is most instructive, as showing how the practical conception of a provision store grew out of the experiment of a coal store. The reader may see the evolution of the co-operative store in this narrative. The reader has seen how the cow comes into the account of the corn mill.

The *Peasant Farmer*, is so well printed and on such thick paper that I supposed it to be an American periodical —is issued in London. It treats the new question of the "Three Acres and a Cow." As no mean political importance has been attached to this subject, and as a Ministry was lately overthrown upon it, by Mr. Jesse Collings' motion, it may be of public use to publish the now unknown historic facts relating to a question, which so much concerns the welfare of the agricultural working class.

CHAPTER XII.

OPENING OF THE GREAT COW QUESTION.

Mr. Alderman W. H. Hallett, D.L., of Brighton, speaking in 1883, at a public meeting in the Dome in that town, called attention to the uninformed remarks made by the Minister of Agriculture at that time, Mr. Henry Chaplin, who had said, "I can see nothing to be done for agriculture, except that I am sanguine that good may be done by cottagers' allotments." Mr. Hallett remarked that Mr. Chaplin "seemed quite unaware that the Tory Government passed an Act of Parliament in the last year but one of George III. to enable churchwardens and overseers to give allotments of small pieces of land to labourers in their different parishes." Mr. Hallett then referred to the society started in 1796 by the Bishop of Durham, and at whose head was the King—the papers of which society are cited in these pages. Mr. Hallett then described the famous paper by the Earl of Winchilsea, which will next be quoted in this chapter. Mr. Hallett has discovered that it was addressed as a letter to Sir John Sinclair, the leading member of the Board of Agriculture of that day. "The volumes of Social reports, from which Earl Winchilsea's paper is taken," Mr. Hallett added, "were continued from 1798 to 1816. The volume containing the Earl's letter contains many other things of almost as much interest. It was published when books were not sought and bought as they are now. It passed through

four editions in seven years, and I had the privilege of seeing one of the first edition"—alluding to the one obtained from America, before mentioned, as the reader will remember. The Earl of Winchilsea's paper, "On the Advantages of Cottagers Renting Land," is as follows:—

"Upon my estate in the county of Rutland there are from seventy to eighty labourers, who keep from one to four cows each. I have already heard that they are hard-working, industrious men. They manage their land well, and pay their rent very regularly. From what I have seen of them I am more and more confirmed in the opinion I have long held, that nothing is so beneficial both to them and to the landowners as their having land to be occupied either for the keeping of cows, or as gardens, according to circumstances.

"By means of these advantages the labourers and their families live better, and are consequently more fit to endure labour; they are more contented and more attached to their situation, and acquire a sort of independence which makes them set a higher value upon their character. In the neighbourhood in which I live men so circumstanced are almost always considered as the most to be depended upon and trusted; the possessing of a little property certainly gives a spur to industry; as a proof of this it has almost always happened to me that when a labourer has obtained a cow, and land sufficient to maintain her, the first thing he has thought of has been how he could save money enough to buy another; and I have almost always had applications for more land from those people so circumstanced. There are several labourers in my neighbourhood who have got on in that manner, till they now keep two, three, and some four cows, and yet are amongst the hardest-working men in the country and the best labourers.

"With regard to the profit they make of a cow, those who manage well might, as the prices of the market were two or three years ago, have cleared twenty-pence a week, or £4 6s. 8d. per annum by each cow; supposing the rent of the land, levies, expenses of hay-making, &c., to cost them £4, exclusive of house-rent. This clear profit, over and above rent, &c., may now be set at 2s. a week, or £5 a year, at least, so as to make the whole £9 a year, on a supposition that all the produce is sold. Whether, however, this calculation is too low, or how it is, I cannot say, but certainly those who have a cow, appear to be (in comparison with those who have none) much more than 2s. per week richer. It may probably be owing to the superior industry of those families. I must observe that they keep sheep during the winter upon their cow-pasture, at the rate of two, and in some cases three, at 2s. 6d. each, for each cow-pasture. This is included in the above estimate of profit. The skim milk is also valued. Some of them, where the land is not good, do not pay so much. I put down £4, supposing the land tolerably good, and it is certainly more advantageous to them to occupy good land at a high rent, than poor land at a low one. They all agree that two cows are more than twice as profitable as one, particularly where the suckling of calves is the system pursued. The generality of the people near me suckle calves; some make butter, and a few make cheese; some buy the supernumerary lambs of the farmers, and rear them by hand, and, where they have more than one or two cow-gaits, stock sheep at the rate, in summer, of three for a cow-gait. Those who have families, and only one cow, generally make butter for the sake of having skim milk for their children, which is an article rarely to be obtained by the poor. When a

labourer has the offer of a cow-gait and land for winter provision, and has not money enough to purchase a cow, he generally applies to his employer, who will in all probability advance him some money; and the inhabitants of the parish, if the man has a good character, frequently subscribe to set him up, from charitable motives, and from a persuasion that by this means his family will never want relief from the parish; and this is so much the case that when a labourer dies, and his son takes his land and stock, he in some cases maintains the widow. I know of several instances of labourers' widows, now past work, who are maintained by their sons, but could not otherwise have lived without parish relief.

"When a poor man's cow dies, it is certainly a great distress; and sometimes the owner is obliged to ask assistance to replace her. Somehow or other they always contrive to get one; as I scarcely ever knew a cow-gait given up for want of ability to obtain a cow, except in the case of old and infirm women who are left without children; for they cannot, without some assistance, live upon the profits of a cow, nor can they manage it properly. Should a case of this sort occur, parish officers would act very unwisely in refusing assistance, as a very trifling allowance, together with the cow, would enable a woman to live; whereas, by refusing any assistance, they oblige the woman to part with her cow, and then she must have her, whole subsistence from them."

This remarkable paper was sent to Sir John Sinclair, Bart., with a request from the Earl of Winchilsea that it be submitted to the Board of Agriculture for their consideration. Mr. Bernard, aware of its value, supplied many facts of weight in support of its arguments. First, he says, "I add a note extracted, with permission, from a paper by

Mr. Kent: 'The profit of a cow to a family of the description in question is stated by Lord Winchilsea at only 1s. 8d. a week; but the value of a cow, supposing her to give only six quarts of milk a day (which must be allowed to be a low average, if the cow is properly kept), will be worth, at 1d. a quart, 3s. 6d. a week, or £9 2s. a year; setting the profit of the calf against the loss sustained while the cow is dry. Three acres of land, of the quality of 30s. an acre, will in general keep a cow in good condition the whole year, by admitting about an acre to be parted off for mowing in the summer, to furnish a little hay for the winter; to this rent must be added, for tithes and parochial rates perhaps 14s. more, making the whole charge £4 4s., which is not half the value of the produce; and if a farther allowance be made for the labour attending in the case, there will still be left at least 30 per cent. profit; and in every other article of a cottager's consumption he is obliged to purchase at 30 per cent. loss. But, when it is considered that milk is the natural food for children, that it is of a nutritious quality, and that, where there is a cow, a pig is generally an appendant to her, the advantage is inestimable.'" Mr. Bernard adds: "Mr. Kent has been for many years so impressed with the propriety and good policy of this plan that he has never failed giving it all the encouragement he possibly could; and flatters himself that in the different estates which he has had the regulation of, with the assistance of his partners, Messrs. Claridge and Pearce, they have been instrumental in establishing a great deal of real comfort; but nowhere upon so extensive a scale as in the course of the last year upon the great property of the Earl of Egremont in Yorkshire. His lordship, who is considered not only as one of the most liberal encouragers of all rational

experiments in agriculture, but a steady friend to the working farmer and industrious labourer, gave them, on this occasion, *carte blanche;* and their feelings were highly gratified in being able to accommodate a considerable number of men, of the description in question, with the means of supporting their families in a much more comfortable manner than they were enabled to do. This seems to be the true and best exercise of power; and when it is further considered that much good may often be done merely by parting off a few acres from a large farm, or by breaking up one farm out of twenty, which may frequently be done, without injury to any person, it is rather a matter of surprise that this thing is not oftener done than it is! But though the before-mentioned plan is confessedly good, it is very often defeated for want of capital in the cottager, which has induced him to recommend another scheme for keeping cows for them, in his opinion, preferable to the former, as it may have a more general tendency to improvement, and does not require any capital, nor is it attended with any risk. The hint is taken from the western dairies. In most parts of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire there are few farmers but what let off a dairy upon the following plan. The farmer finds, keeps, and renews a certain number of cows to a sub-tenant, at a fixed price, generally from five to six pounds a cow yearly, allowing the calf into the bargain. The management of the dairy is done by the sub-tenant. Why should not every farmer, in a less degree, accommodate such of his labourers as have a family of children in the same way? There is no farmer but has some land better adapted for cows than for any other stock; there is no farmer but keeps two or three cows for his own family. Why should he not keep one or two in addition for his labourers? The wife or

daughter of the labourer would milk them without being attended with any inconvenience. The farmer would run no risk, as the rent of the cow might be stopped out of the labourer's weekly pay. No loss could be sustained, as he could not make a better return from any other stock than this. The power of doing good in this way, without losing anything by it, is offered to every farmer; and the great objection to cottagers keeping cows, namely, that of their injuring the farmer's fences by running in the lanes, is, by this mode of letting, done away with. As to the allowance that should be made, I would propose that it should be two shillings a week the year round, besides the farmers retaining the calf. This would certainly be better for a poor man than even renting land; for, as I have observed before, no money would be requisite in the first instance. The milk of the cow would be more certain by her being more regularly kept, and having greater scope and change of food; and no time in mowing and making hay for her would be lost by the labourer. The public is indebted to Mr. Kent for a valuable work, entitled 'Hints to Gentlemen of Landed Property,' in which, above twenty years ago (1776), he pointed out the disadvantages to which cottagers are subject in the purchase of the necessary articles of life, the want of proper habitations for them, and the expediency, not to say necessity, of gentlemen of fortune paying more attention to the situations of the labourers who work on their estates. [See p. 228 of Mr. Kent's book, to the end.]" This note was written by "B." Mr. Bernard further observes:—

"The quantity of land which is let for the support of a cow in this country varies much according to the goodness of the land. In one parish the cow pasture, which

contains 114 acres, feeds, during the summer, 100 cows; in another it contains 42 acres, and feeds 17 cows; in another 35 acres, and feeds 25 cows. The price varies much, but, in general, the cottager can afford to pay as much as the farmer can, or, in my opinion, ought. In another parish there is no cow pasture, but the cottagers have inclosed land, some having fields to themselves, others uniting, and grazing and manuring two fields alternately, the rents in all these cases varying according to the quality of the land, the quantity assigned to them, and the time when they were first let. The cottagers, whose cows have the run of a cow pasture, have small fields for hay; these also vary much in quantity and quality, and consequently in price. Where the quantity of land is more than is requisite for their cow, or cows, they keep sheep of their own, or let the pasturage to a butcher. Where there is no meadow land, which is the case in one parish near me, they have fields of about six acres of ploughing ground, where they raise winter provision for the cow. The rent of the new-built cottages is from 20s. to 30s. for the house, and 5s. for the garden, which is about a rood of land, and frequently not so much."

The reader will see in another chapter that Mr. Bernard and others further illustrate the advantages of "three acres and a cow."

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY ADVOCATES OF THREE ACRES AND A COW.

THE germs of the co-operative movement may be seen in the publications of this society, and the germs of other questions also. The cow question is deemed both a novelty and a political heresy to-day. In Earl Winchilsea's day, cows and acres were to be had by labourers. Here may be further quoted what the Earl himself says upon the subject:—

"In the parish of Burley and the two adjoining parishes of Hambledon and Egleton, where there are a great number of labourers who keep cows, the rate collected for the relief of the poor last year did not on an average amount to 6d. in the £. No rents are better or more regularly paid on my estate than those for the cottagers' land. There has not been for several years back any arrears of them. In these parishes there are several labourers with very large families, and several aged persons past work, who must have had relief from the parish if they had not cows; they do not receive any parochial aid; the sums raised for the relief of the poor in these parishes being for those who, from various circumstances, are not possessed of cows. The lowness of the rates in these instances may, therefore, be fairly imputed to the custom of letting land to labourers."

The editor, Mr. Bernard, thus comments upon this passage:—

"When a labourer is possessed of cattle, his children are taught early in life the necessity of taking care of them, and acquire some knowledge of their treatment; and if he has a garden, they learn to dig and weed, and their time is employed in useful industry, by which means they are more likely to acquire honest and industrious habits than those who are bred up in the poverty and laziness which we too often see; for I believe it is a certain fact that extreme poverty begets idleness.

"In the neighbourhood of large towns, and in countries where there is hardly anything but arable land, the value of grass land is too great to allow of labourers renting it with advantage; a garden, however, may be allotted to them in almost every situation, and will be found of infinite use to them. In countries where it has never been the custom for labourers to keep cows, it may be difficult to introduce it, but where no gardens have been annexed to the cottages it is sufficient to give the ground, and the labourer is sure to know what to do with it, and will reap an immediate benefit from it. Of this I have had experience in several places, particularly in two parishes near Newport Pagnell, Bucks, where there never had been any gardens annexed to the labourers' houses, and where, upon land being allotted to them, they all, without a single exception, have cultivated their gardens extremely well, and profess receiving the greatest benefit from them.

"Those very small spots of a few square yards, which we sometimes see near cottages, I can hardly call gardens. I think there should be as much as will produce all the garden stuff that the family consumes, and enough for a pig with the addition of a little meal. I think they ought to pay the same rent that a farmer would pay for the

land, and no more. I am persuaded that it frequently happens that a labourer lives in a house at twenty or thirty shillings a year rent, which he is unable to pay, to which, if a garden of a rood were added, for which he would have to pay five or ten shillings a year more, that he would be enabled, by the profit he would derive from the garden, to pay the rent of the house, &c., with great advantage to himself.

"Whoever travels through the midland counties, and will take the trouble of inquiring, will generally receive for answer, that formerly there were a great many cottagers who kept cows, but that the land is now thrown to the farmers; and if he inquires still further he will find that, in those parishes, the poor's rates have increased in an amazing degree, more than according to the average rise throughout England. It is to be hoped, that as the quantity of land required for gardens is very small, it will not excite the jealousy of the farmer.

"As land cultivated as a garden will produce a greater quantity of food for man than in any other way, and as four-fifths of the labour bestowed upon their gardens will be done by the labourers at extra hours, and when they and their children would otherwise be unemployed, it may not be too much to say that 100,000 acres allotted to cottagers as garden ground will give a produce equal to what 150,000 acres cultivated in the ordinary way would give; and that without occupying more of the ordinary time they would otherwise give to the farmers who employ them than the cultivation of 20,000 acres would require.

"In the Dillorn Inclosure Act, passed in 1781, there is a clause for securing to cottagers, in fee simple, houses built by them upon the waste, with the gardens belonging to them, and also for securing to them an estate

for one, two, or three lives, in the inclosures previously made by them on the waste, not exceeding two acres. This clause was suggested by a principal proprietor, Mr. Holliday, of Lincoln's Inn, from whom I learn that the custom of joisting the cottager's cow is prevalent in that parish, and the rent usually made up out of the extra wages during harvest. Mr. Holliday informs me that during the sixteen years that have passed since the inclosure, there has been hardly an instance of a cottager who kept a cow standing in need of, or seeking relief from, the parish." [B., 19th February, 1788.]

Next Mr. Thomas Thompson writes upon, "A Provision for Cottagers Keeping Cows at Humberston, in the County of Lincoln." He relates that:—

"In the parish of Humberston, near Grimsby, there are thirteen cottagers, every one of whom has one cow, with the means of keeping her, and some of them have more. The whole of the parish is the property of Lord Carrington. The land on which the cottages stand, with the little paddocks and gardens adjoining, contains in the whole about sixteen acres. Besides this, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the village, there are about 60 acres of land appropriated to the use of the cottagers. This land is divided into two plots; one of which is pasture for the cows in summer, and the other is kept as meadow land to provide hay for them in winter. Each cottager knows his own piece of meadow land, and he lays upon it all the manure which he can obtain, in order that he may have the more hay. When one of the two plots of ground has been mown for two or three years, it is then converted into the summer pasture, and the other is used as meadow land; by which means no part of the land occupied by the cottagers is injured by constant mowing."

Mr. Bernard, devoted to this subject, made journeys far and wide to see for himself what was being done and what could be done for the advantage of the labourer. The following is one of his experiences :—

"The late Abel Smith, Esquire, from motives of kindness to several cottagers on one of his estates in Nottinghamshire, let to each of them a small piece of arable land. I rode over that estate with Lord Carrington several times since it descended to him; and I have invariably observed that the tenants upon it who occupy only eight or ten acres of arable land are poor, and their land in bad condition. They would thrive more and enjoy greater comfort with the means of keeping two or three cows each than with three times their present quantity of arable land; but it would be a greater mortification to them to be deprived of it than their landlord is disposed to inflict. If you give a cottager a garden and grass land on which to keep two cows, and he has the ability and prudence to manage them, he will have comfort and a considerable degree of affluence; but if you add a few acres of arable land and make a little farmer of him, he will always be in poverty and distress."

What Mr. Bernard had not actually seen himself he supplied from the observation and experiences of others. Thus he procures the following account from John Way "of a cottager's family at Haskerton," and a very remarkable family it was, as the reader will see :—

"In the year 1779," Mr. Way says, "a tenant of mine, at Haskerton, in the county of Suffolk, died, leaving a widow and fourteen children, the eldest of which was a girl under fourteen years of age. He had held under me fourteen acres of pasture land in four inclosures, at a moderate rent of £13 a year, and had kept two cows,

which, with a very little furniture and clothing, was all the property that devolved, upon his death, to his widow and children."

. . . . . .

"The directors of the House of Industry, upon being made acquainted with the situation of the family, immediately agreed to relieve the widow by taking her seven youngest children into the house. This was proposed to her, but with great agitation of mind, she refused to part with any of her children. She said she would rather die in working to maintain them, or go herself with all of them into the house, and there work for them, than either part with them all, or suffer any partiality to be shown to any of them. She then declared that if I, her landlord, would continue her in the farm, as she called it, she would undertake to maintain and bring up all her fourteen children without any parochial assistance.

"She persisted in her resolution, and being a strong woman about forty-five years old, I told her she should continue the tenant and hold it the first year rent free. This she accepted with much thankfulness, and assured me that she would manage for her family without any other assistance. At the same time, though without her knowledge, I directed my receiver not to call upon her at all for her rent, conceiving that it would be a great thing if she could support so large a family, even with that indulgence.

"The result, however, was that with the benefit of her two cows and of the land, she exerted herself so as to bring up all her children, twelve of whom she placed out in service, continuing to pay her rent regularly of her own accord to my receiver every year after the first. She carried part of the milk of her two cows, together with

the cream and butter, every day, to sell at Woodbridge, a market town two miles off, and brought back bread and other necessaries, with which, and with her skim-milk, buttermilk, &c., she supported her family. The eldest girls took care of the rest while the mother was gone to Woodbridge, and by degrees, as they grew up, the children went into the service of the neighbouring farmers.

"The widow at length came and informed me that all her children, except the two youngest, were able to get their own living, and that she had taken up the employment of a nurse, which was a less laborious situation, and at the same time would enable her to provide for the two remaining children, who, indeed, could now almost maintain themselves. She therefore gave up the land, expressing great gratitude for the enjoyment of it, which had afforded her the means of supporting her family under a calamity which must otherwise have driven both her and her children into a workhouse."

The Earl of Winchilsea again shows that cows are the best cure of village pauperism, and that where cows and acres prevail poor rates are nearly extinguished. Mr. Bernard's remarks on the distinction between garden patches and labourers' gardens are very suggestive, as also is what he says on the domestic and moral advantages of garden cultivation. The Dillorn Inclosures Act, of 105 years ago, which secured to "cottagers in fee simple houses built by them upon the waste with the gardens belonging to them, and also secured to them an estate for one, two, or three lives," seems an incredible piece of consideration for the labourer. Parliament to-day would see in such an Act "revolution," "confiscation," and all the terrors of "communism." Mr. Bernard's notes on what he

saw on Lord Carrington's estate show the value of cows in connection with grass land and small arable holdings. The history of the Suffolk mother, who, with two cows and fourteen acres, supported a family of fourteen children, had the true co-operative spirit of self-reliance. It is a pity that so noble a woman should have been burdened with fourteen children. But being so, her resolution that they should have equal treatment and be trained and protected by herself was a fine sense of motherliness and resolution; and she carried out her objects.

The next chapter will contain further remarkable accounts of three cottagers keeping cows and renting land, the narrator being the Bishop of Durham.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM BEARS TESTIMONY TO THE MORAL RESULT OF THE ACRES AND THE COW.

In many practical things, as the reader will see, the Bishop of Durham took personal interest. He was foremost in advocating among landowners consideration for the labourer, and he visited those estates where he could himself see the progress of the workman under a just employer. But all this is well shown in an extract from an account of three cottagers keeping cows and renting land in Rutlandshire, by the Bishop of Durham. His lordship says :—

"Among the cottagers on Lord Winchilsea's estate, in the county of Rutland, which I have very lately visited, I have selected for the society three examples of the benefit of cottagers renting land. They are as follows :—

"A day labourer, his wife and eight small children.

"An old man of four score, and his wife of nearly the same age.

"An old single woman.

"The first and second of these families has each two cows, and the old single woman has one cow, with land to keep them on. They have each of them gardens. With this benefit and that of his labour, the day labourer has bred up ten children, two of which are put out to service; and he is now maintaining himself, his wife, and his other eight children, without any call for parochial relief. The

two old people cannot make anything of their labour; but yet, with the benefit of their cow and garden, and the exertions which these call forth, and with a little occasional assistance that the old man and his wife receive from their son, and which the other old woman has from her younger neighbours, they all appear to enjoy much more comfort than old age in general possesses. They satisfied me that, but for the cow and the garden, they could not have subsisted without parochial relief."

Then the bishop explains in detail the impressions what he saw made upon him. "I have selected," his lordship says, "these three examples from many similar ones on the same estate, in proof of the utility of the measures which Lord Winchilsea has adopted for the benefit of his cottagers. There are two circumstances which I learnt upon inquiry, and which, I think, will show, that the benefit I have stated was not local or partial, but diffused over his estate: one that the rate collected for the relief of the poor in his three parishes is not so much on an average as an annual 6d. in the £; the other, that his cottagers' rent (for their cottages and little closes of ground) are, of all his rents, the earliest and best paid, and that there has been no arrear of them for several years.

"There was an air of content and gratitude marked in the countenances and expressed in the language of all the cottagers, that convinced me that what had been done for them by their landlord had not only made them more happy and improved their means of subsistence, but that it had produced very beneficial effects on the heart and the morals. The advantages, however, are not confined to the poor man and his family, they extend to the parish, and prevent its being burthened with a heavy poor's rate; and to the community at large on account of the children of

the lower classes of the people being educated in habits of industry and good order; and having, at an early age, a spirit and energy infused into them by the examples of their parents, which teach them that their best and surest dependence in future life will be on their own exertions and good conduct for the maintenance and welfare of themselves and their families." (3rd November, 1797.)

Next Mr. Thomas Bernard also visits Rutlandshire—goes into various parishes, enters the houses of the people, converses with them on their position, and gives "a further account of the advantages of the cottagers keeping cows."

"A late visit into Rutlandshire," he states, "has given me an opportuuity of acquiring more minute and correct information respecting the circumstances and situation of the cottagers keeping cows in the four parishes of Hambledon, Egleton, Greetham, and Burley-on-the-Hill. I give the result of my inquiries, and I give it with more precision and detail than I otherwise should, as I am very desirous of enabling landowners to ascertain whether, in their own peculiar instances, it will not answer for them to follow the example of what has been done in that neighbourhood. At the same time, I beg leave to anticipate the observation that in arable countries where there is a scarcity of grass land, and in those districts where, from vicinage or a peculiar market, grass land bears a rent above its intrinsic value, it may not be practicable to supply cottagers with pasture for a cow without some sacrifice on the part of the landlord."

Mr. Bernard is no unwary enthusiast who publishes his own impressions as though strong convictions were the same as truth; he takes the opinion of other competent observers to see how far they corroborate his own.

"I add a note," he says, "on the suggestion of Mr. Kent, of Fulham, who had the merit of laying the case of the English cottager before the public several years ago, in a very useful publication, entitled 'Hints to Gentlemen of Landed Property.' The obvious reason (Mr. Kent observes) why the cottager succeeds better with his cow upon Lord Winchilsea's estate is, that he is not charged a higher rent for his land than a farmer would be. But that this is far from being the case in general; so far, indeed, that there is not one instance in ten, of those in which a cottager possesses the means of keeping a cow, that he does not obtain the land from the farmer at second hand, and at a rent at least double of what he ought to pay." (2nd Nov., 1799.)

The reader will observe how the writer adds the date and year when he made the note. The Bishop of Durham does it also, so that if the facts depend upon time it may be seen to what period they belong. Mr. Bernard then continues his own narrative, with details of striking interest.

"Among the tenants of this part of the estate, there are eighty cottagers who keep cows. Of those who possess cows, there are twenty-two, each of whom has only one cow; thirty-five who have each two cows, thirteen who have three, seven who have four, and three who have five cows each; making in all 174 cows. Of these cottagers, about a third part have all their land in severalty; the rest of them have the use of a cow-pasture in common with others; most of them possessing a small homestead, adjoining to their cottage; every one of them having a good garden, and keeping one pig at least if not more. Without any exception, they pay for their land the same rent as a farmer would, and not more."

In another volume Mr. Bernard gives a still "further account of cottagers keeping cows," as he describes his paper, in which he answers questions which will be sure to arise in the mind of every intelligent and inquiring reader. He is quite aware of this, as is seen in his opening words:—

"The reader may, perhaps, wish to know how the cottager is at first set up with a cow. As an example, I will give the history of one man who had a wife and several children, and was last year likely to be burthensome to the parish. It was agreed that the one remedy that promised relief to the parish in this case was the cottager's cow. His landlord supplied him with land at a fair rent, and made his cottage and outbuildings comfortable. He asked the assistance of his neighbours. In the Mansion House he collected about two or three guineas; among the farmers, gift or loan, he obtained some handsome additions. He purchased his cow, took possession of his land, and is now doing very well. About eight years ago another labourer with a large family was supplied with a cow and land in the same manner. He has since bred up his large family without parochial assistance, and is now possessed of two cows, the second purchased wholly from his savings. Two others were provided with cows and land in the like manner, about four years ago, and have gone on very well.

"The greater part of the cottagers have more than one cow. The fact is, that in every instance, as soon as the cottager has got a cow, all the efforts of the family are directed to the attainment of the means to purchase another, and another, so that some of them, who began very lately with only one, have now five cows. The only inconvenience to be apprehended from such an increase in

their property is that they may be induced to look to the produce of their cows and gardens for the sole support of themselves and family, and cease to depend on their daily labour for their support, being transformed into little starving farmers from opulent, thriving labourers. But the fact is directly the reverse. Such are the beneficial effects of early and steady habits of industry that these proprietors of cows are the most steady and trusty labourers. As a proof of the effects of this system in promoting industry and frugality, I give the history of one of them, Christopher Love, of Hambledon, who is now 75 years of age, and has for 53 years back kept three cows, and, nevertheless, has gone regularly every summer for 50 years past to harvest work in Cambridgeshire, because he is more in request there, and receives better wages than he could at home. He has bred up a family of nine children in great comfort.

"The education of their cottagers' children to husbandry, to the management of cattle and of a dairy, and to every occupation that can fit them for the service of a farmer, is a very important advantage of this system; and if there were no other benefit to be derived from it but that of adapting and habitually preparing the rising generation for the most useful and necessary employment in the island, this alone would produce an abundant compensation for any effort or attention that has been or may be directed to the subject. They are not only stout, healthy, clean, well-clothed, and educated in regular and principled habits of life, but they are used to almost every part of their business from the earliest period of life; every inhabitant of the cottage being from infancy so interested in their cow, their pig, their sheep, and their garden as to imbibe at a very early age all the material information as to the habits of those subjects.

"Viewed in a political light, the labourer who has property, however small—a cow, a pig, or even the crop of his garden—has an interest in the welfare and tranquillity of his country, and in the good order of society. He who has no property is always ready for novelty and experiment; and though gibbets and halters may for a time deter him from criminal and atrocious acts, yet no motive exists to fix him in virtuous habits, or to attach him to that national prosperity in which he has no part, and to that constituted order of property which excludes him from all possession."

The political wisdom of these reflections is relevant to all time and to all states. Had there been a cheap printing press in the days when these wise reports were written, and these facts and inevitable inferences from them been made widely public, the condition of farm and town land would never have been what it has been suffered to become in our day. Mr. Bernard adds the striking words:—

"I do not mean to assert that the English cottager, narrowed as he now is in the means and habits of life, may be immediately capable of taking that active and useful station in society that is filled by those who are the subjects of this paper. To produce so great an improvement in character and circumstances of life will require time and attention. The cottager, however, of this part of the county of Rutland is not of a different species from other English cottagers, and if he had not been protected and encouraged by his landlord he would have been the same helpless and comfortless creature that we see in some other parts of England. The farmer (with the assistance of the steward) would have

taken his land, the creditor his cow and pig, and the workhouse his family."

This most remarkable summary deserves repeating until it is fixed in the public, and especially the parochial, memory.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM PROVIDES A MILK DISTRIBUTION FOR STOCKTON.

It is a satisfaction to find these papers appear to have interest in the eyes of outside readers. Mr. Morgan Brierley (Delph), a connoisseur in social literature, writes: —"I have read the articles on 'Social Ideas 100 Years Ago.'* It is like exploring the *débris* of an ancient gold mine, in which nuggets of the purest ore are occasionally to be found." So much may be quoted, since it refers to the intrinsic value of the work here reproduced, and not to this particular narration of its contents. The discoverer of gold in an unexpected region is never credited with having made the welcome ore. He only points out the diggings. In the Mid-Leicestershire election, the Liberal candidate referred to the facts detailed in these pages. It is likely that they will furnish matter for comment in Parliament as well as out of it, as this record reveals the industrial state of England and Scotland a century ago, as will appear, in a more detailed way, than any other book (than the one here analysed) has. The late Minister of Agriculture (Mr. Chaplin) showed that he was unacquainted with the facts, or with any facts similar to those herein presented. To the majority of politicians, therefore, they must be unknown.

* Alluding to the *Co-operative News* where, under this title, the main facts of this book were recently recounted by the present writer. The requests for their reappearance in a separate and complete form which reached Mr. Bamford, the editor of that paper, both in England and from America, have led to the present more complete issue.

The following is an extract from an account of a supply of milk, devised by the Bishop of Durham, for the poor at Stockton, in the county of Durham, rendered by Robert Clarke, Esq. :—

"In October, 1800," he relates, "upon a farm at Stockton, of 173 acres, belonging to the episcopal demesne of Durham, the bishop, in order to relieve the distresses of the poor in that place on account of the want of milk, especially in the winter season, gave directions for the farm being let upon the old rent, provided that (in addition to the usual stipulations applicable to a farm, consisting partly of arable land, and partly of dairy land) it should be held upon the following terms:—That the tenant, Mr. John Robson, should undertake to keep upon the farm during his lease, fifteen cows of the best breed and size in the country over and above the number necessary for his own family, not less than twelve of which should be at one time in milk, and the remainder in calf. The tenant was to sell the milk unadulterated, and without any cream being taken from it, to the poor of Stockton indiscriminately, whether parishioners or not, at one halfpenny per pint—beer measure in summer and wine measure in winter. The tenant has engaged to produce for sale in Stockton, and in clean and proper vessels, the milk of these fifteen cows, twice a day in summer and once a day in winter; every poor person applying being to be entitled, without any preference, except that which is due to the aged and infirm, to one quart of milk in summer and one pint of milk in winter; and as to the residue not so disposed of, a preference to be given to cottagers having families of young children."

The mode of selling the milk may be varied by the bishop or his agent; and to prevent any doubts as to the

fair disposal of the milk, the tenant is not to sell any milk whatever, except to the poor; nor to sell any butter or cheese to anyone; nor is he to make more butter or cheese than may be wanted for the supply of his own family. In consideration of the preceding stipulations on the part of the tenant, it has been agreed on the bishop's part that upon the punctual performance of the tenant's agreement to the satisfaction of the bishop's steward, the annual sum of £30 shall be discounted and allowed the tenant out of the rent.

"In letting this farm, particular attention has been paid to the character of the tenant, in respect of integrity, industry, and regularity. In consequence of what the bishop has done, and in order to incorporate upon his charity, a gratuitous supply of milk for those families which cannot earn the means of purchasing it for themselves, the town of Stockton has been since divided into nine districts; in each of which five or six of the most respectable inhabitants have undertaken the office of visitors, and to attend the houses of the poor, so as to ascertain their situations and characters, and their means of livelihood. The consequence is that upon any application for parochial relief, or for private charity, in the town of Stockton, the visitors may be referred to, and the relief to be granted may be proportioned in manner, and in degree, to the industry, the necessity, and the character of the object. By these means coals also have been delivered to the poor, with a great attention to justice, as well as to effect; and milk is distributing at present to the most necessitous and deserving, by means of tickets issued by the inspectors of the district, so as, in some degree, to confine the benefit of the bishop's charity to those for whom it is peculiarly intended.

"In order to give a similar accommodation to the tradesmen and other inhabitants of Stockton, and thereby to promote the effect and success of this plan for the benefit of the poor, the bishop has applied a further part of his estate in providing a cow pasture, and enclosed fields for the other inhabitants. Four fields, containing together twenty-four acres, have been laid together as a summer pasture; and a number of enclosures are to be sub-divided and fenced, and to have cowhouses built in them at his lordship's expense; each of these sub-divisions will contain from two acres and a half to three acres; and will be sufficient for hay and winter pasturage for two cows."

It reads like an invention to find the oft recurrence of three, or two-and-a-half acres, and one or two cows.

The proprietors of the Aylesbury Dairy, or the Warwick Farm Dairies of London will, if they peruse this narrative, admire the wise care of the Bishop of Durham to secure that the milk should be put into "clean and proper" vessels. The bishop was quite a master in dairy management, and skilled in the stipulations necessary to give effect to the kind and generous ends he had in view. The preference is to be given to the aged and infirm buyers and to young children when there is a residue of milk to be given away. No preference, political or religious, was to be given to anyone under this dispensation. The "cream" was not to be extracted. It was to go also to the people. No one will persuade me out of my respect for the Bishop of Durham. He ought to have been Bishop of Plymouth, where superb co-operative cream aboundeth. The Bishop's milk was considerately dispensed. Not only milk, but coals found their way in winter to the necessitous and deserving. Stockton

was fortunate in having such a bishop. In London we cannot by entreaty obtain a few sheep fields at Lambeth Palace for the use of fever-stricken convalescent children to wander in. The bishop who cared for Stockton applied "a part of his estate for cow pastures for the inhabitants." The cows were never forgotten.

Another paper by Mr. Bernard deals with the ever relevant subject, "What is doing to prevent scarcity," upon which he thus writes:—"Whenever the means of subsistence are inadequate to the population of a country, no theoretical regulations, no attempts at compulsory prices, no imaginary and impossible system of equality, no increase of wages, nor any accumulation of poor rates, to any extent, nothing, in short, but increase of food or improved economy and management in the use of it can supply the deficiency or remedy the evil. If I permit the unoccupied labourer to dig up a piece of waste land, and to enjoy the produce of it, I benefit him and all the members of society without injuring anyone, for I increase the common stock. If I instruct and enable him to use those means of subsistence which he doth already possess, with greater benefit to himself and his family, the effect is nearly the same. If I diminish the waste of food in my own house, and in those public establishments in which I have any directing power, and the saving is applied for the benefit of the needy, they are relieved without injury to others; but if, impelled by appearance of distress, without consideration of circumstances or consequences, I go to the market and purchase provisions in abundance for my poor neighbours, I enable them to live with less industry, and to consume more food, and thus I diminish the means of subsistence in the country, and do a real injury to all the other poor.

"When, by increased cultivation, the demand for agricultural labour is increased, and with it is augmented the produce of the country, the condition of the labourer will always be improved. An increase of demand for agricultural labour has a natural and invariable tendency to better the condition of the poor. Upon this principle the bringing of fresh land into cultivation, the adoption of modes of husbandry which increase the general produce, and occupy the cottager's wife and children, and the production of those articles which most beneficially contribute to the support of the human species, are of infinite importance, such is the cultivation of waste grounds by the great landowners and farmers, and of slips of land by the cottagers, such is the setting of wheat by hand, and the increase of the most productive modes of husbandry, as of corn and potatoes in preference to fatted animals, and to those articles of food which are most costly in preparation. Much, also, is to be done by instructing the rich as well as the poor in a more economical use of food, and in a less wasteful application of the necessary articles of life. With regard to the measures now pursuing for the restoration of plenty in this country, by economy in the use of what we have, by the importation of a greater quantity of food, and by the encouragement of our fisheries, I cannot help observing that they are so important and at the present crisis so essential to the welfare of this country, that there can exist no individual but who must be anxious for their success; those few only excepted, if there really are any such, who wish to increase their own wealth by the sufferings of their country. If, therefore, I should see any well-informed person encouraging the waste of corn, or hear him declaim against care or attention at present in the consumption of food, I could not avoid imputing to

him interested motives, and suspecting him to be an enemy in disguise."

The wisdom of these arguments, as respects discrimination in the form of the aid rendered, will commend itself to the judgment of statesmen, as well as to the general reader.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PIG COMES UPON THE SCENE.—AND OTHER THINGS.

THE diversity of the expedients for "increasing the comforts of the poor" will strike the most casual reader. The families of the unhappy Scottish crofters pine and perish for lack of milk. The reader is therefore presented with another method than that of Stockton for supplying this indispensable commodity, as set forth in an extract from an account of a mode adopted in Staffordshire for supplying the poor with milk, by the Rev. Thomas Gisborne :—

"In the village of Barton-under-Needwood, Staffordshire," Mr. Gisborne says, "the principal number of the poorer inhabitants were destitute of all means of procuring milk for their families. The benefit which would result if they could be furnished with that article of food, appeared of so much importance that, nearly three years since, a specific plan for providing a supply was adopted. A respectable tradesman in the parish expressed his readiness to take a quantity of land into his own hands, and to employ it in keeping cows for the purpose of selling their milk to the poor. He mentioned, however, two obstacles as necessary to be removed. He stated the impracticability of distributing the milk at his own house, as the crowd, which would frequent it for a considerable time every morning and evening, together with the consequent noise and trouble, would be equally unpleasant and inconvenient. And he apprehended that he should receive from the purchasers a

quantity of copper coin larger than he should be capable of circulating again, either in the way of change to them or in his own business. It was therefore settled that the milk should be regularly carried from the field to the house of another inhabitant of the village, and sold there; and a friend of the undertaking engaged to pay this person annually for his trouble. The tradesman had also an assurance that copper coin, to the amount of some guineas annually, should be taken off his hands if he thought proper. These points being adjusted, the measure was carried into effect at Candlemas, 1795, and it has been continued without interruption to the present time.* The advantages which have accrued from it to the poor have completely answered the expectations previously formed."

Mr. Bernard adds a note to this account in which he says: "Milk is an article of very great importance to the poor; it is essential to the nourishment of children, and extremely useful to the economy of families. Where the cottager can be supplied with the means of keeping his cow, his benefit will be very considerable; where he cannot, the mode adopted by Mr. Gisborne is very deserving of attention and imitation. There may, however, be parts of England (particularly where a good deal of butter or rich cheese is made) in which the poor cannot, in general, have new milk; but in those places if they could be supplied, either as a gift or by purchase, with skim milk, even that would be of great use to them, especially as it would come at a very cheap rate. Where the poor can purchase skim milk they get it very cheap; it costs

* "Continued to the present time" refers to 1798. The scheme may have continued to a later date, but it probably ceased about the time this century began.

them about a halfpenny a quart. To ascertain its utility to a cottager who has children, try the following ingredients:—

Two quarts of skim milk	1d.
Half-a-pound of rice	1d.
Two ounces of treacle	½d.
	2½d.

These, either boiled or baked, will produce four pounds of pudding, and at the expense of hardly more than a halfpenny each, will give a plentiful and wholesome dinner to four children. I am very sorry to observe that it is not unusual for persons in many parts of England, instead of giving or even selling their refuse skim milk to their poorer neighbours, to throw it to their hogs.

"B. 7th April, 1798."

Now the pig comes upon the scene, who next to the cow is the friend of the cottager. The pig is not a less favourite with the English labourer than with the Irish. It is the Rev. Dr. Glasse who gives "an account of the advantages of a cottager keeping a pig."

"James Bramsgrove," says Dr. Glasse, "a farmer's labourer at Greenford, in Middlesex, had saved by his industry the sum of four guineas. With this he purchased a hog, which he put up to fatten in the beginning of April last. In the course of the fattening he used three-quarters and a half of beans and seven bushels of peas, with which he had been supplied—chiefly upon credit—by his master and his neighbours. He has a wife and five children; the two eldest girls, one twelve years old, the other something younger. He, his wife, and his two girls, during the last harvest, earned £2 2s. a week, and in one week the sum of £2 11s., so that he has continued to maintain his family, and has paid off all that was due

from him for beans and peas. He has since killed his hog at Michaelmas; the weight was 64 stone 3lb., part of it he sold at 7½d. per pound, the rest he has reserved for the use of his own family. Estimating the whole at 7½d. per pound, the value of the hog would have been above £16; but, as what he sold consisted of the prime pieces, some deduction ought to be made on that account." The Rev. Dr. Glasse continues:—

"In the instance which I have mentioned—of James Bramsgrove and his family—the prospect of increased comfort and of improved means of subsistence gave an incentive and a pleasure to all their labour and exertions during the late harvest. Perhaps it may be needless to observe that habits of application and good conduct, when once acquired and enjoyed, continue in almost every instance through life a blessing to the possessor; and that, where the cottager has acquired at home a pleasurable object of industry to which his hopes and wishes are directed, it has the effect of attaching him to his situation, of augmenting his energy, and of reconciling him to a life of labour and hardship."

We have had of late years a long and distrustful contention as to whether women should follow the profession of medicine. They were long ago recognised as surgical operators in parishes, and found useful. The Rev. Mr. Dolling, late vicar of Aldenham, Herts, gives an account of the mode of supplying a country parish with a midwife. The vicar had died before 1798, when his account was first published. The reader will see that the vicar took the precaution of sending the proposed midwife up to London to receive the necessary surgical instruction.

"Fifteen years ago," he says, "there being no midwife

living in the parish of Aldenham, I selected a poor widow, who had three children supported by the parish, and sent her up for instruction to the Lying-in Hospital in Store-street, near Tottenham Court Road, where Dr. Osborn permitted her to continue for three months, at a very small expense. Though without any preparatory education, she returned so well instructed as to exercise her calling in the parish ever since, without a single accident, or ever having occasion to call in medical assistance. She has been enabled thereby to support herself and her children comfortably; and is now living, and in the enjoyment of the confidence due to her skill. She attends all the day-labourers' wives, at the stipulated sum of half-a-crown.

"The expense of her instruction and setting up was collected in the parish by subscription, part of which paid for her board in the hospital, and the rest of the money was applied for her journey and incidental expenses. She has been the cause of a considerable saving in the medical bills of the parish, besides being a very great comfort and relief to the poor."

The editor of these reports adds:—"It seems much better for the wives of the poor that they should be attended at home, and receive a little pecuniary or other assistance, than that they should be moved into a lying-in hospital, in which case the woman is usually absent from home for a month, her family neglected during her absence, some parochial charge incurred, and she returns home with habits of life not suitable to her situation. If she is attended at home she is generally capable of managing and assisting in her family in a very few days, and the relief is given her at about a fifth part of the expense that would have attended her lying-in at an hospital. 2nd August, 1798."

In Manchester, at the same time, the Infirmary surgeons attended any case gratis in which the midwife found difficulty. Mr. Simmons, an eminent surgeon of that day, caused this to be done. This account may be useful to many co-operators in country places who now have to do with parochial affairs, and may be served by knowing what has been done before in these matters.

In this week in which I write the Home Secretary has been called upon by public opinion to release a poor man, George Parish, "sentenced at the Dartford Petty Sessions (August 31, 1886) to six weeks' hard labour for taking five pieces of wood from a field to make a fire for the purpose of cooking some food." These things were managed much better in Dunham than in Dartford a hundred years ago. Mr. Edward Parry relates that:—

"Upon the enclosure of the parish of Little Dunham, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1794, being lord of the manor, I got a clause inserted directing the commissioners to set out a parcel of land, to be called the Poor's Estate, and to be vested in the lord of the manor, rector, churchwardens, and overseers of the poor for the time being, and to be let by them for twenty-one years, on lease, the rents and profits to be laid out by them in fuel, to be delivered at the cottages of the poor in such proportions as the trustees should think proper.

"Although the prejudices of the poor against the enclosure were very great before it took place, the moment they saw the land enclosed and let as the poor's estate for twenty-one years, by auction, at the rate of £50 a year (although estimated by the commissioners at £20 a year) they were highly gratified; and they have indeed great reason to rejoice, being now most amply supplied with that great comfort of life. This has been so apparent that some

neighbouring enclosures have followed the example, and it appears to me to be advisable that such a plan should be generally made known.

"The first idea was to sell the land and place the money in the public funds, in order to produce a larger income; but I found that this was not understood by the poor; they said they might at any time be deprived of the money, and they had no interest in the land enclosed, whereas, in the mode pursued, they conceived themselves as having a permanent and improveable estate, which their children would inherit. These prejudices are valuable, as in their consequences they produce, if attended to, industry and content.

"I have had occasion to observe as to fuel, which is certainly an important article to the poor, that, where there are commons, the ideal advantage of cutting flags, peats, or whins often causes a poor man to spend more time in procuring such fuel than, if he had reckoned his labour, would purchase for him double that quantity of good firing."—2nd March, 1797.

The kindness and good sense of this act of Mr. Parry's needs no comment. It will be obvious to the reader.

In many co-operative stores, some of good size and great pretensions, it is still a question of discussion as to whether the persons employed should be "allowed any bounty on their work." Incredible as it would seem, some stores have done it and gone back from it. All whom it concerns will read with interest that a "bounty on work" was ceded in Hampshire twenty years before the end of the last century. It is Mr. Thomas Hall who relates how —"in my neighbourhood, in Hampshire, there has been for nearly twenty years back a bounty allowed the poor on their work, which has been found to produce very good effects

in the increase of industry. In this way the sum of three shillings a week thus dispensed by the overseers in the aid and encouragement of the industry of a family of six persons has, as a bounty on work, eventually produced them the comfortable income of nine shillings a week, whereas, in the common mode, three shillings a week would have gone but a very little way to their maintenance. By the advice of a manufacturer the bounty is now proportioned to each shilling earned, so as to apply to the quality of the work as well as to the quantity."

Nine shillings a week are pitiable wages, but since they were otherwise but six, he who added a bounty of three shillings more was a man of justice as well as of good feeling. The "bounty" being "proportioned to each shilling earned," is the very principle on which division of profits in our stores is founded.

CHAPTER XVII.

COW-LORE AND ADVENTURES OF A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S BOY.

EVERYBODY is familiar with "folk-lore." There is also a cow-lore, if we have regard to the historic facts pertaining to the cow and allotment question. Mr. Alderman Hallett, D.L., of whose researches mention has already been made, has brought together particulars on the subject not elsewhere to be found. The "Social Reports" here under consideration were, as we have said, continued from 1796 to 1816, upon which he remarks: "Three years after that last book was published the first Act for facilitating the acquirement of land by labourers was passed. Public opinion had been wrought upon to that degree that that is the explanation of the Act of 1819, which is supposed to be buried in the archives of Parliament; that law of 1819 exists. There is a place near Uckfield at this day, in which the land of the overseers is let; and what is more than that, public opinion was not content with it. Power was given to the overseers for only twenty acres of land, but further power was given so that more land might be acquired, and a pair of Acts were passed in 1822; one by which fifty acres were put in the hands of the church-wardens and overseers, if they could be obtained from the waste land under certain conditions; and the other Act was for fifty acres of Crown land." In 1829 Lord Braybrooke in Essex, and Lord Gage in Sussex, took up this matter and did the same thing. In the year 1762

the commons and wastes belonging to the parish of Sneitisham, in Norfolk, were divided and enclosed. At that period forty-one cottages were found entitled to common rights, and in lieu of each right three acres were assigned in severalty. These allotments were gradually taken away from the cottages and thrown into the adjoining farms. In 1804, only ten cottages remained in the parish occupying land. Each of these had from two to ten acres. On this they grew turnips, barley, and wheat, and kept cows, and from the period of the inclosure in 1762 down to 1804 no instance occurred in which any of those who thus occupied small allotments of land had been relieved by the parish; while those who had lost their allotments had become regular pensioners. The influence of the system on the rates of the above parishes appears very clearly from this fact, that the average of poor rates on the four parishes did not exceed 9d. in the £, while the averages of four parishes in Sussex, taken at random, viz., Burwash, Mayfield, Shipley, and West Grinstead, was at the same time 10s. 3d. in the £. But here the labourers are permitted to occupy no land, the wife and children of the working peasant had no employment, and the allowance system appears to have advanced with rapid strides. The "Journal of the Labourers' Friend Society," published in 1832, states that:—

"At a recent Norfolk Sessions, Lord Suffield addressed the court on the condition of the labouring poor and the means of relief. The conclusion at which he arrived, after having read all which had been written on the subject, was that the only method free from objection by which the condition of the labouring poor could be improved was to give them small portions of land. The only parish in his neighbourhood in which the poor rate had not

increased enormously within the last thirty-six years, was one in which almost all the poor inhabitants had had small portions of land attached to their cottages," and, he added, that "he should extend this system as speedily as possible on his own property." Lord Carnarvon—a well-known name in Wiltshire—in 1832, writes :—"In a parish of Wiltshire, of which I am the principal proprietor, I have very nearly arrived at the point at which every cottager will be the occupant of a sufficient portion of good land to raise potatoes, corn, &c., for his family, and enough to fatten his pig. They seek their occupation with avidity, and pay their rents regularly. In Hampshire I am following the same object, though on poorer land, and in a country where the poor are more demoralised by the bread-money system, and are less uniformly disposed to endeavour to obtain independence by their own exertions. I regret to say I find great indisposition in the farmers to give up the least portion of land for this purpose, even when they are farming to a loss. Some say the poor labour so hard in their allotments, after their hours of work, as to be less able to do a good day's work for the farmers on the following day, forgetting how much more labour a man can perform who is well fed and clothed, and possessed of comfort and competence." "I have shown," remarks Ald. Hallett, "from 1798 to 1832, series after series of noble earls, lords, and bishops, who have taken part in the allotment question. Let me say to the honour of a noble lord who now lives, Lord Tollemache, who maintains 25,000 acres of land in Cheshire on those very principles which peers in the early part of the century recommended everywhere, and tried to get adopted on their own land. We have another noble lord in the person of Lord Car-

rington, who has now gone to Australia as governor-general. His ancestor was one of the first in this. There was a well-known farmer, when the anti-corn-law agitation was on, Mr. George Hope, a great tenant farmer, of Fenton Barns, Haddingtonshire, who wrote amongst other things his celebrated prize essay, in 1842, on the corn laws as they affected farmers and labourers, that a large number of farm servants boarded and lodged with their masters, and the consideration for this was usually half their wages. Can you see this to-day? Another forty years have passed, but have the landlords kept up the same state of things? That is something that ought to be inquired into, and we ought to choose men who would inquire, and not those content with the mere claptrap of saying, 'We find distress, but cannot cure it.' As we wish to get back on the old lines of the country, why should we have the silly charge of the impossibility of three acres and a cow with the lie added that it is to be given for nothing?" Sir John Sinclair, an authority on agriculture, described, nearly ninety years ago, the real way three acres of land ought to be used, and the cow kept, and how well it could be done, as any reader may see in "Chambers's Information for the People," vol. ii.

From a return ordered by Parliament, just made public, it appears that the total agricultural population is upwards of a million in Great Britain. Though many have potato patches, cow runs, and small quantities of land for garden purposes, the number of allotments of an acre or more up to four acres is only 36,722—a very small proportion out of a million. The railway companies hold a conspicuous place for giving garden plots to their servants, but there are probably very few of the 36,722 holders of acres who have four acres, and fewer still who hold them on the old con-

siderate terms which enable them to keep cows sufficient for competency for their families.

There is a remarkable chapter on the growth of wheat which we shall next quote, as it will have instruction for co-operative farmers and others. This chapter may be fitly concluded, by way of contrast to cow-lore, with the curious adventures of a chimney-sweep, which is the subject of comments still applicable to our day. Mr. Bernard's story is as follows:—

"In December, 1791, Charles Richmond, a little boy, the apprentice of a chimney-sweeper in High-street, Marylebone, was convicted, at the Old Bailey, of a felony in the adjoining house of the Reverend Mr. Buckley. The circumstances were as follows:—On the preceding Sunday he had run away from his master. He was brought home on Tuesday, and (his master and mistress having occasion to go out) he was left locked up in the house by himself. On their return that evening the doors and windows were all fast, but the boy had escaped. On Thursday, the master and mistress (on their returning home that day to dinner and unlocking the door of the house) perceived the boy in the room, with a bundle of woman's clothes, which he said 'he had found in a cockloft, and had brought home for his mistress.' Some circumstances leading to detection, the boy was apprehended, and tried at the Old Bailey; upon his trial it appeared that he had climbed up his master's chimney, and down Mr. Buckley's, where he had stolen the clothes. The boy's account was, that 'he took the clothes to prevent being beat; that, when he was unemployed, he was sent to beg in the streets, and that, on one, Sunday, he had begged eight shillings, which his master took from him; another time he had brought home a new pair of shoes, that some charitable

person had given him; they were taken off his feet, and pawned for a few pence.' The boy was convicted; but he was thought more an object of mercy than of justice, and, on the application of Mr. Sheriff Anderson, was taken under the protection of the Philanthropic Society."

"The first subject for consideration," Mr. Bernard remarks, "is whether in this case, and in many others that have occurred, the crime is to be imputed to the natural depravity of the boy, or to his peculiar and unfortunate situation: and whether there is not much more to pity and relieve than to condemn and punish in the misconduct of children reduced to thievery and beggary to obtain food, or to preserve them from the cruelty of a severe and necessitous master. Much, however, is to be said in excuse for that master. *It is his poverty and not his will*; he has endured the same sufferings, and, at the termination of his apprenticeship, has been turned out on the wide world, unprotected and unpitied, without any friend, without any education, and almost without the means of existence. At the age of sixteen, a period of some additional enjoyment to the generality of mankind, he feels that the increase of stature has unfitted him for the only thing he has ever been taught; if he then endeavours to become a journeyman sweeper (and there are many candidates for one vacancy) his wages, were he to succeed in obtaining a service, are from £3 to £6 a year; and, on that miserable pittance, if he should attain the age of twenty-one years without having done anything to incur the penalty of the law, and should *rise* (as it is called) in the world, and should become a master chimney-sweep, he then finds that, in London, there are many more persons in the trade than can obtain employment.

"The truth is, that, even if the Act of 28th of George

the Third for regulating chimney-sweepers was really observed, and master chimney-sweepers were not to have above six apprentices at the same time, still there would be a great many more boys bred up to the business than there would ever be employment for in life. I have good authority for saying that there is not maintenance in the trade for one in seven of the boys, who are thrown upon the world at the age of sixteen years, having survived the hardships of their situation. The consequence is, that the greater part of these boys are driven to a profligate and vicious course of life by the want of education and protection; and that, of about two hundred master chimney-sweepers in London, there are not above twenty who can make a decent livelihood by it; and that in most instances the master is only a lodger, having one room for himself, his wife, and children; and another, generally a cellar without a fire-place, for his soot and his apprentices, without any means of providing for their comfort, health, or cleanliness; and without any other bed for them than the sootbags, which they have been using in the course of their day's work.'

Mr. Bernard obtained these facts from an intelligent chimney-sweeper, Mr. David Porter, of Welbeck-street, who published a pamphlet entitled, "Considerations upon the Condition of Chimney Sweepers," and distributed it free. He began life as a chimney-sweeper's boy. The first year he began business in London, finding no employment in the summer, he went into Lincolnshire, where he was known, and worked at harvest work, and brought home at the end of harvest something handsome. His principle was "never to have an idle hour or an idle guinea." His guineas, when he got them, he employed to advantage, and between this and his business he made

nearly £500 a year, and nearly as much (while he continued in it) by dealing in soot. Mindful of the sufferings he had undergone himself, he took kindly care to preserve those he employed from them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PROFIT OF HAND-SET WHEAT.

THE following unexpected narrative of experiments in hand-set wheat, made so far back as 1789, will be worthy the notice of co-operative farmers who are and are to be. A great agriculturist authority on wheat-growing of the present day, has called the attention of farmers in this and every country to the discoveries in wheat-growing made by him. A hundred years ago farmers were not much inclined to experiment. They are considered reluctant to try any new method now. No doubt the Rev. Dr. Glasse had to use all his powers of persuasiveness before he induced a farmer in his neighbourhood to try the superior advantages of dibbling wheat, that is setting it by hand. It is not the ordained function of the clergyman to teach farmers their business, but the Rev. Dr. Glasse was a great social improver, and had a mind fruitful in suggestions for the material advantage of his neighbours. Dr. Glasse's narrative is as follows:—

"In the year 1789 I prevailed with Mr. Joseph Morland, one of the best farmers in my neighbourhood, to try on a small scale the experiment of setting wheat by the hand, instead of sowing it. In this mode of agriculture, not more than one bushel an acre is required, whereas in sowing more than two bushels must be used.

"He tried his experiment upon an acre or two; and, the

season being favourable, the produce was such as he had never before experienced. It was more than forty bushels on an acre, being above a fourth beyond the average crop of that year. The straw was remarkably strong, and the wheat, the finest sample, and of the best quality, in the market. The persons employed in setting the wheat were some women, of whose diligence and handiness in setting beans he had the most experience. He found that five of these women would set an acre of wheat in a day. The soil he used was a strong loam, not without a mixture of gravel in some parts of it, and it was in good condition. The next year he planted four or five acres with similar success, and he has since continued the practice, though on a small scale; his farm consisting of grass land, with a disproportionate quantity of arable. This year he has planted eight acres; and his example has now produced its effect on most of his neighbours, one of whom has, this year, set by hand thirty acres of wheat, and another as much as forty acres. Mr. Morland calculates his average produce from set wheat for ten years back (the last harvest excepted) to have been thirty-two bushels, or four quarters the acre; and that without any extra manure or dressing beyond what a good practical farmer would generally apply; whereas in that country, where the rent of land is about 20s. per acre, no extraordinary manure being used in either case, the average produce of sown wheat does not exceed twenty-four bushels an acre. There is no other difference between the two modes of planting, except that, in the set wheat, the farmer may, if he chooses, keep his hand perfectly clean, by using a small hoe; and he may also earth up his wheat, if he wishes to do it; and that his straw is heavier and better and of much more value, and the ears much longer than of sown wheat. The

account current between the two modes of planting of forty acres of wheat stands thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Saving of seed on 40 acres, one bushel an acre, at 18s. per bushel	36	0	0
Deduct expense of setting ditto at 5s. per acre	10	0	0
	26	0	0
Add increase of produce, being 8 bushels per acre, at 18s. per bushel, on 40 acres	288	0	0
	£314	0	0

"The increased value of straw and the saving of expense of sowing are not included.

"This relates merely to setting wheat, but the practice may be extended much further—where the soil is proper for it—oats, peas, beans, and any grain may be set by hand with greater advantage than in any other way, particularly where old grass land is broken up. A member of this committee issuing these social reports is employing this year (1801) the women and children in his neighbourhood in setting by hand thirty acres of peas and oats.

"Of setting wheat by hand, the apparent and ordinary advantages are these:—

"1. The original saving of expense and waste of seed being upon forty acres, at the present price of wheat, a clear advantage of £26. This is a considerable object, in time of scarcity; for, supposing the quantity of land cultivated with wheat in England were not more than 800,000 acres, and half of it proper for this mode of cultivation, it would amount to 400,000 bushels of wheat; a circumstance of no small importance at any time, but particularly at the present.

"2. The increase of the average produce of corn, being 320 bushels upon forty acres. This increase of produce reckoned upon 400,000 acres, as before stated, would be

400,000 quarters of wheat. My agent, who is a careful, intelligent man, informs me that in one instance he has raised forty-eight bushels per acre of prime wheat from setting by hand; the land in no other respect differing, either in quality or management, from the adjoining land, the average crop of which was only twenty-five or twenty-six bushels an acre.

"3. The increased value of the straw, which stands more firm, and is less liable to be lodged. The straw is fairer and larger, and fetches a better price at the market, which is a great benefit in the neighbourhood of the metropolis and of any large town.

"4. The very useful and acceptable employment it affords to the poor, particularly to women and children, and the advantage thereby given to cottagers with large families, and to the public in general, by the consequential saving in the poor rates. In October last, a poor woman, whose child was dangerously ill, and who was obliged to apply for parish relief, lamented to me as an aggravation, that she was prevented from going to wheat-setting. Her labour, she said, would have produced her four quartern loaves a week, and that, added to her husband's earnings, would have made any application to the overseers unnecessary.

"It should be observed that all kinds of land are not adapted to this mode of husbandry. The soil which Mr. Morland chose for his first experiment was a strong loam, not without a mixture of gravel in some parts of it. As to the expense of labour, five women will easily plant an acre in a day. For the setting, no line is necessary to be drawn; the women are directed to follow what is called the seam of the furrow; and they are desired to make the holes at the distance of two inches or rather more in a

row, and not to drop more than two seeds in each hole. The rows may be six or seven inches from each other, which will give the seed ample room to tiller. I have myself counted full twenty stalks arising from what I supposed to be not more than two grains, perhaps only one.

"If this mode of cultivation were adopted in every kind of land to which it is suited, it would save many hundred thousand bushels of seed a year; it would make an increase of one-fourth upon such average crops, and give healthful and satisfactory occupation and means of subsistence to thousands of women and children at the dead season of the year, when there is a general want of employment. It is at this period that most women and children consider themselves as laid up for the winter, and become a burthen upon the father of the family, and, in many cases, upon the parish. The wife is no longer able to contribute her share towards the weekly expenses, unless, which is seldom the case, she has any peculiar skill in knitting, spinning, or sewing, or other merely domestic work. In a kind of despondency she sits down, unable to contribute anything to the general fund of the family, and conscious of rendering no other service to her husband except that of the mere care of his family. As a gratifying example of a different kind, I can state the case of my principal labourer, who, in consequence of my adopting his new mode of husbandry, earned during last October (1801) 26s. a week by the labour of himself, his wife, and child, a benefit on his part, which has been attended by a saving to me, on the eight acres so cultivated, of above eight bushels of wheat towards my winter supply, with a fair and reasonable prospect of an increased produce to add to the general stock of the country, and to the restoration of plenty at the ensuing harvest."

"18th Jan. 1801."

There needs but small comment to point out the value and relevancy of this narrative given by the Rev. Dr. Glasse, and accompanied by so many practical details.

We know that this disregarded method of growing wheat has, during this generation, been revived under newly developed conditions by an eminent agricultural discoverer, Major Frederick F. Hallett, F.L.S., of Manor House, Brighton. Dr. Glasse's method has the value he describes, yet it is but the crude form of agricultural improvement. Major Hallett, during experiments extending over thirty years, has established times and methods of sowing unknown before, and has done what is still more important,—produced pedigree wheat of such quality that it transcends all other for growing purposes, and has become famous in all corn-growing countries of the world. A company has been formed under the name of Hallett's Pedigree Seed Company. Farmers who want information upon the subject can get it there. What Dr. Glasse discovered as to the return nature makes under wise treatment, Major Hallett has verified by scientific study and extended by original discovery.

There will next be brought under the reader's notice, social ideas in early cotton mills, in which so many are interested. We shall begin with an account of the mills of David Dale, at New Lanark, before Mr. Owen was connected with them, which I have never seen detailed or scarcely mentioned by any of his biographers, and which account, until lately, was unknown to me.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COTTON MILLS OF DAVID DALE, AT NEW LANARK.

We now come to an original and singular narrative, probably unknown to most readers. "Lanerk" appears to be the way in which Lanark of our time was spelled in the last century. In the various accounts published between 1813 and 1820 of the great manufacturing administration which Robert Owen conducted there, I do not remember any adequate account of what David Dale had done before. Mr. Owen says very little in reference thereto. It was probably well known in the early part of this century, and was doubtless assumed to be familiar to everyone. The reader will see from the following "account by Mr. Thomas Bernard, of Mr. Dale's cotton mills at New Lanerk in Scotland," that David Dale was a very remarkable man who endeavoured to manufacture not only good cotton but good workpeople.

"The cotton mills at New Lanerk, in the county of Lanerk in Scotland, are situate in a beautlful and romantic amphitheatre, near the high road between Carlisle and Glasgow. The rapid stream of the Clyde supplied that abundance of water which is the powerful operator of the machinery. For the purpose of conveying and directing its power, a subterraneous aqueduct is cut for many hundred yards through the solid rock. The first mill, in length 154 feet, was originally erected in 1785, and, having been burnt down, was rebuilt in 1789; the second

is exactly of the same dimensions; the third is 130 feet; and the fourth 156 feet in length.

"The two first mills contain 12,000 spindles for spinning water twist, the other two are occupied by jennys for spinning mule yarn. The village of New Lanerk owes its existence to the erection of these mills. It consists of neat substantial houses forming two streets about half a mile in length, and broad, regular, and clean. Near the centre of the village are the mills, and opposite to them a neat mansion, the occasional residence of Mr. Dale, the proprietor, and of his principal manager. The village, consisting chiefly of Highlanders from the counties of Argyle, Caithness, and Inverness, containing about 1,500 inhabitants, of whom all who are capable of work are employed in and about the mills. Of these there are about 500 children who are entirely fed, clothed, and educated by Mr. Dale. The others lodge with their parents in the village, and have a weekly allowance for their work.

"The healthy and pleasurable appearance of these children has frequently attracted the attention of the traveller. Peculiar regulations, adopted by Mr. Dale for the preservation of the health and morals of those under his protection, have made this striking difference between his manufactory and many other similar undertakings in this kingdom, so that while some other mills must be regarded as seminaries of vice and sources of disease, those at Lanerk are so peculiarly exempt from these objections that out of near 3,000 children employed in these mills during a period of twelve years, from 1785 to 1797, only fourteen have died, and not one has been the object of judicial punishment.

"In order to supply that first necessary of life—pure and fresh air—the windows of the manufactory are

frequently opened; and in summer there are air-holes left under every other window. Cleanliness is another great object of attention. The children wash themselves before they go to work, and also after it, before they appear in the schools. The floors and the machinery are washed once a week with hot water, and the ceilings and walls twice a year, with unslacked lime. The children who reside in the house, and who have their maintenance in lieu of wages, are lodged in six large, airy apartments. The boys and girls are kept distinctly apart, not only in hours of rest and refreshment, but during the time of occupation. They sleep on cast-iron bedsteads, the bed-tick filled with straw, which is changed regularly every month. The bedrooms are swept, and the windows thrown open every morning, and kept open all day. Many of the children have contrived to provide themselves with boxes with locks, in which they keep their books and their little property. Their upper clothing in summer is cotton, which is washed once a fortnight. In winter the boys are dressed in woollen, and, as well as the girls, have dress suits for Sundays.

"For dinner they have seven ounces each of fresh beef with barley broth, or alternately five ounces of cheese, and a plentiful allowance of potatoes or barley bread. This part of the table diet is seldom varied, except in winter by a dinner of fresh herrings as a change. Their breakfast and supper consists of oatmeal porridge, with the addition of milk in summer, and, during the winter, with a sauce made of molasses and beer.

"Seven o'clock is the hour for supper; soon after which (for that pernicious practice, called night work, is entirely excluded from these mills) the schools commence, and continue till nine o'clock. Mr. Dale has engaged three

regular masters, who instruct the lesser children during the day. In the evening they are assisted by seven others, one of whom teaches writing. There is, likewise, a woman to teach the girls sewing, and another person who occasionally gives lessons in church music. The masters preside over the boys' dinner table. On Sundays they conduct them to the place of divine worship, and, in the evening of Sunday, attend to assist and improve them by religious and moral information.

"In the year 1791, a vessel carrying emigrants to America from the Isle of Skye was driven by stress of weather into Greenock, and about 200 persons were put on shore in a very destitute situation. Mr. Dale offered them all immediate employment, which the greater part accepted. Soon after he notified to the people of the Highlands and the Hebrides the degree of encouragement which he would give to families at the cotton mills, and undertook to provide houses for 200 families. These were finished in 1793, in consequence of which a considerable number of Highlanders have taken up their residence at New Lanerk. Several families, also, who were last year driven from Ireland, have found immediate employment here."

Mr. Dale was manifestly a great factory reformer. I know of no one preceding him having this turn of mind to the same extent. David Dale was a cotton spinner, merchant, banker, and preacher. He was the Samuel Morley of his day, as regards industrial thoughtfulness. Mr. Lloyd Jones, in the interesting "Life and Times of Robert Owen," which appeared in a volume of the *Co-operative News*, tells us that David Dale was at the head of forty Dissenting churches. He was nevertheless a wise manufacturer, who considered by what human

means he could promote the welfare of his servants. Let the reader count the kindly forethought he displayed. (1) The fresh air he had supplied in his mills and in the sleeping rooms of the children. We have even in these days fine stores built, in which it never occurs to the architect that his first duty is to supply all the light he can and fresh air certainly. Light is not always at his command, but air is. I saw lately a handsome store entirely devoid of ventilation. Over the shop was a room in which a number of young girls were employed. They craved for fresh air, and to give it them windows were made inwards in the building, so that the air from the shop could enter. But at night the gas-heated air, which you passed through on ascending the stairs to the upper room, nearly choked you. It was this poisonous air which was let into the girls' room—and this was called ventilation. In every six years, six out of the twenty girls employed would become consumptive, and some die. What is this but murder by the architect? When a young person dies in this way a coroner's inquest ought to be held, and the architect should be included in the verdict. Mr. Dale was a sagacious man, and did not like pale-faced, consumptive work-people. Besides, he knew, as an economist, that persons deprived of good air cannot work well; they become limp and feeble, and their lassitude is put down to laziness. (2) Mr. Dale's children washed daily. We lately had a case in the papers, in which a woman needing care refused to go into the poor-house, because she was asked to go into a bath. She said she had not washed her body for nine years, and was not going to begin now. A healthy person, or one intending to be healthy, would be washed 1,500 times in nine years. (3) Mr. Dale had his machinery washed once a week with

hot water, and the ceilings and walls lime-washed twice a year. (4) He had large airy apartments for the children to sleep in. Their bed-ticks were changed once a month, and the bedroom windows were thrown open in the morning, and kept open all day. (5) Their meals were substantial. Mr. Bernard, always practical, takes care to tell us of what these meals consisted, the kind, the quantity, and the variation of diet. (6) No night work was allowed in the mills. (7) There were schoolmasters who taught the children useful things. The reader will notice other moral devices. All these things, happily growing common now, were surprising, noteworthy, and most honourable, nearly one hundred years ago. Mr. Owen, who succeeded Mr. Dale, carried forward all these devices, and increased and improved upon them to an extent never exceeded, save by M. Godin, of Guise. But Mr. Owen had something to go upon at New Lanark.

There was no British Association for the Advancement of Science in David Dale's days. Dr. Priestley's discovery as to the nature and importance of air was little understood. To this day well-ventilated houses or mills are the exception. If a man administers poison we rightly put him upon his trial, yet the re-breathed air in ten thousand workrooms is a slow poison, administered every hour, and surely kills. Considering his country and his time, Mr. Dale's care for the air-health of his mills is matter of great praise.

Before Mr. Bernard saw the Lanark mills he had an indifferent opinion of manufacturing establishments. His opinion was that "all manufactures, the tendency of which is to promote an excess of population, and, at the same time, to prejudice the health and morals of a people, must be pernicious to a country, unless the evil can be corrected

by *extraordinary* attention and exertion. The melancholy prospects of thousands of young children bred up to vice and disease has always diminished the pleasure I might otherwise have derived from the view of our manufactures."

There were few captains of industry in Mr. Bernard's day, and Mr. Dale may be taken as the chief. Mr. Bernard shared the distrust of most persons then of mill life. He exclaims, "Manufactures are so unnatural to man that they never thrive, except where the individual works for his own benefit, or receives a stipulated sum according to his exertions. Then, the incitement of profit, and the desire of improving his means of life induces the artisan to submit to a species of labour that is artificial and foreign to every natural propensity of man. In workhouses, where this is wanting or where it is restricted to a sixth or a fourth of their earnings, or only to a promised benevolence, the energy of man can never be expected to be put in action. To draw forth exertions in manufactures, the person employed should have the whole of his earnings, deducting only such diet and expenses, as by his own desire are incurred for him."

Mr. Bernard had a very clear co-operative conviction in his mind that an equitable and ample share of the profit of his earnings should fall to the workman. Mill hands of all orders will become reconciled to manufactures, and even find them "natural" when the "whole of their earnings," less the expense of the mill and its direction, falls to them.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S COLLIERS.

MANY of the objections to mills and factory life in the times of which we are writing arose not so much from belief that it made work-people vicious as that it made them independent. Mr. Bernard, whose opinions have been cited, also wrote other passages, showing great insight of the question not yet widely understood. He observes: "Another considerable advantage which the poor enjoy at present arises from our manufactures; though this is not, like the blessings of agriculture, without its alloy and inconvenience. The occupation of the manufacturer, if not necessarily, is, I fear, generally prejudicial to health and morals; but it increases the demand for labour, which is always an advantage to the poor man; that being the commodity which he has to offer at the market. It affords to the industrious and frugal great opportunity of rising in the world, and thereby gives energy and vigour to the country. It has diminished, if not annihilated, the extreme dependence of the poor on the bounty of the other classes of life, and thereby has greatly contributed to that degree of civil liberty which is the peculiar blessing of this favoured country." "When manufactures were introduced into England," says an able writer, whom I have before cited, "liberty came in their train." This is very striking testimony of the social value of manufactures.

It will interest Mr. Burt, Mr. Crawford, and other miners' members of Parliament, to read the Rev. Thomas Gisborne's account of the provision made for the benefit of the Duke of Bridgewater's colliers, near Manchester. Mr. Gisborne's narrative is as follows :—

"The Duke of Bridgewater pays his colliers, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, monthly. He has established shops and a little market for them, and when his agents pay the wages, the shopkeepers bring in their monthly bills. These the agents discharge, and give to each collier the surplus. Thus the collier always has credit for necessaries and reasonable comforts, and at the same time is not able to squander the mass of his gains, to the injury of himself and family. Debts at public-houses are not allowed to be brought in. The butchers and other tradesmen, being the duke's tenants, dare not be exorbitant in their charges, or fraudulent as to the weight of their commodities. The duke lets to his colliers their houses at a low rent, and nearly at a price. To the best and pleasantest of these houses, he prefers those colliers who have been the longest time in his service, if they have behaved well. They are, however, all tenants at will. These circumstances operate as ties and encouragements to good conduct. All the workmen are bound to contribute to a general sick club. The duke's colliers are stationary with him : a neighbouring magistrate informs me that he hears few complaints from either side, and that the colliers there are more moral than the weavers who are spread over the adjacent country. Some of the duke's agents are men of a religious cast, and have established Sunday schools for the instruction of the children."

These arrangements show consideration for the men, but do not go far, and the "tenants at will" are far from

independent in their condition. Mr. Gisborne, however, had studied the collier of his day and remarks:—

"Of miners and colliers it is to be observed that, living in large companies, without favourable examples of conduct before them, and being, through the circumstances and mode of their employment, little subject to the control or influence of their employers, they are naturally turbulent, passionate, and rude in manners and character. Their gains are large and *uncertain*, and their employment is a species of task work, the profit of which can very rarely be previously ascertained. This circumstance gives them the wasteful habits of a gamester, leading them to trust, without forethought or apprehension, to the extraordinary success of to-morrow for the support of their families. Their labour being underground, liable to subterraneous damps, attended with strong exertions, they are almost of necessity led to the use, in a certain degree, of strong liquors, and thence, by a natural progress, too often proceed to habitual drunkenness.

"Another trait in the character of a collier, is his predilection to change of situation. Whatever may be the comfort and conveniences resulting from his connection with any particular employ, he sacrifices them all to his love of variety and the hope of superior advantage; so that annual changes are almost as common with the pitman as the return of the seasons, and, not unfrequently, the succeeding year finds him in the same situation which he quitted twelve months before. And whatever favours he may have received, he is disposed to consider them all cancelled by the refusal of a single request."

This, however wayward it might be, shows that the collier has not lost his spirit in the mine. Mr. Bernard gives a note which shows that if the collier is well treated

he will behave as well as other workmen. Mr. Bernard says that "Richard Bettany, of Dillorn, in Staffordshire, one of the colliers there, had been very much addicted to the use of profane language. Upon the Dillorn inclosure taking place, he received the allotment of a cottage and land; he was told that in case of swearing, he must now be treated as a gentleman, and pay accordingly; his acquired consequence amended him, and he determined, and kept his resolution, to leave off swearing. I have this anecdote from Mr. Holliday, who authorises me to say that Bettany at no period, not even in the course of a painful disorder which terminated his life at the age of seventy-seven, applied for any parochial relief, or received any, except from the kindness of the overseer, who, for a short time before his death, voluntarily contributed half the expense of the periodical attendance of a surgeon for him once or twice a week. B. 24th March, 1798."

Mr. Gisborne continues—

"It is likewise of great importance that colliers and miners particularly should be habituated to the desire of acquiring permanent property, and, with the surplus of their profits be enabled and induced to purchase little spots of ground, as objects of cultivation, and employment for their leisure hours. Those miners who do this in Cornwall (and there are many who, in that county, with the surplus of their gains, purchase little spots of ground, chiefly on a leasehold tenure) are in every respect a better class of men. They are kept from ale-houses by finding, in their own little property, amusement and occupation for their vacant time; they acquire habits of forethought, because they enjoy the benefit of it; and become orderly and civilised in some measure, because they derive an additional motive to behave aright, and consider their

conduct as more subject to observation, in consequence of their being possessed of property.

"9th March, 1798."

The reader will see himself that these are just and instructive observations by the Rev. Thomas Gisborne.

We now turn to an interesting paper by the Earl of Winchilsea on a spinning school in the county of Rutland. His lordship commences by giving the rules for the spinning school at Oakham, Rutland.

"1. All the inhabitants of the parish to be admitted.

"2. No persons to receive relief from the parish upon account of their families, who refuse to send their children to the school, unless they can prove to the satisfaction of the overseers that they can employ them to more advantage elsewhere.

"3. They are to be instructed gratis in spinning jersey and linen, and in knitting; those who choose it, in reading; and those who can bring work with them, in sewing.

"4. The hours of work to be from eight to one, and from two to seven—from one to two, dinner and rest. No work after dinner on Saturdays.

"5. A dinner to be provided for those who choose to dine at the school on the working days, for which they are to pay each sixpence per week.

"6. In case of illness the dinner may be sent for to their homes.

"7. The portions, if the dinner is sent out, to be as follows:—One pint and a half of pease-porridge, one pint and a half of rice milk, one pint and a half of rice broth, one pound and a half of potato-pudding. Those who dine at the school to have as much as they choose to eat, and a quarter of a pound of bread each, except on the pudding and rice milk days, when no bread is allowed.

"8. *The whole of the earnings to belong to the children.*"

"A spinning school had been established at Oakham, in 1787; but, till this arrangement took place, the children used to go home to their dinner, which was attended with great inconvenience in wet and bad weather, and with loss of time; as, frequently, when the weather was very bad, they did not return after dinner; and sometimes did not go at all."

In order to establish the present system, the dinners, for the first fortnight, were given gratis, and the parents invited to taste them; after that they were informed that the children of those who approved of the plan might dine there upon paying sixpence a week; and those whose parents preferred their dining at home might continue to do so. The whole of the parents approved much of their dining at the school; and the whole number, which amounts to between sixty and seventy, dine there, and pay their money. They do no more work in the week by these means, and get a much better dinner than they could at home. Several children come there whose parents do not receive relief.

"By purchasing the different articles wholesale, by the use of barley bread (which is customary at that place), and by means of a Rumford copper, the expense for the dinners and fuel has never exceeded the sixpence per head.

"The pease-porridge and pudding are taken from Count Rumford's book, with some alterations, which make them rather more expensive, but certainly better.

"I conceive that the success which has hitherto attended this plan is owing to its having been left to the *option* of the parents whether their children should dine there or not. 16th March, 1797."

Dinners of the substantial kind described, at sixpence a week, were certainly very reasonable. When, to encourage pupils coming, the dinners were given gratis, the parents were wisely invited to come and taste the food provided, and judge it for themselves. The value of good meals was perceived by these directors. The food was bought wholesale. There being an option left to the parents as to whether their children dined at school or not, caused many to consent who would never have done so had they been required to acquiesce whether they approved or not. "The whole of the earnings of the children being their own" was a recognition of the rights of labour not yet general.

CHAPTER XXI.

COUNT RUMFORD AT THE FOUNDLING. AN INCORPORATED HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

As Count Rumford was the constant deviser and inspirer of the practical measures of this society, the reader may like to see an account of the kitchen fitted up at the Foundling Hospital, London, by him. It is the "Matron of the Foundling" who gives the following particulars:—

"In March, 1796, Count Rumford made the offer of his assistance in fitting up, on his principles, a kitchen at the Foundling. His proposal was immediately accepted with thanks, and the kitchen has now had a fair trial, having been in constant use for a twelvemonth. The saving to the hospital in fuel is very considerable, being about twenty-five chaldrons of coals a year. The quantity annually consumed has been hitherto thirty-five chaldron; at present it is only ten. There were two cooks in the old kitchen, and they had a severe and hot service; one cook in the present kitchen has a very easy one, and the food, particularly the roast beef, is better dressed than formerly.

"There are difficulties which attend the use of all new and valuable inventions at first. In this kitchen they were very few, and they were soon obviated; and the cook now manages her new kitchen with much more ease and satisfaction to herself than she did her old one. The kitchen (the size of the room being 17ft. by 21ft.) con-

tains a large iron boiler divided into two parts, one of 82 and the other of 41 gallons; at the further end of which, and just above it, is a steam box, which, with the waste steam of the boiler, and without any addition of fuel, is capable of dressing 200lbs. weight of potatoes. This double boiler and box will dress a dinner for above 400 persons. They are both served by one small fire, which does not consume, for a day's dinner, more than a peck of coals and a peck of cinders, the price of the peck of coals (reckoning them as dear as £2 12s. a chaldron) being 4d. the cinders are saved from the consumption of the room. There are two lesser boilers, one of them divided into two parts; and in the centre of the wall, opposite the windows, is the roasting machine, which is 5ft. deep, 2ft. wide, and 15in. high. In this, on the roast-meat days, the dinner—being 112lbs. of beef for the officers and children—is now dressed in four hours and a half, with a peck of coals and a peck of cinders. Mr. Hopkins, of Greek-street, has just made one of ten quarts, for a village soup shop set up at Langley, in Buckinghamshire."

Count Rumford, by his inventions, was the benefactor of the poor of his day. The saving of "25 chaldrons of coal a year" was equal to an annual subscription of sixty guineas to the Foundling, reckoning, as the matron did, each chaldron at £2 12s., besides saving the wages and keep of one cook, whose cost would be equal to the twenty-five chaldrons of coal. Instead of the "hot service" of the two cooks, one had an easy time. Previously, both cooks appear to have been roasted as well as the meat.

The co-operators in Norfolk, Suffolk. and other eastern counties, may be interested in knowing what was done

in their midst long ago. It is Mr. Edward Parry who gives the following account of an incorporated House of Industry for the united hundreds, in the county of Norfolk. Mr. Parry states that :—

"The House of Industry, for the hundreds of Mitford and Launditch, in the county of Norfolk, was established and incorporated by Act of Parliament in the year 1775. These hundreds contain thirty-two parishes—two of them large market-towns, but without manufactories. This House of Industry certainly has the merit of being managed with great attention to the health, comfort, and (in some degree) to the morals of the poor. I speak of it from experience, having been an active director of it for thirteen years, during my residence in the county of Norfolk. The following is the plan on which it is conducted. There is a large building which contains on an average about 500 persons of all ages; and there is an hospital, about a quarter of a mile from the house, in which the sick are kept separate, according to their different disorders. They have a governor and matron, to which appointments, by preference, a man and wife are elected; and they have apartments in the house, where they must constantly reside. The former has £60 a year, the latter £25; and they have coals, candles, and washing. There is a chaplain, who is generally a neighbouring clergyman, and has a salary of £30 a year, his duty is to read prayers once every day, and preach on Sundays. There is also a surgeon, who has £60 a year; he is a resident of one of the neighbouring market-towns, but must attend every day, and has an apothecary's shop in the house, the medicine being found by the corporation.

"There are also four surgeons for the out districts of the hundreds; who for attendance and medicines are

allowed £45 a year each, and attend all casualties, and report the state and condition of the patient and his family to the next committee. The director's clerk, who is always an attorney, has £50 a year; he attends all committees and meetings. There must, by the Act of Parliament, be thirty-six directors, and twenty-four guardians. Every person, having a freehold estate of £300 a year, and being resident in the district, is compelled to be a director, and to act as such: and, in case there are not enough of that description, the deficiency to be made good out of resident freeholders of £150 a year (in which all rectors of livings of that value are included) until the whole number of directors is completed.

"The guardians are chosen by ballot, annually, out of the farmers who rent £100 a year and upwards, or persons having estates of that value. There is an annual meeting, and three quarterly meetings, of the directors and guardians, at one of the inns at the town of Dereham. At the annual meeting, which must be in the month of June, the directors and guardians are formed into twelve committees by ballot; three directors and two guardians being to attend, every month, at the House of Industry, on each Tuesday, from ten o'clock in the forenoon till three, four, and sometimes five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of visiting, and inspecting the state of the house and the governor's accounts; of receiving reports from the overseers of the parishes, signed by the surgeons of the district, as to the state and condition of the sick poor in the several parishes—and of granting them temporary relief—and also of directing that employment may be found for such as apply for it.

"There is a farm of about 150 acres of land belonging to the house, and kept in hand and managed by the

governor; this provides a dairy, and occasionally fats a few oxen and sheep; there is likewise a garden of six or seven acres, which is cultivated by the old men of the house, and produces an abundant supply of vegetables. The governor purchases the wheat at market, from harvest till March or April, for the whole year; it is ground into meal by a mill belonging to the house, and is made into bread, unsifted even from the bran, a kind of bread commonly eaten in all farmers' and in most gentlemen's houses in Norfolk.

"All the meat is purchased in the animal, and killed in the house. There are several manufactories established in the house; and all articles of their wearing apparel are made by the poor themselves; the whole establishment being managed with economy, but with sufficient plenty." Mr. Bernard adds, "From this account it may be supposed that the poor of those hundreds are upon the whole well taken care of, and made comfortable in their old age, at the period when their labour is over. And it is certainly true that those in the house are, generally speaking, well lodged, fed, and clothed; but when it is considered that these five hundred people are, or are presumed to be, merely paupers, it will appear that there must remain a large class of industrious poor, who only want assistance occasionally, being generally employed. As to those with large families, the mode is to relieve them by taking some of their children into the house; but I have known many parents who, rather than consent to this, have half-starved themselves and their children, and sometimes carried it so far that, by reducing themselves too low, they have been at length obliged to leave their cottage, and to be carried altogether to the House of Industry, the man's spirit broken, and he himself—if he has stamina left to recover

—becoming a burthen all his life; as he seldom returns out of the house capable of the same industry and exertion that he possessed before he went in.

"It is further to be observed that, as the farmers pay a certain and limited rate to the corporation, which cannot be raised, they care very little about the poor, and they frequently send whole families into the house, who might with a little assistance support themselves out of it. Besides this, the separating of their children from them destroys all natural affection, and often occasions a wish that it would please God to take the child, instead of their being compelled to send it into the House of Industry.

"One great advantage Norfolk has long derived from the custom of putting out all work by the piece, threshing by the quarter, &c. (and which is making its way to other countries), is that the father takes his sons to the field as soon as they can handle a hook, or raise a mattock; and they soon earn their living, besides being at an early age inured to industry and weather.

"I think everything should be done to give the labouring man an idea that he has an interest in the prosperity of the parish he lives in, and that his children will be taken care of if death or misfortune prevent his ability to do it. The two great points are, first, to provide employment for all the poor while able to work; secondly, to encourage, by every unexceptionable mode, friendly societies or purse clubs, that when their labour is over they may look forward to a comfortable support, without the dreary prospect through life of a workhouse to end their days, neglected by their relations, perhaps at a distance from them, and where every morsel of victuals is often grudged them by an abusive overseer, or by a man who has farmed them at so much per head.

"2nd March, 1797."

This is the only instance I have met in the narratives of this social society of an "incorporated" House of Industry. Its legal powers enabled it to take comprehensive steps on behalf of the poor. The arrangements of the house are those of a self-supporting village, such as Mr. Owen, Mr. Minter Morgan, or the Rev. Henry Solly, and later Mr. Herbert V. Mills, have had in mind to bring to pass. Undertaking to provide work for all who applied for it brought the plan near to Louis Blanc's temporary State workshops, of which we hear still. Altogether, this account comprises many curious facts and Social ideas which may serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale" down in Norfolk in this day.

CHAPTER XXII.

SELF-SUPPORTING PRISONS.

EVEN now the subject of self-supporting prisons is not settled. Three years ago I wrote a paper upon the subject at the request of the Prison Association of New York, and read a paper upon the question at the last Social Science Congress. It will, therefore, interest many readers to see what was thought and done to establish a system of criminal industry as far back as 1790. It is William Morton Pitt who gives an account of the gaol and House of Correction at Dorchester. It was in that gaol where the ill-fated Dorchester labourers were at one time imprisoned, on whose behalf Robert Owen took proceedings and headed a vast procession in London, and went to the Home Office to plead for their liberation. Many political prisoners of note in the evil days of Sidmouth and Castlereagh were confined in Dorchester Gaol. Richard Carlile was imprisoned there several years. Mr. Morton Pitt relates that:—

"The building of the new gaol at Dorchester, and the reform in the management of the old one, began in 1790. The old house of correction at Sherborne was sold in 1794, and its prisoners were transferred to one of the wings of the new prison, which was then appointed the house of correction for the county. From that period both establishments have been under the direction of the same keeper, and under the inspection of the same magistrates,

and have had but one chaplain, surgeon, &c. The present prison, built on a plan approved by Mr. Howard, cost £16,179 10s. 6d., and was first occupied in December, 1793. It contains 88 sleeping cells, besides those for the condemned, the reception cells, and working cells, which are all single, the infirmaries, two large dormitories for male debtors, in addition to the cells in the debtors' wing, and two for female debtors and female fines, and also dark single cells for the refractory. Each dormitory contains four beds, but is capable of containing more in case of necessity.

"In 1791 manufactures were introduced for the employment of all such prisoners, as either were compelled by law, or could be induced by encouragement to work. Convicts, and all persons sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour (to whom the law has not already allotted any certain portion of their earnings), are allowed one-sixth part thereof, besides broth in addition to their bread; and if they earn to the amount of five shillings per week, they are also allowed meat." Here Mr. Bernard interposes to say that "In many of our houses of correction the prisoners, even to this day (1798), are fed chiefly, and *without distinction*, on bread and water, a diet that has been found to have a tendency to dropsical complaints, and that has as little good effect on the health of the culprit as the indiscriminate system of treatment, devoid of inducement or encouragement, can produce on his morality and industry. The persons confined might (as I think will appear from many of these reports) be comfortably fed at the same expense as they now are on bread and water, especially if a difference was made in the diet of the industrious and well-behaved, and of the idle and vicious, as has been done with great effect at Dorchester. That,

and the securing to them a fixed and liberal interest in their labour to be paid them on their discharge, would produce an immediate change in our prisons and houses of correction, and make them really the instruments of correcting, instead of their being as at present the means of increasing habits of vice, despondency, and idleness. The wild beast may be starved into submission or compelled into subjection, but beings endowed with reason, and destined by their Creator for social intercourse, are not to be reformed *merely* by solitary confinement, by depression of condition, or privation of food; there must be added—encouragement to those who do well, distinction between them and the ill-behaved; the objects of labour must be made easily attainable, and its consequences and advantages desirable.

"17th of March, 1798."

Now Mr. William Morton Pitt continues his account saying:—"Debtors and persons committed for trial, not being compellable to work, enjoy the whole of their earnings if they purchase their own raw materials and sell the produce on their own account; but if they are supplied with the materials, and the county has the risk of the sale of the goods, they have then only the half of such earnings.

"In all cases, except where debtors and others voluntarily working provide themselves with materials, the gaoler is allowed one-sixth of the earnings as a gratuity for his extra trouble, and as an incitement to further exertions, and the remainder (after deducting the gaoler's and prisoner's shares) is placed to the credit of the county. The full amount, however, of the shares of the earnings, except those of debtors, are not paid to the prisoners until their discharge, but are carried to their respective accounts,

and twopence per week only is allowed them for the purpose of procuring for themselves any little indulgences, consistent with the police of the prison; even the sums placed to their accounts being liable, in the whole or in part, to forfeiture in case of misbehaviour. There are instances of men who have received eight or ten pounds, or more, on quitting the prison, and the money has, for the most part, been laid out by them in clothes, tools, furniture, a stock of bacon or other provisions, &c., for their future comfort and advantage."

Mr. Bernard now takes up the story again, saying that —"It were much to be wished that the example—of the reform of Dorchester Gaol and House of Correction—were followed in every prison and house of correction in the kingdom. The reader will perceive that it has been produced, by securing to the prisoner not only a preference in diet and accommodation, but a *certain* and *liberal share* of the earnings of his industry, and by husbanding that produce for him against the time of his quitting the house so that he may go out not only with habits of application and with character, but with the means of subsistence, and of carrying his industry to the most advantageous markets.

"To expect from the general mass of mankind *a willing continuance in labour from day to day*, without the spur of interest, without an object of expectation, and without the engagement of the inclination by a share, at least, of the profits, or to hope for success in the attempts daily made in our houses of correction to *compel* prisoners to work, not as the means of increased comfort and advantage to them, but as a *punishment* of their offences, is absurd and ridiculous. Compare the difference between that which persons may be *induced*, and what they may be

compelled, to do. In the Spinning School at Epping, a little child of nine years' old will, with cheerfulness and pleasure, and without abridging its hours of play and recreation, earn 4d. a day, and will dine plentifully and comfortably for 1d., while a stout active man in the prime of life in one of our houses of correction, with an allowance of 9d. a day for his food, is (in a state of mortification and suffering) earning 1d. a day in picking oakum (B., 17th March, 1798).

"In this institution, the object has been to combine the two principles of industry and reflection, and, by the judicious application of solitude in a greater or lesser degree, as the specific cases may require, to reform the offenders, so as to restore them to society in an improved state, and encourage them to persevere in a course of industry and virtue. The attempt has in a great measure succeeded.

"Upon examining the general produce of labour, in a workhouse or house of correction, it should seem that there is something in the name, the air, the situation, or in the *system* of them that palsies the power of human industry, and reduces the energy of a strong vigorous man to a level with that of a helpless child. I am extremely happy in being able to state an exception, equally honourable to the individual, to the magistrates, and to Mr. Ayres, the governor of the Middlesex House of Correction in Coldbath Fields. In February, 1797, a person was committed to that house for a twelvemonth, on account of his concern in a fraudulent transaction, which he had been drawn into by a combination of artful Jews; and, in the progress of which he had been stripped of nearly all his own property. He was a smith, and a very excellent workman. With permission of the magistrates, Mr. Ayres,

the governor, fitted him up a forge, and employed him to repair the locks of the house, which are 800 in number, and were got into bad condition. The locks are, of necessity large, and of an expensive construction. In the course of eleven months, ending on the 8th of February, 1798, he cleaned and put in order all the locks in the prison so completely that they are now better than when they were first put on. During those eleven months, he has, by his own wish, extended his working hours beyond those of the other prisoners. He had sometimes the assistance of a person to blow his bellows; but he has compensated for this by doing a good deal of other work in the house, besides repairing locks. The whole, therefore, of that work may be fairly placed to his own account. Estimating what he has done at a lower rate than the country smith has ever charged to the house, his eleven months' work amounts to the sum of £169 12s. On the time of his confinement being expired, the magistrates ordered him a donation of £30 out of the produce of his work. He then said that he had received such ill-treatment in the world, and had experienced such kindness and real friendship in that place from the governor of the house, that, if he could maintain his wife and two children decently by his labour, he would pass the remainder of his days there. An apartment has, in consequence, been fitted up for him and his wife, his two children being placed in a charity school. He is appointed the county smith, and she the inspectress of the female prisoners, with a salary perfectly satisfactory to them both. I am favoured with this account by the Rev. Dr. Glasse. B. 17th April, 1798."

Americans had these practical ideas before we had, but, like us, have gone back from them, but not to the extent

we have. There is an organised movement, of which Mr. Round is the enterprising secretary, with offices at Bible House, New York, to render criminals self-supporting. In 1808, Thomas Clarkson, M.A., the famous colleague of Wilberforce in the great anti-slavery agitation in England, gave in these reports an account of the administration of criminal law in Philadelphia, which he thought deserving of the attention of prison authorities in England. He remarks that "They who visit the criminals in Philadelphia in the hours of their labour have more an idea of a large manufactory than of a prison. They see nail-makers, sawyers, carpenters, joiners, weavers, and others, all busily employed. They see regularity and order among these. And as no chains are to be seen in the prison, they seem to forget their situation as criminals, and to look upon them as free and honest labourers of a community following their respective trades."

Why is this economy and reclamatory advantage denied to England? It is because the tradesman foolishly fears that he will be undersold by the products of gaols, and so he pays extra taxes to further support in idleness the thief who has already robbed him. If the thieves remain honest and work, the produce of their hands would much more stock the market and tend to undersell the tradesman. The tradesman, therefore, gains by prison labour, and he escapes so far needless taxation. Besides, prison produce need be sold only at market prices, as workmen's co-operative stores sell their commodities, which tends to raise the prices of shopkeepers' goods. Governors of prisons will never equal trained employers in business success. But what people forget is that the State is not required to make a fortune, but to avoid a loss.

The trade-unionist, as a rule, in his turn argues that if

scoundrels work they will reduce the demand for honest labour. But if the scoundrels were upright men it is obvious that they would all be in the labour market, competing still more sharply with workmen for places. Upon this unionist theory, honest workmen should be urged to join the criminal class in order to raise wages by their absence from the workshop. In the meantime, if prisoners are unproductive, workmen have jointly to keep the useless knaves out of their earnings. This is the insanity of workshop logic.

Yet both shopkeepers and unionists know that the right to competition is inalienable—that men, not co-operators, must compete or die, or rob, or be kept by those who will not permit them to work profitably. The work of all the prisoners in all the gaols in the kingdom would not displace as much labour as the invention of a single new machine superseding a process of manufacture in a shoemakers shop or a spinning mill. The Patent Office is a greater danger to merchants and mechanics every day than all the gaols in the country could be in a century, the Patent Office being provided to encourage and register competitive inventions. These arguments are now recognised in the United States by all except tradesmen and unionists. There are now many unionists and many shopkeepers who are opposed to criminal idleness, but they are in the minority. The majority of both classes are the people who, both in England and America, prevent any serious attempt to make prisoners contribute to their own support. Is it conceivable that in a country where we make horses, and even asses earn more than their living, where we need Acts of Parliament to prevent women (whom we pretend to protect) from being made to work in mines; where we require Factory Acts to prohibit

little children being put to productive labour—is it conceivable that we cannot discover any means whereby the sleek, able-bodied pauper, or the stalwart burglar, can be made to earn the rent of his cell or the cost of his skilly?

CHAPTER XXIII.

STORY OF THE MANCHESTER INFIRMARY OF 1796.

As a considerable number of probable readers of these pages are resident in Manchester and the towns around, this chapter, which deals with the conditions of health in that city at the end of the last century, will have interest for them. Indeed it has interest for me. My grandfather, on my father's side, spent a year in the city. At the end of that time he arranged to rejoin his family on the banks of the Rhea, then a suburb of Birmingham. It was in the coaching days, and he came down to Market-street to take the coach, which being full he had to wait another day. Depressed by the disappointment, he leaned meditatively over the Infirmary wall. Being a tall man he could do so. Unhappily there was a malignant fever prevailing in the city at the time, and many patients were there. He became ill the same day, died, and no communication ever reached his family. The dead were buried hastily, and no one cared to examine the effects of the contagious dead, and it was forty years later before we knew the manner of his death. Lecturing in Sheffield in 1841, an old man struck by my name being that of a friend of his who had died in Manchester about 1821, came to me. It was my grandfather whom he had known, and he possessed a tortoise-shell tea-caddy—a relic of his.

The following is an extract from an account of the House of Recovery, established by the Board of Health at Manchester, by Thomas Bernard :—

"In May, 1796, a house for the prevention of infectious fevers was opened upon private subscription, at Manchester, by the Board of Health there, and placed under the inspection of a medical committee, consisting of the medical gentlemen of the Infirmary.

"The first annual meeting of the trustees was held on the 27th of May, 1796, the president, T. B. Bayley, Esq., in the chair; when an asylum capable of containing from 15 to 25 beds for patients, was conceived to be sufficient for the purposes of the institution.

"As the statement of the circumstances of the first patients that were admitted into the House of Recovery may tend to show the sufferings of the poor where no house of recovery is prepared for them, I shall state them from the physician's reports inserted in the minutes of the Board of Health.

"Mary Parkinson, aged 20, the second daughter of Ann Parkinson, lodging with her mother and sister, at James Rushton's (who rents a garret, No. 50, Great Turner-street), was seized on the 17th inst., with a spotted fever, and visited in a day or two after as a home patient of the Infirmary.

"She was found, almost destitute of covering, lying upon a collection of rags spread upon the floor of a close, dirty, and noisome garret. In this wretched substitute for a bed, the mother and another grown up daughter (just recovering of fever) likewise slept. In an opposite corner of the room, James Rushton, his wife, and three children, slept upon a bed similar to that above described. Under such circumstances, I was fully convinced, that it

would be impracticable to prevent the fever from spreading, unless the infected person could be removed. But, as the House of Recovery was not then opened, the removal of the patient could not be effected. In a day or two, as I expected, the daughter of James Rushton sickened, and became dangerously ill of the fever. As the wife (who was far advanced in her pregnancy) and the rest of the inhabitants of the room might be supposed to be in hourly danger of infection, I proposed, therefore (the House of Recovery being now ready), as the most likely method of saving the lives of the two women so dangerously affected, and of preventing the rest from receiving the infection, that the sick persons should be instantly removed into the House of Recovery. With every expression of joy and gratitude, the parents of both the patients accepted the offer, and they were accordingly removed without suffering any injury or apparent inconvenience by the removal.

"Mary West, the wife of a soldier belonging to the Manx Fencibles, was infected with fever from attending her husband, who had recovered, and was ordered to join the regiment. She had been driven out of doors upon the symptoms of fever appearing, and was refused admittance wherever she applied. In consequence of exposure to cold and distress of mind, her complaint rapidly increased, and she got a recommendation as in-patient to the Infirmary. But the rules of this charity forbade her admittance. She was, therefore, received into the House of Recovery, as an object peculiarly claimed by the nature of the institution.

"Jeremiah Bowcock was removed, on the first appearance of fever, from a family living at No. 74, Newton-lane, and, besides himself, consisting of seven men, four women, and three children. On the same floor with and adjoining

to the chamber (at No. 78, Newton-street) in which he and three others slept, a man, his wife, and three children constantly reside. The ground floor is occupied by two men, one woman, and three children; and the cellars are let for workrooms. The disease was introduced into his house by Bowcock's brother, who had been turned into the streets when labouring under typhus, by the persons with whom he lodged. Immediately after the removal of this patient, the room in which he had been confined was duly washed and ventilated; and means were taken to disinfect the clothes and bedding, by a free exposure of them in the open air.

"Margaret Billington, wife of a private in the York Fencibles, was removed on the 10th day of her disease from a small room, at No. 8, Pump-street, which has been for some time the nightly abode of four grown persons and three children. On her removal, the bedding was exposed to the air in an open space for several hours; the floor of the apartment was scoured, the walls were white-washed; fumigations with nitrous gas were employed, according to the practice of His Majesty's Naval Hospital, and a reward was promised to the heads of the family, provided their endeavours to extinguish contagion were attended with success. John Owen, Robert Williams, and William Williams from a house in Salford, where six persons lay ill of fever at the same time in two very small rooms. One patient only remains in that house, who is now recovering.

"From the opening of the House of Recovery, on the 19th of May, 1796, to the 2nd of November, 1797, 542 fever patients have been admitted. Of these, 465 have been cured and sent home; 48 (and there were some very bad cases) have died; and 29 were, on the 2nd instant,

remaining in the house. The account, therefore, up to the 2nd instant, stands thus :—

Cured and discharged	465
Dead	48
Remaining in the house	29
Total admitted	542

"A Board of Health and a House of Recovery, upon the plan of that at Manchester, would be useful in all towns; but particularly where the poor, employed in manufactures, are incapable of receiving proper medical relief, in their own confined habitations; and where they are peculiarly liable to communicate contagion, not only to their own family, and to those who dwell under the same roof, but to the neighbourhood. A Board of Health, to prevent the spreading of contagious diseases among the poor, is peculiarly applicable to a populous town; but it is not exclusively so. It would be very useful in country villages and country neighbourhoods; to assist and stimulate the overseers in that part of their duty which relates to the health of the poor, and to prevent the progress of infectious disorders. It is peculiarly in the prevention of disease and contagion, that the benefit returns with increase upon the benefactor, and that the merciful receive mercy.

"As to the total of patients in the Manchester Infirmary, though before the establishment of the house many cases were refused on account of the greater press and claim of fever patients, there were—

From June, 1795, to June, 1796	2,280
From June, 1796, to June, 1797	1,759
From June, 1797, to June, 1798	1,564

"The progress of contagious fevers at Manchester has been so checked by the House of Recovery, that it now receives patients from any part of Manchester and its

suburbs, or within two miles of them. I have visited it to-day with much satisfaction. There are now nineteen patients in the house, which is as airy, as clean, and as comfortable as can be wished. 2nd Aug., 1798."

These pictures of misery and suffering in Manchester ninety-two years ago will touch many hearts to-day. That similar scenes are to be witnessed in many places still is proof how little social science has been applied to bettering the condition of the poor. The story of the wisdom and patience by which much of the misery and sickness of Manchester was relieved will be instructive to the sanitary authorities of the city, who may never have seen this detailed and authentic narrative.

Not exhausting the materials of these forgotten records, yet a few more chapters will conclude the salient and more relevant portions of these reports.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OLD AND THE NEW METHOD OF PROMOTING INDUSTRY.

THE love of labour is the foundation of civilisation. Industry is the only source of real independence. Whoever renders labour attractive is a benefactor. Whoever connects certain and equitable reward with industry renders industry permanently pleasant to men. This policy, which is the distinguishing feature of modern co-operation, is still new in the world, and is likely to require the study and perseverance of another generation before the policy becomes national. Still, society has made great progress in the art of treating the working people.

To understand what the old policy was, let the reader revert to the statute of Edward the Sixth (1548). "The first remedy," says Mr. Bernard, "that appears to have occurred to our fathers was the punishment of idleness." And, indeed, if sloth were to be corrected and industry produced by penal severity, the desired object must have been effectually obtained by an Act passed in the first year of King Edward the Sixth. Discovered idleness subjected the criminal to TWO YEARS' SLAVERY, either to his parish or to the individual who first seized upon him. The law not only permitted, but directed, the master to treat his newly-acquired slave with increase of labour and

diminution of food; and if he could thereby impel him to attempt an escape, he acquired a property in him for life; and entitled to mark the letter S on his breast with a red hot iron, instead of the milder sentence of his being only branded with the letter V.* If the slave attempted to quit his service a second time the law directed that he should be hanged.

This was, apparently, an increase, but in reality a mitigation of severity; as the inducement for cruelty ceased when the master had once acquired a life interest in the liberty and happiness of his fellow-subject. A legal provision was thereby also made for idle children. They were to be the slaves of those who could catch them, the boys till 24, the girls to the age of 21; and to prevent any escape they were to be secured with iron rings round their necks, legs, and arms at their master's discretion.

It was an immense stride from the policy of 1548 to 1797, when Mr. Bernard gave the following account of the Schools of Industry at Kendal:—

"In attempting to give an account of the schools which have been lately established for the education of poor children at Kendal— a populous manufacturing town in the county of Westmorland—I must previously notice the Blue-coat schools and Sunday schools which had existed in that place prior to the introduction of that system of education which is peculiarly the subject of this paper. The first of these schools had been regularly visited by the subscribers, and the childern were encouraged to attend the latter (the Sunday school) and their parents to send them,

* "V" meant only vagabond, while "S"—signifying slave—fixed his slavery for life.

by the prospect which has been held out to both boys and girls, of being elected into the Blue-coat schools, or of obtaining the green clothes, which are the personal donation of a charitable individual in that place still—however, there wanted system in the arrangement of the plan; and in the execution there was required the impulse of reward and encouragement to occupy and command the attention of the children.

"In May, 1797, Dr. Briggs submitted to the governors of the Sunday sschool his sentiments on the subject of them. As those observations have produced a very beneficial effect at Kendal, and, with very few exceptions, will apply to all the Sunday schools in England, it may not be amiss briefly to state them. In the first place, he objected not merely to the degree in which corporal punishment was inflicted by the masters of the schools, but to their power of inflicting it at all, except by the authority, and in the presence, of the visitor of the schools. He also suggested an increase of rewards, of such a nature as to be to them most acceptable, and not distant in prospect; recommending in a particular manner that most effectual and most economical of all rewards—praise and commendations wherever due, and, in all cases to be bestowed by the visitors and directors themselves.

"In the distribution of the prizes to the children at the Sunday schools, the objects of reward, he thought, should not be brilliancy of talents or even proficiency in learning, but that kind of merit which might offer to every scholar the ground of competition, viz., regularity of attendance, cleanliness of person, habitual diligence, and orderly behaviour—points upon which the governors might decide with facility, and with unvaried impartiality. In objecting to early hours, Dr. Briggs has not been biassed by a

fellow-feeling for indolence; as, notwithstanding his professional occupation, and his civil duties as Mayor of Kendal, he has generally attended, as visitor of the Kendal schools, from six to seven o'clock every morning.

"The governors adopted his suggestions, and they have been followed with as much success as even an ardent and benevolent mind could have wished. It is a gratifying circumstance to the 'Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor,' to be authorised to state that the perusal of their reports, published about that time, stimulated Dr. Briggs to pursue the success of his first attempt by more extensive and effectual measures. He immediately applied his mind to form a general plan for the education and improvement of all the rising generation at Kendal, and produced the following detail or outline in the beginning of the year 1799:—First, that public schools should be established in Kendal, where all the children of the poor might be employed during the day in various kinds of work, and from whence they might return to their parents at night. Second, that the scholars should be divided into a convenient number of classes; and that each class should be taken from work an hour every day, to be taught to read and write, in a separate room, by a master provided for that purpose. Third, that the scholars be entitled to the whole of their earnings, subject only to a small fixed deduction for school wages."

We get in this narrative curious insight into the Sunday schools of a century ago. Children owe grateful regard to the memory of Dr. Briggs who "objected not merely to the degree of their punishment at the will of the teacher, but to their punishment at all by him, except by the authority and in the presence of the visitors of the school." In point of humanity and educational dis-

cernment, Dr. Briggs was far in advance of his time. He believed more in judicious praise and commendation than in the stick. Nor were the rewards to be ideal or distant, but near, palpable, and attainable. Nor was he for rewarding mere talent. He thought industry, good habits, and disposition of more importance and more difficult to acquire. He was for connecting an industrial school with the Sunday school, and here, as Mr. Bernard always notes with approval, the whole of the net earnings of the little workers were to be their own. This is the real reward of industry.

Of consideration for the poor in those days, the Rev. Mr. Gilpin gave an example of the poorhouse of Boldre, in Hampshire, which should be quoted here, because the Bishop of Durham relates the story. His lordship says:—

"The old poorhouse of Boldre being a wretched place, and having been managed at a great expense, it was determined at a vestry held in the year 1792 to build a new one on a better site, to put in a respectable master and mistress, and to give the overlooking of it to a monthly committee of the gentlemen and farmers of the parish.

"Accordingly they borrowed the sum of £800, and bought a piece of ground about two acres and a half, elevated, dry, and airy; here they erected the house at a little distance from the road, and yet near enough to be under the constant eye of observation. It is built substantially of brick (single) that the air may have a free passage through it, and extending about 82ft. in front, and 20ft. in breadth. These dimensions give an excellent workroom on the right as you enter, and on the left a kitchen and back kitchen; the master's room, which is also the committee-room, about 18ft. by 14ft., occupies the centre, and has a window on one side inspecting the

workroom, and another on the opposite side inspecting the kitchen. Above stairs the sleeping chambers are separated nearly as those are below, only, as there are commonly more women and children in a poorhouse than men, a room at the end of the men's apartment is taken off for a sick-room, with a separate staircase. Over the chambers are excellent garrets; behind the kitchen part of the house are the pantries and other conveniences, among which is a storeroom 30ft. long.

"The ground between the house and the road, which is a falling space of about 60 yards, is divided, first into a dry convenient play-yard for the children, and the remainder, about half an acre, running down to the road is a garden; the larger garden, which is an acre, lies behind the house.

"The house being finished and sufficiently dry, the inhabitants of the old house, consisting of nine or ten men and women and between twenty and thirty children, were brought into it on the 19th of May, 1793, and the whole put under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Salter, who are both of them well acquainted."

This narrative shows how much the heart of the Bishop of Durham was with the poor. He spared no trouble to extend the knowledge of any contrivances for improvement in their treatment.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOUPS, OX-HEAD, AND RICE.

FOUR or five chapters more will include all the points of interest I had marked for notice in these social reports. It has been stated that these reports extended to many volumes, but I can find no proof of that. The King's Library in the British Museum contains only five volumes. One would think that His Majesty would have all the volumes issued of a work in which he took great interest.

This society understood that if people were to be made comfortable, they must be fed, and owing to Count Rumford's inventions they were able to originate the soup supply in a manner unattempted before that day. Mrs. Bernard appears as a writer upon this subject, and gives an account of a village soup shop at Iver, in the county of Bucks, as follows:—

"In October, 1796, a village soup shop was set up at Iver, in the county of Buckingham. The most proper person that occurred for the purpose was the wife of Richard Learner, an industrious man, who had lost a leg by an accident in the course of his labour; and who, notwithstanding that disadvantage, had brought up a large family decently and creditably, without parochial relief. She was an industrious and notable woman, and had lived in a family

as a kitchen maid. She attended by desire several times to see the soup made, which she afterwards took home for the use of her own family. She was then informed that if she could make the same kind of soup twice a week during the winter, it would be a benefit to her poor neighbours and a considerable advantage to herself; that she should be furnished with the recipe and the necessary utensils and materials to set up her shop; which consisted of a tin pot that contained four gallons, and a bushel of split peas; and that we would purchase of her tickets, or give orders for soup for her poor neighbours, at threepence a quart; besides recommending to others to purchase of her similar tickets for other poor persons whom they wished to be of use to.

"The advantages which this proposal held out to her were these—that the soup which she sold at 3d. a quart she could make for half that money; that, therefore, if she could get, by the tickets and by chance customers, a sale of only eight gallons a week (which was about her average), her profit, with very little interruption to her other work, would be not much less than 4s. a week; besides the comfort—of which she seemed fully to feel the benefit, but which it was much easier for her to enjoy than describe—of being in the midst of a cook shop."

The devisoress of this cook shop showed consideration and good sense. She knew quite well that the price at which this soup is sold is above what it might, even with profit, be made and sold for; but it was necessary, in this instance, and in that at Langley, to interest the person employed in the success, which might not have been the case if the price had been lower. Even at the present price it had the advantage of being economical, as well as palatable and nutritious; and the advantage received by

the person employed to make the soup was not only a charity to her, but the probable means of stimulating her neighbours to attempt to make it for themselves. The good judgment which looks around to see what is possible, and looks forward to see what will be the effect of the soup supply—for good intent does not always produce good effects—the reader will think admirably displayed in this account. Mrs. Bernard continues: "What happened in the present case is what will hardly ever fail to happen in similar cases; there were few poor families in the parish but what, placed on some list or other, received a good meal to take home twice or oftener each week to their houses. The following is a copy of the memorandum made for the subscribers:—

"The pease soup to be continued twice a week, from 12th November to 12th May. Every subscriber of one shilling per week may recommend four persons or families, who shall each be entitled to a quart of soup a week, and so on in proportion, whether more or less; or may direct the distribution of the like quantity of four quarts as they shall think fit. N.B.—The soup may be purchased or ordered for any poor family at 3d. a quart, or 1½d. a pint."

Mr. Bernard adds this note to his wife's paper—"Where the owner of a country house, with a large garden, thinks proper to order this soup to be made for the poor (in winter) during his absence, the expense of it is much less than would be imagined. In the north of England, where it has been occasionally made for the poor during the late scarcity, I have taken pains to ascertain the expense very correctly. In the month of February, 1797, there were 16 gallons of this soup made for the poor four times a week (256 gallons in the month), and seventy

families regularly partook of it. The expense of it—and I have reason to confide in my correctness—was as follows :—

	s.	d.
Four bushels of barley flour	12	0
Two bushels of pease	13	0
One stone of salt	2	2
One pound of pepper	2	4
	£1	9	6

Besides which, there were used three bushels of potatoes, one bushel and a half of onions, and some other vegetables all out of the garden, which, if purchased, would have cost £1 5s. 6d., but these, as unsaleable articles in a gentleman's garden, I think I may put out of question, as well as fuel and attendance, which made part of the care and airing of the house. There will remain, then, £1 9s. 6d., the whole expense out of pocket for providing seventy families, four days in the week, with soup, gratis for one month, to the amount of 256 gallons; being, as the reader will find, upon calculation, not quite *three halfpence a gallon.*"

How carefully Mrs. Bernard had studied soup in all its details what follows will show.

"The misfortune of common alms is too frequently the increase of vice and beggary. In the present instance, everything that was given went substantially to the support and maintenance of the persons for whom it was intended; and, besides this, one deserving woman received a very comfortable addition to her means of subsistence. The recipe was as follows, being that originally prepared for the cook shop lately set up in the colonnade on the Foundling Estate, but now moved to Fulwood's Rents, Gray's Inn :—'Take two gallons and a half of water; a quart of split peas, previously soaked in cold water for

twenty-four hours; two pounds of potatoes, that had been well boiled the day before, skinned and mashed; herbs, salt, pepper, and two onions, and boil them very gently together for five hours, covering it closely up, and allowing as little evaporation or steam from it as may be. Then set it by to cool. It will produce rather better than two gallons of soup, and, if properly made, there will be no sediment, but the whole will be blended and mixed together, when it is warmed for use.'

"The only caution which I need offer on the subject is, that some attention should be occasionally paid to the person who makes the soup, for though with a little care it is very good, yet if neglected, if it is not boiled very gently, and long enough, or if the materials are not good, it will scarce be worth having. While the person employed understands that the continuance in her appointment depends on her giving satisfaction, she will be desirous, and pretty certain of doing well.—2nd Nov. 1797."

The School of Cookery at South Kensington might profit by these well-considered details. Mr. Buckmaster had an accomplished predecessor in Mr. Bernard before this century began. Next we give an account by Mr. Bernard (who appears to have been everywhere collecting social ideas) of a soup shop which will interest many readers in Birmingham.

"In the beginning of December, 1796," he says, "a soup shop was opened by subscription in Peck Lane, Birmingham, for supplying the poor with soup at a reduced price, the extra expense being defrayed by a small subscription among the inhabitants of Birmingham.

"This winter the same subscription was again opened in Colmore Row, on an enlarged and improved plan, and,

in December last, notice was given that this soup, together with bread, were ready for delivery on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, to families according to their necessities—the price being one penny for half a pound of household bread and a quart of soup. The average quantity of soup so delivered for three months past, has been 3,000 quarts a week, with 1,500 lbs. weight of bread; and this great relief to the necessities of the poor is supplied by a subscription that does not quite amount to £300."

We now turn to ox-head, related in an extract from an account of the manner and expense of making stewed ox-head for the poor, by Mrs. Shore, of Norton Hall, Derbyshire, who says:—"One of the members of the society having requested the particulars of the ox-head stew, which is given away at Norton Hall, I have prepared the following account:—'The whole is divided into fifty-two messes, each mess containing a piece of meat, a piece of fat, and a quart of soup. The distribution of it has been continued since October, 1792, once a week, and sometimes oftener, from October to May. The poor people receive it very thankfully, and generally reserve part of the mess for the second day. The manner of preparing it is as follows:—Wash the ox's head very clean and well, and then put it into thirteen gallons of water; add a peck-and-a-half of pared potatoes, a quartern of turnips, half-a-quartern of onions, a few carrots, a handful of pot-herbs, and the liquor of any boiled meat of the family, in which no vegetable has been boiled; thicken it with two quarts of oatmeal, and add pepper and salt to your taste; set it to stew with a gentle fire, early in the afternoon, allowing as little evaporation as may be, and not skimming off the fat, but leaving the whole to stew

gently over the fire, which should be renewed and made up at night. Make a small fire under the boiler at seven o'clock in the morning, and keep adding as much water as will make up the waste by evaporation, keeping it gently stewing till noon, when it will be ready to serve for dinner.'

"The whole is then to be divided into fifty-two messes, each containing (by a previous division of the meat and fat) a piece of meat and fat, and a quart of savoury nourishing soup.

"The expense of the materials in the northern counties where it has been tried, may be thus stated :—

	s.	d.
Ox's head	1	6
A peck-and-a-half of potatoes	0	7½
Onions, turnips, &c.	0	4½
	2	6

"This amounts, exclusive of fuel and trouble, to rather more than a halfpenny for each mess, or not quite 2½d. a gallon ; but in the dearer part of England, the articles being purchased by retail, the mess may cost as much as ¾d. or 1d.

"The beef and other bones, and crusts of bread of the family may be added to the stew ; and will improve the soup without any additional expense."

Mr. Bernard, always solicitous for the service of others, says that the above "is submitted to the consideration of those housekeepers who have not yet adopted a similar charity, as a cheap and useful mode of relieving their poor neighbours, and of gradually teaching them a better system of diet than they at present possess. The sum of 2s. 6d. a week for seven months (amounting to £3 15s. a year) in the cheap parts of England, and a few shillings more in the others, is the expense of a charity, which

may retain on its lists fifty-two poor persons, and supply them with the comfort of two meals a week.

"This recipe was tried by a gentleman to whom I gave a copy of it in September last, at Auckland Workhouse, and was, as I understand, extremely liked by the poor. Though the expense was very small, yet the quantity produced being a great deal more than the people of the workhouse could use, the cottagers near the workhouse were desired to send for messes of it, and had, in consequence, the benefit of a plenteous and unexpected meal. It is now inserted in their table of diet, to be made once a week for the benefit of the poor, both in and out of the workhouse. This dish requires more attention and more conveniences for cookery than are to be found in every cottage. It would be a good thing if a part of every workhouse was converted into a parochial cook's shop to furnish the poor, who receive no other relief, with cheap and nourishing dishes, which they have neither the means, skill, or inclination to make. 29th, October, 1797."

No nation has been so slow in learning what was cheap and good to eat as the English. The reader has seen already instances of this. A century ago they had to be taught the use of rice. The account is given by the matron of the Foundling Hospital, and contains a very surprising statement for that day and to many persons even in this day.

"During the scarcity of wheat, in July, 1795," the matron says, "one of the measures adopted at the Foundling Hospital, with a view of lessening the consumption of flour, was the substitution of rice puddings for those of flour; which, by the table of diet, were used for the children's dinner twice a week. The flour puddings for

each day, had taken about 168lb. weight of flour; the rice pudding, substituted in their place, required only 21lb. of rice to make the same quantity of pudding; the result of the experiment being that, in a baked pudding made with milk, one pound of rice will go very nearly as far as eight pounds of flour."

"From this account," says the editor of the volume, "it will appear how much benefit, as well national as individual, may be derived from the general use of rice. There is hardly any way in which it can be stewed down, either with bacon and seasoning, or with meat, or with cheese, in which it will not make a cheap, pleasant, and nutritious dish; and it is particularly proper for, and palatable to, the aged, the infirm, and the young."

This society for increasing the comforts of the poor meant what they said. Many co-operators will come to have better meals than they foresaw from reading in their families the recipes and devices recorded in this chapter. In hundreds of villages, in this distressed time, dinnerless labourers would have plentiful and pleasant meals if the forgotten advice of this society was acted upon. Many kind-hearted ladies would do much where they do nothing now, because they do not know what was done long ago. I know myself many places where these narratives will be welcome. The *Manchester Guardian* thinks the narrative of what took place in that city long ago may be useful reading to-day. The next chapter will contain an account of what was done in Birmingham for the employment of friendless children, and the story of vaccination in 1800, which will interest Leicester and Mr. Pitman.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN PAYING FOR THEIR SALT. VACCINATION WHEN GEORGE III. WAS KING.

It will interest to-day many readers in Birmingham to learn in what way refractory and costly children depending upon ratepayers for support were rendered tractable and profitable in their town before Napoleon I. became First Consul, or Nelson was recognised as a great sea captain. There are many places still at this date, 1886, where no one seems able to accomplish these ends, and many overseers do not believe they ever were accomplished. I therefore quote the brief but instructive account given by the Rev. Josiah Pratt, M.A., of the mode of employing parish children in Birmingham in his day. It is not believed yet in America that industrial schools could be made to pay. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson thought at one time of supplying money for the experiment to be made. Mr. Mundella had not found public opinion sufficiently decided in England to warrant him in ordering it to be tried when he had charge of public education. The Rev. Mr. Pratt's narrative of a crude form of success in this direction has interest.

"The expediency," he says, "of separating the children of the poor from those depraved and incorrigible persons, who too frequently form the population of a parish workhouse,

had induced the overseers and guardians of the poor at Birmingham to place such as were from four to ten years of age with nurses in the neighbouring villages. This, however, was attended with some inconveniences. The attention of the overseers and guardians was then directed to another object. A large building, about a mile from the town, was vacant. This suggested the formation of a separate establishment, and an offer having been made by some of the guardians to conduct it, the new establishment commenced in July, 1797.

"A matron was appointed, who, with a schoolmaster and mistress, and one female servant, formed the household. The elder girls have assisted in cleaning the rooms and making the beds; a kind of employment which, while it ministers to general ecomony, improves them all in a most useful branch of domestic education. The girls have been taught to read, and have been employed in knitting and needlework for the asylum and the workhouse, and for respectable families, and such credit have they had for the manner in which their work has been done that more has been sent them than they have been able to execute. In summer the boys have been occasionally sent to labour in the farms and gardens in the vicinity of the asylum, and to weed and pick stones. The produce of this, with the work of the girls, has formed a little fund which has enabled the committee to build a shop* where forty boys are employed by a pinmaker to head the pins and stick them in papers in rows. By the the further increase of this sort of labour, they have also built another room where forty girls are employed by a

* The profit of these children's work, from January, 1800, to July, 1804, has been £576 4s. 4d.; the expenditure in building, repairs, &c., £348 10s. 7d.; leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands, in July, 1804, of £235 10s. 9d.

respectable draper in plaiting straw for ladies' hats and bonnets. The overseers and guardians are now going to enlarge the pinshop, so as to include forty boys more in that manufactory.

"Besides the produce of their labour, these children do now acquire early habits of industry and subordination, to which they were before entirely strangers; for, previously to this attempt to civilise these forlorn and unhappy creatures (most of whom had never known the reciprocal endearments and powerful operation of parental and filial affection), their rude and savage manners, and disregard of authority, had produced habits so untractable and turbulent, as for some time to baffle every effort of the committee to correct them. The first expedient, which contributed at all to this object, was the placing of them in classes, and conducting them in order round the governor in the playground, several times a day; when he had an opportunity of marking their individual conduct, of correcting the disorderly, and of applauding the tractable. This has been followed by placing them in order at meals, and by every other measure that occurred, for impressing upon them ideas and habits of order and regularity. The good effects of these measures were daily more and more apparent, and these children are now become as orderly and as decent as such a number of children under one roof can ever be expected to become."

This is very satisfactory testimony, for neglected Birmingham children have a clear talent for turbulence and wilfulness, and would no doubt take prizes for their attainments that way were competitions with other towns invited. Mr. Pratt adds:—

"They have also a Sunday service regularly and decently performed by a respectable young man, a clerk

in the workhouse, who concludes with reading a sermon. On this service the whole family attends with much order and propriety. The children have meat three times a week. They have also, soup, puddings, rice, milk, bread, cheese, and beer; and these the best of their kind. The medical gentlemen, who are employed for the workhouse, attend weekly in succession, and two physicians of the town have benevolently given their services when called upon.

"The great object of this institution is eventually to place these children in society, with the advantage of better habits and propensities than would have been derived without such preparative education. And such has been the effect of the means applied, that they who had been once the pest and dread of housekeepers and manufacturer are now sought for with avidity, as orderly and useful servants, and have every opportunity afforded them of enjoying a comfortable and permanent subsistence. These are certainly great advantages, especially as they have been obtained, not only without cost, but have been attended with the saving of a sum so considerable as £3,009 in the space of seven years, computed from July, 1797. The detail of the account is very correctly stated in the report of this charity published in October last. I have therefore inserted it in a note."

The note of details is omitted here. The general result as given above is sufficient for the purpose of these papers. The experiment was kindly meant, and it paid. The surplus acquired might well afford some education also. The children were clearly well-fed, and that helped to make them good. It is hard to cultivate morality on starvation. Many co-operators take deep interest in the vaccination question. Here is a picture of vaccination

in theory and practice long ago. I know of no other authentic account which shows the position of the question in England and the world at large, at a time when it was regarded as a priceless discovery. It had its opponents and disparagers then, but they were probably of the medical profession only, who thought that vaccination would diminish their practice. The botanical doctors say that the medical profession are opposed to their system of herb cure on this account. The homœopathists often have said the same of physicians who dissent from them. It may be true in some cases, but it is a mean suspicion to entertain, and I believe little in its truth. My reason for citing medical opponency to vaccination is because in this day they are charged with upholding it for interested reasons. Co-operators are too intelligent, I trust, to entertain this pitiful opinion. The Rev. J. T. A. Reed, who gives the following account of vaccine inoculation in the neighbourhood of Buckingham, is evidently a humane and intelligent clergyman.

"In March, 1800, having previously informed myself of the safety and efficacy of the cowpock," Mr. Reed relates, "I began to inoculate my two parishes—Leckhampstead and Akeley, near Buckingham. Having been in the habit of administering medicines to the poor, my offer to inoculate them was very generally accepted, and especially as most of these people are employed in milking. The common answer of such persons to my proposals was 'We all know that nobody ever died of the cowpock,' and 'we all know that nobody ever had the smallpox after it,' but what an 'odd thing it is that anybody should think of inoculating with it.' About 500 persons were inoculated with the smallpox, and twenty-eight by me with the cowpock. Finding that they were all decidedly infected with

cowpock, I desired them to give what assistance they could to the people, who were falling very fast with the smallpox and in great distress for nurses, 200 at one time being in a helpless condition. Of these twenty-eight patients of mine many slept with smallpox patients, and even with some who died in a most dreadful condition. The neighbouring villages were satisfied with this test, and in the following month I inoculated more than 1,000 persons, who were apprehensive that a very great fair at Towcester, on old May-day, would spread the smallpox over the whole surrounding country. On the application of clergymen and other respectable inhabitants, I have inoculated, within ten miles of my residence, upwards of 4,700 persons, many in situations greatly exposed to infection.

"In the autumn of 1804, the smallpox raging among the people employed at the tunnel of the Grand Junction Canal, I inoculated in the neighbouring town of Stoke, Bruern, Shutlanger, and Paulerspury, 570. In the summer of 1805, I inoculated 270 at Potterspury. I make the following declarations:—

"(1) After a practice of more than six years, no instance has occurred of anyone inoculated by me being afterwards infected with smallpox. (2) I never, during that period, have seen a single arm that required surgical assistance; or any other dressing further than a little oil, or milk and water. (3) I never knew an instance of a life being endangered, or a taint left in the constitution by the cowpock. On the contrary, I can produce persons who date a period of health unknown before, from the return of the cowpock; the disease having apparently a tendency to cleanse the constitution.

"It is a most extraordinary circumstance that England, which has the honour of the discovery, should be the only

country upon earth in which any effort has been made to undervalue its advantages, and to check the extension of its beneficial effects. It is, indeed, wonderful that in the most enlightened nation upon earth, calumny, chicanery, and caricature should have been united in co-operation, and not without some success, in prejudicing the minds of the poor and ignorant, and of the weak and infirm, against the adoption of the most important and useful discovery which has been made in the annals of civilisation. Owing to the religious scruples of the Hindoos, by the last official returns from Madras, dated 1st Sept., 1806, it appears that 500,000 Hindoos in that presidency only had already accepted the benefits of vaccination. One hundred and seventy-eight thousand persons have been vaccinated in Madras in the preceding year, and 429,821 had received the cowpox there before that time. A vaccine institution has been established at Canton; and natives, instructed in vaccine inoculation, are travelling as missionaries, carrying through that immense region the benefits of the Jennerian discovery. The Chinese people have offered no obstacle to the diffusion of Dr. Jenner's discovery. France, Germany, Russia, and the other European States, the distant regions of Mexico and Peru, the tribes of the North American Indians, and the savage hordes of Africa have all accepted the Jennerian discovery with willingness and gratitude. The contagion of the smallpox is already nearly annihilated in many of the capital towns of Europe, whilst in the metropolis of the British Isles, the seat of Science and the Arts, the temple of Liberty and benevolence, variolous infection has been promoted and disseminated, and hundreds of valuable lives have been thereby sacrificed and for ever lost to their country and their friends. [8th June, 1807.]"

What the medical profession of that day had to say upon the subject was as follows:—

"Resolutions of a numerous meeting of the physicians and medical gentlemen of Liverpool, convened on the important subject of 'Vaccine Inoculation,' upon the 20th of April, 1806:—'That, in our opinion, inoculation for the cowpock is greatly preferable to inoculation for the smallpox, for the following reasons: 1st, Because the disease produced by vaccination, not only is never fatal, but is never even attended with danger, whilst, on the contrary, it is well known that, of such as have been inoculated for the smallpox, some have occasionally died notwithstanding every precaution; and it is equally notorious that in those who have passed through the inoculated smallpox, the disease has been sometimes dangerous and severe, and its effects on the constitution have been often permanently injurious by exciting other diseases into action. Secondly, because the vaccine disease is not infectious as the smallpox always is, whether it be received naturally or by inoculation. Thirdly, because it may be communicated with perfect safety under circumstances which render the smallpox inoculation peculiarly formidable; as in the state of pregnancy, and during infancy, and the period of dentition. And lastly, because it has never been followed, in any instance that has yet come to our knowledge, by any effects of a serious nature. Cutaneous eruptions have occurred in a few instances after vaccination, but it has by no means been proved that such eruptions are fairly to be ascribed to vaccination as their cause. And in this opinion we are confirmed by the public testimony of the ablest and most respectable practitioners in the metropolis, who have paid close attention to this subject, and who have declared that many well-known cutaneous diseases and some

scrofulous complaints, have been represented as the effects of vaccine inoculation, when, in fact, they have originated from other causes, and, in many instances, have occurred long after vaccination; and that such diseases are infinitely less frequent after vaccination than after either the natural or inoculated smallpox."

These curious and unknown pictures of a question which, at the lapse of 88 years, agitates towns, and disturbs the peace of many magistrates, are now before the reader. I merely recite the facts. It would be irrelevant here to offer any opinion upon them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

COUNT RUMFORD'S INVENTIONS IN OPERATION IN BIRMINGHAM AND LONDON.

It is recorded in this society's reports that in 1797 some gentlemen in Birmingham, who had established in that town a soup charity, determined to adopt the example of those who had prepared soups on Count Rumford's principle, so far varied in the cookery as to be adapted to an English taste; and, upon a subscription of about £300, they sold to the poor a meat soup with fried bread, hot every day from twelve to two, at one penny a quart. The average quantity supplied during that season was one thousand quarts a week.

On the commencement of the winter the recipe for the soup was improved, and the quantity distributed was increased to three thousand quarts a week, half-a-pound of good wheaten bread being given with each quart of soup for a penny; but no family being allowed to have more than two or three quarts at a time. The overseers of the poor there have, to their honour, opened a similar shop near the workhouse at Birmingham, so that the whole supply may be now calculated at six thousand quarts a week.

"I have extracted," writes Mr. Bernard, "from a letter

from Mr. Biddle, of Birmingham, some account of the mode of using the digester. 'The bones are cut into small pieces with an axe and part of them put into a digester, which is filled two-thirds with water, and the lid screwed down, when the first operation takes place, for two or three hours, with a light weight on the valve. What then remains undissolved is put a second time into the digester with the rest of the bones, and the same quantity of water, a greater weight being laid on the valve, equal to 40lb. or 50lb. on the square inch. When the bones are supposed to be nearly dissolved, and the vessel is cool enough to open, the meat is added (part of it being previously fried to give a flavour to the soup), and the whole boiled together for two or three hours, with only a small pressure on the valve. The gravy is then strained off for use. Of the bones, not more than one pound weight in twenty remains undissolved. Such is the mode of using the digester at Birmingham, in which some skill and a great degree of attention is required.'"

Always candid, the frankest information was given by this Society as to the conditions of using any instrument they recommended. In Birmingham, where Rumford grates were first made, there are manufacturers to-day who will read with interest this vindication of the Count in a paper by Mr. Scrope Bernard. It is rather unfortunate, the paper says, for the public that the pretended "improvements" of Count Rumford's grates, so pompously announced by different ironmongers, are chiefly calculated to increase the expense and to diminish the effect of his invention. "When," Mr. Bernard says, "the reader visits the Royal Institution he will see that the new grates put up there are very cheap, and have as little iron as possible about them, and that the fire always burns against fire

bricks; the back and sides of the grate being composed of brick, which throws out heat in greater quantity, and is not subject to the disagreeable smell and bad effects of heated iron. In those shops where these 'improvements' are carried to the greatest perfection they will find nothing left of the benefit of Count Rumford's original invention, except the narrow throat to the chimney, and even that is not always preserved. The distinguishing features are—an abundance of polished steel, as much iron as can be used on every side of the fire, and a very liberal accumulation of expense."

Count Rumford was the author of the advice that all who worked should have for their reward all they gained. There was an establishment for the poor in Edinburgh of which the society said—"It is no small merit in the Edinburgh establishment, that they have adopted the principle so strongly recommended by Count Rumford, of giving the poor the whole of their earnings, and all the benefit of their industry. Those earnings, it is true, are inconsiderable, and at the present period inadequate to their support; and, indeed, whenever an establishment of this kind shall be formed in London, it is probable that the produce of the industry of the poor, in the commencement, at least, will be comparatively small. But if we could suppose only one-half of the beggars of London to be usefully employed (the other half having retired to other cities, where speculative idleness is not persecuted), the gain of the public in the positive produce of labour, in the examples of industry, and in the comparative improvement of morals, would be of an importance beyond all calculation. Few persons," says our secretary and editor, "are fully aware of the extent of the loss to the public by a certain number of persons being unemployed.

The following paper was very lately distributed with good effect among the riotous colliers at Bristol:—'Kingswood, April 11, 1801.—The loss to every idle man, for one day's work, is 2s.; one week's ditto, 12s.; and if 500 men do not work for a week their wives and children will be deprived of the enormous sum of £300.'"

It was having Count Rumford at hand to advise and devise for this society that it was sought to establish an institution in London "for supplying science to the common purposes of life so far as it may affect the poor."

"In January, 1799, a committee was appointed by the Society for bettering the condition of the Poor, to confer with Count Rumford on the formation of an institution which, besides having a general view to the benefit of arts and manufactures, and to the advancement of taste and science in this country, should specifically direct itself to the improvement of the means of industry and domestic comfort among the poor." Mr. Bernard adds, "a library is forming of books presented by some of the subscribers, and it is proposed to procure a regular supply of the periodical publications of Europe, particularly those of a scientific kind. These and the library are intended for a common room for the use of the subscribers."

"Though the society has had reason to flatter itself that considerable benefit had been diffused among the general mass of the people by its publications, yet difficulties have impeded the progress of any considerable amelioration in the diet and domestic habits of the poor; and there appears very little prospect of those difficulties being removed, until a centre of action can be fixed, to which persons may apply for examples, for models, and for engravings, accompanied by printed instructions; without being any longer compelled implicitly to rely on the

talents, the docility, and the conscientious moderation of the different tradesmen who may be employed to make and sell them. It appeared very evident that an establishment of this nature, if on a scale calculated to be extensively useful, must embrace too great a variety of objects, and be far too interesting and too important to be annexed to the Society for the Poor, or to any other existing society. The committee, therefore, was of opinion that after they had obtained from Count Rumford the original sketch or outline of the plan, and had engaged him to take an active and leading part in the conduct and execution of it (their own members giving their individual support to the measure), nothing further remained to be done on the part of the Society.

"A convenient house was proposed to be engaged for the purpose of lectures and experiments, and for a public exhibition of all such new and useful inventions and improvements as are applicable to the common purposes of life ; and especially those which tend to increase the conveniences and comforts of mankind, and to promote domestic economy and useful industry. In the priority of introduction, it was proposed that regard should be had to the degree of public utility, and particularly as they might benefit the general mass of the people. The managers have since purchased a large and roomy house, the late Mr. Mellish's, in Albemarle-street."

Professor Tyndall will thus see that an early, though humble, rival of the Royal Institution was began near his door. Here was a plan of the Social Science Association which has just been suspended. Here are germs of a patent office and a wholesale society, implying the manufacture and sale of genuine articles without depending upon the dubious and costly middleman. Count Rumford

is entitled to the grateful regard of all social reformers. Whether as a soldier in the field, or engaged in naval campaigns, as a commander, a negotiator, or a police organiser, his fertile, original, and inexhaustible mind was ever devoted to augmenting the welfare and comforts of the people who live by industry and honesty.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BISHOP BARRINGTON'S INTEREST IN SWEEPS AND POTATOES.

THERE is no praise of bishop or layman like that of giving instances of what he has done. The instances command the regard of all who understand their value and never pass out of the mind. When the late Bishop Wilberforce was killed by a fall from his horse, several peers delivered eulogies upon him in the House of Lords. They said he was learned, urbane, indefatigable, eloquent, and high-minded. All of which was true, but vague. What had he done? Was there no single act of kindness or of generosity which any friend and eulogist could recall which would move the regard of those not amongst his personal acquaintances? On that occasion I wrote to the *Times* stating that once when the poor villagers of Gawcott were distressed at the loss of their schoolhouse, I wrote to the bishop, who was then Bishop of Oxford, explaining that his lordship was the only person whose influence could serve these unfriended villagers. The bishop caused an inquiry to be made by the archdeacon, and sent it to me, and upon representations I made, he caused a new schoolhouse to be provided for the education of the poor children of Gawcott. Thousands of persons who read that letter in the *Times* had a real and definite reason for honouring the memory of the bishop for that unusual act of impar-

tiality, mercy, and justice. For myself, though I am not able to agree with bishops in everything, no one has more genuine respect than I have for acts they perform or influences they exercise on behalf of humanity. The career of Bishop Barrington was full of such acts and influences, and their record is the best form of praise, because it does not depend upon goodwill or caprice to utter it. The facts compel admiration. They, like—

> Actions of the just,
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Long before "chimney boys" were protected by Act of Parliament, the Bishop of Durham found time to write upon them in the social reports, and bespeak sympathy for them. In his high estate he had generous thoughts for the poor sweep.

"It would," he wrote, "produce a material improvement in the condition of the chimney-sweeper's boy, and in the character of the trade, if the practice of crying in the streets was entirely discontinued, and if families could be induced, as in other trades, to employ those masters *whose characters are known in the neighbourhood.* There is nearly as much reason for sending round the bricklayer's lad with his hod of mortar and a few bricks, screaming his master into that employment which neither his situation or character would otherwise have given him any pretension to, as the loading with his bag and implements of trade a little child already suffering by dirt, hunger, cold, and the want of domestic comfort; and sending him to disturb the streets by his cries, till some unknown person calls him in, and employs him in his trade."

The argument drawn from the reticence of the mason is bright and original; certainly I never remember meet-

ing with it in sweep-literature elsewhere. In the bishop's days Unitarians were regarded as revolutionists, and their creed was regarded as so un-English, that if a philosopher was found among them his house was set on fire with a view to enlighten him, as happened to Dr. Priestley. It is therefore no mean mark of tolerance and good feeling on the part of the bishop that the following passage in the reports was devoted to Mr. Firmin, who had Unitarian principles, and did not keep silent upon them. Yet the report said:—

"At this time Mr. Firmin published his proposals for employing the poor in and about London. They contain the detail of his establishment in the parish of Aldersgate, where he had built a workhouse for flax and hemp, and had supplied the poor with spinning; so as to enable them at their leisure hours to earn from threepence to fourpence a day." It was not necessary to say more than this, unless from motives of generosity. But this passage follows:— "Mr. Firmin was a virtuous and benevolent man, but a zealous Unitarian. It is very honourable to him, and, in an age when the principles of toleration were little understood, and less practised, it is highly honourable to Archbishop Tillotson and Bishop Fowler that they were through life kind and steady friends to Mr. Firmin."

Mr. Langton Millington, knowing that the bishop would be interested in so humble a matter as a good mode of preserving potatoes, because of importance to the poor, sent the following communication, which was inserted:— "In compliance with your request, expressed at the meeting of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, I herewith send you my simple but effectual mode of preserving potatoes, sweet and good, for a great length of time. The first of the two processes which I have adopted

is as follows:—I took three pounds and a half of potatoes, and had them pealed and rasped, and put them in a coarse cloth between two clean boards in a napkin press, and pressed them into a dry cake, hardly so thick as a very thin cheese. I then placed the cake on a shelf, as I should an oilcake, to dry. There was about a quart of juice expressed from the potatoes. To this I added the same quantity of cold water; and in about an hour it deposited rather more than sixty grains of very white starch, or flour, fit to make fine pastry." Mr. Millington says the potatoes kept good in cakes an indefinite time, and could be cut into squares or slices and cooked in the ordinary way. They were always found sweet and good, and good pastry could be made out of the flour. The writer describes another process, but the object here is now to quote only a specimen of the information which the bishop encouraged for the sake of others.

Another letter addressed to "My dear Lord Bishop," relates to friendly societies, in which the reader will see in what happy terms they are commended, and how many features are anticipated which are regarded as new in these days. The writer says:—

"Of friendly societies we may use Lord Coke's quaint expression as to copyholds, that, 'though very meanly descended, they come of an ancient house.' At Athens, and in some other cities of Greece, there existed certain fraternities which paid into a general fund a monthly contribution towards the support of such of their members as might be unfortunate. The money was to be advanced to any of their distressed members, upon this condition, that if they should again be successful in the world, they were to repay into the common stock the money that had been so advanced. What the learned Casaubon has collected on this subject is very curious."

Some trade-unionist reader may be glad of the reference to Casaubon. Ebenezer Elliott, the famous Anti-Corn-Law Rhymer, once asked me for this very reference, but I was then unable to give it. He had seen the facts in question, but could not again recover them. Our immediate concern is with anticipations of methods "to make the poor provide for themselves."

"In the first class," says the writer, "may be placed Baron Masere's proposal for establishing life annuities in parishes for the benefit of the industrious poor. His scheme was that all the rateable inhabitants of every parish should constitute a corporation, with power to grant life annuities to their parishioners, estimated upon a calculation of 3 per cent, and that the purchase money should be invested in the funds to answer the payment of the annuities, the poor's rate being always liable to make good the deficiency. This was followed by Mr. Acland's plan in 1786, offering more advantage to the poor, and proposing the formation of a general club or society; to which every-one might, and certain persons were compellable to, subscribe. The members were to receive certain benefits in sickness, old age, and for unprovided children; and the churchwardens and overseers were to be the treasurers of the club in every parish.

For the obvious difficulty of collecting the subscriptions, and for the complicated and unmanageable magnitude of this general club, a remedy was soon after offered by Mr. Haweis, who proposed a general plan for compulsory friendly societies in every parish. The employer of every poor man was to be answerable for the regular payment of a thirty-sixth or twenty-fourth part of his earnings to a fund, which was to be aided by a payment of a shilling in the pound from every occupier, in lieu of the present poor-

rate." In the same year Mr. Townsend published his "Dissertation on the Poor Laws."

The Rev. Mr. Blackwell, who has advocated a scheme of the nature described above, may be interested in this chapter. Whether the Mr. Acland was an ancestor of our friend Mr. A. H. D. Acland, M.P.; or Mr. Haweis of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the famous preacher, is not apparent, but they are familiar names to the public ear. I have since learned from the Rev. H. R. Haweis that the Mr. Haweis mentioned above was his grandfather.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STATE AND DOCILITY OF THE POOR. SINGULAR COW CLUB OF SCARBOROUGH.

WHOEVER looks over the forgotten narratives given in these chapters will acknowledge that they show a wise and kindly interest in the social and material condition of the poor. The quality of these ameliorative devices deserve gratitude, their variety excite admiration. At the same time they awaken many questions in the mind of the reader of to-day. Why should there be any poor? Why should any intelligent self-acting men and women submit to be poor? The benevolence and consideration shown towards them in the way these narratives disclose is above any praise of ours. But how comes it to pass that any persons of spirit and self-respect should consent to be subjects of compassion and gifts? The fact is self-respect was hardly born in those times. Self-respect is an instinct no doubt of higher natures, and existed in the breasts of many of humble birth. It is true, however, that self-respect is the growth of intelligence, and can never be common among the ignorant. Self-respect is the wholesome pride that comes of knowledge and opportunity. In those days people in low circumstances believed that rich persons were always to exist, and that the poor would never cease in the land. And until co-operation came and proved itself a new force of industry capable of delivering the people from

poverty, it did seem that their destiny was precariousness, to be sometimes mitigated by benevolence. Mr. Bernard quotes the saying of Fletcher, of Saltoun, who declared in 1679 "that there were at that day in Scotland 200,000 people begging from door to door."

He goes on to say that, "No magistrate ever could discover that they had been baptised, or in what way one in a hundred went out of the world." He accuses them as frequently guilty of robbery, and sometimes of murder. In years of plenty, he says, "Many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days, and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other public occasions they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

This high-minded statesman, of whom it is said by a contemporary that, "He would lose his life readily to save his country, and would not do a base thing to serve it," thought the evil so great that he proposed as a remedy the revival of domestic slavery, according to the practice of his adored republics in the classic ages. A better remedy has been found, which in the silent lapse of a century has proved effectual. The Statute of 1696, the noble legacy of the Scottish Parliament to their country, began soon after this to operate; and happily, as the minds of the poor received instruction, the Union opened new channels of industry and new fields of action to their view."

How little this merciful enactment accomplished to secure industrial competence to the people, we have seen in the wretched state in which David Dale and Robert Owen found the poor workpeople whose condition they so nobly ameliorated at New Lanark.

The brilliant devices of charity and self-help which have been recited in these chapters had a political as well as a humane inspiration. The political motive was to turn the mind of the labourers from longing for "Liberty and Equality" after the manner of their brethren in France. Besides, workmen had to be reared for fighting purposes. The old Poor Law was liberal to large families, and even to mothers of illegitimate children. Strong young labourers were wanted to put down the French Republic, before its example became contagious in England. The recruiting sergeant was in every village—the "accursed" Press Gang was abroad, as many had reason to call it. The bullets of Napoleon were flying over Europe, and English labourers were wanted to confront them on battle-fields. The gentleman was sometimes drawn or caught, and he occasionally wanted a substitute. But unless men were on hand, the substitute could not be had. While the awful years of war lasted it was considered "patriotic" in poor people to have large families, but when peace came political interest in the poor largely decayed. From being a necessity the poor became a calamity, and, to many, a nuisance.

It is not my intention to suggest that the wise efforts to improve the condition of the poor herein related, were not dictated by humanity mainly. The noble passage with which this chapter will conclude, proves that the promoters of the Social Society meant to put into the hands of the poor permanent means of self-help. Still the reader can see that the help of benevolence is a different and less noble thing than self-help by co-operation.

See what dependence comes to those who receive the largesses of charity, however kindly accorded! The

collier is a "tenant at will," and may be dislodged if his conduct is not such as the owner of the colliery approves. This may extend to his opinions, political and religious. These gifts and advantages, whether of the village shop, the school, the parish, or the mill, are mostly dependent upon good behaviour—in opinion as well as conduct—of which the givers are the judges. It is right that good conduct should be observed, but it should proceed from self-respect, and be voluntary and independent.

In the Shiptram and Robonow parishes, in Somersetshire in 1792—"In order to encourage chastity and good morals in the single women, the patronesses present every young woman of good character who has been educated in their schools, and continues to attend religious instruction there, with five shillings, a new Bible and a pair of white stockings on the day of marriage." In the reports in question this extract is given from the "Articles to be observed" in Shiptram and Robonow. The young women there were not unmanageable, when all these ends could be obtained by five shillings, a Bible worth two, and a pair of white stockings, which were not payable unless marriage happened. There is another case showing how low and how docile the English poor were, and at what an economical rate good feeling could be maintained.

The Rev. Thomas Burgess established the Sunday Friendly Society for the aged poor at Winston. A comfortable Sunday dinner was provided for all that attended church. The dinner was prepared from one of the recipes in the first volume of the society's reports, the expense of it not exceeding 1½d. per head. The dinner was dressed at the rectory, and sent on the Saturday evening to the house where they dined. It has been thought that giving dinners with sermons was a modern

American invention. It is clearly of English origin. However, it was a kind thing which Mr. Burgess did, and fulfilled the scripture which says godliness is profitable for the world that is, as well as for that which is to come. Let the reader think what a co-operative store would do for people who are moved at the prospect of a three-half-penny dinner on a Sunday! The social improvers of whom we write did greater things than those just recited; they had thought for sanitary comfort in factories. Mr. Joseph Denman wrote from Stoney Middleton, saying :—

"The weaving-rooms are very narrow, very low, and very close—this is so obvious that no one can scarcely conceive how the health of the people is preserved in any reasonable degree. No attention whatever is paid to the Act of Parliament respecting mills and factories in these establishments."

The factory inspectors of those days had no eyes, just as inspectors of nuisances in these days often have no noses. Members of this society were the first real factory inspectors. They went to Eyham, and reported that the "weaving shops of Messrs. Gregg, of Manchester, have buildings which are excellent for their purposes." At Litton they found "rooms which were clean and white-washed, ventilation good, but conveniences of the mill were not well conducted." Considering that the king, the bishop, and many eminent persons read these reports, the owners of mills found the approval of these voluntary inspectors valuable, and their censure serious.

It would be ill to close this chapter without an account of the famous Cow Club of Scarborough. The cow, the terror of modern statesmen, was, as we have seen, regarded with friendly eyes by statesmen of an earlier day. Lord Randolph Churchill, who has made up his mind

to the "three acres," drops out the cow. The Rev. Francis Whangham thus writes in these Social Reports concerning a society for the insurance of the cows of cottagers:—

"On the 12th of May, 1807, the establishment of a society for the insurance of the cows of cottagers took place in the neighbourhood of Scarborough. It had for its model a similar association which had been adopted on an extensive scale and with striking success in the north part of Lincolnshire, where it had been ascertained by experiment that the average payment of three-halfpence per cow per week (or six shillings a year) would be sufficient to replace the ordinary losses of cows by death.

"1. Every subscriber is to pay half-yearly, on the 12th of May and 12th of November, for each cow by him or her insured, at the rate of one-halfpenny for every twenty shillings, upon her value per month, into the hands of the treasurer of the district, which sums, when amounting to £20 respectively are to be placed at interest till wanted to accumulate for the benefit of the fund.

"2. No cow is to be admitted without the approbation and valuation of the commissioner or one of the commissioners of the district, to whom (if required) she shall be sent for inspection.

"3. Upon the death of any cow so admitted, the commissioner or commissioners of the district shall inquire into the circumstances, and if it appear to have been caused by the wilful neglect of the owner, or by his or her refusing to employ such farrier as they may have appointed, whose bill when exceeding twenty shillings is paid out of the fund, he or she shall receive no benefit from the institution, but with this exception, for each cow so admitted and

dying, there shall be paid five-sixths of her estimated value; in no case, however, exceeding £12; her hide, tallow, &c., to be sold for the benefit of the fund.

"5. No subscriber shall receive any benefit from this institution upon the death of a cow above fourteen years old.

"6. If, upon any accident, the commissioner or commissioners for the district deem it necessary to have a cow slaughtered, the owner shall have the option of receiving the net value of her carcase (after the expenses of slaughtering are deducted), or the five-sixths of her value as entered in the book of the club."

A club of this kind would be valuable in many agricultural districts to-day. Some of our co-operative societies which are commencing farming, or are already engaged in it, may get useful knowledge out of this curious cow club.

An instance is given of the good sense of a peasant's wife. Her husband had purchased two cows. On his wife being asked how he had been able to accomplish it, she answered that her family had always lived the same in *times of plenty as they were obliged to do in times of scarcity.*

The chief objection to the three acres and the cow made by the farmers, who had no sympathy with the labourer, or who had had no experience of the effect which good food had on his strength and an improved income had upon his mind, was that such labourers would not do their work, be too tired with their own work, or too "stuck up" to work for the farmer. The Earl of Winchilsea said his experience was all the other way. The general testimony was thus given:—

"The farmers of this parish allow they never had their work better done, their servants more able, willing, civil,

and sober, and that their property never was so free from depredation as at present. It may not be improper to mention that no warrant or summons has been issued against any poor person of this parish since A.D. 1800."

CHAPTER XXX.

SIR THOMAS BERNARD'S SUMMARY OF PRINCIPLES.

I CONCLUDE with four of the last passages from Mr. Bernard's pen. They constitute no mean eulogy of him :—

1. "By the report of the committee of the House of Commons, of 10th June, 1788, many charitable donations appear 'to have been lost, and many others, from neglect of payment, and the inattention of those persons who ought to superintend them, are in danger of being lost, or rendered very difficult to be recovered.' The rental of these charitable estates is very considerable ; those of which returns were made in 1787 amounting to £258,710 19s. 3d. a year ; and the whole, if the returns had been complete, in all probability greatly exceeding that sum. Above £210,000 a year of this is in land. Let the reader calculate what would be the individual relief to many of our distressed fellow-subjects if that income were conscientiously applied, and entirely accounted for according to the intentions of the donors ; and whether it might not, by preventing indigence and distress, greatly diminish the calls for parochial relief."

More than half a century elapsed before Charity Commissioners were appointed to look into these revenues which they have not yet recovered, nor are they yet applied to the purposes for which they were intended.

2. "There has been much inconvenience attending the

feudal barbarism of our law, which vests all the wife's property and earnings in the husband. In Rome, it was otherwise; and among the higher classes of life, the rights of the female sex are provided for by the machinery of settlements. Sir Frederick Eden has justly observed, that among the lower classes of life there is more economy, more self-denial, and more family regard, among the women, than is to be found in the other sex; and that there are very few instances in which the ruin of a cottager's family has been occasioned by the wife. A law which should give to the women the complete disposal of the earnings of their own labour, would add a very considerable increase to the industry of the kingdom." See Sir Fred. Eden's "State of the Poor," vol. I., pp. 626, 630.

Here was a clear suggestion of the Married Women's Property Act, which has only lately been passed. The next passage relates to the considerate treatment of the poor.

3. "Let us place ourselves in their situation, and consider whether we should give much value to any favours bestowed with circumstances of *humiliation*, *inattention*, *or compulsion*, and whether the smallest service is not acceptable when conferred with that kindness which allows for the effect of prejudice, and leaves the freedom of choice. In the first place, proceeding on that principle, I hold that no one should offer to the poor anything prepared by these new recipes until they have had it served at their own tables, have tried it themselves, and are satisfied it is properly made. The poor will then have it with a double recommendation; its being really good, and its having been used at the donor's table. It seldom happens that this or any other cookery succeeds *entirely* at first, and if

it is left merely to servants (who have pretty strong prejudices against novelties, particularly in food) there is very little chance of their succeeding at all. Secondly, it should at first be given them in *addition* to, and not in lieu of, what they prefer; when they are accustomed to it, they will soon find where the saving may be best made. For example, in a workhouse or in any public building, it should be given on the day of one of their least favourite dinners, and not be instead of one of the meat days. And thirdly, it should *not* be *compulsory*, but an option allowed to them and clearly understood, so that they may feel that it is the act of a kind friend, and not of a capricious master."

On this subject, no passage of greater wisdom, discernment, and generosity has ever been written. In a vein of thought as noble is his concluding testimony given.

4. "After eleven years of attentive investigation, we shall now proceed in an increased and unshaken confidence that—as nothing is wise and prudent in life, but what is honest and just—SO, NO MEASURES WILL EVER BE EXPEDIENT OR POLITIC WITH RESPECT TO THE POOR, BUT THOSE WHICH DIRECTLY AND NECESSARILY TEND TO THEIR IMPROVEMENT AND HAPPINESS.

"22nd Dec., 1807."

The small capitals are Sir Thomas Bernard's. Thus he wrote in favour of the Civil Rights of Women before the days of John Stuart Mill: thus he vindicated the character of the humblest of their sex: thus he advocated that the treatment of the working class should proceed on the principle of their independence, and the recognition of their capacity of self-respect.

THE END.

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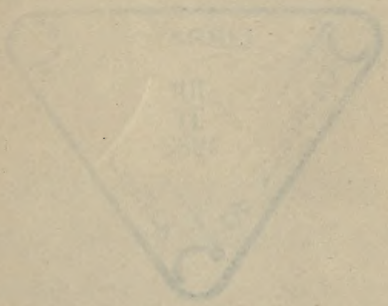

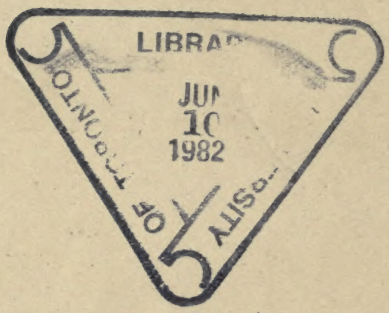
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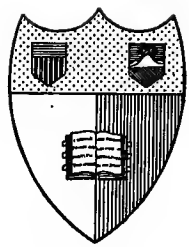

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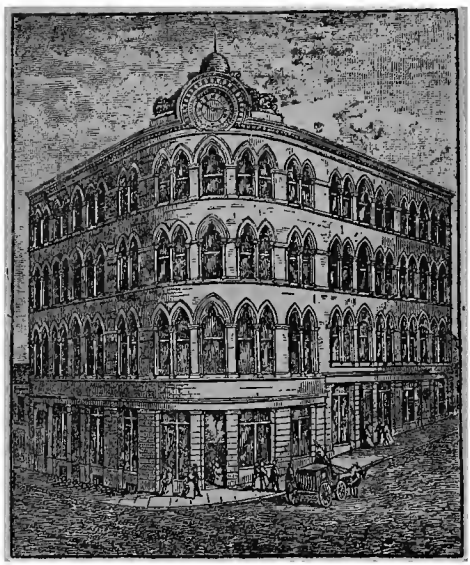

CENTRAL STORES, TOAD LANE, 1863.

SELF-HELP BY THE PEOPLE.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND," "SIXTY YEARS OF AN AGITATOR'S LIFE," ETC. ETC.

1844–1892

TENTH EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

"From nothing, from the least,
The lowliest village (what but here and there
A reed-roofed cabin by a river side),
Grew everything; and year by year
Patiently, fearlessly working her way
O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea."
ROGERS' *Roma.*

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"A tenth edition, revised and enlarged, is conclusive proof, if need there be, of the permanent value of the literary work of this veteran co-operator. The co-operative movement in England constitutes one of the best evidences of the stamina and capacity of the British workingman, and has made its mark the world over, as may be seen from the interesting account of the number of translations that have been made of Mr. Holyoake's book into foreign languages."—*Economic Review.*

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SECOND, *April* 1900; THIRD, *January* 1907; FOURTH, *February* 1918.

PREFACE

THE chapters of this little History were commenced to be inserted in the *Daily News* (in 1857), as the reader may infer from note to Chapter I. The breaking out of the Mutinies in India absorbed all space in that quarter, and prevented the completion of the publication in those columns; otherwise, the subsequent chapters might have had the advantage of notes of the Editor of the *Daily News* (Mr. William Weir), who had great knowledge of, and interest in, Co-operative Associations, abroad and at home.

When the chapters appeared as a book, it became known to many persons, interested in social ideas. Mr. Horace Greeley of the *New York Tribune* had an edition printed in New York. This was the first reprint. Next, Fernando Garrido, a Spanish dramatic writer and publicist, made a translation in his "Historia de las Asociaciones Obreras en Europa." Professor A. Talandier published a translation in *Le Progres de Lyons*. Great impetus, the translator re-

ported, was thereby given to Co-operation in Lyons. The Emperor, who had social ideas, commended Co-operation to the Lyonnese, and mentioned it in an Imperial speech. M. Elie Reclus, editor of *L'Association*, told the moral of this story of the Pioneers to the Parisians, in his fable of "The Blind Man and the Lame Man." Mr. John Stuart Mill, by quoting passages from this little history in his "Principles of Political Economy," did more than any one else to call attention to the proceedings of the Rochdale Pioneers. Mr. Joseph Cowen read chapters of this narrative nightly to pitmen and other workmen who were his neighbours, which led to the formation of the Blaydon-on-Tyne Store, now occupying a street, and owning a considerable farm. Mr. Henry Pitman reprinted the book in the *Co-operator*. Mr. M'Guiness of Paris made a translation of it in the French *Journal Co-operative*.

The first principal translation in book form was one in French by Madame Godin (under the name of Marie Moret), for the information of the workmen of Guise. Professor Vigano of Milan published an Italian translation in a quarto volume. M. O. Cambier, a magistrate of Paturage, Belgium, issued a complete translation of 283 pages at Verviers and Paris, including

the prefaces of 1857 and 1867, and a biography of the author. Later, Signor Lorenzi Ponti published in Milan a translation from the French of Madame Godin. Herr H. Hantschke published a translation in German, with engravings of the old store in Toad Lane and of the present central store in Rochdale, of which a presentation copy was sent me in ornate Berlinese binding.

The last translation has been that of Dr. St. Bernat of Buda-Pesth into the Hungarian language. The Sociological Society of America issued a small Manual of Co-operation. This epitome, excellently executed by ladies, included some of the following chapters. The Manual was popular, I judge, as a share of profit from it was sent to me. Foreign translations on a subject new to the public do not at first allure readers, and the translators generally lose money by their generous labour. I received no profit from any, nor stipulated for any. On the contrary, I felt under obligation to the translators for being at the expense of introducing to their countrymen an English method of industrial self-help, which otherwise might have remained much longer unknown and unregarded.

"Self-Help by the People," here first used, I believe, as a title, has been employed by Dr. Smiles to desig-

nate his popular book of brief biographies. In 1860 a condensed edition of this History was issued in Paisley, purporting to be "Abridged from the Original Publication," but what, or whose publication, was not stated. An article contributed to "Chambers's Journal" contained passages, purporting to be original, taken from the Rochdale story. The correction was at once made by the editor. Afterwards I was sorry I mentioned the matter, as other writers might have gone on quoting as their own, passages which would have advanced the knowledge of Co-operation. The *Quarterly Review* of 1863 had occasion to include this "History" in the list of books reviewed, in a very remarkable article on Co-operation, but it suppressed the name of the author. The writer of the review suggested that a single book of nameless authorship had an odd look among others that enjoyed paternity. The editor adopted an extraordinary mode of removing the singularity—he omitted the names of all the other authors reviewed, though among them were writers of the most perfect "regulation" type of thought, and the result was the only article that probably ever appeared in the *Quarterly* in which only authorless books were reviewed.

There remains, however, the satisfaction of knowing that this book has been useful. Mr. William Cooper

of Rochdale, writing to the *Daily News*, December, 1863, stated that of 332 Co-operative Societies then on the Registrar's Returns, 251 had been established since 1857, when "Self-Help" was published, and he adds, "I have heard several persons ascribe the origin of their now prosperous Society to reading the History. Not fewer than 500 or 600 copies were sold in Rochdale. It was bought and read by a few working men in many towns in the United Kingdom." This History is now revised, enlarged, illustrations added, and brought down to the Rochdale Congress of 1892.

The Italians have a proverb of unusual sagacity for that quick-witted people, namely: "They who go slowly go far." Co-operation has gone both slow and far. It has issued like the tortoise from its Lancashire home in England; it has traversed France, Germany, and even the frozen steppes of Russia; the bright-minded Bengalese are applying it, as is the soon-seeing and far-seeing American; and our own emigrant countrymen in Australia are endeavouring to naturalise it there. Like a good chronometer, Co-operation is unaffected by change of climate, and goes well in every land.

G. J. H.

EASTERN LODGE, BRIGHTON,
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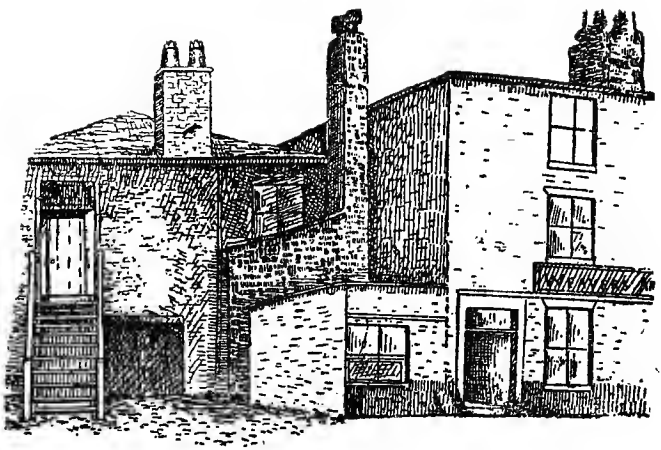

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THE PIONEER STORE IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE, 1844.

HISTORY OF THE ROCHDALE EQUITABLE PIONEERS.

PART I.—1844-1857.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST EFFORTS, AND THE KIND OF PEOPLE WHO MADE THEM.

HUMAN nature must be different in Rochdale from what it is elsewhere. There must have been a special creation of mechanics in this inexplicable district of Lancashire—in no other way can you account for the fact that they have mastered the art of acting together, and holding together, as no other set of workmen in Great Britain have done. They have acted upon Sir Robert Peel's memorable advice; they have "taken their own affairs into their own hands;" and what is more to the purpose, they have kept them in their own hands.

The working class are not considered to be very rich in the quality of self-trust, or mutual trust. The business habit is not thought to be their forte. The art of creating a large concern, and governing all its complications, is not usually supposed to belong to them. The problem of association has many times been tried among the people, and as many times it has virtually failed. Mr. Robert Owen has not accomplished half he intended. The "Christian Socialists," inspired by eloquent rectors, and directed by transcendent professors, aided by the lawyer mind and the merchant mind, and what was of no small importance, the very purse of Fortunatus himself,[1] have made but poor work of association. They have hardly drawn a single tooth from the dragon of competition. So far from having scotched that ponderous snake, they appear to have added to its vitality, and to have convinced parliamentary political economists that competitive strife is the eternal and only self-acting principle of society. True, reports come to us ever and anon that in America something has been accomplished in the way of association. Far away in the backwoods

[1] Here we must express our dissent. They failed precisely because they were aided by the purse of Fortunatus. In France, we are assured all those "Associations Ouvrières," which refused to accept money from government in 1848 are prospering, while those which accepted it have either ceased to exist, or are on the eve of ceasing to exist. Sacrifice and self-reliance are the secret of success in these as in all other enterprises.—ED. *Daily News.*

a tribe of bipeds—some mysterious cross between the German and the Yankee—have been heard of, known to men as Shakers, who are supposed to have killed the fatted calf of co-operation, and to be rich in corn, and oil, and wine, and—to their honour be it said—in foundlings and orphans, whom their sympathy collects, and their benevolence rears. But then the Shakers have a narrow creed and no wives. They abhor matrimony and free inquiry. But in the constituency till lately represented by Mr. Edward Miall, there is liberality of opinion—Susannahs who might tempt the elders again—and rosy-cheeked children, wild as heather and plentiful as buttercups. Under all the (agreeable) disadvantages of matrimony and independent thought, certain working men in Rochdale have practised the art of self-help, and of keeping the "wolf from the door." That animal, supposed to have been extirpated in the days of Ethelbert, is still found showing himself in our crowded towns, and may be seen any day prowling on the outskirts of civilisation.

At the close of the year 1843, on one of those damp, dark, dense, dismal, disagreeable days, which no Frenchman can be got to admire—such days as occur towards November, when the daylight is all used up, and the sun has given up all attempt at shining, either in disgust or despair—a few poor weavers out of employ, and nearly out of food and quite out of heart with the social state, met together to discover what they could do to better their industrial condition. Manufacturers had capital, and shopkeepers the advantage of stock; how could they succeed without either? Should they avail themselves of the poor-law? that were dependence; of emigration? that seemed like transportation for the crime of having been born poor. What should they do? They would commence the battle of life on their own account. They would, as far as they were concerned, supersede tradesmen, millowners, and capitalists: without experience, or knowledge, or funds, they would turn merchants and manufacturers. The subscription list was handed round—the Stock Exchange would not think much of the result. A dozen of these Liliputian capitalists put down a weekly subscription of twopence each—a sum which these Rochdale Rothschilds did not know how to pay. After fifty-two "calls" had been made upon these magnificent shareholders, they would not have enough in their bank to buy a sack of oatmeal with: yet these poor men now own mills, and warehouses, and keep a grocer's shop, where they take £76,000[1] a-year over the

[1] ROCHDALE EQUITABLE PIONEERS' SOCIETY, CASH ACCOUNT, DEC., 1857.

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
To Cash, balance September quarter		3311	14	1
,,	Repaid by the Corn Mill Society	1000	0	0
,,	Propositions	7	5	0
,,	Contributions	519	4	8½
,,	Received for Goods	19389	0	0
,,	Discounts	225	8	2
		£24,448	11	6½

counter in ready money. Their "cash sales" of £19,389, recorded in their last quarterly report, which we subjoin, show their ready money receipts to reach £1,400 a-week.

Thus the origin of the Rochdale Store, which has transcended all co-operative stores established in Great Britain, is to be traced to the unsuccessful efforts of certain weavers to improve their wages. Near the close of the year 1843, the flannel trade—one of the principal manufactures of Rochdale—was brisk. At this auspicious juncture the weavers, who were, and are still, a badly paid class of labourers, took it into their heads to ask for an advance of wages. If their masters could afford it at all, they could probably afford it then. Their workpeople thought so, and the employers of Rochdale, who are certainly among the best of their class, seemed to be of the same opinion. Nearly each employer to whom the important question was put, at once expressed his willingness to concede an advance, provided his neighbouring employers did the same. But how was the consent of the others to be induced—and the collective agreement of all to be guaranteed to each? The thing seemed simple in theory, but was anything but simple in practice. Masters are not always courteous, and workpeople are not proverbially tacticians. Weavers do not negotiate with their superiors by letter; a personal interview is commonly the warlike expedient hit upon—an interview which the servant obtrudes and the master suffers. An employer has no *à priori* fondness for these kind of deputations, as a demand for an advance of wages he cannot afford may ruin him as quickly and completely as a fall may distress the workmen. However, to set the thing going in a practical and a kind way, one or two firms, with a generosity the men still remember with gratitude, offered an advance of wages to their own workpeople, upon trial, to see whether example would induce the employers generally to imitate it. In case general compliance could not be obtained, this special and experimental advance was to be taken off again. Hereupon the Trades' Union Committee, who had asked the advance on behalf of the flannel weavers, held, in their humble way, a grand consultation of "ways and means." English mechanics are

		Disbursements.			£ s. d.
By Cash paid for	Goods				19483 0 3
,, ,,	Wages	£243 6 8½			
,, ,,	Rents	34 10 3			
,, ,,	Carriags	152 7 8			
,, ,,	Genseral Expenses and Repairs	62 16 8½			
,, ,, Incidental	Treasurer's salary	2 10 0			
,, ,, Incidental	Petty Cash	1 0 0			
,, ,, Incidental	Rates	18 16 8			
,, ,, Incidental	Insurance	1 15 0			
,, ,, Incidental	Building Fund	6 0 0			
					623 8 0
,,	Withdrawn by Members				2027 13 7
,,	Balancs				2309 14 8½
					£24,443 11 6½

not conspirators, and the working class have never been distinguished for their diplomatic successes. The plan of action adopted by our committee in this case did not involve many subtleties. After speech-making enough to save the nation, it was agreed that one employer at a time should be asked for the advance of wages, and if he did not comply, the weavers in his employ were "to strike" or "turn out," and the said "strikers" and "turn outs" were to be supported by a subscription of twopence per week from each weaver who had the good fortune to remain at work. This plan, if it lacked grace, had the merit of being a neat and summary way of proceeding; and if it presented no great attraction to the masters, it certainly presented fewer to the men. At least Mrs. Jones with six children, and Mrs. Smith with ten, could not be much in love with the twopenny prospect held out to them, especially as they had experienced something of the kind before, and had never been heard to very much commend it.

The next thing was to carry out the plan. Of course, a deputation of masters waiting upon their colleagues would be the courteous and proper thing, but obviously quite out of the question. A deputation of employers could accomplish more in one day with employers than a deputation of all the men could accomplish in a month. This, however, was not to be expected; and a deputation of workmen on this embassy was an interesting and adventurous affair.

A trades' deputation, in the old time, was a sort of forlorn hope of industry—worse than the forlorn hope of war; for if the volunteers of war succeed, they commonly win renown, or save themselves; but the men who volunteered on trades' deputations were often sacrificed in the act, or were marked men ever after. In war both armies respect the "forlorn hope," but in industrial conflicts the pioneer deputy was exposed to subsequent retaliation on the part of mill-owners, who did not admire him; and—let it be said in impartiality, sad as the fact is—the said deputy was exposed often to the wanton distrust of those who employed him. A trades' deputation was commonly composed of intelligent and active workmen; or, as employers naturally thought them, "dissatisfied, troublesome fellows." While on deputation duty, of course, they must be absent from work. During this time they must be supported by their fellow-workmen. They were then open to the reproach of living on the wages of their fellows, of loving deputation employment better than their own proper work, which indeed was sometimes the case. Alas! poor trade deputy—he had a hard lot! He had for a time given up the service of one master for the service of a thousand. He was now in the employ of his fellows, half of whom criticised his conduct quite as severely as his employer, and begrudged him his wages more. And when he returned to his work he often found there was no work for him. In his absence his overlooker had contrived (by orders) to supply his place, and

betrayed no anxiety to accommodate him with a new one. He then tried other mills, but he found no one in want of his services. The poor devil set off to surrounding districts, but his character had gone before him. He might get an old fellow-workman (now an overlooker) to set him on, at a distance from his residence, and he had perhaps to walk five or six miles home to his supper, and be back at his mill by six o'clock next morning. At last he removed his family near his new employ. By this time it had reached his new employer's ears that he had a "leader of the Trades' Union" in his mill. His employer calculated that the new advance of wages had cost him altogether a thousand pounds last year. He considered the weaver, smuggled into his mill, the cause of *that*. He walked round and "took stock" of him. The next week the man was on the move again. After a while he would fall into the state of being "always out of work." No wonder if the wife, who generally has the worst of it, with her increasing family and decreasing means, began to reproach her husband with having ruined himself and beggared his family by "his trade unioning." As he was daily out looking for work he would be sometimes "treated" by old comrades, and he naturally fell in with the only sympathy he got. A "row" perhaps occurred at the public-house, and somehow or other he would be mixed up with it. In ordinary circumstances the case would be dismissed—but the bench was mainly composed of employers. The unlucky prisoner at the bar had been known to at least one of the magistrates before as a "troublesome" fellow, under other circumstances. It is not quite clear that he was the guilty person in this case; but as in the opinion of the master-magistrate he was quite likely to have been guilty, he gave him the benefit of the doubt, and the poor fellow stood "remanded" or "committed." The chief shareholder of the *Mildam Chronicle* was commonly a mill-owner. The reporter had a cue in that direction, and next day a significant paragraph, with a heading to this effect, "The notorious Tom Spindle in trouble," carried consternation through the ranks of his old associates. The next week the editor had a short article upon the "kind of leadership to which misguided working men submit themselves." The case was dead against poor Spindle. Tom's character was gone. And if he were detained long in prison, his family was gone too. Mrs. Spindle had been turned out of her house, no rent being forthcoming. She would apply to the parish for support for her children, where she soon found that the relieving officers had no very exalted opinion of the virtues of her husband. Tom at length returned, and now he would be looked upon by all who had the power to help him, as a "worthless character," as well as a "troublesome fellow." His fate was for the future precarious. By odd helps and occasional employment when hands were short, he eked out his existence. The present writer has shared the humble hospitality of many such, and has listened half the night away with

them, as they have recounted the old story. Beaten, consumptive, and poor, they had lost none of their old courage, though all their strength was over, and a dull despair of better days drew them nearer and nearer to the grave. Some of these ruined deputationists have emigrated, and these lines will recall in distant lands, in the swamps of the Mississippi, in the huts of a Bendigo digging, and in the "claims" of California, old times and fruitless struggles, which sent them penniless and heart-broken from the mills and mines of the old country. In the new land where they now dwell —a strange dream land to them—their thoughts turn from pine-forests, night fires, and revolvers, to the old villages, the smoke-choked towns, and soot-begrimed monotony in which their early life was spent. Others of the abolished deputationists of whom we speak turned news vendors or small shopkeepers. Assisted with a few shillings by their neighbours—in some cases self-helped by their own previous thrift—they have set up for themselves, have been fortunate, grown independent, and trace all their good fortune to that day which cost them their loss of employment.

CHAPTER II.

APPOINTMENT OF A DEPUTATION TO MASTERS.—GREAT DEBATE IN THE FLANNEL WEAVERS' PARLIAMENT.

So much will enable the reader to understand the hopes and fears which agitated the Rochdale Flannel Weavers' Committee, when they appointed their deputation to wait upon the masters. "Who shall go?" No sooner was this question put than the loudest orators were hushed. Cries of "We will never submit"—"We will see whether the masters are to have it their own way for ever,' etc., etc., etc.—were at once silenced. Five minutes ago everybody was forward—nobody was forward now. As in the old fable, all the mice agreed that the cat ought to be belled, but *who* was to bell the cat? The collective wisdom of the Parliament of mice found that a perplexing question. Has the reader seen a popular political meeting when some grand question of party power had to be discussed? How defiant ran the speeches! how militant was the enthusiasm! Patriotism seemed to be turning up its sleeves, and the country about to be saved that night. Of a sudden some practical fellow, who has seen that kind of thing before, suggests that the deliverance of the country will involve some little affair of subscriptions—and proposes at once to circulate a list. The sudden descent of the police, nor a discharge of arms from the Chelsea Pensioners, would not produce so decorous a silence, nor so miracul-

ous a satisfaction with things as they are, as this little step. An effect something like this is produced in a Trades' Committee, when the test question is put, "Who will go on the deputation?" The men knew that they should not be *directly* dismissed from their employ, but *indirectly* their fate would probably be sealed. The first fault—the first accidental neglect of duty—would be the pretex of dismissal. Like the archbishop in "Gil Blas," who dismissed his critic—not on account of his candour; his grace esteemed him for *that*—but he preferred a young man with a little more judgment. So the employer has no abstract objection to the workman seeking to better his condition—he rather applauds that kind of thing—he merely disputes the special method taken to accomplish it. The reader, therefore, understands why our Committee suddenly paused when a mouse was wanted to bell the cat. Some masters—indeed many masters—are as considerate, as self-sacrificing, as any workmen are, and they often incur risks and losses to keep their people in employ, which their people never know, and, in many cases, would not appreciate if they did. Many Trades' Unionists are ignorant, inconsiderate, and perversely antagonistic. It would be equally false to condemn all masters as to praise all men. But after all allowances are made, the men have the worst of it. They make things bad for themselves and for their masters by their want of knowledge. If they do not form some kind of Trades' Union they cannot save their wages, and if they do form Unions they cannot save themselves. Industry in England is a chopping machine, and the poor man is always under the knife.

We will now tell how the Flannel Weavers of Rochdale, whose historians we are, have contrived to extricate themselves somewhat.

Our Trades' Committee numbered, as all these committees do, a few plucky fellows, and a deputation was eventually appointed, and set off on their mission. Many employers made the required advance, but others, rather than do so, would let their works stop. This resistance proved fatal to the scheme, seconded as it was by the impetuosity of the weavers themselves, who did not understand that you cannot fight capital without capital. The only chance you have is to use your brains, and unless your brains are good for something, are well informed and well disciplined, the chance is a very poor one. Our flannel weavers did not use their brains but their passions. It is easier to hate than to think, and the men did what they could do best—they determined to retaliate, and turned out in greater numbers than their comrades at work were able or willing to support. The cooler and wiser heads advised more caution. But among the working class a majority are found who vote moderation to be treachery. The weavers failed at this time to raise their wages, and their employers succeeded, not so much because they were right, as because their opponents were impetuous.

At this period the views of Mr. Robert Owen, which had been often advocated in Rochdale, were recurred to by the weavers. Socialist

advocates, whatever faults they else might have, had at least done one service to employers—they had taught workmen to reason upon their condition—they had shown them that commerce was a system, and that masters were slaves of it as well as men. The masters' chains were perhaps of silver, while the workmen's were of copper, but masters could not always do quite as they would any more than their servants. And if the men became masters to-morrow, they would be found doing pretty much as masters now do. Circumstances alter cases, and the Social Reformers sought to alter the circumstances in order to improve the cases. The merit of their own scheme of improvement might be questionable, but the Socialism of this period marked the time when industrial agitation first took to reasoning.[1] Ebenezer Elliott's epigram, which he once repeated as an argument to the present writer, pointed to doctrines that certainly never existed in England :—

> "What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings
> For equal division of unequal earnings;
> Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
> To fork out his penny, and pocket your shilling."

The English working class have no weakness in the way of idleness ; they never become dangerous until they have nothing to do. Their revolutionary cry is always "*more work!*" They never ask for bread half so eagerly as they ask for employment. Communists in England were never either "idlers or bunglers." When the Bishop of Exeter troubled Parliament, in 1840, with a motion for the suppression of Socialism, an inquiry was sent to the police authorities of the principal towns as to the character of the persons holding those opinions (the same who built in Manchester the Hall of Science, now the Free Library, at an expense of £6000 or £7000). The answer was that these persons consisted of the most skilled, well-conducted, and intelligent of the working class. Sir Charles Shaw sent to the Manchester Social Institution for some one to call upon him, that he might make inquiries relative to special proceedings. Mr. Lloyd Jones went to him, and Sir Charles Shaw said, that when he took office as the superintendent of the police of that district, he gave orders that the religious profession of every individual taken to the station-house should be noted; and he had had

[1] Chartists have always complained that their most active men were won from them by the new logic of the Social Reformers. Indeed, some Social Reformers conceived a distrust of political reform as absurd as that professed by many Chartists for social reform, but the 'Doctrine of Circumstances' had one moralising effect upon the multitude—it taught them to regard with pity many opponents whose throats they otherwise would have cut with pleasure. Coleridge has owned (*The Friend*, p. 263, vol. ii.) to the pacific influence of this doctrine on his own spirit when excited by a sense of injury received. When the Bishop of Exeter called attention to the evil he discovered in the 'Doctrine of Circumstances,' he omitted to notice that if it sometimes weakened moral effort, it always diminished hatred, a fact of great political importance in a country where class rivalry is intense, and where the poor grow poorer as the rich grow richer, except where private benevolence steps in to bridge over the inequality.

prisoners of all religious denominations, but never one Socialist. Sir C. Shaw said, also, that he was in the habit of purchasing all the publications of the Society, and he was convinced, that if they had not influenced the public mind very materially, the outbreaks at the time, when they wanted to introduce the "general holiday," would have been much worse than they were, and he was quite willing to state that before the government, if he should be called upon to give an opinion.

The followers of Mr. Owen were never the "idlers," but the philanthropic. They might be dreamers, but they were not knaves. They protested against competition as leading to immorality. Their objections to it were theoretically acquired. They were none of them afraid of competition, for out of the Socialists of 1840 have proceeded the most enterprising emigrants, and the most spirited men of business who have risen from the working classes. The world is dotted with them at the present hour, and the history of Rochdale Pioneers is another proof that they were not "bunglers." No popular movement in England ever produced so many persons able to take care of themselves as the agitation of Social Reform. Moreover, the pages of the *New Moral World* and the *Northern Star* of this period amply testify that the Social Reformers were opposed to "strikes," as an untutored and often frantic method of industrial rectification; as wanting foresight, calculation, and fitness; often a waste of money. And when a strike led, as they often have done, to workmen preventing those who were willing to work from doing so, the strike became indefensible save in view of the fact that employers did the same by Unionist workmen.

As there was a general feeling that the masters who had refused their demands had not done them justice, they resolved to attain it in some other way. They were, as Emerson expresses it, "English enough never to think of giving up." Hereupon they fell back upon that talismanic and inevitable twopence, with which Rochdale manifestly thinks the world can be saved. It was resolved to continue the old subscription of twopence a week, with a view to commence manufacturing, and becoming their own employers. As they were few in number, they found that their banking account of twopences was likely to be a long time in accumulating, and some of the committee began to despair; and, as nothing is too small for poverty to covet, some of them proposed to divide the small sum collected.

At this period a Sunday afternoon discussion used to be held in the Temperance or Chartist Reading Room. Into this arena some members of the weavers' committee carried their anxieties and projects, and the question was formally proposed, "What are the best means of improving the condition of the people?" It would be too long to report the anxious and Babel disputation. Each orator, as in more illustrious assemblies, had his own infallible specific for the deliverance of mankind. The Teetotalers argued that the right thing to do

was to go in for total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and to apply the wages they earned exclusively to the support of their families. This was all very well, but it implied that everything was right in the industrial world, and that the mechanic had nothing to do but to keep sober in order to grow rich; it implied that work was sufficiently plentiful and sufficiently paid for; and that masters, on the whole, were sufficiently considerate of the workman's interests. As all these points were unhappily contradicted by the experience of every one concerned, the Teetotal project did not take effect in that form.

Next, the Chartists pleaded that agitation, until they got the People's Charter, was the only honest thing to attempt, and the only likely thing to succeed. Universal Suffrage once obtained, people would be their own law makers, and, therefore, could remove any grievance at will. This was another desirable project somewhat overrated. It implies that all other agitations should be suspended while this proceeds. It implies that public felicity can be voted at discretion, and assumes that acts of parliament are omnipotent over human happiness. Social progress, however, is no invention of the House of Commons, nor would a Chartist parliament be able to abolish all our grievances at will; but Chartists having to suffer as well as other classes, ought to be allowed an equal opportunity of trying their hand at parliamentary salvation. The Universal Suffrage agitation scheme was looked upon very favourably by the committee, and would probably have been adopted, had not the Socialists argued that the day of redemption would prove to be considerably adjourned if they waited till all the people took the Pledge, and the government went in for the Charter. They, therefore, suggested that the weavers should co-operate and use such means as they had at command to improve their condition, without ceasing to be either Teetotalers or Chartists.

In the end it came about that the Flannel Weavers' Committee took the advice of the advocates of co-operation. James Daly, Charles Howarth, James Smithies, John Hill, and John Bent, appear to be the names of those who in this way assisted the committee. Meetings were held, and plans for a Co-operative Provision Store were determined upon. So far from there being any desire to evade responsibility, as working class commentators in Parliament usually assume, these communistic-teetotal-political co-operators coveted from the first a legal position; they determined that the society should be enrolled under Acts of Parliament (10th Geo. IV., c. 56, and 4th and 5th William IV., c. 40).

CHAPTER III.

THE DOFFERS APPEAR AT THE OPENING DAY.—MORAL BUYING AS WELL AS MORAL SELLING.

NEXT, our weavers determined that the Society should transact its business upon what they denominated the "ready money principle." It might be suspected that the weekly accumulation of twopences would not enable them to give much credit; but the determination arose chiefly from moral considerations. It was a part of their socialistic education to regard credit as a social evil—as a sign of the anxiety, excitement, and fraud of competition. As Social Reformers, they had been taught to believe that it would be better for society, that commercial transactions would be simpler and honester, if credit were abolished. This was a radical objection to credit.[1] However advantageous and indispensable credit is in general commerce, it would have been a fatal instrument in their hands. Some of them would object to take an oath, and the magistrate would object to administer it; thus they would be at the mercy of the dishonest who would come in and plunder them, as happens daily now where the claim turns upon the oath.[1] Besides, some of them had a tenderness with respect to suing, and would rather lose money than go to law to get it; they, therefore, prudently fortified themselves by setting their faces against all credit, and from this resolution they have never departed.

From the Rational Sick and Burial Society's laws, a Manchester communistic production, they borrowed all the features applicable to their project, and with alterations and additions their Society was registered, October 24th, 1844, under the title of the "Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers." Marvellous as has been their subsequent success, their early dream was much more stupendous—in fact, it amounted to world making.[2] Our Pioneers set forth their

[1] A valued book, now in their Library, did not then exist, to teach them to distinguish between prejudice and a moral political economy. In the book referred to, the author says:—"Heartily do I wish that shop debts were pronounced after a certain day irrecoverable at law. The effect would be, that no one would be able to ask credit at a shop except where he was well known, and for trifling sums. All prices would sink to the scale of cash prices. The dishonourable system of fashionable debtors, who always pay too late, if at all, and *cast their deficiencies on other customers* in the form of increased charges, would be at once annihilated. Shopkeepers would be rid of a great deal of care which ruins the happiness of thousands." *Lectures on Political Economy*, by Professor Newman, p. 255.

[2] In those days the working class were justified in their jealousy of those set "in authority over them," to an extent happily less credible now. So late as February, 1849, our co-operators stipulated that a clause should be inserted in a lease of premises they were about to take, to the effect that it should not be invalid upon a conviction of nuisance against them. Their pacific objects might be sworn as a "nuisance" by enemies, and magistrates on the bench, finding them legally defenceless, might listen to prejudice against them. Such cases have occurred elsewhere.

designs in the following amusing language, to which designs the Society has mainly adhered, and has reiterated the same terms much nearer the day of their accomplishment (in the Society's Almanack for 1854). These Pioneers, in 1844, declared the views of their Association thus :—

"The objects and plans of this Society are to form arrangements for the pecuniary benefit and the improvement of the social and domestic condition of its members, by raising a sufficient amount of capital in shares of one pound each, to bring into operation the following plans and arrangements :—

"The establishment of a Store for the sale of provisions, clothing, etc.

"The building, purchasing, or erecting a number of houses, in which those members, desiring to assist each other in improving their domestic and social condition, may reside.

"To commence the manufacture of such articles as the Society may determine upon, for the employment of such members as may be without employment, or who may be suffering in consequence of repeated reductions in their wages.

"As a further benefit and security to the members of this Society, the Society shall purchase or rent an *estate or estates of land*, which shall be cultivated by the members who may be out of employment, or whose labour may be badly remunerated."

Then follows a project which no nation has ever attempted, and no enthusiasts yet carried out :—

"That, as soon as practicable, this Society shall proceed *to arrange the powers of production, distribution, education, and government;* or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home-colony of united interests, or assist other societies in establishing such colonies."

Here was a grand paper constitution for re-arranging the powers of production and distribution, which it has taken fifteen years of dreary and patient labour to advance half way.

Then follows a minor but characteristic proposition :—

"That, for the promotion of sobriety, a Temperance Hotel be opened in one of the Society's houses as soon as convenient."

If these grand projects were to take effect any sooner than universal Teetotalism or universal Chartism, it was quite clear that some activity must take place in the collection of the twopences. The difficulty in all working class movements is the collection of means. At this time the members of the "Equitable Pioneer Society" numbered about forty subscribers, living in various parts of the town, and many of them in the suburbs. The collector of the forty subscriptions would probably have to travel twenty miles ; only a man with the devotion of a missionary could be expected to undertake this task. This is always the impediment in the way of working class subscriptions. If a man's time were worth anything at all, he had better subscribe the whole money than collect it. But there was no other way open to them ; and, irksome as it was, some undertook it, and,

to their honour, performed what they undertook.[1] Three collectors were appointed, who visited the members at their residences every Sunday; the town being divided into three districts. To accelerate proceedings an innovation was made, which must at the time have created considerable excitement. The ancient twopence was departed from, and the subscription raised to threepence. The co-operators were evidently growing ambitious. At length the formidable sum of £28 was accumulated, and, with this capital, the new world, that was to be, was commenced.

Fifteen years ago, Toad Lane, Rochdale, was not a very inviting street. Its name did it no injustice. The groundfloor of a warehouse in Toad Lane was the place selected in which to commence operations. Lancashire warehouses were not then the grand things they have since become, and the groundfloor of "Mr. Dunlop's premises," here employed, was obtained upon a lease of three years at £10 per annum. Mr. William Cooper was appointed "cashier;" his duties were very light at first. Samuel Ashworth was dignified with the title of "salesman;" his commodities consisted of infinitesimal quantities of "flour, butter, sugar, and oatmeal."[2] The entire quantity would hardly stock a homœopathic grocer's shop, for after purchasing and consistently paying for the necessary fixtures, £14 or £15 was all they had to invest in stock. And on one desperate evening—it was the longest evening of the year—the 21st of December, 1844, the "Equitable Pioneers" commenced business; and the few who remember the commencement, look back upon their present opulence and success with a smile at their extraordinary opening day. It had got wind among the tradesmen of the town that their competitors were in the field, and many a curious eye was that day turned up Toad Lane, looking for the appearance of the enemy; but, like other enemies of more historic renown, they were rather shy of appearing. A few of the co-operators had clandestinely assembled to witness their own *denouement;* and there they stood, in that dismal lower room of the warehouse, like the conspirators under Guy Fawkes in the Parliamentary cellars, debating on whom should devolve the temerity of

[1] The executive policy of democracies is in a very crude state among the people. Time and zeal are wasted woefully. A committee of thirteen working men sometimes debate half an evening away as to whether ninepence or thirteen pence shall be expended upon a broom. Money ought not to be wasted upon brooms, nor ought hard-reared zeal to be expended in the study of the petty cash book. Illustrations occur in the minutes of the Rochdale Society. "Resolved, that the two parties attending the Bank on business receive the sum of sixpence each, and the third party twopence." (June 10, 1850.) Judging by the remuneration, the transactions could not have been very responsible. "Resolved, that the shopmen be presented with an apron and sleeves each, in consideration of having to make up some bad money." (Feb. 28, 1850.) This is a very amusing instance of economical compensation. "Resolved, that we have two cisterns for treacle, two patent taps from Bradford, a shovel for sugar, and one for currants, and that the step-ladder be repaired." (May 9, 1850.) "Resolved, that the grate at the back of the wholesale warehouse be opened for air." (March 6, 1851.) "Resolved, that there be a watering-can provided for the store." (March 28, 1852.) No doubt a protracted debate, five speeches each all round, seven or eight explanations, and heavy replies by the mover and seconder, preceded these momentous resolutions.

[2] These are the articles specified in the minutes of Dec. 12, 1844.

taking down the shutters, and displaying their humble preparations. One did not like to do it, and another did not like to be seen in the shop when it was done: however, having gone so far there was no choice but to go farther, and at length one bold fellow, utterly reckless of consequences, rushed at the shutters, and in a few minutes Toad Lane was in a titter. Lancashire has its *gamins* as well as Paris—in fact, all towns have their characteristic urchins, who display a precocious sense of the ridiculous. The "doffers" are the *gamins* of Rochdale. The "doffers" are lads from ten to fifteen, who take off full bobbins from the spindles, and put them on empty ones.[1] Like steam to the engine, they are the indispensable accessories to the mills. When they are absent the men have to play, and often when the men want a holiday, the "doffers" get to understand it by some of those signs very well understood in the freemasonry of the factory craft, and the young rascals run away in a body, and, of course, the men have to play until the rebellious urchins return to their allegiance. On the night when our Store was opened, the "doffers" came out strong in Toad Lane—peeping with ridiculous impertinence round the corners, ventilating their opinion at the top of their voices, or standing before the door, inspecting, with pertinacious insolence, the scanty arrangement of butter and oatmeal: at length, they exclaimed in a chorus, "Aye! the owd weaver's shop is opened at last."

Since that time two generations of "doffers" have bought their butter and oatmeal at the "owd weaver's shop," and many a bountiful and wholesome meal, and many a warm jacket have they had from that Store, which articles would never have reached their stomachs or their shoulders, had it not been for the provident temerity of the co-operative weavers.

Very speedily, however, our embryo co-operators discovered that they had more serious obstacles to contend with than derision of the "doffers." The smallness of their capital compelled them to purchase their commodities in small quantities, and at disadvantage both of quality and price. In addition to this, some of their own members were in debt to their own shopkeepers, and they neither could, nor dare, trade with the Store. And as always happens in these humble movements, many of the members did not see the wisdom of promoting their own interests, or were diverted from doing it, if it cost them a little trouble, or involved some temporary sacrifice. Of course the quality of the goods was sometimes inferior, and sometimes the price was a trifle high. These considerations, temporary and trifling compared with the object sought, would often deter some from becoming purchasers, for whose exclusive benefit the Store was projected. If the husband saw what his duty was, he could not always bring his wife to see it; and unless the wife is thoroughly sensible, and thoroughly interested in the welfare of such a movement, its success must be very limited. If the wife will take a little trouble, and bear

[1] To pull off a bobbin is, in the language of mills, to "doff" it; hence the phrase "doffers."

with the temporary sacrifice of buying now and then an article she does not quite like, and will send a little farther for her purchases than perhaps suits her convenience, and will sometimes agree to pay a little more for them than the shop next door would charge, the co-operative stores might always become successful. Pure quality, good weight, honest measure, and fair dealing within the establishment, buying without higgling, and selling without fraud, are sources of moral and physical satisfaction of far more consequence to a well-trained person than a farthing in the pound cheaper which the same goods might elsewhere cost. How heavily are we taxed to put down vice when it has grown up—yet how reluctant are we to tax ourselves ever so lightly to prevent it arising. If there are to be moral sellers, there must be moral buyers. It is idle to distinguish the seller as an indirect cheat, so long as the customer is but an ambiguous knave. Those dealers who make it a point *always* to sell cheaper than any one else, must make up their minds to the risk of dishonesty, to the driving of hard bargains, or of stooping to adulterations. Our little Store thought more of improving the moral character of trade than of making large profits. In this respect they have educated their associates and customers to a higher point of character. The first members of the Store were not all sensible of this, and their support was consequently slender, like their knowledge. But a staunch section of them were true co-operators, and would come far or near to make their purchases, and, whether the price was high or low, the quality good or bad, they bought, because it was their duty to buy. The men were determined, and the women no less enthusiastic, willing, and content.

Those members of the Store who were true to their own duty, were naturally impatient that all the other members should do the same; they expected that every other member should buy at the Store whatever the Store sold, that the said member purchased elsewhere. Not content with wishing this, they sought to compel all members to become traders with the Store; and James Daly, the then secretary, brought forward a resolution to the effect that those members who did not trade with the Store should be paid out. Charles Howarth opposed this motion, on the ground that it would destroy the free action of the members. He desired co-operation to advance, he said he would do all he could to promote it; that freedom was a principle which he liked absolutely, and, rather than give it up, he would forego the advantages of co-operation. It will be seen, as our little history progresses, that this love of principle has never died out, nor, indeed, been impaired amid these resolute co-operators. James Daly's motion was withdrawn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOCIETY TRIED BY TWO WELL-KNOWN DIFFICULTIES—PREJUDICE AND SECTARIANISM.

In March, 1845, it was resolved that a license for the sale of tea and tobacco be taken out for the next quarter, in the name of Charles Howarth. This step evidently involved the employment of more capital; for though the members had increased, funds had not increased sufficiently for this purpose. The members, in public meeting assembled, were made aware of this fact; then, for the second time in the history of the Rochdale Store, do we hear of any member being in possession of more than twopence. One member "promised to find" half-a-crown. "Promised to find" is the phrase employed on the occasion—it was not "promised to pay, or subscribe, or advance." "Promised to find" probably alluded to the effort required to produce a larger sum than twopence in those parts. Another member "promised to find" five shillings, and another "promised to find" a pound. This last announcement was received with no mean surprise, and the rich and reckless man who made the promise was regarded with double veneration, as being at once a millionaire and a martyr.[1] Other members "promised to find" various sums in proportion to their means, and in due time the husbands could get from the Store the solace of tobacco, and wives the solace of tea. At the close of 1845 the store numbered upwards of eighty members, and possessed a capital of £181 12s. 3d.[2] At first the Store paid 2½ per cent. interest on money borrowed, then 4 per cent. After paying this interest, and the small expenses of management, all profits made were divided among the purchasers at the Store, in proportion to the amount expended; and the members soon began to appreciate this very palpable and desirable addition to their income. Instead of their getting into debt at the grocer's, the Store was becoming a savings' bank to the members, and saved money for them without trouble to themselves. The weekly receipt for goods sold during the quarter ending December, 1845, averaged upwards of £30.

[1] I have rescued and shall preserve the name of this pecuniary hero—it was William Mallalieu, a trusted servant of John Feilden, M.P., now of Todmorden, who joined the Society at its fifth meeting, September 12th, 1844. It does seem like amusement to make this note, but those concerned know it to be ludicrously true. The present writer well remembers the feeling of exultation with which the important accession of £1 was accomplished; and there was only Mr. Mallalieu in all Rochdale at that time willing and able to help the humble movement to that extent. They little expected, ten years later, to be able to put this minute upon their books—"Resolved, that A. Hill and T. Smithies wait upon the Board of the Rochdale Corn Mill Society, and give them notice that £1,500 lying in the Bank, belonging to this Society, is now at their command."—*Minutes, March 8th*, 1855.

[2] The Society paid no interest upon its shares the first year, and all profits were allowed to accumulate with a view to increasing capital.—*Vide* Minute of Committee Meeting, Aug. 29, 1844.

"The Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers, held in Toad Lane, in the Parish of Rochdale, in the County of Lancaster," made up its mind that a capital of £1,000 must be raised for the establishment of the Store. This sum was to be raised by £1 shares, of which each member should be required to hold four and no more. In case more than £1,000 was required, it was to be lawful for a member to hold five shares. At the commencement of the Store, it was allowed a member to have any number of shares under fifty-one. The chances of any member availing himself of this opportunity were very dreary. But the officers were ordered, and empowered, and commanded to buy down all fifty-pound shares with all convenient speed; and any member holding more than four shares was compelled to sell the surplus at their original cost of £1, when applied to by the officers of the Society. But should a member be thrown out of employment, he was then allowed to sell his shares to the Board of Directors, or other member, by arrangement, which would enable him to obtain a higher value. Each member of the Society, on his admission night, had to appear personally in the meeting-room and state his willingness to take out four shares of £1 each, and to pay a deposit of not less than threepence per share, or one shilling, and to pay not less than threepence per week after, and to allow all interests and profits that might be due to him to remain in the funds until the amount was equal to four shares in the capital.

Any member neglecting his payments was to be liable to a fine, except the neglect arose from distress, sickness, or want of employment.

When overtaken by distress, a member was allowed to sell all his shares, save one.

The earliest rules of the Society, printed in 1844, have, of course, undergone successive amendments; but the germs of all their existing rules were there. Every member was to be formally proposed, his name, trade, and residence made known to every one concerned, and a general meeting effected his election.

The officers of the Society included a President, Treasurer, and Secretary, elected half-yearly, with three Trustees and five Directors. Auditors as usual.

The officers and Directors were to meet every Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, in the committee room of the Weavers' Arms, Yorkshire Street. Then followed all the heavy regulations, common to enrolled societies, for taking care of money before they had it. The only hearty thing in the whole rules, and which does not give tic doloreux in reading it, is an appointment that an annual general meeting shall be holden on the "first market Tuesday," at which a *dinner* shall be provided at one shilling each, to celebrate the anniversary of the grand opening of the Store. At which occasion, no doubt, though the present historian has not the report before him, the first sentiment given was "Th' owd weyvurs' shop," followed by a chorus from the "doffers."

The gustativeness of the members appears not to have sustained an annual dinner, for in 1847[1] we find records of the annual celebration assuming the form of a "tea party," to which, in right propagandist spirit, certain Bacup co-operators were invited.

The store itself was ordered to be opened to the *public* (who never came in those days at all) on the evenings of Mondays and Saturdays only—from seven to nine on Mondays, from six to eleven on Saturdays. It would appear from this arrangement that the poor flannel weavers only bought twice a week in those times. A dreadful string of fines is attached to the laws of 1844. The value of a Trustee or Director may be estimated by the fact, that his fine for non-attendance was *sixpence*. It is plain that the Society expected to lose only half-a-crown if the whole five ran away. However, they proved to be worth more than the very humble price they put upon themselves. Under their management members rapidly increased, and the Store was opened (March 3, 1845) on additional days, and for a greater number of hours:—

Monday	from	4	to	9	p.m.
Wednesday	„	7	to	9	„
Thursday	„	8	to	10	„
Friday	„	7	to	9	„
Saturday	„	1	to	11	„

On February 2nd, 1846, it was resolved that the Store be opened on Saturday afternoons for the meeting of members; an indication that the business of the Store was becoming interesting, and required more attention than the weavers were able to give it after their long day's labour was over. In the October of this year, the Store commenced selling butcher's meat. For the three years 1846-8, the Store was tried by dullness, apathy, and public distress. It made slow, but it made certain progress under them all. Very few new members were added during 1846; but the capital of the Society increased to £252 7s. 1½d., with weekly receipts for goods averaging £34 for the December quarter.

In case of distress occurring to a member, we have seen that he was permitted to dispose of his shares, retaining only one. During 1847 trade was bad, and many of the members withdrew part of their shares. Nothing can better show the soundness of the advantages created by the Society than the fact that the first time trade became bad, and provisions dear, the members rapidly increased. The people felt the pinch, and it made them look out for the best means of making a little go far; and finding that the payment of a shilling entrance money, and threepence a week afterwards—which sum being paid on account of their shares, was really money saved—would enable them to join the Store; they saw that doing so was quite within their means, and much to their advantage. Accordingly,

[1] An early minute, Oct. 6, 1845, I find appoints an Anniversary Tea. It was "resolved Oct. 7, 1850, that neither tea nor dinner be provided to celebrate the Anniversary" of that year. This festival must have been a modest one.

many availed themselves of the opportunity of buying their goods at the Store. The Store thereby encouraged habits of providence, and saved the funds of the parish. At the close of 1847, 110 members were on the books, and the capital had increased to £286 15s. 3½d., and the weekly receipts for goods during the December quarter were £36. An increase of £34 of capital, and £2 a week in receipts during twelve months, was no great thing to boast of; but this was accomplished during a year of bad trade and dear food, which might have been expected to ruin the Society: it was plain that the co-operative waggon was surely, if slowly, toiling up the hill. The next minute of the Society's history is unexpected and cheering.

The year 1848 commenced with great "distress" cases and an accession of new members. Contributions were now no longer collected from the members at their homes. There was one place now where every member met, at least once a week, and that was at the Store, and the cashier made the appointed collection from each when he appeared at the desk. Neither revolutions abroad, nor excitement nor distress at home, disturbed the progress of this wise and peaceful experiment. The members increased to 140, the capital increased to £397, and the weekly receipts for goods sold in the December quarter rose to £80; being an increase of £44 a week over the previous year in the amount of sales.

The lower room of the old warehouse was now too small for the business, so the whole building, consisting of three stories and an attic, was taken by these enterprising co-operators, on lease for twenty-one years.

More new members were added to the Society in 1849. The second-floor became the meeting-room of the members, and also a sort of news-room, for on August 20th, it was resolved—"That Messrs. James Nuttall, Henry Green, Abraham Greenwood, George Adcroft, James Hill, and Robert Taylor, be a committee to open a stall for the sale of books, periodicals, newspapers, etc.; the profits to be applied to the furnishing the members' room with newspapers and books." At the close of 1849 the number of members had reached three hundred and ninety. The capital now amounted to £1193 19s. 1d., and the weekly receipts for goods had risen to £179.

In the next year a very old enemy of social peace appeared in Rochdale. The religious element began to contend for exclusiveness. The rapid increase of the members had brought together numbers holding evangelical views, and who had not been reared in a school of practical toleration. These had no idea of allowing to their colleagues the freedom their colleagues allowed to them, and they proposed to close the meeting room on Sundays, and forbid religious controversy. The liberal and sturdy co-operators, whose good sense and devotion had created the secular advantages of which the religious accession had chosen to avail itself, were wholly averse to this restriction. They valued mental freedom more than any personal gain, and they could not help regarding with dismay the introduction

of this fatal source of discord, which had broken up so many Friendly Societies, and often frustrated the fairest prospects of mutual improvement. The matter was brought before a general meeting, on February 4th, 1850. We give the dates of the leading incidents we record, for they are historic days in the career of our Store. On the date here quoted, it was resolved, for the welfare of the Society :—"That every member shall have full liberty to speak his sentiments on *all subjects* when brought before the meetings at a proper time, and in a proper manner ; *and all subjects shall be legitimate when properly proposed.*" The tautology of this memorable resolution shows the emphasis of alarm under which it was passed, and the endeavour to secure by reiteration of terms a liberty so essential to conscience and to progress. The founders of the Society were justly apprehensive that its principles would be overthrown by an indiscriminate influx of members, who knew nothing of the toleration upon which all co-operation must be founded, and they moved and carried :—"That no propositions be taken for new members after next general meeting for six months ensuing." From this time peace has prevailed on this subject.

Very early in the history of co-operation—as far back as 1832—the Co-operative Congress, held in London in that year, wisely agreed to this resolution :—"Whereas, the co-operative world contains persons of all religious sects, and of all political parties, it is unanimously resolved, that Co-operators, *as such*, are not identified with any religious, irreligious, or political tenets whatever ; neither those of Mr. Owen, nor of any other individual."[1]

Sectarianism is at all times the bane of public unity. Without toleration of all opinion, popular co-operation is impossible.

These theological storms over, the Society continued its success. The members increased in 1850 to six hundred ; the capital of the Society, in cash and stock, rose to £2299 10s. 5d., and the cash received during the December quarter amounted to £4397 17s., or £338 per week.

In April, 1851, seven years after its commencement, the Store was open, for the first time, all day. Mr. William Cooper was appointed superintendent ; John Rudman and James Standring shopmen.

This year the members of the Store were six hundred and thirty ; its capital £2785 ; its weekly sales £308. Somewhat less than in 1850.

The next year, 1852, the increase of members' capital and receipts was marked, and they have gone on since increasing at a rate beyond all expectation. To what extent we shall show in Tables of Results in another chapter.

[1] Resolution of the third London Co-operative Congress. 1832.

CHAPTER V.

ENEMIES WITHIN AND ENEMIES WITHOUT, AND HOW THEY ALL WERE CONQUERED.

THE moral miracle performed by our co-operatives of Rochdale is, that they have had the good sense to differ without disagreeing; to dissent from each other without separating; to hate at times, and yet always hold together. In most working classes, and, indeed, in most public societies of all classes, a number of curious persons are found, who appear born under a disagreeable star; who breathe hostility, distrust, and dissension: whose tones are always harsh: it is no fault of theirs, they never mean it, but they cannot help it; their organs of speech are cracked, and no melodious sound can come out of them; their native note is a moral squeak; they are never cordial, and never satisfied; the restless convolutions of their skin denote "a difference of opinion;" their very lips hang in the form of a "carp;" the muscles of their face are "drawn up" in the shape of an amendment, and their wrinkled brows frown with an "entirely new principle of action;" they are a species of social porcupines, whose quills eternally stick out; whose vision is inverted; who see everything upside down; who place every subject in water to inspect it, where the straightest rod appears hopelessly bent; who know that every word has two meanings, and who take always the one you do not intend; who know that no statement can include everything, and who always fix upon whatever you omit, and ignore whatever you assert; who join a society ostensibly to co-operate with it, but really to do nothing but criticise it, without attempting patiently to improve that of which they complain; who, instead of seeking strength to use it in mutual defence, look for weakness to expose it to the common enemy; who make every associate sensible of perpetual dissatisfaction, until membership with them becomes a penal infliction, and you feel that you are sure of more peace and more respect among your opponents than among your friends; who predict to everybody that the thing must fail, until they make it impossible that it can succeed, and then take credit for their treacherous foresight, and ask your gratitude and respect for the very help which hampered you; they are friends who act as the fire brigade of the party; they always carry a water engine with them, and under the suspicion that your cause is in a constant conflagration, splash and drench you from morning till night, until every member is in an everlasting state of drip; who believe that co-operation is another word for organised irritation, and who, instead of showing the blind the way, and helping the lame along, and giving the weak a lift, and imparting courage to the timid, and confidence to the despairing, spend their time in sticking pins into the tender, treading on the toes

of the gouty, pushing the lame down stairs, leaving those in the dark behind, telling the fearful that they may well be afraid, and assuring the despairing that it is "all up." A sprinkling of these "damned good-natured friends" belong to most societies; they are few in number, but indestructible; they are the highwaymen of progress, who alarm every traveller, and make you stand and deliver your hopes; they are the Iagoes and Turpins of democracy, and only wise men and strong men can evade them or defy them. The Rochdale co-operators understand them very well—they met them—bore with them—worked with them—worked in spite of them—looked upon them as the accidents of progress, gave them a pleasant word and a merry smile, and passed on before them; they answered them not by word but by act, as Diogenes refuted Zeno. When Zeno said there was no motion, Diogenes answered him by *moving*. When adverse critics, with Briarian hands, pointed to failure, the Rochdale co-operators replied by *succeeding*.

Whoever joins a popular society ought to be made aware of this curious species of colleagues whom we have described. You can get on with them very well if they do not take you by surprise. Indeed, they are useful in their way; they are the dead weights with which the social architect tries the strength of his new building. We mention them because they existed in Rochdale, and that fact serves to show that our co-operators enjoyed no favour from nature or accident. They were tried like other men, and had to combat the ordinary human difficulties. Take two examples.

Of course the members' meetings are little parliaments of working men—not very little parliaments now, for they include thrice the number of members composing the House of Commons. All the mutual criticisms in which Englishmen proverbially indulge, and the grumblings said to be our national characteristic, and the petty jealousies of democracies, are reproduced on these occasions, though not upon the fatal scale so common among the working class. Here, in the parliament of our Store, the leader of the opposition sometimes shows no mercy to the leader in power; and Rochdale Gladstone or Disraelies very freely criticise the quarterly budget of the Sir George Cornewall Lewis of the day. At one time there was our friend Ben, a member of the Store so known, who was never satisfied with anything—and yet he never complained of anything. He looked his disapproval, but never spoke it. He was suspicious of everybody in a degree, it would seem, too great for utterance. He went about everywhere, he inspected everything, and doubted everything. He shook his dissent, not from his tongue, but his head. It was at one time thought that the management must sink under his portentous disapprobation. With more wisdom than usually falls to critics, he refrained from speaking until he knew what he had to say. After two years of this weighty travail the clouds dispersed, and Ben found speech and confidence together. He found that his profits had increased notwithstanding his distrust, and he could no longer

find in his heart to frown upon the Store which was making him rich. At last he went up to the cashier to draw his profits, and he came down, like Moses from the mount, with his face shining.

Another guardian of the democratic weal fulminated heroically. The very opposite of Ben, he almost astounded the Store by his ceaseless and stentorian speeches. The *Times* newspaper would not contain a report of his quarterly orations. He could not prove that anything was wrong, but he could not believe that all was right. He was invited to attend a meeting of the Board; indeed, if we have studied the chronicles of the Store correctly, he was appointed a member of the Board, that he might not only see the right thing done, but do it; but he was too indignant to do his duty, and he was so committed to dissatisfaction that above all things he was afraid of being undeceived; and, during his whole period of office, he actually sat with his back to the Board, and in that somewhat unfriendly and inconvenient attitude he delivered his respective opinions. Whether, like the hare, he had ears behind has not been certified; but, unless he had eyes behind, he never could have seen what took place. A more perfect member of an opposition has rarely appeared. He was made by nature to conduct an antagonism. At length he was bribed into content—bribed by the only legitimate bribery—the bribery of success. When the dividends came in behind him, he turned round to look at *them*, and he pocketed his "brass" and his wrath together; and, though he has never been brought to confess that things are going right, he has long ceased to say that they are going wrong.

The Store very early began to exercise educational functions. Besides supplying the members with provisions, the Store became a meeting place, where almost every member met each other every evening after working hours. Here there was harmony because there was equality. Every member was equal in right, and was allowed to express his opinions on whatever topic he took an interest in. Religion and politics, the terrors of Mechanics' Institutions, were here common subjects of discussion, and harmless because they were open. In other respects the co-operators acquired business confidence as well as business habits. The Board was open to everybody, and, in fact, everybody went everywhere. Distrust dies out where nothing is concealed. Confidence and honest pride sprung up, for every member was a master—he was at once purchaser and proprietor. But all did not go smoothly on. Besides the natural obstacles which exist, ignorance and inexperience created others.

Poverty is a greater impediment to social success than even prejudice. With a small capital you cannot buy good articles nor cheap ones. What is bought at a small Store will probably be worse and dearer than the same articles elsewhere. This discourages the poor. With them every penny must tell, and every penny extra they pay for goods seems to them a tax, and they will not often incur it. It

is of no use that you show them that it and more will come back again as profit at the end of the quarter. They do not believe *in the end of the quarter*—they distrust the promise of profits. The loss of the penny to-day is near—the gain of sixpence three months hence is remote. Thus you have to educate the very poor before you can serve them. The humbler your means the greater your difficulties—you have to teach as well as to save the very poor. One would think that a customer ought to be content when he is his own shopkeeper; on the contrary, he is not satisfied with the price he charges himself. Intelligent contentment is the slowest plant that grows upon the soil of ignorance.

Some of the male members, and no wonder that many of the women also, thought meanly of the Store. They had been accustomed to fine shops, and the Toad Lane warehouse was repulsive to them; but after a time the women became conscious of the pride of paying ready money for their goods, and of feeling that the Store was their own, and they began to take equal interest with their husbands. As usually happens in these cases, the members who rendered no support to the new undertaking when it most wanted support, made up by making more complaints than anybody else, thus rendering no help themselves and discouraging those who did. It has been a triumph of penetration and good sense to inspire these contributors with a habit of supporting that, which, in its turn, supports them so well. There are times still when a cheaper article has its attraction for the Store purchaser, when he forgets the supreme advantage of knowing that his food is good, or his garment as stout as it can be made. He will sometimes forget the moral satisfaction derived from knowing that the article he can buy from the Store has, as far as the Store can influence it, been produced by some workman, who, in his turn, was paid at some living rate for his labour. Now and then, the higgler will appear at the little co-operative stores around, and the Store dealers will believe them, and prefer their goods to the supplies to be had from the Store, because they are some fraction cheaper; without their being able to know what adulteration, or hard bargaining elsewhere, has been practised to effect the reduction.

Any person passing through the manufacturing districts of Lancashire will be struck with the great number of small provision shops; many of them dealing in drapery goods as well as food. From these shops the operatives, to a great extent, spread their tables and cover their backs. Unfortunately, with them the credit system is the rule, and ready money the exception. The majority of the people trading at these shops have what is called a "Strap Book," which, of course, is always taken when anything is fetched, and balanced as often as the operatives receive their wages, which is generally weekly, but in many cases fortnightly. A balance is generally left due to the shopkeeper, thus a great number of operatives are always less or more in debt. When trade becomes slack, he goes deeper and

deeper, until he is irretrievably involved. When his work fails altogether, he is obliged to remove to another district, and of course to trade with another shop, unless at great inconvenience he sends all the distance to the old shop.

It sometimes happens that an honest weaver will prefer all this trouble to forsaking a house that has trusted him. One instance has been mentioned to the present writer, in which a family that had removed from a village on one side of the town to one on the opposite side, continued for years to send a distance of two miles and a half to the old shop for their provisions, although in doing so they had to pass through the town of Rochdale, where they could have obtained the same things cheaper. This is in every way a grateful and honourable fact, and the history of the working class includes crowds of them.

We are bound to relate that the capital of the Store would have increased somewhat more rapidly, had not many of its members at that time been absorbed by the land company of Feargus O'Connor. Many members of the Store were also shareholders in that concern, and as that company was considered by them to be more feasible, and calculated sooner to place its members in a state of permanent independence, much of the zeal and enthusiasm necessary to the success of a new society were lost to the co-operative cause.

The practice of keeping up a national debt in this country, on the interest of which so many are enabled to live at the expense of industrious taxpayers, and the often immoral speculations of the Stock Exchange, have produced an absurd and injurious reaction on the part of many honest people. Many co-operative experiments have failed through want of capital, because the members thought it immoral to take interest, and yet they had not sufficient zeal to lend their money without interest. Others have had a moral objection to paying interest, and as money was not to be had without, of course these virtuous people did nothing—they were too moral to be useful. All this showed frightful ignorance of political economy. If nobody practised thrift and self-denial in order to create capital, society must remain in perpetual barbarism; and if capital is refused interest as compensation for its risk, it would never be available for the use of others; it would be simply hoarded in uselessness, instead of being the great instrument of civilisation and national power. The class of reformers who made these mistakes were first reclaimed to intelligent appreciation of industrial science by Mr. Stuart Mill's "Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to *Social* Philosophy." Most of these "applications" were new to them, and though made with the just austerity of science, they manifested so deep a consideration for the progress of the people, and a human element so fresh and sincere, that prejudice was first dispelled by sympathy, and error afterwards by argument.

The principle of co-operation—so moralising to the individual as a

discipline, and so advantageous to the State in its results—with what difficulty has it made its way in the world! Regarded by the statesman as some terrible form of political combination, and by the rich as a scheme of spoliation; denounced in Parliament, written against by political economists, preached against by the clergy; the co-operative idea, as opposed to the competitive, has had to struggle, and has yet to struggle its way into industry and commerce. Statesmen might spare themselves the gratuitous anxiety they have often manifested for the suppression of new opinion. Experience ought to have shown them that wherever one man endeavours to set up a new idea, ten men at once rise up to put it down; not always because they think it bad, but because, whether good or bad, they do not want the existing order of things altered. They will hate truth itself, even if they know it to be truth, if truth gives them trouble. The statesman ought to have higher taste, even if he has not higher employment, than to join the vulgar and officious crowd in hampering or hunting honest innovation. There is, of course, a prejudice felt at first on the part of shopkeepers against co-operative societies. That sort of feeling exists which we find among mechanics against the introduction of machinery, which, for want of better arrangements, is sure to injure them first, however it may benefit the general public afterwards. But, owing to the good sense of the co-operators, and not less to the good sense of the shopkeepers of Rochdale, no unfriendliness worth mentioning has ever existed between them. The co-operators were humbly bent on improving their own condition, and at first their success in that way was so trivial as not to be worth the trouble of jealousy. For the first three or four years after the commencement of the Store, its operations produced no appreciable effect upon the retail trade of the town. The receipts of the Store in 1847, four years after its commencement, were only £36 a week; about the receipt of a single average shop, and five or ten times less than the receipts of some shops. But of late years, no doubt, the shopkeepers, especially smaller ones, have felt its effects. In some instances shops have been closed in consequence. The members of the Store extend out into the suburbs, a distance of one or two miles from the town. It has happened in the case of at least one suburban shopkeeper, that half the people for a mile round him had become Store purchasers. This, of course, would affect his business. The good feeling prevailing among the tradesmen of the town has been owing somewhat to a display of unexpected good sense and moderation on the part of the co-operators, who have kept themselves free from the greed of mere trade and the vices of rivalry. If the prices of grocery in the town rose, the Store raised its charges to the same level. It never would, even in appearance, nor even in self-defence, use its machinery to undersell others; and when tradesmen lowered, as instances often occurred, their prices in order to undersell the Store, and show to the town that they could sell cheaper than any society of weavers: and when they made a boast

of doing so, and invited the customers of the Store to deal with them in preference, or taunted the dealers at the Store with the higher prices they had to pay, the Store never at any time, neither in its days of weakness nor of strength, would reduce any of its prices. It passed by, would not recognise, would in no way imitate this ruinous and vexatious, but common resource of competition. The Store conducted an honest trade—it charged an honest average price—it sought no rivalry, nor would it be drawn into any, although the means of winning were quite as much in its hands as in the hands of its opponents. The prudent maxims of the members were, "To be safe we must sell at a profit." "To be honest we must sell at a profit." "If we sell sugar without profit, we must take advantage covertly in the sale of some other articles to cover that loss." "We will not act covertly; we will not trade without profit whatever others may do; we will not profess to sell cheaper than others; we profess to sell honestly"—and this policy has conquered.

Some manufacturers were as much opposed to the co-operators' Store as the shopkeepers—not knowing exactly what to make of it. Some were influenced by reports made to them by prejudiced persons—some had vague notions of their men acquiring a troublesome independence. But this apprehension was of short duration, and was set at rest by the good sense of others. One employer was advised to discharge some of his men for dealing at the Store, who serviceably answered, "He did not see why he should. So long as his men did their duty, it was no business of his to dictate where they should deal. They had as much right as he had to spend their money in that market where they thought it would go farthest, and if they learned thrift he did not see what harm it would do them, and if they could save money they had a right to do so. Indeed, he thought it was their turn."

The co-operators have long enjoyed the good opinion of the majority of the manufacturers, and the higher classes of the town. The members of the Store are so numerous, that the masters come in contact with them at almost every turn. The co-operators work for nearly every employer in the town, and many hold the most trusty and responsible situations. The working class in general hold the Co-operative Society in high esteem, and what is more natural, since it aims at bettering their condition? Indeed, the Society exercises considerable influence in the town. As its members are spread over every part, every local or public movement is known to one or the other, and is communicated rapidly as they meet with their fellow members at the Store. Facts circulate—opinion is elicited—criticism follows—a general conviction upon particular points springs up—and thus many learn what is the right view to support, and support it with more confidence from the knowledge that numbers, upon whom they can rely, share it.

The slowness of the Rochdale movement for two or three years may be attributed to the want of confidence in any scheme originating

among the working classes for the amelioration of their condition. The loss, trouble, and anxiety entailed upon the leading men of the previous co-operative societies in Rochdale, were still within the recollection of many. These reminiscences would naturally intimidate the cautious. There were others who were not aware that the former societies had been wrecked by the credit system. The "Equitable Pioneers" had most studiously avoided that shoal. In fact, so many co-operative experiments had been stranded by credit, that an almost universal opinion was prevalent, not only in Rochdale, but throughout the country and in Parliament, that co-operation was an exploded fallacy, and the poor co-operators, whose enterprise we report, were looked upon as dangerous emissaries of some revolutionary plot, and at the same time as fanatics deluded beyond all hope of enlightenment, who were bent on ruining themselves, and too ignorant to comprehend their folly or their danger. It was not until the small but unfailing stream of profits began to meander into all out-of-the-way cottages and yards—it was not until the town had been repeatedly astonished by the discovery of weavers with money in their pockets, who had never before been known to be out of debt, that the working class began to perceive that the "exploded fallacy" was a *paying fallacy;* and then crowds of people who had all their life been saying and proving that nothing of the kind could happen, now declared that they had never denied it, and that everybody knew co-operation would succeed, and that anybody could do what the Pioneers did.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT FLOUR MILL PANIC.

TOWARDS the close of 1850, a new Society takes its place in our narrative—namely, the "Rochdale District Corn Mill Society." A similar one had long flourished in Leeds, a history of which would be a very instructive addition to co-operative literature.[1] The Rochdale imitation commenced its active operations about the close of 1850. This Corn Mill Society, meeting at the Elephant and Castle, Manchester Road, received encouragement from the Store. The Directors being unacquainted with the business, had, of course, to entrust it to other hands very much to its disadvantage. Our

[1] An account appeared in the local newspapers of 1849, of the success of the Leeds and Halifax Corn Mill Societies, which had effected a general reduction in the price of flour in those towns, thus serving the whole public, besides supplying to their own members pure flour cheaper than the public price, with added profits. These facts circulated by the newspapers led Mr. Smithies, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr Charles Howarth to initiate the discussion of a corn mill movement in Rochdale, at the Equitable Pioneers' meetings.

"Equitable Pioneers" invested, in the shape of shares in the Corn Mill, from £400 to £600.

In 1851 they began to lend to the Corn Mill Society, on account of goods to come in. Unfortunately, the goods sent in—namely the flour, was of an inferior quality. This was owing to two causes—first, the Corn Society being short of capital, was obliged to buy where it could get credit, instead of where it could get the best corn; being in the power of him who gave credit, they were often compelled to accept an inferior article at a high price. Second, there was a want of skill in the head miller—in the grinding department. The "Equitable Pioneer Society" decided to sell no flour but the "Rochdale Corn Mill Society's," and that being inferior, of course the sale fell off.[1] This is another of those little crevices in the walls of a popular experiment through which the selfishness of human nature peeps out. Of course a man who pays a dearer rate than his neighbour for any article taxes himself to that amount; but, in a public movement, this is one of those liabilities which every man who would advance it must be prepared to encounter. When the support of the purchasers at the Store began to drop off by this refusal to take the flour, it brought on a crisis in the Co-operative Society. By the end of the third quarter of 1851, the Corn Mill had lost £441.[2] This produced a panic in the Store, which was considered, by its investments, to be implicated in the fall of the Corn Mill. It was soon rumoured that the Store would fail, and some of the members proposed that the Corn Mill business be abandoned. Others suggested that each member of the Store should subscribe a pound to cover the loss, and clear out of it. But as the Corn Mill held its meetings at the Pioneers' Store, and its leading members belonged to the Store, Mr. Smithies considered that their honour was compromised if they were defeated; and insisted, with much energy, that the name of "Pioneers" must be given up, unless they went on altogether. Had the Mill been brought to the hammer at this time, there would not have been realised ten shillings in the pound. This was the point to try their faith in co-operation. The members did not fail. Some brought all the money they could collect together to enable the difficulties to be conquered; a few, as usual in these cases, fell back. In the first place, amid those who distinguished themselves to avert the disaster of failure, all agree to name Abraham Greenwood, whose long and protracted devotion to this work cost him his health, and nearly his life. How much has depended, in the fate of the Store, on the honesty of its officers, may be seen from the disasters of the Corn Mill, arising from defects of character in some of its servants. One miller systematically went to Manchester, instead of

[1] The deficiency of capital is always aggravated by miscalculation. After contracting for the machinery of £750, the millwright sent in a bill of extras of £140—a dressing machine at £44 was overlooked; the result was that when the mill was ready no money existed with which to purchase grain.

[2] The joy with which the Directors hailed the production of their first sack of flour was turned into dismay at this result.

to Wakefield, to buy his grain. By acting in concert with some seller, he got a commission in Manchester, and the Store suffered for it. The first great loss of the Mill was probably occasioned in this way. The next miller had a weakness for "toddy," and his successor was liable to faint perceptions of truth; so between the man who *would* not know what he was doing, and the man who *did* not know what he was doing, and the man who did not know what he was saying, the affairs of the Corn Mill got somewhat confused.

Another very usual error among the working class muddled every thing further. Thinking it economical to accept volunteer book-keepers, they had their books kept by those who offered—who officiated in turns—and the books were duly bungled for nothing. The confusion was cheap but inextricable, and the perplexity of everything grew worse confounded. The directors acted with good sense and vigour as soon as they comprehended their position. The defective manager for the time being was dismissed, Mr. A. Greenwood, the president of the Society, acting in his place. A paid book-keeper was appointed—debts were commenced liquidation by small instalments, when an unexpected disaster overtook them. One morning news was brought to town that the bailiffs were in possession—to the dismay of the struggling co-operators and secret satisfaction of the prophets of failure, who could not help felicitating themselves on so portentous a sign. The landlord, of whom the Corn Mill was rented, had neglected to pay the ground landlord his rent, and for three years' ground rent, amounting to £100, he had put in a distraint upon the property of the co-operators, who were not morally responsible. This enemy was in due time routed—perseverance triumphed, and successive dividends, from fourpence to one shilling in the pound, cleared off the loss of £450, and the day of substantial profits at length dawned.

When the Store was first opened, one shopkeeper boasted that he could come with a wheelbarrow and wheel the whole stock away, which was quite true. He had the command of ten times more capital. He threatened that he would sell cheaper, and break up the Store. It was quite true that he could sell cheaper, but the weavers held together, and he did not break up the Store. There were many unfriendly traders of this way of thinking. It often happens that men who do not exactly mean ill towards you become your enemies artificially. They begin by predicting that you will fail, and without exactly wishing you should fail, are sorry when you do not. As an abstract matter, they would perhaps be glad of your success; but having committed themselves to a prediction, they are disgusted when you falsify it, and they will sometimes help to bring about your ruin for no other reason than that of fulfilling their own prediction. In 1849, when the public Savings' Bank in Rochdale so disgracefully broke, and many thousands of pounds of the hard earnings of the poor were swept away,[1] the poor and ruined people turned to the Store

[1] Out of £100,403 deposits, an officer had appropriated to his own use £71,717. The

for protection. Since 1849 there has been no Savings' Bank in Rochdale.

Many of the weavers who, up to this time, had preferred investing their money in the bank, had now to look out for another place in which to deposit their savings. They felt that they had misplaced their confidence in the Savings' Bank, which was an institution without an adequate responsible security, or in which they had no controlling influence over the application of the money. As the Store offered both these advantages, and a higher rate of interest, many of their bank dividends [1] found their way to the Store, and future savings also.

They had more confidence in the "Equitable Pioneers" than in the false Government bank. The failure of the Savings' Bank led to an accession of members and capital to the Store. This growth of confidence brought great discredit on the prophets to whom we have referred. No sooner, however, did the Corn Mill panic get rumoured about than they recurred with sinister emphasis to their old predictions, and their rumours brought about a run upon the Store. The humble Directors said nothing, but quietly placed their cashier behind the counter with orders to pay every demand. One man, who had twenty-four pounds in the Store, the whole of which he had made from the profits, began with a demand for sixteen pounds. He had some sort of sympathy for his benefactors, and thought he would leave a little in their hands.

"Are you about to commence some sort of business?" asked the cashier.

"No," said the man, "but I want my money."

"Well, you are aware that notice is required?"

"Oh, yes, and I am come to give notice." He "would have his money."

"Well," said the cashier, "we avail ourselves of the notice when we are likely to be short; but we can dispense with notice now. You'd better 'tak brass now.'"

And they made the man "tak brass" then, and much to his astonishment, he was obliged to carry his money away in his pocket, and he went away half suspecting he had been playing the fool.

Eighteen months after, this man brought his money back: he had kept it in some stocking foot all that time (that celebrated "patent safe" of the poor), losing the interest. He himself then told the cashier the story of his taking it out; in consequence of being assured that the Store would break. He now tells the story to his comrades, far and near, and nobody has more confidence in the Store than he.

Next a woman appeared: she *would* have her money out then. It was at once offered to her—then she would not have it. She de-

amount still due to the depositors (1877) is £38,287. Sir A. Ramsay has lately presented a petition to the House of Commons on the subject.

[1] 12s. 6d. in the pound is all yet paid.

manded her money because she had been told she could not get it; and when she found that she could have it, she did not want it. More sensible and quickwitted than the dullard man who carried his sixteen pounds home to his stocking foot, when *she* found there was no risk, she left her money. Another woman refused to draw her money out whether it was in danger or not, though a shopkeeper said to her:—"It will be sure to break, and you had better draw it out."

From the depositors the panic extended to traders; but the panic among them did not last long. At that time, corn was bought for the Mill one week, and paid for the next. The payments, at this time, were made at Wakefield, one week under the other. One week the buyer-in missed the paying. The old gentleman who was, in this case, the creditor, was told by millers about him that the Store had broken—he might depend upon it. He took an express train to Rochdale and a cab from the railway station, rushed down to the Store, and demanded his money. He was quietly asked for his invoice, and his money was at once paid him; and he was told if he knew any others wanting money on account of goods supplied to the Corn Mill, to be kind enough to send them in. The old gentleman went away very much astonished; he felt that he should never have another order; and he afterwards stated to the superintendent at the railway station he had ever since regretted the unfortunate journey he was induced to make.

About this time, the bank in Rochdale, with whom our "Equitable Pioneers" did business, did them a frank piece of service, which they have always remembered with appreciation. Some tradesmen being at the counter of the bank, a person remarked that he thought the Store was running down, evidently fishing from the bankers some confirmation of his suspicions. The answer given by one of the firm was, that he did not see why it should, as the Board had left £2000 in their hands for a long time, which they had never touched. This observation established confidence in influential quarters; and as the depositors who applied for their money at the Store invariably carried it back with them in their pockets, it soon restored confidence among their own order. The humble Directors of the Store, like all other honest men, had more pride and pleasure in paying money than in receiving it, and their firm and judicious conduct re-established the credit of the "Equitable Pioneers."

Here from one to two thousand working men had done what Sir John Dean Paul failed to do—kept an honest banking house. In point of morality, how infinitely superior are these Rochdale co-operators to that Lord of the Treasury who finally poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath! Surely these men are as fit for the franchise as Paul and Sadleir, as Hugh Innes Cameron and Humphrey Brown. What standard of electional fitness does the Government take, who gives the franchise to fraudulent bankers and knavish lords of the Treasury, and withholds it from honest working men?

The September quarter of 1852 showed a clear balance of gain for that quarter of £100 upon the Corn Mill. The energy of Mr. Greenwood and his colleagues had turned upwards the fortunes of the Corn Mill.

In the origin of their flour operations a curious circumstance occurred. Determined to supply all things genuine, they supplied the flour so. It might be inferior, as we have related it was, but it was pure; but being pure, it was browner than the usual flour in the market. It was rejected for its difference of colour. A friend of the present writer, disgusted with the spurious coffee of London, made arrangements to supply the common people with a genuine cup. To this end he opened a house in Lambeth, and ground up the real berries pure. But no one would drink his coffee, and he had to shut up his house. Accustomed to adulterated coffee until their taste was formed upon depraved compounds, the people rejected the pure beverage. So it happened to our Corn Mill. The unadulterated flour would not sell. The customers of the Store knew neither the colour nor taste of pure flour. Then there was a cry against the co-operators. It was said they could not compete with the usual millers; and if they adulterated, the only way open of rendering their flour popular, there would be another cry out against them for adulterating it, and being as bad as other traders. For a short time they made their flour white in the usual way, but it was so much against their principles to do it that they discussed the folly of the preference with their purchasers at the Store, and the pure flour, of whatever colour, was taken into favour, and from that day to this it has been sold genuine.

CHAPTER VII.

SUCCESSIVE STEPS OF SUCCESS—THE ROCHDALE STORE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE Equitable Pioneers' Society is divided into seven departments:—Grocery, Drapery, Butchering, Shoemaking, Clogging, Tailoring, Wholesale.

A separate account is kept of each business, and a general account is given each quarter, showing the position of the whole.

The grocery business was commenced, as we have related, in December, 1844, with only four articles to sell. It now includes whatever a grocer's shop should include.

The drapery business was started in 1847, with a humble array of attractions. In 1854 it was erected into a separate department.

A year earlier, 1846, the Store began to sell butchers' meat, buying eighty or one hundred pounds off a tradesman in the town. After awhile, the sales were discontinued until 1850, when the Society had a warehouse of its own. Mr. John Moorhouse, who has now two assistants, buys and kills for the Society three oxen, eight sheep, sundry porkers and calves, which are on the average converted into £130 of cash per week.

Shoemaking commenced in 1852. Three men and an apprentice make, and a stock is kept on sale.

Clogging and tailoring commenced also in this year.

The Wholesale department commenced in 1855, and marks an important development of the Pioneers' proceedings. This department has been created for supplying any member requiring large quantities, and with a view to supply the co-operative stores of Lancashire and Yorkshire, whose small capitals do not enable them to buy in the best markets, nor command the services of what is otherwise indispensable to every store—*a good buyer*, who knows the markets and his business, who knows what, how, and where to buy. The wholesale department guarantees purity, quality, fair prices, standard weight and measure, but all on the never-failing principle—cash payment.

After registering the Society under the 13 and 14 Vict., chap. 115,[1] the Society turned its attention to a wholesale department, an operation which would have been impossible but for the legal protection of this Act, an Act which has called forth more expressions of gratitude to Parliament than any Act I have heard commented upon by working men. The Pioneers' laws say (we quote three of their rules):—

14.—The Wholesale department shall be for the purpose of supplying those members who desire to have their goods in large quantities.

16.—The said department shall be charged with interest, after the rate of five per cent. per annum, for such capital as may be advanced to it by the Board of Directors.

17.—The profits arising from this department, after paying for the cost of management and other expenses, including the interest afore-

[1] An act which is itself an answer to those who would apply the maxim of *Laisser faire* (Let things alone) to politics, a maxim which, however advantageous in political economy, cannot, observes Professor Newman, be applied to politics without blundering or disingenuousness.—*Political Economy*, p. 188.

said, shall be divided quarterly into three parts, one of which shall be reserved to meet any loss that may arise in the course of trade until it shall equal the fixed stock required, and the remaining two-thirds shall be divided amongst the members, in proportion to the amount of their purchases in the said department.

In 1854, a conference was held in Leeds, to consider how the co-operative societies of Lancashire and Yorkshire could unite their purchases of produce and manufactures among themselves. Mr. Lloyd Jones lent his valuable counsel on this occasion, and at Rochdale, where a second Conference with this object was held in August, 1855. Of course the cardinal question was, *who* should find capital to carry out the idea of a wholesale department. Some stores were willing to contribute a proportional share, others had hardly cash to carry on their own operations; other stores, with a prudence very old in the world, proposed to see how the plan was going to succeed before joining in it. This is a cautiousness commendable in some cases, but were all to act upon it no advance would ever be made. The Equitable Pioneers accepted the initiative with their usual pluck. As many of the stores had the notion in their heads that all the Rochdale Pioneers took up succeeded, several stores joined, and put in a little money; but the principal capital was supplied by our enterprising friends, the Rochdale Equitables. As the law we have quoted shows, they stipulated for five per cent. on their advances. Differences, though not dissensions, arose. The Equitable Pioneers' Society felt dissatisfaction that stores not contributing a fair share of capital to work the wholesale trade should yet receive an equal dividend of profits in proportion to their trade with the department. As the Equitable Pioneers found nearly all the capital, they were by many thought entitled to nearly all the profit. On the other hand, it was urged that the five per cent. on their capital was all they had a right to, and they had no claim to the profits made by the trade of other stores. The Store of the Pioneers dealt with the wholesale department, and had, in common with other stores, their profits upon the amount of their own trade. It was true that many stores only bought articles that yielded little profit, while the Rochdale Store bought so generally and largely as to create the chief profits itself, besides risking its capital, which seemed at first to be in danger. For in the March quarter of 1856, £495 10s. 4d. were lost through purchasing sugars, syrups, treacle, soaps, etc., when prices were high, which prices came down before the goods could be sold. A committee of inquiry at a later date reported that several stores had increased their purchases from the wholesale department of goods, which yielded even more profit than the purchases of the Pioneers' Store. Mr. William Cooper, the Secretary, defended the proceedings and position of the department, and it was ultimately agreed that the District Stores had dealt fairly by the wholesale department on the whole, although they had not supported it by capital to the

extent the promoters could have wished. Still many remained dissatisfied, although they were unable to show what was wrong, and at an adjourned quarterly meeting, so late as October, 1856, it was "Resolved, that the wholesale stock be dispensed with." Owing to the energy of Mr. Samuel Stott and others, this resolution never took effect. The department being founded by an enrolled rule, it could not be dispensed with without an alteration of the rules, and before an alteration in the rules can take place the three-fourths of the whole members specially convened must consent to it. The opponents of the department despaired of getting this wide ratification of their partial dissatisfaction, and the department continued. The loss of £495 10s. 4d. has by the end of the March quarter of 1857, in one year's operation, been reduced to £141 14s. 1d. In half a year more, the loss will be cancelled, and profits beyond the interest on capital accrue. The stores, to their credit, continue to trade with the department, just as though they were receiving a dividend in addition to the interest on the capital, which they will shortly do; were they to receive no dividend, it would be to their advantage to trade with the department. The most important officer of a store is the purchaser. He must be acquainted with his business and the markets. No honesty, if he has not tact and knowledge, will prevent him from damaging the prosperity of a store by bad purchases. Small stores cannot always find a man, nor support him when they do. But a wholesale department, by keeping a few such, can serve all stores, can enable the smallest to command genuine articles equally with the greatest, and to command them even cheaper, as well as better, as large, united, wholesale, purchases can be made more advantageously, of course, than small ones. It is clear, however, that this admirable and well-devised department must have fallen but for the wise provision of the Act of Parliament upon which Mr. Stott and his colleagues fell back. This useful law gives stability to a society, it prevents short-sighted sections from destroying general purposes, and enables the errors of a few to be revised and rectified by the decision of a veritable majority of all concerned.

The members of the Store attracted from a distance make their purchases—some once a fortnight, and have their goods sent home; others unite together and employ a carter to deliver them. The desire to obviate this inconvenience, and the difficulty of serving the great increase of members at Toad Lane (the Central Store), Branch Stores have been lately opened. In 1856, the first Branch was opened in the Oldham Road, about a mile from the centre of Rochdale. In 1857, the Castleton Branch, and another in the Whitworth Road, were established, and a fourth Branch at Pinfold.

An idea of the appearance of a Branch Store may be gathered from the next page. On each side the door a narrow upright sign, the height of the entrance, gives the following information:—

EQUITABLE PIONEERS' CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

Enrolled according to Law.

Objects.

To improve the social and domestic condition of its members.

Five per cent. interest paid on shares.

Remaining profits divided amongst

[*Copied from the Doors of the School Lane Branch.*]

purchasers in proportion to the money expended.

No second prices.

All purchases paid for on delivery.

Dividends declared quarterly.

The "owd weyvurs' shop," or rather the entire building, was (in 1849), as we have related, taken on lease by the Store, in a state sadly out of repair. One room is now pleasantly fitted up as a newsroom. Another is neatly fitted up as a library.[1] Every part has undergone neat refitting and modest decoration, and now wears the air of a respectable place of business.

The Corn Mill was, of course, rented, and stood at Small Bridge, some distance from the town—one mile and a half. The Society have since built in the town an entirely new mill for themselves. The engine and the machinery are of the most substantial and improved kind. It is now spoken of as "the Society's New Mill in Weir Street, near the Commissioners' Rooms." The capital invested in the Corn Mill is £8,450, of which £3,731 15s 2d. is subscribed by the Equitable Pioneers' Society. The Corn Mill employs eleven men.

The Almanack of 1855 announced the formation of a "Manufacturing Society," enrolled pursuant to the 15 and 16 Vic., chap. 31. Every Branch of the (we are entitled to say now) Great Store's proceedings are enrolled pursuant to some Act or other. This was their first formal realisation of the design announced eleven years before, of attempting the organisation of labour. Now they avail themselves of the Industrial and Provident Societies' Act for carrying on in common the trades of cotton and woollen manufacturing. The capital in this department is £4,000, of which sum £2,042 has been subscribed by the Equitable Pioneers' Society. This Manufacturing Society has ninety-six power looms at work, and employs twenty-six men, seven women, four boys, and five girls—in all, forty-two persons.

In 1854, the Store commenced to issue an almanack, in which their announcements to members were made, and from which the reader might gather the historic sympathies of the co-operators from the memorable men and dates selected. Now a considerable portion of dates is occupied with their Store, and Corn Mill, and other meetings. Advertisements of the different operations of the Society are given; a little history of its origin is crowded into one corner; the ancient objects of the Society are repeated in another place; such principles and extracts from the laws as are suitable for the information of strangers find due place upon the same broad sheet. In 1855 they announce their Central London Agents:—"The Central Co-operative Agency, No. 356 Oxford Street." In 1856 they add, "and the Universal Purveyor (William Islip and Co.), No. 33 Charing Cross." In 1853 the Store purchased, for £745, a warehouse (freehold) on the opposite side of Toad Lane, where they keep and retail their stores of flour, butcher's meat, potatoes, and kindred articles. Their committee-rooms and offices are fitted up in the same building. They rent other houses adjoining for calico and hosiery,[2] and shoe

[1] *Vide* Almanack, 1854.

[2] In 1855 the drapery stock was ordered to be insured in the Globe for £1000.

stores. In their wilderness of rooms the visitor stumbles upon shoemakers and tailors, at work under healthy conditions, and in perfect peace of mind as to the result on Saturday night. Their warehouses are everywhere as bountifully stocked as Noah's Ark, and crowds of cheerful customers literally crowd Toad Lane at night, swarming like bees to every counter. The industrial districts of England have not such another sight as the Rochdale Co-operative Store on Saturday night.

At seven o'clock there are five persons serving busily at the counter, others are weighing up goods ready for delivery. A boy is drawing treacle. Two youths are weighing up minor articles and refilling the shelves. There are two sides of counters in the grocer's shop, twelve yards long. Members' wives, children of members, as many as the shop will hold, are being served ; others are waiting at the door, in social conversation, waiting to go in. On the opposite side of the Lane, three men are serving in the drapery department, and nine or ten customers, mostly females, are selecting articles. In the large shop, on the same side of the street, three men are chopping and serving in the butcher's department, with from twelve to fifteen customers waiting. Two other officers are weighing flour, potatoes, preparing butter, etc., for other groups of claimants. In other premises adjoining, shoemakers, cloggers, and tailors are at work, or attending customers in their respective departments. The clerk is in his office, attending to members' individual accounts, or to general business of the Society. The news-room over the grocery has twenty or more men and youths perusing the newspapers and periodicals. Adjoining, the watch club, which has fifty-eight members, is collecting its weekly payments, and drawing lots as to who shall have the repeaters (manufactured by Charles Freeman, of Coventry), which the night's subscription will pay for. The library is open, and the librarian has his hands full in exchanging, renewing, and delivering books to about fifty members, among whom are sons, wives, and daughters of members. The premises are closed at ten o'clock, when there has been received during the day for goods £420, and the librarian has lent out two hundred books. In opposite districts of the town, the Society has now open four Branch Stores for the convenience of outlying members, where, on a lesser scale, the same features of sales are being repeated.

But it is not the brilliance of commercial activity in which either writer or reader will take the deepest interest ; it is in the new and improved spirit animating this intercourse of trade. Buyer and seller meet as friends ; there is no overreaching on one side, and no suspicion on the other ; and Toad Lane on Saturday night, while as gay as the Lowther Arcade in London, is ten times more moral. These crowds of humble working men, who never knew before when they put good food in their mouths, whose every dinner was adulterated, whose shoes let in the water a month too soon, whose waistcoats shone with devil's dust, and whose wives wore calico that would not wash

now buy in the markets like millionaires, and, as far as pureness of food goes, live like lords. They are weaving their own stuffs, making their own shoes, sewing their own garments, and grinding their own corn. They buy the purest sugar, and the best tea, and grind their own coffee. They slaughter their own cattle, and the finest beasts of the land waddle down the streets of Rochdale for the consumption of flannel weavers and cobblers.[1] When did competition give poor men these advantages? And will any man say that the moral character of these people is not improved under these influences? The teetotalers of Rochdale acknowledge that the Store has made more sober men since it commenced than all their efforts have been able to make in the same time. Husbands who never knew what it was to be out of debt, and poor wives who, during forty years, never had sixpence uncondemned in their pockets, now possess money sufficient to build them cottages, and go every week into their own market with coins jingling in their pockets; and in that market there is no distrust, and no deception; there is no adulteration, and no second prices. The whole atmosphere is honest. Those who serve neither hurry, finesse, nor flatter. They have no interest in chicanery. They have but one duty to perform—that of giving fair measure, full weight, and a pure article. In other parts of the town, where competition is the principle of trade, all the preaching in Rochdale cannot produce moral effects like these.[2]

As the Store has made no debts, it has incurred no losses; and during thirteen years' transactions, and receipts amounting to £303,852, it has had no law suits.

Children are not generally sent to shops when adults can be spared for the errand, as it is very well known children are put off with anything. The number of children who are sent to the Store to make purchases is a proof of the honourable family confidence it has inspired. A child is not sent to the Store with a message to go to a particular man with grey whiskers and black hair, and get him to serve, and to be sure and ask him for the "best butter." Everybody has grey whiskers and black hair at the Store; the child cannot go to the wrong man, and the best butter is given to every one, old and young, without its being asked for, for the best of all reasons—they keep no bad.

The meetings of the Store were quite a family feature during the first few years. Afterwards, when the members much increased, the meetings assumed a more commercial character. Of course the Store will not now hold its eighteen hundred members. They are numerous enough to make a large public meeting; and the Public Hall, at Rochdale, has to be engaged when a general meeting is held. The perfect freedom of intercourse maintained, the equality of all, which

[1] Last year, the Society advertised for a Provision Agent to make purchases in Ireland, and to devote his whole time to that duty.

[2] The Arbitrators of the Societies, during all their years of office, have never had a case to decide, and are discontented that nobody quarrels. The peaceableness of the co-operators amounts to what elsewhere would be termed "contempt of court."

has ever been undisturbed, both in the board room and on every occasion of intercourse, have imparted an air of independence of feeling and manner to the whole. Eighteen hundred workmen are brought into weekly intercourse with each other, under circumstances which have raised the tone of society among them all.

The Directors of this important and encouraging movement are the same modest and unassuming men they were thirteen years ago; shining in oil, or dusted with flour, or flannel jackets and caps, they in no way answer the expectations of strangers in appearance, however they surpass expectation in moral and commercial capacity.

The following Tables show the progress of the Store from 1844 *to* 1857—*a period of thirteen years.*

Year.	No. of Members.	Amount of Capital.	Amount of Cash Sales in Store. Annual.	Receipts per Week in December Quar.	Amount of Profit. Annual.
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1844	28	28 0 0			
1845	74	181 12 5	710 6 5	30 0 0	32 17 6
1846	80	252 7 1½	1,146 17 7	84 0 0	80 10 3½
1847	110	286 5 3½	1,924 13 10	36 0 0	72 2 10
1848	140	397 0 0	2,276 6 5½	80 0 0	117 16 10½
1849	390	1,193 19 1	6,611 18 0	179 0 0	561 3 9
1850	600	2,299 10 5	13,179 17 0	338 0 0	889 12 5
1851	630	2,785 0 1½	17,638 4 0	308 0 0	990 19 8½
1852	680	3,471 0 6	10,352 5 0	371 0 0	1,206 15 2½
1853	720	5,848 3 11	22,760 0 0	524 0 0	1,674 18 11½
1854	900	7,172 15 7	33,364 0 0	661 0 0	1,763 11 2½
1855	1400	11,032 12 10½	44,902 12 0	1,204 0 0	3,106 8 4½
1856	1600	12,920 18 1½	63,197 10 0	1,353 0 0	3,921 13 1½
1857	1850	15,142 1 2	79,788 0 0	1,491 0 0	5,470 6 8½

Total sales in thirteen years, £303,852. Total profits, £19,888 16s. 11½d.

The Capitals of Three Departments. 1856-7.

Store.	Corn Mill.	Manufacturers.	Total of Capitals.
1856—£12,920 1857— 15,142	£8,450 8,450	£4,000 5,500	£25,370 29,092
Weekly Receipts of the same, 1856-7.			Total Annual Returns.
1856—£1,353 1857— 1,491	£850 1,184	£360 300	£133,276 153,088

These Returns will be much higher for 1858, as the Balance Sheet for the first quarter shows an increase of more than £10,000 for the year, for the Store alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANECDOTES OF THE MEMBERS—THE WORKING CLASS STAND BY THE STORE AND THEY "KNOW THE REASON WHY."

It is as instructive as it is gratifying to notice the kind of replies frequently made by persons who have been served by the Store. One woman who had about £50 in the Store to her credit, was told the "Store would break," by persons who wished it would do so. She answered, "Well, let it break; I have only paid one shilling in, and I have *fifty pounds* in it. It'll break with it's own if it do break." These anecdotes are common. Many poor people, whose confidence was sought to be tampered with, have answered alarmists, who have tried to shake their trust—"Well, if it do smash it may smash with all it has of mine, for it has paid me out more than ever I paid in." These answers not only show good sense, but gratitude and generosity of sentiment. In all service of the people there will be ingratitude displayed. Every man finds it so, sometimes among his private and chosen friends; no doubt, it will be so with the public, whom you serve at random. In publicism in all human relations a man who will not be cast down needlesaly must learn to look on both sides. He will in every crowd find many whom he cannot respect, and who do not deserve respect; and numbers of poor, yet devoted, trusting, toiling, manly, impassable, grateful men and women, whom you might worship in the fulness of the sentiment of admiration with which they inspire you.

Another fact ought not to escape notice, which none but those having considerable experience are aware of—*viz.*, it is seldom that the people whom you expect to help forward a movement do it. Exactly those on whom you most rely—commonly those whom you elect for appeal—deceive you, or fail to help when you expect, and when the crisis requires it.

The effects of the Store in improving the finances of its members was seen in the instance of one known as Dick, who has lived in a cellar thirty years, and was never out of debt. He one morning astonished his milkman by asking him to change him a £5 note. The sly dog never had one before, and he felt a pardonable pride in displaying his first possession. Dick has now twenty pounds of "brass" in Store. And most of those who have the largest balances standing to their credit are persons who have never paid many shillings in. The whole is the accumulation of their profits.

The following cases, designated by the numbers belonging to the particular member, were taken by the present writer from the books of the Store in 1853, and communicated to the *Leader* newspaper:—

"No. 12 joined the Society in 1844. He had never been out of

a shopkeeper's books for forty years. He spent at the shop from twenty shillings to thirty shillings per week, and has been indebted as much as £30 at a time. Since he has joined the Pioneers' Society he has paid in contributions £2 18s.; he has drawn from the Society as profits £17 10s. 7d., and he has still left in the funds of the Society £5. Thus he has had better food and gained £20. Had such a Society been open to him in the early part of his life, he would now be worth a considerable sum.

"No. 22 joined the Society at its commencement. He was never out of a shopkeeper's debt for twenty-five years. His average expenditure with the shopkeeper was about ten shillings per week, and was indebted to him forty shillings or fifty shillings generally. He has paid into the Society £2 10s.; he has drawn from the Society £6 17s. 5d.; he has still left in the funds of the Society £8 0s. 3d. He thinks the credit system made him careless about saving anything, and prevented his family from being as economical as they would have been had they been compelled to pay ready money for their commodities. In this he agrees with No. 12. Since he (No. 22) has joined the Society, he has enjoyed other advantages, having a place accessible, where he can resort to, instead of going to the public-house or beer-shop for information and conversation.

"No. 114 joined the Society in 1848. Paid in fifteen shillings, has drawn out £11 14s. 11d., has still in the funds of the Society £7 2s. 11d. Gained in two years £18.

"No. 131 joined the Society at its commencement in 1844. He says he was never out of debt with a shopkeeper for fourteen years. He spent on an average about nine shillings per week with the shopkeeper, and generally owed him from twenty to thirty shillings. He has paid into the Store as contributions at different times £1 18s. 4d.; and has drawn from it £1 12s. 1d.; and has still in the funds of the Society £3 1s. 10d. He thinks the credit system one reason why he was always poor, and that since he joined the Society his domestic comfort has been greatly increased; and had he not belonged to the Society in 1847, he would have been obliged to apply to the parish officers for relief.

"Thus the members derive all the advantage of a sick as well as a benefit society. It is thus that the Society give to its members the money which they save."[1]

A mother who had always sent her child to the neighbouring shop, at length began to send her child to the Store, which was more than a mile away from her house. The child asked the mother why she should be sent so far away for things instead of going into the shop next door. The mother explained to the child that the profits made at the Store would come to them. The child understood the lesson, and would come down in a morning to fetch the food for breakfast, and the family at home would wait till she returned; and, as Sir

[1] These instances were quoted by *Chambers's Journal* at the time of their appearance.

James Graham would express it, both mother and child knew the reason why. A butcher's wife expressed her new experience thus :—"Instead of having to take her 'strap' book with her, she now had money in her pocket and money in the Store." One member has £50 in the Store, all of which he has made by profits, he having drawn out for his own use all that he ever paid in. In one case a woman withdrew £5 from her savings in the Store, not so much because she had special occasion for the money, as for the pleasure of having £5 in her possession. She had traded at shops for nearly half a century, and she declared it was the first time she had ever had £5 of her own in her hands in her life.

A husband who dealt at the Store, and had accumulated money in it, had a wife who did not believe in co-operation, and was easily persuaded that the Store was unsafe, and she took the opportunity of drawing her savings from the Store and placed them, for more safety, in the Savings Bank. Before long the Savings Bank broke. The poor woman's faith was made whole by the mishap. She gathered up the tardy dividends of the bank and placed the residue in the Store, where since they have remained.

George Morton, an old man above sixty, says that had there been no Store, he does not know how he could have lived without going to the poor-house. The profits he has received from the Store on goods purchased has nearly kept him out for the last eleven years—that is, from 1845 to 1856. He has, during that time, received in dividends £77 3s. 6d., and has remaining in the Society £11. He has never paid into the Society more than £5 16s. 7½d. altogether.

Of the confidence in the dealings of the Store, Mrs. Mills, a widow, gives this testimony. She came to the Store for a steak, but as the Store butchers had none, and she wanted it for a sick person, she went into the public market and bought a pound and a half. On reaching home she weighed her purchase, and found that the pound weighed fourteen ounces, and the half-pound only seven ounces. She now says that when there is no steak at the Store, "they lump it;" meaning that they make shift until the Store is replenished. This authentic anecdote gives no bad idea of a Rochdale sickness, to which a pound and a half of steak seems congenial. The vegetarians might take a turn there.

Speaking of beef—the other day I was standing at the upper window of the Store, when the Store butchers, who had just come from the Society's abbatoirs, drove up with an immense waggon full of "prime joints." Upon looking over the chief butcher's bill, I found he reported himself as having "killed four cows and a half," which led me to inquire by what co-operative process he was enabled to kill half a cow at a time. The explanation was this. Some butcher in the town wanted half a cow for that day's market, the Store wanted four cows and a half only, so the fifth cow was divided and both parties served, which the butcher called "killing half a cow."

"The Tillicoultry Co-operative Society" admits no member who is immoral in his conduct. A female householder is admitted a member, but is refused a vote. The Baking Company of the same place has a similar ungallant and uncivil rule.[1]

The Rochdale Store renders incidental but valuable aid towards realising the civil independence of women. Women may be members of this Store, and vote in its proceedings. Single and married women join. Many married women become members because their husbands will not take the trouble, and others join it in self-defence, to prevent the husbands from spending their money in drink. The husband cannot withdraw the savings at the Store standing in the wife's name unless she signs the order. Of course, as the law still stands, the husband could by legal process get possession of the money. But a process takes time, and the husband gets sober and thinks better of it before the law can be moved.

Many single women have accumulated property in the Store, which thus becomes a certificate of their conjugal worth. And young men, in want of prudent companions, consider that to consult the books of the Store would be the best means of directing their selection. The habits of honourable thrift acquired by young men, members of this Store, renders it unlikely that they would select industrious girls in marriage for the purpose of living in idleness upon their earnings or savings, as happens elsewhere.[2]

What quality is it that makes a poor woman pay her way? Ladies do not always do it; many bankruptcies in London are occasioned by their neglect; the poor woman who has been born with that faculty, or who has acquired it, is a treasure and a triumph of good sense and social cultivation. The difficulty of bringing about this result many working class husbands can tell. The art of living within your income is a gift. The woman who has it, will do it with £1 a week; she who has it not, will be poor with £20. Peter Noakes, tired of finding himself always in debt, wants to get his wife one week in advance with the world. He wants to stand clear on the shopkeepers' books. He knows that the small tradesman cannot pay his way unless his customers pay theirs. He therefore saves, by carefulness and secret thrift, a little money, and one week delights his wife by giving her double wages, that she may pay in advance for her things. What is the result? Next week he finds her running into debt as usual. He complains, and then she tells him the everlasting story of a thousand working-class homes, "What could she do? Mr. Last's bill for Tommy's boots had never been paid, the account for Billy's jacket had stood over till she was ashamed of it, little Jane's shoes were out at the toes, and poor Polly, she was the disgrace of the family for want of a new frock, and as for Mrs. Noakes herself,

[1] *Vide* rules 1845-6 of the above societies.

[2] *Vide* letter of S. H. Musgrave, read by Sir Erskine Perry at the public meeting to consider the laws relating to the property of married women, held at 21 Regent Street, London, 31st May, 1856.—*Law Amendment Journal*, No. 14, p. 94.

her own bonnet was not fit to be seen, she would rather stop in the house for ever than go out in that old fashioned thing any longer." Poor Peter is overwhelmed—he had never thought of these things. In fact, Mrs. Noakes tells him "he never does think of anything. He gets up and goes to work, and comes home and goes to bed, and never thinks of anything in the house." What can Peter do? He does the only thing he ought—he allows that his wife ought to know best, confesses that he is very stupid, kisses her in confirmation of his repentance, and promises to save her another week's wages, and she shall try what can be done the next time. In the course of a few weeks, Peter, by over-work and going without customary half-pints of beer, saves up another week's wages, when, alas! he finds that the shoemaker has sent in another bill, and the tailor another account—that Master Tommy's trousers have grown too short for him, young Billy's jacket is out at the elbows, Jane's shoes let in water, Miss Polly (bless her sweet soul!) is still the disgrace of the family, and Mrs. Noakes, although Peter thought she never looked so young nor so pretty as she did last Sunday, declares her bonnet "perfectly hateful; indeed, there is not such another fright as herself in the whole neighbourhood, and if Peter was like anybody else, he would be ashamed to see his wife go out in such a condition." And the little book still goes to the shop, Peter eats cheese tough as guttapercha, she buys tea that has been used to boiling before it was sold to her, the coffee tastes grievously of burnt corn, Tommy's boots are a long time being mended, Mrs. Noakes never has sixpence to bless herself with, her money is all condemned before it comes in; Peter, degraded and despairing, thinks he may as well drink a pint as a half-pint—things can't be worse at home. He soon ceases to take interest in public affairs. How can he consistently help the public who cannot help himself? How can he talk of independence, who is the slave of the shoemaker and the tailor? How can he subscribe to a political or social society, who cannot look his grocer in the face? Thus he is doubly destroyed. He is good neither for home nor parish. So ends many domestic experiments for paying in advance. When children are sick, or the husband is out of work, a wife will submit to any amount of privation. If she would submit to half as much from pride of independence as she will from affection, thousands of families, now always poor, would be in possession of moderate competence. But to starve your household when you can help it, to prevent them being starved one day when you cannot help it, implies good sense, strength of will, and courageous foresight, which many women certainly display, but which is yet so rare a quality that one cannot but marvel and applaud the Rochdale co-operators, who have taught so many families the art of getting out of debt, and inspired them with the pride of keeping out.

Let the enemies of co-operation ponder on this fact, and learn wisdom; let the friends of co-operation ponder on this fact and take courage; the fact that the members in a short period learn provident

habits by connection with these societies—habits which, in some cases, forty years of competition have failed to teach.

CHAPTER IX.

RULES AND AIMS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE founders of the Society were opposed to capital absorbing all profit arising from trade, and to hit upon a plan that should give proportionally the gain to the persons who make it, was a problem they had to solve. After meeting several times for the purpose of agreeing to laws, Mr. Charles Howarth proposed the plan of dividing profits on purchase—that is, after paying expenses of management, interest on capital invested, at a rate of five per cent., the remaining profits to be divided quarterly among the members in proportion to their purchases or dealings with the Society. This plan continues the feature of the Rochdale Store.

The division of profits is made quarterly from the net proceeds of all retail sales in every department, after paying :—

1. Expenses of management.
2. Interest on loans.
3. Reduction in value of fixed stock.
4. Dividends on subscribed capital.
5. Increase of capital for the extension of business.
6. Two and a half per cent. (of the remainder after the above are provided for) applied to educational purposes.

The residue thus accruing is divided among the members of the Store in proportion to the amount of their respective purchases during the quarter.

The Pioneers prudently established early in their career a "Redemption Fund," which consists of the accumulation of entrance fees of one shilling from each member. The last two pounds drawn from the Society by a retiring member are liable to a forfeit of one shilling each pound. The trade of non-members of the Society affords some profit. These sums go to the Redemption Fund, which is a reserve to meet the depreciation of the fixed stock. In all financial reports of the Society a broad allowance is always made for depreciation of stock, and the fixed capital at stock-taking is always estimated below its real value, so that if the Society broke up, it is calculated that every subscriber of £1 invested in the Society would receive twenty-five shillings as his dividend.

A new member must now hold five £1 shares in the capital. He pays one shilling deposit on these on entrance, and threepence a week afterwards, or three and threepence a quarter, until the £5 are paid

up; but these payments are assisted by all the profits he makes by dealing at the Store, and any interest, which is fixed at 5 per cent., accruing to him as successive pounds are made up. All profits and interest are not paid to the member, but carried to the credit of his shares, until the £5 are paid.

The Board of Directors may suspend any member whose conduct is considered to be injurious to the Society, and a general meeting may expel him, after which he has great difficulty in obtaining re-admission, if he desires it.

Any co-operative society can buy to any extent through one of its members, who, however, must become a member of the "Equitable Pioneers' Society."

A member, being in distress, may withdraw any sum he may have in the funds of the Society above £2, at the discretion of the Board of Directors. In the great distress period of 1849, many applications were made to be allowed to draw all out except £1. Though it is rarely that any Director puts a question as to the personal affairs of an applicant, yet narratives were volunteered of so painful and remarkable a character, that the Directors learned to esteem that co-operation which had placed in their hands a wholesome power of relief. To this day these Directors recur to the experience of that year when defending the Society. Members may withdraw any sum above £5 according to the following scale of notice:—

£2	10s.	at once on application to the Board.				
2	10	to	£5	at	2	weeks' notice.
5	0	,,	10	,,	3	,,
10	0	,,	20	,,	4	,,
20	0	,,	30	,,	5	,,
30	0	,,	40	,,	6	,,
40	0	,,	50	,,	7	,,
50	0	,,	60	,,	8	,,
60	0	,,	70	,,	9	,,
70	0	,,	80	,,	10	,,
80	0	,,	90	,,	11	,,
90	0	,,	100	,,	12	,,

No member can hold more than £100[1] of shares in the Society except by way of annuity, nor, under any circumstances, shall his interest in the funds exceed £30. The Directors can obtain loans, but not exceeding four times the amount of the paid up subscriptions of the members for the time being.

All disputes are settled—

1. By the Directors, or
2. By appeal at a general meeting.
3. By arbitration.

[1] A recent Act of Parliament has increased this amount to £200.

Complaints and suggestions relative to the qualities or prices of goods, or conduct of servants of the Society, are required to be made in writing to the Directors, who record their decision thereupon ; if not satisfactory, the question is referred to a special general meeting, whose decision is final.

The question of liability to Income Tax occupied the attention of the Store for several years. Its apparently final solution may be useful information to other Stores. In August, 1850, the Board applied to editors of newspapers, who are the popular lawyers of the poor, to learn whether co-operative societies were liable when the individual members have not the requisite amount of income. Answers so obtained could not have the force of law, but they had the quality of direction. The Society paid Income Tax regularly, but as the separate income of each member was far below the amount at which the Government commences its assessment, the Society appealed against it. Still the local Commissioners forced its payment. They were told, indeed, that each member might demand a form of Exemption, and claim the amount of his assessment back again. But this, on the part of a thousand members, involved too much trouble, as the Exemption claims must have been filled up for them in most cases. One year the members went to the Appeal office in a body, but the Commissioners refused to admit them, and required one representative to be appointed. It ended in the old order to pay being enforced. Opinions of Members of Parliament were obtained, who said the Society was liable, and the opinions of lawyers, who said they were not liable. As their numbers and importance increased, their confidence grew, and, in 1856, they resolved to make a stand against the exaction, and, if need be, carry it to trial. An adjourned meeting of the Board, held in October, appointed Messrs. Smithies and Ellis "to appeal against the Income Tax." These officers, who were trustees of the Society, presented themselves on Appeal day, and argued that the Society was exempt, being enrolled under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Act, which forbid any member receiving more than £30 annually in any or all forms from the Society. The case was adjourned to another day, when it was to be heard first. The day came, but Messrs. Smithies and Ellis were edified by the opportunity of hearing numerous cases disposed of without their case being called on. They were told to come the following day. On the "following day" they were told they should receive notice when required to appear, as the Commissioners were in correspondence with London. Messrs. Smithies and Ellis had the happiness never to be sent for. However, the Income Tax Collector could not refrain from making his accustomed demand, and insisted that it must be paid, giving the Society the gratifying assurance that, if illegal, they could get it back again. The Society, however, were not to be gratified in this way. They thought it audacity on the part of the collector to make the demand, so long as the case was undecided, and attempt to use his legal position to

intimidate uneducated men. Mr. William Cooper reported the case to the Pioneers' Board, who put on their minutes, December 4th, 1856, this very English resolution :—"Resolved, that we do not pay the Income Tax until we are made." The next Saturday, the collector again called and demanded the money. He was told the decision of the Board. He replied, in professional terms, that "he wanted no unpleasantness, but the Society had no alternative but to pay, and that, if his demand was not paid in a few days, he should seize the goods of the Store." On the Board being informed of that, they resolved, Dec. 18th, 1856, "That the Income Tax Collector take his own course." He has not taken his course to this day, nor have the Commissioners made any sign of having a course to take.

One most honourable feature of the Society, which proves the earnest desire of the members for self-improvement, is the reservation of a portion of their funds for educational purposes. The 2½ per cent. of their quarterly profits assigned for division among the members, together with the fines accruing from the infraction of rules, constitute a separate and distinct fund, called the "Educational Fund," for the intellectual improvement of the members of the Store, the maintenance and extension of the Library,[1] and such other means of instruction as may be considered desirable.

GENERAL FINANCIAL ACCOUNT OF THE EDUCATIONAL FUND.

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Donations - - - -	1	2	6
2½ per cent. from Educational Fund -	424	18	11½
Catalogues and Fines	17	19	11
Sale of Newspapers-	2	14	3
Sundry Receipts - -	3	7	9
	£450	3	4½

Disbursements.

	£	s.	d.
Paid for Books - -	308	11	9
,, Bookbinding -	20	12	3½
,, Book Case- -	25	9	11
,, Wages - - -	28	5	4½
,, Catalogues, etc.	6	0	6
,, Newspapers[2] -	17	5	2½
,, Sundry Disbursements -	2	8	8
Cash on hand- - -	41	9	8
	£450	3	4½

Their News-room is as well supplied as that of a London club, and the Library contains 2,200 volumes of the best, and among them, many of the most expensive books published. The Library is free. In their News-room, conveniently and well fitted up, a member may read, if he has the time, twelve hours a day, also free.

[1] A minute of Sept. 20th, 1853, orders a motion to be made at the quarterly meeting, for awarding £40 to the Library.

[2] The News-room has become chargeable on the Education Fund only within the last six months (1857). The quarterly meeting passed a resolution that the News-room should be free to members, and supported from the Education Fund.

From 1850 to 1855, a school for young persons was conducted at a charge of twopence per month. Since 1855, a room has been granted by the Board for the use of from twenty to thirty persons, from the ages of fourteen to forty, for mutual and other instruction, on Sundays and Tuesdays.

Any readers of these pages, who may contemplate forming stores in their own neighbourhood, will, on application to the Secretary of the Equitable Pioneers' Society, Toad Lane, Rochdale, obtain the laws at present in force, and other printed documents from which executive details may be learned, not necessary to be included in this history; but a personal visit to the Store ought to be made by all who would initiate similar establishments. Many Members of Parliament, political economists, and some distinguished publicists, have made journeys of late years to the Rochdale Store. The officers receive with courtesy, and give information with enthusiasm to, all inquirers. Indeed, they are often found travelling thirty miles from their homes to give evening explanations to some workmen's meeting desirous of information in practical co-operation, and of forming societies themselves. It will greatly promote the extension of co-operative societies if the Rochdale Pioneers will train officers who may be transplanted to the towns commencing stores, to organise and conduct them. This co-operative colonisation will save both waste and failure in many places.

Though an element of self-sacrifice for the good of others—a feeling that justice rather than selfishness should pervade industrial intercourse, if it is to be healthy—animates these co-operators, who are neither dreamers nor sentimentalists. This may best be shown by a quotation from a letter by one of their leaders, to whom we elsewhere refer—Mr. Smithies. "The improved condition of our members is apparent in their dress, bearing, and freedom of speech. You would scarcely believe the alteration made in them by their being connected with a co-operative society. Many well-wishers to the cause think that we rely too much upon making ourselves capitalists; but my experience among the working classes for the last sixteen years has brought me to the conclusion, that to make them act in union for any given object, they must be bound together by chains of gold, and those of their own forging."

In 1855, a co-operative conference was held at Rochdale. A Committee was appointed to carry out certain resolutions agreed to. Abraham Greenwood, President, James Smithies, Secretary, published a declaration of the principles on which the proceedings of the said Committee would be regulated. We shall quote them to the credit of co-operation. They were these:—

I. That human Society is a body consisting of many members, the real interests of which are identical.

II. That true workmen should be fellow-workers.

III. That a principle of justice, not of selfishness, must govern our exchanges.

We think these three sentences honourably illustrate how much higher is the morality of co-operation than that of competition. When did any commercial firm ever issue, and, what is more, act up to, a manifesto like this?

The co-operative conference of 1855, held in Rochdale, was called by the Equitable Pioneers; the delegate from London was Mr. Lloyd Jones,[1] who has as continually aided, as he has serviceably defended, these associations. On this occasion, the Rochdale Society, in addition to the manifesto of its own principles and public aims, which entitled it to distinction above all other societies, took the opportunity of paying a just tribute to the labours of others, to which they had themselves been indebted, as well as the public:—

"They were convinced that the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations had, during the period of its active existence, conferred great benefits on the Co-operative cause by gathering all sorts of valuable information, and spreading it throughout the country amongst the various Co-operative bodies; by urging on the attention of Parliament, through members favourable to the cause, the legal hindrances to the movement; and by helping to procure such alterations of the laws relating to Friendly Societies as to give freer action and greater security to the men who have embarked in the Co-operative undertaking. Not only have they done these things, but they have likewise drawn up model laws suitable for either distributive or productive associations, so as to facilitate the safe enrolment of all Co-operative bodies, and to secure the highest degree of legal accuracy with the smallest possible cost; in addition to which, they have at all times given legal advice freely to such of the Societies as stood in need of it—a matter, it must be acknowledged, of great value to bodies of working men.

"The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers feel deeply the value of the services rendered to Co-operation by the Council of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations; and, as the fullest and most acceptable acknowledgment, they considered that the best thing they could do would be to attempt to continue the work which the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations had begun, and perfect, if possible, the design which they were unable to complete."

Never was testimony more nobly deserved than this thus borne to the services rendered to working men by the gentlemen known in London as "Christian Socialists," Professor Maurice, Mr. Vanstittart Neale, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Mr. Furnival, Mr. Ludlow, and others. Guided by their wisdom and sustained by their

[1] Mr. Lloyd Jones, being the manager of the Manchester branch of the Co-operative Central Agency of London, and subsequent traveller for that firm, has frequently visited the working and co-operative societies of the North of England, and addressed the members at their anniversary meetings. On these occasions, and at the several co-operative conferences held in London, Manchester, Rochdale, Leeds, and Bury, he has exercised an important influence in the development of the co-operative idea. The "Wholesale department" of the Rochdale Store, so important a step in organisation, was carried out under his advice.

wealth, efforts for "Promoting Working Men's Associations," for which the people will be more grateful as they acquire more knowledge to appreciate their sympathy, their generosity, their patient and costly services, the Working Men's College of London is the crowning tribute of their catholic love of the people.

The Rochdale Store has done business for several years with "The Universal Purveyor," instituted by J. L. St. André,[1] author of the "Prospects of Co-operative Associations in England," a volume remarkable for comprehensive views of industrial organisation. In the words of one who knew him, "M. St. André, whatever may be his enthusiasm, or his over-estimate of what can be done with men as they are, appears to have the merit of a sincere desire to draw associations together in a spirit of unselfish co-operation, and at the same time *to place them in a healthy connection with the external world.*"[2]

We record, and rightly, the names of inventors and discoverers—we record the names of those who signalise themselves on the field of battle—it is no less useful to record the names of those who have discovered, or perfected, or, at least, improved the art of self-help among the people, and conquered in the field of industry by providence and good sense, where so many fail and perish. Every name represents the continuity of small duties well fulfilled—a quality more valuable to society than the emulation of sublime virtues. Every member of this Store has been a co-worker equally with the officers, but we can only enumerate those who have taken the lead in the most successful experiment conducted by the people. Their perseverance must give a new idea of the capacity of the working class.

The first general meeting of the founders of the Store was held in the Social Institution, Rochdale, on Sunday, August 11th, 1844. The first resolutions upon their minutes are as follows :—

Resolved, 1st—That the following persons be appointed to conduct the business of the Society now established—Mr. John Holt, Treasurer, Mr. James Daly, Secretary, Mr. Miles Ashworth, President, Messrs. Charles Howarth, George Ashworth, and William Mallalieu, be appointed Trustees.

2nd—That Messrs. James Tweedale, James Smithies, James Holt, James Bamford, and William Taylor, be appointed Directors.

3rd—That John Bent and Joseph Smith, be appointed Auditors.

(Signed) Miles Ashworth, Chairman.

ARBITRATORS OF 1844.

Mr. James Wilkinson, shoemaker, High Street; Mr. Charles Barnish, weaver, Spotland; Mr. George Healey, hatter, Sudden-

[1] And sustained by the Rev. Charles Marriott, Fellow of Oriel, one of those Churchmen who commend the priestly character by uniting a clear faith to works of human interest.

[2] "The Co-operative Principle not opposed to a true Political Economy,' by the Rev. Charles Marriott, B.D., Fellow of Oriel—pp. 35-6.

brow; Mr. John Garside, cabinetmaker, High Street; Mr John Lord, weaver, Cronkey Shaw.

The present arbitrators (1858) are—[1]Thomas Livsey, Esq., Alderman, Rochdale, late Chief Constable; [2]John Garside, cabinetmaker; Rev. James Wilkinson, Unitarian Minister; John Lord, publican; Samuel Tweedale, foreman.

First among the arbitrators of the Co-operative Manufacturing Society, and of the Corn Mill Society, of which we have yet to speak, stands the name—universally esteemed among the working classes of Lancashire—of Jacob Bright, Mayor of Rochdale.

OFFICERS' NAMES FROM OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS OF THE STORE, ETC.

John Holt (Treasurer), Benjamin Rudman, James Standring. Names appended to the Laws of 1844.

John Cockcroft, Henry Green, John Kershaw. Names attached to the Laws of 1848.

William Cooper and Abraham Greenwood. From Laws of 1855.

George Adcroft (President), James Hill, Robert Taylor, John Whitehead, Robert Hoyle, Thomas Hollows, James Joyce Hill, George Morton, James Mittall, John Clegg. Names attached to Corn Mill Rules.

Abraham Hill, Treasurer; John Tweedale, Robert Woolfenden, Trustees; Robert Law, Thomas Hill, James Whittaker, Directors; Samuel Ashworth, Superintendent. Store officers from the Almanack of 1854.

Samuel Fielding, David Hill, John Hollows, Trustees; Peter McKenzie, Robert Whitehead, William Ellis, Adam Grindrod. Directors. Store officers from the Almanack of 1855.

James Manock, Trustee; John Smith, Secretary; Thomas Glegg, Isaac Tweedale, John Worsnip, Directors; Emeryk Roberski,[3] Superintendent. Store officers from Almanack of 1856.

Edward Farrand, Clerk. Corn Mill advertisement. *Vide* Almanack, 1856.

William Whitehead, Secretary. *Vide* Manufacturers' advertisement, 1856.

John Aspgen, Librarian; William Holt, Samuel Newton, Robert Glegg, Samuel Glegg, Robert Howarth, Thomas Halliwell, Committee of Library. *Vide* Almanack, 1856.

John T. W. Mitchell, Secretary; John Kenworthy, Trustee; Jonathan Crabtree, Thomas Fielding, Thomas Cheetham, Samuel Stott, Directors. Store officers from the Almanack of 1857.

James Glegg, George Watson, Matthew Ormerod, William

[1] The most radical and popular chief constable of the day.
[2] Known among old social reformers as "Father Garside."
[3] An intelligent young Polish exile, exiled through the Hungarian struggle, to whom employment was given in the Store, and who rose to be superintendent. He has lately emigrated to Australia.

Briggs, William Hoyle, Abraham Howard, Edmund Kelly, Thomas Whittaker. Library Committee from Almanack of 1857.

These names are given here in the order of time in which they appear in the public documents cited, and with the office annexed the person happened to hold in the list quoted. Each name is given but once, though most of them occur again and again, some in connection with every office. For instance, Mr. James Smithies, to whom the members, some time ago, presented a valuable watch and chain, in testimony of their regard, has held offices during twelve years. Mr. Abraham Greenwood, mentioned in connection with the Corn Mill, has been an officer nine years. Mr. William Cooper has been an officer in the Store from the commencement. To the last-named persons I have been mainly indebted, and especially to Mr. W. Cooper, the present Secretary, for the sources of the leading facts of these pages.

CHAPTER X.

THE OLD CO-OPERATORS—WHY THEY FAILED.—THE NEW CO-OPERATORS—WHY THEY SUCCEED.

"THAT were a noble achievement which should originate a system of more wages and less work, that the labour of the handicraftsman might be lighter on his hands, and his earthly blessings and little comforts be increased; and that were a still more worthy achievement which should teach him to fill his intervals of time with the study of philosophy, and the pursuit of literature and science." Thus wrote Dr. Chalmers.

"This that they call organisation of labour is, if well understood, the problem of the whole future, for all who would in future govern man." Thus wrote Thomas Carlyle.

"It appears from actual experiment, that a thousand subscribers of from one penny upwards will yield a weekly revenue of £5. In Great Britain there are 6,000,000 adult males. Take of these, including such females as choose to subscribe, 4,000,000; these will yield £20,000 weekly, or £1,040,000 a-year. Now, £1,040,000 a-year, with compound interest, would amount,

	£	s.	d.
In 10 years, to	18,232,413	14	11
In 20 years, to	65,522,599	8	3
In 30 years, to	188,181,161	18	8
In 40 years, to	506,325,883	12	8
In 50 years, to	1331,511,365	15	1
In 60 years, to	3471,129,995	18	4

Now this sum would buy all the property of the kingdom. Do not suppose for a moment that 4,000,000 of working men will soon be found steadily subscribing their penny or twopence a-week for this object; but these figures show what a fund there lies in the smallest co-operation of the millions, and which the devotion of the sums expended merely on spirits and tobacco might accomplish for mankind." So calculates the Leeds Redemption Society, and seeks to win by figures those whom argument fails to reach.

"Wait no longer on the banks of the great and ever-growing river of poverty for the golden boat of the capitalists to carry you over, till you perish. Awake to the fact you may become capitalists yourselves—that you can and must help yourselves." Thus exhorts the *People's Journal*, in its genuine sympathy for the working classes.

Upon how many thousands of our countrymen have these words of wise direction fallen, as upon "stony ground." The more, therefore, the esteem with which the public will regard the men of Rochdale, upon whom they have not fallen in vain.

That co-operation was the secret whereby the poor could make money was known to old co-operators, though the Rochdale Society has been the most skilful in turning it to *progressive* account; for as early as 1831, one William Shelmerdine, storekeeper of a society, meeting at 7 Rodger's Row, Deansgate, Manchester, reported that their members, with a stock of only £46 12s., and subscriptions of £26 10s., had made, in twelve months, £20 2s. of profits. Eight members founded the Society, and thirty-six had joined it by the end of the year.

The second Co-operative Congress was held in Birmingham, in October, 1831. The first appears to have been held in Manchester, in May, in the same year. In this year, the *Lancashire and Yorkshire Co-operator* appeared—a small fortnightly penny paper, calling itself the advocate of the useful classes, and bearing this sensible motto:—

"Numbers without Union are powerless—
And Union without Knowledge is useless."

The true warning is here, though twenty-six years of experience has not supplied the necessary wisdom to profit by it.

At the third London Co-operative Congress, 1832, there was reported the existence of a "Rochdale Friendly Co-operative Society," which sent, as a delegate to London, one William Harrison. It had a secretary of the gentle name of T. Ladyman, whose address was 70 Cheetham Street, Rochdale. The Society was formed October, 1830. In 1832 it had fifty-two members. It employed ten members and families. It manufactured flannel. It had thirty-two volumes in its library. It had never discussed the "principles of exchange;" and there were two societies in its neighbourhood.

In 1832, there existed in Birkacre a society, whose secretary was Ellis Piggot, Printer's Arms, Salford, which had 3,000 members and £4,000 of funds. This society were silk and calico printers.

At the third London Co-operative Congress there were sixty-five societies represented, of which nine were in London. Of the delegates or secretaries, the following names are still known:—W. Lovett, B. Cousins, T. Whitaker.

Why have so many stores one after the other disappeared? Some have not known how to turn their prosperity to a progressive account, and have grown tired of a monotonous success. There have been of late years failures around Rochdale; the leading cause assigned is the system of credit.

The Oldham Mechanics' Store, and the Bolton Store, were broken up through the strike of the amalgamated ironworkers; but it was said they paid twenty shillings in the pound. The Brighton Store did not acquit itself so well on its failure, which was attributed to its giving credit to its members. Mr. Smithies, who is certainly the most competent and practical authority we can follow, said, writing in 1855:—"Nearly all the Stores—there is hardly one exception—are now on the ready-money principle. We find that those Co-operative Societies which commenced by giving credit, but have since adopted the ready-money plan, have all improved since doing so. I look upon the strap book," says he, "as one of the greatest evils that can befal a working man. He gets into debt with the shopkeeper, and is, for ever after, a week behind; and, as we express it here, eats the calf in the cow's belly."

Hence arose that just terror of credit which the Store from the first betrayed. In their first book of laws—the laws of 1844—the grand fine, the lion fine of the list there given, was to be inflicted on any officer, who, on any pretence, should either purchase or sell any article except for ready-money; which prohibition, as usual when they are emphatic, is given twice over.

The Liverpool Co-operative Store, rising every year in importance and usefulness, gives credit to the amount of two-thirds of the paid-up shares of the members. The Store connected with Price's Patent Candle Manufactory acts upon a similar rule. This, of course, is a safe form of credit, but it involves a great additional amount of book-keeping, and stops short of that moral discipline which ready-money payments exercise upon the poor and naturally improvident.

In Rochdale, each workman in the manufacturing department is required to become a capitalist. Either by weekly subscription or other payments he is required to hold five shares in the Society. Each of these artisan shareholders receives 5 per cent. upon the amount he has invested. After the payment of this interest, and the wages of the workmen at the usual average of the district, and all trade expenses, the surplus of profit is divided according to the wages received by each workman. The amount of profit over 5 per cent. interest, which is first paid to the shareholders, is divided equally between the shareholders and the workmen. One half goes to the

shareholder[1] according to the number of his shares; the other half goes to the workman or workwoman according to the wages paid to him or her. The dividend in the Rochdale Co-operative workshops, paid January, 1857, was one shilling and sixpence upon every pound of wages received by workman or workwoman.

An important difference in the division of co-operative profits in Padiham and in Rochdale should be noticed. In Padiham, workmen who had made small savings, and other minor capitalists, subscribed a fund among them, bought machinery, and employed workmen. The chief profits were reserved by the subscribers of the capital for themselves. The workmen they employed had better situations and somewhat higher wages than at other mills. This arose from most of the proprietors being workmen, and having sympathy with the persons they employed. In other respects, the Padiham Cotton League Company, under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, paid their profits wholly to the capitalists or shareholders. All the societies enrolled under this act are understood to pursue this rule. It is no part of their plan to acknowledge the labourer's right to a share of the profits his labour creates, which is the Rochdale principle.

By precautions and good sense, the Rochdale Co-operators have succeeded, notwithstanding the impediments the prejudices of their class put in their way. During the period known among them as "the Corn Mill Panic," Mr. Coningham, M.P., to whom the country is indebted for valuable personal reports of the Working Men's Associations of Paris, consented to make an advance of capital to assist in the exigence of the Corn Mill, but on being very naturally required to submit their securities to the examination of his solicitor, the Board objected to "having anything to do with a lawyer," yet their securities were ample and good, and they knew it.

Confidence among the members was sought the first year of the existence of the Store by establishing and showing plainly that checks upon the honesty of the officers existed. Drawers conveniently constructed are now used by each salesman, provided with brass or tin coins according to the nature of his sales, of which he hands to each purchaser an amount exactly representing the cash expended.

The Treasurer and Secretary of the Store, the Corn Mill, and manufacturing departments, balance their cash accounts weekly. This rule, which enables errors to be corrected as they may arise, has operated very beneficially.

Security is now taken from £10 to £200 from each officer employed, according to his measure of responsibility. Each officer in charge of a shop till gives £10 security. Where other guarantee is not provided, the Society holds the deposits of the officer in the Society, and if he has not a sufficient amount paid in, he is required to make up

[1] Though capitalists were twice paid (a bad example to set) they rose up and took away from the workman his share, as soon as they proved numerous enough.

such amount by periodical payments. For sums so lying in the hands of the Society, interest is paid as in the case of shares. This is a very efficient regulation of securities, for no man will find it answer his purpose to rob himself. The early Boards of Directors assisted the shopmen in their duties. Economical in all their improvements, it was not until 1854 that they lowered the floor of their flour store, for the convenience of children and the aged members coming to make purchases.

Numerous stores have at times sprung up around the Rochdale one, and in consequence of its example; but none have been conducted with the same ability, nor have achieved more than a tithe of its success. This is owing to no fault in the principle, but to deficiency on the part of those who apply it, to want of sense, of union, of patience, and enterprise. There are numerous instances in which the Stores have not only succeeded, but, in the opinion of the members, have succeeded too well. They have made more money than they know what to do with. Not knowing how to employ their savings advantageously, they have been returned to the members, who have commenced saving again. Their Directors have lacked the talent of expanding their operations, and making their capital reproductive. The Rochdale weavers appear to have been born with a special talent for co-operation.

One cause of the striking success of these co-operators is, no doubt, to be found in the great economy of their trade expenses. The proportion of the salaries they pay to their receipts is very small.[1] It would be impossible to maintain the same rate in the metropolis, where rents and wages are higher, and the rate of poor men's provisions, in leading articles, the same. In answer to a question put to him on this point, Mr. W. Cooper writes me—"I see no reason why the people of London cannot carry on a Co-operative Society as well as people who live in the provinces. In a small town, some dozen or twenty persons will meet, and agree that if a Co-operative Provision Store could be commenced it would be a good. These twelve or twenty *do* commence one. They work on together, determined to make the thing do. When it has worked on awhile, people who doubted begin to see that it can be carried out, and they join too. I see no reason why a number of earnest men in London cannot act in the same way." In answer to other questions, the same informant writes—"At the commencement of a co-operative store or manufacturing society, it is essential that the members be visited or brought together often, so that contributions may be collected to establish and carry on the society, and that the members may become acquainted with the objects, position, and requirements of the society. With

[1] The cost of distribution at the central Store is 1¾ per cent. upon the returns, and with the branch shops, about 2½ per cent.; so that for 2 per cent. all working expenses of rent, rates, wages, etc., are defrayed.—John Holmes's paper, read before the British Association for the Advancement of Social Science, at Birmingham, which we commend to the reader.

this kind of management a store easily acquires sufficient capital to work its business with, because the members have gained confidence, and pay in subscriptions on their own account without being much looked after."

To get people together in this personal and continuous manner is the difficult problem in London. Making some allowance for higher expenses in proportion to profits, the thing might be done if a number of the working-class could be got to act together, and *keep together*, for this end. It requires to convert a number of them to a clear view of their own personal interest, to be promoted in no other way, and a deep sense of duty towards their order, whose character is elevated by such successes. Compare Rochdale with Liverpool for instance. In Rochdale, a little bridge that spans, like a rocking horse, an imaginary stream, in which there is nothing liquid but the mud, situated in an invisible part of the town, is the only picturesque object in it. There is, indeed, a church with a flight of steps to it, so narrow, steep, and interminable, that you can never get to it, or if you do, it is a question as to whether you will ever get back. The remainder of the town is made up of roads that lead to nowhere, ornamented with factories apparently built before the dawn of architecture. There is not a building in Rochdale upon which it will do any eye good to look. The town is in the shape of a teacup, with a gutter at the bottom and a burying-ground upon the rim. In such a place, if people are disposed to act together, there is nothing in the way of striking attraction around them to prevent them. The people are immensely before the town, which like many other manufacturing towns in the North, has grown into importance anyhow; but will, no doubt, yet assume the magnificence which is gradually being imported into Bradford, Leeds, and other places, which, twenty years ago, were quite as unpromising as Rochdale. Now pass to Liverpool, with the bright and busy Mersey—its migratory population—its magnificent buildings—its open halls, surpassing in variety those of London. Plainly, it requires more devotion among the few to carry a store to success in Liverpool than it does in Rochdale. Then if you compare the ordinary provincial town, fixed, stolid, and tame, with London and its countless attractions, the difficulty is greater. The people are "too clever by half" to be useful. Will a dozen men stick to a plan of reform year after year, never failing on the weekly night of meeting to be at their posts, amid the charms of the metropolis? Dickens is making a speech at Drury Lane, or reading his "Christmas Carol" at St. Martin's Hall—Thackeray is lecturing on the "Four Georges" at the Surrey Gardens, with Mr. Spurgeon to succeed him—Robson is coming out in a new character—Mr. Saunders has a new play at the Haymarket—Cardinal Wiseman is preaching in the next street—Dr. Cumming is to prove that the end of the world will occur on Saturday, and the People's Subscription Bands play in the Parks on Sunday—Neal Dow is at Exeter Hall, and George Dawson at the Whittington Club—there are Cremorne, Rosher-

ville, and Kew—the National Gallery and the British Museum, and the Houses of Commons and Lords, South Kensington Museum, and public meetings, where you may hear speakers never to be heard before, and often never again—and countless other allurements. A man must have self-denial as well as interest, who steadfastly grinds coffee berries and watches the sale of tea and sugar, and sits for years upon Candle and Treacle Committees, amid this confluence of celebrities and novelties, though it be duty and religion to do it. This is why popular movements in London, which depend upon the working and middle classes, make such uncertain progress. Unless a man be wise enough to choose a side and discharge its obligations as a sacred duty, undertakes to win others to act in concert with him and pursues his object with the fidelity of a soldier, nothing can be depended upon. In fine, it requires working men in London to be as superior to the average of their class in the metropolis as the Pioneers of Rochdale are superior to the average of their own class in Lancashire, and then co-operation may carry its moral discipline and physical comfort among the poor of London.

The Leeds Corn Mill Society—the Padiham Co-operative Manufacturers—the Galashiels Co-operators—present features of success worthy to be placed side by side with the Rochdale Store. Whether in being originated and conducted by purely working men—whether in the variety and development of their operations—whether in propagandist spirit—they are to be compared or placed before the Rochdale Pioneers, are matters I leave for others to determine. The public will be glad to hear more about these experiments than these pages can communicate.[1]

Just as the farmers, some years ago, could not be prevailed upon to make returns of their crops, lest their interests should be prejudiced in Parliament by the fact, so the Co-operators in some districts, having the fear of the Income Tax Commissioners before their eyes (the Rochdale issue of this question not being known, or not being considered settled), or distrust of Government, object to make reports. Mr. T. Barker, of Todmorden, in an unfilled return sheet before me, assigns this reason for its incompleteness. Todmorden, Walsden, Bridge End, Alma Works, and Commercial, are mentioned in his return. Mr. Smithies, of Rochdale, whom I had requested to get certain forms filled up for me, despairs on these grounds of succeeding.

Working men are often injudiciously treated by employers in this way. Where the men dressed with some taste, and maintained an appearance of social comfort, masters would infer that they were doing too well, and would reduce their wages. This had a disastrous influence on the men, who came to regard careless habits and indigence of dress as means of keeping up wages. How were working

[1] For the History of the People's Flour Mill Society of Leeds, the reader can consult the paper mentioned in the note on p. 59. It may, probably, be had of the author, James Holmes, Leeds, or the printer, David Green, 38 Boar Lane, Leeds.

men to be raised from improvidence while those who ought to incite them to improvement suggested to them the policy of keeping themselves poor, in order to avoid being made poor. A master whose pride or ignorance was put to the blush by superiority in the manners of his men, would reduce their wages in order to lower their tone. This, however, has changed now; and masters are prouder of being enabled to say, "all my men are worth money," than that "half of them are in debt." Throughout mankind the tendency is universal to help those who can help themselves. The poorest man that exists will, if he reflects, find himself unconsciously acting on this feeling. The very beggar will not give to the beggar if he has reason to think that what he gives him will do him no good. There is no benevolence, high or low, that will many times repeat the act of pouring the water of charity into a sieve. This fact, so common to every man's experience, should teach the working class that if they display the habits of thrift, others may display the disposition to help. Moral statistics will assure the intelligent workman that where one employer reduces the wages of his men because of their social aspirations, there are more who make it a pretext to reduce them because they see no resulting improvement.

Writers who speak with the authority of political science have testified to the utility of these efforts of self-help. One to whom the working classes are indebted both for instruction and defence, remarks :—"We think, moreover, that these Co-operative Associations may be one of the most powerful of the many influences now at work for the education of the lower orders of the people; that wisdom will be gained, if not wealth, from the industry, self-control, and mutual forbearance needed to conduct them.[1]

This is the place where one may usefully cite words which one of the sincerest friends of the people has written, and which cannot be too widely known among them, as this grave truth is not to be disputed.

"I lately heard the case of a letter-printer, who used to employ in his trade the savings of his workmen with mutual advantage. At one time he had thus in his hands as much as a thousand pounds, the property of one of the workmen. A master manufacturer at Manchester assured me that he would gladly employ in his business any sums which his men would entrust him with, but that it was out of the question, although, personally, he was on excellent terms with them. To invest money in their master's business would be binding themselves to his interests, and separating themselves proportionably from that of their own order. Such a step might even expose them to resentment, and, at any rate, their party feeling was too alive. They had an indefinable suspicion that the master would be able to take advantage of it. Many of them, perhaps, did not like the master to know how rich they were." [2]

[1] W. R. Greg, "Investments of the Working Classes," p. 120.
[2] Professor F. W. Newman's lectures on "Political Economy," pp. 321-2

Perhaps no sentence written about the people is more likely to serve them than the following words by Mr. J. S. Mill:—"In Europe the time, if it ever existed, is long past, when a life of privation had the smallest tendency to make men better workmen or more civilised beings." This sentence strikes at the root of that intellectual apathy about the condition of the people which has checked, and still checks, so many endeavours for their elevation. The gentlemen of England are, as a class, probably less indolent and sensual than the poor. Opulence, and the means of physical ease, have not robbed them of enterprise. No spur of privation remains to stimulate them, but the spur of intellect, of art, of high cultivation, excites them, occupies them, interests them—a new pride possesses them, and a lofty consciousness of nobler powers than those which poverty simulated, now carries them on to a destiny undreamed of, and, indeed, undesired before. When this truth is applied to the common people, when it is no longer an article of parish faith, that "privation" is the sole incentive of labour, the social policy of our rulers will be changed, and the systematic elevation of the people begin.

When, a few years ago, Mr. Carlyle began, with his noble insight, to write of "Captains of Industry," he was considered to have visions of the most hopeless class of chieftains ever pictured in romances. But his ideas, grafted on the age, have taken root. Modern employers, if they wished, might found chieftainships, nobler far than those of feudal days, and will, no doubt, do it yet. The Crossleys, Akroyds, and Salts of the North, are already taking proud places in the industrial history of the people. A few years ago, the "hives" of Lancashire and Yorkshire, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds, and Manchester, were dreary as penal settlements—as Oldham, Ashton-under-Lyne, Hyde, Stockport, and crowds of smaller towns, are still. Of late years, however, the warehouses of Manchester, and Bradford, and Leeds have assumed an air of magnificence. Buckingham Palace does not look half so imposing as does the regal structure erected by Sir John Watts, of Manchester. Towering in variegated marble, head and shoulders above all surrounding structures—occupying the site of sixty-three former tenements—it stands the Monarch of Warehouses. The factory worker grows taller by looking up at it—the most insensible inspire pleasure in walking by it. Must not the beef-built, square-headed, shrewd Bradford man, grow somewhat refined, and even proud, if he has a spark of national spirit in him, as his way home lies by noble structures every day rising up on his path, and raising the industrial glory of his native town and land? Are we not all far away, proud to think that trade is not all mammon worship and gross materialism. Is it not a relief to see the careful saving merchant, wooing the arts, and obtain from the brain of the designer glorious structures, in which to enjoy his patiently earned wealth? Let not the pallid, often stunted, hot-air-stewed factory hands of Hyde, on precarious nine shillings or fourteen shillings a-week, nurse a sense of perpetual despondency. Their turn is coming. When the noble

warehouse has, for some time, been admired, public attention will be turned to the factory, and next to the "factory hand," and will be found quite ready to admire both, if they will bear admiring; and then it will never do for the proud and rich employer to say, "Oh, I keep dainty rooms to store my cottons in; but as for the people who make them, any murky, sooty, unventilated, and dreary den will do for them." The day is coming when no employer in the North will like to say this. Mr. Titus Salt has been the first to feel this, and Saltaire; the noble factory and dwellings he has erected point to what will one day be done. Workmen think it a privilege to get an engagement in Mr. Salt's mill. The town of Bingley has been deserted by men who prefer Saltaire. The workmen's rooms, in which the factory operations are carried on, are nobler, higher, healthier, pleasanter rooms, than were the drawing-rooms of the gentlemen of the North fifty years ago. Any workshop in Saltaire is pleasanter than any room in the house you pass at Bury, where the late Sir Robert Peel was born.

A man, whose soul is affluent as well as his circumstances, will supplement his stately warehouse by a stately and healthy factory; from being an artist in his premises, he will, to use Mr. Thornton Hunt's words, become "an artist in flesh." He will covet that his men shall, in their way, look as well and bear themselves as gracefully as his machines, and then that they shall dwell in homes as tasteful, as salubrious, and as suitable as those accorded to spinning-jennies: he will covet that the ring of his money shall echo with the contentment of those who aided to earn it. Thus, were the advocate silent, and the plea of humanity disregarded, and social rights ignored, a principle of artistic consistency will, one day, enforce universal co-partnership in the produce of industry and the conquests of science.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE CHAPTER.

DURING the progress of this little book through the press, some new incidents in the career of the Store and its departments have arisen, which deserve brief notice.

(1857.) The Store has been attacked in local newspapers, and on placards, by anonymous writers, who appear to seek the destruction of the Society by sowing disunion and creating distrust of its financial security. The attacks were commenced during the recent panics. In the December quarter the Board reported that although unfavourable reports had been circulated respecting the Stores, the number of members on the books was greater by forty-eight than at the com-

mencement of the quarter—making a total of 1,848. Had the placard writers here referred to succeeded in their design, considerable injury would have been done to a large body of the working class at a time when firms were daily breaking. Had the credit of any commercial house been attacked in the same way, a jury would have given considerable damages, had the case been brought before them: and we think the Board of Directors would do well to regard themselves as entitled to the usual protection of commercial houses, and to make an example of the first responsible assailants to whom they can trace similar wanton aggressions. There is fear that enemies to the success of the Pioneers, enemies on competitive grounds, will, now that the Pioneers have become really formidable, seek to destroy them by disunion. It requires great good sense and mutual powers of forbearance to sit silent and see statements published which appear to the public more than half true, and which you know to be wholly false. The temptation to go into controversy in self-defence is very great; and the ease with which controversy slides into personalities we all know—then time is wasted, temper lost, and only scandal gains, and the enemy triumphs. Any shrewd opponent may naturally calculate that amid 2,000 persons, some will be found who may, by taunts of want of courage, or want of truth, be seduced into a disastrous newspaper or placard war. It is said of the first Napoleon, that in the early part of his Italian campaign he was followed by numerous letters, some criticising him, some abusing him, and all perplexing him very much to answer. After a good deal of time had been consumed in replies, which time might have been much better employed upon maps and strategy, and actual war with the enemy, it occurred to him to throw all his letters into a capacious basket, and let them lie there for six weeks: at the end of which period he found that time and events had answered them nearly all. We suggest some such plan as this to the Board of Directors of the Rochdale Store. We recommend them to refer all matters of controversy to a committee of three clear-headed, dispassionate men, whose duty it should be to give very brief explanations of any point really misunderstood; and if any controversy seemed called for, to enter upon it only once a year, and to lay by all placards, newspapers, letters and articles, until December, and then reply, to what time and success may not have confuted, and what the public may not have forgotten (which will be found to be nine-tenths of the whole), and then let silence and peace prevail for twelve months more.

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE PIONEERS' SOCIETY.

Equitable Pioneers' Co-operative Stores,
Nos. 8, 16, and 31 Toad Lane,
Rochdale, April 17th, 1858.

SIR,—By this post I send the report of the R. D. C. C. M. S. (Rochdale District Co-operative Corn Mill) for March, 1858, from

which you will see that the Society is making progress—as is the co-operative principle as a whole. I think I told you that our next step forward will be to extend the operations of the "Manufacturing Society" here, and, while I write, a Committee is sitting to consider proposals which have been made in response to an advertisement for a capitalist to build us a mill, which we purpose to fill with machinery and work. The working classes may at times lose by having over confidence, but do not they lose much more who never have any confidence? The five thousand members of the Co-operative Societies within ten miles of Rochdale, representing twenty-five thousand persons, could not derive the benefits they now receive unless they had confidence in each other and in the principle of co-operation.

WILLIAM COOPER.

To Mr. G. J. Holyoake.

THE OPINION AND ADVICE OF LORD GODERICH, M.P.[1]

(A later Letter from the Secretary of the Store.)

We (writes William Cooper of Rochdale), received a long letter from Mr. Holmes, of Leeds, this morning, April 26th, 1858, which shows that they are aiming at Co-operative Stores to distribute their groceries in preference to the agency principle, which they adopted to distribute the flour made at their own mill. In the course of his letter Mr. Holmes remarks:—"The other day your West Riding Member, Lord Goderich, being in the town, visited our mill, and met the Board in a conference. We had a very interesting meeting and conversation. His lordship told us *we*, Leeds and Rochdale (or rather Rochdale and Leeds, for we cheerfully give way to Rochdale superiority), were the objects of frequent conversations both in the House and out of it; that our success was most welcome to some good statesmen, who see if the people are doing well, all else must be well. Our prosperity was pointed at as proving the people can, and will, manage their own affairs. If we fail, the reputation of the principle will be seriously damaged, and when our contentions and difficulties are mentioned, it ties their hands. He told us it was not ourselves alone we should consider; we were now held up and closely watched by other societies, and other people would follow us if we succeed, or be disheartened if we fail. We had a most kind and strong exhortation to go on, economise, save, and extend—to be shrewd, wise and peaceful. It would take me long to tell you all, but he promised us good service should we need it, and he be able to do us good. By the way, I could recommend

[1] Since Marquis of Ripon.

you to send reports to Lord Goderich, Mr. Conningham, M.P., Mr. Slaney, M.P., and other good friends in London. It affords them pleasure, and their sympathy is deserving of return."

I make you this copy of Mr. Holmes's letter, which will interest you, as showing you that our progress bears some fruit.

WILLIAM COOPER.

To Mr. G. J: Holyoake.

The cordial interest taken by Lord Goderich in the welfare of the working classes is well known, not only in the West Riding but throughout England. We choose to close this brief history of the first thirteen years of the Rochdale Pioneers with the above transcript of Lord Goderich's wise and influential words of encouragement and advice.

CHAPTER XII.

AN OLD PIONEER'S ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE STORE.

MR. JOHN KERSHAW, the last but one of the Pioneers, sent to Mr. Abraham Greenwood various MSS. (1891-2) records relating to the period preceding the formation of the Equitable Pioneers, which he wished should reach my hands. Many things are new, all told by him with the vividness of a witness, and the circumstantiality of one who took part in them. The story adds to our knowledge of the old Pioneers, and is confirmatory of all that has been published of them. The pictures given of Rochdale life and meetings of working men, are scenes from the past well worth preserving.

"I began," Mr. Kershaw writes, "to work as a tearboy at the Gate Printworks before I was seven years old, and went to work in the pit before I was eight years old. So you will see there was not much time for my schooling had any schoolmaster been about."

The Rochdale Pioneers began their work when distress was wide spread. The hand-loom weaver seemed to be the worst off of any of the working class. Improved machinery had driven him to the lowest point at which he could live. The condition of things in Rochdale would be incredible did it not rest upon authority. Sharman Crawford, the member for the borough, declared in the House of Commons in the debate Sep. 20, 1841, that in Rochdale there were 136 persons living on 6d. per week,[1] 200 on 10d. per

[1] Mr. Kersbaw took it from Mr. Lloyd Jones' "Life of Robert Owen." Mr. Lloyd Jones took it from the late John Noble's "National Finance." I verified it by going to Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. It seems incredible now how any human being could live on the sums named. Dr. Abernethy advised a fat alderman "to live on six-

week, 508 on 1s. per week, 355 on 1s. 6d. per week, and 1,500 were living on 1s. 10d. a week. Five-sixths of those he spoke of had scarcely any blankets, eighty-five families had no blankets, forty-six families had only chaff beds, with no covering at all. No wonder the country was full of agitations, and in Rochdale, where there was intelligence as well as unrest, all agitations seemed to rage. There was a great local agitation against the new Poor Law. There was one for the Charter. Temperance had its advocates. The Socialists had their society. The Anti-Corn-Law agitation was rife in the town. The Ten Hours Bill was fiercely discussed. Two social facts stood out very clear—labour was cheap, but bread was dear. Yet bread was almost the only article of food the people were able to get.

"In 1842, at an Anti-Corn-Law meeting, a proposal was made to close factories to compel Parliament to repeal the Corn Laws. The chairman was about to put the motion, when an elderly gentleman, who seemed to have more forethought than the rest, said it would never do, as the work-people would soon be starving, and very soon there would be rioting. Another speaker said that employers would reduce the wages lower than they were."

In the summer of 1843, Rochdale was placarded, announcing a discussion on "The best means of obtaining the People's Charter." Mr. Kershaw says "I attended that discussion; so did Charles Howarth, James Smithies, and James Daly. It was there I first heard the principles of the Pioneers announced; Charles Howarth taking the lead, was well supported by Smithies, Daly, and others. Mr. Howarth showed, as I thought, very clearly that it was the only lever whereby the working class could permanently improve their social and political condition. His scheme and its details were so well studied out and clear that it commanded assent. It was said at this meeting that a co-operative society had been in existence in Rochdale not more than two years before, and that it had gone down. Howarth at once showed us the reason why. He seemed thoroughly acquainted with the cause, and was well prepared with a new principle which would keep continually infusing new life into the movement. A few days before Christmas, 1843, a circular was issued calling a delegate meeting to be held at the Weavers' Arms, Cheetham Street, near Toad Lane. Each trade was invited to send two delegates. The colliers sent me (John Kershaw). The promoter of this meeting was a strong trade unionist, and a unionist chairman was at once appointed. His address pointed out what the colliers had just done in getting their wages increased nearly double the amounts they were receiving a few weeks before. He praised the

pence a day and earn it." But a prescription of sixpence a week would have killed the patient. However did 136 Rochdale persons—not fat and full like Abernethy's alderman, but lean and hungry—contrive to live on a penny a day and nothing for Sunday?

colliers to the skies, as it were. It appeared from what he said that he thought all other workers could do the same, if they took the same means."

After a deal of talk, a collier (Mr. Kershaw) was asked to show how they had managed to get advances in their wages without a strike. He said he could not recommend them all to do just what the colliers had done, for if all branches of industry did the same, they would be worse off after the advance than they were before. This seemed to puzzle the meeting not a little, which could not see how they would be worse off with higher wages, and asked the speaker to explain. He said: "Suppose you were all getting £1 a week, and with it you could just pay your way. Then suppose you got an advance of 4s. a week, but at the same time the price of all the articles you needed to buy cost you 5s. a week more, you would be worse off after the advance than you were before." The plan of the colliers was this—the Haddershaw Moor Colliery just employed thirty coal getters at that pit. For every quarter each got (a quarter contains fifteen loads) the collier was advanced 2d. per quarter, and the masters advanced the coal 2d. per load or 2s. 6d. per quarter. That is for every 2d. they paid the collier they charged the public fifteen two-pences. The collier got 2d. and the coalowner 2s. 4d. "I say," said the speaker, "that if everything is raised upon the same principle we shall all be worse off after the advance than we were before." Whereupon a great tumult arose in the meeting, and the colliers were called everything that was bad, and were even charged with conspiring with the masters to rob the public.

No one seemed to perceive that all employers could not charge the public 2s. 6d. for every 2d. extra they paid the workmen. The collier speaker himself did not appear to see that if he had 4s. extra wages he would not have to spend 4s. for the coal he burnt in his house every week, probably not 1s., and he would be 3s. the better. In every trade the same argument applied. The poor collier had got into his head the nonsense employers always talk. They always say the higher your wages the worse you will be off, and the only way to improve your condition is to work for nothing. Those who smile to-day at the poor colliers' muddle-headedness should remember that political economists in those days talked the same nonsense, and they talk the same thing still in the House of Commons, when they say that any advance in wages will drive trade to other countries. The wages of all men are double now what they were that day, and according to that theory all trade should have left the country long ago.

Hearing how the increased price of coal had come about, a tumult arose, and the colliers were accused for having incited the masters to raise the price of coal. When it did subside Mr. Kershaw cried out:

"Hold on a bit, there are some of you talking of what you know nothing about. If anyone is more to blame than another for what

has been done, that man is I, for I gave the colliers the advice upon which they acted. Up to the present time I have not uttered a single word to any master, nor has any master said anything to me upon that subject. But the masters were not slow to take advantage of what we had done. It is well known that our wages have been doubled and the price of coal has risen in the market."

Then a new charge was made, that the colliers had neglected their duty to the public in not exposing the conduct of the masters in raising the price of coal so exorbitantly beyond what they had given to the men. The denunciation of this neglect was loud and fierce. This roused Mr. Kershaw's indignation, and he replied with great force and directness. He said "the colliers owed no obligation whatever to the public. The public cared nothing about the colliers, and why should the colliers care anything about the public? All the public cared for in connection with colliers was cheap coal. Cheap coal was all their aim.

"Only a few months before this time, I was," Mr. Kershaw said, "getting a two-feet seam of coal, doing all the bye work, paying the banksman; in fact, delivering it into the boats. All I was paid was thirteenpence a ton, but never did any of the public come and say, 'Here, Kershaw, you were not properly paid for that coal that was got so cheap. Here's sixpence for you.' No; it was cheap coal they wanted. It did not matter to them what became of the collier."

Mr. Kershaw relates "that in going home Howarth and he discussed the colliers' duty to the public." Mr. Kershaw maintained that they owed no obligation to the public and the public cared nothing for the producer, which was amply proved by the fact that the hand-loom calico weaver was driven out of his trade; when, if the public would have given ½d. per yard more for hand-loom woven calico than they gave for steam-power weaving, the hand-loom calico weaver would have held his own. No, the public preferred the cheaper article, and the hand-loom weaver was driven from the industrial field.. Mr. Howarth well knew that the hand-loom flannel weaver could maintain his ground if the public would give 1d. a yard more for hand-woven flannel, but the public cared for cheapness, and not for the lives of the workers. The result was that the hand-loom flannel weaver was going after the hand-loom calico weaver. Mr. Howarth acknowledged he had never seen the question in that light.

At the meeting above described, some trade unionist opposed co-operation and some co-operators were against trade unions, Mr. Kershaw remarking, "All you can justly say of trade unions is they are a never-ending contention between employer and employed, without producing any corresponding benefit." He did not see then, very few workmen did, that organised unionism would one day become a powerful defender of workmen, and the regulator of wages.

"The question arising, what could be done to amend things,

it was said that Charles Howarth had a plan, but as the night was far advanced it was arranged to hear it explained another evening. Howarth came well prepared. The trade unionists were there with a considerable opposition. They said co-operation had been tried and had failed; the shop had been closed two years ago. Charles Howarth showed very clearly why and how it had gone down, and always would go down, he said, so long as the rich, in the character of shareholders, ran away with all the profits. Under his scheme the larger the family the greater would be its gain, while the investments of the richer members would receive a fair remuneration, profits remaining among members according to their purchases."

Mr. Kershaw asked the question, "Suppose all working men were in earnest, and paid threepence a week until they were able to start a co-operative store, and then allowed all the profits to accumulate and be relaid out productively—that is, in establishing co-operative workshops—how long would it take to get the land and workshops of the country under the control of the working people?" Charles Howarth and Macnaught (who was present) took pencil and paper to calculate the result. Macnaught was the first to raise his head, and said that in fifteen years, if all working men went into the project, they might get command of the workshops if their contributions and store profits were laid out productively." At the next adjourned meeting, a week later, Charles Howarth, proceeding upon his own and Macnaught's calculation, brought a tract ready written, showing how working men might become their own employers in fifteen years. The paper was read, earnestly discussed, and it was resolved to print it. Each man, who could, paid 5s. down there and then. The meeting was a thin one, but £3 was given to Howarth that he might get as many printed as he could for that sum and bring them to the next meeting. The largest quantity were consigned to Mr. Kershaw, with the understanding that he would distribute them and collect them in the way tract collectors did. He did this for several weeks, allowing each tract to remain a fortnight before calling for it. Every alternate week he might be seen collecting these tracts and re-delivering them at houses where they had not been before. At one house, at Clegg Hall, he met with a very strong rebuff. On collecting the tract he asked whether it had been read. The answer was mostly "Yes." He then asked what was thought about it, and frequently a little debate followed; but at Clegg Hall, when the occupant, a man about fifty years old, was asked what he thought about it, he said, "Such folks as Kershaw and his friends were unfit to live. It was such men who made things as bad as they were. It was all their fault that times were so bad." He deprecated any new agitation for amending social and industrial evils, lest it should make matters worse—a doctrine which, if it was generally acted upon, would make oppression of long life, and reform or improvement of any kind impossible.

Those who were in the wrong would never find it out, nor be disquieted in doing wrong; and those who found doing wrong agreeable to their interests would be guaranteed an easy time of it. The burglar is ensured a charmed life when people, whose houses he is looting, are advised not to interrupt him, nor call in the police, lest he should be irritated and matters made worse. The poor workman Mr. Kershaw encountered was of this way of thinking. The simple-minded Clegg Hall man had probably learned this kind of chatter from people far more astute than he. It is a commonplace of governments, capitalists, monopolists, and all who have some interest to defend, or some improvement or act of justice to resist. The Government say, "You need not agitate, the time has not yet come; you only make irritation and indispose people to do what you want." When, after a lapse of time, those who act upon this advice ask the fulfilment of the implied promise, they are told "their demand is perverse; nobody is asking for the change"—thus making the silence they asked for an argument for refusing the very thing which they were told agitation prevented them conceding. In the same way as a partisan of an interest or an injustice is officiously saying, to any who ask redress, "You indispose those in office to concede what you request by perpetually agitating for it." If you listen to them they sharply tell you "nobody cares for the improvement you seek or they would be asking for it." It is agitation that makes opinion, and it is opinion alone which compels those to do justice whose interest it is to withhold it. This kind of argument could not impose upon the intelligent Rochdale co-operators of that day; and Mr. Kershaw at once said, "I know things are bad, since I cannot earn 10s. a week, and that is not sufficient to maintain a family upon. That state of society which compels a man to work for so little wants altering," and he for one was determined that it should be altered, so that an honest man should be able to earn sufficient to live upon by honest means. It transpired afterwards that the Clegg Hall man was a steady workman, who had been imposed upon by those who knew better, and he was afraid that agitation would make things worse with him than they were.

At another meeting the subject discussed was the "habits of the people," when Mr. Pennington said, "the man who lost a quarter of a day's work, or spent or wasted a sixpence unnecessarily, was a fool to himself, a rogue to his family, and a knave to his fellowmen." These honest men who had industry in their blood, who coveted sixpences, and had to economise them, were justly indignant that other people, because they had a little capital, were able to amass pounds out of their unrequited labour and they be unable to help it. Accordingly they decided to become the pioneers of a new co-operative store.

There was then a building in Toad Lane, three storeys high; the topmost storey a Bethel school; the middle a day school; the

ground floor unoccupied. It had been a warehouse, and had a pair of large doors as an entrance. These would have to be removed, and proper shop doors and windows be put in. Charles Howarth and others were appointed to go and see the landlord. As soon as he was told the name of the society, and what they proposed doing, he said he could not think of letting the room to them. At this point Charles Howarth sprang to the front and said: "Will you take me for a tenant, and I will pay you a quarter's rent in advance?" "Yes," said the landlord, "I will do that." So it was agreed that the new society should have the place for three years, Howarth being the tenant, and paying the rent each quarter in advance. It was decided to open only at nights. Samuel Ashworth and William Cooper volunteered to act as shopmen, and if the business did not pay the first three months they would take nothing for their services, but if it was able to pay a dividend, they were to receive threepence an hour, which, if they were on duty three hours, would be ninepence a night, and the salary of a permanent night shopman would be 4s. 6d. a week. The Store was opened on the evening of St. Thomas's day, 1844.

New societies who think they are not going to succeed because their first dividends are small, may take courage from Kershaw's story.

At the end of the first quarter the Rochdale Society did pay a dividend of 3d. in the pound, after reducing the value of the fixed stock to what they thought it would bring under the hammer. The second dividend was 4d., the fourth 7d., the fifth 9d., the sixth 11d., the seventh 1s. 2d., the eighth 1s. 4d., the ninth 1s. 6d.; 1s. 8d. was the largest dividend they ever calculated upon getting; but for many years afterwards it ranged from 2s. to 2s. 6d.

They arranged their rules so that they could devote one-tenth of their profits to educational purposes. But when sent to Mr. Tidd Pratt, the Registrar, he refused to certify them. The contest with him lasted for some months. The rules were altered again and again. The Society tried to edge in education in several different ways; but he always struck it out. "We were not allowed to educate ourselves, but the Society was very loth to part with its education clause. We had considerable correspondence with Mr. Tidd Pratt on the subject, but he would never give way." These were the days when the law prohibited workmen from educating themselves and the Government refused them the franchise on the ground of their want of knowledge.

[*The major portion of the following part first appeared in 1878, twenty-one years later.*]

PART II.—1857-1892.

"Others, we doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toil shall see;
And children gather as their own
The harvest which the dead have sown—
The dead, forgotten, and unknown."

To

THE REV. WILLIAM NASSAU MOLESWORTH, M.A.,

A CLERGYMAN WHO, TEACHING CHRISTIANITY BY EXAMPLE

AND LEAVING CONVICTION TO CONSCIENCE,

WENT AMONG HIS CO-OPERATIVE PARISHIONERS, GIVING THEM WISE COUNSEL

AND FRIENDLY HELP,

IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR WILFULNESS IN PIETY OR POLITICS,

THIS STORY OF THEIR CAREER FROM 1857 TO 1878

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WEAVERS' DREAM.

THIRTY-TWO years ago certain working men in a third-rate town in Lancashire dreamed, like Bunyan, a dream. Their subject was different from his. The famous Bedford tinker dreamed of the kingdom of Sin—the Rochdale weavers dreamed of the kingdom of Labour. Both dreamers, however, had one vision—that of the pilgrimage out of an evil and hopeless land. The weavers were weary of dwelling in the unrequited grounds where toil had no reward; and turned their eyes towards the Enchanted Lands of self-secured competence. Both knew there was a rugged pilgrimage before them, and the flannel weavers of the town in question resolved, like Christian of Bunyan's immortal story, to set out without delay.

We do not pursue any further the allegory between the two sets of pilgrims: a different and simpler comparison will be sufficient for our purpose. In 1844, co-operation was no unknown thing. It was worse than that. As sometimes happens at the police courts, it had, like the prisoner at the bar, "been seen there before." Co-operation was an old offender; it had been tried and condemned many times. Many workmen had lost by it; more had suffered disappointment by it. It was regarded as an exploded scheme. To use a nautical phrase, the vessel was not seaworthy; in fact, co-operation was little better than a leaky, rickety cockboat, in which few would sail out into the sea of industry. It was doubtful whether it would ever get into port, and was sure to be a long time about it, if ever it did arrive. However, a few resolute mariners, who could not be much worse off if they went to the bottom, made up their minds to the attempt.

A year, as the reader[1] knows, was spent in preparing for the voyage. The sides of the old hulk were caulked, and the old rigging repaired in 1844. She had been on the water then sixteen years, the leaky old craft having been launched at Brighton in 1828. Her condition was very frequently discussed, and unfriendly onlookers shook their heads. Others tried to keep up the spirits of the sailors. An outsider or two did take a small share in the adventure, but the cargo was almost entirely supplied by the crew which were to man her; and at the end of twelve months she was launched again, with half £28 worth of provisions, consisting chiefly of oatmeal, salt, and bacon; and general preparations were made for a very rough passage. The Equitable Pioneers had pretty hard work to balance themselves. They were finely tossed about. One minute they were seen on the crest of an ugly wave, and the next lost in a nasty trough of

[1] Meaning the reader of the First Part of this narrative.

sea. The townspeople were on the look-out on the shore. The crew had been a little shy of getting into so insignificant a cockboat. Everything was mean, shabby, poverty-stricken, and worm-eaten about the affair, excepting the bravery of the Rochdale sailors, who sustained their national renown for pluck and daring. Some of the spectators wished them "God speed," but these were too poor to aid, and mostly too desponding to believe in their own kind-hearted hope: Others jeered, for never was a more absurd, battered, leaky old barque seen, which went by the name of "The Weavers' Dream."

In more prosaic, but not truer terms, it may be told that co-operation was a distrusted and doubtful thing, when the flannel weavers of Rochdale began business in Toad Lane on £28 of capital, the produce of much hard saving. Gradual gains were made. Years of vicissitude and progress followed. The "Pioneers' Store," as it was called, increased; members multiplied; new departments of business were opened. Panics occurred, and again it was predicted that the "Weavers' Dream" would end as dreams usually do, in fantastic nothingness.

This was not to be so. The old craft made many voyages, and always with an increasing profit on its freights. Storm clouds darkened its passage, the crew were often driven upon the rocks, but each year they repaired, strengthened, and new-painted their vessel; and at times new ones were launched, amid expressions of confidence unknown before, and rejoicings that none ever thought to witness. At length 1861 arrived, and cotton famine clouds blew from the South and threatened the wreck of everything. A slave war monsoon blew across the Atlantic, and withered in a night all the vast industry of the northern counties. Then was to come the wreck of co-operation and the crash of stores. Then, at last and for ever, the weavers were to awaken from their long and infatuated dream!

The great tornado came—panic and famine, and all the furious winds of war and disaster—but nothing moved the adventurous Pioneer vessel from its moorings. It had become a stout ship by this time. It had been remasted, new rigged, had a quarter deck laid down, and been fitted with machinery of the latest improvements in co-operative navigation. It made its usual voyages during the tempest as though nothing was happening; and, while many other ships foundered, it always came safe into port. And when other vessels were in difficulties, from stress of weather or want of provisions, it would put off and gallantly render help. Of course its timbers had been well strengthened, and the commanders had provided themselves with good maps, on which the rocks were laid down pretty accurately. The captain knew where to coast about and when to put out on the open sea. The crew consisted of stout-hearted, experienced sailors. How it came about that they alone made prosperous voyages in dangerous seas will be told herein, in due course, for the entertainment and instruction of future co-operative navigators.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FAMOUS TWENTY-EIGHT.

ROCHDALE is a town which has been in its time equally distinguished for poverty and pluck. The distress and discontent which existed there before the days of the Reform Bill of 1832 are, happily, no longer, even in the recollection of the present generation of inhabitants, who have ceased to be reminded of it in their daily personal experience.

In the old hungry Corn Law days, from 1825 to 1830, things went ill with the working classes of Rochdale. At public meetings of working people in the town statements were made of lowness of wages and domestic wretchedness, which would be deemed incredible now. Delegates were sent to neighbouring towns to report upon their condition, and deplorable stories they told. No one would imagine that such persons had the capacity of co-operation in them, or that it was in the power of any industrial device to do them substantial service. The creditable thing is that Rochdale men, though in desperate circumstances, were not wanting in public spirit. They had constables who were not pleasant-minded persons and were guilty of some offensive official irregularities, and though they had the power of retaliation on those of the workmen who objected to such proceedings, the weavers resolved to bring them to account, and out of their scanty means subscribed enough to "have the law" upon them, and succeeded. The old parish records contain, no doubt, particulars of the affair. Mr. Francis Place preserved the only published account of it I have seen. The creditable incident is worth recalling. Scores of local officials, magistrates included, have elsewhere "gone wrong" since that day, without being called to account, as was done by the unappeasable weavers of Rochdale.

Twenty years have now nearly elapsed since the first part of this history appeared. The two dozen and four adventurous operatives who began the Store in Toad Lane, have come to be spoken of as the "famous twenty-eight." Most of them are now gathered to their fathers, and the public will be willing to hear final details of them.

A correspondent to whom I have been heretofore indebted for information says that "in a recent conversation with a member of the Rochdale Educational Committee, he was informed that the old shop in Toad Lane, in which the Pioneers commenced business, was known as 'The Pioneers' Store' for years before it was occupied by them, in consequence of being used as a storeroom for the Pioneer regiment, stationed in Rochdale, before the barracks were removed to Bury. The place behind the shop is still known as Barracks' Yard, and there may be some truth in this. If so, it may be that

the Pioneers took their name from that circumstance, or it may be a mere coincidence."

My belief is that this was merely a coincidence. In social and trade union literature before that date, there were publications bearing the name of the *Pioneer*, and pioneering was in the mind of the early Socialists; it was a common ambition amongst them to be going forward and doing something. The fact, however, is worth recording, as it has never before been mentioned.

In the minds of many outsiders, Chartists and the co-operators were so mixed together in the rise of co-operation in Rochdale, that only time and testimony can separate them, and satisfy every one to whom the credit of the movement was really owing. There never was a doubt entertained among persons living on the spot, or acquainted with the facts, that the Socialists were the persons who first thought of starting co-operation, who counselled it, who originated it and organised it, kept it going, and carried it out. The fact is, the Chartists were impediments in the way of it. They were the most troublesome opponents the co-operators had to contend with. The Chartists were opposed to co-operation. They took little interest in it. They treated as apostates those who did. For a long time they did not understand it, and when they did they distrusted it. But sixteen years after, when co-operation had succeeded and become a thing of pride and repute, they made attempts to prove they were the persons who commenced it. Many years after co-operation acquired notice and power, their able and cultivated leader, Mr. Ernest Jones, opposed it in a public discussion at Padiham about 1851 with Mr. Lloyd Jones. It has been the fate of other movements than that of co-operation to be strenuously opposed throughout all its struggling days, and then to be claimed by its greatest adversaries as their own discovery and as being the cause which they had advocated and befriended. It is always a good sign when these pretensions are advanced by opponents, since it shows that the principle has triumphed, and its most strenuous adversaries are covetous of the honour of being associated with it. But it is the business of history to discern to whom the credit of origination belongs, and give it to whom it is due.

In 1861, the Chartist claim was put forward in the *Rochdale Spectator* with confident pertinacity by Ambrose Tomlinson. A Chartist Society existed in Rochdale in 1843. Mr. Tomlinson denied that the co-operative movement grew out of the flannel weavers' strike of 1843-4. He said that it commenced with the Chartist Society, who met in Mill Street, the fact being the Mill Street Chartists opposed the movement in its infancy, and, because several of their members joined the Society formed under the name of the Equitable Pioneers, they were denounced by their Chartist brethren as "deserters." In those days the doctrine was—"The Charter, the whole Charter, and nothing but the Charter." These oft-repeated phrases still ring in the ears of those who mingled in work-

ing-class movements of those times. To co-operators, to advocates of the Ten Hours Bill, to Corn Law repealers—three separate parties who then occupied public attention—the Chartists everywhere said—"If you will not help us to get what we want, we will prevent you getting anything." And they did it as far as they were able. The Chartists did not succeed in carrying their measure by that unfriendly policy, and did not deserve to succeed. Each movement has a right to do the best for itself, but when it seeks to frustrate the success of those going in the same direction in order that it may win first, it merely helps the common enemy of all, and enables it to be said derisively—"See how these Reformers are fighting amongst themselves."

Mr. Ambrose Tomlinson, an active Rochdale Chartist of those days, gives an account of what occurred among his comrades, in words nearly as follows:—"The co-operators, the few originators of the movement, who were all Chartists, became so enamoured of co-operation, that they nurtured it in one corner of Mill Street Chartist room. The Chartist council held their meetings in the opposite corner of the same room; but on many successive occasions the Chartist council corner became very thin of attenders. At this juncture those of the Chartists who had attended the council meetings reproached the Chartist co-operators who had resolved to attend the co-operative meetings, and neglect Chartist business. The few sturdy co-operators took umbrage, and resolved to meet together at the Labour and Health beer-house, kept by Mr. Tweedale at that time, not one hundred yards from the Chartist room in Mill Street. The use of that room at the Labour and Health was secured by Ann Tweedale, a female co-operator, who was sister to the landlord. She afterwards became the wife of Benjamin Standring, inducing him to become a co-operator soon after their marriage. The co-operators met there for only a very few weeks before they joined the Chartists at their place of meeting again. They again became attached as friends, when the Chartists took the Socialists' room from the Socialists, at the time of the failure of the Harmony Hall scheme. The co-operators went with the Chartists from Mill Street Chartist room to the room situate at the top of Yorkshire Street. The co-operators remained with the Chartists until the September following. During that time they were contriving plans for the future of co-operation, drawing up rules, making preparations for commencing; then they resolved to look out for more suitable premises for carrying on business, when they got possession of the building in Toad Lane, formerly known as Bethel School Room."[1]

One is glad to hear again of the beer-house with the pretty name of "Labour and Health." But let us hope that the attendance was not too enthusiastic there—because when that is the case "labour' sometimes loses its "health" in those quarters. No doubt the

[1] *Co-operative News*, December 16, 1876.

Chartist opposition to the early Pioneers in Rochdale seems a small thing in 1877, now the Pioneers have grown to many thousands and the Chartists have become nearly extinct—but it was a very different thing in 1844 and long afterwards, when the Chartists were ten or twenty times as numerous as the Socialists. Every earnest party in which principles are masters of its leaders, instead of leaders being masters of their principles, has its mad days when its advocates think their principles should take precedence of all others. Indeed, they sometimes contend that all other principles are injurious. Sanity is known by seeing what your place is and working in it.

The Socialist flannel weavers, after their unsuccessful strike, founded the Equitable Pioneers' Society, and commenced subscribing practically to create a fund with which to begin a small provision store. At first they met where the weavers had done, in the Bethel School Room, Toad Lane. Ultimately their meetings were removed to the Social Institution, top of Yorkshire Street, and the Equitable Pioneers' Society dates its establishment from this place. Mr. John Holt, who had been the treasurer at Mill Street, became the treasurer of the Store Society, and continued to hold that office until shortly before his decease. The rules of the Equitable Pioneers' Society were drawn up at the Social Institution, and the older heads among the Socialists were those who framed them and organised the Society. Mr. Tomlinson [1] handed to the Editor of the *Rochdale Spectator* the book of the Society existing immediately before the Equitable Pioneers' Association was formed. The names it contained are worth preserving for historical reference :—

"George Morton, Mount Pleasant; and then follow Charles Ratcliffe, Regent Street ; Robert Whitehead, John Dawson, Richard Farmer, Richard Brierley, Thomas Kershaw, Mary Bromley, Mount Pleasant ; Ann Tweedale, Mount Pleasant ; Charles Holroyd, Lower Fold ; Samuel Shore, Healey ; John Cain, Richard Street ; Benjamin Rudman, Shawclough ; Abner Riley, Calder Brow ; Abraham Birtwistle, Water Street ; Fred. Greenwood, Moss ; Miles Ashworth, Spotland Bridge ; James Nutall, Bank Side ; Samuel Ashworth, Spotland Bridge ; John Holt, Shawclough."

The next matter in the book is the list of parties who received the money from Mr. George Howe, watchmaker, Walk, when he refused to continue secretary. The names are the same as those above. The next account is that in which Mr. Alderman Livsey receives as treasurer of the co-operators various sums, amounting in the whole to £8 13s. 6d. This money was received by Mr. Livsey on the 7th February, 1843.

The capital with which the Pioneer Society first commenced business was, as everybody knows now, £28 ; and, by coincidence, the number of members which commenced the Society was also 28.

In 1865, 21 years after the formation of the Store, the then sur-

[1] February, 1861.

vivors, 13 in number, were prevailed upon by Mr. Smithies to meet together and be photographed in a group, for the gratification of friends of the great Store.[1] For the convenience of readers who may meet with the group, I give here the following description of the Pioneers in it, as told me by William Cooper, retaining his own language, not devoid of force and individuality:—

"A short sketch of the thirteen persons who were amongst the early members of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, now on a photograph taken at the latter end of the year 1865.

"The photograph being placed before you, commence at the left hand with those sitting in the front.

"No. 1. James Standring, at the time of the Society's formation a flannel weaver by trade; an Owenite or Social Reformer; was secretary in Rochdale for the Ten Hours Factory Act agitation. When the flannel weavers turned out in 1843-4 for an advance of wages, and failed in accomplishing their object, he procured a copy of the Friendly Societies Acts, to see whether the remnant of the union amongst the weavers could take advantage of its provisions to form manufacturing or other associations for their self-employment, protection, and benefit.

"No. 2. John Bent, tailor by trade, belonged to the Socialist body, was one of the first auditors of the Society.

"No. 3. James Smithies, wool-sorter and book-keeper, a Social Reformer, was one of the first directors. Has at various times held office as president, secretary, trustee, and director in the Society. Has always laboured to promote the spread of co-operation, and to preserve in it the just and fraternal spirit.

"No. 4. Charles Howarth, a warper in a cotton mill by trade, belonged to the Socialist body. Was one of the first trustees of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. He mostly drew up the rules by which the Society was to be governed, and proposed that the rule or principle of dividing profits on purchases in proportion to each member's trade, should be adopted. He has at sundry periods held office on the committee as secretary. During the Ten Hours Bill agitation he was one of the delegates who went to London to confer with members of Parliament and watch the Bill while before the House of Commons. Being a mill worker, he was in close contact with the employers, some of whom had no liking for legislation as between them and their employes. On one occasion he was called into the office by his employers, and they made a proposal something in this way:—He must remain in the office, and they would send for the hands one by one out of the mill, and put the question to them whether they wanted the Ten Hours Bill, with a reduction in wages corresponding with the shorter time. By this means they said it could be ascertained whether a majority of their workpeople were in

[1] The last communication I received from Mr. Cooper contained this cartoon; underneath the sitters is the name of each written by Mr. Cooper. I have it framed and it hangs in my chambers before me now.

favour or against the Ten Hours Factory Act. Charles Howarth agreed so to do, providing they would consent first for him to have a meeting with the hands in one of the rooms of the mill, to explain and address them on the subject. The employers did not assent to this, so there was no meeting and no calling of the workpeople into the office.

"No. 5. David Brooks, a block printer by trade; a Chartist in politics. Was the first appointed purchaser of goods for the Society. He was an honest enthusiast, who spared neither time, labour, nor means to promote the success of the Society.

"No. 6. Benjamin Rudman, a flannel weaver by trade; a Chartist in politics. A man of few words, but a steady supporter of the Society.

"No. 7. John Scrowcroft, hawker by trade; nothing in politics; a Swedenborgian in religion. In the early days of the Society members often came to the Store and had conversations. Politics, religion, or other subjects, were at times talked over, and occasionally there would be a night set apart—not a business meeting of the Society—by those members who choose to attend, to debate on a stated question. Of course, religion was sometimes the topic for the evening. Some of the members who were religious thought it a sin to debate their faith, and they proposed to prohibit such matters being open to criticism; but John Scrowcroft was thoroughly sincere in his religion, and said it was as much a proper subject for debate as any other question. Indeed, he was certain his was the true faith, and the more religion was examined and discussed the greater number would come to believe it. The motion to 'muzzle did not get itself carried.'

"Commencing at the left with those standing in back:—

"No. 8. James Manock, flannel weaver by trade; Chartist in politics; has served on the committee at various times as trustee, director.

"No. 9. John Collier, engineer by trade; a Socialist. Has been a committee-man of the Society several times. He speaks in the broad Lancashire style, and no wonder, as he is a great-grandson of the famous John Collier ('Tim Bobbin'), of Milnrow, near Rochdale, who wrote books in verse and prose in the years 1744 and 1750 in Lancashire dialect, full of wit and droll humour, in which the 'Witch' and the 'Parson' come in for a fair share of satire. John Collier ('Tim Bobbin') was buried in Rochdale Old Churchyard, 1786, with the following epitaph on his gravestone, said to have been composed by himself about ten minutes before he died:—

> "'Here lies John, and with him Mary,
> Cheek by jowl and never vary;
> No wonder that they so agree,
> John wants no punch, and Moll no tea.'"[1]

[1] Rochdale old church, as visitors to the town are aware, stands on an abrupt hill, overlooking the borough; and at the foot of the hill runs the Roach. It is among the dead on the plateau above where "Tim Bobbin" lies, and old townsmen believe it was

"No. 10. Samuel Ashworth, flannel weaver by trade; Chartist in politics. Was appointed the first salesman in the Store.

"No. 11. William Cooper, flannel weaver by trade; a member of the Socialist body. Was appointed the first cashier in the Store.

"No. 12. James Tweedale, a clogger by trade; a Socialist. Was one of the first directors in the Society.

"No. 13. Joseph Smith, woolsorter by trade; a Social Reformer. Was appointed one of the first auditors of the Society."

Mr Cooper on another occasion, with that sense of justice always a pleasant feature in him, desired me to remark that the photograph does not give all the persons then living in Rochdale who were among the early members of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. Partly by oversight and partly by misunderstanding three are left out:—

"Miles Ashworth, flannel weaver by trade; Chartist in politics. Was the first president of the Society."

"James Maden, flannel weaver by trade, teetotaler; nothing in particular in politics or religion."

"John Kershaw, warehouseman by trade; Swedenborgian and half Chartist."

Mr. James Smithies, no less considerate and conservative of the repute of co-operative workers, sent me at my request the following notice of David Brooks, No. 5 of the series explained by Mr. Cooper:—

"Mr. David Brooks, a block printer by trade, whose name has never been mentioned in connection with the Rochdale Co-operative Society in its earliest stages of existence, rendered services of no mean order. He was the first purchaser appointed by the Society, an office which required much care and ability, besides being the butt at which the scorn and contempt of the shopkeepers was directed. He never flinched from the post assigned to him, although the foreman of the works at which he was employed was a shopkeeper; yet he still served the Store with a fidelity rarely, if ever, surpassed by a true believer in the emancipation of the working classes by their own exertions. He frequently left his own employment, at which he could then earn 7s. to 8s. per day, to work for love of the cause, until the Society could afford to pay him something like 3d. per hour for his labour. For four to five years he was superintendent and purchaser. Although, like many a flower, 'born to blush unseen,' his services

on his grave that Mr. Bright made his first public speech in the town. He was then a young man. He had come down from One Ash, his father's house, to protest against levying a church rate. "Tim" must be very proud, if he knew it, that that voice should first be heard over his head, which one day all the world would hear.

Tim Bobbin's gravestone was put down and the verses on it composed long after his death, by a distant relative. The stone, and the inscription on it, has since been renewed by subscription. Mr. John Bright did not speak from it at the Church Rate meeting. The authority to whom I am indebted for this information, stood by Mr. Bright on the top of one of the monuments in the old churchyard, from which he addressed the assemblage. Mr. Bright could not have addressed them from Tim Bobbin's stone, because it was not then raised above the level of the churchyard, and he would have been lost in the crowd, had he stood there. However, if the dead hear at all, Mr. Bright was quite near enough for Tim to be aware of what was going on.

have never been acknowledged; or rather say, until the present panic, which almost annihilated the block printing business, brought the old boy so low in his finances that a notice was given that an application would be brought before the quarterly meeting to make him a present of ten pounds, to assist him to stave off his enemy, poverty; but a generous committee did better, they found him employment at one of the Branch Stores, where he was numbered among the servants of the Society, contented to serve where he once commanded."

Mr. Smithies does not mention that it was he who made the honourable motion which brought acknowledgment and succour to Mr. Brooks in the day of his decay of means and power.

It would be well were Mr. Walter Morrison's suggestion acted on, and the old Toad Lane Store purchased by the Pioneers, and held in its old Store state, as a memorial of the early days of their career, and used as a news-room: and portraits, so far as can now be done, painted of the old Pioneers, and preserved in the hall of the old Toad Lane Store. This would be a graceful memorial, quite in the power of the great Society to preserve, and it would have infinite interest a century hence to all visitors from afar and students of the science of co-operative economy. From the public spirit of the Pioneers, it may come to pass, as it is in the power of the Store, to remain, if it chooses, the Pioneer Store of the great movement. Let us hope that the wealthy and historic Society which has grown out of Toad Lane will endeavour to possess and preserve in its original state the humble building in which the organisation of Co-operation was commenced. One of the Oldham Societies has a "conversation room;" the lower part of the Toad Lane building might serve that purpose, where questions might be continually debated, and the business meeting of the Society elsewhere would be greatly facilitated by the members being personally informed of the questions to be decided. Other parts of the building might contain the reference library, which business requires to be separate from the great library at the central stores.

The following are the names of the original Twenty-Eight:—

James Smithies.	John Scrowcroft.
Charles Howarth.	John Hill.
William Cooper.	John Holt.
David Brooks.	James Standring.
John Collier.	James Manock.
Samuel Ashworth.	Joseph Smith.
Miles Ashworth.	William Taylor.
William Mallalieu.	Robert Taylor.
George Healey.	Benjamin Rudman.
James Daly.	James Wilkinson.
James Tweedale.	John Garside.
Samuel Tweedale.	John Bent.
John Kershaw.	Ann Tweedale.
James Maden.	James Bamford.

No complete list has been given before of the "original Twenty-eight." One list wanted four names—they are given above. Mr. George Adcroft, president of the Store, in 1847, three years after its formation, has gone with me over the names of all the early members, and has decided that James Wilkinson, shoemaker, was one; John Garside, cabinetmaker, was another; George Healey, hatter, was the third, and Samuel Tweedale was the fourth, belonging to the "Twenty-eight." There were two Tweedales among them, James and Samuel. James was a clogger, and lived at the top of Wardleworth Brow, and kept a cloggers shop there. Samuel Tweedale was a weaver at King's the quaker, Oldham Road. Samuel gave the first little lecture they had in the Toad Lane Store. It was on "Morals in their relations to every day life." It was on a Sunday night. He was considered the "talking man" of the Store. He afterwards went to Australia. Among the "Twenty-eight" there were eight Jameses and seven Johns.

CHAPTER XV.

LEGAL IMPEDIMENTS TO ECONOMY.

When the Rochdale Society began, and for many years subsequent, such associations were not recognised by law. The members had no defined rights, and were under unlimited responsibility: yet they were incompetent to deal with outsiders, or even with themselves. Indeed, the cash-box might disappear with impunity. The Society could not hold land above a small quantity; members could only hold a very limited sum in the funds even after the law did begin to befriend them: nor could they devote their savings to self education. Indeed, it would take pages to explain all the legal disabilities then existing. By whose generous exertions all this came to be altered is related elsewhere.[1]

Nobody understood better or cared more for the legal position of co-operation than the Rochdale Pioneers. The townsmen who had Mr. Thos. Livsey for an alderman, Mr. Cobden for a member, and Mr. Bright for a neighbour, ought to be in advance of other towns, and they were. The Pioneers, assisted by eminent friends of social reform in London, Mr. E. V. Neale, Mr. Thos. Hughes, Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and Mr. J. M. Ludlow, procured the necessary amendment of the law; and when it was done, they had the grace to distinguish who had served them and to place on record their thanks to each. On Christmas Day, 1862, an annual conference of 100 delegates from the co-operative societies of Lancashire and the neigh-

[1] History of Co-operation in England, Vol. II., Constructive Period.

bouring counties was held in Oldham. Seventy-five societies were represented. Mr. Abraham Greenwood, of Rochdale, presided. Mr. William Cooper of Rochdale, secretary of the conference committee, stated that when the previous conference met at Rochdale, on the 25th of December, 1861, the Hon. Robert A. Slaney, M.P., who had, up to that time, had the charge of their Bill in the House of Commons, was on the Continent, owing to failing health. The committee (on the approval of Mr. Slaney and the advice of Mr. Bright, who accompanied a deputation for that purpose) solicited the Government to bring in the Bill. They declined to bring it in as a Government measure, but intimated that they should not oppose it if it was brought in by a private member. Mr. Bright then recommended the committee to solicit Mr. Estcourt to introduce the Bill to Consolidate and Amend the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts. He cordially took charge of the Bill in the Commons, and the Hon. Robert A. Slaney, M.P. (who, we regret to say, soon after died), arrived just in time to second the Bill in its first reading. The committee sent three separate deputations to London, at various stages of the Bill while before Parliament, to explain it and interest Members in its favour. Besides these special deputations, their tried friend, Mr. E. V. Neale, living in the neighbourhood of London, was at call to act on behalf of the committee on other needful occasions. The Rev. W. N. Molesworth generously undertook to use what influence he had with Members of Parliament, on their behalf. During this time there was much written correspondence going on between those conducting the Bill through Parliament and the committee.

Mr. Edward Hooson, of Manchester, moved—

"That this Co-operative Conference presents its grateful acknowledgments to John Bright, Esq., M.P., for the valuable advice he tendered to the promoters of the 'Bill for the Amendment of the Industrial Provident Societies Acts;' for the great service of his personal assistance at every stage of the Bill; for arranging the interviews of the deputation with the Board of Trade, and for his indispensable offices in soliciting Mr. J. S. Estcourt to take charge of the Bill in the House of Commons—services not to be lightly estimated or the less scrupulously and respectfully acknowledged because they are such as the working class, bent upon self-improvement, can ever command from Mr. Bright."

Mr. Bright's subsequent acknowledgment of the vote was in the following terms, in a letter addressed to Mr. William Cooper, Oldham Road, Rochdale:—

"Rochdale, January 19, 1863.

"Dear Sir,—I have to thank you and the Conference of Delegates for their resolution. It sets forth far greater services than I was able, but not more than I was wishful, to render you. I hope the Bill will do much good, which will be a satisfaction to all those who supported it."

Mr. Greenwood, the chairman, moved—

"That this Conference convey to the Rt. Hon. Sotheron Estcourt, M.P., the respectful thanks of all friends of Co-operation for the courtesy and liberality with which he undertook the charge of their 'Bill for the Amendment of the Industrial Societies Acts;' giving to it the advantages of his parliamentary position, which ensured it successfully passing the ordeal of the House of Commons."

Mr. Estcourt, who was then in Italy, replied in a letter to Mr. Abram Greenwood as follows :—

"Florence, 16th February, 1863.

"Sir,—I have just received the complimentary resolution passed at the delegates' meeting of the Co-operative Societies, held at Oldham on the 25th of December, in acknowledgment of the part which I took last session in regard to the 'Bill for the Amendment of the Industrial Societies Acts.'

"I request you to convey to the delegates the satisfaction which I feel in receiving this mark of their approval; and to assure them that it was a pleasure to me to undertake the work.

"I cannot forbear reminding you that in the preparation of the Bill and in carrying it through the House of Commons I received great assistance from the President of the Board of Trade and the Solicitor General; that the able lawyer employed by the Government in preparing their measures, was allowed to revise my scheme; and that Lord Portman took charge of the Bill in the House of Lords and greatly conduced to its success by his judicious management. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"J. Sotheron Estcourt."

Mr. Charles Howarth, the earliest organising co-operator of Rochdale, moved—

"That the chairman of this Conference be instructed to convey to Lord Portman, on the part of the co-operative representatives present, their sincere acknowledgments of the great service he has rendered to the industrial interests of the English workman by his kindness in undertaking the labour and responsibility of conducting the 'Bill for the Amendment of the Industrial Societies Acts' through the House of Lords, and to assure his lordship that the co-operators of England will know how to appreciate the consideration shown to the rights of labour by the passing of this measure."

Lord Portman's answer was made in the following terms to Mr. Cooper :—

"Bryanston, Blandford, Jan. 24, 1863.

"Sir,—I have the greatest confidence in the Co-operative industrial and friendly societies, and have laboured to aid them ever since I have been in Parliament, now 40 years; so I am not likely to fail in my exertions while I have strength to be useful. Your obedient servant, Portman."

Mr. Councillor Smithies, of Rochdale, moved—

"That this Conference would ill discharge its duty if it separated without expressing its high sense of the obligations the co-operators of England are under to Edward Vansittart Neale, Esq., for the munificent interest which he has ever taken in their welfare. Especially this Conference desires to record its heartiest thanks for his legal and professional services in drawing up this 'Bill for the Amendment of the Industrial Societies Acts'—services rendered with promptness and without stint; for advice, assistance, and influence, watchfully and unintermittently given through every stage of the Bill, for which the members of every co-operative society in the kingdom owe Mr. Neale personal thanks."

Mr. Neale's answer was of a nature to add to the obligations co-operators were under to him. It was expressed in the following letter:

"West Wickham.

"Dear Sir,—I trust that the Bill which I have been instrumental in obtaining for you will inaugurate an era of genuine co-operative effort among the working men of England, whence I am certain that an incalculable amount of good of every sort will arise. But we must be patient and persevering. The great thing to impress upon the minds of the workers is the importance of seeking to raise the position of their class, instead of limiting their efforts to raising their own position as individuals. This lies at the bottom of the dispute about giving workers, as such, a share in profits. A man who has saved up a little capital may say, 'I shall get more if I take all the profits to myself.' But will his children get more? *Is it not far more important to him, as a working man, to bring about a state of things whereby his children, or other relatives, will share in the profits of capital, whatever their occupation may be, rather than to get a few more shillings or pounds a year himself;* while he leaves the present state of things unchanged for every person connected with him who has not saved up capital, or has not been fortunate enough to place it advantageously?

Very sincerely yours,

"E. V. NEALE."

Mr. James Dyson, of the Working Tailors' Association, moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. Edwards, of Manchester, and carried:—

"That this Conference, composed of the representatives of Co-operative Societies, desires to express its profound sympathy with the family of the late Hon. Robert A. Slaney, M.P., in their bereavement; and further desires to convey to them its high sense of, and cordial thanks for his many and valuable labours in the Commons House of Parliament to promote the passing of laws which have given permanence and security to these societies, thus enabling the people of Great Britain to organise for the improvement of their moral, social, physical, and pecuniary condition, and for which the industrial classes will ever hold his memory in grateful and sacred remembrance."

This resolution was replied to by Captain Kenyon Slaney, son-in-law of the late member for Shrewsbury.

"Walford Hall, Shrewsbury.

"I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th January, enclosing a copy of a resolution passed at a conference of delegates from co-operative industrial societies, held at Oldham, on 25th December, expressing in most kindly terms their warm appreciation of the services rendered to their societies by the late Mr. Slaney, M.P. for Shrewsbury, and tendering their sympathy and condolence to his family under their bereavement.

"Such a record of Mr. Slaney's services, and of the estimation in which such services were held, is most gratifying to those to whom your communication is addressed. They know full well the importance Mr. Slaney ever attached to co-operative societies, and the zeal with which he applied himself, in Parliament and out of Parliament, to promote the success of such institutions, and in all ways to advance the interests and improve the condition of the industrial classes. But it is rarely that such deeds obtain a grateful recognition like that which it is now my duty to acknowledge. I am desired to convey to the delegates of the co-operative societies, whom you so ably represent, the warm and hearty thanks of every member of Mr. Slaney's family, for the good feeling which has prompted the resolution; for the generous tribute of gratitude and regard which has thereby been offered to his memory; and for the sympathy so kindly expressed for those who mourn his loss."

In passing these resolutions of thanks, the co-operative delegates spent gratefully and honourably their Christmas Day, 1863. The North of England Wholesale Agency mentioned in another chapter was founded the same day at the same meeting.

Oldham at that time was not the most encouraging place in the world to visit on a Christmas Day, and it would be late in the evening before many of the delegates would return by rail home. When all England, that can get it, devotes itself to roast turkey, festivity, and plum pudding, it is to the credit of these co-operators that they should have given the whole day to railway journeys and prosaic delegate business. Rochdale would be sure to do its share of this work, as anyone can testify who has had personal intercourse with the Pioneers. There has been on their part a consciousness of working for society as well as for Rochdale—they desired to show what could be done—that others might be incited to do the same. *They cared for others*, and this is why so many care for them. They wished to raise the class to which they belonged. They saw that the elevation of the working men as a class was the best security for the individual advancement of its members, and it is this sentiment, more than any success, which has given to Rochdale Co-operators an honoured name.

The leading co-operators of the Society took the trouble to get the resolutions of thanks recited, as well expressed as they could. I

suppose they knew that most persons carry a stock of hate on hand, and that censure is always ready made. But praise is a very different thing. It only proceeds from generosity or gratitude, and those are deliberate sentiments. A man may rage without art, but he cannot applaud sensibly without it. This is why the quality of a man's mind is more easily seen in his praise than in his censure. Defamation shows his feeling, praise his understanding; and if he wishes to give an idea of his strong sense of a service rendered him, he can best do it by showing that he accurately estimates it, and this is the only praise anyone not vain, cares to receive, or which is an actual tribute to him. The Pioneers put themselves to some cost to get their resolutions into terms which they liked. They paid me 10s. to draft resolutions which should include the individual services and characteristics of each person, so that each vote should be different, and founded on personal knowledge.

Sixteen years ago, the Pioneers made a graceful acknowledgment to the present Vicar of Spotland (who was then incumbent of that church), for kindly services to them, and which services, it may now be said, have increased with the years which have since elapsed. One day they carried to Mr. Molesworth a beautiful bound copy of the "English Hexapla," which bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to the Rev. W. N. Molesworth (incumbent of Spotland), by the Educational Committee of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Co-operative Society, as a testimonial in recognition of his valuable and disinterested services on behalf of the above Society and of Co-operation generally.

"December 20th, 1861. SAMUEL NEWTON, Secretary."

The Rev. Mr. Molesworth took a personal interest in the Society almost from the commencement, and visited Mr. William Cooper, and talked to him about it. It occurred to Mr. Molesworth that he would like to be a member of it in order that he might watch its progress more closely; but he could not overlook that if he joined it, and anything went wrong with it, he would, perhaps, be regarded as morally responsible in respect to it. A person of position belonging to a society, although he had no connection with its management, would be thought to lend a sort of guarantee of its financial and legal soundness, although all he might have in his mind would be to assist a useful society calculated to promote the social improvement of working people. Besides, if a society had no legal recognition or limited liability, a person of means might be made responsible in case of losses, for which members without means could not practically be made liable. More from regard to others than himself, it is within my knowledge that Mr. Molesworth asked Mr. Cooper "whether the liability was limited." Mr. Cooper said "it was," but he subsequently found he was mistaken. Mr. Molesworth then considerately pointed out to him what an objectionable thing it was that the members of the Society should each of them be liable to the

full extent of his means if anything went wrong. Mr. Cooper becoming aware of the seriousness of this state of affairs, asked Mr. Molesworth, and one or two others of the leading men of the Society, to meet at his office and consider the matter. Mr. Molesworth complied with the request, and brought with him several suggestions, which were adopted by the meeting nearly, if not entirely, in the form in which he submitted them. They were sent to Mr. Vansittart Neale, who returned them and recommended them for adoption, and in that shape they were soon after published.

CHAPTER XVI.

QUERULOUS OUTSIDERS.

It is no mean part of the art of progress to know how to treat outsiders—that is supposing you have a good cause, clear principles, and earnest advocates. Therefore let us look with curiosity and intelligence on outsiders. If conversion is reasonably treated, they will be insiders one day. Here I deal with querulous outsiders—the discontented who are not ignorant—the critics who mean mischief, and know it. They swarmed about the Rochdale Society for years. Sometimes the shopkeeper is made an angry adversary by being needlessly alarmed. A co-operative speaker will say, "Look at the great profits made at the chief stores—£20,000, £30,000, or £40,000 a year. All this is rescued from the shopkeepers." Nothing of the kind. It is by buying wholesale by combination of capital; it is by purchasers buying largely at the stores by combination; it is by economy in distribution; it is by fewer shops, fewer servants, by avoiding advertisements and costly display, that the chief profits are made. The co-operator gains by avoiding the multiplied shops, the high rents, the heavy taxes, the useless servants, the cost of advertisements, glarish lights, and loss on unsold goods and bad debts. The co-operator grows rich by picking up what the shopkeeper drops, before he touches the tradesman's actual profits.

Co-operators are merely miners in the gold fields of commerce, who find what the shopkeeper has overlooked. Many a shopkeeper is made to grieve by the idea of the loss of profits he never had and never would have had, had co-operators never been born. The co-operator mainly gains by a superior mode of business and the natural economy of concert.

The Rochdale Co-operators publish an almanack which may be taken as their annual manifesto. It records their progress and current opinions. It is compiled by various hands, and now and then an article appears on the sheet which shows that the new writer

is a recent convert who fails to comprehend the traditions of this great Society. In an almanack now and then there has been an attack on shopkeepers, which a sagacious co-operator avoids. For instance, in the year 1860 almanack there was a denial of the initiative principle which makes co-operation a wholesome power. Here is the questionable passage :—

"The present co-operative movement does not seek to level the various social inequalities which exists in society as regards wealth, excepting so far as enabling the labouring man to subscribe a portion of the capital necessary: first, for the purchase of articles of consumption from those, or as near to those as possible, who produce them, so as to appropriate to himself the profits which now flow into the pockets of the retail dealers; and next by enabling him also to assist in the contribution of such capital as is necessary for the carrying on of his own industrial occupation: by this means giving him a chance of participating in the profits of his own labour, and removing it farther out of the reach of men with a little capital to realise princely fortunes out of the energy and industry of the people, while the people themselves are barely, at the best, fed and clothed for the time. In a word, the present co-operative movement does not seek to enforce, or carry out, any particular doctrines of any particular individual. This acknowledgment, on the part of the co-operators of the present day, ought to set at rest the hitherto generally believed assertion that co-operation is only the Utopian idea of such enthusiasts as St. Simon, Robert Owen, Louis Blanc, and others, and that it is on that account impracticable."

Here is a needless tribute to public incompetence. This disavowal of all the antecedents of co-operation might have answered some purpose in the struggling days of the movement. In the day of its triumph it was gratuitous. Had it not been for St. Simon, Robert Owen, and Louis Blanc, and others, co-operation might not have lifted up its head for centuries. Save for the genius of St. Simon, the princely sacrifices of Owen, the brave risks of its eloquent advocates, like Louis Blanc, hundreds of thousands of workmen who have now competence, would have died the death of a blind *proletaire*, grateful for the permission to toil, breed, suffer, and perish.[1]

This language was calculated to give the querulous outsider good heart, who would renew his attempt to damage an adversary who

[1] The editor of the almanack has given this explanation of his views :—"We were charged with 'Socialism,' and 'Communism,' and these terms amongst most of the people we wanted to reach were only synonymous with 'atheism' and 'social anarchy.' We did not care for the shopkeepers; we knew they would always be against us from former experience; but there were the great mass of the working people to whom we wanted to bring the benefits only a few had tasted." Had the author of this passage confined himself to pointing out that the Rochdale Pioneers were walking in a distinct though coincident, path from that described by those eminent theorists,—had he pointed out that the Rochdale Co-operators were working in the same direction of social improvement, of self-created, self-directed, self-sustained, personal prosperity, which the great thinkers who inspired them meditated, he had better defended weavers from injurious misapprehension.

was defaming himself. There were, however, it must be owned, some few cantankerous shopkeepers in Rochdale in the early days of the Store. One instance, long forgotten, belonging to the pre-store days, deserves to be told. When the flannel weavers were out on strike in 1844, they were no doubt bad customers to the shopkeepers. It is very likely the shopkeepers had no reason to admire them. No doubt their necessities developed in them a strong desire for credit, attended by feeble capacity of payment, and when the men added to their sins of impecuniosity, the actual solicitation of assistance to sustain them on strike, a shopkeeper in Yorkshire Street, in the town, of the outlandish name of Pozzi, startled the weavers. He, like Mrs. Caudle, gave them "a bit of his mind." He told them they were "vagabonds, and should go to work." They were poor, but not idle men. They were starving, but they were starving on principle. They had a spirit above vagabondage, and they determined, as they said, "to punish the shopkeepers who insulted them." Thus resentment, as well as social philosophy, had to do in promoting the Store. This was thoroughly English. Seldom does a reform in this country originate because it is reasonable. It is an outrage or an insult which generally sets the reforming conviction in a blaze. Many an early co-operative weaver, who found difficulties causing the fire of principle to grow low within him, was blown into flame again by the resentful recollection of "that Pozzi." After seventeen years, as the Store Almanack of 1860 shows, his enraging memory was fresh in the co-operative mind. Naturally the weavers on strike were under the impression that, as their wages were principally spent at the shops, it was the interest of the shopkeepers to aid them in increasing their wages. They, however, obtained but "slender assistance." Many shopkeepers had no means of aiding largely, and more had no sympathy with them, and not a few were poor themselves by reason of the credit given by them to the weavers.

But if co-operators and trade unionists can be inconsiderate, shopkeepers can be fools when they give their minds to it, and many Rochdale tradesmen have shown desire and ability to distinguish themselves in this way. In 1859, two years after the issue of the first part of this history, and when they well knew that co-operation —like John Brown's soul—"was marching on," they took the field against Richard Cobden because he was known to be friendly to co-operative workmen. At a subsequent election, the shopkeepers supported Mr. Baliol Brett, a Tory lawyer, who had never done anything and was unknown for any human service to the people. The shopkeepers of Rochdale—not all of them, but a pretty substantial crowd of them—sought to give the seat of Richard Cobden to an adventuring Conservative barrister. So far as this was done not from political coincidence of opinion, but with a view to trade interest, it was not creditable.

To be without honest principle in commerce, is to be a thief—that is what it is called in criminal courts. To be without honest con-

viction and clear knowledge in public affairs and prefer your private interest or ambition to the public good—that is to be a thief in politics. Neither friendliness to co-operation nor opposition to it is a reason for voting for any candidate. His general fitness to serve the country is the only ground for preferring a member, as nations go in their daily and ordinary march.

In 1859, the shopkeepers of Rochdale started a Tory gentleman named Ramsay as the Anti-Store Candidate. He was selected on the respectable principle of local politics, namely, that he had never done anything. He was the author of no public reform; he had never laboured for any popular and unfriended interest, and therefore was to be electorally distinguished for his inability. This is the way the tradesmen put him forward. I quote from one of their bills, taken from the walls and preserved for me. It runs thus :—

"LOOK OUT!

"The shopkeepers of Rochdale will do well to 'look before they leap' in the approaching struggle. They will do well to ask this important question, 'Who are the men who are thus busying themselves in adopting means to secure the election of Richard Cobden?'

"Are the shopkeepers aware that the chief supporters of the Bright-and-Cobdenite faction are also the leading members of the Co-operative Stores?

"Is it not notorious that George Ashford (and family connections), Jacob Bright, John Petrie, Pagan (and their family connections), Livsey, Kemp and Kelsall (and their family connections), who are in the Radical front ranks, are all part and parcel of these Stores—are aiders and abetters of this iniquitous system?

"Will the shopkeepers of Rochdale never take a lesson from the past? Will they never be aroused to the real state of their affairs? Will they still go on aiding the men who are fostering the system which is destined at no distant period to snatch their daily bread from their very jaws?

"If the shopkeepers of Rochdale are fully aware of all these facts will they, I ask, give the vital stab to their future prospects by deliberately voting for the Bright-and-Cobden faction?

"There is but one sane course open to them, and that is to vote for Ramsay, liberty, and justice! and not for Cobden and Livsey's pet bastile!!

A SHOPKEEPER."

This precious bill bore no personal name, but the shopkeepers did not disown it. It bore no printer's name, so that its parentage could not readily be traced. The answer to it bore a pretty broad, brief, abrupt and intelligible headline; it bore also a printer's address, and was signed by several distinguished and honoured names. Here it is. I have sent the printer one of the original placards to quote from :—

"TORY LIES.

"A handbill, anonymous, and without printer's name, has been industriously circulated among the shopkeepers of this borough, seeking by absolute and positive falsehoods to prejudice them against Richard Cobden.

"The statements referred to are to the effect that the leading supporters of Richard Cobden are connected with the Rochdale Co-operative Store.

"Without expressing any opinion concerning the 'Store,' we, the undersigned, being all the persons named in the handbill, give the most unqualified contradiction to the statement, and assert that we have no connection with that establishment directly or indirectly.

"Sir Alexander Ramsay's cause must, indeed, be considered hopeless by his friends when they are compelled to resort to such disgraceful means in the vain attempt to secure their ends.

"Shopkeepers of Rochdale! don't be blinded to your true interests by the silly attempts of the Tories to throw dust in your eyes. No man has done more for the trade of the country generally, nor for the shopkeepers especially, than has Richard Cobden. Give him your votes, and show the Tories that tricks and falsehood will never succeed with honest people.

"GEORGE ASHFORD.
"JOHN PETRIE.
"JACOB BRIGHT.
"JOHN PAGAN.
"KELSALL & KEMP.
"THOMAS LIVSEY.

"Rochdale, April 18th, 1859."

The placard sent me while the contest raged bore these words: "Richard Cobden will be member for Rochdale.—William Cooper." And so it proved. Tradesmen have, however, small cause to complain if the co-operator is sometimes antagonistic to them when they play these tricks. This is a sufficient example of the cantankerous tradesman on the stump.

The chief figures which used to come into prominence in the crowd of outsiders would be newspaper correspondents and pamphleteers under the name of "Merchant," "Looker on," or, of course, "Working man," who was a favourite character in which the outsiders appeared. There was some sense in the objections which the shopkeeper put under these disguises. The stores were inefficient, and these objectors did much to improve them. In cases in which I wrote pamphlets in reply,[1] I urged upon co-operators that the thing wanted in most districts is a good central, well-supplied depôt, on the co-operative plan, which can engage and maintain a good buyer-

[1] I wrote one for the Haddersfield Co-operators.

in.[1] The goods would then be carefully selected, the profits would be higher, and the smallest store would thus be on a level with the greatest wholesale shopkeeper. But it takes time to educate co-operative societies to see their own interests. Many prefer blundering along, making bad purchases for the sake of some immediate gain, while they lose in character, and injure themselves, the members, and the cause in the long run. This short-sightedness will cure itself in time. It can be cured by patience and reason. It cannot be cured by reproaches. Every society, of course, has a right to buy where it pleases. We must wait till good sense and enlightened interest gain the day. Men like our incendiary "Working Men" appear in every place; but they get fewer and fewer as the great principle travels on. There are errors and failures everywhere, but they are eclipsed by successes so unexpected and so important, that the great Social Reform advances, and co-operation is the now accepted principle of self-help for the people.

Every society has its "Working Men" objectors. They appear in every town, occasionally of a very bad type. They crawl out of the slime of competition. Sometimes they mean well, and sometimes they don't. I have seen them before, and know what they intend to say before they speak, and it would not be difficult to answer them in the dark. In the early years of a cause it is useful to notice them, and they like it. If they write like candid men, respect them; if they do not, answer them within certain limits. Error, misrepresentation, misapprehension, and prejudice are serpents, alive at both ends. If you cut them in two, they still live; while they can wriggle, they may sting. Since, however, they are damaged when divided, it is good policy to chop at them.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOUR DANGEROUS YEARS.

When the slave war, or rather the war instigated by the Southern American party in defence of slavery, came, it was known that the Cotton Famine would follow: the mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire would stop, hundreds of thousands of families would be without work—and that meant being without food—John Bull would be short of calico, and manufacturers short of profits. Then it was predicted that co-operation would stop spinning like a top, when the momentum of working-class prosperity was withdrawn.

The political economists shook their heavy heads in their wise

[1] There was no great "Wholesale" in those days. It had not even been debated at Jumbo Farm.

way. Not the better sort, like Mr. J. S. Mill or Professor Fawcett, who often vindicated co-operation. The professor, however, sent out in "Macmillan," a small professional moan—chiefly of kindly warning, but still distrustful of the new forces of concerted industry—to stand the shock of the dangerous years coming. He said :—

"Will a body of workmen, combined in a cotton manufactory, be able to keep together during two or three years, at low profits, and withstand the difficulties of a financial crisis? This is a problem which remains to be solved." [1]

When the dangerous years (from 1861 to 1864) set in, we had *Times* correspondents writing from Rochdale. What they had to tell will be remarkable reading for many years to come. In 1862 the relief committees had not dispensed very much among the unemployed families. On December 19th of that year, the *Times* commissioner wrote from Rochdale, saying :—"It is never very easy to ascertain with any degree of accuracy the extent to which the unemployed have taxed their own resources to meet the calamity which has fallen upon them. The investments most preferred by the working classes vary in different towns. In some the savings bank is the favoured depository; in others, building and benefit societies are the fashion; and of late there has been a very general run on the co-operative associations. On this account, comparison of savings bank accounts will not always be a correct indication of what is going on. In several towns where I have inquired into the point I have found that the withdrawals in this year of distress very little exceed those of last year, and the explanation given was that the operators had just begun to withdraw their deposits in order to invest them in this new movement. In Rochdale it may be said that the co-operative societies, which are on a very large scale, have absorbed pretty nearly the whole of the savings of the working classes. There are here three great concerns managed on this principle—the Store, the Corn Mill, and the Cotton Mill, representing among them a capital of close upon £140,000."

The "problem" was getting itself "solved" pretty well, and co-operative societies had no small share in enabling the people of the two great cotton spinning counties to resist the recognition of a slave dominion. But our commissioner relates unexpected facts of the Rochdale Store :—

"Last quarter," he said, "the profit to members on purchases amounted to 2s. 5d. in every pound—in other words, for every 17s. 7d. spent the member got a pound's worth of goods; so that instead of being perpetually in debt, as in the old times, the working man who deals here is absolutely earning for himself the profit which went into the shopkeeper's pocket, [2] and probably gets a better

[1] Professor Fawcett.—"Macmillan's Magazine," October, 1860.

[2] All these profits as we have said did not go into the shopkeepers' pockets. The co-operator gets the savings by cash payments, no bad debts, by occupying cheaper shops, making no display of gas, or of goods which perish by exposure; by numerous

article into the bargain. The more comfortably he lives, the larger is his share of the profits at the end of the year. One account taken at hazard, among others which I saw myself in the books of the Store, sets the advantages of the system to the working man in a very clear light. It was that of a member who in September, 1854, had £7 10s. standing to his credit. For all the eight years he had gone on clothing and feeding his family at the Store, he had never paid in a farthing in any way to increase his account; on the contrary, he had drawn out at various times £90 odd, and yet at the end of last quarter he had £50 placed against his name. The profits on his purchases during the last eight years, with interest, had actually produced him £132 10s., or rather more than £16 a year. In all probability, if he had gone on dealing all this time at an ordinary shop he might have spent 10 per cent. more, and would have been in debt at the end of the time some £5 at the least. It is only natural that the numbers of the members and the business done should have increased rapidly, and that the working classes in different parts of the country should have endeavoured to copy the very successful model thus set up. The capital increased so fast, in fact, spite of all the extensions, that it outgrew the necessities of the Society, and it became necessary to find other employment for it. First a Corn Mill was established, which has now been at work nine years, and in 1861 made a profit of £10,000. The original capital invested here was £2,000, and it has now risen to nearly £30,000, of which £9,000 has been contributed by the Store. It does a large trade in the surrounding district, and, like the Equitable Pioneers' Store, supplies other stores round about with goods wholesale. From this the co-operators took a still higher flight, and entered on an experiment which at first sight seemed not a little hazardous. They conceived the idea of combining labour and capital, of being their own employers, and sharing among themselves the fruits of their own labour."

No more impressive account of the practical economy of co-operation has ever been given. The good sense of concerted action pays when it yields £16 a year profit to a working man's family. It is worth listening to a writer whose words have gone all over the world. He says further:—"The Co-operative Manufacturing Society, which was formed in 1857, owns now one of the finest mills in the town, fitted with first-rate machinery, and another of equal dimensions, I am told, is in course of erection. Its capital is now £68,000, and in 1861, it divided profits to the amount of £5,599. It appears to have been skilfully managed from the first, and,

customers and few servants; by buying wholesale; advantages which small shopkeepers cannot command. Owing to his greater expenses the shopkeeper does not get half the profit the co-operator makes. It, therefore, creates needless ill-will to represent that co-operative profits formerly went into the shopkeeper's pocket. Co-operators often talk in this inaccurate way, and no wonder that a writer new to the subject fell into the same language.

though it suffers in common with other concerns, it is still able to run three days a week. I wish to point out how materially the existence here of the co-operative societies must have alleviated the pressure of the distress. In its early stages the movement had to encounter no little opposition from those who scented Communism, Socialism, and all sorts of bugbears in it; but its improving effects on the character and condition of the working classes are so unmistakable that none but the most selfish could refuse it their support. Manufacturers, as a rule, prefer co-operatives as workmen; the habits of self-reliance, prudence, and order which their connection with these societies engenders raise them considerably over the ordinary class, and their economy has certainly put them in a better position to bear the strain of the times."

Thus the "problem" of the political economist got "solved." Co-operation proved to be no hothouse plant, requiring hot-air apparatus and infinite watching, forcing, and coddling; but a hale, hearty, winter shrub, which will take root in any good soil, enjoys a blast, and grows strong by exposure.

The statements in the *Times* were written by a man of ability in putting facts, and not without sympathy with self-helping sense among working people. The profit to a family of well-managed, well-sustained co-operation, was never packed into smaller compass, or brought before the public eye in a more palpable way, than in the sentence in which he says "that a single family saved as much as £16 a year for eight years, while had they continued buying at the ordinary shops, they would have paid 10 per cent. more for their goods, and have been at least £5 in debt." Here is a distinct, solid, complete, picturesque thing said. This is one of those portable statements which the most casual reader can carry away in his mind. Art in statement is like cultivated taste in exhibiting treasures; the picture or statuette must be seen with the glory of space around it. All crowding is detraction. Multiplicity is not magnificence, as the uneducated think. All details have their place in statement, and out of place they are like meaner things which crowd about the nobler, hide the proportions of beauty, and distract, torment, and outrage the trained eye. The commissioner of the *Times* notices that communicativeness of the Rochdale Pioneers which has made theirs the great propagandist Store. He remarks—"Few are so communicative as to their actual position as the Equitable Pioneers, who are too firmly established to fear even this severe strain; but the restricted trade and diminished working capital must have told on the greater number. The trade of the Rochdale Store in the twelvemonth has fallen off by about one-third on the year, and £21,000 has been withdrawn from the funds, of which, probably, £16,000 at least has been withdrawn by unemployed members in order to meet the distress. All of it has come back to the Store in the purchase of provisions, and the profits on the purchasers of the year, together with the payment of share subscriptions, reduce the

actual loss of capital to little more than £1,000. There is no transfer of stock, but the rule of the Society is that any member may withdraw as much of his capital invested as he pleases down to £5, and, with the special leave of the committee, down to £2. No deposits are allowed below that amount, and those whose necessities will not allow them to stop there must draw out the whole. About 300 members have been thus compelled to leave the Society, to rejoin it, it is to be hoped, when better times comes round."

They all came back, and, as an Irishman would say, many more came back who had never left. The above statement includes particulars of the rules and practices of the Rochdale Store, which will be informing and welcome to all readers. Narrative should, like leading articles in a newspaper, resemble a Scotch house, and be self-contained. The *Times* itself became the "leading journal" by this art. When its columns were crowded for five days with reports of Palmer's trial, the leading article upon it on the sixth day, when the case ended, gave a complete account of the fat, horse-racing, rascally, surgical poisoner's trial, which the busy man could understand though he had never read a line of the reports. The article was self-contained. It was lighted up with outside facts. The above-cited passages introduce into this story details which make it complete in itself, without irrelevant and formal repetition. It is of no use listening to a speaker, or reading an author, if you require first to hear or read someone else to understand him.

But the immediate point before the reader is to understand how Rochdale stood the slave and cotton storm. Co-operation stood like the Eddystone Lighthouse—as immovable as the north pole.

In December, 1861, when the cotton panic had commenced, the cash received at the Store over their counters for the sale of provisions and other articles of household and personal use amounted to £176,000. During the year of 1865, the cash received reached £196,000, showing an increase of £20,000. Their capital in 1861 was £42,000; in 1865 it was £78,000. Four years before their members were 3,900; four years later they were 5,300, showing an increase during the panic of 1,400 members. This looks as though co-operative crafts were places of safety in a storm.

In 1862 these Pioneers built a new shop at Blue Pits. There's a name!—an honest name, however, for the pits deserve it. This Blue Pit shop cost £700. Next year they built a slaughter-house and stables, at a cost of £1,000; and also a new shop at Pinfold, which cost £1,000. This was pretty well for 1863. In 1864 they put up a Store at Spotland Bridge, at a cost of £1,500; and another in the Oldham Road, at a cost of £1,700; and in 1863 they finished the Buersil branch, at a cost of £1,000. The Pioneers modestly said that these buildings do not disgrace the neighbourhood in which they stand. The fact is, there was little or nothing to disgrace—there being no lively or inspiring buildings anywhere about—and these stores are cheerful, wholesome, and not unpleasing buildings,

The Town Hall, Rochdale, which is a municipal glory now, was not then erected.

Nor is this all. The Pioneers commenced excavations in Toad Lane (which ought to be called the Pioneers' Highway, for it goes up a hill, and they have made the hill of difficulty easy) for the purpose of erecting a great Central Store, which they hoped would be an ornament to the town. There was reason for this hope; for Rochdale needed and deserved some architectural improvement. During the four years of "famine," the members drew out £83,000; the Society having been a savings bank on this great scale. Better than this, the Pioneers gave £750 for the relief of the distressed and to other charitable purposes. And quite as honourable to their intelligence as these gifts are to their humanity, they had appropriated £1,840 to the purposes of self-education. This is enough to show that the working men of Rochdale know how to dream dreams, and that the weavers' co-operative dream turned out a substantial and instructive reality.

If the reader has the courage to go through a paragraph having figures in it (p. 142), he may see how the Rochdale Store fared in the eventful years when the slave owners fought for the whip. The odd hundreds and fractions of pounds, shillings, and pence, usually included in any financial narrative, are omitted here. The writer recognises—what is not often done—that the general reader is not an auditor. He can only take figures in the bulk. The common rule is to fill into any narrative containing figures all the minor amounts and fractions, just as though the reader was going to send for the books and go over them to test the exact truth of the statement, in which case the writer would have to wait a fortnight before the reader would be able to attend to the continuation of the argument.

In the following statement the reader will find the grand figures in one round honest bulk, with all the fractional edges chipped off, so that they will not scratch the memory nor irritate the understanding.

Returns from Rochdale show the position of co-operation in that town for the four years preceding and subsequent to the civil war in America. From 1857 to 1860 the members increased from 1,800 to 4,600, the capital from £15,000 to £57,500, the business from £80,000 to £174,000, the profits from £5,000 yearly to £15,000.

From 1860 to 1864, the full period of the cotton crisis, the profits increased in uneven gradations from £15,000 to £22,000. In 1861, the Society felt the effects of the scarcity of cotton. In the March quarter of that year the receipts for sales were £47,000; in the December quarter they had fallen to £42,000. In 1862, the cotton famine was the most severe. Two-thirds of the operatives of Rochdale were almost entirely out of work. The greater part of the mills were entirely closed, and the people had to subsist to a great extent, on their previous savings. This year the number of mem-

bers of the Store decreased 500. The capital of the Society decreased £4,500. The cash received for sales decreased £32,000; yet this year the profits made amounted to £17,000. Not only did co-operation stand its ground during a period which it was supposed would destroy it, but the Store, the Corn Mill, and Manufacturing Society of Rochdale gave together £1,500 for the relief of the unemployed, and the Store alone made £70,000 profit for its members. The Corn Mill Society made £10,000 a year profit in 1860 and 1861. In 1862, the profits fell to £8,000, but next year they returned to £10,000 again. The Manufacturing Society of Rochdale kept up its full payment of wages during the cotton famine, ran more time than any mill in the neighbourhood, and subscribed £3 weekly to the Distress Fund.

These societies of working men took their place by the side of manufacturers in the mill and market, and it does not appear that they shrunk from any responsibility which gentlemen in times of public distress undertake.

Productive manufactures fared no less hopefully as far as they went. We are in the habit of saying productive manufactures, in order to distinguish production from distribution. Of course all manufactures are productive—either of dividends or deficits—and of course always create articles of utility or desire. Manufacturing, however, had not then, nor has yet, got into complete co-operative ways. The mills reputedly co-operative of that date were mainly joint-stock enterprises with a dash of co-operation in the prospectus. In 1862, manufacturing societies of this nature in Rochdale worked three days a week, which was greatly above average of the time worked by the mills of the town. In Rochdale and its suburbs there were then 93 cotton mills, rather over three-fourths of which wholly ceased working. Taking the average of the whole, they worked less than one day per week. It was a creditable and unexpected thing that a semi-co-operative manufacturing mill which, it was said, would first fall in a cotton crisis, should find itself able to work more time than any of its competitive competitors.

The question, during the distress from which the working people suffered, was as to whether co-operators were to be entitled to relief. The Central Executive Relief Committee, of which the Lord Derby of that day was chairman, considered the question of disqualifying co-operators and other persons from participating in the national subscriptions then made. It was at this time that Lord Derby presented a scheme for the equitable administration of that fund, which was marked by a generous and unforeseen discrimination which has not been forgotten to this day. Lord Derby said:—

"The co-operative societies stand upon a peculiar footing. The societies known by this name comprise provision and clothing stores and flour mills, which are conducted to a great extent on co-operative principles; but cotton manufactories, called co-operative, are generally, if not universally, simply joint-stock companies of limited

liability, the capital of which has been subscribed in small shares, chiefly by workmen in the cotton districts, and which are often built and conducted with the aid of loans. They have arisen out of motives which do the highest honour to the operative classes; and there is no question but they have induced habits of frugality, temperance, and self-restraint, which have operated greatly to the benefit of the working classes morally and physically. But it is indisputable that the shares in some of the co-operative societies are at the present moment greatly depreciated, and, in some cases, actually valueless. Is, then, the possession, say, of one or more shares in one of these societies to exclude the holder from a title to relief? On the principle applied to the savings banks, the answer should be in the affirmative; and the more so, as the investment hitherto has yielded a larger interest. But it is to be remembered, on the other hand, that whatever has been invested in the savings banks realises, on its withdrawal, the whole of its nominal amount; whereas the co-operative shares are, in many cases, not only depreciated, but, if compelled to be sold, would realise little or nothing to the possessors. The utmost, therefore, which can fairly be required is, that the holder shall have mortgaged his share, and that he is not at the present moment deriving any pecuniary benefit from it. In such a case, I think the holder might fairly be entitled to relief, as having, for the time, no other resources."

Dr. Watts, at the meeting when this was read, pointed out that shares in co-operative stores were not mortgageable; and mentioned instances of great hardship where sums had to be withdrawn, at a loss, before relief could be obtained.

Lord Derby, in reply, said: "I have not even stated that those conditions should be insisted upon in all cases. The whole intention of the paragraph is to moderate the application of the strict principle."

Lord Egerton, of Talton, quoted the previous statement of the committee, that these were cases for forbearance, and that it would not be wise to discourage habits of forethought, adding:—

"I can assure Dr. Watts that it is the general opinion of the Executive Committee that these cases should meet with the greatest forbearance, and be looked most carefully to, so that those who have profited by the opportunity of laying by some small store for themselves may not, in these days of adversity, be left entirely helpless."

The co-operators were not destined to find on local committees the same sense of industrial justice as animated the committee inspired by Lord Derby. In the face of these strong recommendations the local committee turned a deaf ear to the appeals of co-operative shareholders. Hence there arose the co-operative shareholders' Central Relief Committee, which in its public address remarked:—

"The mere refusal of money is only a part of the injustice. Thus, the girls of co-operative shareholders have been refused admission into the sewing classes. The articles of clothing so generously con-

tributed have been refused to co-operators, though frequently in greater need of them than others who obtained them. Many have their clothes in the pawnshop, and yet at the release of goods therefrom, a few weeks ago, in Haslingden, not an article was returned that belonged to co-operative shareholders."

Lord Derby took a just and considerate view of the claims of co-operators; but the shopkeepers on the committees took a shabby revenge upon their humble rivals. But that distressed them not. They got through with cheerful hearts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HALTING ON THE WAY.

In 1844, the Equitable Pioneers, after a long period of controversy and distrust, founded their Store upon the principle of taking purchasers into partnership. From that time is dated the successful career of co-operative distribution, which before the adoption of that principle was in most towns vacillating, uncertain, and often ignominious in its operations. Many years later, when the value of partnership in consumption had been triumphantly tested, it was resolved to apply it to productive co-operation. In 1855, steps were taken to erect a spinning mill, which commenced business with 96 looms. In 1855, there was fitted up a second mill with new machinery. The two mills were calculated to run 50,000 spindles. The principle on which this mill was founded was that of taking the labourer into partnership, and giving him a reasonable share of the profits, which were the joint produce of capital, and the industry, good-will, good skill, and the carefulness of the workmen. It was strongly hoped that the sagacity of the Rochdale men would successfully set manufactures on the same ground of equity on which they had placed distribution. The determination of the promoters of the new mills was to carry into workshops the same social advantages they had created in homes. It was believed that success in Rochdale in creating a permanent industrial partnership would have great influence in other towns. Even on the Continent the success of the experiment was inquired after with great interest. It was known as a rule that workmen made bad masters. The subjection in which they have been kept, the dependence in which they have lived, the beggarly income which, as a rule, comes to them (the lowest for which poverty and competition compel them to sell their unwilling services), the parsimony of life imposed upon them—enter into their souls and narrow their judgment of their fellows. When they become masters themselves they are often jealous of the success of their late comrades. They regard good wages for good services, which make them profit, as so much money

taken out of their own pockets. They aim at getting the utmost work out of those they employ, just as the worst master under which they have served did unto them. What they wished to be done to them when they were workmen, they commonly forget to do to others when they become employers themselves. Their masters kept all the profits in their own hands, and they determined to do the same thing. Therefore, friends of industrial progress were very anxious about the success of the co-operative mill, and great admiration was expressed of the Rochdale workmen that established it, when they showed the fine spirit of founding a real industrial partnership.

This excellent and long-looked-for vision of equity and industry loomed hopefully for a time in the immediate distance, and then went out of sight again. The "share list" being open to the whole town, shares were taken up by numerous persons who knew nothing of co-operation, and by others who cared little for it, and by many who actively disliked it; and the rule giving a participation of profit to workmen was rescinded.

The two noble engines erected in the mill of 60-horse power, one named "Co-operation," and the other "Perseverance,"[1] had to be rechristened by the more revelant names of "Joint-stock," and "Greed." As soon as the facts became noised abroad, the advocates of the artisan ceased to look to Rochdale for that organisation of industry which should terminate the increasing and unprofitable war between capital and labour. Thus co-operation halted on the way.

An article upon Co-operative Societies in the *London Spectator* (April 16, 1864), made this assertion:—"At Rochdale, the system of admitting journeymen to participation in profits was abandoned after trial."

"Abandoned after trial," suggests that it had been tried and did not answer. The truth is, it was frustrated during successful trial; it was not abandoned, it was put to death.

Professor Newman observed in a communication to the present writer (Jan. 23, 1863):—

"Co-operative manufacturing 'hangs fire' in the matter that the members' interest as capitalists overpowers their sympathy with hirelings. If it be true that, as capitalists, they gain nothing by interesting the hireling in the prosperity of the concern, this means that co-operative capital can compete with private capital on equal terms; then the problem is really simplified. Each man who saves at all may be capitalist somewhere, though he be merely hireling elsewhere; and, by co-operative stores, and abstinence from strong drink, all who have health and youth can save. But if co-operative capital cannot—or where it cannot—compete on equal terms with private capital, it becomes the interest of the co-operative capitalists to take the hire-

[1] They first went round August 11, 1860.

lings into quasi-partnership, by some bonus or other on the general success. But, by one or both methods, I think the way is open for prudent persons whenever moderate prosperity is general. But until the townsmen understand that the cause of the peasants is their own cause, and that depression of the country people weighs down the artisans, I do not expect any general and considerable elevation."

Professor Newman, though an author upon Political Economy, distinctly recognises the interest which workmen have when they become capitalists, of taking those in their employ into partnership with them. At that time, it was believed that the partnership system had been tried in Rochdale, and that the co-operators themselves had relinquished it. Whereas, they never did so; they never mistrusted the principle—they never gave it up; it was forced from their hands in the fourth year of its trial. The co-operators, like the Swedish monarch Charles, "were overmatched, overpowered, and outnumbered." The discredit was not upon the co-operators of that day. We shall describe the class of persons by whom the evil was accomplished.

The Almanac of 1860 said:—"The object of the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society is to provide arrangements by which *its members may have the profits arising from the employment of their own* capital and labour in the manufacturing of cotton and woollen fabrics, and so improve their social and domestic condition. The profits which arise from the business of the Society (first paying interest on capital after the rate of £5 per cent. per annum) *are divided amongst the members, giving an equal percentage to capital*[1] *subscribed and labour performed.* Each member has the same amount of votes and influence, whatever the amount of his investments." In 1861 the editor of the Almanac again repeated the same clear, sensible, semi-equitable and hopeful announcement.

In 1864 the co-operators hung their harps upon the willows of Mitchell Hey, and sang no more, At the same time they gave one good-natured but instructive and disowning shriek in the Almanac. They said:—"The principal object of the founders of this Society was the equitable division of the profits arising from the manufacturing of cotton and woollen fabrics. *They believed that all who contributed to the realisation of wealth, ought to participate in its distribution. To this principle the Society has proved recreant, to the great regret of its originators.*"

When, therefore, the anti-co-operators in Rochdale took the rule by the throat which gave only a share of profit to workmen, and strangled it, the gold-tinted eye of capitalism elsewhere grew bright on hearing of this proceeding, and there was rejoicing in countless counting-houses of manufactories where men had for generations worked like horses and died like dogs.

[1] This is not co-operation proper, because it treats capital as co-equal with labour, making it a partner, instead of an agent merely. But co-operation had got no further in that day.

Early in 1860, the enemy began to appear in the field, and a great meeting was held in September in the Public Hall, Baillie Street, to discuss the question of "*bounty or no bounty to labour.*" No doubt those hideous words "bonus and bounty" were the beginning of the mischief, and made the ignorant shareholders believe they were actually giving away their money in some foolish manner. Whereas, the profits divided on labour represent the profits created by labour, over and above that which, in the long run, would exist, if the participation is withheld. An unregarded workman gives more than merely dull, sullen, careless, uninterested service, during which he conspires — by trade unions or otherwise—to extort from his employer all he can, because he believes his employer conspires to withhold from him all he is able. This sort of industry is merely silent spite. At the great meeting, all the orators of greed appeared to argue that the workman was paid the market value of his labour, and that was the fair end of him. This sort of argument was for many years in great force in the distributive stores. It was argued that the purchaser obtained in goods the market value of his money, and what more did he want? Nearly two generations of men lived and lied and died, among whom this question was argued, before they could be taught to see that, by giving customers an interest in coming to the Store, these customers would themselves, by the certainty and magnitude of their purchases, create the very profits which were to be shared among them. It will probably take as long before it will be believed that the labourer in a manufactory can equally contribute the profits accorded to him. The conditions of production are more complicated than those of distribution, and it will take time and patience to discover all the methods whereby every person engaged in a manufactory shall be induced to do his best in consideration of his being a partner in the profits. At the great meeting of 1860, the old Pioneers stood up stoutly for the maintenance of the principle which recognised the workman as a partner. One of them said: "It was the duty of the Pioneers to base a manufactory on the same principle as a Pioneers' Store. It was their duty, as the pioneers of the country, to see that labour had its due." This was the public and generous propagandist principle upon which the question was argued by the co-operators at the first great meeting. When the votes were taken, 571 were given against the partnership of industry, and 270 for it. Nevertheless, the motion was lost, as the rules require a majority of three-fourths for the alteration of any law. Two years later, the enemy having consolidated their forces, gave battle again, won the day, and put back the dial of manufacturing industrial progress for their time, so far as the example of Rochdale was concerned. As soon as this was done, the cry went forth that the partnership of labour in Rochdale had failed, and if anyone denied it, he was sharply asked the question, "If it had not failed, why was the law of participation abrogated?" A rule may be cancelled by cupidity, but it does not therefore follow that it has

failed. Greed of profit on the part of shareholders may have led to procuring the abolition of a law which they thought injurious to them; and who, having power to carry out their will, were not restrained by any feeling of equity to others. It was freely said "the Society was drifting to dissolution," as members were withdrawing their shares, and placing them in other companies where no participation law was in force. Several persons really did withdraw their shares, and others threatened to do so. But no greater number of withdrawals took place than is common in large societies, and this manufacturing company could well afford to spare these retreating members; and it would have been more honourable in them who did not agree with the law, to betake themselves to some other society more congenial to their views, than remain in one they had entered, for the purpose of abolishing the fundamental principle which distinguished it. There was never ground for the assertion that the Society was in danger of loosing its members or the needful supply of capital by continuing the participation law. Many months previous to the repeal of this law, the Society ceased taking new members, and, as a consequence, declined taking additional money, except from those already members, because members and money came in so rapidly that the Society did not see how it could use profitably at the time all the capital it possessed. It was well known that large numbers were ready to come into the Society when the new list should again be opened. It is a common experience of all societies that a certain class of shareholders who want some special change made will threaten to withdraw from the Society, and, of course, they spread the report that if they do that the Society will break up. The importance of their remaining, and of having their way, cannot in their opinion be too highly estimated. Experience, however, shows that a society does not always fail because a few persons think it will, or mean that it shall, or believe that it ought to fail when they leave it. At that day various writers appeared to defend the reactionary decision of the shareholders. One would sign his letters under the mask of "Old Pioneer." This writer strongly asserted that if the "anti-bountites," as they were called, had ceased to be members, the Manufacturing Society could no longer go on. This was quite an illusion; but it would have been fortunate for Rochdale if they had withdrawn, and formed another society on the mere joint-stock plan, which they had a right to do, and might have done without reproach. Then they would have left the original Society to test itself and to stand or fall on the principle on which it was founded. The charge against the "anti-bountites" is, that when they found themselves strong enough to seize this Society, which they had not founded, they did so, and prevented an honest public experiment being tried, and brought discredit on co-operation itself among those not acquainted with the facts of the case. It was alleged that "co-operators of old standing" voted for the destruction of the partnership of labour rule. If so they never owned to it. But

the main body of the old co-operators strove by every means in their power, by their advocacy and their votes, to save it. Mr. William Cooper, who was a member of the first Rochdale Equitable Pioneer Society before and during the time the first rules were drawn up, which was some months before the Toad Lane Store was opened for business, knew all the persons who drew the black joint-stock line across the Manufacturing Society. He testified at the time that this defacement was the act of the "newer members." When the disastrous night arrived which was to cast conspicuous discredit on the partnership of industry in Rochdale, 162 votes were given for the retention of the labour profit rule, and 502 for its abolition.

When the white line of partnership of labour is for the first time drawn across a manufactory, it is not a matter of rejoicing to see a black line of the subjugation of labour supersede it.

Nothing can "pay" permanently, or ought to pay, which is not conducted on a principle of fairness to all concerned in creating its value. The pyramid of gain which is not based on equity is a mere rascally pile, which an honest man would rather not touch.

On the recalcitrant night when the anti-co-operative shareholders destroyed the hopeful law of industrial partnership, the Co-operative Manufacturing Society numbered over 1,500, of whom only 664 were present. There was, therefore, half the members who either did not attend the meeting, or who attended and did not vote, and who may be classed as indifferent, neutral, or satisfied with the Society in its then form. It is some satisfaction to record that only 502 out of 1,500 members actually lifted up their hands against the recognition of the workman. If all the consequences to the credit of Rochdale which has since followed upon that step had been foreseen, many of the 502 who brought the discredit about, would, from mere pride of townsmanship, apart from any care for the working class, have withheld their votes, and gone elsewhere and founded another society. The chief movers against the workers participating in the profits were at the time well-known to be of the class of managers, overlookers, small tradesmen, and such like. The mover of the motion to rescind the grand rule, and those who spoke on the side of its abrogation, were drawn from these classes. The committee of the Manufacturing Society were not all of them co-operators, or they would have held as sacred the great law, and would have given all their interest and influence against its repeal. But the majority of the committee were themselves continually agitating against the principle to the neglect of other important interests of the Society. One who was within "The Ring," and who knew all about it, put me in possession of the facts at the time. He admitted that some of the committee were dashing, fast-going men—not the sort of men who usually cared for principle. Their favourite argument against the labourer's claim of sharing in the profits of his labour, was that of calling it a "Socialist Theory."

Of course it was a "Socialist Theory." All co-operative stores are founded on the same "Socialist Theory," which gives profits to purchasers as well as to capitalists. Shopkeepers of common-sense often act now upon the same "Socialist Theory," and give their customers a share in the profits the customers help to create. The "Socialist (manufacturing) Theory" is that the capitalist may be made more secure, and even derive increased profits by making it the interest of the labourer to co-operate with him in the production of gain.

In the great discussion which finally disestablished and disendowed the workman as a sharer in the profits of his labour, James Smithies made one of his best speeches on the occasion. Mr. Abraham Greenwood and William Cooper were amongst the foremost champions of the claim of the workmen. Mr. Holden also spoke on the same side. I possess a full report of all the speeches published in the *Rochdale Spectator* of the time, annotated with the names of all the speakers, not given.

The under-placed tables show what this Society did down to 1866, when profit was taken from the workers.

Year—July.	Funds.	Business.	Profits.
	£	£	£
1854	...	...	...
1855	...	..	...
1856	...	...	...
1857	4,351	12,081	888
1858	8,790	13,381	679
1859	25,613	16,483	1,770
1860	56,857	23,634	3,643
1861	69,317	47,229	5,237
1862	67,513	65,368	3,325
1863	82,850	86,437	3,688

This company still retains its old style of "*Co-operative* Manufacturing Society"—fourteen years after it has relinquished the principle. In the meantime, co-operation has got to re-establish the workman as a participator in manufacturing profits. Masters may go back, as we have seen at the Whitwood Collieries; but co-operators should not. The trade unionists could carry the principle; and they will do it when they get advisers who can think above the level of strikes. I have seen Dutch workmen out in the Zuyder Zee accomplish what English trade unionists have never had the courage to attempt. As yet the main hope lies among unionists. In 1872 attempts were made to re-establish co-operative manufacturing in Rochdale by commencing card-making, but sufficient capital was not obtained to keep the Society "on the cards."

In this place and elsewhere I prefer to use the phrase *claim* of the workman instead of the term "right." A right of labour, like a right in politics, is what can be got to be ruled, or conceded. A claim is what ought morally to be conceded. A right is what is conceded. But the claim holds good, and is to be persisted in. If workmen were gentlemen in means no employed would dare to disallow it.

Comments on persons who, being directors or shareholders in a co-operative company, and knowing it to be so, and joining it as co-operators, and then turning upon the principle and betraying it or destroying it—do not apply to persons who never were co-operators or accepted honour and trust as such. They are of the joint-stock species—a different kind of commercial creature altogether. But co-operation means more and higher. It means the recognition of the workmen, not indirectly—not in some infinitesimal, impalpable, hypothetical, and abstract way—but directly, plainly, personally, absolutely, permanently, as owner of an equitable share of the profits of labour.

A co-operative society is one which shares its profits equitably with all engaged in creating them, in labour and trade.

Mr. John Bright, meeting Mr. Abraham Greenwood, conversed on the subject of the decision of the members of the Society, expressed his disapproval, and asked if it could not be reversed, and the principle given another trial. Mr. Greenwood expressed the opinion that it would be best to try the principle again *de novo*, with members who have faith in that mode of working, and that they should be more careful as to who were admitted. Mr. Bright stated that a large number of members of Parliament had taken great interest in the experiment, and that he also knew manufacturers who would have been quite willing to allow workmen to share in a certain amount of the profits if it could have been carried out without themselves taking part in the business, and if the workpeople would rely on the amounts stated to have been realised, and jealousy not allowed to interfere. Mr. Greenwood assured Mr. Bright that good workmen believed in profit sharing, and that the principle had attracted a superior class of employés to Mitchell Hey. Mr. Bright replied that if the scheme had succeeded other manufacturers would have been compelled to offer to employés some inducement for vigilance and better work; that they ought not to be paid as a gift but for making the capital of the employer more remunerative, the machinery do more work, and to exercise greater economy in the material they had to manipulate.[1]

Mr. Bright's interest in this question is one of the most honourable things in his career. Experience shows that once a social experiment which has excited great hopes has been defeated, it is seldom that the same generation try it again. It is a pity Mr.

[1] Handbook of the Rochdale Congress, 1892, by William Robertson.

Bright's advice was not acted upon. Mr. Bright never gave his advice without giving his influence. Had an attempt been made to reverse the decision against the principle on which the mill was founded, the friendly minority would have been increased and probably inspired to recommence their vital experiment.

Mr. John T. W. Mitchell, whose name the reader has seen (p. 54), was one of the promoters and chairman—the Rochdale Congress Handbook records—of this manufacturing society. As such, he must have believed in profit sharing. Had he remained faithful to that principle, the wholesale society had been the promoter instead of the organised discouragement of true co-operation.

Rochdale holds much of its old ground, and goes steadily forward in many excellent ways, but the ancient enthusiasm—which pushed forward into new paths, or fought its way back to the old principles, when driven out of them by adverse votes—has not been maintained with equal conspicuousness among the new generation of co-operators; else we should have seen the great principle of self-helping industry vindicated in Rochdale before this.

CHAPTER XIX

THE STORY OF THE CORN MILL.

The murder of the equitable industrial principle effected at Mitchell Hey by the seizure and perversion of the Co-operative Manufacturing Society was noised abroad, and spread discouragement throughout the earth. It was of the nature of a compliment to Rochdale, that what was done in that town should be thought much of elsewhere. Rochdale men had come to be considered as really pioneers of industrial progress. The abandonment of co-operative principle in the Manufacturing Society was treated as a "failure" of it. It was supposed that the principle had been tried by deliberate, sagacious, patient, earnest men, who had applied all their powers to it, exhausted all their resources upon it, made prolonged sacrifices to give it effect, had afforded ample time for the experiment to be fully tested, and that the failure of the principle was decisive. It has been shown now how mistaken all these impressions were. If the people of Oldham can build a new mill every week, the increasing and enterprising population of Rochdale might surely start other

manufacturing societies, and try the experiment again and again and restore and increase the reputation of that historic town.

When I went to the Industrial Exhibition at Amaterdam, owing to the interest taken in it by Mr. Somerset Beaumont, M.P., the first question put to me by Baron Mackay on the Commission of Inquiry, at which he presided, was, "Had the Corn Mill failed?" The impression in Holland was that failure had set in in Rochdale, and that whatsoever was equitable, fair, and hopeful, and of good report, had been swallowed up by the impetuous dragon of unscrupulous dividend.

The Corn Mill Society was founded, as has been related (Part I.), in 1850. An account of its first years, dated now sixteen years ago, was written by Mr. W. Cooper. The Mill began in a dainty way. The co-operators had acquired some taste by dealing at the Store, and had learned to dislike as well as detect adulteration, and resolved to imitate the successful example of Leeds, and have a corn mill of their own. The rules were drawn up mainly by the same sagacious hands which drew up the Pioneers' rules six years before (Mr. Charles Howarth's), who was a factory worker, but was also a kind of "sea lawyer" to the Pioneers. He would give his nights to the humble work of codification. It took him a long time to see his way; but he was sure to find it. He was one of those ocular men who keep on looking until they see something.

The adventurous promoters of this Mill—though it is plain sailing now, it was quite an affair of unknown navigation then—held their first meetings, as we have said, at the Elephant and Castle Inn, Manchester Road, Rochdale. Afterwards they met at the Weavers' Arms, and, finally, at the meeting-room of the Pioneer Store, Toad Lane, that Society taking twenty shares of £5 each in the Corn Mill. John Butterworth carried the first treasury box, which, Mr. Cooper records, "was not very heavy, as it seldom had more than £6 at a time in it." When a capital of £1000 was provided, steps were taken to look out for a mill. At first an old one was taken about a mile and a half from Rochdale, called "Holme Mill," at a rental of £150. Members brought in all the money they could. Among the first committee were Laurence Melladay, Geo. Greenwood, John Turner, Edmund Hartley, and John Butterworth, of the "treasury box," all of whom subscribed to the extent of their means. Others put in only a portion of their money, investing at the same time elsewhere, lest the Corn Mill should grind up with the wheat what they had put in it. Others helped the Corn Mill with their good wishes, waiting to see how it succeeded before they helped it in any more expensive way. The Toad Lane Pioneers, however, made an investment of £100 more—a good deal for them to risk when their Society was only six years old. They appointed representatives in whose name the money should be invested, a plan afterwards followed by other societies—the plan being to give one representative to every £5. Before the end of 1850, the Equitable Pioneers had

thirty representatives—quite a detachment—to look after their £200. About a mile and a half from Rochdale existed a Brickfield Equitable Pioneer Society. Though fewer in numbers than the Rochdale Society, it was never behind in support of the Mill. Its members were really what have since been called "bricks." They appointed representatives and paid their investments, and when the Mill got to work the Brickfield "bricks" bought all their flour from the Mill—good or bad, none else would they sell. The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers did the same.

Some persons who joined the Mill Society, conceived a clever little scheme of getting some profit out of it. They proposed to take at a rental a portion of the Holme Mill, with turning power for willows to break up cotton or other waste. As this scheme promised to lessen the risks of the Society by lessening its rental, all the timid members were likely to be influenced by it; while others wisely contended that the dust from the waste would get into the flour, and their customers might reasonably object to eat a mixture of cotton waste and wheat. After argument enough to turn a dozen corn mills, it was decided not to re-let.

The Pioneers' Almanac, in due course, set forth touching the Corn Mill: "The objects of this Society are to provide for its members and those who trade with it, pure, wholesome, and unadulterated flour at a price and quality equal to what can be done by any miller in the neighbourhood, and divide the profits arising from the trade amongst the members, in proportion to the amount of money expended, having first paid interest upon capital after the rate of five per cent. per annum."[1] The laws by which the Society is governed are the same in principle as those of the Equitable Pioneers, save in the exclusion of labour from profit.

In 1861, for the first time, the words "after the rate of five per cent. per annum" were changed into "after the rate of £5 per cent. per annum." The Toad Lane Store had been going sixteen years then, before it was discovered that an abstract statement of financial profits was not intelligible to the concrete minds of Rochdale. The increasing number of outsiders who were beginning to come into the stores and buy of the Mill did not quite understand what "five per cent." meant—they perfectly understood what "£5" meant. It takes a long time to acquire the art of making things plain.

Never was there a more obstinate corn mill than that of Holme. The flour would not be good—the mill would not pay—and the profits would not come. The first report of the Society was ashamed to show itself; the second, of June, 1851, showed a loss of £103; the third report, of September, showed a loss of £338 on the quarter's transactions. A total loss of £441 attracted an army of croakers. Mr. Darwin would have had no difficulty in tracing the

[1] This is so far the right form of productive co-operation; it hires capital and divides all profits among the purchasers who make it. But the Almanac is silent as to including the workmen.

descent of all of them in a town which had produced Toad Lane. But the croakers were not born round the mill. The Pioneers were said to be blundering. It was plain to everybody they did not understand corn milling. Their manager had mismanaged. The Society discharged him, and the directors and president, Mr. Abraham Greenwood, went to market themselves, taking a miller with them to judge the quality of the grain they bought, and they managed without a manager.

A revolutionary meeting was held at the Pioneers' meeting-rooms, when the prophets of evil were, as is their wont, eloquent in favour of running away. Some members argued that they had better give up supporting the Corn Mill; that the Store, by selling only the Corn Mill Society's flour, was losing its custom; that the Corn Mill Society was losing money, and could not be made to pay, and that the Mill would go down, and the Store had better shake the Mill off, buy their flour wherever they could buy it cheapest and best, else the Mill would drag the Store down along with it. Others maintained that private individuals could make it do, and get a fortune out of the business, and why not co-operators? The causes of the losses were shown to arise from shortness of money to work the business with, necessitating them to take grain from those factors who would give them credit, when sometimes that wheat was neither the best nor the cheapest; from neglect or want of skill, or both, in the head miller; and from want of better support from the members and stores. It was also said by others that if the Corn Mill Society was to fail, it would be a severe test for co-operation in Rochdale, for how would confidence in the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society be maintained, when the members could be pointed to one Co-operative Society in the town that had already failed? We have related already how there came into play that vigorous sense and talismaniac faith of the Pioneer idea. Mr. James Smithies contended that duty, the honour of co-operation and pioneership, called upon them not to forsake the Mill. A majority voted in favour of continuing it. Some of the opposition shook their heads, and said the majority would not see their folly until they had brought ruin to the "Pioneers' Society." But though the Corn Mill Society had got one favourable vote in the Pioneers' Society, it was not yet safe; for an unfavourable one might be passed at some other meeting of the same Society. Parties went about enthusiastically crying the Mill up, while others were hysterically crying it down. As the same members belonged to the Corn Mill Committee and the Store Committee, they had to run from one room to another to divert an adverse vote. Mr. Cooper gives a picture of the social difficulty of doing this—one of those transcripts of the domestic sacrifices of reformers seldom brought into sight, though an important part of social history:—

"There were the monthly meetings of each of the societies, besides occasional special meetings, and two officers had to attend

committee meetings one night, often more, in each week. Of course the men would be away from home while attending these meetings. The wife, who is mostly as good a supporter of the mill as her husband, generally putting up with the flour when it was not so good as it ought to be; and when she had a nice baking bread showing it to all neighbours and comers—that they might be convinced what good flour the Corn Mill Society was making. Certainly some husbands would find fault with the wife when the bread was not good, and say 'she had spoiled the flour,' to which some wives would reply, 'they could bake as well as other people if they had the same flour, and that they would not use the Corn Mill Society's flour if they were to be grumbled at because they could not make good bread out of bad flour.' The husband would be from home while attending meetings, the wife had to put the children to bed, and would be waiting with no one to speak a word to her, until the husband came from the meeting. All would be silent except the constant tick of the clock, the rain battering against the windows, and the wind whistling and howling as if it had risen in revolt against the restraints imposed upon it by nature. To the wife alone, minutes seem as long as hours, she thinks she is neglected, her husband attending meetings, or anything else rather than home. At another house little Elizabeth has been sickly some days, and father has been at work all day, and now, when his work is done, he has gone to the meeting. The mother cannot get the child to rest—she thinks it is getting worse, When the husband comes home, she tells him how sickly the child is, and that he ought not to have gone to the meeting—indeed, if he had any thought for the child he could not go. He tells her he has come home as soon as the meeting was over, but he cannot persuade her that he ought to have gone at all. He believes the child will be better in a few days, and promises to help her to nurse and take care of her till it is so. These, or many similar incidents, will have occurred to most persons engaged in promoting social or other reforms. But it must not be said that the women are opposed to co-operation; they are and ever have been as much interested and as zealous of its success as the men. There are many instances where the husband was lukewarm and the wife could not prevail on him to join the Co-operative Society, but she was not to be baffled, so she enters the Co-operative Society herself. After a while, the husband thinks he should like to have his name on the books. The wife will then withdraw so that he may take her number, or he will be proposed, and they will both become members."

By the end of 1851 fifteen co-operative stores traded with the Corn Mill. By the end of 1852 they had increased to fifty-two. Among the individual members of the Corn Mill, in its struggling days, were Mary Hawkes and Elizabeth Stott, James Smithies, Abraham Greenwood, William Cooper, and others familiar to the reader. In the first year Samuel Ashworth, Thomas Barlow, John

Grindrod, John Collier, John Pickles, Edmund Hartley, George Holt, Edmund Rhodes, John Clegg, and William Cooper had each £10 in the Mill, which meant a good deal in those days.

There was real difficulty about the flour. Besides its sale not making profit, it was not good—bad wheat being often bought; and when it was really good, numbers of the customers disliked it. It was not so white as that to which they had been accustomed. They called it "yellow flour." It had a cream-coloured look, instead of the nice alum colour with which they were familiar. They did not know good flour when they saw it, and did not like it when they tasted it. They had never known the taste of pure flour, and it took a long time to educate their taste. In taking the falling fortune of the Mill into his hands, Mr. A. Greenwood had to learn the art of buying wheat and the trade of milling, and the proper management of a flour mill. These difficult duties discharged, in addition to those in a mill of a very different kind where he was employed, made serious inroads both on his time and in his health. For some years the consequences were serious to him. He, however, succeeded in mastering the business, and pioneered the Mill out of its difficulties. Mr. Robert Hoyle, Richard Hoyle, William Ellis, William Taylor, and others, by enthusiasm and address aiding, it came to pass that the first quarter in which the Society had no manager it made a profit of £20.

We now arrive at the time, plain, tame, prosaic-looking 1855, when the Weir Street Mill first entered into the human mind—that is into that part of the human mind which understood co-operative enterprise in Rochdale. The fixed stock or fittings and machinery of the Holme Mill, where the Corn Mill first commenced business, cost £1,275. It really cost four shillings and a penny more (I mention the 4s. 1d. lest anyone should impugn the accuracy of this narrative). In the early part of the Society's operations nothing could be set aside for depreciation, owing to losses. When better days came, the losses were cleared off, which was done before any dividend was paid. At every subsequent report of the Society, £50 or £100, and sometimes as much as £300, were set aside for wear and tear, and by the end of 1855, everything had been paid for, excepting an amount of £27.

In 1856 a new mill and machinery was established at a cost of £6,827 16s. 10½d. (mark that "halfpenny!") The co-operators knew exactly what the Corn Mill cost them. It has since been known as the "Rochdale District Co-operative Corn Mill Society's New Mill, Weir Street, Rochdale." According to the engraving which represents it, and which I published at the Fleet Street House, sixteen years ago, it is the most melancholy mill that ever made a dividend. Dark, thick, murky clouds around it, and the sky line as grim as the ridges of a coffin. The white glass of the plain front meets the eye like the ghost of a disembodied factory. A dreary waggon, carrying bags of corn, guided by drivers that look like

mutes, is making its way through a cold, Siberian defile. The builder might have made it pleasant to the eye, with as little expense as he made it ugly. But in those days nobody thought of comeliness, seemliness, or pleasantness in structure, in which men would work all their lives. The really pleasant part about the Corn Mill was in the minds of the gallant co-operators who set it going, and kept it going.

The Almanac repeated that, "The objects of this Society are to provide its members, and those who trade with it, with *pure, wholesome*, and *unadulterated flour*. The profits arising from the trade are divided amongst the members, in proportion to the amount of money expended, having first paid interest upon capital (nothing to the workmen) after the rate of £5 per cent. per annum. The laws by which the Society is governed are the same in principle [which was not the case] as those of the Equitable Pioneers."

The wise practice of reducing the cost of the mill by reserves made for depreciation was continued, so that in 1860, when the mill could be sold under the hammer for £6,000, it stood in the books as an asset at £3,862 only.

At the quarter ending June, 1860, the amount of business done at the melancholy mill amounted to £33,140. The Directors then announced that "it had then become obvious that their present mill and machinery could not be extended much farther with advantage." At that time the number of members was 550, the representatives of stores and sick and burial societies included. It was for the benefit of these societies that they should invest their accumulated funds in co-operative undertaking; for, at the bank, they only obtained two or three per cent. on their deposits, and they knew nothing further about their money, except that they had left it there. Being men of inquiring minds, they did not quite like this mystery about their money. At the co-operative societies they could get five per cent., and know where their money was, and what it was doing, and have votes in the management of the society, so as to make sure their money was doing well. Of course, it took some trouble to persuade the members of sick and burial societies that it was safe to invest their funds in the Corn Mill. It was necessary that they should be satisfied on this head, for if they had much anxiety about their money the Directors themselves might become sick, and, being sick, not get better, and then the Burial Society might have to inter the Directors. When the Corn Mill had been some four or five years at work, a lodge in the town took courage and voted to invest some of their money in the Mill, and appointed three representatives to take it. Mr. Cooper relates that, "when they got there and saw the committee of the Mill they durst not leave the money." Perturbed, confused, and not knowing how to explain their impressions, they retired shambling, suspicious, and speechless. They went back to their lodge, where they appeared like the Provost of Linlithgow, looking as though they had been "touched by a tor

pedo, or seen of a wolf," and related that "they had beheld weavers sitting on the Corn Mill committee, and that none of the committee were rich men, so they had brought the money back to the lodge that it might be safer than in the hands of working men." They had been swindled by gentlemen before, as when the Savings Bank in the town failed, and brought dismay into thousands of poor families; but they had never been swindled by working men, and so they thought it a sort of duty to lose their money by respectable defaulters only. The lodge, however, took a more common-sense view of the matter. They held a consultation upon the subject, and came to the conclusion that weavers were as fit to be trusted as bankers. They appointed fresh representatives with a little more courage, and sent more money by them than they had entrusted to the first downcast set. It was all invested, and ever after it remained.

In later years the Almanac gave this pleasant report of its progress :—"This Society, although one of the most delicate in its infancy, has now grown to be one of the strongest and most healthy. About seven-eights of the business done is with co-operative societies, there being about 50 who trade with it. It supplies its members, and others who trade with it, with pure, wholesome, unadulterated flour meal. Some people have objected to the flour from this mill, simply because, when supplied to them pure, it did not look so well to the eye when baked into bread; we know that when they have been most deceived they have been best pleased. Those who choose to adulterate for themselves can do so. The gradually increasing business has necessitated an increase in the productive power; consequently the Society added in 1862 (to its previous working plant) one 25-horse-power steam engine, and six pairs of French stones, which are now at work helping to supply the increased demand. It has also erected in the past year three cottage houses."

The difficulty about adulteration, which for a time was so serious, the Society had quite overcome, and was even vivacious about it. The members had become more intelligent; they had learned the nature of good flour when they had it; their tastes were better educated than that of many gentlemen of the middle class, and the Directors were able to tell the purchasers, in a reckless manner, "if they wanted to adulterate the flour they could do it themselves." The Society took upon themselves the responsibility of advising the formation of corn mills in different parts of the country where there were co-operative societies to support them. The propagandist sentiment has always been one of the honourable distinctions of Rochdale. For this purpose they consulted Mr. John Holmes, of Leeds, always a copious, fertile, quaint, and willing illustrator of co-operative principles. He had had great experience with the Leeds Corn Mill, of which he was a trustee. He explained that it may be taken as a general fact that 1,000 families would *not* support a corn mill, 2,000 will *probably* do it, and 3,000 families would be *certain* to do it. Of course this applied to demand alone. At Leeds

the mill would not have paid with 1,000 members. At Garforth, near Leeds, where there were 1,500 members, the mill barely existed. At Rochdale, they fared better with 2,000 members, but then they sold to the public also. As to funds, the Leeds Society started with 21s. per member, and with this 1,000 could trade. Perhaps with a mill hired they might find machinery for 1,000 members for £2 each, or 2,000 for 30s. each; but for a freehold mill and works 2,000 people will require 50s. each, supposing all was done *well* and *cheaply*. A mill could not be built, including ground and machinery, for less than from five to seven thousand pounds, to grind for 2,000 people.

The conclusion to which the Rochdale people came was, that in any district where there are a group of co-operative stores not more than eight or ten miles distant, having altogether three thousand members, and these societies would furnish a capital of, say, 25s. per member, they would be safe in renting a mill and fitting the same up with their own machinery. The cost would be greater now.

The progress and fluctuations of the "Rochdale District Co-operative Corn Mill, Limited," is best told in its Almanac reports of 26 years.

Year.	Funds.	Business.	Profits.
	£	£	£
1850		None.	
1851	2,613	*	† None.
1852	2,898	7,636	336
1853	4,143	16,679	208
1854	3,971	22,047	557
1855	4,626	28,085	1,376
1856	8,784	38,070	773
1857	10,701	54,326	2,007
1858	14,181	59,188	3,135
1859	18,236	85,845	6,115
1860	26,618	133,125	10,164
1861	29,600	166,800	10,000
1862	30,254	155,696	8,227
1863	41,714	152,492	10,138
1864	46,739	141,309	7,806
1865	55,261	148,533	12,511
1866	72,020	224,122	18,163
1867	89,000	357,440	15,000
1868	86,400	349,439	4,824
1869	95,961	219,674	None.
1870	56,000	185,603	None.
1871	63,570	190,751	3,661

* Account mislaid. † Loss £441.

Year.	Funds.	Business.	Profits.
	£	£	£
1872	64,692	215,238	3,133
1873	67,898	241,399	5,145
1874	71,294	244,181	6,474
1875	79,615	204,242	2,532
1876	77,279	176,671	3,370
1877	78,234	252,045	5,333
1878	83,985	285,920	3,860
1879	88,857	270,037	5,822
1880	97,414	301,835	7,989
1881	96,609	299,670	6,933
1882	99,885	286,968	2,144
1883	101,323	259,397	3,295
1884	101,850	209,910	1,543
1885	99,980	192,632	None.
1886	95,319	167,654	330
1887	87,868	148,726	None.
1888	88,198	183,524	44
1889	85,340	196,067	Loss, 2,642
1890	86,899	235,274	4,510
1891	93,122	315,598	9,022
1892	103,358	254,061	2,384

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "WHOLESALE."

ONE of the distinctions of Rochdale is that it gave practical form and force to the idea of a Federation of Purchasers, which ultimately took the style and title of "The North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society," otherwise known as the Great Manchester Wholesale Association.

Of course no one foresaw the great ascendancy which one day would be attained by this Society. It is very seldom that anyone does see the ascendancy of anything while it is upon the ground. When it is soaring over the mountain tops, the prophets of its failures declare that they predicted its rise, and now believe they made it float.

Of course somebody began everything, and we shall see in due course to whom the originating the wholesale ought to be mainly ascribed.

Mr. A. Greenwood's own history of attempts to promote a wholesale agency, given in his published "Plan," on which the Purchasing Federation of the north of England has been founded, relates that "an attempt in that direction was made (1850) by the Christian

Socialists, conspicuous amongst whom were Edward Vansittart Neale, Professor F. D. Maurice, the Rev. Canon Kingsley, J. M. Ludlow, Thomas Hughes, Q.C., J. F. Furnival, Joseph Woodin, and Lloyd Jones. They instituted the Central Co-operative Agency for the purpose of "counteracting the system of adulteration and fraud prevailing in trade, and for supplying to co-operative stores a quality of goods that could be relied upon, and in the highest state of purity." The agency did not succeed, and had to be given up, entailing great loss to its promoters. There was a remnant of the agency left, known as the firm of Woodin & Co., Sherborne Lane [now of Archer Street], London.

The main object here is to trace the part Rochdale took in giving effect to the idea. The records preserved in the long-buried pages of Toad Lane minute books were never very ample. Mr. Smithies, who was the secretary of the Store in its earlier days, had the Pioneer way of no more wasting words than money. Frugality in speech is certainly a virtue, though not usually counted in the list of meritorious economies. Mr. Bamford remarks that "Mr. Smithies evidently never contemplated any one looking up his records for information in after years." Writers of minutes in these days might check some tediousness by noticing to this effect Mr. Smithies' muscular brevity of style. The first entry concerning the wholesale was made in July, 1853, to this effect:—"That Joseph Clegg look after the wholesale department." There either was then a wholesale of some kind in existence, or one was there and then agreed upon; but only Dr. Darwin himself could trace the descent of the wholesale species from anterior records here. Mr. Bamford conjectures that the resolution refers only to the drapery department, as there are frequent references to the drapery business suggesting it. At a general members' meeting on September 18th of the same year, it was resolved "to accept the terms of the conference, and become the Central Depot." This conference is one supposed to have been held at Leeds. At a general meeting of members, held the following month, October 23rd, 1853, the first laws of the wholesale were adopted. The terms in which they were expressed have interest now. They were as follows:—

"1.—The business of the Society shall be divided into two departments, the wholesale and the retail.

"2.—The wholesale department shall be for the purpose of supplying those members who desire to have their goods in large quantities.

"3.—This department shall be managed by a committee of eight persons and the three trustees of the Society, who shall meet every Wednesday evening at half-past seven o'clock; they shall have the control of the buying and selling of such goods as are agreed upon by the Board of Directors to be kept in stock by that department. This committee shall be chosen at the quarterly meetings in April and October, four retiring alternately.

"4.—The said department shall be charged with interest after the

rate of five per cent. per annum, for such capital as may be advanced by the Board of Directors.

"5.—The profits arising from this department, after paying for the cost of management and other expenses, including interest aforesaid, shall be divided quarterly into three parts, one of which shall be reserved to meet any loss that may arise in the course of trade, until it shall equal the fixed stock required, and the remaining two-thirds shall be divided amongst the members in proportion to the amount of their purchases in the said department [leaving out the workers]."[1]

(Signed) JOHN COCKCROFT,
ABRAHAM GREENWOOD,
WILLIAM COOPER,
JAMES SMITHIES, *Secretary.*

Of course these rules had to be registered, and it is not until the first Board meeting in 1855 that any reference is made to them, which is done in these words:—"Resolved,—That we now go on under the new laws." A quarterly meeting in February following confirmed this resolution. The next clear reference to the wholesale of that day was in a minute of a quarterly meeting held April 2nd, 1855, appointing the following persons as a wholesale committee:—Thomas Hallows, Ed. Farrand, J. K. Clegg, Jonathan Crabtree, Jno. Aspden, James Meanock, Charles Clegg, and Ed. Holt. At the Board meeting held April 5th, 1855, the following minute was passed:—"That the Board meet the wholesale committee next Wednesday night, at half-past seven." The fluctuating fortunes of the earlier wholesale experiments were many. In the minutes of the Board meeting held November 8th, 1855, it was resolved, "That a special meeting be called to take into consideration the propriety of altering the law relating to the wholesale department." On December 17th, of the same year, the committee resolved: "That it is the opinion of the Board that the 15th, 16th, and 17th laws, relating to the wholesale department, ought to be repealed." At the ensuing quarterly meeting (January 7th, 1856), at which Mr. Abraham Greenwood was elected president, the seventh resolution is "That the wholesale department *be continued;*" and a committee of seven were appointed "to inquire into the grievances complained of in the present system of carrying on the wholesale department." The following persons constituted the committee:—Samuel Stott, John Morton, John Mitchell, Edward Farrand, John Nuttall, James Tweedale, and A. Howard. On March 3rd, 1856, the following were appointed delegates to attend a Wholesale Conference:—Abraham Hill, David Hill, Samuel Fielding, and William Ellis. No mention is made of the place where the conference was held, but the scheme of a new

[1] This plan bears resemblance to that Mr. L. Jones drew up, which probably the devisors had before them, as Mr. Smithies had once copied it out. Mr. Jones' plan divided profits into four parts, devoting one to the establishment of working men's association in connection with co-operative. The Rochdale plan drops this out and in other respects introduces local features and simplifications.

wholesale society appears to have been discussed there, for at the quarterly meeting held April 7th, 1856, the members passed the following resolution:—"That our delegates support the proposition of each member taking out four shares of £5 each for one representative, at the Wholesale Conference to be held on April 12th." At an adjourned meeting the report of the committee appointed to inquire into certain grievances was accepted with thanks. At a general meeting held May 5th, 1856, the following persons were appointed on the wholesale committee:—Thomas Lord, Edward Lord, William Huddlestone, and Jonathan Woolfenden. At the next Board meeting a committee appears to have been appointed to draw up rules for a wholesale society, but the names are not given. At the next quarterly meeting these rules appear to have been considered, as there is a resolution expunging the word "suggest" from rule 25. The following resolution was also passed:—"That our Society invest £1,500 in the North of England Wholesale Society." Mr. Jonathan Crabtree was appointed the representative. The earlier years in which the wholesale project was maturing will be of more interest hereafter than now.

On July 7th, 1856, there is a resolution of the quarterly meeting, empowering the delegates to the Wholesale Conference "to support the laws drawn up by the committee for a wholesale society, at the next delegate meeting to be held on July 12th, 1856." On September 4th, 1856, the Board gave Mr. Cooper authority "to collect the expenses incurred by the wholesale depot from the various stores." On December 7th, 1857, the following persons were appointed a committee "to inquire into the wholesale department":—William Diggle, Samuel Fielding, Matthew Ormerod, David Hill, and Edmund Hill. The report of this committee was presented to the quarterly meeting on January 4th, 1858, and it was decided that the report "be legibly written out and posted in some conspicuous place, to be read by the members, and reconsidered at next monthly meeting." The next resolution passed at the same meeting is, "That the laws relating to the wholesale department be suspended for an indefinite period." The Board, at its meeting three days afterwards, decided "That the resolution of the quarterly meeting respecting the wholesale department be carried out forthwith." One of the minutes at the adjourned quarterly meeting, held March 1st, 1858, is, "That the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the wholesale department be not received."

At the conclusion of the ordinary business of the quarterly meeting, held April 5th, 1858, the meeting was made special "for the purpose of rescinding the laws relating to the wholesale department, numbered 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17." The meeting does not appear to have done what it was called to do, however, for the decision it came to was "That the wholesale department be not altered." The interpretation of this, Mr Crabtree thinks, is that we will not kill the Rochdale wholesale department, but let it die quietly. No further

reference is made to it till March 7th, 1859, when a general meeting passed the following resolution :—"That the question of re-opening the wholesale department be postponed to an indefinite period." This is the last reference the minutes contain to the wholesale in connection with the Equitable Pioneers' Society. In 1863, during the formation period of the North of England Society, delegates appear to have been regularly appointed at Rochdale to attend the meetings, and considerable interest was manifested.

These were the Aztec days of the wholesale idea. The giant we now know was not yet born. Failure of the idea which cost so much to carry forward, came in London, as the reader will see below. Fluctuation beset it in Rochdale. At length a new wholesale arose, whose statue was as that of Og, King of Bashan, nine cubits and a span (Was not that his measure?).

The effort made by the Equitable Pioneers' Society in 1852, by initiating a wholesale department (as has already been related), originated for supplying goods to its members in large quantities, and also with a view to supplying the co-operative stores of Lancashire and Yorkshire, whose small capital did not enable them to purchase in the best market, nor command the services of what is indispensable to any store—*a good buyer*, who knew the markets, and *what*, *how*, and *where* to buy. The Pioneers' Society invited other stores to co-operate in carrying out practically the idea of a wholesale establishment, offering at the same time to find the necessary amount of capital for conducting the wholesale business. A few stores did join, but they never gave that hearty support necessary to make the scheme thoroughly successful. Notwithstanding this counteracting influence, the wholesale department, from the beginning, paid interest, not only on capital, but dividends, to the members trading in this department. However, after a time the demon of all working-class movements hitherto—jealousy—crept in here. The stores dealing with the wholesale department of the Pioneers' Society thought it had some advantage over them; while on the other side, a large number of the members of the Pioneers' Society imagined they were giving privileges to the other stores which a due regard to their immediate interests did not warrant them in bestowing. Mr. Greenwood's opinion is that the Central Co-operative Agency and the Equitable Pioneers' Wholesale Department must inevitably have failed, from their efforts being too soon in the order of co-operative development.

The above is as brilliant a bit of genuine trade jealousy as the reader will meet with in ten years' reading. If a society purchasing from the Pioneers got an advantage thereby, what did it matter that the Pioneers got an advantage also? If they did not they ought, as it would be a security that the arrangement could be maintained. Discontent may be founded on facts, and well founded thereon; but jealousy, vigorous and virulent, is best sustained on entire ignorance, and generally begins by imagining its facts—a good plan, too, be-

cause then you get them to your mind. Thus it came to pass that the Pioneers' wholesale scheme, like that of the London Central Agency, disappeared. Mr. Greenwood, with clear discernment, saw that both the London and Rochdale wholesale projects must fail, being too early in the field. When the London Central began there were not sufficient stores in England to support it, nor when the Rochdalians renewed the attempt in 1852. Therefore Mr. Greenwood waited ten years, until 1863, when there were 300 co-operative stores in the United Kingdom, when he demonstrated the possibility of successfully commencing the great North of England Wholesale Society.

The argument by which Mr. Greenwood commended the new plan of 1864 was of the same texture as the addition table, usually considered a trustworthy material. There were in 1861 in the adjacent counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire, 120 stores, and an aggregate of 40,000 members; 26 of the largest of these stores did business to the amount of £800,000. It was, therefore, calculated that if the weekly expenditure of 40,000 members averaged 10s. weekly (and it was known to exceed that), it would represent £20,000 weekly, or more than one million a year. There was plainly, then, an ample field for a wholesale agency to act in.

A calculation was made by Mr. Greenwood of the quantity of commodities of the grocery kind required to supply the 40,000 members of co-operative stores then associated in the northern districts. The calculations were made on the data of goods actually sold in one quarter at the Rochdale Pioneer Society, in 1863, when it had 3,500 members. This was it:—

Kinds of Articles.	One Week's Consumption.	Weekly Money Value.	Yearly Money Value.
	lbs.	£	£
Coffee	6,923	266	13,832
Tea	5,951	991	51,532
Tobacco	4,125	825	42,900
Snuff	108	22	1,144
Pepper	243	15	780
	Cwts:		
Sugar	1,400	3,500	182,000
Syrup, &c.	400	350	18,200
Currants	107	160	8,320
Butter	717	3,440	178,880
Soap	338	524	27,248
	Totals	£10,093	£524,836

There are mentioned in the tables several articles any one of which would of itself be sufficient to make an agency profitable. The agency would, at the beginning, supply those articles only upon which there

was a sure profit. It will be seen from the statistics given that the state of the movement permitted, and, in fact, warranted, a further step being taken in wholesale progress.

That was Mr. Greenwood's argument. Within the knowledge of the new race of constructive co-operators, the wholesale house has been twice put up, and had come down again, because it had not sufficient solid ground to stand upon. So far as it was in my power to encourage those attempting to establish the co-operative wholesale, I did it by advising them ever to plead that they were simply re-establishing it. The best way of inclining the timid and unenterprising to attempt a new thing is by showing them that it has been done before, or how nearly it has been done already.

> "Men must be taught as though you taught them not,
> And things proposed as new as things forgot."

No doubt, in this way, we actually encouraged people to suppose that nothing original or distinctive was being accomplished. Since it required careful financial demonstration and much perseverance to prove and enforce it, it was practically quite a new adventure.

The Rochdale Pioneers' Society had then nine grocery branches, all supplied and managed from the Central Store in Toad Lane. The transactions between the branches and the Central Store are very simply managed. The head shopman at each branch makes out a list of all the things wanted on a form provided for the purpose, and forwards it to the Central Store. The manager upon receiving it gives directions to the railway or canal company, where the Store goods are lying, to send the parcels of articles required to each branch named on the delivery order. The Central Store in Rochdale stood in precisely the same relation to its branches as the proposed agency would do to the federated societies.

Mr. Greenwood pointed to this accomplished fact, and it was finally resolved to attempt for the third time the formation of a new wholesale agency. A company was formed under the title of the "North of England Co-operative Wholesale Industrial and Provident Society Limited." The Wholesale has now become like the historic and untraceable Nile—the Lord of Stores, as Mr. Stanley calls the great river the Lord of Floods. By the assistance of explorers, Mr. S. Bamford, Mr. James Crabtree, and Mr. A. Howard, as adventurous in their way as any who have preceded Mr. Stanley, we have been able to trace the sources of the great commercial water which irrigates all the stores it touches, as the Nile itself irrigates the shores it laps.

There were in the Rochdale Society, in 1864, when the Manchester Wholesale took a tangible shape, many who had steadfastly opposed the development of the wholesale department. These belonged largely to the new members, who did not look with favour upon the establishment of a Wholesale Society at all, and, although not strong enough to prevent the Rochdale Society from taking up

shares, were successful in hindering the development of a business connection such as the movement naturally expected from Rochdale. The influence of Rochdale in the wholesale appears in this, that it looked to Rochdale for officers. Mr. Samuel Ashworth, the manager of the Rochdale Store, was solicited to take charge of the Wholesale Society's business in Manchester. The wholesale department in connection with the Rochdale Society had ceased operations at that time. He was unwilling to go unless the committee of the Rochdale Society would undertake to reinstate him in his position provided the experiment did not succeed.[1] This guarantee not being consented to, he did not go. Some months later he had another opportunity of going to Manchester, which he accepted.[2]

We need not discuss here the Jumbo Farm theory[3] of the origin of the wholesale at certain meetings held there. That the subject was considered there, as at other places, there is no doubt. Mr. Marcroft, himself connected with the wholesale, supposes that it was devised at meetings held at that peculiar farm. But the road of our narrative lies through official facts. At the first meeting of the North of England Wholesale Society, held in Union Chambers, Manchester, December 10th, 1863, Mr. Thomas Cheetham was appointed Chairman, and Mr. Abram Greenwood, President; James Smithies, Treasurer; John C. Edwards, Secretary. Messrs. John Shelton, William Marcroft, Charles Howarth, and Thomas Cheetham were the Committee. Here are a cluster mostly of familiar and historic names in constructive co-operation. Four years later a resolution was come to that the prospectus of the Wholesale Agency should be publicly advertised. The following extract from the Society's minutes shows when and in what terms it was resolved upon: —

Copy of first minutes of adjourned committee meeting, March 2nd, 1867:—

"Present: A. Greenwood, James Crabtree, John Hilton, James Smithies, Edward Hooson, Edward Thomason.

"Resolved: 1st—That the prospectus be published as an advertisement in the *Co-operator* until further notice."

The concluding part of this advertisement, which first appeared March 15th, 1867, contained the following words:—

"[Mr. Abraham Greenwood, of Rochdale, must be regarded as the principal originator of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, of which he has ever since been the President.] In the *Co-operator* for March, 1863 (vol. 3), Mr. Greenwood propounded his plan for a

[1] The following minute gives the official form of the circumstance:—"On November 7th, 1865, a deputation was appointed to invite Mr. Samuel Ashworth to become buyer for the wholesale, at a salary of £200 a year to commence with." At the next meeting, November 21st, it was reported that Mr. Ashworth had declined the offer, and that the Rochdale Board of Directors had increased his salary £30 per year in order to retain his services.

[2] Mr. A. Howard's statement.

[3] A theory started by Mr. Marcroft, who considers that the idea of the wholesale and most other things originated in discussions at Jumbo Farm.

wholesale agency, which, with some modifications, formed the basis of the present admirable organisation."

The first part, which is put here in brackets, was drawn by Mr. Smithies and Mr. Edwards, two of the most competent persons who could have written it, for their knowledge of its truth is undoubtable, and their concurrence in the statement is conclusive. The part following the brackets was written by Mr. Henry Pitman, as there were copies of the *Co-operator* mentioned on hand, which it was thought desirable should be further circulated. This conclusive and unchallenged testimony, repeated year after year, renders future doubt or denial absurd. When the notice was discontinued, it was done on the authority of the following minute :—

Copy of first minute of committee meeting, held October 16th, 1869 :—

"Present : Messrs. Greenwood, Baxter, Fox, Hooson, Crabtree, Thomason, Sutcliffe, Swindels, and Marcroft.

"Resolved : 1st—That no co-operative or other agency be added to our advertisements in the *Co-operator*."

No objection was raised at this meeting, or had been at any meeting, as to the fact of the authorship of the wholesale. Neither Mr. Marcroft nor any other person raised a question as to its truth. It was discontinued, Mr. Crabtree explains, not because its truth was ever questioned, but because it was deemed no longer necessary. It was suggested that there was no further need for it to appear, "as it would *now* have served all that was intended."

No historic fact could well be more conclusively established, more continuously advertised by common consent, than this has been, that Mr. Greenwood was the "principal originator" of the wholesale.

All who had personal knowledge of the development of co-operation during the past thirty years were quite aware that the credit of originating the wholesale, and the working and organisation, belonged to Abraham Greenwood more than to anyone else. The conclusive and well-written letter of Mr. Edwards, in the *Co-operative News* of July 17th, 1875, is quite sufficient testimony to set that matter at rest. Only those—to use Mr. Edwards' expression—who had a strong weakness for believing, in spite of evidence to the contrary, could entertain a reasonable doubt thereupon. Next to Abraham Greenwood I should place James Smithies. Smithies, like most of the early co-operators, was a modest man ; but though modest he was not weak, and he could always be depended upon to indicate justly what share each of his colleagues had borne in their common work. He had himself devised plans for federating purchasers. He had collected copies of the plans of others. He was for years secretary of committees for giving effect to the idea.

In a movement in which an important development is carried out mainly by the sagacity and persistent efforts of one person, it is in the interest of all that credit should be given where it has been

earned. When Mr. Abram Greenwood first drew up the scheme of it, and put into coherent form the fragmentary conceptions of others, he set forth, for the first time, an intelligent scheme of working principles. He had, to use his phrase, "to stand the fire of the criticism, doubt, and distrust of the plan, of which no one else was willing to undertake the responsibility or defence of." Since it became successful, sponsors for it and originators of it have sprung up from Jumbo Farm to Cronkey Shaw, and generally elsewhere.

Mr. Howard has an ingenious theory that the nature of the residences of the co-operators can be determined from the books of the stores, which record the amount of their savings. Those members who have the highest balances are found to be persons who live upon the hills which abound in the town. If a member has a low balance, he is found to live in the low lands. If his balance is high, so is the altitude of the place where he resides. If a member has no balance, it ought to follow that he lives underground. I am told the figures in some societies do favour this theory, and that high balances and elevated dwellings do go together. If this be true, it is probably owing to the greater clearness of the climate on the hill, better enabling members to see their way to save. I remember now that Mr. Greenwood always lived in some elevated part of the town, which, no doubt, enabled him to take comprehensive views of the wholesale before the cogitators of Jumbo Farm (which, if I remember rightly, is a low-lying place) got sight of it.

The sense in which it appears to me Mr. Greenwood is to be regarded as the main founder of the wholesale is that of his having been the advocate of it, and known to be distinctively the advocate of it, during more years than any other person laying claim to its origination. He kept it in mind himself from the time (1850) when the project was first formally discussed in Rochdale and London, and during all subsequent years of its trial, which preceded its final establishment in 1864. He not only kept the idea in his own mind, but kept it in the minds of others, when otherwise it would have lain in abeyance. His calculations mainly proved it to be a feasible undertaking. His statement of the possible mode of working it was the first which seemed complete and practicable. James Smithies, William Cooper, Lloyd Jones, George Booth, W. Marcroft, Mr. Ashworth, Charles Howarth, Thomas Cheetham, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Stott, William Nuttall, and of later years, James Crabtree, A. Howard, J. T. W. Mitchell, and others, should all in fairness be included; whose sagacity and energy have contributed to its origination and development. All the leading thinkers of the Rochdale Store were undoubtedly concerned in furthering the great project by plans, suggestions, and advocacy.

If I could collect a list of all the names of persons who have promoted the prosperity of the wholesale, I should insert them. Mr. Field, of Mossley, was on the committee three or four years, and

was deemed a good member. Mr. John Hilton also served four or five years. Mr. Marcroft, as we have seen, was upon it. Mr. Charles Howarth, who was also upon the committee, ceased after a time to be so, because he was a dealer in soda, which was sometimes purchased by the agency. Mr. Edwards shared in the heat and burden of the service of the wholesale four or five years. Several names occur incidentally in committees which have been quoted, which the co-operative reader will recognise as those of distinguished promoters of the wholesale. Mr. Mitchell, of Rochdale, and Mr. James Crabtree, of Heckmondwike (who has both faith and pride in co-operative principle), have both been chairmen of the wholesale.

CHAPTER XXI.

CO-OPERATIVE ADMINISTRATION.

THE Almanacs of the Pioneers' Store—quite worthy of being preserved and bound for reference—give a curious picture of its progress, vicissitudes, and the manner of the Pioneer mind from time to time. The 1854 Almanac gives a complete statement of the "objects and rules" of the Society, as they stood in force exactly in the tenth year of its existence. They are expressed with clearness and conciseness. All clearness is not concise, and some conciseness is not clear; but these Almanac expositions possess both, as the reader has seen on p. 11.

By the rules of the Society a person proposed and his character and qualifications duly discussed, and not accepted, had his entrance shilling returned. The good-natured Society debated his merits and demerits gratuitously. One would imagine that a person whose virtues were not generally admitted, or not very obvious, would gladly pay a shilling for having them inquired into by this willing association, so that he might know how he stood among his class. Each member has to take five one-pound shares. How many stores have languished for years, flabby in pocket and lean in limb, because its shabby-minded members starved it by hardly subscribing one pound each. Many societies are pale in the face for want of the nourishment of capital which a wise five-pound rule would have brought it.[1] These are the Rochdale rules:—

"2. Any person desirous of becoming a member of this Society shall be proposed and seconded by two members, and if approved of at the next general meeting by a majority then present, shall be admitted to membership. A person proposed and not making his appearance within two months shall forfeit his proposition money,

[1] The amount of capital which each member ought to supply in order that the Store may do well for him is £8. Members who do not furnish this amount each do not understand their own interest and expect to reap where they do not sow

and shall not be admitted to membership unless again proposed. Each person, on the night of his admission, shall appear personally in the meeting-room, and state his willingness to take out five shares of one pound each, and conform to the laws of the Society, and pay a deposit of not less than one shilling.

"3. That each member shall have five shares in the capital of the Society, and not more than fifty shares.

"4. That the capital be raised in shares of one pound each.

"5. That each member pay not less than threepence per week, or three shillings and threepence quarterly, until he have five shares in the capital of the Society. Any member neglecting to pay as above, except through sickness, distress, or want of employment, shall be fined threepence.

"6. That two pounds of each member's investment be permanent or fixed capital.

"7. That three pounds may be withdrawn at the discretion of the Board.

"8. That members may withdraw any sum due to them above five pounds according to the following scale of notice :—One pound five shillings on application to the Board; one pound five shillings to two pounds ten shillings, two weeks. And larger sums on giving longer notice; from forty to forty-five pounds being to be had on twelve months' notice.

"16. That meetings on the first Monday in January, April, July, and October be the quarterly meetings of the Society, at which meetings the officers shall make their quarterly report, in which shall be specified the amount of funds and value of stock possessed by the Society.

"23. [1] The officers of this Society shall not in any case, nor any pretence, either sell or purchase any article except for ready money. Any officer acting contrary to this law shall be fined 10s., and be disqualified from performing the duties of such office.

"32. That the profits realised by the Society be divided thus :—Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum shall be paid on all shares paid up previous to the quarter commencing. The remainder shall be divided amongst the members in proportion to the amount of their purchases at the Store during the quarter."

The last is the rule which introduced into England and into all store practices the new policy of dividing profits on purchases.

The 1854 Almanac also contained the economical announcement, of which the like had never appeared in Great Britain (and would be difficult to find elsewhere in 1877), namely, that the news-room, a bounteously filled room in those days, abounding in dailies, weeklies, and quarterlies, was open from nine in the morning until nine at night, at a charge of twopence per month. As this room was, and still is, open on Sundays as well as week days, this gave an

[1] The Almanac omits 17, 18, 19, 20, and others, quoting those of main interest to the outside reader.

average of 2,520 hours' reading for twopence; or 600 hours, with fire and light, for one halfpenny. Co-operative information is the cheapest the working class ever found, if regard be had to convenience of hour and day; and the quality of it is higher, because two-sided, than gentlemen can usually command. More wanting in intellectual boldness than workmen, gentlemen's news-rooms and libraries are subjected to clerical censorship, who, with the best intentions, impose the impotence of half-knowledge upon the members who do not think it "good taste" to object to it or demand "forbidden books." In all Scotland there is not a single public library or news-room, in city, or club, or college, where periodicals and books on both sides of theology and politics can be seen. Nor would co-operators be in the freer and manlier state they are, did not their own money buy their books, and build their news-rooms and libraries, and their own members administer their affairs themselves. Owing nothing to anyone, they fear nobody, nor suffer intellectual control by any.

The honourable feature of the Pioneers is that they did not go back, they went forward. The Almanac, the yearly manifesto of the Society, said:—"The objects of this Society are the *social* and *intellectual* advancement of its members. It provides its members with groceries, butchers' meat, drapery goods, clothing, shoes, clogs. They have competent workmen on the premises to do the work of the members and execute all repairs. The profits are divided quarterly: 1st, interest, five per cent. per annum on all paid-up shares; 2nd, 2½ *per cent. off net profits for educational purposes;* remaining profits divided amongst the members in proportion to money expended. For the intellectual improvement of the members a library has been formed, consisting (1877) of more than 3,000 volumes. The library is free to all the members."

Mark, the objects are "the social and intellectual improvement of members," as well as their secular betterance. "Social and intellectual" improvement was a wholesale phrase put there or kept there by Mr. Abram Howard.

Their library soon grew to 3,000 volumes. The newspapers and periodicals increased in number; and they have discovered how to make reading cheaper than 2,000 hours of it for twopence. Reading is now "free," and the library thrown into that. The Almanac of 1861 announces that globes, maps, microscopes, and telescopes are now added, so that the co-operator can look into things small and great, far and near. The gentlemen of Rochdale had no such institution for their use.

It is that golden rule for the division of profits which includes 2½ per cent. off net gains for educational purposes, which has exalted the Rochdale Society above all others, made its wise example so valuable, brought it so many friends, so much fame, and kept it from being overrun by fools or uninformed members, who else would long ere this have destroyed it, on the ground that intelligence does not pay. Not having any themselves, and not knowing what

it means, they naturally take this view. They think dividends sufficient without knowledge, not knowing that without knowledge there would be no dividends, either in co-operative stores or elsewhere.

When the cotton famine began to gnash its lean jaws in 1862, the forecasting and confident co-operators came out—in that penurious year above all others—with their golden Almanac. Mr. Smithies and Mr. Cooper both sent me copies with pride. It was printed in gold on a blue ground. It mentioned a "Wholesale warehouse at 8 Toad Lane, and, for the first time, gave a central compartment to the educational department." It recounted that the library had grown to 5,000 volumes, that a reference library of most valuable works had been added, that the news-room contained fourteen daily papers, thirty-two weeklies, and monthlies and quarterlies of all kinds, representing all opinions in politics and religion. The co-operators wisely set themselves against being made into half-minded men. They would not imitate those timid creatures who are afraid to know the other side of the question, and go squinting at truth all their days, never looking it square in the face, so that when they meet it right plain in their way they do not know it. Opera glasses, atlases, and stereoscopes are now provided for the use of members, and for a small fee they can take them away, as well as microscopes and telescopes. The slave war was then waging, and if a slave-owner's agent came their way, as many of them did, the co-operators had telescopes to discern his approach, and microscopic instruments ready to examine him when he arrived.

Things generally had a vagabond appearance in Lancashire. The outlook for an operative was bad, and destined to be worse. The golden Almanac said so, and gave this excellent advice to co-operators:—

"1. Let your earnings be spent only on strict necessaries. Cut off everything else.

"2. Withdraw sparingly of your accumulated savings.

"3. Make the best use of the time thrown on your hands for your intellectual improvement, means for which are provided in our library and news-rooms.

"4. Add to the honour of our movement, by waiting patiently for the better time which will one day come."

And they did wait. No venal or other agitators ever won co-operators to join in any clamour that the Government should intervene on behalf of the south, in order to bring cotton to Lancashire and Yorkshire. A week's clamour would have turned the scale against the slave. It made the nation proud of English working men to see the stout and generous silence they kept. The advice I have quoted was addressed "to the co-operators of Rochdale and the nation." It is the only time they acted on their well-earned authority to speak in this manner to the outside world.

A Sick and Burial Society was commenced before 1860. Provision

for relief during sickness and also for decent interment at the death of any of its members are the cares of the co-operators. None but members of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers, or their families, can enter this Society; but a member may withdraw from the Pioneers' Society without losing his or her membership in this. Contributions, of course, vary according to age; and the tables are based upon authorised calculations. The Pioneers have always had among them a creditable taste for temperance, and had the Society's meetings held at the board-room to prevent pay nights turning into tippling nights at a beerhouse, which soon brings members on the "box" of the sick club. The founders of the Society were too shrewd to think that anything would be saved by insuring saturated subscribers. Dry members pay best. The Almanac of 1862 stated that "meeting at public-houses was neither suitable nor consistent with the objects of a sick and burial society—an appetite for drink and company bring on disease and premature death." The Pioneers meant their arrangements to be "suitable and consistent with a society whose interest rather is the prevention of sickness and burials. Tippling is alone suitable and consistent with a society whose objects are promoting sickness and burial. Temperance in drink is sensible; it is fuddling which is foolishness."

A House Society is another feature of Pioneer organisation. Improvement in England grows fast out of grievance. Reason seldom or never creates it. If, indeed, pure intellect discovers a new course, it generally remains barren until some irritation drives men into it. The Land and House Society began this way. One of its founders relates that a certain gentleman who was a shopkeeper, was also an owner of cottages, some of which were occupied by members of "co-operative societies," who were in the habit of receiving store profits. He, in an unwise hour, declared that "they should not have all the dividends to themselves; he would have a part of them by advancing their rents 3d. per week." If it be weak to wait for an outrage before you do a sensible thing, it is undoubtedly a proof of some spirit to take steps to make the repetition of the outrage, when it does occur, impossible in the future. This is what the Pioneers soon did. They formed a society, and began to buy land and put up houses for themselves. Their rules give power to build, buy, and sell houses, workshops, mills, factories, or to purchase, lease, or rent land upon which to erect such property. Their proposed capital was £25,000, in shares of £1. Thirty-six cottages were put up before 1867, covering the whole of the land they then held. Their erections were an improvement on the generality of cottages then built. Subsequently they have built a co-operative town.

The *Irish Times* of 1868 remarked in a leader by the editor,—"We have before us an Almanac for 1868, published for the use and information of its members by the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, Limited. It is a sheet Almanac, illustrated with a view of 'The new Central Store,' a cut-stone building 70 feet high, and

bearing some resemblance to the stately edifice belonging to the Hibernian Bank, in College Green. This building cost the Rochdale Pioneers £17,000. Some idea of the wonderful effects of the co-operative system, duly and honourably carried out, may be formed from some facts stated by the Directors, who are all working men, in an address published in the Almanac."

After recounting what the business and profits of the Society then were, the editor adds :—

"The capital is so large and so rapidly increases that the Directors are now spending £10,000 as a beginning in the erection of a good class of cottage houses for artisans, and they have purchased a small estate within the borough of Rochdale, which is to be laid out for building immediately. The quality and construction of the houses are greatly superior to any erected for the working class in Rochdale before the Pioneer time," excepting, perhaps, a pleasant, wide-windowed and healthy range erected by Mr. Bright for his workpeople.

The early co-operators in Rochdale took with regard to their buildings what used to be called "the bare-bone utilitarian view," like that which Abram Combe took at Orbiston. They were content that their store should be of the plainest kind, indeed, they had an early resolution on their minutes, "not to spend a farthing on finery." This was a wise resolution then, because they had not the farthing by them. Besides, the instinct of art hardly existed among the working class in those days. They thought refinement of taste belonged alone to the rich ; they did not know that the rich were often vulgar, and that refinement was a property of the mind, and that the poor might have it as well as the wealthy. They did not know that plainness, grimness, and ugliness were more expensive than modest comeliness and modest taste. Their central stores and their branch stores are well and substantially built now ; but had it occurred to their architects, they might have made them brighter, and still more graceful, at less expense. It would be a benefit to society if a few architects were publicly hanged in half-a-dozen places, as Voltaire said of Admiral Byng, "for the encouragement of others."

The observations by the Irish editor quoted, are all founded upon one Almanac, that of 1868. Much that has been written upon Rochdale has been suggested in like manner by a stray copy of this annual calendar of the year falling under the notice of persons who became interested by its unexpected contents. The Almanac has been the annual manifesto of the Store. It has been the sole historical publication of the Store.

In Part I. of this history, the part published twenty years ago, at p. 58, it is represented that the loan asked of Mr. Coningham, then M. P. for Brighton, fell through because their securities were naturally required to be submitted to the examination of Mr. Coningham's solicitor, and the "Board refused to have anything to do with a lawyer." No doubt this distrust of lawyers existed. But this was not the exact reason why the solicited loan came to an end. It is not of moment now ;

but I am unwilling to leave on record unrevised any statement which subsequent information has shown me to be incorrect. Mr. Coningham has sent to me the following letter which he received at the time, and which puts the fact accurately :—

13, George Street, Rochdale,
14th October, 1851.

Sir,—I am directed by the members of the "Rochdale District Corn Mill Society" to return their thanks for your offer and anxious desire to meet their wishes relative to the loan of £500.

You will find by the enclosed letter we received from your solicitor, Edward Tyler, Esq., however willing we may be we *cannot* give the property of the Society in security. This the members regret, for it precludes them from getting that help which they at *this* time greatly require. But yet the members would esteem it a great favour if you, on the good faith of the Society, advance to it £200, to be repaid by quarterly instalments of £50, which would repay the loan in 12 months.—Respectfully yours,

W. Coningham, Esq. ABRAHAM GREENWOOD.

When Abraham Lincoln became President of America, his familiar-tongued countrymen dropped out the "ha," and reduced him to the more manageable name of "Abram." Since Mr. Greenwood has oft been president of the various wholesale and other co-operative projects, he also has been called "Abram," and it has been the above letter, bearing Mr. Coningham's endorsement (I send the original to the printer), written twenty-six years ago, that enables me to furnish historical proof that Mr. Greenwood's rightful name is the good old resonant, Hebraic, patriarchal, three-syllabled name of Abraham, the most honoured name in Lancashire next to "Mesopotamia."

In the first part of this history, mention was made of the Christian Socialists, the professors, lawyers, clergymen, and other members of that party. It is a duty to acknowledge now how much the movement has been indebted to the generous zeal and devotion which, during the twenty succeeding years, they have continued to promote, which in various places, in this narrative and elsewhere, has been ungrudgingly acknowledged.

On Mr. Ashworth's appointment at the Wholesale, Manchester, Mr. Brierley, of the Brickfield Equitable Society, became manager. He began his duties when the progress of the Society was in full course. The local policy was changed. New notions of making dividend by seeking cheaper markets, with risk of worse quality, were permitted.

The rules were altered to the effect that interest on invested capital of five per cent. should only be paid in certain fixed proportion to the amount of the member's quarterly purchases of provisions

or goods at the Store. Thus, if a member had invested £60 in the capital of the Store, and his purchases amounted to only £1 a week during the quarter, he only received interest on £8 of his capital invested, and the other £47 paid him nothing. One reason for this singular rule was a distrust or jealousy of capitalists. It is a curious feature in the working class that at one time their great grievance is that they have no capital (which is always a grievance to any persons in that state), and, next, they use all their ingenuity to devise rules for getting rid of capital, which we wanted for establishing co-operative workshops. They grow afraid of their friend. The rules herein questioned had the merit of answering the purpose intended. The members who could not eat up to the required amount, and could not otherwise augment their purchases sufficiently, began to draw out their capital which yielded no return. The result was that, in 1869-70, £100,000 were withdrawn, and £30,000 more was under notice. It will surprise the un-co-operative reader to find that the members of the Store had so large an amount of money. In due time good sense got uppermost, as it often has done in Rochdale. The members had the disturbing rule rescinded.[1] From June, 1870, business and prosperity returned to its usual standard of growth; the capital has more than doubled again. Mr. Joseph Booth, of the Hyde Store, son of Mr. George Booth, of Middleton, has succeeded as manager. Mr. Brierley set up a rival society in the town, of which he is manager. But the Rochdale Society continues to prosper in its own enduring way.

About the years 1859 and 1860, Mr John Bright took, as he had often done before, considerable interest in the progress of the Pioneers' Society. He knew several of the workpeople of his firm with whom, as old servants, he was on friendly and conversational terms; and sometimes the affairs of the Store were the topic of his remarks. He said some of his friends in the Metropolis and other parts of the country expressed doubts as to the financial soundness of the Society, and based their doubts upon the fact that the accounts were only

[1] This curious rule is worth preserving. Each member shall receive out of the surplus receipts of the Society, after providing for the expenses thereof, in each year, such interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum upon the capital standing to his account in the books of the Society, as is declared at the quarterly meetings of the Society, providing his purchases are according to the following scale, namely: If a member purchase

£1	per	quarter,	shall only be allowed	Interest up to £8
2	,,	,,	,,	16
3	,,	,,	,,	24
4	,,	,,	,,	32
5	,,	,,	,,	40
6	,,	,,	,,	48
7	,,	,,	,,	56
8	,,	,,	,,	64
9	,,	,,	,,	72
10	,,	,,	,,	80
11	,,	,,	,,	88
12	,,	,,	,,	100

audited by members. He himself had no misgiving concerning them; but he thought it might give confidence to other persons who were both willing and able to speak well of the movement, but who desired to be certain that the statements made were verified by some acknowledged public auditor. This was talked about among the leading members, and ultimately, on the appointment of the auditors in January, 1861, the matter was mentioned, and the appointment of a public accountant was moved and carried, mainly through the influence of the reported remarks of Mr. Bright.

Mr. Frank Hunter, of Bacup, was appointed. The books were not entered up in a systematic manner, and Mr. Hunter had to bring out the whole of the strength of his office. The great number of the entries in the share accounts were more than he was prepared to find, and the number of the entries in the share accounts were such as he had had no former experience of. He wanted to take all the books away, but could not be permitted. When Mr. Hunter's report was produced it showed a sum of £200 unaccounted for. Mr. Cooper said it could not be correct, but the error could only be discovered by a fresh audit. Mr. Ashworth and the President went to see Mr. Hunter to ask him to show them how he had arrived at the result. He could give no particulars. He had corrected a number of members' share books without keeping account of the corrections, nor could he give any clue to the mystery. After much trouble and research it was discovered that *Mr. Hunter had made a mistake* by inserting on the credit side of the trade account an item of £70 odd as *sales*, which ought to have been entered on the debit side of *purchases*. It is not difficult to understand that if an auditor puts down £70 as received which the cashier had actually paid, that would make an error against him of £140. But all the cash was there. Mr. Hunter acknowledged in a letter his mistake, and the Society was satisfied. Since that time the Society has been satisfied with the audits made by those appointed; besides, auditors have subsequently been better paid.[1]

It will be clear to the reader that Mr. Bright did great service to the Society by the discerning practical suggestion which he made. At that time doubts were often expressed as to whether co-operators, being working men, understood enough of book-keeping to render a sound financial statement of their affairs. This short story, the financial verification of the Rochdale Society, is a necessary part of its history.

The following table shows at a glance the progress which the Society has made from 1844 onwards:—

[1] The facts of this chapter were furnished by Mr. Abram Howard.

Year.	Members.	Funds.	Business.	Profits, including interest
1844	28	£28	.....	.....
1845	74	181	£710	£22
1846	80	252	1,146	80
1847	110	286	1,924	72
1848	149	397	2,276	117
1849	390	1,193	6,611	561
1850	600	2,289	13,179	880
1851	630	2,785	17,633	990
1852	680	3,471	16,352	1,206
1853	720	5,848	22,700	1,674
1854	900	7,172	33,374	1,763
1855	1,400	11,032	44,902	3,109
1856	1,600	12,920	63,197	3,921
1857	1,850	15,142	79,789	5,470
1858	1,950	18,160	74,680	6,284
1859	2,703	27,060	104,012	10,739
1860	3,450	37,710	152,063	15,906
1861	3,900	42,925	176,206	18,020
1862	3,501	38,465	141,074	17,564
1863	4,013	49,961	158,632	19,671
1864	4,747	62,105	174,937	22,717
1865	5,326	78,778	196,234	25,156
1866	6,246	99,989	249,122	31,931
1867	6,823	128,435	284,912	41,619
1868	6,731	123,233	390,900	37,459
1869	5,809	93,423	236,438	28,642
1870	5,560	80,291	223,021	25,209
1871	6,021	107,500	246,522	29,026
1872	6,444	132,912	267,577	33,640
1873	7,021	160,886	287,212	38,749
1874	7,639	192,814	298,888	40,679
1875	8,415	225,682	305,657	48,212
1876	8,892	254,000	305,190	50,668
1877	9,722	280,275	311,754	51,648
1878	10,187	292,344	298,679	52,694
1879	10,427	288,035	270,072	49,751
1880	10,613	292,570	283,665	48,545
1881	10,697	302,151	272,142	46,242
1882	10,894	315,243	274,627	47,608
1883	11,050	326,875	276,456	51,599
1884	11,161	329,470	262,270	50,268
1885	11,084	324,645	252,072	45,254
1886	10,984	321,678	246,031	44,111
1887	11,152	338,100	256,736	46,047
1888	11,278	344,669	267,726	47,119
1889	11,342	353,470	270,685	47,263
1890	11,352	362,358	270,583	47,764
1891	11,647	370,792	296,025	52,198

The progress of the Store shown in columns was first done on my suggestion, and Mr. T. S. Mill put in his "Principles of Political Economy" this table down to 1860.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BRANCH STORE AGITATION.

THE Society soon came to possess fourteen or more Branch Stores and nearly as many newa-rooms. But how came these Branches into being? Did they come by spontaneous generation or evolution, or development of species process, silently and naturally; or were they the offspring of discussion, with agitation for accoucheur? The following facts will enable the reader to judge:—

It was in the year 1856, when the receipts at the two Central Stores had amounted to £1,000 per week, that the members began to talk of having shops opened in other parts of the town, more convenient to their residences.

Many of the members lived at great distances, and the labour of carrying their weekly purchases from the stores in Toad Lane had been freely undertaken while there was no economy in having more than one shop. But now the shop was crowded every night, and the day was scarcely long enough for the shopmen to make the necessary preparations for the night's work.

Discussions arose on which part of the town the first Branch should be opened; it was soon decided. A numerously signed memorial from the members on the Castleton side of the town was presented to the quarterly meeting, held in June, 1856. The prayer of the memorialists was granted, themselves being at the meeting in great strength to promote it and support it by their votes. Indeed, this has been the case in the opening of nearly all the Branches, and is a notable feature in the democratic character of our institution.

A shop in Oldham Road was procured, and was opened No. 1 Branch for the sale of grocery goods on the 7th day of October of the same year. The business at this new Branch soon outgrew the premises which the committee had rented, and it was soon seen that further steps would have to be taken in the same direction.

There was on the Castleton side of the town a society which had been formed in the earlier years of the Pioneers' Society. It was called "The Castleton Co-operative Society." It was doing but a small business. I believe it was in the year 1855 it was irregularly assessed by the Income Tax Commissioners on a profit of £45, and compelled to pay at that time.

The greater popularity of the larger society threatened to swallow

up this small society, and now when the Branch movement had begun, an agitation was set on foot for amalgamation. The result was that the business and premises of the Castleton Society were taken up by the Pioneers, and the Store was opened on March 7th, 1857, as the No. 2 School Lane Branch. It still retains the name, although a new store has been built in another street a considerable distance away.

The new idea of Branches gained ground so fast that two more were opened within the next few weeks, No. 3, in Whitworth Road, within ten minutes' walk of the Toad Lane Stores, and the first on the same side of the town; and No. 4, Pinfold Branch, being in another part of the township of Castleton.

The latter Branch was opened on the 2nd June, 1857, but no further steps were taken in this direction till the beginning of the year 1859. Although great relief had been given to the Central Stores by the opening of the four Branches, yet the increase of members and business continued at such a rate that further relief was now found to be necessary.

The Castleton side of the town was well served. Only one Branch had been established on the same side as the Central was situated, and it was now argued that they might extend in the Spotland direction. After some opposition, and great difficulty in finding a suitable shop, the Spotland Bridge Branch, No. 5, commenced business on the 17th February, 1859.

The agitation for another Branch at Bamford was immediately commenced. This was, indeed, an agitation, inasmuch as it involved a new principle—that of the Pioneers opening shops in the neighbourhood of other societies.

At a small village, situate but a short distance from Bamford, there was one of those small societies formed very early in the new history of the movement, and must have been in existence a considerable number of years at the time when the memorial for a Branch at Bamford was being signed. The memorial was signed by a great many of the members of the Hooley Bridge Society, and a great many more opposed it. It was seen at once that if the Pioneers opened a shop here it would be the death-blow to their small Society. The principle of self-government was set against the principle of economy on the side of the memorialists. While on the side of their opponents in the town it was urged that it would not be fair to charge the Society's funds with the cost of carrying the goods to such an outlying Branch, when members who lived at great distances in other directions had to carry their own, but more especially would it be wrong to open such a Branch so near a neighbouring society at which the memorialists could not only make their purchases, but where they could take a more active share in the management than was possible for them to do in the Rochdale Society.

The memorialists, however, succeeded, and at the April Quarterly Meeting, in 1859, it was decided to open a shop at Bamford. The

announcement of the voting was received with an outburst of applause from the supporters of the memorial.

No one seems to have thought of the danger of this example of overlapping which has wrought much mischief since. A Store is better than a Branch since the Store developes local energy and business education. A federation of Stores around a wholesale centre is better than Branches.

I have dwelt longer on the circumstances attending the opening of the No. 6 Bamford Branch (which took place on May 26th, 1859), because it settled the principle that the Society might safely carry its Branches to such places beyond the boundaries of the town where the members residing in the neighbourhood could guarantee a certain weekly business, such as would give fair employment to a shopman.

The sixteen Society's Branches were opened as follows :—

Oldham Road,	No.	1	in 1856
School Lane Branch,	,,	2	,, 1857
Whitworth Road	,,	3	,, 1857
Pinfold,	,,	4	,, 1857
Spotland Bridge Branch,	,,	5	,, 1859
Bamford Branch,	,,	6	,, 1859
Wardleworth Brow,	,,	7	,, 1860
Bluepits,	,,	8	,, 1860
Buersil,	,,	9	,, 1864 (?)
Shawclough,	,,	10	,, 1866
Sudden,	,,	11	,, 1869
Newbold,	,,	12	,, 1872
Milkstone,	,,	13	,, 1872
Slattocks,	,,	14	,, 1873
Gravel Hole,	,,	15	,, 1874
Norden,	,,	16	,, 1875

At ten out of the sixteen there are commodious shops, which the Society has built from its own funds, and two more where the premises are its own by purchase. At the remaining four the business is conducted in rented shops. There are news-rooms at twelve of them, and preparation is being made at another.[1] Four or five of the branches do a business under £2,000 per quarter, but the rest vary from that sum to £5,500 per quarter.

The Branch system has been of great service to the members, and there is no doubt but it has been a principal means of the rapid and ultimately secure development of the Society's progress.

The Central Store from which the Branches radiate is a very interesting building. There is a meeting-room at the top, covering the whole area of the building. It is capable of seating at least

[1] There are now 19 news-rooms and 35,493 books in the libraries (1892).

1,400 persons, and has often held meetings of 2,000 and upwards. This meeting-room affords a commanding view of the town which is seen from 15 lofty windows. The library contains 12,000 volumes.

The building was commenced in the beginning of 1866, and opened in September, 1867. The whole cost including site was £13,360; all or the greater part of the cost has long since been defrayed. The premises at ten of the Branches belonging to the Society were erected at a cost of upwards of £14,000, including fixtures. Close to the river, and in a central part of the town, are the Society's manufacturing departments, newly arranged and rebuilt, comprising tobacco manufacturing; bread, biscuit, and cake baking; the business of pork butchering, currant cleaning, coffee roasting, coffee and pepper grinding; and in the same yard are the stables and slaughter houses; the whole being so arranged that the produce of each department can be delivered at the shops when wanted with the precision of a machine.

The business of the Society was £311,754, and the members numbered 9,722 at the end of 1877; profits, £51,648. The Society constitutes an important part of the town, which numbers 65,000 inhabitants.

It was a festive day when the Central Stores were opened. I invited Colonel R. J. Hinton, of Washington, to be present, who had drilled and taken part in training coloured regiments in the Slave War for freedom, in America. He was witness of the proceedings, and spoke in the theatre.[1] The Central Store stands at the junction of St. Mary's Gate and Toad Lane, presenting a copious frontage to both roads, and raising its head higher than any building in the town. Standing on the site of the old theatre and the Temperance Hall, all know the place, and if they did not they can see it. It has been proposed to erect an observatory upon it, and furnish it with powerful telescopes. The immense range of view from the top will make it the finest observatory in Lancashire. Speeches were delivered at the Theatre Royal, the Mayor, Mr. J. Robinson, presiding. Mr. John Bright, M.P., sent a cordial letter, being unable to be in Rochdale that day. Earl Russel, Lord Stanley, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P. for the borough, Mr. Jacob Bright, and others, sent words of acknowledgment or congratulation. Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., Mr. E. V. Neale, Mr. E. O. Greening, the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, the Rev. J. Freeston, and the present writer, were among the speakers. Twenty-three years before the co-operators had commenced their humble and doubtful career in Toad Lane, and that day, September 28th, 1867, they obtained acknowledged ascendency in the town. They had become the greatest trading body in it; their Central Store tower, like Saul, head and shoulders above every other establishment about it.

[1] In a volume, the "Radical Leaders of England" (Putnam and Sons), this gentleman has given recollections of this visit.

The Rev. Mr. Molesworth said he regarded that celebration as of European importance. Throughout the Continent co-operation had spread rapidly since they had adopted the principles of the Rochdale Pioneers. All true believers in co-operation turn their eyes to Rochdale as the Mecca and Medina of the system.

Mr. Morrison, M.P., said that nothing could be done by the Pioneers in a corner. It was, therefore, important that they should maintain their reputation. If other societies saw that Rochdale departed from its first faith, they would plead their eminent example for departing also.

At this meeting Mr. John Prierley, the Secretary, read an elaborate report. It ended with this passage:—"In 1855 a Manufacturing Society was established in this town chiefly by the members of the Store. Its principle was to apportion the profits made—in part to capital and in part to labour. This Society made great success in its earlier years, but the capitalist shareholder began to think the worker had too much profit, so the bounty to labour was abolished. (Loud cries of "shame."[1]) But we hope ere long to see it re-adopted (hear, hear, and cheers), and the principles of co-operation fully developed, believing that it is fraught with incalculable blessings to the people."

Mr. Hughes accepted this as a promise that efforts would be made to restore the character of the Manufacturing Society.

Mr. William Cooper spoke, and in alluding to Mr. Neale described him as "their own lawyer," for whose services they were all grateful.

Mr. Councillor Smithies said that the Pioneers, who were registered under the Friendly Societies Act of 1845, had applied for an amendment of the law which would enable them to devote a tenth of their net profits to educational purposes; but, notwithstanding the services of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Neale, the proposed rule was vetoed by Mr. Tidd Pratt, the registrar.

The co-operators had never been hosts before on so large a scale, and had never before been able to invite such distinguished guests as those to whom they sent invitations. The chief guests had the choice of two dinners. One was provided for them at the Central Stores, and another by the Mayor, with whom, as the intention of his worship was to show courtesy to the Pioneers by making their visitors his guests, they dined. After the speech, multitudes of people went to the soiree at the Stores, and the ball at the Public Hall.

[1] Report in *Rochdale Observer*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OTHER CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ROCHDALE PIONEERS.

THERE is no doubt that the persistence of leading Rochdale Co-operators in maturing the "Wholesale" entitles their Store to be regarded as the practical founder of it. They furnished those who conceived the idea in its working form, put it in motion, and kept it in motion.

Long before, Rochdale had the merit to demonstrate the value of the principle of dividing profits upon purchases instead of upon shares. Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Glasgow, was an advocate of this principle. It was first stated by Mr. Campbell in 1822, and afterwards put by him in the rules of the Cambuslang Society of 1829. The principle was in the rules of the Melthan Mills Society of 1827, as Mr. Nuttall has shown: yet it would never have been in Rochdale save for Mr. Howarth. He re-discovered it, and was certainly the first to appreciate its importance, and to urge its adoption there. Double discovery is very common in literature, mechanics, and commerce. Poets and authors often hit upon ideas which have occurred to others before they were born, and of whose writings they had no knowledge. Bell, in Scotland, and Fulton, in America, both discovered the steamship at the same time. No doubt Mr. Howarth himself originated the very idea in Rochdale which Mr. Campbell had long before thought of. But they made nothing of it in Scotland. Indeed, they did not know they had it among them, until Rochdale successes with it made it of the nature of a famous discovery. Many discoveries of great pith and moment are made over and over again, and die over and over again. At last the old idea, being re-born, falls into the hands of knowing nurses, who bring the doubtful "bairn" up until it grows strong, tall, and rich. It is wonderful then what a number of parents the young man finds he had! This plan of sharing profits with the consumer, without whom no profits could be made, ensured a following for a store. It gave the customer an interest in the concern. Other societies soon adopted the same rule, but none made so much of it as Rochdale has done. The use other stores of that day put it to would never have given it distinction. Indeed, the division of profit idea would never have made the noise it has, but for the Rochdale way of carrying it out. It has been the ever-growing amounts of profit that attracted the pecuniary eye of the country to it there. The early co-operators there, having a world-amending scheme in view, foresaw that money would be required for that purpose, and this led them to adopt a plan of saving all they

gained. After paying capitalists five per cent. it was open to the co-operators to sell their goods without further profit, which would have given to each purchaser his articles at almost cost prices. The consumer would thus have had, in another form, his full share of advantage by buying at the Store. The other plan open to them to adopt was to charge the current prices for all goods sold, and save for the customer the difference of profit accruing. This plan they adopted; though it was theoretical and somewhat Utopian, and not likely to be so popular with members generally, who like cheap articles, who prefer to know what they save, and to have it at once. Uneducated people do not believe in saving; they have no confidence in it; they do not believe in an unknown, untried committee saving money for them; they want it the moment it is available. With them a penny in hand is worth twenty in the bush.

In one of his lectures on capital and labour, Mr. Holmes, of Leeds, relates a before-told but still instructive story:—"During one of the Irish famines, Mr. Forster (the father of the then M.P. for Bradford) went out there, as the agent of the Society of Friends, to give special relief, and found the people at one place famished down to chewing seaweed. He asked them if there was no fish in the sea; they replied 'Yes,' but said 'they could not get them, as they had neither boats nor nets.' Mr. Forster provided them with boats and nets, upon which they eagerly inquired, 'Who's to pay us our day's wages?' Mr. Forster told them 'the fish they got would pay them their wages,' but they declined to go out on these problematical conditions, and it was not until Mr. Forster guaranteed them their wages that they set off. The consequence was that a good trade was carried on, and Mr. Forster soon found that the boats and nets were cleared—all paid for—and that plenty of money might be made. He offered the men the boats and nets free of expense; but they would not take them in their own hands, and nothing would satisfy them but '*their day's wages!*'"

The ignorant trust in nothing. Near gain of ten times the amount seems to them a cheat. The pecuniary eye of the mind is like the natural eye of the body—sometimes shortsighted, and cannot carry far enough to see profit even a little way off. An economic telescope is wanted to lengthen the sight. Co-operation proved to be the very telescope which did the thing for thousands. I know co-operators now who can see a profit a mile off; but, singularly, this long range of eye does not apply to a principle. The principle sometimes lies much nearer, and they never see it. I suppose they overlook it.

The poor are a fastidious and demonstrative class—they require to see the results of their conduct day by day and hour by hour. Yet, the old plan of selling goods cheaper than ordinary tradesmen—turning all profits into reduction of price—was not one that promised permanence. When errors in purchasing, or spoilt stock, caused the price at the Store to rise, the supporters of the Store

fell. Even when the Store was successful as to maintaining lowness of price, the amount of advantage was often infinitesimal on some articles, and when the advantage could scarcely be seen, its influence waned. The old plan of taking all profits made, and paying them in the shape of dividends to the shareholders, had yet greater disadvantages. These dividends were drawn out and spent. When high, enthusiasm was high. When the dividends came down, popular support sunk to zero, and sometimes below, and then the Store broke up.

However, the rule of forced saving and deferred spending was calculated to delay the progress of the Society—to repel members—to breed discontent. It required enthusiasts to carry it out, and that rare combination of enthusiasts, zealots with patience, who could wait long years for results—in fact, to wait for their own success, which could not arrive until they had educated their neighbours, and brought up the town about them to their level. Luckily, the early Rochdale co-operators were enthusiasts, men who had the courage to dream dreams in flannel jackets, and with a very poor outlook in the streets—there being reductions of wages very near them, and the poorhouse not "looming" in the remote distance—but near and palpable; and yet they adopted the plan which forced members to save. Thus was born in Lancashire the idea of accumulating profits. Mr. William Chambers, in his paper on co-operation, says, with true insight, "Without the principle of accumulating profits, co-operation remains a very insignificant affair." The long years of store experience which preceded the commencement of the Rochdale Store of 1844, were the "insignificant" days of co-operation. There was no alluring accumulations then. Rochdale proved that an average population can be educated in foresight and thrift—quite a new fact in human working-class nature then. Happily, the Pioneers may come to be outstripped in material successes and in numbers; but they can never be surpassed in the credit which belongs to faith when believers are few, and to courage when all others despaired.

If the Rochdale plan of dividing profits on purchases was a Scotch discovery, it was unknown to the Messrs. Chambers. Clearly it had never attracted any attention in Scotch hands, else we had never seen, from such an observant economist as William Chambers, the following singular comment:—

"The Rochdale plan of paying not only dividends on capital, but a share of profits along with wages, is, on the first view of it, new and revolutionary. It seems to overturn all our ordinary ideas as to the relationship between those who find the money and those who give the hands in trading operations."

When Lord Westbury brought in his County Courts Bill for the abolition of the power of imprisonment for debt, he explained, in a

note to Mr. Pitman, then editor of the *Co-operator*, "that he should be glad to see the Bill supported by the petitions of co-operative societies, feeling as he did that the taking away of such power would, by loosening the facility of obtaining credit, conduce to render more general habits of providence—habits which the system of co-operation had shown to exist among some of the members of the working class." Mr. John Whittaker, pleasantly known as "A Lancashire lad," endeavoured to elicit the opinions of leading co-operators upon the Lord Chancellor's Bill, and put the reason for it in these conclusive words :—

"As the Lord Chancellor's new Bill strikes directly at this credit system, it deserves the support of all who are interested in social improvement, and especially of those who are concerned about the success of co-opsrative associations. So soon as it becomes difficult for working men to obtain credit, they will learn the value of societies which will enable them to keep for their own use the profits which they would otherwise have to pay to the ordinary retail dealer."

This was in 1864. Mr. William Cooper endeavoured in vain to induce the Rochdale Society to petition in favour of the Bill. The reason for this needs explaining, which can best be done in Mr. Cooper's own words :—

"I believe the system of credit does the working man a great deal more harm than good; for when a man 'goes behind,' as we say, or gets in debt, his hope and his spirit somewhat desert him, and he is liable to get more and more tied to his crediting shop-keeper. I have heard it said that some shopkeepers like to have their customers a little in debt, as then they know they are not able to go elsewhere for goods. If the Lord Chancellor's Bill becomes law, the tradesmen would still have one side of the bargain—that is, they could please themselves who they credited; and perhaps they would be more cautious about leading people into debt. But if the co-operative societies were to agitate for the passing of the Bill, the shopkeepers would be apt to attribute their interference to a desire on the part of co-operators to injure their interests. At least such a construction would be put on their motives in this town, as the Tories want a pretsxt to raise the hostility of the shopkeepers against the stores, so that in the excitement they may use the shopkeepers as instruments to unseat our representative, Richard Cobden."

But it must be owned that this solicitude concerning the action and interest of shopkeepers was sacrificing the larger interests of the working class and the stores. Lord Westbury's Bill would have

saved tens of thousands from debt and have given an impetus to ready-money purchasing at stores.

The Working Men's Industrial Associations of Italy, which were originated by Mazzini, and of which he was president, were animated by a strong spirit of citizenship. With them public life and social life went together. It was in the belief that co-operation was not divorced from citizenship in Rochdale that at a meeting held there in December, 1861, I made a communication, on the authority of the president of the chief societies in Italy, with a view to establishing a personal intercourse between them and the trade societies of England. The Italian societies act upon the principle some time before urged upon the trade societies of England by Mr. Bright, and seek the unity of their country as the first condition of their industrial independence. At the conclusion of the communication Mr. Abraham Greenwood moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously, Mr. Isaac Hoyle presiding :— "This meeting learns with pleasure that Italian workmen are following the advice long ago given to the workmen of England by Sir Robert Peel, and 'are taking their own affairs into their own hands.'" In England at that time the trade societies had it under their consideration to use their organisation for securing their political enfranchisement; for it is impossible that any men can protect the interests of their order, or their labour, who have no political existence themselves. The Rochdale meeting, therefore, was glad to see that the workmen of Italy included the unity of their country as a supreme and essential object with them.

The announcements in the Rochdale Almanacs of the number and magnitude of the news-rooms and libraries are noble notices. Just as when the English colonise any country they carry representative institutions with them, so whenever the Rochdale Society opens a new branch they open a new news-room, and it is "always" open. Every member is wiser in mind for it, and no poorer in pocket. Knowledge is economy as well as foresight and good sense.

Mr. John Ormerod wrote to me in 1864 an account of the origin of the Co-operative Loan Fund of Rochdale. In 1862, some gentlemen in Wiltshire, fearing that the cotton famine would seriously affect the stability of co-operative stores in Lancashire, generously proposed to render assistance which might help to avert this evil. "Considering," says Mr. Ormerod, "that Rochdale had been (so to speak) the cradle of co-operation, these gentlemen made offer of help in Rochdale, lest co-operation in general should suffer through a shock received there." To this end they sent a sum of £500 through Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, M.P., to the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, the Vicar of Spotland, for the use of the co-operators, free of interest, on the condition that it was lent free of interest to co-operative families suffering from the cotton famine. Six trustees were ap-

pointed—two from the Pioneer Society, two from the Corn Mill, and two from the Manufacturing Society. The trustees undertook to do their best to collect the money when prosperity returned, and to hand it over to the Rev. Mr. Molesworth. The money was lent in sums from £1 to £5 to persons depositing their "law books," containing a record of their deposits in the Store. By this means, a member having a few pounds in the Store could borrow money to that amount without withdrawing his capital from the Store. By continuing to deal with the Store, the profit upon his purchases and interest upon his capital invested, continued to accumulate, enabling him eventually to pay back the loan. Only £361 required to be lent up to the end of 1864. During the first half-year of 1863 £13 were repaid. In the second half-year £37 were repaid. In the third quarter of 1864 £26 were repaid, and the fourth quarter of 1864 £32. Ultimately, it was all repaid, and £100 of interest was accumulated. The gentlemen who lent the money, at the same time, gave it to the co-operators, should it be refunded, provided they put it to some useful purpose, which met the approval of the donors. It was permitted to be devoted to the instruction of members under the title of a Special Education Fund. Mr. Ormerod related that the expenses of distributing the fund up to the end of 1864 scarcely exceeded £2. But though they advertised the existence of the fund, and explained the advantages it offered to those members who needed help, it went out so slowly that some began to think that co-operators were too independent to borrow, or that they were really better off than their fellow-workers who had never been co-operators.

The interest arising from the Special Educational Fund enables instructional classes to be assisted for the advantage of the families of members. Some years lectures have been given to the members by persons likely to add to their instruction. When they were specially engaged the expenses were paid out of the proceeds of this fund. Recent Almanacs of the Store now contain this announcement:—"Science, Art, and French Classes.—These classes were inaugurated by the Educational Committee in 1873, and have since continued to be carried on successfully. The following subjects are now taught by able teachers, *viz.*, :—Mathematics, geometrical and mechanical drawing, theoretical mechanics, physiology, botany, magnetism and electricity, inorganic chemistry, freehand and model drawing, geometry and perspective, accoustics, light and heat, and the French language. All sons and daughters of members should avail themselves of these classes."

Seeing the generous interest in the fortunes of the Pioneers shown by Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, Estcourt Square, or Terrace, or Street, would be a pleasant name to give to one of the lines of buildings (when a new name is wanted) on the Pioneers' estate. It concerns us all who care for the honour and progress of co-operation to bear in grateful regard the memory of everyone who has signally aided it in the past, when it was unfriended and struggling.

The following table shows the number of students in each division since the commencement of the classes :—

Year.	In Science Classes.	Examined in Science.	In Art Classes.	Examined in Art.	In the Technology Classes.	Examined in Technology.
1873	31	16	...	...	...	...
1874	51	30	49	40	...	...
1875	83	68	88	59	...	...
1876	103	68	94	63	...	...
1877	88	73	68	60	...	...
1878	131	86	86	43	...	...
1879	174	134	84	48	...	...
1880	162	121	76	51	...	...
1881	143	110	77	55	...	...
1882	188	134	58	39	6	4
1883	222	164	78	51	92	57
1884	222	151	85	66	87	47
1885	232	170	75	43	42	27
1886	261	192	73	50	141	75
1887	201	163	54	36	74	50
1888	207	155	37	30	50	26
1889	207	167	54	34	49	30
1890	199	160	39	22	36	26
1891	157	124	46	27	33	28

The decrease in the number of students during the past few years is accounted for by the starting of other classes, and especially by the art and technological work which the Technical School Committee have undertaken since 1887 and 1888. But the Pioneers at the Whitworth Road Store have by far the best chemical laboratory in the town, and they alone offer prizes in all their classes. The income for the prizes is derived from the Sotheron-Estcourt Fund (of which mention has been made) which realises about £26 per year. With this money prizes of 10s. and 5s. are given to the most successful students in each stage of each subject.

It ought to be put on record that for fifteen or sixteen years they provided the larger part of the science and art teaching in Rochdale; and this at but trifling expense to themselves, for the Government grant has practically sufficed to meet the cost of tuition.

The following return, issued by Mr. Barnish, the librarian, shows

the number of volumes in the library, and the extent to which they were used in 1890-91 :—

	No. of Vols.	No. Issued.
Theology, Morals, Metaphysics.	702	722
Arts and Sciences	905	1,904
History and Biography	2,798	1,235
Natural History	482	502
Social and Political Philosophy, &c.	780	391
Poetry, Fine Arts, and the Drama	766	1,092
Geography, Voyages, and Travels	987	1,883
Works of Fiction, Tales, &c.	4,103	25,039
Miscellaneous Literature	3,268	2,730
	14,791	35,498

REFERENCE LIBRARY.

	Vols.
Central Library, Toad Lane	547
Branch ,, Castleton	95
,, ,, Buersil	74
,, ,, Bamford	75
,, ,, Oldham Road	81
,, ,, Pinfold	83
,, ,, Whitworth Road	84
,, ,, Shawclough	78
,, ,, Spotland Bridge	87
,, ,, School Lane	78
,, ,, Wardleworth Brow	79
,, ,, Sudden Brow	70
,, ,, Milkstone	71
,, ,, Norden	71
,, ,, Newbold	66
,, ,, Gravel Hole	65
,, ,, Slattocks	69
,, ,, Greenbooth	64
Branch Lending Library, Greenbooth	316
The Branch Libraries contain	2,153

In addition there are 374 "select books and local pamphlets." These libraries are a noble achievement for a society of working men.

While there have been a few grumblers, almost from the first, the bulk of the members gave no sign of dissatisfaction at part of the profits being used for educational purposes.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The office of president has been filled each year as follows :—

1844 Miles Ashworth	1869 J. R. Shepherd
1845 Charles Howarth	1870 J. R. Shepherd
1846 James Smithies	1871 J. R. Shepherd
1847 John Kershaw	1872 J. R. Shepherd
1848 James Tweedale	1873 J. R. Shepherd
1849 John Cockcroft	1874 J. R. Shepherd
1850 John Cockcroft	1875 Abraham Howard
1851 John Kershaw	1876 Abraham Howard
1852 J. J. Hill	1877 Abraham Howard
1853 John Cockcroft	1878 Benjamin Horbury
1854 John Cockcroft	1879 Benjamin Horbury
1855 John Cockcroft	1880 Benjamin Horbury
1856 Abraham Greenwood	1881 Benjamin Horbury
1857 John Cockcroft	1882 Benjamin Horbury
1858 John Cockcroft	1883 Benjamin Horbury
1859 John Cockcroft	1884 James Whitworth
1860 John Cockcroft	1885 James Whitworth
1861 Abraham Howard	1886 Thomas Cheetham
1862 Thomas Cheetham	1887 Thomas Cheetham
1863 Samuel Newton	1888 Thomas Cheetham
1864 Robert Briggs	1889 Thomas Cheetham
1865 Robert Briggs	1890 Thomas Cheetham
1866 Robert Briggs	1891 Thomas Cheetham
1867 John Ormerod	1892 Thomas Cheetham
1868 John Ormerod	

The following are the fourteen principal features of the "Rochdale System" :—

1. The Pioneers set the example of beginning a Store with funds of their own providing mainly.
2. Supplying the purest provisions they could get.
3. Giving full weight and measure.
4. Charging market prices, and not underselling or competing with shopkeepers.
5. Taking no credit, nor giving any; thus discouraging debt among working-people.
6. Giving the profits made to members in proportion to their purchases; acknowledging that they who make the profit should share it.
7. Inducing members to leave their profits in the Profit Bank of the Store to accumulate, thus teaching them thrift.
8. Fixing interest at 5 per cent. that Labour and Trade (which alone make capital fruitful) may have a fair chance of gain.
9. Dividing in the workshop the profits among those who have earned them, in proportion to their wages.

10. Devoting 2½ per cent. of all profits to education, to promote the improvement and efficiency of the members.

11. According to all members the democratic right of voting (one person one vote) upon all appointments and propositions, and according to women the like right to vote and to receive their saving whether they were single or married, and this long before the Married Woman's Property Act existed.

12. The intention of extending co-operative commerce and manufacture by the establishment of an Industrial City, in which crime and competition should cease.

13. In originating the Wholesale Buying Society, they created means of fulfilling their own professions, of supplying provisions of ascertained genuineness, which otherwise would have been impossible to them.

14. The conception of the Store as an Institution as the germ of a new social life, which should by well directed self-help ensure morality and competence to all the industrious.[1]

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTESTS FOR PRINCIPLE.

SEVERAL exclusive characteristics of the Rochdale Society have been, happily, introduced into other societies, and therefore are now common features of co-operative associations. The determination to deal in pure provisions only, as far as they could get them, which all co-operative societies do now, required quite a propagandism to establish at first. Many members were willing to give up the endeavour to sell only pure articles, from the impossibility of getting them. To persist in trying to do what could not be done did seem absurd. It was because it ought to be done that the better class of members persisted in attempting it. It was this feeling that the pure provisions ought to be obtained that led to the working of the wholesale idea, which has since made it possible for every society to do the same thing. It was up-hill work, hardly conceivable now, to keep up an agitation for pure food. Everybody had an idea that pure food was the best; but, unfortunately, many did not like it when they got it. They did not, as we have said, know the taste of it, and their taste had to be educated; and many people no more like having their taste educated than having their minds educated. When it is done they are very glad, but they take very ill to the process.

It was the honourable boast of the Pioneers' Almanac of 1861

[1] Quoted from the "Co-operative Movement To-day," published by Methuen & Co.

that it was "a principle of the Rochdale Society to have no creditors." That meant that they did not trust anybody—not even their own members. Everybody had to pay cash down. There was no going into debt. Working people had never been accustomed to this, and did not at all like it. Most of them had no ready money at all, and therefore found it difficult to pay when they bought. They were all in debt to some local grocer, and the more honourable of them did not like taking ready money to the Store when they had not paid off their score at their next door neighbour's shop. When the middle class of people and the families of gentlemen are in debt, which every tradesman unfortunately knows, it is a very difficult thing to learn the poor a lesson which their betters could not be taught. But this is what the Co-operators of Rochdale did, and a very great merit it was to do it. When Lord Westbury's wise Bill for rendering credit illegal was brought in, the Co-operators of Rochdale were restrained from supporting it, as we have told, by reluctance to embroil themselves with the shopkeepers who were their neighbours. It is a stronger argument against shopkeeping than any co-operator ever invented—that it should be the interest of tradesmen to keep up a state of the law which affords facilities for poor people getting into debt. It was, however, by the voluntary and peremptory abolition of credit by themselves that the Rochdale Co-operators attained their great commercial success.

At the great Co-operative Festival in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1864, Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter, M.P. for Rochdale, presided, and gave important testimony to the character of co-operation. He said:—"From my experience, at the head of what is, I believe, the oldest home-trade house in Manchester, I can say that we have no accounts that are more satisfactory than those with the co-operative societies. We observe that they buy good and genuine articles only. And this does not apply merely to the drapery trade, such as I am connected with, but I have reason to know, from friends in Liverpool, dealers in sugars and dried fruits, that the buyers from the co-operative stores invariably purchase sterling articles, such as will give satisfaction to their customers. They devote £500 a year to education and recreation. I can bear testimony to the excellence of the Rochdale flour. I have not tasted better bread than that made from the Rochdale flour. During the distress these two societies have distributed £1,529 in relief, and subscribed liberally towards local charitable institutions."

By abolishing credit, co-operative societies taught saving, and saving made many rich. To this, however, there is another side. In many cases these societies, by imparting to men who never had anything, nor expected to have anything, the sweet taste of saving and possessing property, have demoralised some useful persons. Many people under the influence of these societies have forsaken patriotism for profits. And I know both co-operators and Chartists who were loud-mouthed for social and political reform, who now

care no more for it than a Conservative Government; and decline to attend a public meeting on a fine night, while they would crawl, like a serpent in Eden, through a gutter in a storm after a good security. They have tasted land, and the gravel has got into their souls.

Yet to many others these societies have taught a healthy frugality they never else would have known; and enabled many an industrious son to take to his home his poor old father, who expected and dreaded to die in the workhouse, and set him down to smoke his pipe in the sunshine in the garden, of which the land and the house belong to his child.

These fine instances of benefit are not to be obscured by cases of selfishness which always occur in the transitious state of men from bad to better. As Tacitus says: "There are more willing slaves who make tyrants than there are tyrants who make forced slaves!" There are always people who are born mean, and who like to crawl and to be kicked. When such men get money they mostly turn out fools. But this class of people are a good deal generated by the greed—which never knows when to stop—which they see in the classes above them. And it is a great credit to any class of men who set a better example than they find around them.

In the last letter I received from Mr. Cooper, he criticised a remark in the "History of Co-operation in Halifax," to the effect that in the Brighouse Society they had not an average of the intelligent working men join as members. "If this be true, I conclude," wrote Mr. Cooper, "that the Brighouse—like some other societies—has made a mistake, for the very opposite of this ought to take place, and does in the best societies. Where there are no news-rooms, libraries, or educational objects connected with a store, the intelligent workman may be expected to go elsewhere, if his needs are not met at the Co-operative Society, but stores wise enough to provide news-rooms, are sure to attract those who seek food for the understanding. The libraries and reading-rooms of the Rochdale, Oldham, Bury, and some other societies draw a class of members which would not come for the money dividend alone."

In the same letter, Mr. Cooper refers to a letter I had published for him in favour of continuing open the Rochdale news-room on the Sunday. A member has made a motion that "I (William Cooper) be instructed to apologise to some half-dozen members of the Society who six months ago made a motion to close the Society's news-rooms on Sunday. However, the meeting did not pass the motion that I make an apology. As our members are not anxious to be gagged themselves, so they agreed that I also might be allowed to speak or write. I think those are misguided and misguiding members who wish to establish a censorship in co-operative societies to interdict freedom of speech or pen to servants and members thereof."

Mr. Bamford, in answer to inquiries addressed to him by me,

says :—"You ask me to write you, as if you were an ignorant outsider, understanding nothing, and wanting to know everything and see everything, as people on the spot see it. I will endeavour to do so. On the part of what has now become a large section in the Society there is a natural fear lest too much credit be given to a few individuals for having brought the co-operative system to what it is in Rochdale. Those who come into a movement after the rough work has been got through, and who by their numbers give magnitude to it, are apt to claim more credit for its successes than is their due.

"The early minute books are certainly an interesting study, and give to the student an idea of the type of men who carried this movement through its early struggles. There was a spirit of earnest reality about them that found unequivocal expression in curt records. The following minute, passed by the committee in June, 1854, is an apt illustration of this. It is as follows:—'That Cooper, the cashier, be exempt from coffee grinding.' What a curious combination of duties that would be thought to-day. Fancy the smart cashier at one of our large stores taking his turn at the coffee mill. Yet it appears these men had to fulfil the functions of clerks, committee-men, coffee-grinders, and shopmen. I wonder, if circumstances required it, whether the present generation of co-operators would be found equal to that."

About this period, twenty years after the formation of the Store, a new set of men appear to be brought upon the stage. And there is about the records a different class of entries from those the Society has recorded before. The storm is over, the battle has ceased, the ground won is being steadily occupied, and the new generation have chiefly to cultivate their inheritance and bury the old Pioneers. Before we quit the field let us take a last look at the watercourses which brought it fertility.

One of the skilful explorers for materials who have aided me in this final narrative has been, like Mr. Stanley, to the Ujiji of early stores—namely, to Rochdale, and investigated the archives there. The minutes there kept may be likened to the tributary streams which fed from the first the great Nile of co-operation. He first comes upon a curious little rivulet. On April 4, 1861, a resolution of the Board decides that "William Cooper have a month's notice to leave."

But at the next meeting he was re-engaged. What follows no doubt sufficiently explains this.

At a quarterly meeting, October 7th, 1861, the following resolution was passed :—"That the president of this Society be instructed to entirely repudiate the statement appearing in the *Counsellor*, September, 1861, which statement is said to have been furnished by Mr. Cooper, the secretary of the Society." This repudiation prepared by the president (Mr. Howard), approved by the Board, read at the monthly meeting, and at the subsequent quarterly meeting, by a

special resolution, was entered in the minute book. It was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—You will excuse me while I draw your attention to an article which appeared in the *Counsellor* for September, headed 'The Sects among the Co-operators,' containing statements (said to be facts) leading your readers to believe that some sectarian influence has been brought to bear upon the discussion of a certain question [the Labour Question] which was a short time ago under consideration in this town, and warning new co-operative bodies from accepting members who are connected with certain religious denominations [no such warning was given] which are there named. The article has been much condemned and deplored, so much so that, on its being submitted to the consideration of our quarterly meeting on Monday night, the 7th inst., a resolution was moved and carried—'That our president be instructed to entirely repudiate a statement said to be furnished by our financial clerk, Mr. Wm. Cooper, and which appeared in a publication denominated the *Counsellor*, for September, 1861, such statement being considered detrimental to the interests of this Society; also that the people of this country in forming new co-operative societies, be recommended to seek their members from all classes and conditions of men.' I beg to inform your readers that the principles of the Rochdale Co-operators are—1st, not to inquire into the political or religious opinions of those who apply for membership into ours or any of the various co-operative societies in our town; 2nd, that the consideration of the various political and religious differences of the members who compose our societies should prevent us from allowing into our councils or practices anything which might be construed into an advantage to any single one of each sect or opinion. The result of these principles has been that in the discussion and determination of all the great questions which have divided us, there might be seen ranged on both sides men of various creeds and opinions. That our policy has been such I need only quote from an article which appeared in the Equitable Pioneers' Society's Almanac, for 1860, where the writer is, for the time being, the mouthpiece of the Society. He says—'The present co-operative movement does not intend to meddle with the various religious or political differences which now exist in society, but by a common bond, namely, that of self-interest, to join together the means, the energies, and talents of all for the common benefit of each.' The co-operator does not seek to inforce or carry out any particular doctrines of any particular individual.' We think that all such statements and recommendations [Mr. Cooper made none] in your article of September can only be followed by mischievous effects, and ought not to have been made by those professing themselves the dearest friends of our hitherto successful principles. I recommend, in the name of the Pioneers and Co-operators of Rochdale, all new societies never to inquire what politics or what religion the persons applying for

membership are, but take all those who are willing to subscribe to the rules.—I am, dear sir, on behalf of the Society, yours most respectfully, ABRAHAM HOWARD, *President.*"

This letter was published by me for Mr. Howard, I being editor of the *Counsellor*, a quiet quarto journal, in which secular, co-operative, political, and religious writers endeavoured to give counsel to working men on public affairs, without dictation, assumption, arbitrary authority, or invective. Those who gave advice or suggestions in it were understood to examine both sides of the question on which they presumed to offer an opinion. At that time Mr. William Cooper, on my solicitation, wrote a paper on the Manufacturing Society in Rochdale, which was then a co-operative company, and which had for three years been regarded with satisfaction and pride as such. But there had sprung up a set of Aaron-rod shareholders, who thought work should have bare wages, and capital swallow all the profits, just as that hungry rod of Aaron swallowed up all the other rods. Mr. Cooper divided the capitalists into two classes—monopolising capitalists and participating capitalists. He was afraid the monopolists would out-vote the participators, which they eventually did. I asked him to give me an account of the sects among the co-operators in Rochdale. Mr. Cooper did not volunteer the information, I asked him for it. There was no concealment of the source, for I mentioned his name in the *Counsellor*. None of us were underground agitators, we always worked above board. I wanted to know how far different classes of Christians in the Rochdale Society were in favour of industrial partnerships, so that when you knew the religious composition of a society you might know what the prospects of the recognition of labour in manufacturing might be. Mr. Cooper gave me this information, particularising the sects who supported the principle, and those who were against it.

This was the little playful communication against which Mr. Howard levelled his grave official letter. In a note upon it, I said, "It concluded with some sentiments I very cordially agreed with, and had never transgressed against." There was not a word of criticism or inculcation of any sectarian principle in anything I published. All I sought was an estimate of the tendencies of sects in regard to industrial partnerships, just as the chemist would estimate the specific gravity of the different liquids with the view to determine their value in different experiments.[1] I always counselled co-operators to be tolerant of each other's opinions, and to remember, with Paul, that charity was greater than faith or hope.

The other day a new café was opened near St. Mary's Church, in

[1] What Mr. Cooper reported was that for the Recognition of Labour to participate in Profit "Secularists voted as one man, next the Unitarians, after them Churchmen. Against the principle were a united party from the Milton Church (Independents), after them the Methodists, and a number from other sects ranked on the same side."—*Counsellor*, Sept., 1861. What I added was that new societies seeking members who would vote for Labour, knew what sects to visit.

the Strand, by two clever Swiss gentlemen. Probably a thousand pounds have been spent in fitting up the place, and no handsomer or completer café has been opened in London. The interior is quite that of another country than this, yet it has only one penny ink pot, and a halfpenny pen in it, and if a visitor requires it he has to wait while the proprietor finishes his letter to his grandmother. It is quite right the old lady should be written to, but it is a loss of time to have to wait every day while it is done. I thought how often a splendid conception is marred by a small omission. So it is with co-operative stores which have no propagandist department. Rochdale would not be famous as it now is, nor would co-operation be what it is, had not the early Pioneers wisely provided for the propagation of their principles.

In an open space on the left bank of the river Roche, and in the most public thoroughfare in the town, is a drinking fountain erected by the Society and made over to the town authorities on April 19th, 1855, in the following terms:—"To the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Rochdale: On behalf of the members of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society we beg to present to you, for the use of the inhabitants of and strangers visiting the town of Rochdale, the bronze drinking fountain and lamp erected at the bottom of Drake Street, opposite the Wellington Hotel. Hoping that you will accept the same in the spirit in which it is given, and that it may long be a use and an ornament to the town, is the sincere desire of yours, very respectfully, on behalf of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society,

"JOHN COCKCROFT, *President.*
"ROBT. BRIGGS, *Secretary.*"

This gift was accepted. The utilitarian monument stands on the spot proposed for it. As the parched Oriental traveller from Egypt or India, visiting the earliest shrine of co-operation, enters the town of Rochdale, he passes by the Pioneers' fountain, and can quench his thirst before exploring the wonders of the great Store.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEAD PIONEERS.

IT may seem to contemporary co-operators, who know how largely the present development and prosperity of the movement is owing to the new generation of advocates, that too much credit is given to the former generation, who set it going and laid down the lines upon which it has proceeded, and that these pages are of the nature of a partisan history. But the reader will find that this is not so. The Apostles never made Christianity what it is. George Stephen-

son had no idea of the railway system as we now know it. But had there been no intrepid and enthusiastic Apostles to travel and preach and suffer martyrdom, in evil days, there had been no Christianity; and had not George Stephenson thought and toiled and plotted for railways, amid ignorant capitalists and an unfriendly public, railways might now be regarded as a mere mechanical craze. Not to give honour to these originators would be injustice; not to recognise the intrinsic merit of their successors would be blindness. It happens to be a matter of historic fact that co-operation grew out of the famous social theories promulgated in the early part of this century, and the gallant and practical co-operators who first put their industrial scheme in operation planned its method of procedure and worked for it, stood by it and defended it against a world of unfriendly adversaries, until it was accepted and adopted by others—were themselves inspired and animated by the ideas of eminent theorists who went before them. I did not invent them; I found them. I did not derive their names from hearsay; I knew them. They were of all religions and all opinions—political, social, and speculative; but all stood on the side of that socialism which sought social improvement by creating new arrangements of production and distribution, by honesty in trade, and equity in the distribution of profits.

Mr. Charles Howarth died on the last day in June, 1868, and was buried in the Heywood Cemetery. He had died at 28 Wilton Street, Heywood. He went down in the mid-year time.

There were present a concourse of his friends, mostly co-operators. The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society was represented by the president and two of the committee, beside some twenty other co-operators from Rochdale, who, with those from other places, formed a numerous procession. The Rev. Mr. Fox (of Heywood) read the burial service, after which Mr. Councillor Smithies (of Rochdale) said that before the relatives and friends of the deceased separated, a few remarks would be made by Mr. William Cooper, at the particular desire of Mr. Howarth. Mr. Cooper then spoke as follows:—

"Our friend who is now interred here was known and respected by all of us, and we regret that he has not lived many years longer amongst us, who have held him in high estimation. Our companion who now rests here has been distinguished by sound judgment, and for holding advanced opinions, and has laboured with steady earnestness in many causes for the freedom and benefit of himself and his fellow-man. I have known him for upwards of thirty years. He formerly was connected with the Radical movement, which aimed at obtaining political rights for the people of Great Britain and Ireland; and he just lived long enough to see the opinions which he long advocated when they were opposed by both Whig and Tory statesmen, become the law of the land. At least, every householder is a citizen; but the ballot, which he also claimed, is not yet conceded. Some of us may live to see this measure granted, to be freed from

coercion and oppression by the capitalist and employer classes. Let us look at what he did as a socialist reformer. Having common sense and a strong desire to promote the welfare of the working class, he always laboured to reduce his plans and principles to practice for their benefit. He became a disciple of the late Robert Owen, and an active member of the Socialist body, and assisted in the establishment of communities of united interest, or a New *Moral* World where each should work for the good of all, and knowledge and plenty reign, and ignorance and want be unknown. But these noble objects being in advance of the people generally—could not then succeed. Yet they remind those amongst us who are here, and who then made common cause with him in these objects, of the calm, temperate, and sound judgment which he brought to bear, and the dignified and steady perseverance which he applied to make the faith which was within him a living practice. He was a warper by trade, in a cotton mill, and saw the hardships and injury to health which the long hours' system in tainted atmosphere produced. He took a prominent part in the agitation for the Ten Hours Factory Act, making speeches at public meetings in its favour, and collecting subscriptions to defray the expenses of the short time movement. He laboured mostly amongst his Rochdale townsmen. He was sent as a delegate to London to confer with members of Parliament and watch the Ten Hours Bill while before the House of Commons. In those days employers of labour were not in favour of legislation as between themselves and their workpeople. On one occasion he was called into the office by his employers, and they made the proposal that he should remain in the office, and they would send for the hands one by one out of the mill and put the question to each whether he wanted the Ten Hours Bill with a reduction in wages corresponding with the shorter time. By this means, said they, it could be ascertained whether a majority of their workpeople were in favour or against the proposed Ten Hours Factory Act. Mr. Howarth agreed so to do, provided his employers would first consent for him to have a meeting with the workpeople in one of the rooms of the mill to explain to them the subject. The employers did not assent to this, so there was no meeting of the workpeople or calling them into the office. Our friend saw many evils in society, and like a skilful reformer, sought remedies for them.

"The people's earnings were in part absorbed by middlemen; they were also in debt with the shopkeepers, and adulterations of food detrimental to their health were being imposed upon them. To rectify these evils, Mr. Howarth propounded that the working classes should become their own purveyors and shopkeepers. The Pioneers' Society's rules were mostly drawn up by him, and the principle of dividing profits on purchases in proportion to each member's trade was his proposal. The rules further provide that the government of the Society should be in the hands of the members, the management being vested in a committee elected by and from

amongst themselves. Mr. Howarth also assisted in drawing up the constitution of the Rochdale District Corn Mill Society. Later still he assisted in forming the North of England Co-operative Wholesale Society, Limited, of 58 Dantzie St., Manchester, and was one of its first directors; and up to the time of his death was a director of the Co-operative Insurance Company. In life he was a useful citizen; a free-thinker in religion; in political and social questions an advanced and consistent reformer; a good husband and father; a true, constant, and faithful friend."

Mr. Cooper, not long after, needed a friend to speak at his own grave.

William Cooper was one of the "twenty-eight." The Rochdale papers gave a long report of the proceedings at his grave. The most complete narrative appeared in the *Social Economist* of London, then edited by myself and Mr. E. O. Greening (a journal which was discontinued by arrangement, that the *Co-operative News* might become the official and chief organ of Co-operation).

It was in the October following the death of Mr. Howarth that Mr. Cooper died. He was the first cashier of the Toad Lane Store. He carried the gold to the bank when it was so light a quantity that a rabbit might have drawn it; and he carried it when it was so heavy a load that it produced a rupture, from which the carrier suffered ever after. The classic athlete trained himself by carrying a calf daily as it grew, and his strength gradually increasing with the weight of his load, he was eventually able to carry the cow. But Mr. Cooper was not so fortunate. His death, however, came by typhus. He had lost a child by it; its nurse (a relative) then suffered; the mother was seized, but happily recovered; then Mr. Cooper was stricken. He got about again, when a relapse, thought to be occasioned by too early exposure, killed him on the 31st of October, 1868. He died at his residence in the Oldham Road, Rochdale. The Store salary did not do much for the cashier in its earlier days, and it always bore small proportion to his services. "His death," the *Rochdale Observer* said, "took the town by surprise," which meant that all the town knew him, which was true.

He was interred in the Rochdale Cemetery, when a public funeral was arranged by the Society. The day was most unfavourable. Besides mourning coaches, almost every coach in the town was engaged to protect his friends from the pitiless rain; and the procession, as it passed from his residence through the town, was watched by crowds of people at the corners of the various streets. The co-operative establishments were partially closed from the time of his death, and a flag, half-mast high, floated from the roof of the centre Store in Toad Lane.

The funeral procession was as follows:—Mr. G. J. Holyoake, Mr. Lloyd Jones, Mr. James Smithies, Mr. Abraham Greenwood, Mrs. Cooper and family; the Clerks; the President and Committee of the Equitable Pioneers' Society; of the Library; of Mitchell Hey

Mills; of the Corn Mill Society; Mr. Wm. Nuttall of Oldham and others; Committees, Managers of the various departments; and the co-operative workpeople.

Mrs. Cooper wished me, as a near friend of her husband, to speak at his grave. Owing to the heavy rain the address was delivered in the chapel of the cemetery. Standing at the reading-desk, I said:—

"We depart from the ceremonies usual on these occasions, from a preference for others which, to us of the school of thought to which Mr. Cooper belonged, are simpler and more sincere. I have not for many years come to the interment of any one, not of my own blood, for whose death I have felt a sharper or deeper regret than for that of Mr. Cooper. In this assembly there are many who will have honoured names in the history of co-operation, but I think I may say safely that there will be no one who will earn it by more patience, by more self-sacrifice, by more ceaseless toil, than Cooper has done. I have been accustomed to regard him as the drudge of co-operation. When visitors arriving in London from abroad have applied to me for information, or for a letter of introduction to him, I was always sure that Cooper would be at their service. It was one of the satisfactions, it was part of the pride I had in Rochdale, that there were persons in this town, beyond those in any other town, who not only cared for the principles they had chosen to promote, but who would take trouble to diffuse them. Cooper was not only the drudge, he was the newsman of co-operation. He was always ready for service in any way. I have wondered at the unwearied way in which he wrote letters. That was his self-imposed mission. It was his distinction that he had a passion for writing letters. Whoever wanted information could obtain it from Cooper. He spared himself no trouble; he gave the leisure of his mornings, of his mid-day, of his evenings, and of his Sabbaths, freely and ungrudgingly to sending replies to the most distant or unknown person in any part of the country, or in any part of the world, who asked him for co-operative news. Now, that unnoticed work—that trouble which so few people think of, which so few perform, and fewer still regard—that sort of service it was Cooper's pride and pleasure and credit to render. Knowledge of the equity of co-operation he cared to diffuse abroad. He saw that equity was the soul of co-operation, and was anxious for it to prevail. He thought much higher of the benefits co-operative principles would render morally, than of the mere pecuniary benefits they would confer. Who now will do what he did so long and did so well? His letters were of necessity often reiterative, but they were always direct, relevant, and instructive, written with a purpose; and they might always be relied upon. He had also another claim upon our regard for services which must have been to him in his latter days a source of great personal satisfaction. When the question of the freedom of the slave hung in the balance, and rested upon what was done by the working classes of this part of England,

he had a zeal which an American abolitionist would have been proud of, to preserve a right public opinion on that question. He had never seen those dusky millions of men who were held in slavery, and who might have been again precipitated into it but for the tone and feeling taken in this country; yet he cared for them with almost the vehemence and sympathies of a woman. His zeal was personal and persistent. Having chosen his own principles, he advanced them with singleness of purpose. That must have been a satisfaction to him in the presence of death. I do not know that better credentials could be presented by anyone hereafter than those of a life of earnest and sincere work intended for the benefit of others. What we witnessed in this town as we came here—despite the dreariness of the day, and its inclement unfitness for any persons to be abroad—the number of people who assembled to witness his remains pass by, testify to the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen. In other towns in Great Britain, in Germany, in France, in America—in all rising centres of co-operation—his death will be deplored by co-operative inquirers. Those who were nearest and dearest to him may take some consolation in the consciousness that the services which he so generously rendered have been so widely useful, so widely known and regarded."

The editor of the *Co-operator*, in a notice of the death of Mr. Cooper, quoted these apposite lines :—

> "There is no death: what seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but the suburb to the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call death."

Let us hope all this is true. So hard-working and zealous a co-operator as Cooper had as good claims as anyone to be in Elysium. And if there be a post-office on his side, and anyone in want of information about the movement on this planet, he will be very happy in furnishing it.

Next, news came to me of the death of Samuel Ashworth in a letter from Mr. Nuttall. Being characteristic of the writer, and containing facts honourable to Mr. Ashworth not otherwise mentioned, I quote it here :—

"Samuel Ashworth is dead. The youngest, I believe, of the Rochdale 'twenty-eight.' He was only 46 years of age. He was the buyer and manager for the Rochdale Pioneers for about twenty years, and gave up that position to take another still higher in the co-operative world, *viz.*, the North of England Co-operative Wholesale, which he retained to his death. In both positions he made many friends, and I question whether any enemies. When he left Rochdale Society (in 1866) its figures stood thus :—members, 6,246; capital, £99,989; annual trade, £249,122; and profit, £31,931;

while for 1870, four years later, the following decreases appear—members, 5,560; funds, £80,291; annual trade, £223,021; and profit, £25,209. Ashworth's loss will be felt at the Wholesale many days. He had the confidence of both buyers, masters, and servants. His word of advice to the former was always relied on and respected, and rarely indeed was he mistaken. When he undertook the buying at the Wholesale Society its annual trade was at the rate of £180,000; at his death it was £800,000. Although he took no part in its formation, yet when placed in a position where his business tact, sterling honesty, sound judgment and firmness, without rudeness, enabled him to serve the movement, he did it thoroughly. Reared in the 'market world,' he was no theorist, but some trouble to theorists until their plans were matured, when, being convinced, he was a good and useful supporter. He hated changes and changers, had strong convictions, and long ones, which frequently troubled his best friends. A more faithful servant never lived. He died yesterday morning, and leaves nine of the active workers of the 'old twenty-eight' who are known to have made the world move. Within three years there have now passed from amongst us—

"Charles Howarth, aged 50.
"William Cooper, aged 46.
"James Smithies, aged 50.
"Miles Ashworth (Father), aged 76
"Samuel Ashworth (Son), aged 46."

Mr. Nuttall has the genius of figures. He marks Mr. Ashworth's merit by an exhibition of financial facts, showing declensions occurring in the Society which he left, and the growth of that which he next joined. Had Mr. Nuttall been an apostle, he had estimated Christianity by the *number* of its miracles. But he marks, in well chosen terms that we all well know, that Mr. Ashworth's death made another gap in the ranks of the famous Rochdale Co-operators. Many men die and it does not matter; when a man like Ashworth dies it does matter. Men miss him, and to be missed is distinction and praise.

James Smithies, the chief, one may say, of the Fighting Pioneers, is also gone. During the years 1855-6 there appears to have been a continuous struggle against the imposition of the Income-tax. Mr. Smithies was always chosen to fight the battle in the courts and before the Commissioners. The committee seem to have become tired of the fruitless representations made by them, and they passed the following resolution:—"That we do not pay the Income-tax until we are made." The week following they entered a not less decisive minute, namely, "That the Income-tax Commissioner take his own course." The said Commissioner did so, and desisted from his bewildered work. To receive 6,000 letters demanding the re-

turn of the tax, to inquire into them and return the amount illegally gathered was a discomforting prospect.[1]

James Smithies was the only one of the Pioneers belonging to the "twenty-eight" who obtained municipal honour. He was one of the Town Council in his later years. In some important respects he was the greatest of the Pioneers. Without him, Mr. Howarth had devised principles in vain. Without him, Mr. Cooper had had a limited sphere of propagandism. Without him, Mr. Greenwood had had to labour much longer before he had got the Wholesale to go. It was Mr. Smithies' measureless merriment which kept co-operation in good countenance in the evil days. He laughed the Society into existence, gave the timid courage, and made the grim-faced members genial. His happy nature, his wise tolerance, his boundless patience with dulness, ignorance, and discontent, made him to exercise the great influence which kept the Society together. He was my first friend among the Pioneers. In his house, among the wool, I had my home in all the earlier years when I was a wandering lecturer in Rochdale. It was he also who caused me to maintain the theory that human nature was different in Rochdale to what it was elsewhere in England. It was Smithies who made the difference. What merriment we have had by his pleasant fireside! Ah, how sad I was when I looked last in his bright face on his dying bed—which not even death could darken, nor dim the hope and generous ardour which inspired his last injunction to a friend, "Stick to Toad Lane." What watchfulness, what fervour, what resources, what incessant toil, what ceaseless service, what radiant enthusiasm he displayed! How generous, how self-denying, how self-regardless he was! If portrait be painted or bust carved of the old Pioneers, Smithies should first be taken. I hope that to Mrs. Smithies it may long be consolation to know that her husband's devotion to co-operation, which in earlier years cost her many attentions, and her pleasant hospitality to her husband's friends are not unregarded or forgotten.

This narrative ought to include some notice of Mr. Alderman Livsey, one of the earliest public friends of the Pioneers. In their service he was ready all the days of his life in counsel and defence. As the speech made in the Public Hall after his burial took place mainly at the desire of the Pioneers as a public expression of their regard for him, I venture to include in this story some record of it, more especially as it affords glimpses of the local life of the town, which has notable features besides that of co-operation.[2]

[1] What would be the effect, in the case of Rochdale, where there were then about 6,000 co-operators, of levying that tax upon the transactions of the Societies? The managers would advise the members, the vast majority of whom were, by the smallness of their income, not liable to the tax, to apply for its return, as paid upon their proportion of the profits. The collectors found that to levy this tax would give them infinitely more trouble than it was worth, and they wisely thought it better to take it from the people where they were liable to pay it, individually.—*Speech of E. O. Greening*, Society of Arts, London.

[2] An interesting record of the Life and Times of the late Alderman Livsey has been published by Miss M. R. Lahee. Abel Heywood and Son, Manchester, 1866.

Mr. Alderman Livsey, born June 17th, 1815, the year of the Peace, died in January 25th, 1864. For some time before his death there was a strong desire in the town to see him elected mayor. Had it not been for his failing health the honour would have been accorded him. A public meeting was held, at which the burgesses expressed their wish that the civic chair should be offered him by the Town Council. The Tories, uniting against it, turned the balance against the proposal. Livsey was not a favourite in that quarter. On November 18th, 1863, at a great meeting at the Public Hall, an address was presented to him by his townsmen in acknowledgment of his public and political services, Mr. Bright bearing testimony to thirty years' knowledge of his exertions on behalf of the town and un-enfranchised classes. His death two months later was really a matter of town sorrow. Even the party politically opposed to him regretted the loss of the quaint, vigorous, original character, which had often won attention and respect for Rochdale, of which his qualities were taken to be representative.

The Mayor, Mr. Samuel Stott, wrote a public letter to Mrs. Livsey and her daughter, expressing condolence and regret at Mr. Livsey's death. Mr. Bright—who would have attended the funeral had he not been detained by political duties at Birmingham—wrote to say that "he would like to join in raising a sum of money to erect a modest memorial over the grave of a man who had been useful both to the town and country," and added, "Tom Livsey was a diamond, though not highly polished." Mr. Cobden wrote from Midhurst valued words of tribute. He said:—"It is not too much to say that during the last quarter of a century there were no working men in Rochdale who, if they believed themselves aggrieved by those in authority, did not turn their footsteps instinctively towards the door of Mr. Livsey for advice and assistance; and if their grievance was a just one, not otherwise, they found in him a self-sacrificing friend and protector."

Mr. Cobden was a representative who took interest in every class of his constituents. Mr. Alderman G. L. Ashworth, who spoke at the opening of the Central Stores, related that when he took Mr. Cobden to see the library and news-rooms of the Pioneers he said, "These co-operators have advantages which could hardly be surpassed by any club in London."

In a letter I some time ago addressed to Co-operative Societies, I have mentioned that at one time I had views of obtaining a settlement in the parish of Rochdale. The following passage in the life of Livsey in part explains this choice. Mr. Livsey had the strongest aversion to the Poor Law, as subjecting honest indigence to penal treatment, and he resisted any attempt to erect a "Bastile," as a poorhouse was then called, in Rochdale. The Poor Law Inspector of that day, Mr. Mayne Waring, insisted upon this being done. Mr. Livsey was equal to half-a-dozen inspectors, but impatient of wasting weeks of correspondence with red tapists he decided at once

to appeal to Cæsar himself. In the winter of 1858 he went to London, and by Mr. Bright, M.P., and Sir A. Ramsay, M.P., was introduced to Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt, the then president of the Poor Law Board. It was to this interview that Mr. Alderman Livsey referred with so much just pride and gratification at the Public Hall, when presented with the address of the burgesses. The *Rochdale Observer* said :—"We cannot do better than give the conversation in Mr. Livsey's own words—'Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt said to us, "Oh, but yours are not workhouses, you know ; they are almshouses." "Yes," I replied, "that is exactly the word ; they are almshouses, and they are not intended to be workhouses in your sense of the word. They are intended as homes for the homeless poor." That was one of the most pleasurable moments I ever remember, to hear Mr. Estcourt acknowledge that our workhouses so-called were almshouses.'"

When his burial day came all the town was literally in the streets, showing regard to his memory. A large assembly afterwards met in the Public Hall, when Mr. Alderman George Healey, a valued colleague of Mr. Livsey, presided, and I spoke upon Mr. Livsey's public character and services to social as well as political reform. The following is the substance of what appeared in the forgotten or inaccessible newspaper reports of the time :—

"Our common friend, the late Mr. Alderman Livsey, loved public life. Next to his home he was happiest on the platform. Here the people were accustomed to meet him. It is, therefore, fitting that we should here, in this hall, where we so lately greeted him in life, prove that the words then addressed to his own ear were not the mere political compliments of the hour, but the echo of feelings having that stamp of sincerity which exists beyond the grave. We owe it to ourselves to show this ; hearing no longer that hearty voice—missing evermore that co-operation, that untiring devotion, given to the good of others which we all knew so well in him.

"Never, except in London when some royal head was laid low, has there been witnessed such thronged streets as filled this town at his burial. 'Tom Livsey,' to use the affectionate term of Mr. Bright, 'was carried to his last home with honour. He lived among the people like a man, he fought for them like a hero, and they buried him like a king.'

"We all felt the earnestness and appropriateness of the addresses at the cemetery by the Rev. Mr. Lewis and the Rev. Mr. Burchell. Nor do we pass unnoticed the pleasant Christian feeling with which the reverend vicar, Dr. Molesworth, cancelling the ancient Church Rate feud with our lost friend, Mr. Livsey, made calls of kindness upon him in his illness, and caused the muffled bells of the church to peal at his death ; acts which carried with them the influence of many sermons.

"The characteristic of Mr. Livsey was that he not only meant to do

good—he did it. He had not only the will, he had the power, to be useful. He was a strong man in his place. He was no fireside reformer. He sacrificed his ease—he gave his time—he spent his means to accomplish what he thought beneficial to his townsmen and his countrymen. He gave himself trouble to serve the people. Many think they do a great deal if they take in a paper which tells them of public affairs. Mr. Livsey helped to make the affairs. He did rough work, without which no public affairs, worthy of the name, are made. Having a manly and generous heart, he could never rest while he knew that any man was suffering from an injustice which he thought he could redress or abridge.

"I think much of municipal service. I wish to increase the respect in which municipal distinctions are held. The Corporation is the wholesome part of our town life—it carries the soul over the counter and causes private men to take interest in public affairs—it converts the artisan, the tradesman, the merchant, into the citizen. It is, therefore, in my mind praise to say that Mr. Livsey was, as an alderman, worth caring for, and was one who kept his principles with his elevation. He always stood by the honest 'Old Charter.' He loved men who meant something. I know that when illustrious exiles—when Mazzini, or Kossuth, or Garibaldi, or Louis Blanc wanted the aid of English public opinion to raise an oppressed nation, Livsey was to be counted upon to aid, as were others here. He was foremost among those who helped to connect the public men of England with the public life of the world—by the living bond of political sympathy. The working men of this town have made Rochdale a place of mark. I have myself given letters of introduction here to professors and political economists from France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Russia, and India. When, however, the idea of co-operation was in its infancy in this place, Thomas Livsey was the first man of the master-class who gave it his encouragement and serviceable support; and he, until the last, fitly represented its sagacity, its perseverance, and cordiality, as he did, in his society and station, represent the best qualities of the intelligence and sturdy honesty of his native town.

"Of the achievements of his active life two deserve special remembrance—his efforts to procure the Ten Hours Bill and to fix at a democratic amount the municipal franchise in this town. The Ten Hours Bill has proved to be a signal act of domestic humanity. For such a purpose as limiting the hours of labour of children no Act of Parliament ought ever to have been needed. No parent of common sense and spirit ought to have ever permitted a child to be excessively worked. But, since it was permitted, it was the right thing to put it down by force. Mr. Livsey gave years of labour to aid in this. The result has increased the health and the stature of this generation.

"None but a democrat who knew what his principles meant would ever have fought the 'Three Wards' battle in this town, which

ended in reducing the municipal franchise lower than in any other town in the kingdom. By this measure Mr. Livsey extended the boundary of freedom in this country. Democracy signifies respect for the equal liberty of others—its spirit is that of confidence in the good sense, the self-respect, and instinct of order in your own countrymen. The more there are brought within the pale of the constitution the better. He who is not recognised by the State is not responsible to it. It is a crime in all who withhold the vote; it is a crime in all who do not wish for it. The one party imposes slavery, and the other consents to it. Who says the workmen of England are not to be trusted with the franchise? The Government takes one or another of the common people from the streets. In the dark day of Inkerman he turns up in the bloody defiles of that fatal field, and leaderless and alone he protects the honour of England with his solitary sword. On the burning plains of Hindostan, in the swamps of China, at any lonely or distant post, the English plebeian pours out his blood with as much promptness and bravery as any nobleman—his courage is as high, his faithfulness as inviolable—neglect does not move him, death does not deter him. Are not men of this order, whose swords carve our renown, who make our history, who save our empire, worthy of a vote in the choice or rejection of the titled charlatan who shall sit in the House of Commons to levy or dispose of our taxes, or plunge us into new wars? It was against this discreditable exclusion that the late Alderman Livsey set his face with indignation. He had 'that greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong.'[1] He had an insurgent nature. He regarded injustice as infamous, and as an imputation on all who submitted to it, and he conspired against it resolutely. Prayer is well meant, and consolation is kind, yet holier are those acts which bring deliverance and make sorrow unnecessary. To trample down some haughty wrong—to build up some generous improvement—bring good thoughts in death. A thousand prayers are condensed in one material improvement for the good of humanity.

"Let us not forget that there is one tribute which it is in the power of all to pay in some degree, and which, if neglected, would render all works of praise very poor, and that tribute is the continuance of the work upon which he set his heart. The best applause to give to a man of worth is to imitate him.

"We live in the main under a government of reason—not in a very brilliant form yet, but that is what it comes to. Denunciation of persons we do not want, but denunciation of wrong we do want. Honest agitators are not demagogues, they are advocates; and advocates are very much wanted. Revolution is no longer necessary in English politics. We had some wise forefathers in old times, of whom modern Radicals in many towns know too little,

[1] George Eliot.

who laid broad foundations of freedom in our midst. It only needs that we build upon these resolutely, and the English educated classes, who always move in the grooves of precedent, will acquiesce with a reasonable readiness. Mr. Livsey had this knowledge. With all his abruptness of speech at times, he had deference to the opinions of others, with the instinct of a gentleman. I never witnessed a more conspicuous instance than when he last stood in this hall. The manly, uncomplaining grace with which he alluded to and accepted his defeat of the mayoralty; his refusal to allow it to be a cause of difference in the Liberal party, which needs always to be united, struck me at the time as a sign of superior nature—jealous not to put himself or his personal claims in the place of his cause.

"What could indicate higher practical quality in a reformer than his successful exertions in transferring the gas company from private hands to those of the Corporation? This step, accomplished by three years of costly advocacy to himself, saved, as Mr. Alderman Healey computed on a late occasion, £30,000 to this town; and enabled valuable improvements to be effected without the imposition of taxes for the purpose. In no town in England has the same thing been done to the same extent. This example has a higher value than the saving even of so large a sum of money—it proves that Radicalism, in wise hands, is not declamatory, but practical; it proved that the most democratic corporation of England is the best capable of self-government—strengthening the argument in favour of trusting the people. I am glad that Rochdale has wise honour to give to the memory of such a townsman as she has lost. If good feeling did not prompt it, it would be good policy, in these days, not to let public and personal worth like his pass to the grave unrecognised. Those do well who try to preclude degeneracy among reformers. As I go over the towns of the empire, I find in many places that the sons are not equal to their fathers. Families of whom the last generation honourably heard have no representatives in this. The race continues, but the spirit is extinct. It is necessary to give attention to the public education of young men. Otherwise, Mr. Livsey caused Rochdale to be respected wherever he has acted in its name. His townsmen, low and high, have profited alike by his exertions and his example. His work will live after him, and his name become part of the best wealth of his native town.

"I do not speak of him so because he shared opinions which I sometimes express. We never spoke together upon religious topics. We always met on those happier platforms where the common purpose of the common good, so far as we could promote it, was the sole creed exacted. I always regarded him as an honest Christian gentleman, who saw in Christ the servant of the poor, and in Christianity the consecration of practical sympathy for the oppressed, whether near or afar of, of whatever colour or clime. I

knew him as one whose trust was in doing right—whose worship was work—whose grace and privilege were charity. I have lived long enough to know that bigotry or intolerance is merely the outward sign of inward narrowness and self-distrust—warning you that there are men whom it is no moral good to know. Mr. Livsey, like all men who have an intelligent honesty of their own, respected that of others.

"'They nothing know to fear,
And nothing fear to know.'

"Those of us who come from afar knew him as one of the forces of opinion in these parts. Like your own great townsman, whose eloquence has given a new splendour to the English tongue, Mr. Livsey had 'firm words to put in slippery places that the country might be helped across into purpose and a definite policy of freedom.' When the public occasion required men of purpose you looked around and you always saw Livsey well up in the front. If all who meant work could count on his co-operation, all who meant public mischief had to count upon his opposition. There are many men who have a conscience, but it totters in its steps; there are many who have a just will, but it is feeble. The world is full of people who are not exactly ill-meaning; their fault is that they have no meaning, and when they act at all they act for themselves. If a fellow creature is in the water they will help him out—if they can do so without much trouble. They do not see why they should put themselves into his situation to assist him. They are sorry for him, but they will run no risk to save him. They see people struggling in poverty which will never end—in ignorance which will never be dispelled—in unhealthy circumstances which should be at once improved, suffering under pressure of unequal laws which bore upon their fathers and will depress their children, but these persons give no care, or money, or time, or trouble to alter all this. Themselves comfortable or content, they leave things to alter as they may, and leave those to suffer who must, and those to help who will. With the laborious meetings, the anxious agitations, the costly, unrequited exertions by which men are instructed and their social condition improved, these do-nothings will have nothing to do. If you want to know how numerous these people are, think of any good cause and count up those who do *not* help it. Go to any public meeting for a noble object and count up those you know who are *absent*, and then you will learn amid what a crowd of people without heart we live. To such no man owes honour—for them we feel no love. When they die we do not miss them. We do not mourn them, and when they are buried none care where they lie. Their unhonoured graves awaken no emotion that we wish to know.

"Yet, in this Egyptian darkness of self and sordidness, no sooner does a man of nobler impulse appear than men discern him by the moral light which he diffuses. The very path is, in a sense, lumin-

ous on which he treads. His unselfish aims—his care for the good of others—make gladsome all places which know him. His spontaneous words of sympathy for distress, which has no personal claims upon him, check crime in the ignorant and prevent despair in the educated. His daily efforts of service to others, notwithstanding the weariness and thanklessness, loss and pain, are worship, song, and prayer. The very grave is sacred where we lay him. The visitor to it treads on the ashes of honest men. The very spot is an inspiration in future time. In the unforeseen disappointments and sadness which beset our lives, we remember such men with relief, and turn from courts and conventionalities, and all the pomp and circumstance of fashion and greed, and give our best homage to the memory of the generous dead."[1]

If I may speak of myself for once in this narrative it is to relate a circumstance I remember with pride. When I next met Mr. Cobden in the House of Commons he spoke of Livsey with much regard, and mentioned having read this address in terms which gave me much pleasure, and he showed me frequent marks of friendship until the end of his life. The last note I received from him was from the platform in the great mill in Rochdale where he spoke for the last time before his death. I recall that on the night referred to at the House of Commons he said, "Come with me and allow me to introduce you to a young man from whom I think great usefulness is to be expected." It was Mr. Henry Fawcett, whom the public have since known as Professor Fawcett, M.P.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ROCHDALE CONGRESS OF 1892.

BEING one of the speakers at the forty-fourth anniversary of the Rochdale Society, the large meeting then assembled passed unanimously on the motion of Thomas Cheetham, president, and Abram Greenwood, the following message of sympathy to Mr. Bright:—

"That this assembly, celebrating the forty-fourth anniversary of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, desires to send to Mr. Bright a message of regard for acts of neighbourly friendship and counsel to the early Pioneers, and for his aid in Parliament in procuring legal protection for societies of self-help in their unfriended days. The Rochdale members send him their grateful wishes. They know he is sustained by a simple and noble faith, and by a

[1] Weiss—written of Theodore Parker.

conscience rich in a thousand memories of services to those who dwell in cottages or labour in our towns. The days of one who gave his strength for the benefit of the people ought to be 'long in the land,' and they who send him this message are glad to believe that his days will be yet long extended."

This was the only message to Mr. Bright in his last illness which had no dash of the undertaker in it. The usual resolutions of condolence sent him all had a foreboding implication in them. It gave him pleasure to receive the Pioneers' message.

On a visit to Rochdale shortly before I spent a few hours at One Ash. It was the last time I saw Mr. Bright. He showed me his presents from America—spoke of Wendell Phillips and others whom I had visited in America, and pointed out the portraits on his walls of members of his family whom I had known. On the day of our message I went up to his home, arresting the cab outside the grounds, as I knew he would hear the sound of wheels at his door, ask questions and send a message when repose was better for him. I wished that he should learn only incidentally of my call of inquiry.

In 1892, forty-eight years after the formation of the famous Store in 1844, the Co-operative Congress, which had been since 1869 wandering over the United Kingdom, for the first time found its tardy way to Rochdale.

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MR. BRIGHT.

The *Rochdale Observer* related that, after the opening of the Congress Exhibition, on Saturday, June 4th, a party of about thirty earnest co-operators and Radicals, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Holyoake and Miss E. A. Holyoake, proceeded on a pilgrimage to the grave of the late John Bright, in the quiet unpretentious and secluded burial-ground of the "Friends," adjoining the meeting-house in George Street. Standing at the foot of Mr. Bright's grave, Mr. Holyoake said:

"There is the grave of the great Tribune. I was once with him at the grave of his sister. I found him, as we all knew him, simple and unassuming. The reason why co-operators should pay a visit to this grave is that Mr. Bright was the ready and effective defender of co-operation in Parliament, and was the first who raised his voice there on behalf of that system. He believed in the principle of competition, and thought that justice would come thereby, but if it came by other means which were honest he was content. What he most cared for was the comfort and competence of the working class, as you may read on his monument in the Square we have just left.

The people for whom he spoke were not the rich, but the poor, who could make him no requital for his efforts on their behalf. As Carlyle observes: 'A man cannot be a saint in his sleep.' Serving his country as Bright served it could only be done by a saint awake. What we want in co-operation is that good speeches shall be followed by consistent acts. Mr. Bright was one of the few persons in Parliament of whom it could be said they had a conscience. He, Gladstone, Cobden, Stansfeld, Trevelyan, were of this class. I do not say that none others had consciences, but if they had it has been so little apparent in public affairs that we never knew it. Mr. Bright was trusted because he had a conscience in public affairs. In contests for principle, whoever wants inspiration let him come to this grave. In the stormy battles against slavery and for the English franchise Mr. Bright was the chief person assailed. For the last two years of the contest, I witnessed in the House of Commons that Tories and Liberals with Tory tendencies attacked him until it appeared to be a calamity to any public question that Mr. Bright favoured it. Yet all the while his adversaries were convinced, and screamed their opprobrium to conceal their conversion. How few are they who will be at trouble to obtain advantages they do not need for themselves. Mr. Bright would do that. What could be nobler than that he, a manufacturer, should seek to restore to workmen the participation in profit of which they had been deprived at Mitchell Hey Mill? Had the principle been established in practice there we might have seen it introduced into his own mills at Conkey Shaw, as the son of his great friend Thomasson did at Bolton. On personal as well as on public ground we do well to come to this grave to testify our regard. His noble taste was to dwell among his own people, and it was by his wish that he was buried here among them. He endowed Rochdale with his reputation and his country by his services."

THE GRAVES OF THE OLD PIONEERS.

The next day, at the sermon in the parish church, the Rev. Vicar, the Venerable Archdeacon Wilson, courteously announced that at the close of the service Mr. Holyoake intended visiting the graves of the Old Pioneers, and invited the company of those like-minded to meet him at the church gates.

The procession, on arriving at the cemetery, proceeded to the tomb of William Cooper, the first cashier of the Society.

Mr. Holyoake said that yesterday he invited such delegates to the Congress as had honour in their hearts for Mr. Bright, to accompany him to the grave of the great Tribune, who put conscience into politics. Cooper—and Smithies, whose grave they would next go to—put

Conscience into Co-operation in their sphere.

They put principle *first*, of which we heard little now in Rochdale. They cared not merely for the wages of workmen, they cared for the emancipation of labour. Cooper ran more risks than others in those days. He cared for the public more than he cared for friendship or himself. He was always willing to go on to platforms, and speak or write, in defence of Liberalism of Co-operation and of Labour. Twenty or more years ago a great number of people came to that place at his death to do honour to his memory. They cared for him because he was entirely honest; because his principle of co-operation meant equity, not merely in the store but in the workshop.

"Cooper! if thou canst hear our voices over thy tomb, we come to tell thee that thy protests for justice to the unrequited worker are not dead, that the memory of thy generous zeal still lives in our hearts. Like the fire of Montezuma kept burning for three centuries in the temple of his followers, the light of thy example is still kept burning in the grim and unadorned, but not less sacred, Temples of Labour.

"The great Lord of this Vale said to the Greeks:

> "'You have the Pyrio dance as yet;
> Where is the Pyrio phalanx gone?

"The battles of labour though less classic are not less noble than those of war, and we over thy grave, Cooper, demand of thy townsmen who now profit by self-regardless efforts—

> "'You have the Toad Lane Store as yet,
> Where is the Toad Lane workshop gone?
> Of two such lessons why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?'

"Let us hope that the co-operators of Rochdale who set the people a nobler lesson in the past will not forget the 'manlier one' in the future. Now let us go to Smithies, whose grave I have not yet seen."

Near the entrance to the chapel mortuary, said the *Observer*, is the grave of James Smithies—that containing the remains of Cooper is just at the back—and here the crowd went in response to Mr. Holyoake's last sentence. Arrived there he proceeded:

"Someone said the other day that Smithies threw himself into the movement, but he did more than that; he made the movement. There was no movement for any man to throw himself into, in the days of Smithies and Cooper. Smithies was the leader of the fighting Pioneers. Whether on the platform or at our discussions, or in the meeting rooms of the Mitchell Hey Mills—wherever principle was to be upheld, or the enemy to be confronted, there

Smithies was. He often said that Smithies—such was his shadowless vivacity—laughed co-operation into existence. A disciple of Robert Owen, he had learned that the errors and apathy of men proceeded less from malice of mind than from want of knowing more. He understood that mankind are moulded by a destiny that went before them, and a wise man will look on his fellow-men with unexpectant eyes wondering what manifestation of taste, ideas and conduct they will make. Thus to him a hateful manner was a misfortune to him who had it, to be met not with anger but compassion. Error he confronted with instruction, not disdain; therefore he was always light-hearted and trusting. When shareholders from the town came into the Mitchell Hey Mill, allured by interest being paid them twice over, they, aided by a few false co-operators, seized all the profits of the workers. Smithies was the leader of those who withstood them, not alone in meetings, but in the town. He, like Cooper, shortened his days by his zeal for the rights of industry. Look down from this hill at quarters of the town where the smoke of factories ascend like the smoke of the bottomless pit. Think of the infernal din, the dust, the grease, the poisonous air in which the workmen's days are spent. Traverse the cheerless, hideous, hopeless streets and alleys in which the workman's family is reared. It was for them Smithies cared. It was to endow them with the right of profit of their labour that he devoted his unwearying energies. It was to raise them as a class that he came to his grave before his days were spent. Therefore we honour his memory—therefore we come here to tell him that the names 'Co-operation' and 'Perseverance,' which he gave to the engines of Mitchell Hey Mills, before they were perverted into a Joint-Stock Society—express principles in our hearts which we will vindicate as our best tribute to the honour of the dead. Smithies would ask, Why should men spend their cheerless lives in making profit for others and have none for themselves? We answer, They shall yet have it. Now, in all Rochdale there is not a single profit-sharing workshop. But we came here to tell Smithies that the principle is not dead. If he can hear us it will rejoice him that the sounds of equity and justice to labour are spoken over his grave. Let none here believe that a principle will live because it is true—unless it is sustained. Do not believe that justice always comes uppermost. It never does until it is made to come. The Old Pioneers knew this. I told Smithies that if they stood their ground their story should be known to the world so far as I had power. Now it is published in the six European languages. Their heroism, unregarded in their day, has made Rochdale known to the workmen of the world, and though long years have elapsed since their death, we come to their graves to do them honour."

On the assemblage leaving the cemetery, it stood before the monument to Thomas Livsey, which stands near the entrance; here the last speech was made.

Mr. Holyoake said: "Here lies 'Poor Tom Livsey,' as Mr. Bright affectionately called him. 'He was,' said Cobden, 'an unpolished gem.' Livsey was entirely that. He had fire and light in him which, though no lapidary magnified, no circumstances could obscure. He came up to London when meetings of resistance to Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill were being held. Everybody said, no speeches so English, so bold, so inspiring were made by any one. Did you not all know him as the friend of the Chartists in this town when they had no friend else of official position? He was the friend of the Socialists who preceded the co-operators, and he was the personal friend of the Pioneers. He was one of those friends of the people who stood up for their interest, and forgot his own. Like your great townsman, Bright, and your illustrious member, Cobden, Livsey had a private affection for public affairs. Therefore we offer grateful homage to his memory. Now we leave the dead Pioneers and their honoured friend.

"'They are gone,—the holy ones
Who trod with me this lovely vale;
The strong, star-bright companions
Are silent, low, and pale.'"

SPEECH AT THE STORE HALL.

On the last speaking night of the Congress it fell to me to deliver the last speech at the Conversazione in the great meeting hall of the Central Stores, when I said: "It has long been my wish to live until our Congress met in Rochdale, where co-operation as we know it began. The devices of the Pioneers gave to this movement commercial vitality which it had never known before. They did more than that, they put conscience into co-operation—conscience which, though of slower growth than profit, is far more honourable and enduring. In their day it was easy to get conscience into co-operation; our difficulty is to keep it there. (Applause.) It was the merit of the Equitable Pioneers that they sought not merely the better remuneration of labour, but its emancipation. They did their best to establish co-operative industry in Rochdale, and though they were defeated their principle was not killed. It is represented now at Hebden Bridge. Thanks to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. George Thomson, it is established in Huddersfield. It is seen in Coventry, in the hosiery and 'Eagle Brand' works of Leicester, in Kettering, and in many other places. In Scotland it has notable official recognition. Leaders of co-operation there discern principles where in England some see only an 'impracticable sentiment.' But the sentiment of the emancipation of labour is real, and is part of co-operation itself. Our stores give the principle not only of recognition, but sympathy, the sympathy of preferential purchases. The inspiration of profit-sharing by labour belongs to this movement, to this town; and by this movement it is destined to be carried out.

We have done much to introduce honesty into trade. We have yet to establish honesty in industry. The adulteration and overcharges in provisions are as nothing to the adulteration of workmanship, and under payment of wages. We who have done so much to stop the higgling of the market, have now to arrest the higgling of the workshop. The cheating in trade can be avoided by intelligent buyers—the cheating in labour no man can avoid, whose wages are regulated by his destitution. The hired hand must do fraudulent work if he is so ordered by his employer. The workman is under hourly espionage. Mr. Schloss has shown in his book on 'Industrial Remuneration' that the competitive workshop is a daily conspiracy by the employer to get from the worker the largest amount of labour for the lowest amount of pay. Are we going to conduct a movement for the consumer only, and do nothing for the labourer? Hard by here is the grave of Mr. Bright, who took a lion's part in destroying the monopoly in corn. But the corn monopoly was not half so baleful and disastrous to the workman as is the monopoly of profit by capital. The corn monopoly made bread dear—the monopoly of profit by capital makes wages low and keeps them low in every workshop in the land. This we know, since every man who has a larger income than he could obtain by his own labour, must derive it from the underpaid labour of others. Co-operation is intended—and if it be not a fraudulent thing it is pledged to put the fruits of work into the hands of the workers. It is intended to do what Mazzini told the Italian workmen co-operation could do—'Unite Capital and Labour in the same hands.' Addressing the artisans Mazzini said: 'You were once slaves—then serfs—then hirelings'—as workmen are now. 'The remedy,' he continued, 'is the association of labour and the division of the fruits of labour between the producers in proportion to the amount and value of the work done by each.' What hinders this division being general now? We are in the same position with regard to labour as the Americans were with regard to slavery. Their constitution declared 'all men free and equal,' but they drew the line at colour. Freedom was construed as applying only to white men, and it took a civil war to amend that infamous interpretation. So, with us, co-operative principles declare that division of profits applies not only to purchasers but to producers. Yet in our movement we see the official line drawn at labour. It will involve a long contest to efface that line, but it will be effaced. Two men in America—Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison—effaced the line drawn against the equality of the coloured slave, and co-operation, in the name of equity, will efface the line drawn by capitalism against the white slave in our own country. Profit-sharing is opposed by precisely the same arguments and in precisely the same language as were used against the emancipation of slave labour in America. The subjection of the slave was defended by a pretended law of 'economic subordination.' That was the way the philosophers of

slavery put it at last. We have all heard this doctrine of capitalism and cupidity defended in our movement in the name of 'economic science.' Here Howarth and Smithies, Cooper and Kershaw plotted, and made countless speeches and journeys, to create for labour a better future than it knew in their day. They created the movement which we celebrate, though we may not live out its spirit. Lord Tennyson said—

> "'Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day, and cease to be.'

"But no; they do not cease if they are necessary and just. The Rochdale system of co-operation was the littlest, the obscurest, the most unfriended, the most disregarded, most contemned, the least hopeful, the least likely to succeed of any system ever devised by man. Yet it has not 'ceased to be.' On the contrary, it continues to grow, and it is even now the most prosperous system yet devised for the amelioration of the workers of England. How did the Pioneers bring this to pass? What was their inspiration? They had no learning of the schools, but they had that genius which enters the hearts of honest men. They knew as well as Archbishop Whateley that it makes all the difference in the world whether you put truth first or second. They put principle first and profit second, believing that principle was the foundation of all honourable profit, and the only honest source of it. It was not dividend which mainly inspired them, for they had never seen it, and they detested the competitive underhandedness by which they saw others acquiring profit. Like Diogenes, they went in search of honest profit by the light of principle, and they found it in honest co-operation. Let us keep to their methods and we shall see the day which they desired to see—when principle shall rule in this movement, when the humiliation of hired labour shall cease, when worker as well as purchaser shall share in the profits created, when the penury of the many shall terminate, and the scandalous fortunes of the few be impossible, under the co-operative law of the common interest, inspired by goodwill and governed by equity."

THE END.

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Logic of Facts:

OR

Every-day Reasoning.

BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

"Call him wise whose thoughts and words are a clear *because* to a clear *why*."—LAVATER.

[FOURTH THOUSAND.]

LONDON: F. FARRAH, 282, STRAND, W.C.

1866.

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INTRODUCTION OF 1848.

THE Logic of the Schools, however indispensable in its place, fails to meet half the common want in daily life. The Logic of the Schools begins with the *management* of the premises of an argument; there is, however, a more practical lesson to be learned in beginning with the *premises* themselves. A thousand errors arise through the assumption of premises for one arising in the misplacement of terms. The Logic of the Schools is an elaborate attack upon the lesser evil.

Sir James Mackintosh has remarked that 'Popular reason can alone correct popular sophistry'—and it is in vain that we expect amendment in the reasoning of the multitude, unless we make reasoning intelligible to the multitude. As to my object, could I, like Gridiron-Cobbett, adopt a symbol of it, I would have engraved Æsop's 'Old Man and his Ass,' who, in a vain attempt to please everybody, failed (like his disciples—for even *he* has disciples) to please anybody. The folly of that superfluously philanthropic old gentleman should teach us *proportion* of purpose. To be of real service to *some* is in the compass of individual capacity, and, consequently, the true way of serving, if not of pleasing *all*. The republic of literature, like society, has its aristocratic, its middle, and its lower classes. No one has combined, in one performance, the refinement applauded in the universities, with the practical purpose, popular among those who toil to live, and live to toil. The populace are my choice—of them I am one, and, like a recent premier, Earl Grey, am disposed 'to stand by my order.' I write for this class both from

affection and taste. If I can benefit any, I can them. I know their difficulties, for I have encountered them—their wants, for they have been mine. This will account for the liberties taken with the subjects upon which I treat. There is more than one kind of hunger that will break through barriers, and I have taken with an unlicensed hand, wherever it was to be found, what I wanted for myself, and what I know to be wanted by those who stand at the anvil and the loom, and who never had the benefits of scholastic education, and who never will.

Many of the arts and sciences, which formerly resided exclusively in the colleges, and ministered only to the sons of opulence and leisure, have escaped from their retreat, and have become the hand-maids of the populace. But as respects logic, there still remains between the learned and the illiterate an impassable gulf. The uninformed look on the recondite structure of logic, and they are repelled by the difficulty of comprehending it, and wrap themselves up in absolute and obstinate ignorance, which they believe to be their destiny. The populace, in our manufactories, have to choose between subsistence and intelligence. For study, after protracted toil, they have not the strength—and to abridge their labour is to abridge their subsistence, and this they cannot afford. But because they are precluded by the destiny of civilisation from knowing much, they need not remain utterly unskilled in reasoning. Their natural good sense may be systematised, their natural logic may be reduced to some rule and order—though it may not be refined it may be practical, it may give power, and develop capacity now dormant.

The hints, general rules, and elementary remarks dispersed throughout this work, will probably be of service to the uninitiated, perhaps put them on the road to higher acquirements, give them a confidence in their own powers, perhaps inspire them with a love of these essential studies, and impart a taste for the refinements which lie beyond. My hope is that many will be induced to consult scholastic treatises, and acquire that accurate knowledge which makes the society of educated people so interesting. Impulse has been given to knowledge, and the populace have begun to think, and both to speak and write their thinkings—and why should they not be enabled to do it free from obvious mis-

takes, and with a broad propriety commensurate with the native capacity they possess? Why should they, like a certain learned politician on a public occasion, propose, as a sentiment, 'The three R's, Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic?'* Why, in writing, should they not express themselves with strong grammatical coherence, and a certain bold perspicuity, if not able to reach refinement and elegance? Why, in pronunciation, should they not speak with a certain manly openness of vowel sound and a distinct articulation, if not with all elocutionary modulation? Why should not their discourse be expressed in brief, clear sentences? If their punctuation went no farther than placing capital letters at the commencement of sentences and of proper names, and periods at the conclusion of sentences, it would render their writings more intelligible than are half the communications they now send to the press. If they mastered only brevity and abrupt directness, and learned to omit tedious prolixity, they would command a hearing in many cases where now they are denied one. If in logic they made a shrewd mastery of plain facts—being as sure as they could, when once set on surety, eschewing conjecture and pernicious supposition—if they followed the methods of nature and good sense, where the elaborate methods of art are hidden from them, who will not admit that they would be more intelligible than now, exercise a power they never yet possessed, and extort the attention and esteem of the public where now they excite only its pity, or contempt, or outrage what just taste it has? The people would be enabled to do these things, but that so many who prepare treatises for their guidance alarm them by the display of abstruse dissertation above their powers, their means, their time, and their wants. That a little learning is a dangerous thing is not a maxim alone believed in by the race of country squires steeped in port and prejudice, but by schoolmen who cannot bring themselves to give a little proportion of sound knowledge, but must give all, the recondite as well. The statesman decries the ignorance and want of wisdom displayed by embryo politicians who will accept

* This case is cited by S. G. Goodrich, the original Peter Parley, in his preface to 'Fireside Education.' Sir William Curtis, to whom, probably, Mr. Goodrich refers, gave also 'the three K's—King, Church, and Constitution.'

no instalment of liberty, but insist on the concession of *all* their claims—but the scholar does the same thing when he will impart none but the completest information to the people.

In quoting, I have been a borrower, but not a plagiarist. In no case am I conscious of having taken from others without at the same time making the fairest acknowledgment in my power.

If the references to the highest authorities are sometimes through others, it is because the highest authorities have not always been accessible. Those who have had ordinary experience estimate highly the value of minute integrity in this respect. Fruitless hours are spent in tracing false and careless references, and to one whose time is his means, no little injury is done when it is thus wasted.

Unbounded gratitude is due to those authors, old and new, who, with learning and grace, with care and patience, have put the world in possession of thoughts which are real additions to its knowledge—and corresponding should be the contempt of those whose high-sounding and pretending books seduce readers to wade through them only to find in them the millioneth echo of some commonplace idea.

The 'Spectator' was pleased to say that I wrote "Practical Grammar' in the spirit of an 'ultra-radical, setting the world to rights.' Yet I have always declared, with Butler—

> Reforming schemes are none of mine,
> To mend the *world's* a vast design;
> Like those who toil in little boat
> To drag to them the ship afloat.

Utopianism is not my idiosyncracy. But I have confidence in endeavour. Continuity of ameliorative effort is the sole enthusiasm that can serve the cause of improvement. It is useful to do what seems to be useful, whether little or much—a moderate rule, but one that will take those who carry it out, a long way.

My illustrations, I need scarcely say, are neutral in politics and theology. In the grammar of J. A. D. D'Orsey, published in 'Chambers' Educational Course,' there are disputations, Biblicisms, and bits of intense theology. Professor John Radford Young, in his treatise on Algebra, has introduced a reply to Hume's controverted theory of miracles—

and Dr. Whately makes his 'Logic' an avowedly theological auxiliary, showing that much passes for good taste in this country which is only an irrelevant propitiation of powerful opinion. I have not, however, been seduced by this species of example. There are distinct provinces in intellect as well as in industry—and what political economy justifies in one case, good sense dictates in the other. No man has a right to intrude theology into every question, and agitate points of faith when he pretends to instruct the understanding.

There is less occasion to speak of the utility of logic, than to show it to be easy of acquisition. Mr. Stuart Mill, in confirmation of this view, observes: We need not seek far for a solution of the question so often agitated, respecting the utility of Logic. If a science of logic exists, or is capable of existing, it must be useful. If there be rules to which every mind conforms, in every instance in which it judges rightly, there seems little necessity for discussing whether a person is more likely to observe those rules when he knows the rules, than when he is unacquainted with them.* Certainly people are not so much prejudiced against logic on account of its supposed uselessness as on account of its supposed difficulties. Deserved or not, logic has always had a good reputation. Well or ill founded, the popular impression has uniformly been in its favour. It has been valued like the diamond—but considered, like that precious stone, of very uncertain access.

The high popularity of common sense—'the exercise of the judgment unaided by rule'—has been interpreted into a virtual rejection of logic by the multitude. But it ought not to be overlooked, that the credit in which mere common sense is held, is a matter of necessity as well as choice. It being the best sense the untutored have, they wisely use it, and no wonder that they are inclined to laud what they are constrained to employ. Doubtless they always perceived that common sense would be the better for being made orderly, as a spirited horse is the fitter for use after being 'broken.' Logical sense, among the masses, is secretly supposed to be disciplined sense, and to have all the advantage of the trained soldier over the raw recruit.

It is quite true, as Abram Tucker puts it, that 'The science

* 'System of Logic,' p. 12. Second Edition.

of abstruse learning, when completely attained, is like Achilles' spear, that healed the wounds it had made before; so this knowledge serves to repair the damage itself had occasioned, it casts no additional light upon the paths of life.' But few persons sensible of the value of exact knowledge will complain of the *necessary* elaboration to which it sometimes leads. Nor will those who have felt the thrill of pleasure which complete analysis imparts, regret the patience which put them in possession of a secret of science, or made them master of a new field of knowledge.

Common sense is the substratum of all logic. Common sense is the natural sense of mankind. It is founded on common observation and experience. It is modest and plain and unsophisticated. It sees with everybody's eyes and hears with everybody's ears. It has no capricious distinctions, no partialities, and no mysteries. It never equivocates and never trifles. Its language is always the same, and is always intelligible. It is known by its perspicuity of speech and singleness of purpose. The most prudent of all the children of fact, it never forsakes nature or reason. Some outline laws for its employment, if they can be indicated, must be better than its popular aimless and desultory use.

PREFACE OF 1866.

One has no right to make a literary subject political —that is, to make it partisan; but to give a political motive which concerns all equally, for promoting a literary study, is allowable, and does not partake of the nature of party politics. One may, like Cobbett, look on literature with political eyes, without, like him, making it a vehicle of party attacks.

In this country, where the political genius of the people lies in self-government — where the public growth of the people and their internal liberty depend upon their capacity to manage their own affairs—the art of public speaking has political importance to every side in politics.

To be able to take a subject well in hand, like a stage-coach driver does his horses—to hold the reins of your arguments firmly—to direct and drive well home the burden of your meaning, is a power which every man ought to study to attain, who rises to address a council, or stands up on a platform to convince a meeting.

A LOGIC OF FACTS.

CHAP. I.

THE LOGIC OF THE SCHOOLS.

It is a humiliating reflection that mankind never reasoned so ill as when they most professed to cultivate the art of reasoning.—*Life of Galileo*, p. 1. Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Common sense—the foundation of logic—first received (to a limited extent) the regularity of an art and the certainty of a science, from the master hand of Aristotle. Impartial scholars, familiar with his writings on logic, allow them to have not only ingenuity but real merit; and his admirers contend that he has been misunderstood by some and abused by others. This is highly probable, as we are certain that when his works were interpreted by the schools, and his logic proclaimed the great text-book of knowledge and the only weapon of truth, 'men's minds, instead of studying nature, were in an endless ferment about occult qualities and imaginary essences; little was talked of but intention and remission, proportion and degree, infinity, formality, quiddity and individuality.'* Logic then was jargon, controversy chicane, and truth a shuttlecock, with which the disputants respectively played, or the object which they mutually disguised. Logic was a labyrinth in which the subtlest lost their way—a bourne from which the traveller after truth seldom returned.

A striking illustration of this has been furnished by a candid and distinguished writer—Dr. Reid. 'Of the analytics and of the topics of Aristotle, ingenuousness requires me to confess, that though I have often purposed to read the whole with care, and to under-

* Account of Lord Bacon's Novum Organon Scientiarum, Lib. of Useful Knowledge, p. 4.

stand *what is intelligible*, yet my courage and patience always failed me before I had done. Why should I throw away so much time and painful attention upon a thing of so little real use? If I had lived in those ages when the knowledge of Aristotle's Organon entitled a man to the highest rank in philosophy, ambition might have induced me to employ upon it some years of painful study; and, less, I conceive, would not be sufficient. Such reflections as these always got the better of my resolution.'*

Dr. Whately, who has for many years occupied the throne of Logic and whose work may be taken, from its currency in our colleges and academies, as the representative of the logic of the schools, seems to obviate all objections to the abstruseness of this subject by a counter charge, to the effect that logic is now underrated only because it has been overrated. But it is not the complexity found in it, but the laudations bestowed upon it which have brought it into neglect. Dr. Whately contends that certain writers, 'by representing logic as furnishing the sole instrument for the discovery of truth in all subjects, and as teaching the use of the intellectual faculties in general, raised expectations which could not be realised, and which naturally led to a reaction—to logic being regarded as utterly futile and empty.'† Deeply deploring this kind of injury, from which many important arts have suffered, I am neither disposed to defend such a course, nor to imitate it. But I demur to the truth of this representation with regard to logic. If logic be not the 'sole instrument for the discovery of truth in all subjects,' it is certainly the *principal* one. Instead of charging scholastic logicians with having unduly 'raised,' it would be nearer the truth, in my opinion, to say that they have *confused* 'expectations' by intricate machinery and extreme elaborations.

Intricacy and minuteness of detail might be a trifling disqualification did they lead to something immediately practical. But Dr. Whately contends that logic, in the most extensive sense which the name can, with propriety, be made to bear, is that of the science, and also the art of reasoning. 'Inasmuch as logic institutes an analysis of the process of the mind in reasoning, it is strictly a *science*, while considered in reference to the practical

* Lord Kames's Sketches, vol. 3, chap. 3. Aristotle's Logic.
† Dr. Whately: Elements of Logic, preface, p. vii. Second edition.

rules it furnishes it is an *art*.'* He confines the province of logic, as an art, to 'employing language properly for the purpose of reasoning,'† and restricts the logician to the use of the syllogism as the sole test of argument. Mr. Augustus de Morgan thus exhibits the spirit of Whately's restriction:—

Logic has nothing to do with the truth of the facts, opinions, or presumptions, from which an inference is derived; but simply takes care that the inference shall certainly be true if the premises be true.'

It has been, and *is* to be, objected, that logic, thus confined, 'leaves untouched the greatest difficulties, and those which are the sources of the greatest errors in reasoning.' To this powerful objection Dr. Whately thinks it sufficient to reply, that 'no art is to be censured for not teaching more than falls within its province, and, indeed, more than can be taught by any conceivable art. Such a system of universal knowledge as should instruct us in the full meaning or meanings of every term, and the truth or falsity, certainty or uncertainty of every proposition, thus superseding all other studies, it is most unphilosophical to expect, or even to imagine. And to find fault with logic for not performing this, is as if one should object to optics for not giving sight to the blind—or complain of a reading glass for being of no service to a person who had never learnt to read.'‡ This would be a most conclusive answer if confident assertion could be accepted in lieu of proof. The objection still remains to be removed. We may still demand, does it not fall within the legitimate province of logic to provide means of encountering the 'greatest difficulties' with which it is confessed logic is beset? True, there is no art can teach everything, but is that a reason why logic should teach nothing, or next to nothing, compared with what seems essentially necessary?

Dr. Whately contends that the 'difficulties' and 'errors' in the objection adduced, 'are in the *subject matter* about which logic is employed, and *not* in the process of reasoning—which alone is the appropriate province of logic. But it seems to me that Dr. Whately has found it impossible to keep within the bounds of the restriction he thus endeavours to establish.

* Intro., p. 1.
† Elem. of Logic, Synthetical Compendium, chap. 2, part 1, sec. 2.
‡ Elem. of Logic, Intro., pp. 12, 13.

In treating upon 'apprehension,' he introduces, as indeed he was obliged to do, from the department of metaphysics, several speculations on 'generalisation' and 'abstractions,' and from ontology (the science which explains the most general conceptions respecting the phenomena of nature) he borrows the leading principles of definition. Because he thus goes so far, it is not to be contended that *therefore* he should have gone further; but when he found he must depart from his rule and borrow from other branches of knowledge (no matter for what end), why did he not depart from it to some purpose, and borrow from natural philosophy such rules as would have guarded the logician from the 'chief errors' into which he may fall?

Dr. Whately informs us, indeed, that logic furnishes certain syllogistic forms to which all sound arguments may be reduced, and thus establishes universal tests for the detection of fallacy—but it is to be observed that it is only *such* fallacy as may creep in *between* the premises and the conclusion of an argument. It is to this narrow and Aristotelian object that logic is restricted. 'The process of reasoning itself is alone the appropriate province of logic. This process will have been correctly conducted if it have conformed to the logical rules, which preclude the possibility of any error creeping in *between* the principles from which we are arguing, and the conclusions we deduce from them.'* We learn from our authority, that as arithmetic does not profess to introduce any notice of the *things*, whether coins, persons, or dimensions, respecting which calculations are made; neither does logic undertake 'the ascertainment of facts, or the degree of evidence of doubtful propositions.' And just as an arithmetical result will be useless if the data of the calculation be incorrect, so a logical conclusion is liable to be false if the premises are so. Neither does the logic, now under consideration, concern itself with the 'discovery of truth,' excepting so far as that may be said to be implied by the detection of error in a false inference.† Logic thus confined to the actual process of reasoning, however important its functions there, evidently leaves us in the dark as to the value of what we reason about. For the information thus missing, this logic refers us to knowledge

* Intro., p. 13.

† For the grounds of these representations, see Dissertation on the Province of Reasoning, chap. 2, sec. 4 Dr. Whately's Logic.

in general — to grammar and composition for the art of expressing, with correctness and perspicuity, the terms of propositions—to natural, moral, political, or other philosophy, for the facts which alone can establish the truth of the premises reasoned from.

The exclusion from logic of all consideration of the facts on which propositions are founded, is thus endeavoured to be justified by the Archbishop of Dublin:—'No arithmetical skill will secure a correct result, unless the data are correct from which we calculate: nor does any one on that account undervalue arithmetic; and yet the objection against logic rests on no better foundation.' This is true, but is it true that arithmetic is on *this account* to be imitated? If the arithmetician must take his data for granted, it is what the searcher after truth must never do—*he* must use his eyes and examine for himself, in all cases, as far as possible, unless he intends to be deceived. And for want of such precaution as this, the arithmetician is at sea the moment he steps out of the narrow path of mechanical routine. Who is not aware of the failures of calculation when applied to the general business of life—to statistics, moral and political? Every day, facts have to be called in to correct the egregious blunders of figures.* The calculations are conducted in most approved form, but are of no use. Does not this demonstrate that when arithmetic, like logic, is applied to the business of life, general rules for securing the accuracy of data would be of essential service? Supposing, however, that arithmetic could do very well without them, does it follow that logic should, when it would be safer and more efficient with them?

Since our author's canons are held absolute in the schools, it may be useful to consider this last cited argument in another light. A stronger objection may be urged, one which particularly addresses itself to those who mistake mere pertinence for genetal relevance, and suppose that a single analogy decides a case.

* 'In Art, in Practice, innumerable critics will demonstrate that most things are impossible. It was proved by fluxionary calculus, that steam-ships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland; impelling force, resisting force, maximum here, minimum there; by law of Nature, and geometric demonstration—what could be done? The Great Western could weigh anchor from Bristol Port; that could be done. The Great Western, bounding safe through the gullets of the Hudson, threw her cable out on the capstan of New York, and left our still moist paper-demonstration to dry itself at leisure.'—*Thomas Carlyle*, Chartism, pp. 96-7.

His Grace reasons, that, because arithmetic does not concern itself about its data, logic should follow the same example. But why overlooks he pure mathematics—a much higher science than arithmetic? Surely geometry, which through all time has been the model of the sciences, was better worthy than arithmetic to be the model of logic! Was it classical in the principal of St. Alban's College to abandon Euclid and cleave unto Cocker or Walkingame?

Arithmetic is mechanical—geometry is reasoning; surely it was more befitting to compare reason with reason, when endeavouring to discover the true way of perfecting reason. Geometry is, of all sciences, reputed the most conclusive in its arguments—and we know it is distinguished above all sciences for carefulness in its data. It begins with axioms, the most indubitable of all data, and its subsequent conclusions are founded only on established facts—and to be sure that they are established facts, the geometer, before he employs them, establishes them himself. If an analogy is to decide the province of logic, here is an analogy whose pretensions over those of arithmetic are eminent.

So conclusive did Dr. Whately deem the argument just examined, that he many times, in various forms, reproduced it. One of the last instances is under the head of 'Fallacies.' 'It has been made a subject of bitter complaint against logic, that it presupposes the most difficult point to be already accomplished; viz., the sense of the terms to be ascertained. A similar objection might be urged against every other art in existence *e. g.*, against agriculture, that all the precepts for the cultivation of land presuppose the possession of a farm.'* Already has been pointed out what may reasonably induce a suspicion of the soundness of these analogies; viz., that their author found it necessary to disregard them and introduce, from other branches of knowledge, certain disquisitions on the 'sense of terms.' With regard to this particular instance, it may be observed, that though treatises on agriculture do presuppose the possession of a farm, they do not presuppose the knowledge requisite for cultivating it, but inform us *fully* of soil, and seed, and crops. So logic may be allowed to presuppose the existence of the universe, whence truth is drawn, or the existence

* Logic, chap. 3. Fallacies, sec. 2.

of language, whereby it is expressed; but it is surely not to *presuppose* the knowledge of facts and terms, the great instruments for the cultivation of truth. Agricultural treatises hardly warrant this inference. These are the representations that induced the confession that 'Logic is not so much an instrument of acquirement as of defence. It is a good armour to buckle on when compelled to battle for our heritage, but a poor implement for its cultivation.'*

All *practical* arts include a knowledge of materials as well as implements. Platers, ignorant of the nature of metals, cabinet-makers, of the different species of wood, make but sorry artizans; and in like manner, reasoners, unacquainted, at least in a general way, with the accuracy of what is reasoned about, make but sorry logicians.†

It will readily be expected that in the modern progress of knowledge, the Aristotelian province of logic would be enlarged. The far-seeing intellect of Lord Verulam heralded the innovation—'Our glorious Bacon led philosophy forth from the jargon of schools and the fopperies of sects. He made her to be—the handmaid of nature, friendly to her creatures, and faithful to her laws.'‡

The general object of Lord Bacon's philosophy, writes Bruce, an Edinburgh professor of logic of the last century, is to connect the reasoning powers of man with experiments for the improvement of natural knowledge.

To create a just taste for philosophical investigation, required—1. A display of the true, that they may be distinguished from the false subjects of inquiry. 2. Scientific rules to direct the discovery of the laws of nature.

But to 'display the true,' is to display the *facts* on which the truth rests. The 'discovery of the laws of nature' implies *observation* of the operations of nature. The philosophy of Bacon, says Macaulay, began in observation and ended in arts.

* W. J. Fox, Mon. Rep., p. 45: 1835.

† The reader will find that logician is used in the sense of skilfulness in eliciting and exhibiting reality. By that which I call logical is meant that which is truthful. I presume that is the sense to which this high word should be confined. It is the lax application of this term to mere dexterity in evading the truth according to rule, that has so increased the unsatisfactory race of professed sceptics.—See *Scepticism*, chap. XII.

‡ Langhornes' Preface to the Lives of Plutarch.

It is most obvious, as the reader will gather from what has been advanced, that for guarding, to the greatest possible extent, against error in conclusions, it is necessary to take into consideration the character of the data from which we reason—and to do this, we must draw from the general sources of knowledge to which the Logic of the Schools refers us. If we happen not to possess an accurate acquaintance with these branches, we must draw upon the best notions we have of them, or apply such natural sagacity as we happen to possess. But whether the information we happen to possess be complete or partial, it is not well that we are left to apply it at random, without any definite mode of procedure; and if logic refuses to assist us, and gives only a vague reference elsewhere, we must endeavour to assist ourselves. The datum of all arguments is a proposition, an assertion, or denial; and to ascertain its truth (upon which the value of the whole reasoning depends) we have to do with the facts upon which it rests, and the terms in which it is expressed. For it may be here observed, that the truth or falsity of every proposition depends upon facts. To ascertain the general accuracy of facts, we have to appeal to received standards of certainty; and to fix the meaning of terms, we have recourse to a plain principle of definition. In the task of recognising truth, so necessary in examining the premises of an argument, one is wonderfully assisted by being familiarised with the sources of truth, and the mode of its discovery. In these operations the tutored and untutored may alike be assisted by simple general rules. If these rules prove not infallible in every case, they will prove successful in the majority of cases.

Since general rules are the only rules that the vast field of facts admits of, they are not to be rejected on light grounds. They enable us to set forth intelligibly the reasons of our own conviction, and to detect and expose the fundamental fallacies of apparent arguments. Since they direct us where the Logic of the Schools leaves us without a guide, their value is apparent.

The logical management of the syllogism involves much abstruseness respecting 'genus' and 'species,' the 'quantity' and 'quality' of propositions, 'contraries,' 'sub-contraries,' 'contradictions,' and 'subalterns.' Stepping by 'illative conversion,' 'six rules to be observed with respect to categorical syllogism' next demand attention, followed hard by eleven moods which can

be used in a legitimate syllogism, viz.—'A, A, A, A, A, I, A, E, E, A, E, O, A, I, I, A, O, O, E, A, E, E, A, O, E, I, O, I, A, I, O, A, O.' In the middle of this abstract train march the 'undistributed middle' and the 'illicit process,' attended by four figures represented by the following 'mnemonic lines, which must be carefully committed to memory:'—

Fig. 1. bArbArA, cElArEnt, dArII, fErIOque prioris.

Fig. 2. cEsArE, cAmEstrEs, fEstInO, bArOkO,* secundæ.

Fig. 3. { tertia, dArAptI, dIsAmIs, dAtIsI, fElAptOn, bOkArdO,† fErIsO, habet; quarta insuper addit.

Fig. 4. brAmAntIp, cAmEnEs, dImArIs, fEsApo, frEsIsOn.

A motley group, too numerous to be particularised, bring up the complex rear of 'Modals,' 'Hypotheticals,' 'Conditionals,' and 'Disjunctives.' This is certainly not the portal through which the populace can at present pass to logic, even if such logic helped them to all truth, and saved them from all fallacy.

But this species of logic is not without interest. Symbolic letters and mnemonic lines are not without attractions to those who understand them. There is poetry in an algebraic sign, when it is the emblem of a difficulty solved, and a wonderful result simply arrived at. To try the whole power of words, and discover every form of language in which a legitimate deduction can be expressed, is no ignoble task. It is a high discipline, but it belongs rather to the age of leisure than this of 'copperas-fumes, cotton-fuz, gin-riot, wrath, and toil'—to the luxuries rather than the utilities of learning.

There is the inefficiency of the syllogism, and also the vitiation produced by its employment. 1. It corrupts the taste for philosophical invention by placing philosophy in abstractions, and withdrawing it from the observation of nature.

2. It creates a reliance on principles, which originate in the *hypotheses* of philosophers, not in the laws of nature.

3. It makes truth the result of the *forms* of argument, not of scientific evidence.‡

Lord Kames cites from the father of logic the following syllogism, which will bear repetition as an extraordinary instance of

* Or, Fakoro.
† Or, Dokamo.
These references to Fakoro and Dokamo are Whately's, as indeed all the particulars in this place recited, and are but a *brief* summary of the subjects comprised in his logic in reference to the syllogism.

‡ Bruce.

that assumption for which the Logic of the Schools provides no remedy:—

Heavy bodies naturally tend to the centre of the universe.

We know, by experience, that heavy bodies tend to the centre of the earth.

Therefore the centre of the earth is the centre of the universe.

But by what experience did Aristotle discover the centre of the universe, so as to become aware that heavy bodies *naturally* tend there? On what facts rest the measurement of the radii from our earth to the boundless circumference of space? How did he ascertain the limits of that which has no limits? Yet, strange to say, the Logic of the Schools prides itself in leaving us where the Stagyrite left us.

'When mankind began to reason on the phenomena of nature, they were solicitous to *abstract*, and they formed general propositions from a *limited* observation. Though these propositions were assumed, they were admitted as true. They were not examined *by appeals to nature*, but by comparison with other propositions.'*

In this syllogism from Aristotle, there is the usual compliance with accredited rules, and the same defiance of common sense. Such examples are deemed perfect reasoning and legitimate argument; but is it not a mockery to encourage the belief that we can have reason and argument, without the truth? Only this shallow consolation remains to us. If the logician of the schools does not enlighten the understanding, he is at least reputed not to offend the taste, and he wins the equivocal praise of Butler:—

> He'll run in debt by disputation,
> And pay with ratiocination;
> All this by syllogism, true
> In mood and figure, he will do.'

Syllogisms are to truth what rhyme is to poetry. 'It is a well known fact that verse, faultless in form, may be utterly destitute of poetic fire or feeling.'†

According to the Logic of the Schools, 'the question respecting the validity of an argument is not whether the conclusion be *true*, but whether it *follows* from the premises adduced.' It was

* Bruce.
† A. J. D. D'Orsey, Eng. Gram., part 2, article Prosody.

the bitter experienc of Burdon of the delusiveness of such partial logic that induced him to exclaim, '*one* fact is worth fifty *arguments*.' With such authorities, 'a valid argument is that which is so stated that its conclusiveness is evident from the mere *form* of the expression.' But since it is admitted that if the data reasoned upon be incorrect, no logical skill can secure a correct result; it is evident that however *faultless the form*, the inquirer after truth is in no way nearer his object, unless he be instructed how to lay a foundation of *faultless facts*. He then, who is in love with truth rather than logomachy, will admit, in spite of the most ingenious analogies, that there is some room for a logic of facts, as well as a logic of words.

CHAP. II.

LOCKE-LOGIC.

Logic is a general guide to the discovery of truth, and teaches us its systematic communication to others. This definition is intended to combine logic and rhetoric into one system. According to a quotation in Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge, Locke defined logic as 'that art by which we rightly use our mental faculties in the discovery and communication of truth,' a definition, called by the writer, the definition of nature echoed by genius. There exists a natural connection between logic and rhetoric. The discovery of truth could avail us little if we were without the means of communicating it; and it is easy to see that it would be in vain to possess the means of communicating truth, unless we had the truth to communicate. Therefore, ingenuity is but ill employed in separating these mutual departments of learning which nature has connected together. Besides, the skill of the logician is as serviceable in the statement of a case, as in arguing it. Arrangement is as much a matter of logic as ratiocination; and to impress this neglected truth upon the young inquirer, is one reason for proposing a combined definition.

The mutual connection of logic and rhetoric is illustrated by the fact, that the Logic of the Schools is purely a branch of

rhetoric. It consists in putting an argument into 'the most perspicuous form in which it can be exhibited,*—*i. e.*, in *communicating* it in the most efficient way to others.

Indeed, Dr. Whately (who makes logic to consist in reasoning) defines reasoning as *discourse*, and discourse is rhetoric. '*Grammar*,' says Doherty, 'represents the mechanism of letters in forming words—*Rhemar*, the mechanism of words in forming sentences. We have *Grammar* for letters, *Rhemar* for words, *Logic* for *arguments*, and *Rhetoric* for discourse.' Locke-logic, therefore —*i. e.*, logic in the sense in which Locke treated it—seems to come nearer the truth, as well as nearer the common requirement, than the restricted definition of it by others insisted on.

CHAP. III.

LOGICAL TRUTH.

All men know something of truth. Happily it is the first impulse of childhood, and nature teaches us its pleasure before reason instructs us in its truth. In infancy we own its beauty, in manhood its power. There is nothing, says Cicero, sweeter to man than the light of truth. Truth, observes Godwin, is the native element of an intellectual nature. It has been wisely remarked, said Lord Kames, that truth is to the understanding what beauty is to the eye, or music to the ear.

Philosophy sanctions what unsophisticated feelings suggested. He that has made but a little progress beyond ignorance and privilege, cannot be edified by anything but truth.† Truth, like a mathematical point, has had various descriptions; and it may be useful to select those which graduate to its logical definition. Bulwer tells us, that 'the agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.' Locke, Lord Kames, Mill, and others, agree that truth, or falsehood, is an affair of language. An assertion which represents things as they really are, is a truth—an assertion that represents things what in reality they are *not*, is a falsehood.

* Dr. Whately: Anal. Out., chap. 1, sec. 5, p. 45.
† Mr. Hobhouse: Note 15, to 4th Canto of Childe Harold.

Truth, in sculpture, means an exact similitude of some living form, chiselled in stone or marble. Truth, in painting, is a natural representation on canvass of some person, or object. In the same manner, moral 'truth is an exact image of things set forth in speech, or writing.' The logical definition of truth is given in these words:—'Truth is that which admits of proof,'* that is, an assertion or denial which can be substantiated by facts.

A fact is commonly called a truth, but this practice leads to great confusion in reasoning. A fact is only an element in truth. A logical truth is a proposition supported by facts. Facts compose the premises of an argument—a truth is the inference from the facts. Unless this distinction is observed, recourse must be had to the expedient of calling a fact a particular truth, and an induction from facts a general truth. Or we must adopt this distinction, that a moral truth, that is, the truth of parlance, is the coincidence of language with reality; and a logical truth, a proposition which admits of demonstration.

A lady, who has given intellectual laws to many whom I address, has said—'A truth I consider to be an ascertained fact, which truth would be changed into an error the moment the fact on which it rested was disproved.' But that which can be disproved cannot be an '*ascertained* fact.' Allowing, however, the relevancy of this definition of a truth, it would, in a treatise on logic, be considered as a definition only of a particular truth. Many such truths are required to make a logical truth.

CHAP. IV.

DISCOVERY OF TRUTH.

The great treasure-house of nature is open to all, and the only fee demanded for inspection is attention.—DUTROSIER.

OBSERVATION† of nature is the only source of truth. Discursive observation is the art of noticing circumstances evident to the

* Chambers' Information.

† The term observation is used here in the sense in which it is commonly understood, signifying cognisance in general. It includes whatever information we acquire by the means of consciousness, or experience, or through the agency of the senses.

senses. Men who do this intentionally and carefully, with a view of acquiring a knowledge of phenomena and their causes, are distinguished for their varied knowledge and often for their great discoveries. Shakspere must have owed the varied facts interwoven into his delineations of human character to this source. The clever personations of Garrick were suggested by his curious observations of men and manners. Sir Walter Scott is known to have been a careful observer. It is said, 'no expression escaped him if it bore on the illustration of character.'

'Claude Lorraine, with a passionate sympathy for the beautiful, sate in the fields from sun-rise to dewy eve, watching, catching, and saturating his very soul, as it were, with all the evanescent beauties of a summer's day, as they chased each other over the face of the fair scene; fixing on canvass, taking captive and imprisoning in our cabinets, the wanton daughters of nature, that before his time never were caught, but flitted before the fascinated eye only long enough to make the heart afterwards feel more achingly the void of their vanishing. And the artist who has done all this, do we not justly call him an *imaginative* painter, to distinguish him from those meaner geniuses who were, in painting, very like Crabbe in poetry, merely faithful delineators of the vulgarer objects of social life, bunches of carrots, drunken boors, chamber maids and chimney corners.

'Has the reader ever seen Mr. Macready in the character of Macbeth? If he have, he can never forget the stupified murderer withdrawing from the chamber in which he has just done the dread act, with fascinated gaze retreatingly regarding his royal victim, and awaking with a guilty start as he runs unconsciously against his hard-souled partner in guilt, who in vain tries to infuse into the weaker spirit of her paralysed husband her own metaphysical superiority. In this scene we know that Mr. Macready's acting was perfect, for the pressure at our heart, the suspension of our breathing, and the creeping of our hair, made us *feel* that it was so. We see him now, as stealthily he places his foot over the threshold of the chamber of death to re-appear on the stage; the intensely staring eye, that cannot remove from what 'tis horror to look upon; the awfully natural absorption of his soul by that "sorry sight," which one little minute has brought about; his starting and awaking from his entranced state, as he runs against his wife in his retreat, and his full passionate burst

of blended remorse, terror, and superstition, as refusing counsel, regardless of remonstrance, heedless of probable detection, he pours forth his "brain-sickly" convictions, of having in one little moment cut the cable that had held him to the rest of the great human family. All this we can see in our mind's eye, for the actor gave us a picture of passion that time can never obliterate. But how would it have been with a cloddish unimaginative fellow, whom nature never intended should understand Shakspere? Would he not, conscious that he was among shoals and quicksands of feelings, too nice for his appreciation, seek to tear over all by a tempest of rant, which would be a more ruthless murder on Shakspere than Macbeth's on the king? And why should we be delighted with Mr. Macready's delineation, and disgusted with the ranter? Simply because the former has *observed*, treasured up, and felt every genuine exhibition of human feeling that came in his way, and applied it appropriately to all the situations to which it was related in nature. A single instance will make this clear. Mr. Kean one night, in the concluding part of the combat scene of Richard III., when supposed to be wounded to the death, before falling, steadily regarded his foe, and painfully raising his right arm in act to strike, the relaxed and dying limb, unable to second the spirit, fell heavily and harmlessly to his side, indicating merely the fierce bravery of the usurper living in all its strength, when the body which it would move, was all but a senseless clod. Pit, gallery, and boxes arose with an enthusiasm beyond description, and by their repeated plaudits bore testimony the intense naturalness of the struggle. The actor being afterwards complimented upon the *hit*, said, that he had taken the action from Jack Painter, the prize-fighter, when the latter was beaten in some one of his contests, and it immediately struck the tragedian that the very same thing would come in beautifully in the dying scene of Richard III. What was this, if not imagination? Kean saw Painter's action to be the natural effects of undying valour in vain endeavouring to contend against overwhelming power. Remembering and associating it with his previous conception of the character of Richard III., the actor saw it could be most strikingly incorporated with that picture of passion the usurper's death should present to our view. Seeing this, he combined it with his previous delineation, and thereby did precisely the same thing as the poet in using a fine simile, or the painter in

introducing sun-light over a part of his picture. It was a portion of nature carried away by the actor to be reproduced on a future and fitting occasion.'*

The beginning of all knowledge is observation. It has been shown by Mr. Mill that 'axioms,' which lie at the foundation of all reasoning and all science, 'are experimental truths—generalisations *from observation*. The proposition that Two straight lines cannot inclose a space—or, in other words, Two straight lines which have once met do not meet again, but continue to diverge—is an induction from the *evidence of our senses*.'† 'Axioms are but a class of inductions from *experience:* the simplest and easiest cases of generalisation, from the facts furnished to us by our senses or by our internal consciousness.'‡

Autobiography, or the metaphysical revelation of a man to himself, is a source of valuable psychological and moral truths. From this centre frequently radiate new lights upon human nature. But this is resolvable into a species of mental observation. It is self-inspection.

We have lately been told that 'Poetry is called upon to work in the *discovery* of truth. The imagination has always been the great discovering power. Discoveries are the poetry of science. The case is rare indeed in which, by merely advancing step by step in the exercise of the logical faculty, any new truth has been arrived at. Logic comes afterwards, to verify that which imagination sees with its far-darting glance.'‖

This seems to call upon us to recognise the imagination as a fresh source of truth. But the definition of imagination, as given by Emerson, reveals to us its origin in observation;—'The imagination may be defined to be the use which reason makes of the material world. Shakspere's imperial muse tosses the creation like a bauble from hand to hand, to embody any capricious shade of thought that is uppermost in his mind.' Hence, though we agree with Gilfillan that imagination is thought on fire, we must confess that the ignition is material.

We will, however, hear a poet's defence of his fraternity:—'Poets are vulgarly considered deficient in the reasoning faculty;

* Phrenology Tested, by A. M., of the Middle Temple, pp. 143-5.
† Logic, vol 1, p. 305. ‡ *Idem*, pp. 328-9.
‖ W. J. Fox's Lectures to the Working Classes: Genius and Poetry of Campbell, p. 55.

whereas no man was ever a great poet without having it in excess, and after a century or two, men become convinced of it. They jump the middle terms of their syllogisms, it is true, and assume premises to which the world has not yet arrived; but time stamps their deductions as invincible.'*

Imagination is based on observation, and bears the same relation to the 'material world' that the magician bears to the appliances of his art. Imagination is the dexterous and astonishing use of realities. It is a species of mental experiment, whereby, without permission of the line-and-rule men, we join strange things together, and to the surprise of every body, the junction is a happy one. 'Angelo's greatness lay in searching for untried existence.'† But observation primarily suggests the combination. If, as in the case of Angelo, imagination essays the highest flights of genius, and goes in search of untried existence, it is not existence out of nature, but founded upon nature—its success is a revelation of some hidden reality.

Some of the most praised conceptions of Shakspere have been traced by critics to the tritest observation. Instance Hamlet's remark :—

> There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will.

Critics tell us, that Shakspere here fell into the conventional cant of a mechanic making skewers. But it is no detraction to cull the best phrases from the most common sources. Knight remarks :—'Philosophy, as profound as it is beautiful! says the uninitiated reader of Shakspere. But he that is endued with the wisdom of the commentators, will learn how easy it is to mistake for philosophy and poetry what really only proceeded from the very vulgar recollection of an ignorant mind. Dr. Farmer informs me, says Steevens, that these words are merely technical. A woodman, butcher, and dealer in skewers, lately observed to him, that his nephew (an idle lad), could only assist in making them; he could rough-hew them, but I was obliged to shape their ends. To shape the ends of wood skewers, *i. e.*, to point them, requires a degree of skill: any one can rough-hew them. Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspere's father, will admit that his son

* Lowell's Conversations on the Old Poets.
† J. T. Seymour; Oracle of Reason.

might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with skewers.'* To admit the likelihood of all this, notwithstanding Mr. Knight's jeer at the 'wisdom of the commentators,' is rather to exalt than degrade the genius of Shakspere, who could derive exalted figures from humble sources. The 'Athenæum,'† far more wisely than Mr. Knight, in this instance, observes:—'This is the test of a truly great man; that his thoughts should be *things*, and become things in instantaneous act, and not for a moment mere speculations and abstractions.'

As the theories of the schoolmen subside, and men no longer ignore nature, it will become recognised as the source rather than the tool of intellect. We shall have less occasion to contend that all lofty and sublime ideas derive their value and beauty from their coherence with the instincts of sensation. 'Poetry, we grant, creates a world of its own; but it creates it out of *existing* materials.' 'Imagination' may be but 'thought on fire,' but the spark, which ignites it, is material. Is there any other distinction between the flights of the rhapsodist and those of genius, than that genius *illumines* reality and rhapsody *obscures* it? 'We know of no great generalisation that has ever been made by a man unacquainted with the details on which it rests.'‡

Experiment is invented observation. It is putting into operation certain supposed causes in order to observe their effects. An experiment may be defined as an observation, which we are at some trouble to make. Experiment is usually set down as being a process of discovering truth different from observation. It is evidently included under observation, and there is no practical advantage in separating it. Discursive, general, ordinary, or common observation is the observation of the phenomena we *find*. Experiment is observation of the phenomena we *bring together*. Experimental observation has been the great agent of modern discovery. Newton ranked it as the most valuable knowledge. Whatever is not founded on phenomena is hypothesis, and has no place in experimental philosophy. It is the principal source of accurate facts. When Jenner first communicated to John Hunter, what he thought respecting the prevention of small pox—

* Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere, pp. 173-4.
† No 946, p. 1193.
‡ Athenæum, No. 946, p. 1191.

'Don't think, but try; be patient, be accurate,' was Hunter's characteristic reply. Locke remarks:—'While the philosophy of Aristotle prevailed in the schools, which dealt often in words without meaning, the knowledge of nature was at a stand; men argued concerning things of which they had no idea; in this enlightened age, we keep to trial and experiment, as the only certain foundation of philosophy.'

Hypothesis may be noticed here as being a species of *embryo* experiment. Hypothesis is guessing at the truth. It is a conjecture or supposition relating to the cause of an effect. It imagines that where certain conditions exist, the desired result will ensue. But all these conjectures must be founded on observation. For, in the wildest conjecture, unless made by a madman, there is some reason. Hypothesis is incipient truth founded on a few facts which make it probable, but not on sufficient to make it certain. Hypothesis does not directly discover truth, but it is a guide to experiment, which does. The hypotheses of Columbus respecting an unknown continent, did not of itself discover America—but it directed the experiment of his voyage there, which did. 'To hypothesise alone is the error of the visionary and the dreamer. Practical wisdom, as far as possible, tests hypothesis by experiment. Sir C. Bell conjectured that the nervous fluid of the human body was analogous to galvanic fluid, and then, by experiments on various animals, he endeavoured to test his hypothesis. However, great thinkers arise who are best employed in contriving plans for others to execute—in telling others what they are to do. Great poets belong to this class. They are often incapable of the concentrated labour of furnishing proofs of their hypothesis. Gladly should we recognise the mission of such men. They work for humanity by thinking for humanity. 'All who think,' says Lytton, 'are co-operative with all who work.' Labour supplies our wants, thought teaches us dominion over nature. Labour is but the means of subsistence, it is thought that makes it the source of wealth by multiplying its powers.

To the value of hypothesis Mr. Mill bears this testimony, that by suggesting observations and experiments, it puts us upon the road to, independent evidence, if it be really attainable, and till it be attained, the hypothesis ought not to count for more than a suspicion. The function of hypothesis is one which must be reckoned absolutely indispensable in science. Without such

assumption, science would not have attained its present state. Nearly everything which is now theory was once hypothesis.*

Induction is systematic observation of a given class of phenomena. It consists in bringing together a variety of facts and instances, carefully and patiently viewing them in all possible lights to discover from a comparison of the whole what, if any, new principle is elicitable. Induction is an experiment with a number of facts, to see if any general result can be arrived at. Thus observation is of three kinds—discursive, experimental, and inductive. For brevity of speech, we use respectively the terms observation, experiment, and induction, as the names of the three recognised modes of investigation. But it facilitates a clear view of this subject, to note that experiment and induction are but phases of observation — and that observation is the great source of the discovery of truth.

Discursive observation and experiment are the sources of facts or particular truths. Nature, poetically says Dr. Reid, is put to the question by a thousand observations and experiments, and forced to confess her secrets. Out of these secrets induction gathers its general truths, which become the premises of argument. Facts, like stones, are of little service while scattered—it is in the edifice raised by them that their value is apparent. They have been compared to blocks, upon *one* of which, if a person stand, he has but a partially increased view; but when many are piled up, a person from their summit commands the prospect round. Particular truth seldom proves anything but itself. Argument is proving something else, and we have seen that that which is proved must be *contained* in something which proves it. In other words, an argument is an assertion or denial of something substantiated by other things—by facts.

Gall *observed* the peculiar formation of a certain head, but the one fact proved nothing, except that the head had a certain form. It was a barren observation, except that it suggested to his imagination the hypothesis that the peculiar form of the head might be caused by peculiarity of mind. This set him upon the experiment of observing the habits and dispositions of the individual in order to test his hypothesis. But the one fact of finding a peculiarity proved nothing new of any value. The two facts, though coincident, were hardly convincing. They proved only that a

* Logic, Vol. II, p. 18.

peculiar head was accompanied in one case by peculiar habits—but whether one was the cause of the other, or whether the phenomena were in any way connected, still remained unknown. When, however, Gall, Spurzheim, and others, had travelled through Europe, making observations and experiments, and at last putting all the facts and instances together, and carefully and patiently viewing them in all possible lights, and finding that they shadowed forth that the brain was the organ, the map and measure of intelligence, they inducted a general truth, which enters the lists of argument and takes its place as an addition to our metaphysical and moral treasures.

Mr. Macaulay, who, perhaps, might be accused of underrating both Bacon and Induction, with a view of exalting Aristotle, remarks that 'The vulgar notion about Bacon we take to be this, that he invented a new method of arriving at truth, which method is called induction, and that he detected some fallacy in the syllogistic reasoning which had been in vogue before his time. This notion is about as well founded as that of the people who, in the middle ages, imagined that Virgil was a great conjurer. Many who are far too well informed to talk such extravagant nonsense, entertain what we think incorrect notions as to what Bacon really effected in this matter. The inductive method has been practised ever since the beginning of the world by every human being. It is constantly practised by the most ignorant clown, by the most thoughtless schoolboy, by the very child at the breast. That method leads the clown to the conclusion, that if he sows barley he shall not reap wheat. By that method, the schoolboy learns that a cloudy day is the best for catching trout. The very infant we imagine is led by induction to expect milk from his mother or nurse, and none from his father. Not only is it not true that Bacon invented the inductive method, but it is not true that he was the first person who correctly analysed that method and explained its uses. Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of any new principle, had shown that such discoveries must be made by induction and by induction alone, and had given the history of the inductive process concisely, indeed, but with great perspicuity and precision. We are not inclined to ascribe much practical value to that analysis of the inductive method which Bacon has given in the second book of

the Novum Organon. It is, indeed, an elaborate and correct analysis. But it is an analysis of that which we are all doing from morning to night, and which we continue to do even in our dreams.'*

It is not 'some fallacy in the syllogistic reasoning' which Bacon is supposed to have detected, it is rather the partial protection against error afforded by syllogisms, which he exposed and provided against, for which he is estimated. Certainly Aristotle must have had a very different opinion of the value of inductive philosophy from that entertained by Bacon, or he would have indoctrinated his disciples with it. Few will doubt that had Bacon's Novum Organon appeared in the place of Aristotle's logic, and Aristotle's work in the place of Bacon's, that the advancement of learning in the world would now be in a very different state. Could Bacon have arrested the attention of the ancient sages with his methods of discovering new principles, ancient philosophy, instead of being a treadmill, would have been a path, and we should not have had a contempt for all learning which was useful. When Posidonius said that we owed to philosophy the principles of the arch and the introduction of metals, we should not have had Seneca repudiating such insulting compliments, nor Archimedes considering that geometry was degraded by being employed in anything useful.

But these observations of Macaulay have the merit of showing us that induction has its foundation in nature, and afford a further confirmation of our views, that observation is the source of our knowledge, and that it is the province of logic to teach us to systematise our thoughts. Observation, experiment, hypothesis and induction, are but different names for the operation—varying in degree, in method, in expedient, and elaboration—whereby we discover truth. Nature is the treasure-house of truth, and the sole fee of appropriation is attention.

Much discussion has taken place upon the nature of necessary truths. Mr. Mill, however, after an elaborate analysis of Dr. Whewell's theory, pronounces that 'nothing is necessary except the connection between a conclusion and the premises.' A necessary truth is commonly defined as a proposition, the negation of which is not only false, but inconceivable. Mr. Mill contests this doctrine in words embodying suggestions of great value.

* Macaulay's Hist. Essays, vol. 2, p. 407.

'Now I cannot but wonder that so much stress should be laid upon the circumstance of inconceivableness, when there is such ample experience to show that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with a possibility of the thing in itself; but is in truth very much an affair of accident, and depends upon the past history and habits of our own minds. There is no more generally acknowledged fact in human nature, than the extreme difficulty at first felt in conceiving anything as possible, which is in contradiction to long established and familiar experience; or even to old and familiar habits of thought. And this difficulty is a necessary result of the fundamental laws of the human mind. When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never in any one instance either seen or thought of them separately, there is by the primary law of association an increasing difficulty, which in the end becomes insuperable, of conceiving the two things apart. This is most of all conspicuous in uneducated persons, who are in general utterly unable to separate any two ideas which have once become firmly associated in their minds; and if persons of cultivated intellect have any advantage on the point, it is only because, having seen and heard and read more, and been more accustomed to exercise their imagination, they have experienced their sensations and thoughts in more varied combinations, and have been prevented from forming these inseparable associations. But this advantage has necessarily its limits. The man of the most practised intellect is not exempt from the universal laws of our conceptive faculty. If daily habit presents to him for a long period two facts in combination, and if he is not led during that period either by accident or intention to think of them apart, he will in time become incapable of doing so even by the strongest effort; and the supposition that the two facts can be separated in nature, will at last present itself to his mind with all the characters of an inconceivable phenomenon. There are remarkable instances of this in the history of science: instances, in which the wisest men rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found it quite easy to conceive, and which everybody knows to be true.[1]

'If, then, it be so natural to the human mind, even in its highest state of culture, to be incapable of conceiving, and on that ground to believe impossible, what is afterwards not only found

to be conceivable but proved to be true; what wonder if in cases where the association is still older, more confirmed, and more familiar, and in which nothing ever occurs to shake our conviction, or even suggest to us any conception at variance with the association, the acquired incapacity should continue, and be mistaken for a natural incapacity? It is true our experience of the varieties in nature enables us, within certain limits, to conceive other varieties analogous to them. We can conceive the sun or moon falling; for although we never saw them fall, nor ever perhaps, imagined them falling, we have seen so many other things fall, that we have innumerable familiar analogies to assist the conception; which after all, we should probably have some difficulty in framing, were we not well accustomed to see the sun and moon move, (or appear to move,) so that we are only called upon to conceive a slight change in the direction of motion, a circumstance familiar to our experience. But when experience affords no model on which to shape the new conception, how is it possible for us to form it? How, for example, can we imagine an end to space or time? We never saw any object without something beyond it, nor experienced any feeling without something following it. When, therefore, we attempt to conceive the last point of space, we have the idea irresistibly raised of other points beyond it. When we try to imagine the last instant of time, we cannot help conceiving another instant after it. Nor is there any necessity to assume, as is done by a modern school of metaphysicians, a peculiar fundamental law of the mind to account for the feeling of infinity inherent in our conceptions of space and time; that apparent infinity is sufficiently accounted for by simpler and universally acknowledged laws.'*

Thus we stand on the verge of boundless possibility. What truths may yet be discovered in that great and untrodden field, which lies without our experience, no man can tell. All we have yet brought between assertion and proof, is all we have yet conquered, is all that we as yet know, is all that we can yet rely upon. The search after the untried is the highest and apparently the inherent aspiration of man. The revelation of new worlds continually rewards his noble ambition. At once arrested and allured by the magnificence of nature—we wonder, we work, we wait.

* Mill's Logic, vol. 1, pp. 313-17.

CHAP. V.

FACTS.

We must never forget that accurate and multiplied quantitative facts form the only substantial basis of science.—PARKER.

As clear fountains send forth pellucid streams, so do clear truths give accurate sciences. The more definite the facts, the more perfect the science; it is therefore of importance that all facts should be capable of being tested by the standard of physical certainty. Dr. Reid says, that 'the inquirer after truth must take only facts for his guide.' It is then of moment that he takes true and not false guides. A writer in the 'Monthly Repository' observes, that 'the basis of all knowledge is such an extensive induction from particular facts, as leads to general conclusions and fundamental axioms'—and if the facts are erroneous, evidently the conclusions will be also erroneous. He also remarks, that 'in reasoning, all sciences are the same, being founded on an examination of facts—comparison of ideas.' But if the examination is incomplete, or the facts admitted incorrect, the comparison will be alike defective and the reasoning vitiated. If suppositions or conjectures are mixed up with facts, the inductions from them will be suppositions, and the conclusions but conjectures.

There are three words—consciousness, conscience, and conscientiousness—very much alike to the ear but very different in signification. Consciousness, is feeling—conscience, the sense of right and wrong—conscientiousness, the practice of what is believed to be right. Conscience and conscientiousness are often confounded. We say, lawyers have no conscience, we mean no conscientiousness. They know right from wrong as men, but not professionally. It is with consciousness that the logician has to deal. Consciousness is the primary source of knowledge. Consciousness and the 'Evidences of the Senses' are synonymous terms. Facts referable to consciousness are said to be physically certain. The evidence of the senses is the highest standard of certainty.

The intuitive principles of belief are—1st. A conviction of our own existence. 2nd. A confidence in the evidences of our senses. 3rd. In our mental operations. 4th. In our mental identity.

5th. In the conformity of the operations of nature. These truths of intuition or consciousness are the foundation of all knowledge. Truths which we know, by way of inference, are occurrences which took place while we were absent—the events of history and the theorems of mathematics. But the truths known by intuition are the original premises from which all others are inferred. Our assent to the conclusion being grounded upon the truth of the premises, we could never arrive at any knowledge by reasoning, unless something could be known antecedently to all reasoning.

'Whatever is known to us by consciousness, is known beyond possibility of question. What one sees, or feels, whether bodily or mentally, one cannot but be sure that one sees or feels. No science is required for the purpose of establishing such truths; no rules of art can render our knowledge of them more certain than it is in itself. There is no logic for this portion of our knowledge.'*

All discussions pertaining to the nature and limits of intuition or consciousness are referred to the higher or transcendental metaphysics, but all the facts that compose evidence and become the grounds of inference are, according to the view taken here, necessarily subjects of examination.

'*Cogito, ergo sum*—I think, therefore I am, argued Des Cartes. We learn by this that consciousness of the operations of the mind is the strongest evidence of our existence. It cannot be proved so forcibly by any other means; and although Des Cartes' language may appear to involve a logical fallacy, yet the proof of our personal existence which we have from *thinking*, is the fullest and best we are acquainted with.'†

There is a numerous class of facts from which all men draw conclusions, which facts are not referable to the evidence of the senses. There are the facts of testimony. Testimony is founded on laws almost as fixed and certain as those of nature. All our knowledge, scientific, literary, historical—all except what arises from our experience and consciousness—depends on it. In the administration of justice it is the sole guardian of property and life. If a man of known integrity and veracity state a fact, without any possible motive of self-interest, and evidently subject

* J. S. Mill: Logic, vol. 1, p. 7.
† Rev. Robert Amalie.

to no delusion; and if others of like character, who could have no understanding or collusion with him, state the same, men are nearly as certain of it as of any truth in mathematics. I believe in the existence of Rome and the facts of astronomy on this evidence, although I never saw the city or examined the stars through a telescope.

The conclusiveness of testimony is designated moral certainty. The value of testimony depends on three things. 1. On the nature of the subject. Some subjects are capable of more accurate observation than others. 2. On the powers and character of the observer—his ability to understand or note that of which he testifies—and his honesty in common matters. 3. On the number of our informers. Several persons are less likely to be imposed upon than one.

Testimony or moral certainty is inferior to physical certainty. A physical certainty bears uniformly the name of certainty, while a moral certainty is characterised as a probability. Great, very great may be the probability, still it is less in reliableness than a physical certainty. The evidence of Cato or Aristides would be very conclusive—yet somewhat less certain than that which our own senses have proved.

The conclusions from moral certainties are obtained like other conclusions, by induction. The induction from moral facts is like the induction from physical facts, with this difference—that the conclusions from moral facts are probabilities, like the facts on which they are founded. Whatever has physical certainty in its favour is considered demonstrable, and when sufficient probable evidence is adduced in favour of a proposition, it is considered to be fairly proved. Some persons, biased by the strictness of mathematical proof, insist upon the same accuracy in moral investigations. I have elsewhere pointed out the juvenility and infatuation of this error. Insist upon demonstration where the nature of the questions admits it. Less should not, in such case, suffice. Accept probability where probability is the sole evidence attainable. Never ask more than reason can grant. We must admit gradations of validity. What we are conscious of, we *know*. All we receive on testimony, we *believe*. Physical certainty is *knowledge:* moral certainty, *belief*.

Hume remarks, in his 'Essay on Probabilities,' that 'Mr. Locke

divides all arguments into demonstrative and probable. In this view, we must say, that it is only probable all men must die, or that the sun will rise to-morrow. But to conform our language more to common use, we ought to divide arguments into *demonstrations*, *proofs*, and *probabilities*. By proofs, meaning such arguments from experience as leave no room for doubt or opposition.'*

Conjecture is probable truth. Some subjects only furnish a sufficient number of facts to make them probable in the lowest degree — not to decide them as positively true. The propositions expressing results pertaining to such subjects are called conjectures.

A conjecture founded on no fact or upon too few to make it likely, is called a vagary.

It will be seen that probability is a thing of degree. A probability may vary in weight from a moral certainty, where it ranks next to a physical certainty, down to a conjecture, and descend lower in likelihood till it is lost in conjecture.

Lord Kames remarks, in his preface to his 'Sketches'—'Most of the subjects handled in the following sheets, admit but of probable reasoning; and, with respect to such reasoning, it is often difficult to say, what degree of conviction they ought to produce. It is easy to form plausible arguments; but to form such as can stand the test of time, is not always easy. I could amuse the reader with numerous examples of conjectural arguments, which, fair at a distant view, vanish like a cloud on a near approach.' Did all authors so judiciously apprise their readers of the probable logical value of their speculations, fewer would be misled than now.

To numerous questions of undoubted interest, which have been agitated in all ages, only a moderate degree of certainty attaches —these are termed speculative. Such subjects may afford but few facts and instances, and the chances of conclusiveness may seem remote—yet ultimate results are not to be despaired of: the new comparison of conjectures and the arrangement of facts daily throws new light on age-contested points. Systems of conduct should not be founded on conjectures in opposition to evident moral utility; but if speculation is kept within the

* Hume's Essays, vol. 2, p. 59.

sphere of speculation, it may be prosecuted with safety and prospect of success.

There are problems in metaphysics as there are in mathematics, which may be demonstrated to be insolvable. To describe the limit of human power with respect to contested questions will yet result from speculative controversy. The capacities of our understanding will be one day well considered, the extent of our knowledge discovered, and the horizon found which sets bounds between the enlightened and the dark part of things—between what is and what is not comprehensible by us. But this will only be when the *untried* has been *universally* attempted in all directions. Bailey, I think, has defined truth as being that which is universally accepted after having been universally examined. Little of this truth is yet extant. When every man shall be a thinker, when the autobiography of intellect shall be more freely furnished than it ever yet has been, unanimity of opinion not yet dreamed of will prevail. Harmony of opinion is the sign of intellectual conquest—the standard-bearer of truth: no advocacy is victorious while dissent occupies the field.

What we *know* to be true, is *knowledge*; what we have only reason to believe true, is *opinion*. All human information is made up of knowledge and opinion. The primary importance of knowledge is evident from the fact that knowledge is the umpire of all opinion. We believe in the existence of the ruins of Palmyra and Thebes, and in certain discoveries of algebraists and astronomers. It is our *opinion* that these things are true, although we may never have visited Palmyra or Thebes, nor made the calculations of the algebraist, nor the observations of the astronomer. In these cases our belief is founded on our *experience* and knowledge of mankind. It is quite true that travellers exaggerate, and scientific men are sometimes mistaken; but we know that there is always *some* truth at the bottom of what is communicated by well-meaning writers. More or less, every man's *experience* assures him of this; and it is the cause of our reliance on the records of history, and the reports of science. Therefore, since all information is made up of knowledge and opinion, plainly knowledge is the one thing which comprises all intelligence.

'Questions of fact,' observes Pascal, in his celebrated 'Provincial Letters,' 'are only to be determined by the senses. If what you

assert be true, prove it to be so; if it be not, you labour in vain to induce belief. All the authority in the world cannot enforce or alter belief as to facts; nothing can possibly have power to cause that not to be which actually *is*.'*

A remarkable instance of the verification of what was assumed to be is related of Pascal by Goodrich. 'Pascal was a philosopher even in childhood. At a very early age he was taught the ten commandments. For several days after, he was observed to be measuring the growth of a blade of grass. When asked the meaning of this, he replied, "The fourth commandment says, 'Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh is the Sabbath in which thou shalt do no work.' Now I wished to ascertain if nature obeyed this great law, and therefore measured the grass, to see if it grew as much on Sunday as on other days."'†

'We are informed,' says Beattie, 'by Father Malebranche, that the senses were at first as honest faculties as one could desire to be endued with, till after they were debauched by original sin; an adventure from which they contracted such an invincible propensity to cheating, that they are now continually lying in wait to deceive us. But there is in man, it seems, a certain clear-sighted, stout, old faculty, called *reason*, which, without being deceived by appearances, keeps an eye upon the rogues, and often proves too cunning for them.'‡

Though it is so abundantly obvious that the evidences of our senses, internal and external, are, in effect, the sources of all certainty, yet we are not warranted in rejecting, as mere hypothesis, every theory which we cannot at once corroborate. When Euler remarked of his new law of arches, 'This will be found true, though contrary to all experience'—when Gall exclaimed of his new philosophy of the sensorium, 'This is true, though opposed to the philosophy of ages'—they expressed demonstrable truths hidden from the multitude. They announced new generalisations to man. New truths are commonly found to be old unnoted experiences, for the first time subjected to classification, and presented in a scientific form.

To me it seems almost in vain to urge men to notice facts who have never noticed themselves. The truest standards of certainty

* Letter xviii.
† Fireside Education, p. 89.
‡ Essay on Truth, p. 106.

arise from individuality of retrospection. An intelligent man is, himself to himself, the measure of all things in the universe.

In appealing to the young on the aspiration after improvement, one cannot say 'Consult your aptitudes—follow your bias.' This is the sole appeal-injunctive to which all natures can respond. But in this half-natured, half-trained, doubtfully-conditioned state of society, though the generous would be incited to noble deeds, the sordid would lay their vulture claws on the world, and the unprincipled victimise their fellows. You have, therefore, to say, 'Man, do what thou listest, provided it be compatible with the welfare of thy fellow men.' Men are not well-natured, and we have thus to guard individuality, and qualify the appeal, and so we miss the soil of great enterprise. Great is the disadvantage. For the fulcrum which is to raise men is without their natures—remote in the wide world.

Man should begin with himself. He loves Truth—it is the first impulse of his nature. He loves Justice—the bandit on the throne, as well as the bandit in the forest, respects justice in some form or other. Man loves Cheerfulness—it is the attribute of innocence and courage. He loves Fraternity—it knits society together in brotherhood. These are standards. His codes of life and judgment arise from these aspirations. That which accords with these principles is *reasonable*. Whatever develops these principles in conduct is *moral*. These sentiments are to be confirmed by his own observations. His experience in connection with these rules is the light with which he may examine religions, creeds, books, systems, opinions.

The right understanding of physical and moral facts greatly depends upon intellectual character—and there enters largely into the recondite and ultimate inquiries of intelligent men another class of facts, called mental facts. There is no chance of identifying these without the power of self-analysis, which is one reason why metaphysic ability belongs to so few, and why questions involving metaphysical considerations are such profound enigmas to the majority of the people. The illiterate in these things are easily led or misled by words. They who will not bow before a throne fall prostrate before a sound.

The first principles of things are few. The axioms from which men date their reasoning are chiefly personal. They are expressed in an infinite variety of ways, occasioned by the various concep-

tions of those who conceive them, and by the different capacities to which they are adapted when offered for the instruction and guidance of others. But this must not mislead us as to the number, and overwhelm us with a sense of complexity, where in fact simplicity reigns. Those who have the power of self-analysis make for themselves rules of conduct, and the best are originated in this way—for when a man recasts his acquirements of sense and education, in order to see on what all rests, and what are essential standards of action and judgment, he resolves all into few, and those the clear and strong. Rob Roy's self-examination paper is presented to us in those lines which Sir Walter Scott, with grace and justice, characterised as the 'high-toned poetry of his gifted friend Wordsworth.'

Say, then, that he was wise as brave,
As wise in thought as bold in deed;
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, 'What need of Books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves!
They stir us up against our kind,
And worse, against ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law,
Too false to guide us or control;
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

And puzzled, blinded, then we lose
Distinctions that are plain and few;
These find I graven on my heart,
That tells me what to do.'

Sir Walter Scott himself has enforced the same views:—

'How much do I need such a monitor,' said Waverley to Flora. 'A better one by far Mr. Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its still small voice leisure to be heard.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,—
The angel heart of man.—*Lowell.*

To awaken the senses and instruct them and direct them aright in the art of observation, is a great and essential undertaking. All scattered aids need collecting together. De la Beche in 'Geology,' and Miss Martineau have written books, entitled 'How to Observe.' This quality is the distinction between the natural and artificial man—the natural man observes what is

in nature—the artificial notes what he finds in books—the one depends on himself—the other on an encyclopædia. We want contrast, in order to know as well as to explain. Foreigners observe us better than we observe ourselves. The common escapes our attention. To know a fact fully we seek its opposite to compare it with.

Were men reared with the powers of men without the genius of the child being impaired, the ability to observe would be more general and perfect among us. Children stop at everything to question its nature, at every word to ask its import. It was the aim of Pestalozzi to cultivate by his system of tuition this incessant questioning. But parents among the poor know not the value of the habit, or knowing it have not time to gratify it, and thus this happiest aptitude of childhood is repressed.

With regard to the analysis of groups of facts, Mr. J. S. Mill remarks—'The observer is not he who merely sees the thing before his eyes, but he who sees what parts that thing is composed of. To do this well is a rare talent. One person from inattention, or attending only in the wrong place, overlooks half of what he sees; another sets down much more than he sees, confounding it with what he imagines, or with what he infers; another takes note of the *kind* of all the circumstances, but being inexpert in estimating their degree, leaves the quantity of each vague and uncertain; another sees indeed the whole, but makes such an awkward division of it into parts, throwing things into one mass which require to be separated, and separating others which might more conveniently be considered as one, that the result is much the same, sometimes even worse, than if no analysis had been attempted at all.'*

In the case of the Leigh Peerage there was a number of witnesses examined in the House of Lords, as to the existence of a certain monument in Stonely Church—'The first witness described the monument as being black; the second spoke of it as a kind of dove-colour; the third said it was black and white; the fourth said it was originally white, but dirty, when he saw it; the fifth differing from the others, said it was blue; the next witness described it as a light marble, but said it had a dark appearance as if it had been bronzed, and the last witness spoke of it as being of a light grey colour. Then, as to the form of the monu-

* Logic, vol. 1, p. 438.

ment, the first witness said it was oblong; the next said it was square at the top, and came down narrower to the bottom, and there rested on a single truss; the third witness described it as being square at the bottom, resting upon two trusses, and went up narrower and narrower to a point at the top; the fourth witness said it was angular at the top; the next said it was square at the bottom, was brought to a point in the middle, and was then curved into a sort of festoon; the sixth witness stated that it was square at the top and bottom, and had a curve; and the last said it was square at the top and bottom. As to the language of the inscriptions, the first witness stated that the names of *Thomas* and *Christopher Leigh* were in English; the next said the inscription was not in English; the third said there was a great deal in English; the fourth witness said the whole, (with the exception of the name *Christopher Lee*), was in a language, which he did not understand; the next witness stated that the inscription was all in English, except the words *Anno Domini*; and the last witness said it was not in English.'*

All these witnesses agree as to the fact in dispute, but their variances in testimony illustrate the common inattention of observation—and this case further admonishes us that if such differences may exist as to a question of fact, where the senses are the same, little wonder that differences exist as to matters of opinion, where intellectual capacity and information are so various.

We know from experience that the sportsman sees a point which is hidden from the unpractised aimer—the painter sees traits of character of light and shade in an object which the untaught limner never observes; the musician distinguishes harmonies and discords that fall unnoted on the uneducated ear. Thus we learn that by cultivation we can increase natural susceptibility to observe.

The extent is surprising to which the unanalytic are in ignorance of the real nature of phenomena. 'There is nothing which we appear to ourselves more directly conscious of, than the distance of an object from us. Yet it has long been ascertained, that what is perceived by the eye, is at most nothing more than a variously coloured surface; that when we fancy we see distance,

* Times, May 10, 1828.

all we really see is certain variations of apparent size, and more or less faintness of colour.'*

In preparing to support an argument on any question, we must first determine the sources whence the facts are to be collected. Instance: The objects of municipal laws are rights and crimes.

The evidence of rights are:—1. Public consent. 2. Testimony. 3. Records.

The evidence of crimes are:—1. Confession. 2. Previous malice. 3. Testimony.

This outline of the investigation prosecuted, the inquirer next consults the authors who treat of the rules which are applied for determining the facts of public consent, testimony, records, confessions: he is then able to support his own argument in a valid manner, or prepared to examine the facts offered by an opponent in support of an opposite view.

The opinion may be hazarded that it is not so much from want of capacity to observe that error arises, as from the want of conviction that we should observe well before we attempt to infer. Nature is inventive, and desire, once awakened, will, without formal rules, find out a thousand modes of gratification. The foundation for a solider logic than now prevails will be laid when the people are impressed with the great importance of looking well to facts as the data of all inferential truth.

There is a noted aphorism of Condillac, to the effect that the one sufficient rule for discovering the nature and properties of objects is to name them properly, as if, observes Mr. J. S. Mill, 'the reverse was not the truth, that it is impossible to name them properly except in proportion as we are already acquainted with their nature and properties.' Need it be added that this knowledge is only to be had by patient observation?

To assist this habit, Dr. Watts recommends the thinker to ascertain if a given idea is clear and distinct, obscure and confused, learned or vulgar, perfect or imperfect, adequate or inadequate—true or false. View a subject, says he, as through a telescope, so as to command a clear view of it; examine its whole bearings as you look over a globe; consider it in its several properties—anatomise it as with a scalpel. Take cognizance of its various aspects as though inspecting it through a prismatic glass. Whenever we contemplate a single object in nature is

* Mill' Logic, vol. 1, p. 7.

obvious it must have duration, size, weight, form, colour, such qualities being essentially present in all adequate conceptions of physical phenomena.

It was objected to the 'Cricket' of Mr. Dickens, that his delineation of Bertha was wanting in truthfulness. The teachers of the blind who knew their nature could detect the departure from the reality of their habits in the sketch of Bertha. The study of the blind was necessary to insure success. We may not be able in any one book to give rules for the study of all subjects, but we may indicate that we ought not to speak of what we do not know, and that if we mean to introduce certain facts into our speech or writing, we should consult the records and experience of those persons who are known to have written upon the subject, and follow the best directions they give, and we shall generally attain accuracy.

Mr. Combe observes, in his introduction to his notes on the United States of North America, p. xi.—'I was told that a *certain person* boasts of having given Miss Martineau erroneous information for the purpose of leading her into mistakes; and another in Philadelphia assures his friends that he "crammed" Capt. Marryatt with old "Joe Millers," which the Capt. embodied into his books as facts illustrative of American manners. This seems to be a case in which some uncertainty must ever exist as to the value of the facts collected by travellers. They cannot observe all, or test half that they do observe. They must rely on testimony. But they might do this— They might tell us precisely the kind of authority they followed, and then the reader could form some opinion of the value of what was communicated. Had Miss Martineau and Captain Marryatt given the name and addresses of their informants, the latter would now be punished by being infamously known throughout Europe, and all future travellers warned from them—and all future informants warned by their example. Where informants cannot be mentioned by name and address, the chances are, they cannot be trusted. When first connected with public proceedings, I found myself made the depository of innumerable bits of scandal, and ominous reports of public characters. To all who told me anything, if I attached importance to it, I made it a rule to ask—'May I mention it to the party with your name?' 'O, no, I would rather not,' was the common reply. To all written communications I

answered—'Please add your name and address—and may I publish them if occasion requires?' 'O, no, don't,' would be the general injunction. Thus I found that huge reports, inflated as balloons, shrunk like them when pricked by the pin of a question —'Will you answer for it?' Thus I saved myself from being imposed upon by, or being the retailer of, reports for which the originator or relator would not or could not vouch.

'Upwards of twenty years ago,' says George Combe, 'I accompanied a member of the bar of Paris, a philosopher and a man of letters, on a visit to the Highlands of Scotland. At Callendar a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age attended as a guide to some interesting spot, and in external appearance he seemed to be in every respect one of the common lads of the village. My Parisian friend entered into conversation with him; asked him if he had been at school, and soon discovered that to a tolerable acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages, he added a pretty extensive knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and was then engaged in the study of mathematics. My friend conceived that the boy was an average specimen of the peasantry of the country, and greatly admired the educational attainments of the Scotch people, which he had previously heard highly extolled. But,' adds Mr. Combe, 'the boy was the natural son of an English officer, who had resided in the neighbourhood, and who, while he ordered him to be reared in the hardy habits of the Scottish Highlanders, had provided ample funds for his mental education.'*

It is difficult to believe in this Frenchman being a 'philosopher, making, as he did, a national induction from a single instance. Had he previously inquired, as he ought to have done, the particulars of that lad's life and rearing, before coming to so large a conclusion, he would at once have discovered the error he was falling into.

In the Registrar General's Report of 1840, the mean of married persons unable to write is presented. The conclusion is based upon the statistics of nine counties. But when it was found that only three per cent. of the persons marriageable, did marry, the datum was found insufficient to afford sure results. This fact is given by Mr. Combe in the same book. Then how many boys ought our 'philosopher' to have questioned before making his vast inference?

* Intro. to notes on United States of North America, p. 10., vol. I.

Another instance of the value of a question I extract from the same work. Mr. Combe says:—'A few years ago, when travelling in Somersetshire, I saw four horses, attended by two men, drawing a light plough in a light soil. "What a waste of labour is here," said I to an intelligent farmer; "in Scotland, two horses and one man will accomplish this work." "We rear and train young horses for the London market," said he; "two of the four which you see are serving an apprenticeship to labour."' Had Mr. Combe asked a few questions as to the correctness of his assumed inference, he would have been saved from his erroneous conclusion. We should be wary of unquestioned data.

When Murray's Grammar was first placed in my hands, I found in it certain references to the Canons of Language in the larger edition. I questioned my teacher as to what it meant. 'It is a trick of the printer,' he answered, 'to induce you to buy the larger volume.' I do not believe this now. I believe that it was a necessary reference. An author who has written upon a given subject, naturally finds his own ideas coincident illustrations of his views, and honestly refers to them. In this book I have made a few references to previous works of mine, and it has struck me that nine out of ten of the readers will set this down to artifice or egotism. Yet it is neither. I have referred only to avoid the full quotation of some necessary illustration of the argument. Yet few will penetrate to the fact, and most will be apt to infer a trick from appearances.

CHAP. VI.

SCIENCE.

Whatever we know must be in the number of the primitive data, or of the conclusions which can be drawn therefrom.—J. S. Mill.

To have reached, in the study of observed phenomena, the point of perception indicated in this motto, and to feel the full force the remark, is to have imbibed the spirit of science—whose

traits are clear distinctions, accurate classification, and strict reference to primitive data. The bases of all science are methodical facts. The first step to the perfection and enlargement of a science is the resolution of its propositions into axioms, and into propositions which are to be proved. Dr. Reid observes—'This has been done in mathematics from the beginning, and has tended greatly to the emolument of that science. It has lately been done in natural philosophy, and by this means that science has advanced more in 150 years than it had done before in 2,000. Every science is in an unformed state until its first principles are ascertained; after this it advances regularly, and secures the ground it has gained.'

Classification is one of the first steps to science. The maxim in government, divide and conquer, retains, when applied to science, all its wisdom without its machiavellianism. The young grammarian reduces the mass of words, that so threaten to confound his powers, to a few natural classes, and he conquers them separately with ease.

'The single power by which we discover resemblance or relation in general, is a sufficient aid to us in the perplexity and confusion of our first attempts at arrangement. It begins by converting thousands, and more than thousands, into one; and, reducing in the same manner the numbers thus formed, it arrives at last at the few distinctive characters of these great comprehensive tribes, on which it ceases to operate, because there is nothing left to oppress the memory or the understanding.'*

Morell has spoken more comprehensively on this subject—'That human knowledge does not consist in the bare collection and enumeration of facts; this alone would be of little service were we not to attempt the classification of them, and to educe from such classification general laws and principles. The knowledge, which consists in individual truths, could never be either extensive or definite—for the multiplicity of objects which then must crowd in upon the mind only tends to confound and perplex it, while the memory, overburdened with particulars, is not able to retain a hundredth part of the materials which are collected. To prevent this, the power of generalisation comes to our aid, by which the individual facts are so classified under their proper conceptions, that they may at the same time be more easily

* Brown's Moral Philosophy, Lect. xvi.

retained, and their several relations to all other branches of knowledge accurately defined. The colligation and classification of facts, then, we may regard as the two first steps, which are to be taken in the attainment of truth.'*

Aristotle, says Morell, classified the *matter*, Kant the *forms*. Aristotle was the first man who undertook the gigantic task of reducing the multiplicity of all the objects of human knowledge to a few general heads—1. Substance. 2. Quality. 3. Quantity. 4. Relation. 5. Action. 6. Passion. 7. Place. 8. Time. 9. Posture. 10. Habit. Aristotle's philosophy was *objective*, Kant's *subjective*. Kant's categories were twelve. 1. Unity. 2. Plurality. 3. Totality. 4. Affirmation. 5. Negation. 6. Limitation. 7. Substance. 8. Casuality. 9. Reciprocity. 10. Possibility. 11. Actuality. 12. Necessity.

'It is a fundamental principle in logic, that the power of framing classes is unlimited, as long as there is any (even the smallest) difference to found a distinction upon.'†

What Geoffroy Saint Hilaire has said of natural history is applicable to all science:—'The first problem to be solved by him who wishes to penetrate deeply into this study, consists evidently in the formation of clear and precise distinctions between the various beings. This is the most elementary problem, in so far as it precedes all the others; but it is in reality, in most cases, complicated and full of difficulties. Its accurate solution requires—first, *Observation*, which makes known the facts; next, *Description*, which fixes them permanently; then *Characterisation*, which selects and displays prominently the most important of them—and lastly, *Classification*, which arranges them in systematic order.'‡

Of the value of classification, Lamartine has given a fine illustration:—'Montesquieu had sounded the institutions and analysed the laws of all people. By *classing* governments he had compared them, by comparing them he passed judgment on them; and this judgment brought out, in its bold relief and contrast, on every page, right and force, privilege and equality, tyranny and liberty.'‖

Familiarity with the characteristics of science imparts consi-

* Morell's Hist. of Speculative Phil., p. 24, vol. 1.
† Mill, p. 165, vol. 1.
‡ T. W. Thornton: Reasoner No. 72, p. 564.
‖ Lamartine's Hist. Girondists, pp. 14-15, vol. 1.

derable power for the detection of fallacy. A logician is imperfect without scientific tastes and habits. The man of science has all his knowledge systematised and arranged. What other people have in confusion, he has in order. The elements of knowledge are, more or less, as has been observed, known to all men—but in their perfect, communicable, and usable state, they are known only to the educated and scientific man. What training is to the soldier, science is to the thinker. It enables him to control all his resources and employ his natural powers to the best advantage. It is this which constitutes the superiority of the educated over the ignorant. Astronomy, navigation, architecture, geometry, political economy, morals, all rest, or should rest, and do rest, if they have attained to the perfection of science, on primary facts and first principles. Every step can be measured by an axiom—every result can be traced to a first principle.* To detect error, then, in any province of investigation, or any domain of argument, the logician first looks to the primary principles on which it is based, and thus tests the legitimacy of its conclusions.

As respects those who deal in things professedly *above* reason, it was well said by an anonymous writer of the old school of sturdy thinkers,—'Of such men as these I usually demand, whether their own assent to things they would have us believe, be grounded upon some *rational argument*. If they say 'tis not, they are fools to believe it themselves; and I should add to the number of fools, if, after this acknowledgment, I should believe them: but if they say it is, I desire them to produce their argument; for since 'tis framed by a human understanding, the force of it may also be comprehended and judged of by a human understanding: and 'tis to no purpose to say that the subject surpasses human reason: for if it do so indeed, it will surpass *theirs* as well as *mine*, and so leave us both upon even terms. And let the thing assented to be what it will, the assent itself must be founded upon a *sufficient reason*, and consequently upon one that is *intelligible* to the human intellect that is wrought on by it.'†

'"What is it?"—"'Tis impossible the same thing should be, and not be at the same time," are maxims of such universal usefulness, that without them we could neither *judge*, *discourse*,

* See Beauties and Uses of Euclid, chap. vi., Logic of Euclid.
† A Discourse on Things above Reason, 1681.

nor *act*. These principles may not always make their appearance in formal propositions, but still they guide all our thoughts in the same manner as when a musician plays a careless voluntary upon a harpsichord—he is guided by rules of music he long since became familiar with, though now scarcely sensible of them.

'A butcher loses his knife, and looks all about for it, and remarks as the motive of his search, "I am sure it must be somewhere or other." By which rude saying it is evident he is guided by the axiom last mentioned. Had he not the knowledge of this axiom beforehand, did he think it possible that his knife could be *no where* or in *no place*, he would never take pains to look for it. We may observe many such axioms as this guiding the actions of the vulgar, and it is no unworthy speculation to observe their behaviour and words, which proceed from uncorrupted nature, and retrieve the axioms from which their conduct proceeds.'*

The outlines of the science of morality are thus comprehensively sketched by Sir James Mackintosh: the origin, value, and application of first principles are indicated with his usual felicity. 'The usages and laws of nations, the events of history, the opinions of philosophers, the sentiments of orators and poets, as well as the observations of common life, are in truth, the materials out of which the science of morality is formed; and those who neglect them are justly chargeable with a vain attempt to philosophise without regard to fact and experience—the sole foundation of all true philosophy.

'The natural order undoubtedly dictates that we should first search for the *original principles* of the science in human nature; then apply them to the regulation of the conduct of individuals, and lastly employ them for the decision of those difficult and complicated questions that arise with respect to the intercourse of nations.'

To search for ultimate principles is to discover at a glance the whole bearings of a great question. Through what clouds of politics had the historian of Rome penetrated when he announced that the principles of a free constitution are irrecoverably lost when the legislative power is nominated by the executive.

This habit—it cannot be too often insisted on—aids not only the

* Solid Philosophy, asserted against the Fancies of the Ideists. (Locke's Understanding is the work controverted). By J. S. London, 1679.

acquisition of knowledge, but also its *retention*. 'Around these first principles, as around a standard, the thoughts naturally associate. Touch but a remote chord of any question, and it will vibrate to the central principle to which it has once been well attached. Every relative impression owns a kindred connection, and the moment one is attacked, it, like a faithful sentinel, arouses a whole troop, which, marshalled and disciplined, bear down and challenge the enemy.'*

What Rogers has so exquisitely sung of the associations of childhood, is true of the associations of science.

> Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,—
> The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green.
> The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
> Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
> Mute is the bell which rang at peep of dawn,
> Quick'ning my truant steps across the lawn:
> Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
> When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
> Up springs at every step, to claim a tear,
> Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
> And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
> With golden visions and romantic dreams.

CHAP. VII.

PROPOSITIONS.

All truth and all error lie in Propositions.—J. S. Mill.

In accordance with that experience which directs us to the profoundest books for the simplest statements, we turn to Mill's Logic for the philosophy of propositions. The answer to every question which it is possible to frame is contained in a proposition or assertion. Whatever can be an object of belief or even of disbelief, must, when put into words, assume the form of a proposition. * * What we call a truth is simply a true proposition; and errors are false propositions. To know the import of all possible propositions would be to know all questions which can be raised, all matters which are susceptible of being either

* Beauties and Uses of Euclid, pp. 47-8.

believed or disbelieved. * * Since then the objects of all belief and all inquiry express themselves in propositions, a sufficient scrutiny of propositions and of their varieties will apprise us what questions mankind have asked themselves, and what is the nature of the answers to those questions they have actually thought they had grounds to believe.

'Now the first glance at a proposition shows that it is formed by putting together two names. A proposition, according to the common simple definition, which is sufficient for our purpose, is, *discourse in which something is affirmed or denied of something.* Thus, in the proposition, gold is yellow, the quality *yellow* is affirmed of the substance *gold*. In the proposition, Franklin was not born in England, the fact expressed by the words *born in England* is denied of the man Franklin.

'Every proposition consists of three parts: the subject, the predicate, and the copula. The predicate is the name denoting that which is affirmed or denied. The subject is the name denoting the person or thing which something is affirmed or denied of. The copula is the sign denoting that there is an affirmation or denial; and thereby enabling the hearer or reader to distinguish a proposition from any other kind of discourse. Thus, in the proposition, the earth is round, the predicate is the word *round*, which denotes the quality affirmed, or (as the phrase is) predicated: *the earth*, words denoting the object which that quality is affirmed of, compose the subject; the word *is*, which serves as the connecting mark between the subject and predicate, to show that one of them is affirmed of the other, is called the copula.'

CHAP. VIII.

DEFINITIONS.

No difficulty is unsurmountable, if words be allowed to pass without meaning.—LORD KAMES.

As every proposition consists of two names, and as every proposition affirms or denies one of these names of the other, the value of definition, which fixes the import of names, is apparent.

'A *name* is a word taken at pleasure to serve for a mark, which may raise in our mind a thought like to some thought we had before, and which being pronounced to others, may be to them a sign of what thought the speaker had before in his mind [Hobbes]. This simple definition of a name, as a word (or set of words) serving the double purpose of a mark to recall to ourselves the likeness of a former thought, and a sign to make it known to others, appears unexceptionable.'*

Definition originates in accurate and comprehensive observation. 'There cannot be,' says Mill, 'agreement about the definition of a thing, until there is agreement about the thing itself. *To define a thing is to select from among the whole of its properties those which shall be understood to be designated and declared by its name;* and the properties must be very well known to us before we can be competent to determine which of them are fittest to be chosen for this purpose.'†

'The simplest and most correct notion of a definition is, a proposition declaratory of the meaning of a word; namely, either the meaning which it bears in common acceptation, or that which the speaker or writer, for the particular purposes of his discourse, intends to annex to it.'‡

But with most persons the object of a definition is merely to guide them to the correct use of a term as a protection against applying it in a manner inconsistent with custom and convention. Anything, therefore, is to them a sufficient definition of a term which will serve as a correct index to what the term denotes; although not embracing the whole, and sometimes perhaps not even any part of what it connotes.

Definitions are sometimes explained as being of two kinds—of things and words.

The definition of *words* is the explanation of the sense in which they are used.

The definition of *things* is an explanation of the specific properties by which they differ from all other things.

To define a thing, says Dr. Watts, we must ascertain with what it agrees, then note the most remarkable attribute of difference, and join the two together.

* J. Stuart Mill: System of Logic, 2nd ed., chap. 11, sec. 1, p. 27.
† Introduction to Logic, p. 1.
‡ Mill's Logic, p. 182, vol. 1.

Probity—the disposition to acknowledge the rights of mankind.
Justice—the disposition to maintain the rights of mankind.
Benevolence—the disposition to improve the rights of mankind.
Deceit—the concealed violation of the rights of mankind.
Injustice—the open violation of the rights of mankind.
Malevolence—hatred of the rights of mankind.

In defining a word we seek some class to which to refer it, that we may identify it, and fix attention upon that peculiarity by which we can distinguish it from all other things. 'Probity and 'justice' are referred to 'disposition,' with reference to the 'rights of mankind' as their sphere of existence: and *acknowledgment*, and *maintenance*, are mentioned as the distinguishing features.

Distinctions must not be made without differences. The definition should be plainer than the thing defined. Aristotle's definition of motion is considered defective in this respect:—'Motion—an act of a being in power, so far forth as it is in power.' Tautological definitions cause more to be supposed than is true—the too terse explanation leaves some necessary thing unmentioned. A perfect definition requires the union of the concise, the clear, and the adequate. Some persons are so unskilful in the analysis of terms as to occasion the advice *Nil explicare*—never explain yourself if you wish to be understood.

Double meanings should be avoided. The writer may himself alternate in their use, and the reader may take the word in the unintended meaning. All men have not the strong sense of Johnson. When Caleb Whitefoord inquired seriously of the Doctor, whether he really considered that a man ought to be transported, like Barrington, the pickpocket, for being guilty of a double meaning. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'if a man means well, the more he means the better'—which, whether real or fictitious, is one of the happiest answers that ever crushed a quibble.*

I have frequently put the question—What is consciousness? to persons who have been conscious for twenty or thirty years, but who were yet unable to reply. Had any one deprived these persons of consciousness, a judge would have hanged him for the offence; yet, could they themselves have been interrogated as to what harm they had suffered, they could not have told

* Hood's Own.

what they had lost. And upon the principle, that he not knowing what he has lost, is no loser, those persons, though murdered, had suffered no harm.

The various definitions of the same subject which prevail, originate in the caprice, or partial, or profound knowledge the definer may have of his subject. It seems to be admitted by logicians, that an author has a right to give whatever provisional definition he pleases of his terms. But having once given them, perspicuity requires that he should adhere to them. Any new sense in which a term is employed should be specially defined. In discoursing on an ordinary subject, as the right of public assembly, such words as perception, conception, apprehension, might be used reciprocally, but in a dissertation on metaphysics each requires restriction in use and precision in purport.

Often genius strikes out new relations of words. In recent political debates, Mr. Cobden resorted with new force and point to a charge of rashness against ministers: he showed that rashness consisted more frequently in inaction than action. He is rash who stands surrounded by the elements of danger without taking any precaution against the contingencies of peril; he is rash who does not take advantage of the calm to repair his shattered rigging; he is rash who looks not out for a proper supply of water until the conflagration is raging around him; and more rash than all is he who exercises no provident care for supplying a nation with food, but waits for the pressure of famine and the perils of starvation.

At the last soirée of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, Mr. Dickens referred to ignorance, commonly considered as a passive negation, and placed it in the light of a power. 'Look where we will, do we not find ignorance powerful for every kind of wrong and evil? Powerful to take its enemies to its heart and strike its best friends down—powerful to fill the prisons, the hospitals, and the graves—powerful for blind violence, prejudice, and error in all their destructive shapes.'

The variations which not only common but technical terms undergo, is a considerable source of perplexity in reasoning. Mr. Mill cites the instance of the term felony. No lawyer will undertake to tell what a felony is otherwise than by enumerating the various kinds of offences which are so called. Originally, felony denoted all offences, the penalty of which included forfei-

ture of goods; but, subsequent Acts of Parliament have declared various offences to be felonies without enjoining that penalty, and have taken away the penalty from others which continue still to be called felonies, insomuch that the acts so called have now no property whatever in common, save that of being unlawful and punishable. This inattention to precision in terms has arisen not among the vulgar, but among educated English lawyers.

'Language,' says Mr. Mill, borrowing a political similie from Sir James Mackintosh, '"is not made, but grows." * * A name not unfrequently passes by successive links of resemblance from one object to another, until it becomes applied to things having nothing in common with the first things to which the name was given; which, however, do not, for that reason, drop the name; so that it at last denotes a confused huddle of objects, having nothing whatever in common; and connotes nothing, not even a vague and general resemblance. When a name has fallen into this state, in which by predicating it of any object we assert literally nothing about the object, it has become unfit for the purposes either of thought or of the communication of thought; and can only be made serviceable by stripping it of some part of its multifarious denotation, and confining it to objects possessed of some attributes in common, which it may be made to connote. Such are the inconveniences of a language which "is not made, but grows." Like a road which is not made, but has made itself, it requires continual mending in order to be passable.'*

It is well observed, that the spontaneous growth of language is of the utmost importance to the thinker. There seems to be so palpable a substratum of right sense, in the rude classifications of the multitude, that the logician has little else to do, in many cases, than to retouch them and give them precision. Guizot observes, there is frequently more truth in common acceptations of general terms than in the more precise definitions of science. Common sense gives to words their ordinary signification. The leading terms of philosophy are clothed in innumerable shades of meaning acquired in their transitional use, and immense is the knowledge of *things* requisite to enable a man to affirm that any given argument turns wholly on *words*. The study of terms, for which logicians have provided multiplied means, is one of the

* Logic, p. 207.

most interesting and profitable upon which men can enter. If it be worth while to speak at all, it is worth while to know certainly what we speak about.

Philanthropic genius has pointed out a perversion of power, arising through definitional incapacity, which makes it a moral duty to study analysis of terms, and exactitude of expression.

'All battle,' says Carlyle, 'is *misunderstanding*—did the parties know one another, the battle would cease. No man at bottom means injustice; he contends for some distorted image of right. *Clear*, undeniable right—*clear*, undeniable might—either of these, once ascertained, puts an end to battle. Battle is a confused experiment to ascertain these.'

Of the power of names to impose on the multitude, history furnishes too many examples. Strength to forefend us against their delusion—ability to see that the meaning governs the term, and not the term the meaning—are species of intellectual self-defence. 'Augustus,' says Gibbon, 'was sensible that mankind is governed by names; nor was he deceived in his expectation that the senate and people would submit to slavery provided that they were respectably assured that they still enjoyed their ancient freedom.' 'Never,' adjures W. J. Fox, 'be deceived by words. Always try to penetrate to realities. Have your wits sharpened, your senses exercised to discern good and evil. Be not imposed upon by pompous manners. Many a solemnly-uttered sentence is often a sheer inanity, which will not bear the scrutiny of an observant intellect. Be not frightened by denunciations; by being told that you are not a good subject or a good Christian, if you do not believe, or say that you believe this or that. Be not led astray by iteration—mistake not the familiar for the intelligible. Ascertain what words are meant to convey, and what they actually do convey. Go to the substance and soul of whatever is propounded. Be on your guard against bold assumptions, nor let them bear you away against the dictates of your own understanding. Look at phrases as counters, or paper money, that may pass for much or little according to circumstances. Endeavour to arrive at truth, and make that your treasure. Be ever wide awake to see through any veil of sophistry and cant; nor by the agency of words be made the dupe of critic or lawyer, of priest or politician.'*

* Lectures to the Working Classes, p. 70, vol. 2.

CHAP. IX.

SYLLOGISMS.

PROPOSITIONS being assertions—as soon as sufficient reasons are adduced to make the proposition credible, it becomes a truth probable or certain, as the case may be.

Reasoning is a simple business. To reason is to state facts in support of a proposition. A conclusive fact so advanced is called a reason. All the reasons offered in proof of a proposition are called premises. The Pythagorean, who lays down the proposition that fruits and grain are the proper food of man, and cites facts to prove his assertion—reasons. A proposition and its reasons are called an argument.

Reason is the faculty of perceiving coherences. Effective reasoning is stating them so that others cannot but see them too. 'Reasoning on the abstrusest questions is nothing more than arriving at a remote truth by discovering its coherence with the preceding facts in the same chain.'*

A syllogism is a peculiar *form* of expression, in which every argument may be stated. It consists of three propositions.

1. Whoever have their heads cut off ought to be allowed to ask the reason why.

2. Women have their heads cut off.

3. Therefore women ought to be allowed to ask (politically) the reason why.

This is an argument of Mad. de Stael, in allusion to the beheading of women in France, without allowing them any voice in making the laws which determine the offences for which they suffered.

A syllogism is constructed upon the principle (known as the Dictum of Aristotle) that whatever is affirmed or denied universally of a whole class of things, may be affirmed or denied of anything comprehended in that class. Thus the first proposition introduces the class of persons who have their heads cut off. Of this class it is affirmed that they ought to be allowed to ask the reason why. But women are included in the class of persons who have their heads cut off, and consequently that may be affirmed of them which is affirmed of the whole class—that they should be allowed to ask the reason why.

* Uses and Beauties of Euclid, p. 52.

'To prove an affirmative,' says Mr. Mill, 'the argument must admit of being stated in this form:—

All animals are mortal;
All men / Some men / Socrates } are animals;
therefore
All men / Some men / Socrates } are mortal.

'To prove a negative, the argument must be capable of being expressed in this form:—

'No one who is capable of self-control is necessarily vicious;
All negroes / Some negroes / Mr. A.'s negro } are capable of self-control;
therefore
No negroes are / Some negroes are not / Mr. A.'s negro is not } necessarily vicious.

'Although all ratiocination admits of being thrown into one or the other of these forms, and sometimes gains considerably by the transformation, both in clearness and in the obviousness of its consequence; there are, no doubt, cases in which the argument falls more naturally into one of the other three figures, and in which its conclusiveness is more apparent at the first glance in those figures, than when reduced into the first. Thus, if the proposition were that pagans may be virtuous, and the evidence to prove it were the example of Aristides; a syllogism in the third figure,

Aristides was virtuous,
Aristides was a pagan,
therefore
Some pagan was virtuous,

would be a more natural mode of stating the argument, and would carry conviction more instantly home, than the same ratiocination strained into the first figure, thus—

Aristides was virtuous,
Some pagan was Aristides,
therefore
Some pagan was virtuous.'*

The best thing that can be said in favour of the syllogism, as an instrument of reasoning, is that it is a regular form to which every valid argument can be reduced; and may be accompanied by a rule, showing the validity of every argument in that form, and consequently the unsoundness of any apparent argument which cannot be reduced to it. This would be high praise if every 'valid argument' was a trusty one. But unfortunately 'the question respecting the validity of an argument is not whether the conclusion be *true*, but whether it *follows* from the premises adduced.'† Even this small advantage is purchased at a greater expense of tedium and trouble than the bulk of mankind are willing to pay, or able to pay if they were willing.

There is some reason to believe that the syllogistic form, as a *test* of valid arguments, may be entirely dispensed with, if we can secure accuracy of data, and intelligibility in terms.

It is not contended now that we discover new truths by the syllogism. The syllogism is allowed to be only a form of *stating* a truth. Example:—

No predacious animals are ruminant.
The lion is predacious,
therefore
The lion is not ruminant.

Of course, if we know that no animal that lives by prey chews the cud, and know, also, that the lion lives by prey, we know that the lion does not chew the cud. This conclusion, as Lord Kames contends, and Dr. Whately admits, is not a truth *inferred* from the fundamental premises, but *included* in it. Smart, whom Mr. J. S. Mill calls acute and often profound, remarks—'Every one, as to the *mere* act of reasoning; *reasons rightly*: we may reason from wrong premises, or mistake right ones; we may be unable to infer from proper ones; but from such premises as we do reason from, we reason *correctly*: for all premises contain their conclusion; and in knowing the premises, we therefore know the

* Logic, vol. 1, pp. 232-3.
† Whately's Logic, Anal. Out., chap. 1, sec. 3.

conclusion. The art wanted is one that will enable us to use language perspicuously in expressing our premises:' and he might have added—*direct us in selecting proper materials of which to make premises.*

The strength and weakness of the syllogism as an instrument of reasoning will now be understood. Whately remarks, that 'since all reasoning may be resolved into syllogisms, and since in a syllogism the premises do virtually assert the conclusion, it follows at once that no new truth can be elicited by any process of reasoning.'* We therefore no longer look to the syllogism to discover truth, its value is in stating it. In this sense it is worthy of all attention. It is the form of nature.

Of such a syllogism as the one quoted—

No predacious animals are ruminant,
The lion is predacious,
therefore
The lion is not ruminant,

it has been insisted by some logicians that the genius required for its construction was *invention*. Having made a general proposition like the first, we then have to invent or find out a middle term as the second—but if we bear in mind that the general affirmation of the first proposition relates to a class of (predacious animals in this case) objects which include the middle term, the necessity of invention is consequently dispensed with. We need only look well to what we have there. Simplicity will be promoted by returning to our previous remark, viz.—that reasoning is asserting a proposition, and then showing why it is true—in other words, adducing the fact or facts, on which the assertion rests.

In the Logic given in 'Chambers' Information,' it is said—'In choosing your middle terms, or arguments to prove any question, always take such topics as are purest and least fallible, and which carry the greatest evidence and strength with them.' But it rather appears that we have not to invent a middle term, but only to look to the major premises, and find it included there.

By methodical questioning any argument may be tested. Thus, on any assertion being made, ask—Why is the assertion true? In this manner, if an argument has truth in it, it may be elicited. In this manner you dig through assertions down to premises, and discover whether any ore of truth lies there.

* Logic, p. 223.

The value of the argument depends upon the final answer which reveals the premises or data of facts, upon which the conclusion rests. Forms of speech, classification of propositions, figures of syllogisms, are of minor importance when you have once elicited the rough truth. The best test of an argument is the soundness of its data, and the simplest formula for drawing out and exhibiting such data, is of the greatest service in enabling us to judge of the validity thereof.

Tyranny, says Cobbett, has no enemy so formidable as the pen. Why? 'Because the pen pursues tyranny both in life and beyond the grave.' How is this proved to be the most formidable enemy of tyranny? 'From the fact that tyranny has no enemy so formidable as that which assails not only its existence, but its reputation, which pursues it in life and beyond the grave.' Such interrogatories and replies generate the expository syllogism.

1. Tyranny has no enemy so formidable as that which assails not only its existence, but its reputation, which pursues it in life and beyond the grave.
2. The pen pursues tyranny in life and beyond the grave.
3. Therefore, tyranny has no enemy so formidable as the pen.

A syllogism is made up of collective and single facts. It is the process of reasoning, whereby we show that a single truth is proved by a collective one which contains it, or a less quantity is proved by a greater, or that an assertion is proved by an induction from a class of facts. From the class of the enemies of tyranny the pen is selected, and is proved, by passing in inductive review the whole class, to be the most formidable.

The usual manner in which an argument is presented is called the enthymeme. Thus:—

He is an industrious man,
therefore
He will acquire wealth.

The first or major proposition is in this form suppressed. The syllogistic form would be this:—

Every industrious man acquires wealth,
He is an industrious man,
therefore
He will acquire wealth.

But if we ask for the proof that every industrious man acquires wealth, we find the facts wanting—for the idle are often rich,

and the diligent poor. The industrious *may* acquire wealth, the chances are in their favour.

Again. We must cherish self-respect,
Because self-respect is the stay of virtue.

The suppressed proposition is—'We must cherish whatever is the stay of virtue.'

The whole syllogism then stands thus:—

We must cherish whatever is the stay of virtue,
Self-respect is the stay of virtue,
therefore
We must cherish self-respect.

Dilemma is derived from a Greek word, and signifies twice an argument. It is an argument divided into several members, and infers of each part what is to be inferred of the whole. Thus: Either we shall live or die. If we live, we can only live happily by being virtuous; and if we die, we can only die happy by being virtuous; therefore, we ought always to be virtuous. In the dilemma, question one argument at a time, as in preceding cases.

The Sorites uses several middle terms by which the predicate of the last proposition is connected with the first subject. Of this argument the well-known speech of Themistocles is a specimen. 'My son,' said that eminent person, 'governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the Athenians, the Athenians govern Greece, Greece governs Europe, and Europe governs the world; therefore, my son governs the world.' In these instances, question each assertion, as there are as many acts of reasoning as intermediate propositions.

The Onus Probandi, or Burden of Proof, is said to rest with him who would dispute any point in favour of a presumptive, or generally allowed truth. But manly logic holds no quibbling about who shall prove. Whatever he asserts, the honest reasoner should be prompt to prove.

Chalmers, it is said, made Morell known—but Morell has written a synopsis of metaphysical philosophy that only needed to be known to be appreciated. If Chalmers gave Morell distinction, Morell had previously earned it. From his work I extract the following passage, which passes in review the steps taken, marks the analytic point reached, and outlines the ground before us: —'Different as were the minds of those two great men [Bacon and Descartes] in themselves, different as were their respective

labours, and opposite as were, in many respects, the results at which they arrived, yet the writings of both were marked by one and the same great characteristic, namely, by the *spirit of method*. The most important works of Bacon, it will be remembered, were the "Instauratio Magna," and the "Novum Organum;" those of Descartes were his "Dissertatio de Methodo," and his "Meditationes de Primâ Philosophiâ." The fruitlessness of the ancient logic, as an instrument of discovery, had been abundantly proved by past experience, and the watchword which these two great thinkers of their age both uttered, and which has been ever since the guiding principle of all philosophy, was—ANALYSIS. Bacon, who gave his attention chiefly to the direction and improvement of physical science, taught to analyse nature, while Descartes, who aimed rather at grounding all human knowledge upon its ultimate principles, instructed how to analyse *thought*. All modern philosophy, therefore, whether it arise from the Baconian or the Cartesian point of view, bears upon it the broad outline of the analytic method. It matters not whether it be the outer or the inner world to which its investigations apply, in each case it teaches us to observe and analyse *facts*, to induce instances, and upon such observation and induction to ground our knowledge of laws and principles. In this alone consists the unity of modern science, and from this arises its broad distinction from that of the ancient world. Every natural philosopher since Bacon has grounded his success upon an induction of the facts of the outward world, and every metaphysician, since Descartes, has progressed onwards in his department of knowledge by analysing the facts of our inward consciousness."*

CHAP. X.

INDUCTION.

INDUCTION is an inference from many facts. Induction is verification. Just as in a syllogism we show that a part is contained in the whole, so in induction we show that a part is illustrated by the whole. It seems that every single fact contains many truths, but

* Morell: Modern Philosophy, pp. 76-8.

Induction establishes their *universality*. A single brain contains all the truths of phrenology, a single stone includes the phenomena of gravitation, the temperance of a single individual exhibits the whole law of moderation, but we learn the universality of these truths by induction

Every legal statute, says Dr. Johnson, is founded on induction. 'Law is the science in which the greatest powers of understanding are applied to the greatest number of facts.' The *basis of all* science is such an extensive induction of particulars as leads to general definitions and fundamental axioms, and furnishes the premises from which inferences may be deduced.

Inductive observation is the great instrument of discovering important truths. 'What are called the principles of human nature are learned from individual instances. It is the only possible way of learning them. * * When we reason from a general law or principle, we are in truth reasoning from a number of instances represented by it.'*

A general election is an induction of the intelligence of the country represented by the members of Parliament. The difference between democracy and monarchy is in one sense an affair of logic. Where electors are limited in franchise, and candidates restricted by property qualification, the induction is partial, but where all can vote and many can be chosen from, the premises are more capacious and the inference sounder.

Dr. Whately says, that 'in Natural Philosophy a *single instance* is often accounted a *sufficient* induction; *e.g.*, having once ascertained that an individual magnet will attract iron, we are authorised to conclude that this property is universal.'

'The Edinburgh Reviewer of Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences," observes that, "by the *accidental* placing of a rhomb of calcareous spar, upon a book or line, Bartholinus discovered the property of the double refraction of light. By *accidentally* combining two rhombs in different positions, Huygens discovered the polarisation of light. By *accidentally* looking through a prism of the same substance, and turning it round, Malus discovered the polarisation of light by reflection; and by placing thin chrystalline films between two similar prisms or rhombs, M. Arago discovered the phenomena of polarised tints."

* Rationale of Political Representation, p. 34.

'To this Mr. Whewell, in his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," makes the following reply:—"But Bartholinus could have seen no such consequence in the accident, if he had not previously had a clear conception of single refraction. A lady, in describing an optical experiment which had been shown her, said of her teacher, 'he told me to increase and diminish the angle of refraction: and, at last, I found that he only meant me to move my head up and down.' At any rate, till the lady had acquired a knowledge of the meaning which the technical terms convey, she could not have made Bartholinus's discovery by means of this accident. Suppose that Huygens made the experiment alluded to, without design, what he really observed was that the images appeared and disappeared alternately as he turned the rhomb round. His success depended on his clearness of thought, which enabled him to perform the intellectual analysis which would never have occurred to most men, however often they had combined two rhombs in different positions. Malus saw that in some positions the light reflected from the windows of the Louvre became dim. Another person would have attributed this to accident; he, however, considered the position of the prism, and the window; repeated the experiment often; and by virtue of the eminently distinct conceptions of space which he possessed, resolved the phenomenon into its geometrical conditions."* "If it were true, that the fall of an apple was the occasion of Newton's pursuing that train of thought which led to the doctrine of universal gravitation, the habits and constitution of Newton's intellect were the real source of this great event in the progress of knowledge."† "In whatever manner facts may be presented to the notice of a discoverer, they can never become the materials of exact knowledge, except they find his mind already provided with precise and suitable conceptions, by which they may be analysed and connected."'‡

These admissions seem to me to prove that whenever a casual fact proves to us a new truth, it does so by its coincidence with previously known facts, and that the novelty of the occasion attracts all credit to itself, and we lose sight of the generalisation below—the fruitful soil of experience on which the new fact, like

* Whewell: Phil. Induct. Sciences, vol. 2, pp. 190-1.
† Ibid, vol. 2, p. 189.
‡ See J. N. Bailey's Essays, pp. 87-8-9.

a seed, falls. We only recognise difference by comparison, and the comparison is an induction, however slender.

Monsieur de Montmorine was recaptured and brought to the scaffold, through the trifling circumstance of some chicken bones being found near the door of his landlady—a woman too poor to indulge in such dainties.* The discovery of de Montmorine was not, as at first sight appears, an inference from a single fact, but from an adjacent induction. It was a general truth, (known to the party who observed the bones) a truth inducted from a number of facts that poor people could not afford to luxuriate on chickens. It was, therefore, from this induction, inferred that some one of superior fortune must be living in that particular place.

The judicious care which the great fathers of science have exhibited in making their inferences, incontestibly establishes their conviction of the danger of any other reasoning than that from inductions. Lord Brougham informs us, that what Newton's Principia is to science, Locke's essay to metaphysics, Demosthenes in oratory, and Homer in poetry, Cuvier's researches to our fossil osteology. But Cuvier never attempted to draw any inferences until he had examined the *whole* osteology of the living species.

Lord Brougham remarks, that 'from examining a *single* fragment of bone we infer that, in the wilds where we found it, there lived and ranged, some thousands of years ago, an animal of a peculiar kind.' This is a case in which the inference spoken of is arrived at in a way different from that apparently stated. We recognise in the 'fragment of bone' a link in a chain of facts constituting the basis of a well-known induction, which comparative anatomy has many times verified. It is important to distinguish well the grounds from which accurate inferences, such as these in the cases before us, have really been adduced, in order to ascertain the grounds from which we should reason generally. It will be found that solid reasoning can only proceed from general rules—*i.e.*, inductions from facts. It will be found that the prime source of fallacy lies in reasoning from isolated facts. It is not to be denied that such reasoning is sometimes right, but it is to be remembered that it is right by accident, not by design. There is no science or certainty in it. It is hazard, not logic.

* Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, No. 61: the Story of Lavalette, p. 27.

This habit however, is very common. Mr. Mill says, that 'Not only *may* we reason from particulars to particulars, without passing through generals, but we perpetually do so reason. All our earliest inferences are of this nature. From the first dawn of intelligence we draw inferences, but years elapse before we learn the use of general language. The child, who, having burnt his fingers, avoids to thrust them again into the fire, has reasoned or inferred, though he has never thought of the general maxim—fire burns. He knows from memory that he has been burnt, and on this evidence believes, when he sees a candle, that if he puts his fingers into the flame of it, he will be burnt again. He believes this in every case which happens to arise; but without looking, in each instance, beyond the present case. He is not generalising; he is inferring a particular from particulars. In the same way, also, brutes reason. There is little or no ground, for attributing to any of the lower animals the use of conventional signs, without which general propositions are impossible. But those animals profit by experience, and avoid what they have found to cause them pain, in the same manner, though not always with the same skill, as a human creature. Not only the burnt child, but the burnt dog, dreads the fire.

'I believe that, in point of fact, when drawing inferences from our personal experience, and not from maxims handed down to us by books or tradition, we much oftener conclude from particulars to particulars directly, than through the intermediate agency of any general proposition. We are constantly reasoning from ourselves to other people, or from one person to another, without giving ourselves the trouble to erect our observations into general maxims of human or external nature. When we conclude that some person will, on some given occasion, feel or act so and so, we sometimes judge from an enlarged consideration of the manner in which men in general, or men of some particular character, are accustomed to feel and act; but much oftener from having known the feelings and conduct of the same man in some previous instance, or from considering how we should feel or act ourselves. It is not only the village matron who, when called to a consultation upon the case of a neighbour's child, pronounces on the evil and its remedy simply on the recollection and authority of what she accounts the similar case of her Lucy. We all, where we have no definite maxims to steer by, guide ourselves in

the same way; and if we have an extensive experience, and retain its impressions strongly, we may acquire, in this manner, a very considerable power of accurate judgment, which we may be utterly incapable of justifying or of communicating to others. Among the higher order of practical intellects, there have been many of whom it was remarked how admirably they suited their means to their ends, without being able to give any sufficient reasons for what they did; and applied, or seemed to apply, recondite principles which they were wholly unable to state. This is a natural consequence of having a mind stored with appropriate particulars, and having been long accustomed to reason at once from these to fresh particulars, without practising the habit of stating to oneself or to others the corresponding general propositions. An old warrior, on a rapid glance at the outlines of the ground, is able at once to give the necessary orders for a skilful arrangement of his troops; though if he has received little theoretical instruction, and has seldom been called upon to answer to other people for his conduct, he may never have had in his mind a single general theorem respecting the relation between ground and array. But his experience of encampments, under circumstances more or less similar, has left a number of vivid, unexpressed, ungeneralised analogies in his mind, the most appropriate of which, instantly suggesting itself, determines him to a judicious arrangement.

'The skill of an uneducated person in the use of weapons, or of tools, is of a precisely similar nature. The savage who executes unerringly the exact throw which brings down his game, or his enemy, in the manner most suited to his purpose, under the operation of all the conditions necessarily involved, the weight and form of the weapon, the direction and distance of the object, the action of the wind, &c., owes this power to a long series of previous experiments, the results of which he certainly never framed into any verbal theorems or rules. It is the same in all extraordinary manual dexterity. Not long ago a Scotch manufacturer procured from England, at a high rate of wages, a working dyer, famous for producing very fine colours, with a view of teaching to his other workmen the same skill. The workman came; but his mode of proportioning the ingredients, in which lay the secret of the effects he produced, was by taking them up in handfuls while the common method was to weigh them. The manufacturer

sought to make him turn his handling system into an equivalent weighing system, that the general principle of his peculiar mode of proceeding might be ascertained. This, however, the man found himself quite unable to do, and therefore could impart his skill to nobody. He had, from the individual cases of his own experience, established a connection in his mind between fine effects of colour, and tactual perceptions in handling his dyeing materials; and from these perceptions he could, in any particular cases, infer the means to be employed, and the effect which would be produced, but could not put others in possession of the grounds on which he proceeded, from having never generalised them in his own mind, or expressed them in language.

'Almost every one knows Lord Mansfield's advice to a man of practical good sense, who, being appointed governor of a colony, had to preside in its court of justice, without previous judicial practice or legal education. The advice was to give his decision boldly, for it would probably be right; but never to venture on assigning reasons, for they would almost infallibly be wrong. In cases like this, which are of no uncommon occurrence, it would be absurd to suppose that the bad reason was the source of the good decision. Lord Mansfield knew that if any reason were assigned it would be necessarily an afterthought, the judge being *in fact* guided by impressions from past experience, without the circuitous process of framing general principles from them, and that if he attempted to frame any such he would assuredly fail. Lord Mansfield, however, would not have doubted that a man of equal experience, who had also a mind stored with general propositions derived by legitimate induction from that experience, would have been greatly preferable as a judge, to one, however sagacious, who could not be trusted with the explanation and justification of his own judgments. The cases of able men performing wonderful things they know not how, are examples of the less civilised and most spontaneous form of the operations of superior minds It is a *defect in them*, and *often a source of errors*, not to have generalised as they went on; but generalisation is a help, the most important indeed of all helps, yet not an essential.'*

In illustration of generalising from single instances, Miss Martineau gives this example:—'A raw Chinese traveller in England was landed by a Thames waterman who had a wooden leg. The

* Mill's Logic, pp. 251-5.

stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water with, while the other was high and dry. The apparent economy of the fact struck the Chinese; he saw in it strong evidence of design, and wrote home that in England one-legged men are kept for watermen, to the saving of all injury to health, shoe, and stocking, from standing in the river.'*

Reasoning on insufficient data—

Falls like an inverted cone,
Wanting its proper base to stand upon.

Samuel Bailey has furnished, in one passage, both a clear illustration of the process, and the validity of an induction:—'Whoever had witnessed the acts of a landlord to his tenants, of a schoolmaster to his pupils, of artizans towards their apprentices, of husbands towards their wives, on points where the power of the superior could not be contested, and where his personal gratification was incompatible with just conduct to the subordinate, would necessarily have formed in his own mind a species of general rule; and from this rule he might safely draw an inference as to what would be the conduct of a despot, seated on a throne, in the possession of unchecked authority; assisted too, as the inquirer would be, by that *indispensable and inestimable guide to the knowledge of mankind, an appeal to his own feelings*, in a variety of *analogous* instances.

'We conclude, that a ruler with uncontrolled power will act the tyrant, not merely from the fact that Caligula, or Nero, or Bonaparte did, but from a thousand facts attesting that men, in every situation, use uncontrolled power in this way—just as we infer that all bodies tend to the centre of the earth, *not merely from the circumstance of an apple dropping from a tree*, BUT *from seeing the tendency in stones, water, animals, and all things within our observation.* The use of uncontrolled power, for the gratification of the possessor, without an equitable respect to others, is no more peculiar to monarchs, than a tendency to the earth is peculiar to apples. It may be useful to know that *monarchs* act in this way, as it may be useful to know that apples drop to the ground; but it is much more useful to know that *men* act in this manner. *An inference is safer when gathered from the widest induction.*'†

* How to Observe, p. 6.

† Rationale of Political Representation. Introduction, pp. 25-6. The last sentence of this extract is abridged—but, as the reader will find upon reference, the sense of the author is faithfully rendered.

It may be useful to observe that, though a few instances are insufficient to establish a theory, one may be sufficient to overturn a theory, fancifully or hypothetically supported. Gibbon overturns the entertaining theory of Rudbeck, an antiquarian of Upsal, of profound learning and easy faith, who, by the dim light of legends and traditions, of conjectures and etymologies, sought to establish the antiquity of Sweden over half the earth. Gibbon annihilated this well laboured system of German antiquities, by a single fact too well attested to admit of any doubt, and of too decisive a nature to leave room for any reply—the fact that the Germans, of the age of Tacitus, were unacquainted with the use of letters. A circumstance fatal to their literary claims, urged by Olaus Rudbeck.

In the chapter on 'Facts' I have cautioned the reader against unquestioned data. This seems the place to remark that the unsuspected sources of error and unfriendliness have their rise in the criminal implicitness with which we listen to reports, and infer from rumours as from facts. These are the 'very little handles which move men and women to strange performances.'* All the plots of dramas and romances are founded on misunderstandings, which a little sagacity of action (such as a wise resolution not to be imposed upon would lead to) would commonly suffice to arrest the error at its birth. With regard to character we constantly infer from data, partial, limited, and doubtful. If most quarrellers were called into a court of Inquiry to confess the real grounds from which they have arrived at certain conclusions with regard to their neighbours, and often with regard to their friends, they would be at once overwhelmed with a conviction of the weakness of which they have been guilty. Upon analysing the miserable sources of opinions of which scandal and calumny are born, I have found it impossible to restrain astonishment at the imbecility of logical power men will sometimes be content to exhibit, where meanness prevails, malice incites, and passion governs. Well might Bacon exclaim—'Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things?'† The wise rule is, never

* Cricket on the Hearth.
† Essay on Truth.

judge from appearances when facts can be had—never receive a report without challenging its foundation, nor adopt it without permission to give the authority.

In all cases, in which you must judge from appearances and reason from conjectures, adopt the *fairest* interpretation possible. On this principle, credit will sometimes be given where none is due—but in nine cases out of ten, justice will be done, for I am satisfied that there is more worth among men than wisdom, and that we do well much oftener than we reason well. We seldom need judge charitably, did we always endeavour to judge justly. But we make a virtue of our own errors, and we often affect to *condescend* to pronounce an opinion, which it would be criminal to withhold. If ever I go to the Herald's office, the motto I will have emblazoned shall be this—JUSTICE IS SUFFICIENT. Could we only get justice in the world, we could afford to excuse it all its 'charity' of judgment, and its benevolence even of act.

Where should a man's reputation be safe from suspicion if not in the hands of his friend? It ought to be a principle of action with all men, never to judge a friend except out of his own mouth. 'There was a generous friend of mine once, who never would have judged me or any other man unheard.'* With the sublime intensity of one who felt the infinite value of private justice, has Schiller delineated this spirit in the interview between Octavio and his son Max Piccolomini. After a violent and visible struggle with his feelings—wrought upon by his father's endeavours to sow suspicions in his mind, and detach him from the service of his friend, Wallenstein—Max exclaims:—

I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

Octavio. Where now?

Max. To the Duke.
If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—
As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
With such low pleas as these:—"I ask him not—
He did it all at his own hazard—and

* Edward to Mr. Peerybingle.

My *mouth* has never lied to him."—No, no
What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
—I'll to the Duke; ere yet this day is ended
Will I demand of him that he do save
His good name from the world, and with one stride
Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
He can, he will!—*I* still am his believer.
Yet I'll not pledge myself, but that those letters
May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
How far may not this Tertsky have proceeded—
What may not he himself too have permitted
Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
The laws of war excusing? Nothing, save
His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less!
And face to face will I go question him.
Ay—this state-policy? O how I curse it!
You will some time, with your state-policy,
Compel him to the measure; it may happen
Because ye are *determined* that he is guilty,
Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
You close up every outlet, hem him in
Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him in his desperation,
To set fire to his prison. Father! father!
That never can end well—it cannot—will not!
Deem of it what thou wilt; but pardon me,
That I must bear me on in my own way.
All must remain pure betwixt him and me;
And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.*

Had Othello been thus honourable to Desdemona, he would never have murdered her. Incalculable is the evil we bring on ourselves and society, by supposing and surmising facts we ought resolutely to question. The motto of the garter—

Evil be to him who evil thinks,
ought to be,
Evil *is* to him who evil thinks.

Every man will be his own Lawyer and his own Doctor, and such is the perversity of human nature, he will also be his own *Iago*, and feed himself with suspicions. Nearly all tragedies hinge on this error.

To avoid being the cause of misunderstanding to others, it is a good rule never to speak critically of others, except in their pre-

* Schiller's Piccolomini, act 2 scene 2.

sence, or in print. When I am obliged to do this in conversation, with persons of unknown or doubtful exactitude, I take care to keep much below the truth in matters of censure, as anything of that kind may gain ten or twenty per cent. in carriage. When with men of just habits of interpretation, I pay them the highest compliment of friendship, and speak to them of others, without reserve.

Notorious are the contumelies put upon the cases of grievance presented from the people in the House of Commons. Nor is it altogether causeless. So prone are the ignorant to mistake their prejudices for facts, and ascribe to others as crimes what exists only in their own surmises, that most popular cases may be stripped of half their pretensions without injuring their truth. Exaggeration is the vice of ignorance. Half the speeches addressed to 'King Mob' are hyperbolic. The sentiments of public meetings minister too often to the prevalent inflation. The people will be powerful when they learn to be exact—and not till then.

The only mode of correcting this evil is to instil into the people the wise rule of Burlamiqui. To reason, (that is, inductively) says this writer, is to calculate, and as it were draw up an account, after balancing all arguments, in order to see on which side the advantage lies. Burlamiqui had law chiefly in view in his remark, but the rule is of immense application. A logician is a secretary or banker's clerk, who keeps an account between truth and error. When a lady once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard—'Madam,' said Johnson, 'it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my schoolfellow, Davy Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen orchards with impunity, but the very first time I climbed up an apple tree, for I was always a heavy boy, the bough broke with me, and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why Justice is represented with a pair of scales.' This may not be the precise reason why Justice has a pair of scales, but the point goes to the root of the matter. Without weighing there can be neither justice nor fair induction.

In illustration of these views Mr. Mill has some able remarks:—'In proportion to any person's deficiency of knowledge and mental cultivation, is generally his inability to discriminate between his inferences and the perceptions on which they were grounded.

Many a marvellous tale, many a scandalous anecdote, owes its origin to this incapacity. The narrator relates, not what he saw or heard, but the impression which he derived from what he saw or heard, and of which perhaps the greater part consisted of inference, though the whole is related not as inference but as matter-of-fact. The difficulty of inducing witnesses to restrain, within any moderate limits, the intermixture of their inferences with the narrative of their perceptions, is well known to experienced cross-examiners; and still more is this the case when ignorant persons attempt to describe any natural phenomenon. "The simplest narrative," says Dugald Stewart, "of the most illiterate observer involves more or less of hypothesis; nay, in general, it will be found that, in proportion to his ignorance, the greater is the number of conjectural principles involved in his statements. A village apothecary (and, if possible, in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse) is seldom able to describe the plainest case, without employing a phraseology of which every word is a theory; whereas a simple and genuine specification of the phenomena which mark a particular disease—a specification unsophisticated by fancy, or by preconceived opinions, may be regarded as unequivocal evidence of a mind trained by long and successful study to the most difficult of all arts, that of the faithful *interpretation* of nature." *

It is in judgments formed, in reprehensible indifference to the actual facts of the case, that party rancour and the proverbial injustice of popular political opinion take their rise. A useful caution on this head is pronounced by Lord Brougham in his sketch of the life of Lord Wellesley:—'How often do we see,' observes his lordship, 'vehement and unceasing attacks made upon a minister or a statesman, perhaps not in the public service, for something which he does not choose to defend or explain, resting his claims to the confidence of his countrymen upon his past exertions and his known character. Yet these assaults are unremittingly made upon him, and the people believe that so much noise could not be stirred up without something to authorise it. Sometimes the objects of the calumny are silent from disdain; sometimes from knowing that the base propagators of it will only return to their slander the more eagerly after their conviction of falsehood; but sometimes, also, the silence may be owing to

* Logic, pp. 408-9, vol. 2.

official reserve, of which we see a most remarkable instance in the case of Lord Wellesley.'

Not only are enemies of the people afforded a justification for their opposition by wrongful judgment pronounced upon them, but the friends of the people often pass over to the other side through the same cause. When a leader of the people first comes in personal contact with the opposite party, and becomes acquainted with merits of feeling and judgment which he had as it were pledged himself to deny, and indeed achieved himself a position by disbelieving in, he becomes ashamed of the injustice exacted from him by his inexorable adherents, and forsakes his party when he should only forsake its errors. The case of Barnave, in the first French Revolution, is a memorable instance of this. On lesser theatres I have seen many instances of this kind of conversion. Such changes have always been ascribed to venality, yet they are men of generous instincts who are thus overcome—but they want logical strength, and cannot correct themselves without falling.

It is a wise rule in conversation, never to guess at meanings. When an observation is made, capable of affording two inferences, at once put the question which shall elicit the meaning intended. Conversation is held to no purpose unless explicitness comes out of it. Innumerable are the errors that arise through letting remarks pass, of which we only *suppose* we know the purport. This is a fruitful source of misunderstanding. When in Scotland I was much instructed by the intellectual characteristics of the people. The Scotch are essentially a reflective people. The English conceive doubts, but the Scotch put them into queries. Before I had been in the country many hours I was struck by the inductive habits of the people. A very old and illiterate woman, to whom I put an indefinite question, eyed me deliberately from head to foot before she gave me an answer. Not in rudeness did she gaze, so much as in inquiry as to what could be my object. I spent more than a week in inquiring at places, where apartments were to be let, by which I acquired profitable acquaintance with the people. Upon asking the terms of apartments, I was met, in all cases, by several preliminary questions, as for whom were they? what number of persons? what station, habits, and probable stay? Then I received the precise answer required. It did not seem to me that they were answering one question by

asking another, as is sometimes said of the Scotch—but by a happy and wise presence of mind they asked, as all should do, as many questions as were required to complete the data of the specific answer they were called upon to give.

A wise practice is followed in courts of law. No judge pronounces an opinion on a hypothetical case. What he would do? or what would be the judgment of the law, suppose a certain case should arise?—are questions he never condescends to answer. 'Bring the plaintiff into court, let the evidence be taken, and then we will decide. We sit here to judge actual, not suppositious cases.' Such would be the reply. People out of court might profit by the example.

I remember one striking instance of the pernicious effects of surmise. Some years ago I took part in a Fraternal Demonstration at Highbury Barn. The assembly was numerous, and composed of persons of all nations and all parties. The celebration was avowedly one of fraternity. The tone of the meeting reflected its object. Pacific words were on every tongue, and harmony reigned up till eleven o'clock. At that hour Monsieur Chillman asked me if some steps could not be taken to annualise the meeting, and he requested me to prepare and propose a resolution to that effect. Monsieur Chillman, thinking the resolution ought to come from an Englishman, strongly urged me to move it. I, thinking it too important to emanate from a young man, looked about for a person of experience and known discretion to introduce it. After several had declined, Mr. Hethering. ton undertook it. The English politicians were composed of two parties, the friends of Mr. O'Connor, and the members of the National Hall. At that time they were pleased to be the anti, podes of each other. No sooner had Mr. Hetherington spoken, he being the friend of Mr. Lovett, than his motion was supposed to come from Mr. Lovett's party, though they were utterly ignorant of its origination. Clamour's hundred tongues were loosened. Slumbering differences were awakened. Suspicion spread like an infection. Fraternity perished of the contagion. Twenty amendments were proposed, and it was not till midnight, and then in a storm indescribably contradictory of the meeting's whole purport, that a common understanding was come to. Had the least inquiry been made by the objecting party, previously to dissenting, they would have found that the suspicious proposition

originated with one of themselves. But assuming premises, they inferred from conjecture instead of fact, and raised disastrous doubts as to the ability of that assembly for domestic or international fraternisation.

The use and abuse of authority is a subject worthy of the young logician's serious attention. Many great writers like Bacon, through policy—Burke through position, or Shakspere through versatility of genius, have written on both sides of important questions. Such men, taken piece-meal, may be quoted by the most opposite parties in favour of the most opposite opinions. Unless there is time to make a broad induction from their writings, showing, by weighty, quantitive evidence, the side to which they leaned, better not quote them as *authorities* at all, but give what expresses your own views on your own responsibility—indeed, in *all cases*, the quoter ought to stand prepared, if possible, to justify all he cites from another in argument. 'There is perhaps something weak and servile in our wishing to rely on, or draw assistance from, ancient opinions. Reason ought not, like vanity, to adorn herself with old parchments, and the display of a genealogical tree; more dignified in her proceedings, she ought to derive everything from herself; she should disregard past times, and be, if I may use the phrase, the contemporary of all ages.'* Quote others as Grotius did: not as judges from whose decision there is no appeal, but as witnesses whose conspiring testimony confirms the view taken.

Analogy has frequently been confounded with induction. Analogy signifies reasoning from resemblances subsisting between phenomena—induction, reasoning from the sameness of phenomena.

The phenomena affording an induction of a law of nature must be obvious, uniform, and universal.

The rules to be observed in deducing general principles are, that the case be true and the facts universal.

On this subject, as exhibiting the clearest results arrived at, I transcribe a passage from Mill:—'There is no word which is used more loosely, or in a greater variety of senses, than analogy. It sometimes stands for arguments which may be examples of the most rigid induction. Archbishop Whately, for instance, following Ferguson and other writers, defines analogy conformably to

* Necker.

its primitive acceptation, that which was given to it by mathematicians, resemblance of relations. In this sense, when a country which has sent out colonies is termed the mother country, the expression is analogical, signifying that the colonies of a country stand in the same *relation* to her in which children stand to their parents. And if any inference be drawn from this resemblance of relations, as, for instance, that the same obedience or affection is due from colonies to the mother country which is due from children to a parent, this is called reasoning by analogy. Or if it be argued that a nation is most beneficially governed by an assembly elected by the people, from the admitted fact that other associations for a common purpose, such as joint stock companies, are best managed by a committee chosen by the parties interested; this, too, is an argument from analogy in the preceding sense, because its foundation is, not that a nation is like a joint stock company, or Parliament like a board of directors, but that Parliament stands in the same *relation* to the nation in which a board of directors stands to a joint stock company. Now, in an argument of this nature, there is no inherent inferiority of conclusiveness. Like other arguments from resemblance, it may amount to nothing, or it may be a perfect and conclusive induction. The circumstance in which the two cases resemble, may be capable of being shown to be the *material* circumstance; to be that on which all the consequences, necessary to be taken into account in the particular discussion, depend. In the case in question, the resemblance is one of relation; the *fundamentum relationis* being the management, by a few persons, of affairs in which a much greater number are interested along with them. Now, some may contend that this circumstance which is common to the two cases, and the various consequences which follow from it, have the chief share in determining all those effects which make up what we term good or bad administration. If they can establish this, their argument has the force of a rigid induction: if they cannot, they are said to have failed in proving the analogy between the two cases, a mode of speech which implies that when the analogy can be proved, the argument founded upon it cannot be resisted.'*

'Many of the most splendid and important discoveries in this science were the result of analogical reasonings. It was from

* Logic, pp. 97-8, vol. 2.

this source that Dr. Priestley proved the compound nature of atmospheric air; and it is related that it was in consequence of hints which he had given, when on a visit to Paris, to Lavoisier, founded entirely upon analogical conjectures, that the latter philosopher was induced to commence experiments, with the view of proving the compound nature of water, and of reducing it to its constituent elements. Indeed the whole history of this very important and useful department of human knowledge exhibits very striking and incontestible proofs how much of the art owed its existence to mere hints and conjectures, founded, in many cases, upon very slight resemblances or analogies.*

The chief province of analogy is confined to that of suggestion. Analogies are the great hinters of experiments. They illustrate an argument, but do not establish it. They are probabilities, not proofs. Hence Lord Brougham in one place exclaims:—'I have a dread, at least a suspicion, of all analogies, and never more than when on the slippery heights of an obscure subject; when we are, as it were, *inter apices* of a metaphysical argument, and feeling, perhaps groping, our way in the dark, or among the clouds. I then regard analogy as a dangerous light, a treacherous *ignis fatuus*.'†

A striking instance of the fallacy of analogy is afforded in the experiments of Professor Matteucci, which seem to prove that though the analogies between electricity and nervous substance are nearly perfect, yet they are two distinct agencies.‡

CHAP. XI.

DETECTION OF FALLACIES.

We hope to be able to save students from the fate of Diodorus, (a great logician, who died in his school through shame at being unable to resolve a quibble propounded by Stilpo)—not by hardening, but by enlightening them. Though we bring neither mood nor figure wherewith to test the presence of error, we are not without the hope of qualifying the student for its discovery.

* Blakey's Logic, pp. 96-7.
† Pal. Illus., vol. 2.
‡ See Zoist No. 20, p. 363.

It has been confessed from the throne of logic that, 'After all, in the practical detection of each individual fallacy, *much must depend on natural and acquired acuteness:* nor can any rules be given, the mere learning of which will enable us to *apply* them with mechanical certainty and readiness.'

Bulwer, in remarking that error is a view of *some* facts instead of a survey of *all*, indicated the key to logical fallacy. Error lies principally in defective premises. Sophistry in science is referable to incomplete analysis of nature, of systems—to artificial arrangements—to *supposing* qualities, to *assuming* principles, to false inductions from imperfect demonstration.

Dickens, in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' gives the case of a certain lady, who, because she knew *one* young milliner, who retained red cheeks and did not die of consumption, was immovably of opinion that all representations of the injurious effect of such sedentary occupation were false. It is ever so with the vulgar. Some one case has come under their notice, and it is in vain that you appeal to a chain of facts. They know nothing of induction—they know one case to the contrary, and that is enough. This error is the source of vulgar prejudice. Once teach men that truth does not lie in a single instance, but in a calculation in a balance of probabilities, and you rationalise them. 'The chapter of accidents [or single instances] is the Bible of the fool—it supplies him with a text against everything great, or good, or wise.'*

> Where others toil with philosophic force,
> Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course,
> Flings at your head convictions in the lump,
> And gains remote conclusions with a jump.—*Cowper.*

The first source of error is defective induction. We easil arrive at this point of examination by the questions we have proposed for use in the test of syllogism. Formerly, one syllogism was required to be defeated by another—we now attack a fallacy by induction. No false syllogism, says Brennan, can resist the inductive process of sifting particulars.

> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why, I cannot tell—
> But this I know, and know full well,
> I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

This kind of thing will not do. Induction pursues the reasoner

* Times.

with an eternal *why*. A clear because to a clear why, is a demand that is never remitted in sound logic.

Lord Melbourne, in giving his reason for his religion in the House of Lords, said it was the religion of his forefathers and that of his country, *therefore*, he would support the church. (Cheers from the opposition benches.) The Brahmin and Mussulman give the same reason for theirs. A logician in facts would have said, I hold and support my religion because it is *true*. What the standard of physical certainty is to facts, what axioms are to science, such is induction to syllogisms—it is the test of their correctness.

Dr. Whately exhibits the following instance of a regularly expressed syllogism:—

> Every dispensation of Providence is beneficial:
> Afflictions are dispensations of Providence,
> Therefore, they are beneficial.

Every applicable rule of Dr. Whately's logic is, of course, applied here—it is true in mood and figure, and yet the argument is fallacious. A fallacy is defined as 'an ingenious mixture of truth and falsehood, so entangled as to be intimately blended—that the falsehood is, in chemical phrase, *held in solution*: one drop of sound logic is that test which immediately disunites them, makes the foreign substance visible, and precipitates it to the bottom.'* But whence is to come 'this drop of sound logic?' Not from the Doctor's '*Elements*,' they have sent forth the fallacy. But touch it with the talisman of facts and the error will appear.

What facts support the assertion that 'Afflictions are dispensations of Providence?' The simple question is fatal to the argument. Can such a proposition have facts for its support? Ignorance, congregating in narrow courts, and laziness, accumulating filth, generate sickness and affliction. Are these the dispensations of Providence, or the dispensations of folly and crime? To ascribe them to Providence is virtually to allow ignorance and laziness to step into the throne of God, and call upon men to believe in *their* beneficent dispensations.

Dr. Watts, another writer on logic, set the Christian congregations of England to sing the same species of fallacy:—

* Whately's Logic, Anal. Out., chap. 1, sec. 4.

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

According to this lyrical logician, whenever wise precautions arrest the progress of pestilence, or the physician's skill subdues disease, Jehovah is robbed of a servant. By such an argument, humanity is made to be in rebellion against heaven, and our medical colleges are in antagonism with Deity, and the recent appointment, by the Russell government, of a Sanatory Commission, was high blasphemy. It is the degradation of language to employ it to such a purpose, and logic needs revising to save us from publishing such puerility in the name of learning and of reason. It must have been logic of this kind that induced a strong-thoughted woman to hazard the bold but tenable conjecture, that 'If an argument has truth in it, less than a philosopher will see it—and if it has not, less than a logician will refute it.'*

R. G. Latham, M.D., in his 'First Outlines of Logic applied to Grammar and Etymology,' has introduced the particular instance of the syllogism on Providence here cited from Whately. It would be no difficult task to present other instances of the same species of polemical fallacy from Dr. Whately and other writers on logic, did it comport with the rule I have chosen for observance. I give these cases chiefly to show how extensively and obstrusively they are introduced.

'We have,' says Mr. Mill, 'five distinguishable classes of fallacy, which may be expressed in the following synoptic table:—

Fallacies	of Simple Inspection			1. *a priori*.
	of Inference	from evidence distinctly conceived	Inductive Fallacies	2. Observation.
				3. Generalisation.
			Deductive Fallacies	4. Ratiocination.
		from evidence indistinctly conceived		5. Confusion.'

It was the boast of Archimedes, that if any one would find him a fulcrum, on which to rest a prop, he would raise the world. But this was mere assertion unsupported by facts, for if the fulcrum had been found him, Archimedes could not have performed

* A Few Days in Athens, by Frances Wright.

his promise. This has been proved by Ferguson, who has demonstrated that if Archimedes could have moved with the swiftness of a cannon ball—480 miles every hour—it would have taken him just 44,963,540,000,000 of years to have raised the world *one inch*. Bulwer remarks, 'Critics have said, what a fine idea of Archimedes! But how much finer is the *fact* that refutes it. *One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.*'

All motion generates warmth,
Shaking (with cold) is motion,
Ergo, shaking with cold generates warmth.

We look, in this case, to the facts on which the first proposition rests, and find the assertion too general.

To one who said that none were happy who were not above opinion, a Spartan replied, 'Then none are happy but knaves and robbers.'

Mr. Goodrich, the original 'Peter Parley,' gives, in his 'Fireside Education,' an instance to this effect of two boys arguing on the division of their beds. William exclaims, 'You take more than your share of the bed, James.' James answers, 'I only take half the bed.' William replies, 'True, but you take your half out of the middle, and I am obliged to lie on *both sides* to get my half.'

Innumerable sophisms are suffered to pass in consequence of some brilliancy of position which dazzles us and prevents our seeing that they are wide of the mark of reason. An instance occurs in Bulwer—who says, 'Helvetius erred upon education—but his dogma has been beneficial.' Probably so—but not so beneficial as the truth would have been. Many persons have argued from such an instance, that error is useful. Dickens, in those incidental observations of striking good sense strewed up and down his writings, says, in the 'Cricket on the Hearth;'—'These remarks (of Mrs. Fielding) were quite unanswerable; which is the happy property of all remarks that are *sufficiently wide of the purpose*.' Of the refutation of such remarks he has presented an able instance in 'Martin Chuzzlewit:'—

'Bless my soul, Westlock,' says Pinch, 'is it nothing to see Pecksniff moved to that extent and know one's self to be the cause? And did you not hear him say that he could have shed his blood for me?'

'Do you *want* any blood shed for you?' returned Westlock with

considerable irritation. 'Does he shed anything for you that you *do* want? Does he shed employment for you, instruction for you pocket money for you? Does he even shed legs of mutton for you in any decent proportion to potatoes and garden stuff?'

CHAP. XII.

SCEPTICISM.

Man has been called the plaything of chance, but there is no logic more close and inflexible than that of human life: all is entwined together; and for him who is able to disentangle the premises and patiently await the conclusion. it is the most correct of syllogisms.—JULES SANDEAU: *People's Journal*, No. 87.

'To quote authors,' says Harris, in his preface to his 'Hermes,' 'who have lived in various ages, and in distant countries; some in the full maturity of Grecian and Roman literature; some in its declension; and others in periods still more barbarous and depraved; may afford, perhaps, no unpleasing speculation, to see how the SAME REASON has at all times prevailed; how there is ONE TRUTH like one sun, that has enlightened human intelligence through every age, and saved it from the darkness both of sophistry and error.' This is the assurance which right reason will ever impart. Underneath all the change after which we pant, amid all the variety which surrounds us, and seems the very aliment of our nature, lies the instinct after the permanent. It is the province of sound logic to guarantee this in conclusion.

The novelty, change, fluctuation, which scientific discovery has brought, and will yet bring, into the formerly settled worlds of opinion and social condition, will unsettle men's minds, and pave the way to an age of scepticism. Sound logic is necessary to provide that this doubt is transitional and not ultimate.

Scepticism is of two kinds, that of Pyrrho, and that of examination. The followers of Pyrrho, it is said, made doubting a profession, until at last they doubted whether they did doubt. This is the scepticism of the scorner and trifler.

He did not know that he did not know it, and if he did know it it was more than he knew. This is as far as the philosopher, of this school can go. Dickens has drawn the portrait of these logicians in Mr. Tigg:—

'When a man like Slyme,' said Mr. Tigg, 'is detained for such a thing as a bill, I reject the superstition of ages, and believe nothing. I don't even believe that I *don't* believe, curse me if I do.'

Hood is ironical on the professors of uncertainty. 'On a certain day of a certain year, certain officers went, on certain information, to a certain court, in a certain city, to take up a certain Italian for a certain crime. What gross fools are they who say there is nothing certain in this world.'

But scepticism is not capable of disturbing the well-grounded repose of the wise; for when the sceptic thinks he has involved everything in doubt, everything is still left in as much certainty as his scepticism.

In the great maze of conflicting opinion, it matters little that we are cautioned that reason is not all-sufficient—it is the best sufficiency we have. If reason will not serve us well, will anything serve us better? Bishop Berkeley may demonstrate that we are not sure of matter's existence—but are we more sure of any thing else? We are not thus to be cajoled. But it is right to say that Mr. J. S. Mill contends that Berkeley has been misunderstood—but if he did argue, as popularly believed, to such argument, the answer of Byron is sufficient—

> When Berkeley said there was no matter,
> It was no matter what he said.

If all is delusion, the delusion is very orderly—it observes regular laws, and we proceed in logical method to inform each other, how the delusion of things appears to our understandings or affects our fortunes.

> Where nothing is, and all things seem,
> And we the shadows of a dream,

we discuss the seemings with the same gravity as realities. If a man seems to do wrong, and I seem to prevent him, and the wrong, therefore, seems not to be done, I am satisfied.

The 'wise considerate scepticism' of inquiry has been well expressed by Emerson, in his recent lecture on Montaigne. —'Who shall forbid a wise scepticism, seeing that there is no practical question on which anything more than a proximate solution is to be had? Marriage itself is an open question: those "out" wish to be "in;" those "in" to be "out."

The state, with all its obvious advantages, nobody loves it. Is it otherwise with the Church? Shall the young man enter trade or a profession, without being vitiated? Shall he stay on shore or put out to sea? There is much to be said on both sides. Then there is competition, and the attractions of the co-operative system. The labourer has a poor hut, is without knowledge, virtue, civilisation. If we say, "Let us have culture," the expression awakens a new indisposition; for culture destroys spontaneous and hearty unencumbered action. Let us have a robust, manly life; let us have to do with realities, not with shadowy ghosts. Now this precisely is the right ground of the sceptic; not of unbelief, denying or doubting—least of all of scoffing and profligate jeering at what is stable and good. He is *the considerer*. He has too many enemies around him to wish to be his own. The position of the sceptic is one taken up for defence; as we build a house not too high or too low, under the wind, but out of the dust. For him the Spartan vigour is too austere. St. John too thin and aerial. The wise sceptic avoids to be fooled by any extreme;—he wishes to see the game. He wishes to see all things, but mainly men. Really our life in this world is not of so easy interpretation as preachers and school-books are accustomed to describe it. These have not so efficiently solved the problem, that the sceptic should yield himself contentedly to their interpretation. True, he does not wish to speak harshly of what is best in us,—to turn himself into a "devil's attorney." But he points out the room there is for doubt;—the power of moods;—the power of complexion, and so forth. Shall we, then, because good-nature inclines us to virtue's side, smoothly cry: "There are no doubts!"—and lie for the right? We ask whether life is to be led in a brave or a cowardly way: whether the satisfaction of our doubts be not essential to all manliness: whether the name of virtue is to be a barrier to that which is virtue? The sceptic wants truth, wants to have things made plain to him, and has a right to be convinced in his own way. In such scepticism there is no malignity; it is honest, and does not hinder his being convinced; and this hard-headed man, once convinced, will prove a giant in defence of his faith. The true and final answer in which all scepticism is lost is the moral sentiment; that never forfeits the supremacy. It is the drop that bal
the universe.'

Science and logic have so far advanced as to abridge the field of doubtful questions. When syllogism answered syllogism, uncertainty reigned absolute—but now that the appeal is to facts, we can, wherever facts can be had, weigh or number them, and decide on one side or the other.

When Ali Pacha was at Janina, the case of a poor woman, who accused a man of the theft of all her property, was brought before him; but the plaintiff having no witnesses, the case was discharged, as the other asserted his innocence, and insisted as a proof, that he had not a farthing in the world. On their leaving his presence, Ali ordered both to be weighed, and then released them without further notice. A fortnight afterwards, he commanded both into his presence, and again weighed them; the accuser had lost as much as the defendant had gained in weight. The thing spoke for itself, and Ali decided that the accusation was just. Ali Pacha was the Burlamiqui of justice. Induction, too, has its scales, and seldom leaves us in doubt when it gets truth and falsehood in them. Scepticism is now happily restricted to those questions resting on conjectures, and which do not pertain to the practical affairs of this life. On matter-of-fact questions, only the weak are perplexed. After men have been in deliberation till the time of action approach, if it be not then manifest what is best to be done, it is a sign the difference of motives the one way and the other is not great; therefore, not to resolve then is to lose the occasion by weighing of trifles, which is pusillanimity.

Quaint old Bunyan tells us, that when he had completed his 'Pilgrim's Progress' he took the opinions of various friends on the propriety of publishing it. Some said 'John, do;' others 'John, don't.' But solid old John was not to be thus confounded. 'Then I will print it,' said he, 'and thus the case decide.' To this good sense the public owe that immortal dream.

In the great field of physical investigation, science has conquered doubt. 'Contingency and versimilitude are the offspring of human ignorance, and, with an intellect of the highest order, cannot be supposed to have any existence.'*

'Probability,' says Laplace, 'has reference partly to our ignorance, and partly to our knowledge.'

'Chance,' observes Mr. Mill, 'is usually spoken of in direct antithesis to *law*; whatever (it is supposed) cannot be ascribed

* Edinburgh Review, September 1814, article Probabilities.

to law, is attributed to chance. It is, however, certain, that whatever happens is the result of some law; is an effect of causes, and could have been predicted from a knowledge of the existence of those causes, and from their laws. If I turn up a particular card, that is a consequence of its place in the pack. Its place in the pack was a consequence of the manner in which the cards were shuffled, or of the order in which they were played in the last game; which, again, were the effects of prior causes. At every stage, if we had possessed an accurate knowledge of the causes in existence, it would have been abstractedly possible to foretel the effect.'*

'In the domain of morals, too, a certainty, not dreamed of in past times, now prevails. However much man, as an individual, may be an enigma, in the aggregate he is a mathematical problem.'†

In the great world of opinion it is the duty of honest reasoners to endeavour to find out the truth, and take sides, undeterred by the philosophical frivolity now growing fashionable. If men are silent concerning objects and principles, it is said they have none, and it is impatiently asked 'where is their bond of union?' And no sooner is it explained than they are told 'it is very unphilosophical to think of setting up a creed.' Where the alternatives are thus put against them they should take their own course. Creeds are the necessary exponents of conviction. The creedless philosopher is out on the sea of opinion, without compass or chart. To bind yourself for the future to present opinions is doubtless unwise, but he who has inquired to any purpose has come to some conclusion, affirmative, negative, or neutral; and it is the province of a creed to avow the actual result, and the consequent conduct intended to be followed. It is the vice of free thinking that it spreads universal uncertainty, and assumes right and wrong to be so protean that no man can tell one hour what opinion he shall hold the next. Logic should correct this unsatisfactory extreme, and extirpate the tiresome race whom Shelley described in Peter Bell:—

> To Peter's view, all seems one hue;
> He is no Whig, he is no Tory;
> No Deist and no Christian he—
> But is so subtle, that to be
> *Nothing* is all his glory.

* Logic, pp. 57-8, vol. 2.
† Vestiges.

CHAP. XIII.

INTELLECTUAL DARING.

Freedom has been hunted through the world, and is ever exposed to insult and injury. It is crushed by conquest; frowned from courts; expelled from colleges; scorned out of society; flogged in schools; and anathematised in churches. Mind is her last asylum; and if freedom quail there, what becomes of the hope of the world, or the worth of human nature?—W. J. Fox's Lectures to the Working Classes, part 12, p. 65.

We should be prepared to dare all things for truth. If the 'very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalisation,' we should be prepared to risk them. If we must choose between truth and repose, we ought not to hesitate. There is danger in having the truth—philosophers are obliged to conceal it. Mankind vaunt their love of truth, but they are not to be trusted. From interest or ignorance they always persecute, and often kill, the discoverer. Still the pursuit of truth is a *duty*, and we must find consolation in the heroic reflection of Burke, that *in all exertions of duty there is something to be hazarded.* But intellectual daring will never be common while it is so generally believed to be criminal. We will, therefore, quote some considerations touching the rightfulness of inquiry.

Without INQUIRY it is impossible for us to KNOW whether our opinions are true or false, and various are the pretences employed for declining investigation: frequently they are masked under vague and metaphorical phrases: "inquiry implies the weighing of evidence, and might lead to doubt and perplexity"—"to search into a subject might shake the settled convictions of the understanding"—to examine opposite arguments, and contradictory opinions, might contaminate the mind with false views.

'Every one who alleges pretexts like these for declining *inquiry*, must obviously begin by assuming that his own opinions are unerringly in the right. Nothing could justify a man for declining the investigation of a subject involving important opinions, but the possession of an understanding *free* from liability of error. Not gifted with infallibility, in what way, except by diligent inquiry, can he obtain any assurance that he is not pursuing a course of injurious action? If he holds any opinion, he must have acquired it either by examination, by instillation, rote, or

some other process. On the supposition that he has acquired it by proper examination, the duty on which I am now insisting has been discharged, and the matter is at an end—but if he has acquired it in any *other* manner, the mere plea, that his mind might become unsettled, can be no argument against the duty of investigation. For anything he can allege to the contrary, his present opinions are wrong—and, in that case, the disturbance of his blind convictions, instead of being an evil, is an essential step towards arriving at the truth.

'It may possibly be assigned, as a further reason for his declining inquiry, that he may come to some fallacy which he cannot surmount, although convinced of its character. If he is convinced of its character, he must either have grounds for that conviction or not. If he has grounds, let him examine them, draw them out, try if they are valid, and then the fallacy will stand exposed. If he has no grounds for suspecting a fallacy, what an irrational conclusion he confesses himself to have arrived at! But perhaps he will reply—he may be unable to solve the difficulty; his mind may become perplexed, and the issue may prove, after all, that it would have been much better had he remained in his former strong, though unenlightened, conviction. Why better? If he is in peplexity let him read, think, consult the learned and the wise, and in the end he will probably reach a definite opinion on one side or the other. But if he should still remain in doubt, where is the harm? or rather, why is it not to be considered a good? The subject is evidently one which admits strong probabilities on opposite sides. Doubt is therefore the *proper* sentiment for the occasion—it is the result of the best exercise of the faculties—and either positively to believe, or positively to disbelieve, would imply an erroneous appreciation of evidence.

'In the minds of some people a strong prejudice appears to exist against that state of the understanding which is termed doubt. A little reflection, however, will convince any one that on certain subjects "*doubt*" is as appropriate a state of the reasoning faculties as belief or disbelief on others. There are doctrines, propositions, facts, supported and opposed by every degree of evidence, and amongst them by that degree of evidence of which the proper effect is to leave the understanding in an equipoise between two conclusions. In these cases "*doubt*" is the

appropriate result, which there can be no reason to shrink from or lament. But it may be further urged, that inquiry might contaminate the understanding with false views—and, therefore, it is wise and laudable to abstain from it.

'We can comprehend what is meant by contaminating a man's habits or disposition, or even imagination. But there is no analogy on these points in reference to the understanding. There is contamination, there is evil, in preposterous and obscene images crowding before the intellectual vision, notwithstanding a full and distinct perception of their character—but there is no contamination, no evil, in a thousand false arguments coming before the understanding, if their quality is clearly discerned. The only possible evil in this case is mistaking false for true—but the man who shrinks from investigation lest he should mistake false for true, can have no reason for supposing himself free from that delusion in his actual opinions. Besides these objections to INQUIRY, there are other prejudices of a similar character, forming serious impediments to the attainment of truth.

'One of these is *a fear that we may search too far, and become chargeable with presumption in prying into things we ought not to know.* A few words will suffice to prove that nothing can be more irrational and absurd. We have already shown that *true* opinions are conducive to the welfare of mankind—and the prosecution of *inquiry* is therefore a process from which we have everything to hope and nothing to fear, and to which there are no limits but such as the nature of our own faculties prescribes.

'A second prejudice—that *we may contract guilt, if, in the course of our researches, we miss the right conclusion, and had therefore better let inquiry alone*—is still more influential in preventing those investigations which it is our duty to make. As our opinions on any subject are not *voluntary* acts, but *involuntary* effects, in whatever conclusions our researches terminate they can involve us in no culpability. All that we have to take care of is, to bestow on every subject an adequate and impartial attention. Having done this, we have discharged our duty; and it would be irrational and unmanly to entertain any apprehension for the result.

'In fact, there is the grossest inconsistency in the prejudice now under consideration. If we may contract guilt by searching after

truth, we may equally do so by remaining in our present state The reason alleged in the prejudice itself, and the only reason which can be assigned with any plausibility, why we may commit an offence by embarking in any inquiry, is that we may, by so doing, miss the right conclusion, or, in other words, fall into error —for no one would seriously contend that we incur any moral culpability by an investigation which conducts us to the truth. But it is obvious that we may equally miss the right conclusion by remaining in our actual opinions. It is, then, incumbent on us to ascertain whether we are committing an offence by remaining in them—in other words, it is necessary to *examine* whether those opinions are true. Thus the reasons assigned for *not* inquiring, lead to the conclusion that it is *necessary* to inquire.

'The third prejudice is that acquiescence in received opinions, or forbearing to think for ourselves, shows a degree of humility highly proper and commendable—if closely examined will be found usually to evince nothing but a great degree of indolent presumption, or intellectual cowardice. There is often, in truth, as great a measure of presumption in this species of acquiescence as in the boldest hypothesis which human invention can start. That received and established opinions are true, is one of those sweeping conclusions which would require very strong reasons, and often elaborate research, to justify. On what grounds are they considered to be true by one who declines investigation? Because (on the most favourable supposition) they have been handed down to us by our predecessors, and have been held with unhesitating faith by a multitude of illustrious men. But what comprehensive reasons are these? What investigation would it require to shew that they were valid? As the whole history of mankind teems with instances of the transmission of the grossest errors from one generation to another, and of their having been countenanced by the concurrence of the most eminent of our race —how, without examination, can we show that *this* particular instance is an exception from the general lot?

'From the necessity of using our own judgment, or, in other words, of arriving at a conclusion for ourselves, we cannot be absolved. Far from being a virtue, blind acquiescence in the opinions of others is, in most cases, a positive vice, tending to stop all advancement in knowledge, and all improvement in practice.

From the preceding it is evident that the inquirer may enter on his task with full confidence that he is embarking in no criminal, or forbidden, or presumptuous enterprise, but is, on the contrary, engaging in the discharge of a duty. Let him be as circumspect as he pleases in collecting his facts and deducing his conclusions, cautious in the process, but *fearless* in the result. Let him be fully aware of his liability to error, of the thousand sources of illusions, of the limited powers of the individual, of the paramount importance of truth—but let him dismiss *all apprehensions* of the issue of an investigation conducted with due application of mind and rectitude of purpose.'*

Marcus Antoninus, indeed, said 'I seek after truth, by which no man yet was ever injured.' But there is a great practical mistake here. There *is* danger in truth—and the admission should be plainly made. Men, where forewarned, make the choice more manfully. We have been wisely told by Emerson, that the cherished thoughts and institutions of mankind are at the mercy of a new generalisation—rest, commodity, reputation. Inconvenience, and suspense, are the consequences of the partizanship of truth. Certain political truths annihilate the interests of whole classes. Certain social truths war with life-cherished prejudices. Certain sanitary truths reduce the value of all city property. Certain scientific truths ruin the working classes by thousands. In a wiser state of society this could be prevented, but our present business is with what *is*. It is therefore idle to conceal the truth—that there is danger in truth. Pope's dictum, that party is the madness of many for the gain of a few, is inversely true of truth. Truth is the ultimate benefit of many, but the immediate ruin of the few. Here, however, comes to our aid the wise and far-seeing aphorism of Burke—'In all exertions of duty there is something to be hazarded'—and the brave man and wise friend of mankind will risk the fate which surely awaits him—the fate of Galileo, Newton, Salomon de Caus, Volta, Fulton, Winser, Arkwright, Gall, and all who present themselves, with truth in their hands, at the door of this great bedlam called the world—the fate of being received with stones and hisses.

* Extracts of Summary, by Aliquis, of arguments on the *Duty* of Inquiry, from the 'Pursuit of Truth, and other Essays,' by S. Bailey, in *Reasoner* No. 12.

CHAP. XIV.

IDOLS.

The term Idol is employed by Bacon to designate those prejudices which men prefer to truth. A prejudice is a bias without a reason for it, an opinion without a foundation, a judgment formed of persons and things without sufficient examination, an assent given to a proposition without sufficient evidence. The bias may be honourable, the opinion correct, the assent in the right direction, but still of the nature of prejudice, because, if right, it is right by accident rather than design.

Ignorance hides from us facts, and we decide partially rather than confess our deficiency. Ill-directed education gives us prepossessions, which are obstacles in the way of truth, and we continue to cherish what, having become a part of our nature, it pains us to discard. The senses will occasionally mislead us and although we are conscious that appearances are not to be wholly trusted, we reluctantly doubt our own infallibility. From early, and therefore unquestioned, associations, we have acquired certain habits, and from fashion certain sentiments, and we continue old customs, and fall into the current opinion unconsciously. Of these sources of prejudice, logic warns us to beware. Of so much importance did Bacon regard these hindrances to truth, that he considered the pursuit of new truth hopeless while they were cherished. In a mixed vein of poetry and philosophy, he divided prejudices into four classes, which he called Idols of the Tribe, the Den, the Market and the Theatre. Idols of the Tribe are prejudices men imbibe from early training, and love of hypothesis. They are so called because common to the whole race or tribe of mankind. Idols of the Den are those which relate to a man's particular character. Idols of the Market are those which are accommodated to common notions. Idols of the Theatre denote such as pertain to hypothetical systems of philosophy.

Remembering the declarations of Euler and Gall, and the daily discoveries of science, we should stand, as it were, on the verge of the old world of experience, and look out on the new world of truth. A young thinker should make for himself a chart of proposed reforms, systems, and changes, agitated in his day—place

in relative positions in the scale of importance such as he deems of value, if true—and then analyse his experience to see what is soundly opposed thereto. Such a practice would go far to rid men of idol-prejudices, which retard private improvement and public progress.

CHAP. XV.

ILLUSTRATIVE EXERCISES.

1. ALL men possessed of an uncontrolled discretionary power, leading to the aggrandisement and profit of their own body, have always abused it.'—*Burke's Thoughts on the Present Discontents.*

The student will find the proof of this proposition exhibited in the example of Induction, quoted from Mr. Bailey, p. 63.

2. Prosperity could never be reached and maintained in this country, without some provision for the *regular employment* of the poor.—*Mr. Beckett's Speech in the House of Commons*, Feb. 3, 1842.

The demonstration, to universal conviction, of this proposition, would lead to an entire and beneficial change of the social condition of this country.

3. The pen is the tongue of the world.—*Paine.* Put this in the syllogistic form.

4. A good instance of a metaphorical argument drawn out is given by Mr. Mill:—'For instance, when Mr. Carlyle, rebuking the Byronic vein, says that "strength does not manifest itself in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens;" the metaphor proves nothing, it is no argument, only an allusion to an argument; in no other way however could so much of argument be so completely suggested in so few words. The expression suggests a whole train of reasoning, which it would take many sentences to write out at length. As thus: Motions which are violent but brief, which lead to no end, and are not under the control of the will, are, in the physical body, more incident to a weak than to a strong constitution. If this be owing to a cause which equally operates in what relates to the mind, the same conclusion will hold there likewise. But such is really the fact. For the body's

liability to these sudden and uncontrollable motions arises from irritability, that is, unusual susceptibility of being moved out of its ordinary course by transient influences: which may equally be said of the mind. And this susceptibility, whether of mind or body, must arise from a weakness of the forces which maintain and carry on the ordinary action of the system. All this is conveyed in one short sentence. And since the causes are alike in the body and in the mind, the analogy is a just one, and the maxim holds of the one as much as of the other.'*

5. A youth, named Evathlus, engaged with Protagoras to learn dialectics, and promised his tutor a large sum of money, *in case he gained the first cause he pleaded.* Evathlus, when fully instructed, refused to pay his instructor. Protagoras brought his action thus—'You must pay the money however the cause go, for if I gain you must pay in consequence of the sentence, as being cast in the cause; and if *you* gain it, you must pay in pursuance of our covenant.' 'Nay,' Evathlus retorts, 'which way soever the cause be decided, you will have nothing, for if I prevail, the sentence gives it that nothing is due: and if I lose, then there is nothing due by the covenant.' What should be the decision in this case?

6. The first case, says Cervantes, requiring Sancho's attention was a question put by a stranger, in presence of the stewards and rest of the attendants. 'My Lord,' said he, 'a certain manor is divided by a large river. I beg your honour will be attentive, for the case is of great consequence and of some difficulty. I say then, upon this river is a bridge, and at one end of it the gibbet, together with a sort of court hall, in which four judges usually sit to execute the law enacted by the lord of the river, bridge, and manor, which runs to this effect: Whoever shall pass this bridge, must first swear whence he comes and whither he goes; if he swear the truth he shall be allowed to pass, but if he forswear himself he shall die upon the gallows without mercy or respite. This law, together with the rigorous penalty, being known, numbers passed, and as it appeared they swore nothing but the truth, the judges permitted them to pass freely and without control. It happened, however, that one man's oath being taken, he affirmed and swore by his deposition that he was going to be hanged on that gibbet, and had no other errand or intention. The

* Logic, pp. 433-4, vol. 2.

judges, having considered this oath, observed: if we allow this man to pass freely, he swore to a lie, and, therefore, ought to be hanged according to law; and if we ordered him to be hanged after he hath sworn he was going to be suspended on that gibbet, he will have sworn the truth, and by the same law he ought to be acquitted. I beg, therefore, to know, my lord governor [and student], what the judges must do with this man?'

CHAP. XVI.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

ABSTRACT NAMES—the names of attributes.—*J. S. Mill.*

ABSTRACTION—fixing thought on the point of resemblance in one body.

— drawing off and contemplating separately any part of an an object.

ACTION—a volition followed by an effect.—*J. S. Mill.*

ANALOGY—resemblance of relation.—*Whately.*

ANALYSIS—the resolution of a complex whole into its component elements.—*J. S. Mill.*

ARGUMENT—an expression in which, from something laid down as granted, something else is deduced.—*Whately.*

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM—appealing to an opponent's professed views.

A PRIORI—reasoning from cause to effect.

A POSTERIORI—arguing from effects to cause.

BODY—the unknown cause of our sensations—*J. S. Mill.*

CAUSE—the invariable antecedent, or thing going before.

— the stimulus of an effect.

CONCLUSION—a proposition proved by argument.

CONNOTATIVE TERMS—denote a subject, and imply an attribute.—*J. S. Mill.*

CONSCIOUSNESS—sensation of existences.

DEFINITION—the separation of a thing, as by a boundary, from everything else.

DISCOVERY—finding out something already existing.

EFFECT—the immediate, invariable consequent, or the change produced by power.

ENTHYMEME—An argument with one premiss suppressed being understood.

EXPERIENCE—events which have taken place within a person's own knowledge.—*Whately.*

FALLACY—an apparent argument.

GENERAL TERMS—express the notion of partial similarity.

GENERALISATION—tracing certain points of resemblance.

— naming one respect in which many things agree.

INDUCTION—universalisation of truth by inference from uniform facts.

INTUITION—imaginary looking.—*Whewell.*

LOGIC—a scientific use of facts.

LOGICAL TRUTH—that which admits of proof.—*Chambers.*

MIND—the unknown percipient of sensation.—*J. S. Mill.*

NECESSARY TRUTHS—are those in which we not only learn that the proposition *is* true, but see that it *must be* true; in which the negative of the truth is not only false, but impossible; in which we cannot, even by an effort of the imagination, or in a supposition, conceive the reverse of that which is asserted.—*Dr. Whewell:* Phil. Inductive Sciences, pp. 54-5, vol. 1.*

NON-CONNOTATIVE TERMS—denote a subject only and an attribute only.—*J. S. Mill.*

PHILOSOPHY—the science of *realities* in opposition to that of mere appearances—the attempt to comprehend things as they *are*, rather than as they *seem*.—*Morell.*

POINT AT ISSUE—the real question to be decided.

POWER—in logic, is the relation of circumstances to each other in time.

PREMISES the propositions which precede a "conclusion."

— the name of the propositions from which a conclusion is deduced.

* As 'necessary truths' are much talked of, I have introduced here, from Whewell, the completest definition with which I am acquainted. For myself, I coincide on this question with J. S. Mill, as quoted pp. 22-3.

PRINCIPLE—an *invariable* rule.

PROOF—sufficient evidence; the balance of probability in favour of a proposition.

PROPOSITION—a sentence which affirms or denies something.—*Whately.*

— An expression in words of a judgment.—*J. S. Mill.*

REASON—the recognition of facts.

— the classification of facts.

— following in the pathway of facts.

— the power of discerning coherences.

— a premiss placed after its conclusion.

— the minor premiss—in the sense of Reason for asserting something.

REASONING—argumentation.

— process, the same always.

SUBJECT—first term of a proposition.

SYLLOGISM—1. A general rule. 2. A fact contained under that rule. 3. A conclusion that the fact is so contained.

— an argument stated regularly and at full length.

— a valid argument so stated that its conclusiveness is evident from the mere *form* of the expression.

TECHNICAL TERMS—the tools of art.—*Whately.*

TECHNICAL LANGUAGE—regularly formed, defined, and agreed on set of expressions.

TESTIMONY—second-hand experience. *Direct* evidence is that which is professedly given. *Incidental*, is corroboration casually introduced on one subject in the course of an evidence delivered on another.

THEORY—is a system of rules intended to explain a class of facts. The rules should be precise, and rest on a rigorous induction of facts or probabilities.

TRADITION—the relation of a circumstance, not committed to writing by any person who observed it, but communicated orally from one to another for a long period of time.

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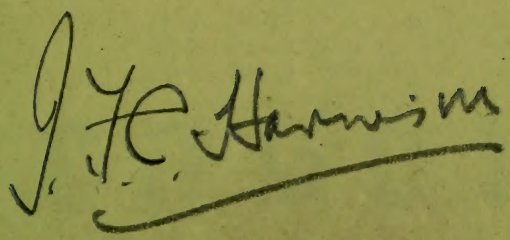

THE

Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—G. J. Holyoake.

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29 to 32.	Judge Herttell's Correspondence.
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37.	The book of Joshua, &c.
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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

MR. WAKLEY AND SOCIALIST EDUCATION.

AN account appeared in the *Sunday Times*, of September 22nd, of an inquest held by Mr. Wakley, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, on the body of a man who was found drowned in a water butt. A boy named Lee, before giving his evidence, was interrogated by the coroner as to the nature of an oath, and, on stating his ignorance of it, a series of questions was put which elicited from him that the last place at which he received instruction was 'the school belonging to the Socialist Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, where they don't believe in the Bible, and don't teach any sort of religion.' This was thought sufficient by Mr. Wakley to justify him in expressing his alarm, and by the *Sunday Times* in naming a paragraph 'The Socialist System of Education.' The least inquiry made into the facts of the case would have shown the character of the school to be such as to render the assumption of disbelief in the Bible, as a characteristic, perfectly unwarrantable—that the boy Lee had been a pupil but for a few months—and that he had attended a school professedly religious from his infancy.

The system pursued in the John Street school is neither Socialist nor anti-religious, but *secular*, and the boy spoke merely the gossip of prejudice he had caught from others; and the newspapers would have been equally accurate in applying the term Socialist to any other of the Secular Schools in London, or to University College. Mr. Wakley, as reported by the *Weekly Times*, observed that 'the statement the boy had made was truly alarming, and a disgrace to the country; and that he thought the sooner the educational system of the Socialists was abolished the better for the welfare of the rising generation.'

And are we to presume that Mr. Wakley is alarmed at Mechanics' Institutions, and that classes, wherever established, for the study of reading, arithmetic, grammar, or any scientific subject, are a 'disgrace to the country,' that he signifies the John Street school as specially meriting suppression, whose chief feature is that these secular subjects are taught in combination?

It is worthy of remark that the boy's testimony was then taken without his being sworn, which is another instance—many are daily occurring—in which evidence is received without insisting upon an oath. If the practice pass into an incontestible precedent, many of our friends will find relief in being enabled to give evidence where they are now prevented: alarmists, however, will be glad to hear that the boy Lee had not been hurt by his experience in a Socialist school. He ended his declaration by the *naïveté* of this remark—'but I'll speak what I know,' and what more could the coroner have had if the lad had taken a hundred oaths? Mr. Wakley administers oaths constantly to persons who do *not*, and who do not *mean*, to tell what they know. Is not this 'very alarming?' What becomes of the efficacy of the oath in these cases? Will the *Sunday* and *Weekly Times* tell us?

The office of a coroner is one of importance, and should be one of respect; but

when the authority of a respectable functionary is prostituted in reckless accusation, fostering conventional prejudice, all wise citizens note that personal character and official dignity are sacrificed together. In justice to other parties we ought to say that the coroner, quoted in this notice, is the *son* of the member for Finsbury, and not Mr. Wakley, sen., as some have supposed. G. J. H.

'THE ATHEIST SILENCED.'

[The article following was sent to me a few days ago, having been printed by Mr. Barkas, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in a separate form, and distributed anxiously on both sides the river. The teetotallers, who assume to be neutral, finding something which they take to be effectual at hand, have become volunteer distributors. Burlington B. Wale, the virtual author, is not unknown to us as a semi-vegetarian and semi-mystic, but we are hardly prepared to find him the author of a title of such peculiar taste as that above, and suppose it to be the invention of the good printer.—Ed.]

'The Atheist Silenced.—In Manchester, a few weeks since, a certain Socialist lecturer was announced to lecture on Atheism, and many went out of curiosity to hear him. After indulging in a large amount of scurrility and blasphemy for about an hour and a half, he concluded by saying that the only safe rule of faith was to believe nothing that was not capable of mathematical demonstration; and as the existence of God could not be thus demonstrated, it ought not to be believed. When he had sat down, a gentleman, who was instantly recognised as Burlington B. Wale, Esq., whose essays and lectures on languages (recently delivered at the Collegiate Institution in Liverpool) have won for him the reputation of a distinguished linguist, rose to reply to the remarks which had been made by the lecturer. On being invited to take a position on the platform, he said he had no intention of wading through the continent of mud which the lecturer had been so long constructing; he should only fasten upon his two closing remarks, namely, "that nothing should be believed that was not susceptible of mathematical demonstration;" and "that the existence of God not being susceptible of mathematical demonstration, ought not to be believed." Now, in relation to the first position, it was a fundamental axiom of mathematics, that every circle must have a centre; but he need hardly tell the lecturer, that while it was absolutely necessary to admit this centre, its existence had never been demonstrated. "Let this table," said Mr. Wale, laying his hand upon a circular table which was on the platform, "be considered a yard in diameter; now, I cut into two semi-diameters; now, where is the centre? It is not in either of the semi-diameters, for they are equal; and if it be in one it must be in the other; so you prove too much, for you show that there are two centres in one circle, which is an absurdity, and destroys the very thing you are labouring to establish. It cannot be *between* them for they are in contact. You are thus driven to this conclusion—that this mathematical centre is a point devoid of parts, namely, a *spaceless point*—something that does not occupy space. Now, as all the entities occupy space, if this centre does not, then it is not an entity, *ergo*, it is a nonentity—that is nothing! So much for the lecturer's first proposition, that nothing ought to be believed that is not susceptible of mathematical demonstration. This conducts us to the second proposition "that the existence of a God is incapable of mathematical proof." Let us test this assertion. And here, I hope the lecturer will signify his admission or rejection of the premises laid down as I proceed. "First, then, attraction either re-

sides in matter, or it does not reside in matter." It was admitted to reside in matter. "Secondly, it is equally diffused through matter, or it is not equally diffused through matter." Admitted that it was equally diffused. "Thirdly, repulsion resides in matter, or it does not reside in matter." Admitted to reside in matter. "Fourthly, it is equally diffused through matter, or it is not equally diffused." Admitted that it is equally diffused. "Now mark the result," continued Mr. W., "Here are two permanently antagonistic forces, equally resident in matter, equally diffused through matter, equal in extent, and equal in power; these forces are said to be the motive power which moves all bodies. But it is one of the most self-evident propositions of Euclid, that where equal is added to equal, the result will be equal; in other words, that where two forces of equal strength are in antagonism, the result will be the establishment of an equilibrium; not motion, but quiescence or rest. Thus if you take a pair of scales and place a pound weight in each, you establish an equilibrium which will remain for ever undisturbed, unless interfered with by some external agent. If, on the other hand, it is contended that attraction is stronger than repulsion, then once stronger it will for ever remain so, and drawing all bodies into one agglomerated mass, again the result would be, not motion, but rest. If, on the contrary, it be said that repulsion is the strongest, then every particle of matter dilating and expanding to its utmost tension, would fly off into space, which being filled with a concourse of disconnected atoms, again the result would be, not motion, but rest. But nothing is at rest—suns, systems, planets, stars, are all in rapid motion. What, then, is the power which has destroyed the equilibrium of these two antagonistic forces, and which has given to the universe that motion which they are ever striving to prevent? We find no evidence of its existence in matter, yet it is evidently superior to matter, since it controls the motions of matter, and neutralises the tendency of those laws and forces which reside in matter. Now this power, which without residing in matter, is evidently superior to it, constantly acting upon it, overcoming its inertia, and compelling it into motion, we call God. God! the inevitable word which terminates all our studies, the grand climax to all our knowledge, shining like a mysterious star upon the borders of both worlds, revealing to us the moral liberty of this, the moral justice of that." Mr. Wale's argument, certainly one of the most lucid, forcible, and original, for the existence of God, which it ever fell to our lot to hear, seemed to make a great impression upon the audience, more especially as his opponent declined to reply in "consequence of the lateness of the hour," though it was not quite ten o'clock.'

[The freethinkers of Newcastle-on-Tyne are circulating the following reply, with a view to inform their eager opponents that there are two sides to the large question Mr. Wale affects so summarily to dispose of.]

ANSWER TO THE 'ATHEIST SILENCED.'

WITHOUT that talent which sees only 'scurrility,' 'blasphemy,' and 'mud' in an opponent, Mr. Burlington B. Wale's argument may be answered. He who says that 'the only safe rule is to believe in nothing not capable of mathematical demonstration,' is indeed more exacting than he need be, and more so than atheists in general are, who will be quite content when they see the balance of probability in favour of theism. But to refute an *ad captandum* remark is not to refute Atheism, as Mr. Wale appears to suppose.

In practical mathematics the centre of a circle is the smallest part of space equally distant from the circumference, and when the diameter is cut through the centre is not equally in each semi-diameter—for half the centre in each has been cut away by the bisect-

ing line. Therefore no dilemma exists as to 'two centres.' However thin the dividing line is, it takes away a portion of both semi-diameters, which are no longer *exactly* half the measure of the distance from the circumference to the centre. The centre, therefore, does lie between the semi-diameters, and is that point of *space* on which the leg of the compass is placed in drawing the circle. No man, therefore, is 'driven to the conclusion that a mathematical centre is a *spaceless* point,' for such a conclusion is manifestly false in practice, for in that case a geometrician who drew a circle would rest the leg of his compass upon *nothing*—a thing which is never done. This is but the old mathematical quibble of the schools. If Mr. Wale is right, and the centre is not in the semi-diameter nor between them, it is *nowhere*, in which case a circle has no centre—an absurdity too manifest for serious answer. Thus Mr. Wale offers us only the perplexity of a verbal difficulty, which vanishes when we come to reality. And if it were not so, and we were forced to admit that God, like a mathematical point, is a '*spaceless*' being, devoid of parts, it can have no influence on nature and no hold on our affections —and if '*nothing*,' as Mr. Wale declares a point to be, it is only what the atheist suspects, and nothing more need be said about it.

With respect to the argument touching the properties of matter, admitting the atheist, Mr. Wale met, to be wrong in his admission, we do not find that Mr. Wale is right in his conclusions. If we admit that attraction and repulsion both reside in matter, and are, in *strict* sense, equally diffused throughout it,—it indeed follows, that we have two antagonistic forces coequal in extent and power which involve a permanent equilibrium—which *does not exist;* and therefore the inference is, that attraction and repulsion are not *equally*, in strict sense, diffused throughout matter: for if we accept the admission that they are, as Mr. Wale does, and follow the absolute axiom of Euclid that equals added to equals *must* result in an equal—or equilibrium, God could not disturb the result, any more than he could make two parallel lines meet, or create a short line with only one extremity.

Mr. Wale must see that, by attraction and repulsion being 'equally diffused throughout matter,' all that could be meant is that these two elements are present in every conceivable part of space, but not in equal proportions and under equal conditions and in equal contact *in every particle* of matter, which is necessary before their joint action could produce universal equilibrium: for gases will only unite under given *proportions*, water will only boil at 212° of heat or at an equivalent altitude, and lead requires to be opposed in flat surfaces newly scraped, marble and glass must be in planes and wet and brought into *contact* before the attraction of cohesion takes place. We know that attraction and repulsion act upon matter in proportion to nearness of junction. Thus we see, that if we suppose both elements let loose in nature in equal gross power, it might require an *eternity* before they would find the necessary condition of diffusion, proportion, and contact, which must obtain before equilibrium could result. And even were the two powers unequal, similar conditions would be essential to exist before the stronger could obtain unlimited mastery, and this mastery must be the work of *time;* Mr. Wale supposes it to be the work of a minute, which is impossible. It may even now be going on, and we know nothing of it, as ages might be insufficient for one power to subdue the other—just as we find in the moral world, that the principle of Good, the greater, is long in conquering its antagonist Evil.

There therefore exists no dilemma necessitating us to invoke that 'inevitable word' God, which is the greatest dilemma of all, which 'terminates all our studies' by confounding our conclusions. It is a '*mysterious* star upon the borders of two worlds,' revealing nothing to us in this except the impossibility of the Finite comprehending the Infinite—nothing of that except an invisibility which mocks our curiosity and rebukes our presumption.

The atheist whom Mr. Wale met must have known that the presumption of Theism is never so well exposed as when its defenders can be drawn into an attempted *demon-*

stration of the existence of God. Our greatest divines are aware of the futility, and avoid it. Mr. Wale fell into the mesh incautiously, and that he should endeavour to get out is natural enough; but that he should call his attempt at his own extrication 'silencing' Atheism, is too large an imposition upon the public; and one who could attempt it the Manchester atheist might well be content to leave for future disposal.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

[If the argument by Mr. B. Wale should break out elsewhere (it is very likely to appear in Liverpool and Manchester) we will supply answers at the rate of ten a penny, if a thousand or more are taken, for distribution. But application must be made early.]

THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN MR. RICHARD HART AND MR. HOLYOAKE.

THIS debate took place on Friday week as announced. When accepting Mr. Hart's challenge, Mr. Holyoake stated that he only undertook to debate the matter with a believer in the doctrine; and accordingly, in opening the question, Mr. Holyoake combatted the theories of the authorities who hold that future punishments are useful whether true or not—and next he exhibited their disastrous influence whether true or false. In the sequel, Mr. Hart explained as his opinion that every offender endures moral consequences immediate upon his offence amounting to punishment, and that if existence reaches to a future world the punishment must be future also. This seemed to Mr. Holyoake as a practical evasion of the orthodox theory. It was understood that Mr. Holyoake would debate with Mr. Hart the question of Responsibility, but this he declined, on the ground that the actual difference between them was not sufficient to justify them in going before the public.

THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL TRACT SOCIETY.

A tea-party held at the Literary and Scientific Institution, on Sept. 22, commemorated the useful efforts of this Society. Mr. G. J. Holyoake, President of the Institution, took the chair by request. He observed, that the persons moving in the class to which the company belonged were in all probability never destined to rise above the proud level of history. To them it was neither given to manifest gigantic vices nor sublime virtues: their sole attainable usefulness lay in the continuity of little duties well fulfilled, and there was no mode of usefulness practicable to those who took no part in public life like that of employing the agency of Tracts. He read the concluding paragraph of the Rev. Charles Kingsley's letter in the *Leader* of Saturday last, pointing out the necessity of explaining to the public the serious misconceptions under which so earnest a friend of the people was labouring, and vindicating the great principles of moral government advocated in that Institution. Mr. Turley and Mr. Hoppy addressed the meeting, and Mr. Austin Holyoake reported the progress of the Tract Society, and stated that it had issued four tracts in considerable numbers, and yet retained a small fund in hand. The meeting added to it by a voluntary collection sufficient to enable another tract to be issued.

Examination of the Press.

Dives and Lazarus on the Sunday.—[A reader of the *Reasoner* has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Bristol Mercury* in reply to one 'Decency,' a writer on the Sabbath question. The annexed extract is worth preserving.]—'A Friend of Decency' says he petitioned against the Sabbatarian closing of the post-office; but is indignant at the 'most *uncalled* for and truly *abominable* speculation' of the Great Western Company to take people to Windsor on a Sunday. Where is the difference, as *Punch* says, between posting your letter and posting yourself? One can say more in an hour, when face to face with an old friend, than one could write in a month. Written correspondence, admirable as it is, is but a make-shift mode of communication. Some friends of mine, working men, will occupy the spare hours of two or three nights to write an ordinary letter, and make but a poor job of it at last; but give them the few hours they may obtain by means of an excursion train, and they will impart the news and exchange the thoughts that have been hoarding for a twelvemonth. From my own knowledge I can speak of men who have become *bona fide* teetotallers in order to save the money they formerly spent in beer, to enable them to take advantage of the Sunday excursion-trains. If you cannot *drive* men into churches and chapels, and 'Tait' says the attempt has miserably failed in Scotland where tried, you may at least *draw* them out of ale-houses, and surely the one evil, if evil it be, is far less than the other—well-dressed society and the rattle of a railway train are to be preferred to the gingling of beer-pots, ragged drunkenness, and delirium tremens.—Perhaps 'A Friend to Decency' can go to London or Windsor any day he pleases; if so, decency should have suggested the propriety of offering no obstruction to those who have the Sunday only in which to go. Dives is free as the wind to go when and where he listeth, he has all the means and all the time at his command to do so; now, Lazarus has naught but his Sunday, and if he fails to improve any opportunity which his wealthy neighbour places at his disposal to cheaply visit his friends at a distance on that day, why Dives doesn't care, but leaves him to pay dearly for it on any other day when he may wish to go.—A Mechanic.

The Worth of a Blessing.—A correspondent sends us this anecdote:—'Some of the wealthiest of the clergy are the canons of St. John, as the collegiate church was well endowed by the knights. One of the chapters was once wending his way to vespers, when, as he was toiling his way painfully up one of the streets of stairs leading to the church, he was accosted by a mendicant, who, in a low, whining tone, besought his reverence to give him alms. The canon, who was not the most liberal of men, attempted to brush by, but in vain. "Padre mio," whined the beggar; "for the love of the virgin give me a shilling." The canon gasped, threw up his eyes, and ejaculated, "Santa Maria!" with double emphasis. "Will you give me sixpence, then?" rejoined the beggar. "Go along with you," said the canon. "A penny, at least" "No." "A farthing, perhaps?" "Not a grain," testily replied the priest. The mendicant changed his ground. "Holy father, will you give me your blessing?" "Ah," said the canon, brightening up, "that is another thing: kneel down, my son." "No," replied the beggar, "I will not. I asked you for a grain, and you refused me: now, if your blessing were worth a grain you would not bestow it. And so, addio, par mio!"'—[This is a story which, as a playful joke, we have no objection to; but, taken seriously, we should decline to use it. The chapter might very justly think the mendicant a scamp, and that contribution might further confirm him in his idleness, and therefore properly refuse him, while he might think his blessing calculated to operate to his benefit.—Ed.]

Reasoner Tracts.

THE INSANITY OF MANKIND.*

BY ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

PERFECT sanity can only result from cerebral perfection; and seeing cerebral imperfection occurs in every individual, therefore insanity in some form and in greater or less degree is the fate of all the human race.

In vol. xvii., p. 60, of the *Phrenological Journal* we find the following agreement to the foregoing:—'There is no individual in whom an harmonious balance of the mental powers is to be found; and consequently, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in a right state.'

Education makes a most material difference in the conduct of many persons through life; in fact, unless individuals have good reasoning faculties, and possess moral courage, they seldom exhibit any alteration in the opinions engrafted on their cerebral organs in childhood, however adverse such opinions may be to all logical deductions; and although education has a great effect in forming the cerebration, still, when the individual is capable of reflection, opinions generally, in after life, become much modified, if not altogether altered; but in most of such cases we only know of the alteration, provided there is honesty enough to own it.

No organ of the brain can be abused by any individual, because what is called abuse is the natural action (under circumstances) of organs exceeding in size the organs that would control them, provided such controlling organs were sufficiently developed.

Our thoughts, words, and deeds, arise involuntarily from cerebration—that is, the action of the brain, and the circumstances we are placed in at the time those organs of the brain are excited, which circumstantial excitation produces such manifestations. Thus, none but those fancying themselves free-agents blame or praise their fellow-men for their actions and opinions.

Those who are injured and pained by commiting certain acts, either by putting themselves within the pale of revengeful laws, or by causing disease in their system, and destroying their lives by debauchery, or who commit crime while under the influence of intoxicating drugs, as alcohol, cannot be accounted *sane;* and thus, being non-responsible for their actions—unless it is a rational act knowingly to injure one's self—should not be punished as criminals, but treated as lunatics.

In vol. xvii., p. 89, of the *Phrenological Journal*, among the reviews, occurs the following passage, conformable to the above:—'To us,' says the writer, 'it appears that the criminal's knowledge of his act being against law, so far from increasing his guilt (if there be any), establishes its diminution. It proves a greater amount of mental alienation, for it implies a mind not under the regulation of the ordinary rules of prudence and common sense. By it the homicide exhibits himself as uncontrolled by the strongest principle in the reasoning man's nature — self-preservation. To send such men as these to the scaffold is not to serve, but to insult, justice.'*

* We have the permission of Mr. Trevelyan to present a condensation of the principal portions of the original writing in his essay on the 'Insanity of Mankind.' The outspoken opinions of one so distinguished by social rank and moral candour, must be profitable both for precept and example, for 'doctrine, for exhortation, and reproof.'—ED.

* 'Criminal Jurisprudence considered in relation to Cerebral Organisation.' By Sampson. An invaluable treatise, which

To very many, the following assertions may appear to be absurd; but they are, nevertheless, undoubted facts:—That I, and many other persons can, by the examination of the map of the brain, as laid down on the exterior surface of the head, minutely describe the talents, opinions, morals, and animal feelings of any individual, and indeed state what his conduct will be when placed in certain circumstances. Thus, even religious feeling cannot escape us, it being quite easy, by means of the brain map, to decide whether or not the individual is sincere in his profession of religion, and the amount of his belief.

Mesmerism,* faithfully applied, will remove all diseases and pains, however severe they may be. And clairvoyance enables us to explain the nature and extent of disease—internally the appearance of the affected organ—the probability of recovery or not—the mode of treatment to be adopted; and the length of time that is to elapse before recovery takes place. It gives us the power to reveal the secret thoughts and deeds, both past and present, of individuals; and read unseen writing and printing. By its power, the moral lunatic who has committed crime of any description can be detected—the lost article recovered, and the secreted body, or other thing, discovered—friends can hear the fate of friends even in distant countries—and the innocent, falsely accused or suspected, saved from such accusation or suspicion, and the guilty individual pointed out. Thus, by mesmerism, *judicial murders* may be prevented.

Can we *will* ourselves geometers, astronomers, poets, painters, or mechanists, without possessing the peculiar organisation of the brain from whence proceeds these talents? Can we *will* ourselves moral, with the animal organs in excess of the moral region? Or, can we *will* the alteration of our views, moral, political, or religious, without conviction? No; then how can we be free-agents? For in the former case they are natural talents which give us the inclination, and enable us to attain such knowledge; and secondly, it is the moral organs in excess of the animal which give us power to act morally; and in the latter case, it is conviction which compels us involuntarily to alter our opinions.

Are the moral and animal faculties less the result of cerebration than the intellectual? Away with such an absurdity; but, with the usual injustice and inconsistency of the religious, they blame an individual for not being moral or religious, or for having large animal propensities, but do not blame a man for not being a poet, painter, or engineer, &c.*

'Man's actions, says the *Zoist*, *necessarily* result from his organic constitution, and the circumstances surrounding him at any given period.'

Religious belief depends upon education. The Brahmin, the Buddhist, the Confuscian, the Mahometan, the Jew, and the Christian, and all other religious dogmas, and the off-sets of such dogmas, are believed in owing to their being inculcated in the human brain, when the brain is untenanted by any previous religious opinion.

Where would Mahometanism and Christianity now have been if the sword, the fire, and the rack had not been employed to coerce individuals to follow those beliefs? Traditional existence alone would have been their fate.†

Nothing exhibits the insanity of the human race in a greater degree than a belief in the sanity of the suicide—duellist—assassin—men hired to destroy the lives of those who never injured them, as soldiers, hangmen, and other murderers—gamblers, and other thieves—liars, and other deceivers—drinkers of alcoholic liquors, whether in excess or not, and habitual users of other narcotics (except as medicines)—non-restrainers of their anger—haters of their fellow-men—revengers of injuries—persecutors for opinion—and all those who commit acts injurious to themselves.

Ask me why I am not religious, in

should be studied by every intelligent person, particularly by lawyers.—Lon. Highley.

* Vital Magnetism.

* When I was at school it was the custom (and, I regret to say, still is in many schools), to blame and punish those pupils who, from inability, were unable to learn their tasks.—A. T.

† 'Religious wars among Christians, and deaths from the Holy Inquisition, have cost the lives of at least 67,000,000 of human beings.'

the sense generally understood in Christendom, and I answer, my insanity takes not that cast. Although my veneration is not deficient, it is controlled by my reasoning faculties, which luckily happen to possess a larger portion of cerebral matter than those organs which alone produce religious feeling. Religion is not an abuse of veneration, but the natural language of that organ in man when in a savage state; in civilised life (so called) it unfortunately is educated, or else religion would not exist, except in a few extra-insane cases, where veneration is in excess of the reasoning faculties—religion being a blind impulse, as is shown in the case of certain idiots and individuals who, although very religious, are what the law calls criminals, and accordingly sometimes are hung.

Individuals exhibit great ignorance of the constitution of man, who expect men and women to be honest, benevolent, and moral, that in childhood are theoretically initiated into the grossest vices, immoralities, cruelties, and dishonest traits of character, by being educated in a book abounding in passages unfit for modesty to hear, much less to deliberately study; and taught to believe to be true a book abounding in contradictions, interpolations, and mistranslations; and yet, with all these imperfections, priests assert it to be the work of the Creator of the universe! Can modesty or benevolence dwell in the brain of that female who can read such a book wholly through without blushing and shuddering? And what can we think of the moral condition of parents, teachers, priests, &c., who knowingly put such a book into the hands of the youth of both sexes, and who, at least in the English law church, employ expressions out of it, even in the pulpit, unfit to be uttered in a promiscuous assembly?

Can there be a greater insult to a conscientious, reasoning, and moral man, than to ask him if he believes in the truth and authenticity of a book abounding in contradictions, interpolations, mistranslations, and stories immoral and dishonest, some of which are actually *said to be* divinely* inspired, ordered, and approved of?

* Divinely is derived from Dii vini—gods of wine.

It is only ignorant individuals, or individuals of low moral feeling—that is, who are deficient in the moral attributes of benevolence and conscientiousness, therefore moral lunatics, or who labour under religious insanity—that would put a book containing even one immoral expression into the hands of youth, much less a so-called holy book, in which are numerous passages the perusal of which must make even the adult, if strictly moral, shudder, and the perusal of which must contaminate the moral feelings, and excite the animal passions either in youth or in age.

The idle rich, who have every day to employ as they fancy—the bigot, the selfish, the extra-insane, and those who make a trade of religion (unfortunately being idiots to a sense of conscientiousness and benevolence)—force the poor (by threats of vengeance, and putting every obstacle in the way of innocent amusement on Sunday) to visit their temples of worship on the only day of the seven which they might call their own, were they permitted to do so, and thus be enabled to enjoy the beauties of nature morally, intellectually, and physically. In fact, such tyrants are seldom contented unless they bring others into an equally moral degradation with themselves; and they find an effectual way of success in that point by closing on Sunday all sources of innocent amusement, and leaving the sources of immorality open, namely, temples of worship to the gods Venus and Bacchus; and battles fought on Sundays, even between professing Christians, have never been exclaimed against by the rigidly godly powers, priests, and bishops. No; they are blind and dumb to these moral enormities.

To pass charitably and peaceably through life requires us to feel what is actually the case, *i. e.*, that all mankind are either insane or extra-insane, and accordingly treat them with that kindness and forbearance taught us by a knowledge of phrenology, and the phrenological treatment of the insane.

CONFIRMATORY OPINIONS.

'Lord Erskine, in commenting on the errors of Lord Hale, who measured the responsibility of the insane by the integrity of the intellectual powers, says: "If a total deprivation of *intellect* was intended to be taken in the lite-

ral sense of the word, then no such madness ever existed." "It is," he says, "*idiocy* alone which places a man in this helpless condition; where, from an original mal-organisation, there is the human frame alone, without the human capacity. I have found the insane," he continues, "not only possess the most perfect knowledge and recollection of all the relations they stood in towards others, and of the acts and circumstances of their lives, but to have been, in general, remarkable for subtlety and acuteness."' —*Zoist*, v. i., p. 261.

'Idiocy is a deficiency of power arising from the small size, inferior quality, or other imperfect and depressing condition of the brain or some of its parts. Idiocy is any local or more or less general weakness, either constitutional, or the result of some temporary cause. Insanity is an undue excitement, or irregular and unhealthy tendency. In idiocy the brain may be well developed, excepting in one organ; or the brain may be deficient, with the exception of one or two faculties, or more, as the case may be, and which faculties may even be in excess—as a man may lose his arms and retain his legs, and which may gain in strength by the loss of the arms. There are idiots of every degree—some are violent, others affectionate; some will manifest the religious faculties; some are just and truthful, others liars and thieves; one may be kind, another selfish, meek, or obstinate and violent; others are cunning and sharp-witted; indeed, any particular faculties or talents may predominate and shine forth in unrestrained excess, and there are few so bad as not to possess some virtue or talent, or so elevated as not to exhibit some peculiar and marked deficiency.'

'The great truth has finally gone forth to the ends of the earth, that man shall no more render an account to man for his belief, over which he himself has no control. Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature.'—BROUGHAM.

'Each individual is so organised, that he *must like* that which is pleasant to him, or which, in other words, produces agreeable sensations in him—and *dislike* that which is unpleasant to him, or which, in other words, produces in him disagreeable sensations; and he cannot know, previous to experience, what particular sensations new objects will produce on any one of his senses.'—OWEN.

'One thing, indeed, appears remarkable, that the variety of religions and gods in the heathen world neither produced wars nor dissensions among the different nations.'—MOSHEIM.

'When truth is evident, it is impossible to divide people into parties and factions. Nobody disputes that it is broad day at noon.'—VOLTAIRE.

'Morality and truth are principles in human nature both older and more wide-spread than Christianity or the Bible; and neither Jesus, nor James, nor John, nor Paul, could have addressed, or did address, men in any other tone than that of claiming to be themselves judged by some pre-existing standard of moral truth, and by the inward power of the hearers. Does the reader deny this? or, admitting it, does he think it impious to accept their challenge? Does he say we are to love and embrace Christianity without trying whether it is true or false? If he says yes, such a man has no love or care for truth, and is but by accident a Christian. He would have remained a faithful heathen had he been born in heathenism, though Moses, Elijah, and Christ preached a higher truth to him. Such a man is condemned by his own confession, and I here address him no longer.'—*Phases of Faith*, by F. W. NEWMAN.

The subject of the next Tract will be 'The Conversion of Lord Rochester and Infidel Death-beds in general.' By Undecimus.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

AM I IMMORTAL?

HAVING commenced thinking for myself, there is one subject I cannot come to any conclusion upon, namely, Has man a soul, and if so, its nature and duration? Socrates believed that the human soul is allied to the divine Being, yet not by a participation of essence, but by a similarity of nature; and hence that the existence of good men will be continued after death, in a state in which they will be rewarded for their virtue. Again, Plato endeavoured to prove that it had a pre-existent being, and is immortal in its own nature, and that as it existed in a separate state, antecedently to its union with the body, it will continue to exist in the same manner after death. But Epicurus contended that it was a fine, elastic, sublimated, spiritualised gas or ama, composed of the most subtle parts of the atmosphere, as caloric, pure air, or vapour, introduced into the system in the act of respiration, and united with a something still lighter and more active than the rest, thus making the soul material.

To none of these, or any other beliefs that I have yet seen, can I subscribe; my mind is filled with doubts upon the subject, which I should be glad to have solved. If you, or any of your correspondents, in the *Reasoner* would give me any information upon the subject, or from what books I should be able to get it, I should feel greatly obliged. — INQUIRER.

[We have by us an excellent essay by 'Undecimus' on Immortality, which we will shortly give, and trust it will afford our friends some instruction. We have also a contribution from 'W. E. B.,' which we think will interest 'Inquirer.']

LANGFORD'S HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS SCEPTICISM.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

[THIS article, which was contributed to our excellent contemporary, the *Freethinker*, during the illness of the editor, is reprinted here as completing the opinion we have formed of the work. It is moreover given here, as 'Our Platform' is open to Mr. Langford if he chooses to demur to our conclusion. It is not usual to admit of appeal against criticisms, but a question involving the History of Scepticism we make an exception, both with a view to elicit the full truth, and to afford a young author opportunity of justification if he desires it.—ED.]

Mr. Langford, of Birmingham, who from his youth has betrayed promise of a career of activity and usefulness, has written a work on 'Religious Scepticism' calculated to make his name known in a wider sphere. To Freethinkers the title of his work has interest—we are sorry that that interest will not be sustained with those who shall be induced to read any farther.

A brief yet not untrue description of Mr. Langford's book would be, that it is a Book of Disappointments. In a work of intellectual correction you expect at least that the title may be relied upon—not so in this case. The work professes to be the 'History, Cause, Cure, and Mission of Infidelity and Scepticism,' and it contains neither the history, the cause, the cure, nor the mission. Its 'history' lies in the exposition of systems, and Mr. Langford contents himself with the vaguest features of parties: its 'cause' lies in intellectual perceptions disregarded by the believer—a view of the case Mr. Langford unscrupulously ignores: its 'cure,' if it can be cured, lies in the recognition of

* 'Religious Scepticism and Infidelity: their History, Cause, Cure, and Mission.' By John Alfred Langford. John Chapman.

the whole problem of doubt with its relations to conscience and understanding in placing it in an ampler light and supplying the missing evidence, which Mr. Langford can hardly be said to attempt: its 'mission' is to trace the bounds of human knowledge that men may discern the point at which ignorance begins, and learn *within what limits* to follow the understanding, and *where* it is salutary to trust the imagination. This, to borrow language applied to another topic by one who has thrown more light on these subjects than any living writer, may be regarded as the mission of scepticism, if we add to it the descriptive fact that it includes a development of reason and humanity different from that otherwise attainable; but of this Mr. Langford has but a faint idea. Nor is it thus only that this book disappoints. When on page 5 the author betrays a consciousness of the peril of employing vague terms, and admits infidelity to be a term so employed, the reader expects that from all such licences Mr. Langford at length is going to deliver us, but is doomed to find new latitudes introduced. As step by step the author proceeds, he cannot hide from himself that exposition and criticism are demanded of him, and he has to say that it is not in his way; when systems of philosophy have to be contrasted, again we are told it is not in his way to do it; when an important book or philosopher requires analysis, we find instead a reiteration that it is not in Mr. Langford's way to attempt it; when you come to existing expositions of scepticisms, in which alone all relevance of the book to the public must lie, it is not in Mr. Langford's way to notice them, till, in fact, it seems not to be in his way to notice at all the subject upon which he treats; it rather seems his design to ignore everything which the reader expects, or the plan of his work requires.

We should like to know what title Mr. Langford first adopted, and under which he wrote his book; the present one must have been an afterthought suggested by the advertiser. It cannot be that Mr. Langford can have consciously produced a book so much beside his ostensible subject. Mr. Langford would have no compassion on the sceptic who so evaded his own avowed purpose.

There is one fact in connection with this book, noticeable by any who read a single chapter carefully, which must determine its character as an unphilosophical performance. Mr. Langford finds flippant fault with Romish and Protestant priests of various periods for their infidelity, *i. e.*, unfaithfulness to their professions; but Mr. Langford judges them by an ideal standard erected in 1850 by Mr. Dawson, the author of Mr. Langford's inspiration, at the Church of the Saviour, Birmingham. The priests whom Mr. Langford treats so mercilessly were in most cases true to *their* ideal, and were justified by appeals to scripture as then received and interpreted. Were we to try old writers by the grammatical canons of our day, we might convict them all of ignorance for not following rules, which did not exist till after they were dead; but by such a course we should expose our own ignorance more than theirs. It is upon a similar rule that Mr. Langford makes so vehement display of reproofs of ancient sects and churches. We make no pretension to Mr. Langford's religious insight, but we should hesitate long before we could bring ourselves so to vituperate whole bodies of Christians, whose acts we grant were hurtful to humanity and to morals, but who were themselves the victims of a contradictory book and a fatal creed.

In speaking of the 'mission' of infidelity, Mr. Langford does betray occasional glimpses that one of its functions is to 'bring men back to first principles,' and that it is often a protest against dominant error. Surely it *then* takes the form of truth, and merits more than a contemptuous recognition? From one who betrays liberal sympathies, and who has enjoyed such excellent teaching as that which Mr. Dawson, on the whole, dispenses to those who hear him, we had a right to expect that the old terms of abuse, infidelity and scepticism, would have been recast in sound and just definition —that 'scepticism' would have been freed from its imputed association with *Pyrrhonism*, and infidelity from the accusation of *unfaithfulness and treachery* to truth. We

are sorry Mr. Langford, from whom we expected better things, has given the weight of his book to the errors of the churches and the prejudices of the age.

Mr. Langford tells us, in a dedication to Mr. George Dawson, in better taste than anything he has before written of that gentleman, that the 'materialism, scepticism, and irreligion of the age, has ever found in him a stern rebuker.' Mr. Langford, it is needless to say, attempts a vigorous imitation of Mr. Dawson in this respect, but we tell Mr. Langford that there is something better than this which should have attracted his ambition—to have been the *refuter* rather than the 'rebuker' of scepticism.

Who knows Mr. Langford? What is his research? what his trustworthiness? They may be unexceptionable, but what guarantee have the public of it? As a young man it would have been wise in Mr. Langford to have furnished us the means of testing his historical declamations. Miss Martineau has condescended to this course in her recent History, and Mr. Langford might advantageously, at least to the readers, have followed such an example.

We will not follow Mr. Langford through his repetition of the stale calumnies that scepticism results from confounding the abuse of Christianity with its beauties, or that the errors of the priesthood constitute the inspiration of all infidelity. So long as he displays no more knowledge and no more justice than this, we are quite easy as to any influence he may exercise in the ranks of our intelligent opponents. We content ourselves in quoting a few passages from his chapter on Religious Scepticism in England, upon which topic, from birth and opportunity, he is most likely to be well informed, from which the reader will see how little Mr. Langford is to be trusted.

Beginning on page 98, we read that Hume's 'system is one of entire *negation*, and that he may be placed at the head of the *sceptical* school in England.' Does not Mr. Langford see that '*entire* negation,' if such be chargeable on Hume, excludes doubt, and consequently converts scepticism into *positive disbelief?*

Mr. Langford proceeds, page 99—'The teachings of Hume produced their natural consequence. Minds less philosophical *even* than his attacked religion with virulence.' The ablest thinkers who have succeeded Hume and opposed him, have not hesitated to accord to that great reasoner the tribute of highly philosophical powers; it remained for Mr. Langford to suggest Hume's small deserts in this way. We follow our guide further, who next tells us that 'With less scrupulousness, because with less investigation, they assailed *all religious belief*, and what they wanted in reason made up for in *noise* and *venom*. At the *head of this class* may be placed the otherwise justly celebrated Thomas Paine. The effects of his teachings were necessarily more general than the subtle and refined speculations of philosophic doubters could be. They reached the people. Combining, with vigour of language and *strength of argument*, virulence of abuse, appeal to prejudice and passion with a vulgar straightforwardness which makes great impression upon those who have quick eyes to detect discrepancies, and little leisure and less learning to investigate their cause—there cannot be a doubt but that the "Age of Reason" has made more infidels in England than any other single book. Paine was of the people, entered into their feelings, knew their prejudices, wrote for them, and, to a great extent, achieved his object. His followers have equalled him in the *worst* part of his character. Most of them have been merely abusers of a religion whose beauties their excited and misdirected feelings were unable to appreciate. They have committed the blunder which is only pardonable in the most ignorant, of confounding a system with its teachers; of a faith with its professors. Richard Carlisle long occupied the unenviable position of being leader in this opposition. That he was honest and sincere, we have no reason to question. But honesty and sincerity are no guarantees of a man's fitness for the office he undertakes, and are no protection for having abused himself and misled others. He is in the grave, and but that his influence survives him, we should not, perhaps, have spoken so harshly of his life.'

Let the reader notice the words we have italicised, and he will be of opinion that it is hardly possible to crowd more inaccuracies in so small a space. Paine, like Robespierre, advanced arguments of originality and ability in favour of the existence of God, and therefore the 'class at which he was the head' cannot be truly represented as assailing '*all* religious belief.' If Paine had 'strength of argument,' which cannot easily be denied him, he could not need to have recourse to 'noise and venom' to make up for 'want of reason:' even his 'vulgar straightforwardness' would *save* him from such a digression. The compliment to the followers of Paine in which Mr. Langford indulges, is not surprising in one who knows so little of their history as this author. Has Mr. Langford ever read the works of Richard Carlile? It would seem not, since he does not know even how to spell his name. We tell Mr. Langford that, living, Mr. Carlile would not accept his forbearance, and, dead, he needs it not. Let Mr. Langford speak as he listeth and hesitate not: those who represent Mr. Carlile's influence will not complain that Mr. Langford speaks 'harshly,' provided they recognise that he speaks *truly*.

Of Mr. Owen's religious views Mr. Langford speaks with equal inaccuracy. He says, page 101, '*they are entirely opposed to religion.*' Since those who wish they were dare not say so, how comes it that Mr. Langford ventures upon the assertion, except in that recklessness or carelessness which calculates that anything will pass unquestioned as philosophic history, if written against infidels?

One further passage we quote, it is so characteristic of Mr. Langford's way of not doing what it was his business to do, that it will amuse if not instruct the reader:—'Round this veteran [Mr. Owen] of unbelief has congregated a band of earnest, zealous, and devoted disciples. Their progress has been considerable, but is at present rather on the decline. Were our object to write a simple catalogue, there are many names to enumerate. But this, for many reasons, we refrain from doing. To treat of living writers is a subject delicate in the extreme; and as this is unnecessary for the attainment of our purpose, we refrain from doing so. If it were needed, and likely to effect any useful purpose, we should not shrink from our duty, however unpleasant. This is not the case; we therefore leave them unnoticed, contenting ourselves with naming the founder and his school.'

If Mr. Langford found nothing in the existing phases of scepticism and atheism which he thought of any interest, he had undoubtedly a right to hold his peace. But he will hardly venture to say that Scepticism and Infidelity have undergone no changes in this century among the only parties who have ever accepted the name; yet his book recognises no features but those drawn by pulpit artists a century ago. What is the value of a book which has no relation to existing aspects of the question upon which it treats? If not written to be useful it is written in vain—and if it affords no information, no wisdom, no guidance to the living, what is its use? If Mr. Langford has written merely upon the churches and for the believer, he had no right to borrow our name, nor pretend to represent us to the public. To tell us it is 'delicate in the extreme to treat of living writers,' can have no meaning unless it implies that they might answer again, for we know of none who would think of objecting to anything Mr. Langford might say. We are quite sure that neither Mr. Owen nor any who have the honour of belonging to 'his school,' would pass one sleepless night in consequence of any disquietude this new historian would give them. We will not deny that if Mr. Langford did take the trouble to weigh the matter over with that earnestness which he displays in other things, that he might speak words which we should ponder with attention and respect, but while he writes in that tone which ignores the conscience and understanding of others, he does not establish that claim on our regard we should for many reasons, private as well as public, be happy to feel.

We fear Mr. Langford will take it ill of us, but we must say that the pleasure

we should have had in contemplating his book as addressed to the churches, is diminished by our perceiving a want of adaptation to their case in it, which must render it greatly inoperative. Mr. Langford's views of church government and policy are very crude. He writes like an anarchist. He seems never to have put himself in the place of those whom he censures, nor asked himself what he would do had he their objects in view. Looking at the conduct of successive hierarchs from *their point* of sight, we should judge them with much less ascerbity than Mr. Langford. Opposed much more than he to their doctrines, we should have a much more friendly word than he to write on their characters and motives. Mr. Langford writes with that virulence of inference which infidelity has happily shaken off. To the Christian world Mr. Langford's book is a particularly unjust one. It has an assault on the conduct and character of leading churches, such as no well-informed infidel would, under any circumstances, pen.

Viewed in comparison with previous effusions from Mr. Langford's pen, impatient, redundant, crude, and enthusiastic, this work, which we now have considered, has the merit of soberness, consonance, and thought. It displays all the features of the writer's character—emulation, perseverance, the effort of the student and the fervour of truth, though not its accomplishment. His aim is generous, and his ideal lofty ; and though, in our opinion, he has fallen short in this work, it cannot be that one so gifted will fall short long.

GEO. JACOB HOLYOAKE.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—Oct. 13th [7], Thomas Cooper, 'Life and Genius of Sir William Jones.'

National Hall, 242, High Holborn.—Oct. 13th [7], P. W. Perfitt, Ph.D., 'Washington and Patriotism.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Oct. 13th [7], Mr. G. J. Holyoake; '"The Soul," by Francis Wm. Newman: the Highest Type of Christianity.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Oct. 13th [11½ a.m.], a Lecture.

Fall's Coffee House, 60, Red Cross Street, Barbican, City.—October 9th [8½] W. W. Broom, 'Taking of the Bastille.'

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London: J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

THE SHOPMAN'S STORY, by WILLIAM ADDISCOTT. Chapter 4th appears in this month's number of the *Public Good*.

London: Charles Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate; Aylott and Jones, 8, Paternoster Row; and all booksellers.

SOUTH LONDON WORKING MAN'S INSTITUTE, 14, Great Guildford St., Borough.—Sunday, Oct. 13th, a LECTURE on PHRENOLOGY. To commence at 8 o'clock.—Oct. 20th, in continuation.—Oct. 27th, in continuation.

Illustrative Notices.

Our excellent friend Mr. Hagen, of Derby, sends us the 'Defence of Colonel Thompson, by a Christian Freethinker of 1845,' which bears out the tract furnished by Frank Grant, on 'Sunday Observance.' Mr. Hagen's extract is very long, or we should with pleasure give it insertion. Desiring, as far as possible, to furnish original contributions in the *Reasoner*, we rather avoid reprints. Mr. Hagen informs us that he supplies the *Leader* weekly to the reading room of the new Mechanics' Institution in Derby.

A believer in Christianity should, at least, have sufficient philanthropy to wish that his religion were not true. Even if he believes that his future happiness is secured, he should feel no enthusiasm for a religion which proclaims, 'as glad tidings of great joy,' that a few are elected to eternal happiness; but that the greatest number of his departed relatives, friends, and fellow-beings, are now writhing in torments that are to have no end! It is true, an unbeliever is deprived of the visionary hope of happiness in a future state; but, to compensate for this, he perceives that the doctrine of endless punishment, inflicted for the sins of frail and erring man, is as absurd as it is execrable.—A. Trevelyan.

A friend inquired the other day if Mr. Francis Place was dead, as he had read in the *Daily News* an allusion to the '*late* Francis Place.' Others who may be misled by the phrase, will be gratified to learn that Mr. Place is still of the living. A true utilitarian, Mr. Place seems likely to live as long as he pleases, and if he dies it will be like that French Duchess who had come to a similar determination, and when she was found dead, one morning, it was because she had forgotten her resolution.

The first number of the *Free Inquirer*, in Science, Politics, and Theology, edited by a Friend of Truth and Progress in Portsmouth, contains an address by the editor to the thinking classes, and a carefully considered paper by W. Chilton, on the 'Theory of Development.' This new ally promises to render much sound local service.

G. Edwards.—The Rev. Mr. Gilberts letter will receive our attention.

No. 16 of the *Red Republican* contains a correspondence between Mr. G. J. Holyoake and Mr. Thornton Hunt, very lengthy on Mr. Hunt's part, upon the salutary question of the 'Past Failures and Future Policy of Democratic Politicians.' Mr. Hunt's letter is an able and critical survey of national parties and aspirations, indicating, by the way, the political possibilities of combination. The *Red Republican* admits so unusual a correspondence, involving criticisms such as Red Republicans are not accustomed to permit, one need hardly say that there is an enlightened manliness in the course the editor has taken, which must elevate the character of his party among politicians.

The October number of that bravest of all quarterly magazines, the *Zoist*, brings its usual contributions to the wonders of Vital Magnetism, and is a record of miracles more astounding than those of Christ, and more useful because capable of being practised by others. Its pages are of the highest interest to the Christian, because they present him with mental facts upon which he cannot ponder without profit—and to the materialist, as they explain to him the phenomena of intelligence on scientific principles.

'Pa, did not you say that God's knowledge was infinite?' 'Yes.' 'And our teacher says that man is a free-agent!' 'Yes, he is right.' 'Right! How can that be? If man is a free-agent, it is impossible for any being to know what will be his future actions. Then where is the infinity of God's knowledge?'

R. C., Isle of Man.—If a ghost appears 'give him in charge.' All genuine ghosts of which we have heard were capable of answering for themselves at a police office—and we are afraid that this is the only evidence of their existence to be trusted implicitly.

Received.—A. Swaine, Belper, and list of preachers. — T. A., Oxford. — Thomas Billington.—Gwilym ap Jenan, Oxford. Will he favour us with his name and address?—John White, Worcester. His suggestions are too political for the consideration of the *Reasoner*. — Frank Grant.—*Rechabite Magazine*, No. 46.—R. R., Kimross.—C. F. Nicholls.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

'HISTORY OF THE LAST TRIAL BY JURY FOR ATHEISM.'

THE readers who commence the new volume with us may derive, from a slight inspection of the theology of the day, a signal and encouraging proof that their labours, like ours, are not in vain. Criticism is decried as being unproductive. This is not true. Not a theological book is published, not a sermon is delivered, without the fear of the critic being before the eyes of the writer or the preacher. Even lecturers who trade on the name of Christ, do it much more cautiously than usual; while the preacher and the writer take refuge in vague faiths, are so afraid of announcing their creed, that their religion becomes comparatively harmless by being obliged to be indefinite. Those who say that criticism builds up nothing, ought not to overlook the fact that it makes other people do it in spite of themselves. The time is now come when we may profitably get our whole case before the public, and to this end we solicit the assistance of our readers in the way hereafter indicated.

For some time past I have been engaged upon a work which affords an opportunity of offering a sort of historical vindication of our policy, principles, and advocacy—I speak of the 'History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism in England.' As often as anything has occurred during the last few years threatening to cut short my life, I have felt regret at having completed no authentic statement of that occurrence. The report of the trial, being issued while the imprisonment was going on, necessarily contained none of the curious facts which transpired in the gaol, nor any account of the attempts at conversion which were made, nor of the personal consequences nor intellectual influences of the Trial to the prisoner. These are at length narrated circumstantially, and all the official documents cited which appear to contain lasting interest. The entire History constitutes a 'Fragment of Autobiography, submitted,' by me, 'for the perusal of Her Majesty's Attorney-General and the British Clergy.' The following Dedication and Preface will give some idea of the character of the book:—

TO

WILLIAM JOHN BIRCH, M.A.,

OF NEW INN HALL, OXON.,

IN WHOM FREE DISCUSSION HAS FOUND

AN ACCOMPLISHED DEFENDER AND MUNIFICENT FRIEND;

WHO WAS FIRST TO HELP US

WHEN A FRIEND IS TWICE A FRIEND,

WHEN WE WERE UNKNOWN AND STRUGGLING;

THIS HISTORY OF SIX MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT

Is Inscribed,

BY

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

'The events, more than half of which are newly narrated in this "History," are recited from recollection. It is not pretended that all the conversations took place with the brevity with which they are given here. In the lapse of eight years there is much which I must have forgotten; but what I have told I distinctly remember, and the actors living will not, I think, contradict it.

'As, by a creditable improvement in English law, the recommencement of prosecutions for (ir)religious opinions can originate with the Attorney General alone, I have ventured to hope that, if this narrative should happen to fall into the hands of that officer for the time being, it may present some reasons to him why this "Last Trial by Jury for Atheism" should be the *last*.

'There are some passages in these Fragments over which some will be sad with me. Others will assume them to be written for effect; for such, let me say, they were not written at all. These pages will leave me for the press with much more pleasure if I can believe that no one will connect them with me, but read them as a posthumous record of bygone events. At times I thought I would omit all incidents of feeling; but I felt, that if I did so the narrative would not represent the whole (personal) truth of these proceedings—and, as they stand, they may serve to suggest to some a doubt of the correctness of the oft-repeated dictum of the Rev. Robert Hall, that "Atheism is a bloody and a ferocious system, which finds nothing above us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness."

'Whether these are sufficient reasons for the purpose, I know not; but this I know—they are the true ones. As I very much dislike being an object of pity, those will much mistake me who suppose that this narrative has been written to excite it. In my estimation, imprisonment was a matter of conscience. I neither provoked prosecution, nor shrank from it; and I am now as far from desiring it as I trust I ever shall be from fearing it. I do not pretend to despise public approval, but I think it should be regarded as a contingent reward, not as the sole motive of action; for he who only works while the public (always fickle in memory) care to remember him, is animated by a very precarious patriotism. As I have once before said, it is an encouragement to me that others may profit by any public principle I may assist in maintaining; but my interest in it is personal also. Though no one else desired freedom, it is enough for me that I desire it; and I would maintain the conflict for it, as best I could, though no one else cared about it. And, as I choose to make the purchase, I do not higgle about the price. Tyranny has its soldiers, and why not freedom? While thousands daily perish at the shrine of passion, what is the pain of a sacrifice now and then for public principle or personal freedom?'

My object in penning this notice now is to say to the readers of the *Reasoner*, whom it may interest, that it would advantage me to publish it by subscription—that is by those who would take copies to send me payment in advance. My intention is to get the volume out at 1s. 6d., in a neat wrapper. Those who send for copies will please say through what bookseller's parcel they can be sent. If many are subscribed for in one town, they can be sent in one parcel to some one person whom the subscribers shall appoint to receive them. Where the parcel cannot go through a bookseller, it shall come by a carrier or railway; and where single copies are subscribed for in out-of-the-way places, they shall be sent to the address ordered, post-free. This, of course, relates alone to copies subscribed for; all other copies may be obtained through booksellers in the usual way. My former volumes have been published in weekly numbers, when the sale of one number met the expenses of the next; but in this case it has been represented to me that the interest of the book would be too much broken up by peace-meal publication.

On this account I have resolved to bring it out complete, which involves an outlay, prior to publication, of from £50 to £100, according to the quantity printed. Under these circumstances the issue will be much expedited and rendered easier if those who may find it convenient, will subscribe for their copies beforehand.

G. J. H.

GLASGOW ANTI-THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

In accordance with the wishes of the members of the above Society, I now beg leave to forward you this second communication respecting our improving position and recent proceedings. Since my last I rejoice to inform you, as well as friends near and remote, through the pages of your invaluable weekly periodical, that our list of membership has nearly doubled, the number enrolled in the books now being close on seventy, all sworn foes and pledged opponents to every species of Christian error and theological delusions now being taught, upheld, and propagated throughout the world. Any individual of good moral character, and who is opposed to the world's religions, is eligible to become a member. A sum of threepence as entry-money, and one penny per month afterwards, is all that is asked to constitute membership. Notwithstanding such a small sum, we have at present, conjointly with the proceeds of our Saturday evening discussions and Sunday lectures, a balance in hand of £5 7s., after liquidating all expenses consequent upon the printing of bills, rent of Hall, &c. All this has been accomplished during the first three months of the Society's existence. We hope ere long to see many throughout these isles imitating our example.

Every Saturday evening subjects purely of an anti-theological nature are discussed. Christians of varied shades of opinion seem to feel a deep interest in our debates. On many occasions great intellectual acumen and extensive historical research, are exhibited by the varied sectaries of religion in the advocacy of their peculiar views. The anti-theologian, although not blinded, yet sometimes gets bewildered amongst the many paths which religious belief chalks out; eventually, however, the deep-frowning and impassable chasms, dividing sect from sect, which religious faiths seem ever fruitful in creating and maintaining, invariably form also a stable bridge over which the anti-theologian walks in triumph.

Our present subject under debate is an adjournment of the following, 'Was Jesus Christ both God and man?'

Our first public crusade has been directed during the four consecutive Sundays of last month (September) against a course of four lectures, delivered recently here in the Unitarian Chapel, by the Rev. Charles Clarke. Subject, 'The existence of God.' The theme and time were most opportune for the anti-theologians. Accordingly the whole corps marched to the chapel each successive Sunday evening to hear the rev. gentleman's solution of this great enigma. We lost no time in the issuing of placards, announcing our replies and discussion thereon. The following is the order of lectures, to which the four following members gave a reply:—1st. 'The existence of God a fact of reason.' James Wilkie. 2nd. 'That the existence of God is a fact of reason, is confirmed by revelation and the testimony of great men of past ages.' Peter Henrietta. 3rd. 'That the existence of God is a fact of the moral sentiments.' James Dodds. 4th. 'That the existence of God is a fact of the moral sentiments, is confirmed by revelation and the testimony of the great minds of past ages.' Charles Low.

37, West College Street, Glasgow. J. Wilkie.

THE NATIONAL CHARTER AND SOCIAL REFORM UNION.

The current proceedings of the Democratic Conference, being held at the Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, are worthy of notice on account of the contingent associative influence which may result therefrom. On Sunday the Conference met to receive the report of the Committee appointed to organise the junction of the parties respectively represented. Mr. G. J. Holyoake presided. Four representatives of the trades were received under the certificate of Mr. Delaforce. Mr. Wheeler and two other gentlemen were introduced to the Conference and elected to take part in its deliberation, viz., Mr. Tornton Hunt, of the *Leader*, and Mr. George Hooper, known chiefly as an advocate of republicanism through the press under the signature of 'Eugene.' Upon the motions of Mr. Thornton Hunt and Mr. Stallwood, the name finally adopted for the combined society was that of 'National Charter and Social Reform Union,' Mr. Hunt saying he should object to any name which 'buried the Charter.' If this Union comes, as it bids fair to do, to exercise influence, the effect must be beneficial on Associative Progress, inasmuch as this is the first political recognition of the social aspect of agitation among us, and is one which must lead to the widest entertainment of the question by the working classes. It was agreed that the Objects of the National Charter and Social Reform Union should be thus expressed, the words in italics being inserted on a motion to that effect by Mr. Thornton Hunt—'*To organise a movement of the people in order* to obtain the enactment of the measures herein demanded, thereby securing for Great Britain and Ireland a just, wise, and good Government, and such an equitable distribution of the fruits of industry as may be conducive to the best interests of all the members of the commonwealth.'

This resolution, as brought up by the committee, prescribed the words 'to obtain etc. by *peaceful and legal means*.' On its being put to the vote whether these words should stand, 13 voted for and 13 against the retention, and Mr. Holyoake was called upon for the casting vote. He said, he 'should decide for the *omission* of the words. For himself, they knew he should take the side of peace, but to wear the badge of peace was often to make it the sign of war with those who did not comprehend the power of a pacific policy. Modes of public procedure ought to be open. The Government had no right to assume that they were not peacefully and legally disposed; therefore, he would not warrant their distrust by considering it necessary to make a profession upon the subject. The characters of those assembled was a sufficient guarantee of their policy.' Letters were read from Mr. C. Shackleton and Mr. W. J. Linton, whose opinions had been requested. The Conference will be resumed next Sunday.—*Leader*, Oct. 6th.

INFLUENCE OF ORGANISATION ON POETRY.

Whence comes it that we feel such exquisite sensations of delight on our admission into the *sanctum sanctorum* of authorship? By what claim does the young author regard his first publication as a credential to the public? Does he consider the art of embodying the effusions of his imagination, so as to render them visible to others, in the light of an acquired merit? Does he forget that poets, equally with mechanics, have been born beneath a roof of straw? That the organisation of the frame, and the irritability of the nerves, or the activity of the juices—if juices they have—constitute the wonderful variety we behold in mental propensities, or what is commonly called talent; consequently, that the art of writing poetry can be as little esteemed a merit of his own acquisition as corporeal strength or beauty.—*Kotzebue's Life, by himself.*

Reasoner Tracts.

THE CONVERSION OF LORD ROCHESTER, AND INFIDEL DEATH-BEDS IN GENERAL.

BY UNDECIMUS.

An acquaintance with some of the most approved periodical and other religious works of the last few years will prove that the most active and intelligent priests and professors of various sects have not failed to observe with alarm and consternation the rapid increase and formidable aspects of Infidelity. Although they have misjudged the causes of the movement, have alluded to it as seldom as possible, and have underrated its extent and importance, they have placed on record many unequivocal acknowledgments that on this subject they are neither blind nor indifferent. They see that scepticism and atheism are increasing in every class of society; they see the calm earnestness, the undeniable sincerity, and the bright hopes indicated in the writings of the present opponents of religion; and they have opportunities of knowing personally or of hearing of the learning and talents, and the decorous and useful lives, of many who deny the truth of Christianity. They see that, whatever form infidelity may have taken at some former periods, it is not now a mere system of negation—that the infidel is not a mere thoughtless scoffer, fighting for a barren victory and regardless of the pain and misery he may cause. They see that, however false and dangerous they may consider his opinions to be, the infidel himself has a benevolent object in view—the intellectual enlightenment and social amelioration of the human race; and however extravagant and utopian these objects may seem, they at least show that this infidel, atheist, blasphemer, or miscreant, is not totally selfish, insensible, or indifferent, who, in the face of public disadvantages, general execration, and loud threats of eternal punishment, undauntedly pursues his course, supported by a faith and a hope.

The writings of the unbelievers of this time earnestly declare their love of morality and virtue, and lay claim to the merit of sincerity and good intentions; in the writings of some of their most powerful Christian opponents will be found candid though cursory acknowledgments of the justice of such a claim. But however great the experience of a clergyman may be, however much he may know of the sincerity and benevolence of individual unbelievers, he feels that e cannot afford to concede sincerity to infidels as a class; and, in the present day, the enemies of Christianity are usually represented in sermons and religious books as haters of truth, honesty, and common decent morality, and as ruthless subverters of all family ties and affections. Taught by their priestly instructors, the mass of the religious world is accustomed to regard unbelievers as men who have rejected Christianity in order to obtain license for their profligate lives, who have embraced infidelity without any thoughtful consideration, or on the strength of a few superficial objections, as an easy method of escaping, at least during vigour of youth, from the restraints of morality, the tediousness of religious observances, and if possible from the fear of damnation. To illustrate this view of infidelity, and to embellish and heighten their denunciations of its folly and wickedness, and of the misery and despair which await all unbelievers, the clergy have a number of stock-pieces, infidel death-beds, conversions of atheists, and the like, some of them true, some of them I fear greatly exaggerated or altogether fictitious, which they frequently exhibit in their books and sermons as glorious triumphs of religion. A well-known case of this description, which has been very often alluded to with great exultation by defenders of Christianity, is the conversion of the witty and profligate Lord Rochester, as narrated by Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.* A short examination of the bishop's narrative will give us some idea of the real nature of the

* 'Some Passages in the Life of John, Earl of Rochester.' By Gilbert Burnet, D.D. First edition. London: 1680.

case, and of its value as an argument against infidelity, and will afford us a fair general specimen of infidel conversions and death-bed scenes as related by Christian partisans.

John, Earl of Rochester, was born in the year 1648. The Earl his father, better known as the Lord Wilmot who fought gallantly on the side of Charles I. during the Civil War, died when he was very young, and he was brought up by his mother, who is said to have been an estimable and religious woman. Dr. Blanford, an eminent and pious divine, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, was his tutor at Oxford, so that we cannot doubt that his early instructors made him fully acquainted with the doctrines, precepts, terrors, and consolations of Christianity. His wild behaviour and vicious propensities, however, soon manifested the complete inefficacy of these supernatural and artificial motives to produce good principles and reasonable conduct in a young man surrounded, as he was at the University and in after life, by so many temptations and excitements, and urged by flattery and congenial companions to indulge in every extreme of bodily and mental debauchery, of drunkenness and lust, and of lying and libelling. He was always remarkable for a complete disregard of truth, and a disposition to extravagant mirth, which led him to circulate innumerable witty lampoons in the most reckless manner against friends and foes, without consideration of the tender honour of the female sex, of the respect due to age, or of the difficulties and misery, the estrangement of friends and the ruin of character, which his unprincipled falsehoods might occasion. His despicable anonymous libelling, which he perpetrated without having received any provocation, and without feeling any resentment against the victims of his morbid love of deceit and mystification, with practical joking and frolics of the foulest and coarsest description, formed the staple employment of this wretched creature's life. By his own account of himself, as reported by Bishop Burnet, for five years he was constantly drunk, or at least never perfectly sober, and he had descended to every depth of the most infamous debauchery. 'These principles and practices,' says the bishop, 'in a course of many years had almost quite extinguished the natural propensities in him to justice and virtue' (p. 25). We have no fault to find with this sentence, but we should have thought it more consistent for an orthodox divine to have improved the opportunity by descanting on original sin and the depravity of human nature, rather than on any naturally virtuous propensities in man. Although it is true that Bishop Burnet is not a great authority on points of Christian doctrine, yet this passage is worthy of notice as one of those inadvertent admissions in favour of the true and rational view of human nature, in contradiction to the malignant religious doctrine of depravity, which do occasionally appear in the writings of unimpeachable Christian believers. We infidels deny the inherent depravity of mankind, and maintain that man's propensities and desires can be made subordinate to his reasoning and reflecting nature, and naturally tend more to good than to evil; and that by fostering and cultivating in childhood the 'natural propensities to justice and virtue,' spoken of by Burnet, men can be taught and habituated to be virtuous more uniformly and more easily than they can be educated in London to be professional thieves without the least compunction, and in Hindostan to be religious plunderers and assassins without remorse or repentance. It cannot be denied that the vast majority of Christians act inconsistently with the professed principles of their religion, and do so deliberately; and that numerous believers live in the habitual practice of gross and degrading vices. The clergy attribute this to the depravity of human nature, infidels to the inefficacy of religious instruction to create virtuous characters. The mere barren rules of morality, enforced by such artificial, unnatural, and conflicting motives as religion offers, will never make men virtuous. Children who have been taught that sin is to be avoided in order to please an invisible and incomprehensible God, and at the same time that faith and repentance will blot out their sins, will not be well prepared to withstand any strong temptation to pleasant or profitable wickedness; while a similar temptation would hardly be felt by a man whose conscience and will had been carefully formed and fortified by a rational system of moral culture.

Lord Rochester attained to manhood during that dark and disgraceful period in England's history, the poison of the profligacy and falsehood of which has not yet been eradicated from the heart of our society, the reign of Charles II. The libertine courtiers of that satrap of France treated religion with fashionable neglect, and even with contempt and ridicule; while many of them made a more or less open profession of infidelity. From Rochester's case we may estimate to what the infidelity of these false and frivolous triflers amounted. In Burnet's narrative we

are expressly told that his noble convert's so-called infidelity merely appeared in his inveterate habit of indiscriminate scoffing and satire, or, in the Bishop's own words, 'the pleasure he found in such wanton expressions as calling a miracle "showing a trick," and displaying his wit, had kept him from examining' into the doctrines and evidences of Christianity. Having lived entirely, as Carlyle says of Ignatius Loyola, 'as if this world were a great cookery shop and bordel' and nothing more, and feeling at times his own total degradation and infamy, we may well suppose that he meditated as seldom as possible on himself and his destiny, and above all things would shrink from the contemplation of death. And so it was. He may have scoffed at the religion of his childhood, but we know that he also trembled; the scoffing was in his convivial hours with his reprobate companions, the trembling was in his hours of solitude and sobriety. Whenever he was ill (and debauchery soon commenced to make inroads in his constitution) he had intervals of melancholy and remorse, with a horrible presage of unknown misfortune, and superstitious terrors which almost drove him to delirium. The good, simple bishop, at this part of the book, relates several instances of remarkable forewarnings and presages of death which had happened to various people within his own personal knowledge.

Bishop Burnet first became acquainted with Rochester a few months before his death. 'He was then in a low state of health, on a milk diet, and slowly recovering of a great disease, falling constantly into hectical fits;' and he was then beginning to think himself that he could not live long. An account is given of several of the conversations on religion which passed between Burnet and Rochester, and which terminated in what is called the conversion of the latter. These discourses cannot impress the reader with any very high opinion of either the bishop's or his noble convert's powers of argumentation. It must be said, however, on behalf of the bishop, that he certainly had no occasion to exert himself much; for, though Rochester makes a little display at first of his love of scoffing, and professes that he does not believe, yet we are also told that he was in constant terror of damnation and hell, and repeatedly declared that he would give everything to be able to believe and hope for salvation.

Their first conversation was principally on morality; the arguments for natural religion are explained to Rochester by the bishop, and the propriety of prayer and public worship is advocated by him in the usual manner. In this and all the succeeding dialogues Rochester manifests the most perfect ignorance on all religious subjects, occasionally advances a weak objection or ventures a convulsive sarcasm against some point of doctrine or of scripture history; and on some almost equally weak defence being made by Burnet, he at once acknowledges, by consent or by silence, that his doubts and objections are unfounded and presumptuous. On one occasion he mentions to the bishop some fanciful notions he had formed on the subject of the transmigration of souls, which he obediently abandons when the unchristian tendency of such a theory is pointed out. And thus the conversion proceeds smoothly enough.

Notwithstanding the picture that he has already drawn of Rochester's periodical fits of ghostly terror, and his ever-present dread of damnation, Burnet is especially anxious at this period of his narrative to persuade his readers that his convert was not, as he terms it, 'troubled with spleen or vapours, or under the power of melancholy;' and, as a proof of it, states that a short time after their first meeting, when Rochester experienced a temporary relief from his disease and thought himself in a fair way of recovery, he used to go about with his former friends 'with great vivacity.' Was there ever so exquisite an illustration so innocently afforded of the old aphorism—

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he?

Rochester's complaint, however, soon returned with increased violence; he suffered dreadful pain, and his horrors of mind, he said, were worse than hell: he looked upon himself as one that was in great danger of being damned. With this relapse he recommenced his conversations with Burnet, and his complete conversion was first announced to the worthy bishop in a most pious letter which he wrote from his country seat. A few weeks after this he died, at the age of thirty-two, professing to be a firm believer in Christianity, a humble and repentant sinner, and relying entirely on the mercy of God and the mediation of Christ for forgiveness and salvation. Knowing the man's thorough debauchery of mind as well as body, his entire want of truth and earnestness, and having been told of his 'vivacity' when he had a temporary relief from his disease, we may well doubt whether a restoration to health and vigour would not have swept away every

vestige of his repentance and vows of reformation, and whether he would not have returned to his vomit with renewed zest. And in such a case his accustomed intervals of superstitious horror would have been probably alleviated by the thought that the approved process of death-bed repentance might be repeated a second time whenever it became necessary.

Rochester was no infidel, no unbeliever, that is quite clear; but that there have been, and are such apparent unbelievers, can no more be denied than that there are professing and believing Christians who lead most immoral and uncharitable lives; that there are Christians who advocate the persecution even to death of heretics, and that there are Christians who believe that their faith exempts them from every rule of morality, and that 'murder, incest, and adultery will make them holier in this life and merrier in heaven.'* We infidels do not base our attacks on Christianity on the extreme vagaries of Antinomians and ultra-montane Catholics; we openly assail the fundamental, and most generally acknowledged, doctrines of religion, and the books on which those doctrines depend. On our part we protest against these sceptical refractory pupils of priests being classed among us at all, much more do we protest against their being brought forward as fair specimens of the results of our principles. When Christians become sceptics, after enduring the tortures of doubt and superstitious fear, many of them become reckless and unprincipled, imagining themselves, when relieved from the fear of eternal damnation, to be unrestrained by any dictates of reason and self-interest. Many men, also, have felt some of the difficulties and contradictions of religion, but from indolence, fear, or distaste for the subject, have neglected to pursue the inquiry, and without any right principles to guide them, have spent their lives in useless dissipation, or in the eager and all-engrossing pursuit of wealth and power. These poor victims of neglect and false culture are called infidels, and when one of them becomes prostrated by sickness and sorrow, and yields to the well-merited reproaches and totally novel arguments of the priest, he is called a converted infidel, and the priest does not fail to attribute those vices, and that unfeeling hardness of heart, to the influence of unbelief, which really resulted from the complete inefficacy of religious education to furnish true and lasting motives, or to build up a sound healthy conscience.

These unhappy persons have assisted to attach much disgrace and discredit to the avowal of infidelity, and have afforded the most favourable opportunities for the clergy to expatiate on the remorse and despair awaiting all who neglect and scoff at religion, and on the hazardous and doubtful expectation of a death-bed repentance. These topics have been treated by them with great dexterity and effect, the more so because their arguments and remonstrances based on such cases are, within due limits, perfectly sincere and true. In exposing the folly and danger of that indifference and trifling (as if truth were not worth searching for) which is so common among educated Christians, the clergy are assisting our cause by inducing the sceptical members of their flocks to think earnestly on the doctrines of Christianity, to search the scriptures, and to read the Evidences. We do not fear the results of such an inquiry, and we rejoice to hear such exhortations.

* Fletcher of Madely, a father among the Wesleyans, accuses a large number of the Methodists of his time of holding Antinomian doctrines, and of asserting in the terms mentioned in the text, and in other equally abominable declarations, supported by quotations from the Bible, the profitable and holy influence of sin on believers. (See Fletcher's 'Equal Check to Pharisaism and Antinomianism:' works, 1826, vol. iii., p. 398. Also at the end of vol. ii., Richard Hill, Esq.'s, Antinomian profession of faith.) There are Antinomians now in no small numbers among the Methodists, and all sects holding ultra-Calvinist doctrines.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

A CONVERT TO TRUTH.

Sir,—In writing to you it is not with any feelings of vanity, but solely with the hope that it may benefit the public somewhat, or at least be some pleasure to you, to learn that another brand has been plucked from the burning of religious infatuation. I was brought up and educated among the Wesleyan Methodists, and stuck closely to their precepts, and attended both chapel and school constantly till I became disgusted with the cant and hypocrisy I witnessed. How could I continue to hear sermons from a man wherein he would lay down the necessity and imperative duty of love and truth, charity and justice, to our fellow-men, and at the same time know that the daily actions of that man were at complete variance with what he was teaching? No; I could not listen with any hope of receiving spiritual good thereby. I determined on a careful examination of all the sects.

From this time I began to doubt the truth of the Bible, in which I found a great deal that I could not reconcile with my ideas of a divine being. I pondered the thing long and seriously in my mind, but all to no purpose. One evening, in the course of conversation with a relative of mine, I made him acquainted with the state of my mind. He lent me several numbers of the *Reasoner* and Paine's 'Age of Reason;' these completely settled the question. By having chapter and verse given me, I had an opportunity of judging for myself. Where I had doubted before I now became convinced; and many things of which I had not the slightest suspicion were now laid open before me. The evidence was irresistible. Had I been like a young lady acquaintance of mine I should not now have the pleasure of calling myself a convert to truth. This young lady, when I was arguing some religious point with her, said—'I think my own religion is the best, and I don't want to know anything about anybody else's religion.'

Sunderland. Veritas.

P.S.—I enclose you twelve postage stamps in aid of the cause, and in this town I shall endeavour to aid it as much as I can. I shall, as soon as possible, get acquainted with the principal part of them, so that I may be enabled to throw in my mite in aid of lectures.

A PRACTICAL TEST OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Dear Sir,—A passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean across the isthmus of Panama is exciting some interest in the commercial and scientific world, both in Europe and America; but the immense outlay of capital required to carry on so gigantic an undertaking, to say nothing of the engineering difficulties in the way, are important obstacles to its commencement. Now this presents a very favourable opportunity for the church of Christ to prove its real utility to mankind. The founder of Christianity told his disciples that if they had faith, even as a grain of mustard seed, they could say to this mountain, be ye removed and cast into the sea, &c. What a glorious opportunity is here offered to the church to make converts, at the same time rendering essential service to mankind, if by the exercise of faith they would open a passage through from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific—it would be the most convincing miracle upon record. Even the readers of the *Reasoner*, I fancy, would, like King Agrippa, be almost persuaded to become

Christians. Surely it is not too much to ask for a miracle that would effect so much usefulness, when the like faith has been exercised for a far less useful purpose. We read of the walls of a strongly-fortified city being thrown down through the instrumentality of a few priests blowing rams horns.

If a congress of the saints would assemble and implore the Deity to give them the necessary faith, we should then be able to judge of their usefulness by their works. J. H.

CHRIST ON SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

Sir,—I was much pleased with the article of our able and vigorous-minded friend, Frank Grant, on the Sunday observance question. I think the Sabbatarians cannot be too frequently reminded of the important (and for them overwhelming) fact that Christ, whose disciples they profess to be, laid down no rules for the observance of the seventh day, much less did he change the Sabbath from the last to the first day of the week. If he had attached any importance to the particular observance of any one day of the week, it is perfectly absurd to suppose that he would have left the world without not only naming the day, but specifying the duties to be performed and the ceremonies to be observed; in short, he would have left upon record what ought and what ought not to be done on the said day.

Pimlico. Thomas Billington.

MR. GEORGE DAWSON ON ATHEISM.

Sir,—Mr. George Dawson, when lecturing at Hanley about a fortnight ago, stated that 'despotism was atheism.' If this was not a mere slip of the tongue, and Mr. Dawson meant what he said, will he be kind enough to show what despotism has to do with atheism, and how the relationship exists?

From the feeling manifested by the audience at the time, there was an impression made (a false one, I presume) which it were well to remove. Many among us wish you to give place to this report in the *Reasoner*.

Shelton, Staffordshire Potteries. Oct. 7, 1850. William Woolley.

COLD WATER SALVATION.

Sir,—The following exhibition of cold water salvation was made in Pimlico by the Rev. Sir Frederick Risley, Bart., one of the curates of the Rev. W. T. Bennett, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Barnabas, Pimlico:—It appears that a t adesman's wife, by the name of Danning, was confined before her proper time—the child was not expected to live. The rev. gentleman was called in to baptise it. For the process of sprinkling he borrowed a basin; when done with he requested it might be broken, and that he would buy another. During the day the rev. gentleman called again to see how the child was doing. He was told, 'it is dead.' 'Then,' said he, 'I am glad you sent for me, for you have saved the child from eternal damnation.'

3, Kempes-row, Pimlico. W. Stevens.

'REASONER' SHILLING LIST FOR VOL. X. — We open our List for the new volume by a subscription of 100s. from Arthur Trevelyan.—F. Potts, Sunderland, 1s. Our friend, the remitter, writes as follows—anything more to the 'point' certainly need not be attempted :—'Sir,—I send you a shilling on behalf of the *Reasoner*, and I am of opinion that there are others in Sunderland who would also give their contributions were their attention called *pointedly* to the subject. F. POTTS.'—Veritas, Sunderland, 1s..—Thomas Billington, Pimlico, 1s.—R., Scotland, 1s.—S. T., Liverpool, 1s., which he promises weekly.—S. T., ditto, second week, 1s.—Fact, 2s. 6d.—B. W., near Bradford, 2s. B. W. reports that the sale of the *Reasoner* has increased elevenfold in the village where he resides.—James Spurr, Liverpool, 2s.—O. J., Huddersfield, 1s.—Per Mr. Shepherd, Liverpool :—J. B. Thomas, 6s.; F. Garside, per John Melsom, 2s.; Joseph Shepherd, 1s.; W. N., 1s.; Sawyer, 1s.; J. N., 1s.; J. W., 1s,; William Fox, 6d.—From Mr. Davenport, of Burslem, we receive the following as the first fortnightly subscription of a few friends there :—J. Leigh, 1s.; S. Bullock, 1s.; G. Davenport, 1s.; F. Mandley, 6d.—John Carter. 1s.—Mr. Pare, per Mr. Rigby,5s. Total, 137s.—To the account of 799s. 6d. we rendered in No. 26 of subscriptions for the last volume of the *Reasoner*, is to be added £10 17s. 4d. from J. W. Making a total for Vol. IX. of 1016s. 10d.

Vol. IX . will be ready next week, cloth lettered, 3s

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—Oct. 20th [7], Richard Hart, 'Shelley's "Queen Mab."'

National Hall, 242, High Holborn.—Oct. 20th [7], P. W. Perfitt, Ph.D., 'Jefferson and Republicanism.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Oct. 20th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Sir Robert Peel.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Oct. 20th [11½ a.m.], a Lecture.

Fall's Coffee House, 60, Red Cross Street, Barbican, City.—October 16th [8½] W. W. Broom, 'Four Pamphlets Reviewed.'

Inquirer's Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Weekly Meetings.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Twopence. 32 Pages.

Contents:—The Political Reviewer. The Theological Reviewer. The History of Religious Scepticism. Oil for the Springs of Thought; or Ponderings on the Pentateuch. Review of Books: 'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet: an Autobiography.' 'Foi et Avenir,' by Joseph Mazzini. The Genuine Gibbon.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

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THE FREE INQUIRER IN SCIENCE, POLITICS, & THEOLOGY. Edited by a Friend of Truth and Progress.

CONTENTS;—Editor's Address to the Thinking Classes—Theory of Development *versus* Special Creations, by W. Chilton—Our Pulpit—Newman on the Reaction against Bigotry—Atheists and the Earth, by W. C.—Our Correspondents, &c.

No. 2 will be ready by the 1st of November, and contain a Biography of G. J. Holyoake, and a review of his writings, by Panthea.

London: J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, and all Newsvendors.

On Saturday, the 2nd of November, will be published the First Number of

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THE LAST WAR, and Definitive Peace in Europe, by Victor Considerant. Late a representative for Paris in the National Legislative Assembly.

Wat Tyler, a dramatic Poem, by Southey ..	0	2
Theology Displayed, by S. Curtis, bds.....	1	0
Do. Do. wrapper	0	9
Mackintosh on the Being and Attributes of God	0	8
Voltaire's Important Examination of the Holy Scriptures	0	6
Geology and the Pentateuch	0	9
Right of Free Discussion.....	0	3
Scripturians' Creed	0	2
Volney's Lectures on History, bds.....	1	6
Do. Do. Do. wrapper	1	0
Volney's Ruins of Empires.....	3	0
Do. Law of Nature	0	4
Cerebral Physiology and Materialism	0	4
A Few Words on the Christian's Creed, by C. Bradlaugh, jun.....	0	1

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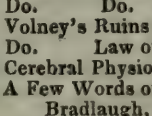

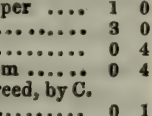

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Illustrative Notices.

On Sunday morning a General Meeting of members was held in the Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street—Mr. G. J. Holyoake in the chair. At the conclusion of the proceedings the chairman stated that a young woman had called upon him the day before, who formerly held an official situation in the Hall of Science, Manchester. Any who were distressed found in her a ready promoter of relief, but now the calamity of want had come upon her. She had lost a child, who had with difficulty been buried. She was now near her confinement, and she and her husband, who had been ill two months, had just tramped into London on their way to Manchester. He (Mr. H.) had given her money for her immediate necessities, and appealed to any old friends of Socialism for help to carry them back to Manchester. Though the meeting was small, 17s. 3d. were immediately given; and Mr. Holyoake procured as much more in the evening at the Temperance Hall, Hackney Road, as made £1 0s. 6d. which sum was paid to the young woman at the *Reasoner* Office next morning.

A discussion has been held in Hackney-road Institution on the principles and objects of the *Reasoner*.

At the Temperance Hall, Warner-place, Hackney-road, Mr. G. J. Holyoake delivered a lecture on Sunday, October 6th, on the Life and Character of Jesus Christ, as given by those who knew him best.

We have now before us five numbers of the *Freethinker's Magazine*, each surpassing its predecessor in excellence, and each broadly and boldly advocating sound principles in theology and politics. Though not atheistical, this Magazine, by its uncompromising opposition to priestcraft in every one of its injurious phases, and honest, unflinching hostility to statecraft in all its tricks, is calculated to arouse thought, strengthen conviction, and incite to action. We could wish that its theological articles were less declamatory and its political reviews less bitter, but that, in these times, honest out-speaking is far more valuable, even with these alloys, than paltering with the truth or writing *down* to the masses. Certainly the *Freethinker is* free—is healthy, brave, and manly; thoroughly propagandist, heartily republican, and socialist in as far as a recognition of the great necessity of the time, the incarnation of the principle of association, involves that title. We are glad of the existence of the *Freethinker*, as it strengthens the literary ranks of the defenders of the people and of untrammelled opinions.

On Monday evening Mr. G. J. Holyoake delivered a lecture in the City Mechanics' Institution—Subject, the 'Dramas of Shakspere, and other Plays, tested by a new principle of Moral Criticism.' The lecture opened the winter sessions.

On Friday evening Mr. G. J. Holyoake took the chair at the Temperance Hall, Commercial-road, on which occasion a lecture was delivered by C. Bradlaugh, jun., on the 'Past, Present, and Future of Theology.' Mr. Holyoake said a subscription would be made on the lecturer's behalf, who was properly described as 'a victim of the Rev. Mr. Packer.' He (Mr. H.) had specially inquired into the matter, and found that the Rev. Mr. Packer had behaved in an unmanly manner. They might disregard the objection of the *British Banner* to the youth of the lecturer; the *English Churchman* had lately told them of one Master Livingstone, who began to preach sermons at seven years of age; they ought indeed to disregard more serious faults than juvenility in a case of persecution, and on this account he had come down to take the chair.

Received.—*Morn. Chronicle*, No. 26,161.—*Scottish Press*, No. 317.—G., Berwick.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

THE EDITOR OF THE 'AYR OBSERVER' AND THE 'REASONER.'

In the long article on 'Popular Infidelity,' by the editor of the *Ayr Observer*, which this week occupies our 'Examination of the Press,' we are favoured with some comments upon this journal, more to the purpose than any we have received for some time. We shall profit ourselves, by discovering the points which probably we leave in obscurity, notwithstanding our efforts to the contrary. We suppose we must leave them somewhat undeveloped, as they are so frequently mistaken by newspaper and pulpit commentators. We, however, derive less profit than we should, had the editor not so much confused his comments that we cannot distinguish which relates to us, and which to our contemporaries. He says that the end they seek (referring to the three publications named) is the 'annihilation of *all* religion, save that of human passion.' This is untrue of the *Freethinker* and *Cooper's Journal*. He says that the ability of these publications consists in the force of their ridicule and the power of their sneering. This is not true of any one of these papers, and is especially untrue of the *Reasoner*, which, from the first, discarded these unsatisfactory weapons of levity and contempt. So far from 'sneering,' *Cooper's Journal* abounds in eulogies upon the character of Christ so extravagant and fulsome, that they must be particularly distasteful to Christ if he is conscious of it—and this is the fashion in infidel quarters where it is less to be expected.

That the editor of the *Ayr Observer* fails to distinguish publications is excusable, as these in question are no doubt strange to him, and he has not comprehended their character; but he commits a worse fault, he fails to distinguish *systems*, which almost disqualifies him to write upon the question. He says infidelity 'seeks to root out from human nature the instinct of worship,' while the least acquaintance with the subject would have taught him that Infidelity always stops short at Deism, and is commonly eloquent in favour of a pure form of worship.

The reader will observe that the editor talks of the 'grand old faith of Christianity.' Now age, which has anything with it of grandeur, is commonly associated with generous language and just judgment. But what are we to say to this Ayr-exponent of Christianity, who talks of the '*debased* imagination' of his opponents, and represents them as appealing to the people in order to 'batten on their pence as they laugh at their credulity?' If this is the spirit and belief of the 'grand old faith,' we beg to say it is a mean 'old faith' and a false 'old faith.'

He is quite right in saying that there are 'disaffected' members in every religious body, and the number of them we have no doubt we shall increase. He says it is 'a thorough mistake for ministers to pretend to be entirely ignorant' of the *Reasoner* and similar productions. We can tell him it is more than a *mistake*—it is not true. We have reason to know that in nearly every town and village some

of our readers bring the *Reasoner* under the notice of the minister at hand, and we believe this will be universally, perseveringly, and unintermittingly done.

In one part of the curious article we are noticing it is declared that to educate the people is to diffuse the truth, and in another part the writer is astonished to find that our readers are subscribing a thousand sixpences for the further diffusion of education through the agency of the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee. Does he not see that we cannot be *knowingly* the foes of truth while we subscribe our money so freely to diffuse it?

He has other remarks which we do not stop to reply to. They are on a par with that bit of Lamartinish declamation, that Christianity is '*the* religion of the world.' We take our answer from the *Christians' Penny Magazine*. A Scotch newspaper recently quoted it with apparent approbation.

'More than *three-fifths* of the race of man are idolators, though we are near the termination of the sixtieth century of his history, and of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Nearly sixty generations of men, numbering forty thousand millions, have lived and died since Jesus Christ 'brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.' There are now one thousand millions on the earth, of whom—

630,000,000 are Idolators,	100,000,000 are Mahometans,
6,000,000 „ Jews,	264,000,000 „ Nominal Christians.

'A few millions more than *one-fourth* have *nominally* recognised Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind. Of these—

130,000,000 are members of the Roman Church,
56,000,000 ditto of the Greek Church,
8,000,000 ditto of the Armenian Church,
70,000,000 are *nominally* Protestants.

'There are, then, 194,000,000 bearing the Christian name to whom the Bible is a sealed book, and only about one-fourteenth of the population of the globe who are permitted to read it, and are favourable to its circulation. Of these, not more than 40,000,000 are professors of any kind of Christianity—one-sixth of nominal Christians, one-twenty-fifth of the population of the world. Of these, not more than 25,000,000—one-tenth of nominal Christians, one fortieth of the entire population—are the evangelical followers of Christ. Therefore we have reason to believe that, at this very hour, thirty-nine-fortieths of mankind possess unregenerate hearts! In this condition do we find the world, having passed through the revolutions of nearly six thousand years. Only one-fortieth of mankind have felt in their hearts the power of the Gospel; the remaining thirty-nine-fortieths are 'aliens from the commonwealth of Israel.' When we consider that *thirty-two millions* of Bibles are abroad in the earth, translated into languages spoken by 600,000,000, let us not forget that only one in thirty-one, on an average, have in their hands the bread of life—that 968,000,000 are destitute, and that to 400,000,000 the Bible is a sealed book this very hour. Let us not forget the millions that have perished in their sins, and the millions that have been heathenised. Heathenism has been on a terrible increase for centuries. *It is a startling fact, that the disparity between the friends and the foes of Christianity, between the disciples of the Saviour and unconverted men, is greater, vastly more so, at the present time than it was fifty years since.*'

The italics belong to the paper from which we quote.

G. J. Holyoake.

THE SHOWMAN AND THE GOSPEL.

In passing through Clare Market the other day we observed a crowd of poor people gathered around a fellow with a very suspicious exterior—that is, if viewed in reference to the part he was enacting, that of a religious teacher. He was one of those small theatrical proprietors who travel about the country, carrying theatre, company, scenery, machinery, and decorations on their backs—one of those who perform life's pilgrimage in company with the dog Toby, solacing the weary hours by plying simultaneously the far-famed pandian pipe and drum. Probably some beer house keeper had seized the poor Thespian's stock in trade for a score, and hence his assumption of the character in which we beheld him, exciting the humble folks of the above salubrious district.

No mute in his cups ever appeared so utterly inconsolable as our versatile tramp. The subject of his discourse was the 'awful death' of one 'Sarah Jones,' who had, in an unguarded moment, and being under the influence of strong drink, spoken contemptuously of her Maker. That his audience might be fully impressed with the awful circumstance, the lecturer had, with his own hands, made a melancholy daub, illustrative of the whole affair. This he held up aloft, and when the narrative became too painful for verbal elucidation, he pointed to the cartoon. It is unnecessary to say much of the cartoon as a work of art. Some allowance being made for the costume, it might be said to approximate very closely to some modern specimens of the pre-Raphael school, exhibited in Trafalgar Square during the last season. It possessed all the defects of those notorious productions in a remarkable degree. For crudeness of conception, exaggerated drawing, and unnatural colouring, it might rank with the best pictures of a school of which it may truly be said these qualities form the chief characteristics. The work of our artist of the Sarah Jones Tragedy was arranged in two compartments. In the first the wretched woman is represented in the act of falling, the unseen hand having struck her the fatal blow. However we may differ with the showman as to the cause of the poor creature's miserable plight—he tracing it, we think with unscrupulous bad taste, to the interposition of Divine Providence; we tracing it to a neighbouring gin palace—we are willing to admit that he has realised a given effect to the meanest capacity. Raphael has been extolled for his masterly design, representing the death of Ananias, a subject involving a similar treatment. As we gaze at the one, feelings of awe steal over us, succeeded by calm reflection—the Roman master so wills it, and we obey; looking at the other, we are filled with unutterable disgust, disposing us to beat it about the dauber's head. May our painters learn from this that it is their duty to devote their talent to national purposes. While they are disporting themselves in high places, feasting with the well-to-do, prating of high art, and painting the portraits of favourite cats, dogs, and monkies,—the poor multitude, for whom they should paint, are in the hands of itinerant showmen and murder-mongers. We will complete our description of our showman's performance. The second compartment of his picture is devoted, of course, to the death-bed repentance. The hour of death is nigh, the striken one in hysterics, and a group of ranters in full swing are running round the bed, as busy as so many devils on the arrival of an illustrious sinner in the infernal regions. The chief with the loud voice stands nearest the victim, reading passages from the book of books; while the supernumeraries, gathered around, catch up the words of response. The wailing and gnashing of teeth has commenced, accompanied by the hideous gesture, antic, and grimace common to the ignorant, while seized with the delirium of gospel mania. Such are the pictures of the poor.

How long this catch-penny miscreant will continue to haunt such places depends upon his success. While he can command degraded audiences, he will have no difficulty in bartering his tracts for provender. He would please us better if he 'stuck to his pantomimes.' That such a fellow successfully usurps the twin-fold functions of painter and divine for the multitude is, to our mind, a matter for serious reflection. CHRISTOPHER.

IDEAS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH BY A NINEVEH MERCHANT.

I WAS often called upon to defend our nation from the charges of polygamy and atheism. They were dreadfully scandalised at our refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and one gentleman asked me seriously, and with an air of great concern, whether I ever said my prayers! On one occasion a large party had assembled, among whom was a merchant recently arrived from Aleppo. In the course of conversation he began to attack the English.

'The Ingleez,' he said, 'are a very fierce and intractable nation. They marry many wives, and care very little about Allah, whose name he exalted.'

I here interrupted the speaker, and asked if, in the course of his travels, he had ever heard of the English church.

'Belli, yes,' he answered, 'I know the whole history of your church. You must understand,' continued he, turning to the rest, 'that once there lived in England a great sultan, whose name was Napoleon Buonaparte. This sultan was like unto Antar and Iskander, the Macedonian, and he made many of the kings of Frangistan his footstool. But his heart was lifted up, and he defied Allah in his pride. And Napoleon's wife was old, and she was no longer pleasing in his eyes. Then it came to pass that he looked upon a certain fair damsel with the glances of love, and he said "Inshallah, I will divorce my wife and get me this fair one in marriage." Now the Ingleez were all Catholics then, and therefore Napoleon sent a message to our father the Pope desiring that he would grant him a divorce. But the Pope reproved Napoleon for his pride and unkind dealing with his wife, at which the sultan waxed wrath, and said, "Surely this Pope is no better than Abou Jahash, even the Father of Stupidity; but Inshallah, I will make him eat abomination." So he went with many soldiers and besieged Rome, and took the Pope prisoner, and shut him up in a great tower in London, which is the chief city of the Ingleez. But the kings of the Franks all joined together, and made war upon Napoleon Buonaparte, and overcame him. Then their soldiers came to London and set the Pope at liberty. And when the Pope returned to Rome he cursed Napoleon, and excommunicated him and all the Ingleez. But Napoleon laughed at his beard, and he said, "Inshallah, but I will have a church of my own." So he made bishops, and they divorced his wife, and they married him to the beautiful damsel, after which he founded the English church."

All the assembly were deeply penetrated and impressed with this narrative, which was delivered with great volubility and lively pantomimic action. I had but little chance of being attended to in my vindication of my country and its religion, for, say what I would, the audience shook their heads doubtfully, and departed full of admiration at the wisdom of the Aleppo merchant, and regarding the English church as the profane invention of that second Nimrod, Napoleon Buonaparte.—*Notes from Nineveh, and Travels in Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Syria.* By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher.—[Quoted in Dr. Elliotson's reply to Dr. J. A. Wilson, in the *Zoist* for the current quarter, in illustration of the force of ignorance and prejudice.—ED.]

Examination of the Press.

POPULAR INFIDELITY.—We purpose, in the present article, to say something as to the principles of religion, which certain parties are busy disseminating amongst the masses. The works mentioned below we obtained recently from Glasgow, where, and in some places not so far from home, we are aware that they and similar publications have an extensive sale. The *Reasoner* seems to be supported principally by contributions from votaries of the cause; and is, as is also the Magazine, conducted with great ability. In these works every argument that can be drawn from science and literature, Christianity and the Bible, is used; and every means, whether of logic or ridicule, vigorously plied. The articles are short and well fitted for being read by the working man, and, while the price of each number—a penny—brings it within the reach of almost the very poorest. It would be imprudent to make extracts, here, from any of these prints; but, by way of indicating their general tone and aim, we may quote the titles of a few of the chapters of the *Reasoner*:—'Natural History of Lucifer,' 'Confessions from the Christian Camp,' 'The Mustard Seed of Deism,' by Atheos, 'God or no God,' by the same, 'Leslie's Argument Refuted,' 'Memoir of Thomas Paine,' 'Letters of a Kafir in search of a Religion,' 'The Gods of Nature and Scripture Examined,' 'Eternal Knowledge, its necessary Impossibility,' &c. It is no pleasing task, for any one imbued with the principles of the grand old faith of Christianity, to travel through these pages, teeming as they are with malevolence against it, expressed in every form which the debased imagination can suggest. Here, for instance, is one man advertising that he does not sell bad books, the worst book in his shop being the Bible. Here is another penny periodical, which is advertised as 'in fact republican; it strikes at the heart both of monarchy and aristocracy, aiming at the thorough and universal emancipation of humanity, and is a wholesome and universal Reformer;' and there are many similar advertisements, indicating very sufficiently that there is ample demand for the ruinous trash which this class of publications supplies. We have said that they are conducted with ability, and they undoubtedly are so; but it is less by argument than by other means—by the force of ridicule and the power of sneering—that the end is sought to be accomplished. That end is neither more nor less than the annihilation of *all* religion, save that of human passion; and the reducing to contempt any feelings, save those which refer to the things of the present. We do not, indeed, fear that that end will be soon accomplished. The religion which, emanating from lonely Bethlehem, has conquered the opposition of eighteen hundred years, and is now *the* religion of the world—so that on every shore where the foot of civilisation has been, there burns an altar to the no longer unknown God—such a system has nothing to fear from assaults like these we speak of. The power of the atheist is limited; he cannot unsettle the creed of a nation, or disturb, by a new theory of mental philosophy, the convictions of a race:

> 'The heaven-strung cords of man's immortal spirit
> Are not for him to wither at his will;'

but his power is great, nevertheless. In all communities is disaffection, and in every religious body there are disaffected. An agency, then, which keeps alive this spirit, is adverse to the general good. Where, however, as here, not the passing state of things but the eternal welfare of individuals is concerned, although an agency such as this may not act directly upon the general mind, it does still indi-

rectly so act by destroying in individuals those feelings and principles, on which social happiness primarily depends. As the creed of a people, infidelity is wholly powerless for a ruling influence. It seeks to root out from human nature the instinct of worship, and it puts nothing in its place. Let us remark, that it is an unvarying rule to find principles of false religion hand in hand with principles of revolutionary politics, a fact which just proves that the infidel writer finds his chief patrons among the poorer classes, to whose poverty he appeals as argument for embracing his creed. And this is a fact sufficient to stimulate us, by all means, to elevate the humbler classes; to make them feel themselves better than the democrat would have them believe they are; to make them feel their independence, not in their worldly affairs, but in mind—independence of the false and feeble aids which are tendered by those who batten on their pence, and laugh at their credulity —and to open to them the sources of solid information. Educate the people, and we build up the throne, reduce our stand of bayonets, and rob the demagogue of his artillery. Bringing them thus before the public, we do so that the attention of our clergymen and others, who have opportunity of endeavouring to counteract their influence, may be led to use exertions to that end. It is a thorough mistake for the minister to pretend contempt for, or to be entirely ignorant of such productions as these. If they seem contemptible in their eyes, they are, perhaps, not so in the eyes of some of those who constitute a portion of almost every Sabbath congregation. The clergyman is, perhaps, too apt to forget that there are —we write advisedly—few in any congregation who can, with advantage, conduct an argument for their faith against the ever ready atheist. The latter resembles the outlaw, who makes up by the rapidity of his movements for the insufficiency of his weapons and the number of his opponents. But the members of our faith, generally, are not skilful in fence, through want of practice; and though defeat in controversy will rarely lead to conversion, the cause of infidelity, on the whole, gains strength from such encounters. This is not as it should be, nor as it might be. 'Who never doubted never half believed;' and we are pretty certain that, at some period of life, doubts on this, the most important of all questions, do arise in the mind of every one. It would be well, if the antidote were provided to the poison of such productions as those before us, which may fall in the way of the doubting inquirer at a moment when they are likely to have direful effect; and this antidote should be perfect acquaintance with the arguments on both sides of the question. We deem it so much gain to the enemy when we see, as we do every day, religious parties quarrelling over observances and formularies, and neglecting the far higher consideration of establishing on a sure basis, in the minds of men, the truths of Christianity. These paltry bickerings tend only to injure the general cause, and if, instead of fighting over the differences in practice or opinion, we set ourselves to spread and to confirm the evidences of the common faith, the result would be soon apparent in the disappearance from among us of such publications as these, much of whose influence depends upon being able to point at these differences, and to laugh at their causes. In closing these remarks for the present, we must revert to the ground we took last week, viz., that the abolition of the stamps on newspapers would certainly tend to the further dissemination of principles, both in politics and religion, hostile to public good. We observe, from the pages of the *Reasoner*, that a subscription has been commenced by its readers and friends for aiding in the accomplishment of the object; and we take this as one of the strongest proofs of the truth of our argument.—*Ayr Observer*, No. 990.

Reasoner Tracts.

JUDGE HERTTELL'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. THOMAS COOPER, ON HUMAN LIFE, DEATH, &c.

In our recent biography of Dr. Cooper allusion was made to the remarkable correspondence between him and Judge Herttell. This correspondence, owing to the kindness of our publisher, we are enabled to present from the New York edition.

Judge Herttell to Dr. Cooper—No. I.

New York, March 20th, 1838.

Much respected Sir,

After a long epistolatory silence, occasioned by a succession of occurrences too numerous to particularise, and probably too uninteresting to you to render a detail necessary or entertaining, I sit down to inquire after your health, and to assure you of my continued and sincere esteem and respect.

I have for two years past had lying on my table, several unfinished letters to you, but was so frequently interrupted that I had little or no chance to finish them before their contents, in a measure, became stale. The truth is, that our liberal friends of both political parties deemed it proper to avail themselves of a propitious opportunity to place me in the political arena, with a view as well to exhibit their weight in the political scale, as to enable me to act more efficiently in favour of the rights of conscience and free discussion, and thus to adduce a practical illustration of the just principles of our government in sustaining the rights of infidels equally with those of religious superstitionists. For five years past, therefore, I have been so occupied with public political concerns, in addition to my private affairs and literary pursuits, as necessarily obliged me to neglect my epistolary correspondence.

I have twice made attempts in our Legislature to restore to married women their right of property as guaranteed to them in common with every other citizen, by several provisions of our State Constitution. My remarks, made two years since, when I first brought the subject before the legislature, you have probably seen. I think I sent them to you. My extended remarks delivered on the same subject at the last session, I have recently committed to writing at the request of several gentlemen in this city. They fill ninety-two closely written pages of cap paper, and will probably be published in pamphlet form. The manuscript is now in the hands of a learned friend for inspection. When printed, I will send you a few copies. My Bill was lost, as is understood from the cause, that the legislature were too much occupied with *Banks*, and other monied institutions, to spend due time or to bestow the requisite attention on *the less interesting* matters exclusively pertaining to moral or political improvement.

Doubtless the like cause defeated my 'witness bill,' so called. After four years' perseverance I effected the passage of that Bill in the Assembly by a majority so imposing as to preclude the necessity of a division of the House on the final question. It was sent to the Senate for concurrence. The judiciary committee to whom it was referred, reported in its favour. It was then, according to the regular course of business, referred to the committee of the *whole*, where it lay slumbering for several weeks, until late in the legislative term, and was then 'overlaid' and smothered by the heavy press of business which usually accumulates near the closing of the session; and hence was finally lost, although, as I was told by many of the members, there was no opposition to it!

At the session of 1833, I made an attempt to the repeal of the 'Bank-restraining law,' so called. I opposed that law on constitutional grounds. So unpopular was my movement, so novel and startling my positions and arguments, that not a solitary member would expose himself to the consequences which he feared would follow his express concurrence in my views on that subject; yet, in 1837, I had the pleasure of witnessing the repeal of that law by a unanimous vote in the Assembly, and by a large majority in the Senate.

The want of harmony in the democratic party has this year given the federalists a majority in the Assembly. My election was of course lost. The result has been that the church and state party, thinking they stand in need of prayers, again employed the priests to make some for legislative use. The true value, however, of

these clerical operations, it seems, is now *fairly* estimated. Being worth nothing, nothing is paid for them. The members of the legislature will not pay money out of their own pockets for such divine service, and dare not take the public money for such purpose. Should they attempt to do so, by a provision to that effect in the 'supply bill,' they will soon be *supplied* themselves at the ballot box, with a merited quantity of public sentiment on that subject.

Permit me to express my sincere participation in the sorrow you must have felt for the death of our inestimable and mutual friends, Professor Nott and his lady. I have often of late years had an opportunity of spending many pleasing hours in his company; and which were rendered more agreeable by the occasions they afforded me of hearing of your welfare through the medium of one of your most devoted friends. If his little daughter is near you, please to tender her the affectionate regards of her 'aunt and uncle Herttell,' by which appellation she always addresses us while here.

I cannot learn that you have lately been engaged on any other subject than that which pertains to your official duties. The last time I wrote to you, was on the subject of a work which you had ready, or were about to prepare for the press. I think I procured from Messrs. Matsells, at your request, an estimate of the probable expense of publishing the work, since which I have not heard anything of it, nor do I now recollect what it was. Mr. G. W. Matsell, a few days since, inquired of me concerning it.

Have you no time further to expose the errors and iniquity of the prevalent superstitions of the day, or have you got tired of the subject and quit it in disgust with the folly and stupidity of mankind in believing any and everything the priests tell them relative to 'things not of this world?' We are nowise discouraged here. The constant succession of alarms sounded by the clergy, not only tend to keep our cause alive by excitement to inquiry, but show also that the power and influence of liberal opinions have become alarmingly dangerous to the 'craft by which they [the clergy] have their wealth.' Though the pulpit continues to be the sacred sanctuary from which priests vituperate their pious slanders and religious maledictions against all who do not believe in the divinity of their religion, the utility of their prayers, nor the truth of their preaching, yet I cannot perceive that they have yet been able to stir up their 'unchangeable' God of 'infinite love' to pour out the vials of his 'divine wrath' on infidels more than on those credulous zealots who, with all usual humility, plume themselves on their exclusive righteousness and sanctification! All yet seem alike, subject only to the *natural* consequences of the error and evil tendency of their own misconduct. The march of mind is still onward; liberal opinions are increasing, and with them the moral courage boldly to avow and advocate them.

True is it that the extreme of wrong often brings on its own destruction, when other means fail to remedy the evil. The constant fulmination of clerical anathemas and Christian imprecations on the heads of all who dissent from the fashionable superstitions of the dominant religious sects, never can induce moral and intelligent men to believe in the divinity, truth, or moral influence of a religion which prompts its advocates to such acts of religious intolerance and ill will; or which has not sufficient moral influence to restrain the 'evil spirit' which instigates religious devotees to stigmatise moral men as proper objects of special hatred, and devoted victims of 'endless torment' and of merited suffering under the 'eternal wrath' of an angry God, 'whose love and tender mercy endureth for ever!'

The 'horrors of infidelity' is the constant and favourite theme for public declamation; and I should not be surprised if at last infidels should be provoked to the work of recrimination, and (to speak figuratively) to carry the war into the enemy's camp. The liberals could easily give the superstitionists so much to do in defence of their own 'household gods,' as to leave them little or no time to assail and insult their peaceable and honest fellow-citizens. It would not be difficult to compile a few volumes of historical facts in exemplification of the 'horrors of religion!' 'The horrors of Judaism' might be duly portrayed in a detailed statement of the obscenities, immoralities, murders, massacres, human sacrifices, and other brutalities of the 'chosen people,' an account of which is contained in the Jewish Christian 'Holy Bible.'

'The horrors of Catholic Christianity might be illustrated by quotations from the histories of the holy wars—of the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, of the burning of heretics at the *auto da fé*—and, in short, by reference to historical details of the numerous persecutions and enormities perpetrated by the influence and authority of the 'Holy Roman Catholic Church' in Europe, South America, the West India islands, and wherever

that Christian sect has been dominant, and the power of the Pope and the inquisition uncontrolled.

'The horrors of Protestant Episcopal Christianity' might be exhibited by the burnings and persecutions of infidels to the State religion in England—and which stand recorded and confessed in the history of that nation.

'The horrors of Calvinistic Christianity' might be proved by the burning of Servetus, and other authentic evidences of the 'religious influence' by which that and many other heinous acts of religious intolerance, oppression, persecution, and crime were instigated, sanctioned, and excused.

'The horrors of Puritanic Christianity' might be exposed by quotations from the history of the proscriptions and persecutions of Baptists and Quakers, and the murder of witches, by the New England Presbyterians; the 'true spirit' of whose very holy religious faith might be made to shine forth in the 'blue lights,' 'blue laws,' persecutions and crimes which emanated from it.

In truth, such a work has been seriously spoken of, and yourself named as a person possessing the greatest stock of ready materials and the talents most competent to compile and arrange the contents of such a volume. I have no doubt it will be done or commenced by some one at no very distant day. Indeed, several might be engaged in it at the same time, each confining his inquiries to different sources of information, and furnishing the compiler with the result of their researches respectively. Please to favour me with your views in reference to such a work.

Be so kind as to present my best regards to Colonel McLord, and be assured that I remain,

Your esteeming friend,
THOMAS HERTTELL.

Doctor T. Cooper.

Dr. Cooper to Judge Herttell.

Columbia, S. C., March 27th, 1838.

Dear Sir,

I greatly regret you are not now in the legislature, although till the currency question is settled nothing else will be attended to. I approve of your bill respecting the rights of married women, but the time is not yet come to carry it in the legislature. Our party of Liberals consists at present almost exclusively of persons who do not rank in the fashionable class of society; and their adherence to the measures of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren has rendered them unpopular with the wealthy portion of the New York community. However, we must get on as well as we can. Truth creeps on at a very terrapin pace at all times, but we must be content to throw our bread on the waters, and peradventure it will be found again after many days. The work you propose I have by me, more than three parts finished. But I dare not yet publish it with my name. Most probably I shall find time to finish it in this summer, but I must publish it at New York anonymously. I have no objection to give it to Matsell, but I must be cautious if I mean to continue in my present respectable situation as legislative editor of the laws of our State. I published my second volume during the last sessions, and having to annotate upon the old acts, I wrote a note to the English statute against witchcraft, 1 James I., wherein I unluckily made use of the expression 'the collection of tracts called the Bible.' The House was in a flame; and if I had not proposed to strike out the note, I should have been dismissed by acclamation, although the volume met with great favour from the legal profession and the judiciary committee. That committee softened the matter, and the note stands as I wrote it. But at my age, I cannot afford to incur the active odium of ignorance and bigotry, and renounce at once the salary that supports me, and an office of great respectability. You may easily conceive all this does not make me in love with orthodoxy; but it makes me feel sensibly the extreme jealousy and the commanding influence of the clergy and their followers. Predominant as that class of men are, it only renders me more alive to the necessity of diminishing their power. In a great city it may be done, but in the scattered villages of this country, the mass of the people are too ignorant, and too timid, to afford their support to any one who opposes the prevailing clerical pretensions. However, the work you propose shall proceed, if my life and health permit; and if I can get it finished this year, I will entrust the manuscript to you, if you will have the goodness to take charge of it. I shall have to labour hard however, for I have undertaken to lay a third and fourth volume, each of 800 pages, before the next legislature, and I can only pursue our plan at intervals of leisure, which I fear will be few and far between.

Miss Amelia Nott is now with her grandmother. I shall write and send your kind message to her.

I sadly fear the fanatic spirit of the abo-

litionists will succeed in compelling the south to separate; but I hope this union may yet keep together in the friendly spirit of compromise that dictated our federal constitution; I cannot, however, say I expect it.

I am glad to find you are still active and persevering in pursuing your useful plans of reform. They will succeed at last. I shall enter my 80th year in October next, but I hope to live long enough to fulfil our joint wishes as to the work you propose.

Health and happiness to you, my good friend, and success to all your pursuits, which I am sure are meant for the good of your fellow men.

T. Cooper.

Judge Herttell to Dr. Cooper.

New York, Sept. 8th, 1838.

Much respected Sir,

Since receiving your favour of the 27th of March last, I have been recreating and rusticating a few weeks on Long Island, about sixty miles from this city; and am now about to take an excursion up the Hudson River to Greene county, in the vicinity of the Kaatskill mountain.

It has always been with pleasure that I have received an epistolary communication from you; but never more gratified than on the receipt of your last, which announced to me that 'the work I proposed you have by you, more than three parts finished.' What a singular coincidence of thought. I had supposed, until your letter proved my error, that I was the original proposer of such a work. I am not only glad to find my suggestions anticipated, but am much pleased to learn that such a work is in such hands; because I now feel assured that it will be done as it ought to be, and will exhibit in the most effective manner, authentic historical expositions of the crimes, cruelties, and demoralising influences of superstition, fanaticism, and supernatural revealed religion; and I feel equally confident that it will be the most efficient defence of infidelity to all such religions, that has appeared in many years; and as probably the most useful work ever written, to expose the 'evil spirit' of ignorance, superstition, intolerance, persecution, and priestcraft—inasmuch as in this advanced and advancing age of free inquiry and free discussion, it will be more extensively circulated and read, than any preceding work of the like character.

I have no faith in supernatural inspiration, supernatural or spiritual vision, foresight or prophecy, and regard all such religious trumpery as mischievous and degrading to intellectual and rational beings. I was therefore not influenced by divine inspiration (unless a desire to speak the truth be such) when I mentioned in my last letter to you that 'you had been named as a person possessing the greatest stock of ready material for the proposed work.' Though I believed that such was the truth, I had no thought that you actually had at the very time I was writing, the proposed work three-quarters done, lying on your table. Several of your and my friends who are confidentially apprised of that fact, participate in the hope that you will be able to finish the volume, and enjoy life and health, not only to witness its publication, but to note its salutary operation on public opinion. Should the manuscript be entrusted to me, you will not be publicly known as its author until you shall be out of the reach of the influence of the 'evil spirit' of religious intolerance and persecution; and though it appear anonymously, this letter, I trust, will be good authority for your friends to claim for you the honour of being the author (or compiler) of 'Historical Illustrations of the Horrors of Religion, or the Horrors of the Jewish and Christian Superstitions,' &c., as the title may be.

It is to be hoped, that before your work shall be finished, you will analyse and expose the Paganism which prevails at the present day, and passes under the name of the Christian religion. Paganism, did I say? Perhaps it is not right to libel Paganism so much as to call by its name the mass of absurdities, follies, immoralities, madness, and fanaticism of modern Christianity. Paganism, though the immediate predecessor and parent or grandsire of the Christian religion, and the source from which the latter derived many of its errors, superstitions, doctrines, rites and ceremonies, was neither intolerant or persecuting. A great and distinguished writer states, that 'no such thing as a religious war was ever known among the people called idolaters.

(Continued in the next Number.)

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

THE CORDS OF LOVE.

[Some one has told us that men are drawn to Christ with cords of love. The following letter illustrates the texture of the aforesaid cords.—Ed.]

Dear Mr. Holyoake,—I hope that you will not think it too much trouble to answer a thorough convert, to both your 'Logic of Death' and social doctrines, one or two questions. I live in a country village, on a public road-side, where a majority of the pleasure people of Sunday take their walk. My wife has been in the habit of selling refreshments on a Sunday. We have no church in the village, but some time since a Church of England minister made his appearance, and commenced preaching in an old barn, and came round to canvass for a congregation. My wife asked a few questions, when he went away, clashing the door after him and muttering. Since that time we have been completely inundated with death-bed repentances of Voltaire, Hume, Volney, Paine, the lucky conversion of a few drunken tailors and tinkers, and so forth.

At last, having worked no effect upon us, he has sent a policeman to tell us if we do not discontinue to sell on a Sunday he shall summon us before the magistrates. Now, sir, I want you to be so good as to send me an answer to this question: Has he the power to hinder my wife from selling on a Sunday? and, if he has, can he stop her all or only part of the day? A Constant Reader.

HOW DID ANIMALS ORIGINATE?—AGASSIZ ON MAN.

Sir,—I do not think I shall exaggerate when I say that the whole series of the *Reasoner* does not contain a more important passage on the above subject than the extract from the *Boston Traveller*, in No. 224. By a singular oversight, considering the discussion going on between myself and 'Inquirer' on the origin of animals, I did not notice the paragraph until this week, or I might have introduced some notice of it into my last reply.

Professor Agassiz says—'The question how man was created was entirely distinct from religion—a mere question of natural history, and as such, as a philosopher, he claimed the right to discuss it.' That was spoken as a philosopher should speak. The professor then proceeded to discuss the question and give his views upon the matter; but as they have appeared so recently in this paper, your readers can apply to the original for what I shall omit, my object being merely to draw attention to the *conclusion* at which he has arrived in reference to the origin of the human race. He says that he considers 'That the distribution of the different varieties of the human race must have taken place, not at random, but with a regular plan—in short, *that they were created in masses*, IN THE POSITIONS WHICH THEY ORIGINALLY OCCUPIED.' He supported this view by various facts having a bearing upon it. It will be remembered that the extract from the *Westminster Review* in No. 205, stated that the question of the 'descent of the human species from a single pair, is a perfectly open one,' notwithstanding the decision of the late Dr. Pritchard, and that the weight of opinion was probably 'in favour of the distribution of mankind into several races, *originally distinct*.'

In an article written some years since, but which was published on the 1st of this month in a little work entitled the *Free Inquirer*, I ask '*how* were creations accomplished?' Were the parents of each species of plants and animals moulded and

manufactured *on* the earth (Frankenstein-wise)? or were they formed somewhere in space, and then *placed* in their particular localities by the hands of the deity? or did they spring up from the earth, like the armed men from the dragon's teeth recorded in ancient mythology? Now these are the questions which every person holding opinions similar to 'Inquirer' should ask of himself, and not rest till he has got an answer, too, satisfactory at least to himself. My belief is that of every hundred believers in creations, ninety-nine shirk these questions even to themselves, and that is the reason why they prefer others answering them for them.

To assist any inquirers in this direction which you may chance to have among your readers, I may mention, as bearing upon the question, that where two races of plants or animals fail to interbreed—or, should they do so, yet their progeny be barren—naturalists consider such races as being of distinct *species;* and this matter of species, this barrier to the passage of one race of organisms into another, is considered to have been specially designed by the creator for some wise purposes of his own, and consequently to have involved a *distinct act* of creative volition on the part of the creator for every species. From a statement I have by me, I find that of plants, living and fossil, there are about 60,000, of molluscs 10,000, and of *extinct* fishes 30,000 species ; then there are living fishes, living and dead articulala, ditto mammalia, ditto insects, ditto microscopic animalcules—so that I should think a *million of distinct species* as within rather than without the mark.

I dare say there are many prepared to remark—'Well, supposing it were a million million, that would be nothing extraordinary for a being of infinite power to accomplish.' Granted; but it may be a vast deal too much for reasonable, matter-of-fact men to swallow, when you come to tell them *how* these species were produced.

So long as the act of creation was confined to *one* epoch and the scene of its operation to *one* spot, hesitaters and doubters had only one pill presented them, which if they could manage to gulph down they were all right. But when geology became a science, the number of epochs and scenes of operation became so numerous that those previously most undecided were beaten to a stand still; for as the only authority for belief in creation at all most dogmatically asserted there had only been one, when it was *proved* that there must have been many if there had been any, why the authority for belief in that one, or in any, became exceedingly questionable.

However, as there was no denying or destroying the evidences of geology, theologians and philosophers, instead of speaking of *the* creation, meaning the Mosaic creation, as they had always hitherto done, now spoke of the various creative epochs which the world had witnessed; but this was only in reference to the *lower* animals, all the different varieties of the *human* race being still considered as unquestionably derived from one pair. But with the progress of discovery even this assumption began to be considered as questionably true by *some* men, who could not shut their eyes to the difficulties in the way of the popular hypothesis, and among these we find M. Agassiz. His hypothesis is, that not merely were species created distinct, from whence all the countless *varieties* have proceeded, in consequence of change of climate or food or other accidents; but he considers that *even the varieties* of different species, when found in certain latitudes and in certain exceptional positions, *must have been created in the places they occupy*, or they could not have been there. Now this hypothesis increases the probable number of creative acts almost incalculably, and consequently renders it of greater importance than ever to know *how* the creative energy acts in the production of new organisms. We can imagine a great being setting to work, once for all, to

make, in the literal sense, plants and animals, on some particular part of the earth, leaving them to spread themselves abroad over the surface as their wants or inclinations led them; but for a great being to be continually making and destroying plants and animals, and to be travelling all over the earth to find suitable spots on which to locate them, why such an idea does not smack either of dignity or power. *How*, then, *did* animals originate? Were they made *on* the earth? were they made somewhere else and *brought* here? or did they come into being without any *visible* cause for their origin? I expect the last will be the most acceptable hypothesis, and, as I do not wish to multiply articles, I will assume it to be so, and would then inquire, in nearly the words of the *Westminster Review* for Sept., 1848 —How could such mode of creation be distinguished from *spontaneous production?* If there is no visible evidence of the creator acting, what right have you to assume that there is invisible action going on by him? But, if you will assume it, admit, at least, that it is assumption, and then we shall know the value of it.

Oct. 6, 1850. W. Chilton.

BISHOP WATSON ON ATHEISM.

Sir,—The *Looker-On* for October contains the following extract from Bishop Watson, and I would suggest the propriety of substituting for 'atheism' 'the God of the Bible,' in order that the passage may be more in accordance with the truth:—

'Atheism is an infernal deity, who demands of his votaries such cruel sacrifices that every one initiated into the mysteries of his faith must make a solemn and absolute renunciation of the use of his senses, shut his eye upon the fair volume of nature, and deny to his heart the pleasurable emotions of admiration and gratitude.'

I cannot but think that the 'Right Reverend Father in God,' when he penned this, was thinking of the God of the Bible. Egalite.

W. E. B. TO DOMINIC DIVERS.

Sir,—In my remarks on the question of the 'Eternity of Knowledge—its necessary Impossibility,' in No. 223 of the *Reasoner*, to which Mr. Dominic Divers refers in a letter in No. 226 of the *Reasoner*, I made a friendly demur to the absolute conclusiveness of Mr. Mallalieu's argument, because it had not shut out the logical possibility of the objection since used by Mr. Divers against what he terms my 'opinion.' I there said, 'I demur to the absolute conclusiveness of Mr. M.'s argument, because he has urged nothing to preclude knowledge existing simultaneous with knowable things or matter, and conceive this possibility would have been cut off, as its priority is, by the argument that knowledge is the result of organisation—organisation progressive in development, and therefore organisation as the final cause of knowledge, knowledge could not have preceded it. An effect cannot, in time, be prior to or simultaneous with its cause.'

My motive in repeating this paragraph is two-fold. 1. That the reasons for my 'opinion' may appear with the opinion. 2. I am not certain Mr. Divers understands me. He says, 'Relatives are of various kinds.' What of that? My position is the particular relation of cause to effect, and his that there is no relationship at all. A cause is equal to its effect; an effect is equal to its cause. If they are simultaneous, how will he distinguish the one from the other, to enable him to mark relationship?

Will Mr. D. be kind enough to apply his theory of simultaniety to the repeated paragraph? Such application possibly may disprove the reasoning in it, and refute the aphorism resting on it. By so doing he will better enable me to devote to his letter that consideration which, in deference to your opinion, I feel disposed to pay.

I have survived, but am almost shaken out of my personal identity. I suppose it would be wrong to say that I, the cause of this letter, preceded it, wrote it, and sent it. Oblige me by considering it an effect of my production; but pray do not injure it. If you destroy it you will destroy me, according to Mr. Divers, who has pronounced 'a privation of one is a privation of both.' W. E. B.

THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO HAS LEFT THE FOLD.*

Sir,—A short time ago I was led to see the error of my ways—in fine, saw that there was a hollowness in Christianity. Previous to this I was respected, and, if I may be allowed to say it, thought highly of: but, since, treated like one of another race — and mark, this conduct was highly approved of by my clerical friends. One who often spoke highly of me in days gone by, went so far as to say that 'sooner than speak to me he would spit in my face.' Another dear friend, who was laid on a bed of languishing, expressed himself thus: 'I am truly sorry, dear ——, to say such a thing, but, if that be true which I have been told of you, you must come near me no more, lest I too be contaminated.' The clergy, then, are afraid. Verily, now do I see the force of that satire—'Great is the power of godliness.' Great, indeed, must be its power, seeing that its votaries are afraid even to hear contrary opinions, lest 'they, too, should be contaminated.'

I have all along read and thought over the articles in the *Reasoner*. The benefit I have derived therefrom is more even than I am aware of. But, above all the blessings it may have conferred, there is one that I prize above them all—that is, they taught me to think. Were they but carefully read and digested, I have no doubt but that, as Poor Richard says, the reader's profit would be as great as mine. Formerly all was dark, dreary, and chaotic; now all is cheerful, lovely, and serene.

I would earnestly recommend to the Glasgow Anti-Theological Society the immediate purchase of *Reasoners* and 'Reasoner Tracts,' and let them appoint deliverers to each portion of the city—having before their eyes the zeal and earnestness (worthy of a better cause) exerted by the distributors of the 'Glasgow Monthly Visitor,' in whose wake they, the reasoners, might follow with no loss to the cause of truth.

Glasgow. Amicus Veritatis.

QUESTIONING THE BIBLE.

Sir,—I enclose you the following from the *Morning Chronicle*, of Oct. 5th, which I think is worthy of a place in the *Reasoner*:—

'The time has gone by since the Scriptures, or rather that interpretation of them which lay obvious and on the surface, was unhesitatingly accepted as the true key that unlocked all the mysteries contained in creation—the time when the Bible was considered as the vehicle, not of divine revelation only, but as the guide and

* The writer of this letter is unknown to us: we should advise him to connect himself with the Society of Anti-Theologians, as he would find sympathy among them, and they might be glad of his assistance in carrying out his suggestion.—Ed.

instructor in the ordinary events of life, and a text from its pages was regarded as the best authority for the ordinary operations of trade or husbandry. Since that good easy time a new race of inquirers have sprung up, who, quietly pushing the science and natural history of the Bible as usually explained on one side, have interrogated nature herself for the revelation of her own mysteries, and have arrived at results which must have sounded as flat blasphemy in the ears of the uninquiring believers of a past age. Astronomy led the way, in breaking through the charmed circle which human indolence, veiled under the venerable guise of divine truth, had drawn round the natural phenomena of creation. But though the change began with astronomy, it has not stopped there. From the time when the pliant yet tenacious Italian muttered—the moment after he had renounced his theory of the earth moving round the sun—'It does move, though,' down to the present day, innumerable minds have been at work, diving into every recess of nature, searching into every nook and cranny, and following out the broken and half intelligible hints thus afforded into their remotest consequences, regardless of their bearing upon the Bible, whether well or ill interpreted. These inquiries have been pushed into every department of science. Not astronomy alone, but geology has furnished its quota of difficulties; while the creation, the races, and the languages of men have all been eagerly questioned, to know if they will disclose information other than that which has hitherto been understood to be revealed by God himself.'

A. H.

'Reasoner' Shilling List for Vol. X.—W. J. B. has intimated his intention of continuing his subscription of 10s. per week. Nos. 1 and 2, 20s.—W. D. Saull, annual pound for the volumes—surplus, 14s.—Mr. Gray, per Mr. Bendall, jun., 1s.—E. L. Pearson, 1s.—G. F. W., 1s. 9d.—T. G., Liverpool (weekly), 1s. — George Edwards, Burnley, 1s. — Dr. Skelton, ditto, 1s.— The Glasgow Anti-Theological Society send a subscription of £1 from the funds of the Association.—Andrew Smith, Gateshead, 1s., which, together with 137s. acknowledged last week, make a total of 198s. 9d.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—Oct. 27th [7], Thomas Cooper, 'Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Oct. 27th [7], a lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Oct. 27th [11½ a.m.], a Lecture.

Eastern Lecture Hall, Church Lane.—Oct. 24 [7¾], Discussion between the Rev. H. McLeod & Mr. C. Southwell. 'Is the God of Scripture a Reality?'

On Saturday, the 2nd of November, will be published the First Number of

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Wat Tyler, a dramatic Poem, by Southey ..	0	2
Theology Displayed, by S. Curtis, bds.....	1	0
Do. Do. wrapper	0	9
Mackintosh on the Being and Attributes of God	0	8
Voltaire's Important Examination of the Holy Scriptures	0	6
Geology and the Pentateuch	0	9
Right of Free Discussion.....	0	3
Scripturians' Creed	0	2
Volney's Lectures on History, bds.....	1	6
Do. Do. Do. wrapper	1	0
Volney's Ruins of Empires.....	3	0
Do. Law of Nature	0	4
Cerebral Physiology and Materialism	0	4
A Few Words on the Christian's Creed, by C. Bradlaugh, jun.....	0	1

James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

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Illustrative Notices.

In reference to a recent notice of ours of Mr. Barker's dialogue, we find the following notice in No. 128 of the *People*:—'Mr. Holyoake says that in the Dialogue between G. J. Holyoake and J. Barker, in the *People*, there is not one single observation put into his mouth which he should actually utter if engaged in a dialogue of the kind. I answer, I took the words, which I put into Mr. Holyoake's mouth, from one of his publications, his "Logic on Death," I think. The words are ascribed by Mr. Holyoake to Seneca; but as Mr. Holyoake expressed no dissent from them, I supposed them to express Mr. Holyoake's own thoughts and feelings. I certainly would not willingly put into Mr. Holyoake's mouth words which he would not utter.'

In *Reasoner* 228, it is said 'Divinely is derived from Dii vini—Gods of wine.' But if the reader will consult Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, he will find the following:—'Divus, a God. Divinus, pertaining to or coming from God—divine, heavenly.' Will Mr. Trevelyan inform us on what authority his derivation is made? P.

We have received a publication entitled 'Chapters on Policy *v.* Straightforwardness; or Thoughts on the Political, Religious, and Literary World' (reprinted from the *Ashton Times*). By Frederic Rowland Young, Diss, Norfolk. The motto of the pamphlet is taken from the 'Logic of Death,'—'He who will never shock men may often deceive them.' The pamphlet itself abounds in manly, earnest, and zealous writing.

The copies of Dr. Prater's work on 'Mineral Poisons' have all been sold for some time; but he gave us also, for the benefit of the *Reasoner* fund, several elegant volumes entitled 'Thoughts.' Some of these still remain on hand, which can be had at 1s. each. The work contains very curious chapters, and was published at a much higher price.

The Hungarian residents in London had a service performed at the French Chapel, King Street, Portman Square, on Wednesday the 9th, in memory of the patriots who fell in the struggle of Independence. At 1 o'clock speeches were delivered at the Hanover Square Rooms, in Hungarian, German, and English.

R. C., Wigan.—Time would not permit the examination which he proposes.

Bonaparte, New Leeds, Bradford.—Nature.

The Free-Inquirers' Society, of the British Coffee House, Edgeware Road, has issued the first of their tracts, entitled the 'Popular Theology: reasons for its Rejection.'

Our friend J. A. M., who writes from Masborough, will interest us by an account of the society to which he refers.

A public meeting of a very decided character has been held in Edinburgh against the Annuity Tax.

Any person having a clean copy of Godfrey Higgins's 'Anacalypsis' to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser by addressing a letter to the office.

J. S. B.—We cannot answer whether we shall print the queries until we have seen them.

J. H. C., Newcastle.—His article on Birch's 'Shakspere' will receive attention.

We have received another pamphlet from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, entitled 'The Consequences of Atheism,' by the Rev. T. Pottinger, Minister of Tuthill Stairs Chapel. Mr. Holyoake hopes to reply to it personally in a short time.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, October 23rd, 1850.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

OPENING OF THE SOCIAL HALL, GARRATT'S-RD., MANCHESTER.

(PROVINCIAL REPORT.)

LAST week the walls of Manchester were covered with a placard of the olden time —headed 'Socialism,' and graced with the old motto which fifteen years of debate has not invalidated—'The character of man is formed for him and not by him.' It further said that the new Socialist Hall, Garratt's Road (opposite the well-known Carpenter's Hall) would be opened by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, who would lecture in the morning on 'Creeds and Dogmas, *their* Influence on the Formation of Character;' in the evening, on the 'Progress and Prospects of Socialism.' The new society, in writing to me, said they would have none but a 'genuine Socialist lecturer.' The friends have lately borne with great fortitude inundations of 'Christian Socialism,' and they longed once more to hear something of Socialism which was *not* Christian. The programme I presented to them of the Socialism of *materialism* afforded undisguised satisfaction. Having earnestly tried to accept, and laboriously to comprehend, that extraordinary compound of character now preached, called 'Jesus Christ the Great Reformer,' and failed, they desired somewhat more intelligible guidance. Could the Rev. Charles Kingsley have heard the unique debates that passed in my hearing, upon his strange letter in the *Leader against* the formation of character, he might have created some new characters for his next 'Alton Locke.' Profound respect was expressed for Mr. Kingsley personally, but profound wonder at his 'ruinous' doctrine. My previous visits to Manchester have been during the decadence of the Social fervour, and the contrast now presented at its revival was the most agreeable I have experienced. The Hall in Garratt's Road, formerly St. Patrick's Hall, was full morning and evening. From six to seven hundred persons must have been present. The Delegate Meeting in the afternoon numbered such familiar faces as those of our friend James Spurr of Liverpool, Dr. Uttley and Mr. George Edwards of Burnley, Messrs. Hull and Wilkinson of Padiham, and others. Double the number of persons that were expected sat down to tea. An invitation with tickets was sent to Mr. Ernest Jones to be present, but his camp meeting did not allow him time. Altogether we had the return of a 'Social Day,' such as Manchester has not witnessed for years. If Mr. Owen himself could have been present, it would have been perfection itself.

Mr. James Campbell, formerly Missionary, read with great effect, before each lecture, the following

ADDRESS FROM MR. OWEN.

Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street,

To Mr. John McKenzie, Manchester. Oct. 16th, 1850.

I have this morning received your letter, written at the request of the Socialist committee of Manchester, informing me that they have obtained possession of a

large hall, which they intend to open on the 20th instant, and expressing their desire that I would send them by Mr. Holyoake a written address for the occasion.

It also gives me much pleasure to learn by your letter that you are all in earnest, working hard to spread the principles in your town and district. I hope you will be successful, because there are no other principles that are true respecting human nature.

I do not find there is now much difficulty in spreading the principles, or having them acknowledged to be true; the real obstacle now to *rational* progress *arises from the professed disciples of our principles not knowing how they should be applied in practice, and therefore not knowing how to exhibit them in their daily and hourly intercourse with society.*

It is true that, surrounded by all the institutions and arrangements which have emanated from false fundamental notions respecting man and society, it is a new and a hard lesson to acquire to act in accordance with principles opposed to these fundamental false notions; but when the true fundamental principle is received and fully comprehended, it must create a new and enlarged spirit of charity and kindness, which gradually increases as the knowledge of the application of the principles to practice increases, until it becomes universal, and withdraws all anger, ill-will, and unkind feelings from class, party, sect, country, and colour—making full allowance for the knowledge of the causes which necessarily produce these differences in man, for whatever may appear defective in them. And these defects will only create pity for this misfortune of being so defectively formed, and a sincere desire to introduce measures that will overcome these evils, and in future prevent their occurrence, in so far as any of them may be a cause of misery to any of our fellow men. This must be the necessary result of the introduction into general society of the rational system, when it shall be justly understood in principle and practice.

According to my view of it, both are yet but imperfectly known, either in Great Britain, the continent of Europe, or in America; but it is most gratifying to me to perceive everywhere the spirit of inquiry on this subject which is now abroad, and from which it is evident that the world is at length approaching the confines of a rational state of existence in mind a practice.

To hasten this progress—for I cannot be idle and see so much removable misery in all classes, and know that it extends to all countries—I am about to commence a weekly publication, at the price of one penny, that it may be extensively read and STUDIED, to explain the rational system in such manner that it cannot much longer be misunderstood or withheld from universal adoption by all nations and peoples, and universally adopted because it will be, to an extent not yet imagined by any one, universally beneficent from the beggar to the sovereign.

My health (thank you for the wishes expressed respecting it) is good, and, if it should be so till next summer, I hope to visit the friends of this great and now most necessary work in all the large towns from the South to the North, when I shall hope to find the pure spirit of this system in active progress among all its disciples.

Wishing you every success in your new hall, and with kind regards to the committee and yourself, I remain, yours faithfully,

ROBERT OWEN.

This address, remarkable in its vigour for a man of *eighty* years of age, was received with loud demonstrations of pleasure by the audiences. The sentence I

have underlined may be taken as the text from which I spoke in the evening. Mr. Owen truly indicates where the victory of the future lies.

After each lecture discussion ensued, Mr. James Cooper, Mr. Campbell, and others, taking part in reply. Mr. George Maulle moved, and Mr. Lindsay (manager of the Working Tailors' Association of Manchester) seconded, a vote of thanks for the lecturer, which was carried in a very pleasant manner.

St. Patrick's Hall, now occupied by our friends, is the property of a Unitarian minister.

Mr. Spencer, one of the Board of Management of the Hall of Science at the time the young person was there whose relief we recently noticed, desires me to thank the men of London for their kindness towards her.

I am desired to say that Lecturers coming into the provinces will oblige by communicating with Mr. McKenzie, 1, Naylor Street, Stretford New Road, Hulme.

In the house where I am staying—the Rising Sun, Shude Hill, kept by Samuel Ingham, whose sister was at Harmony Hall—there is an excellent portrait of J. G. Clarke, formerly Missionary at Norwich. Many will be glad to hear that he is both well and active as usual. In the saloon of the same house, adorned with numerous admirable paintings, there are two of Thomas Paine, by Whittle, after Romney. This is the only public room in Manchester graced with such pictures.

In accordance with a request long ago expressed, I lectured on Monday evening to the members of the Miles Platting Mechanics' Institution: the subject was 'Knowledge Without Books.' At the conclusion, on the motion of Mr. Bowker, I was elected, in conjunction with Mr. Winstanley, agent to Sir Benjamin Heywood, to represent the meeting at the great Educational Conference to be held in Manchester next week. My election was founded on the Educational Reform I was considered to have promoted by works published on instructional subjects. The Conference is called by the Lancashire Secular School Association. Cobden, Colonel Thompson, Scholefield, Henry, Walmsley, Members of Parliament, and numerous well-known friends of education, are announced as delegates or members. I have also been elected to represent the Socialists of Manchester at this Conference.

G. J. Holyoake.

THE WAR IN VICTORIA PARK.

Sir,—It seems the general rule after every battle for one of the officers in command to send the particulars of the fray to be gazetted by the government at home; and, in like manner, I, sir, send you a report of the closing season's campaign in Bonner's Fields, Victoria Park. In May last, when I joined the fray, the state of affairs was as follows:—In front of us, near the park gates, were stationed some two or three of the followers of the Victoria Park mission, who managed to get a moderate attendance of hearers; on our extreme left was the Rev. Henry Robinson, who mustered followers to the amount of three or four hundred; on our right, and close to our place of meeting, was erected the tent of the Christian Instruction Society; sometimes, also, in our midst we have had the Rev. Mr. Worrall, V.D.M., who gives out in his chapel one Sunday that infidelity is increasing, and that there must be fresh subscriptions for more Sunday School teachers (who are never paid), and the next Sunday announces in the Fields that infidelity is dying away. Besides these, we have had Dr. Oxley, and some dozens of tract distributors, who seemed to have no end to their munificence—not forgetting Mr. Harwood, and a few other irregular preachers, who told us how wicked they had been in their youth, and what a mercy it was the Lord had changed them.

When I first came out, I attracted a little extra attention on account of my having been a Sunday School teacher, and therefore had more opposition than some of our other friends; and, as the freethinking party did not muster quite so well as they do now, I met with some very unpleasant occurrences. One Monday evening in particular I was well stoned, and some friends both saw and heard several Christians urging the boys to pelt me. As, however, the attendance of the freethinkers grew more regular these minor difficulties vanished. But more serious ones rose in their place. George Offer, Esq., of Hackney, and Dr. Oxley, intimated to the police that I ought not to be allowed to speak; and a Christian gentleman, whose real name and address we could never get, but who passed by the name of Tucker, after pretending that he was my friend to Mrs. Carlile, and learning all he could of me, appeared in the Park and made the most untrue charges. When he found he was being answered, he used to beckon the police and have me moved on. At this time, too, Mr. Packer, of St. Peter's, Hackney Road, finding that my secession proved a vital one, prevailed on my father, and he on my employers, so that I had the choice given me of either losing my situation or giving up my principles. I chose the first.

Having lost my situation I still kept on at the Park, and nothing of any further importance occurred till July 11, when I and Mr. Campbell felt the full weight of the indignation of the *British Banner*, which, however, did much good, as it proved that their arguments being impotent, they could only abuse us. Soon after I happened to walk up to the Fields one evening, when I saw some of the bills announcing our lectures at Warner Place pulled down from the tree on which they had been placed. I immediately renewed them, and on the religious persons attempting to pull the bills down again, I defended them; and one gentleman having broken a parasol over my arm in attempting to tear the bills, the congregation, of which Mr. Robinson was the leader, became furious. The pencil of Cruikshank would have given an instructive and curious picture of the scene. They were crying out, men and women too, 'down with him!' 'have him down!' And here the scene would have been very painful to my feelings, for down they would have had me had not my own party gathered round, on which a treaty of peace was come to on the following terms, viz.—that the man who tried to pull the bills down should guard them to keep them up as long as the religious people stayed there. Mr. Robinson applied for a warrant against me, but the magistrate refused to grant it. The police authorities, however, were not so just, and a little incident will show the feeling towards me.

One morning I and Mr. James Savage were addressing the people, when they were attracted by the movements of a Scotch ranter, who politely informed them that they were 'a generation of vipers,' at the same time working his hands and arms about over his head in a very extraordinary manner. The people getting rather clamorous, I stepped down to pacify them, when I was collared by two policemen, and had not several gentlemen volunteered to go to the station with me I should have been locked up. However, this is all over now. Our old friend, Mr. J. Savage, has beaten the advertisements asking for money out of the *Patriot* and *Banner*. United, we have driven tent and preachers off the field. Mr. Harward flies from *me* instead of 'flying from the wrath to come;' Mr. Tucker and the City Mission are *non est;* and Mr. Robinson is the only one that can be said to stand his ground. The congregation which the few other preachers get come only under the remark 'when two or three are gathered,' &c., for they only number parson, pulpit, clerk, and a few boys. In fact we have gained a victory. Our indefatigable and constant friend, Mr. J. P. Adams, has done as much good as any one, for Sunday after Sunday, wet or dry, has always found him at his post, putting *Reasoners*, 'Logics of Death,' &c., into the hands of the newly made converts.

C. Bradlaugh, jun.

Examination of the Press.

THE JESUITS PAST AND PRESENT.—Without affecting any regard for the order of Jesuits, one great merit of the society, at its outset, was certainly its struggle against the brutish ignorance of this section of the Romish Church. The secret of the early influence and prosperity of the Jesuits was their recognition of the truth that their communion, in order to keep its ground against Protestant encroachments, must avail itself of the higher moral views, and the larger scientific conceptions to which the age had attained, chiefly by the influence of the Reformation. Had the obscurantists been able to keep the church strictly down to the level of their own ignorance and short-sighted selfishness, the monopoly of intelligence thus given up to the Protestants would have sunk the whole communion into mere helots long ago. We cannot say so much for the policy of Jesuitism now. The only chance of preserving the Roman Catholic Church, the Jesuits appear now to think, is forcibly to arrest all exercise of reason or moderation within it. Nevertheless the interest of Roman Catholic, as of Protestant Ireland, its happiness both temporal and eternal, requires that the lowest grade of that priesthood, in intellect as in morals, shall not be allowed a predominance fatal to sound knowledge and healthy thought. The Irish Roman Catholic laity, and such rationally religious men as still exist among the priesthood, will have to combine in determining the due limits of ecclesiastical interference and lay rights and liberties, and in finally enforcing respect to them.—*Examiner*, August 31st.

DR. ELLIOTSON'S ESTIMATE OF MISS MARTINEAU.—If Miss Martineau, after all her most useful and enlightened publications, has at length lately come out as a good agricultural improver, she has still more distinguished herself by proving to the agricultural world that they possess a great and unsuspected power over some of the diseases of their live stock. But higher is the credit, in my opinion, due to her for her courageous honesty in telling the useful truths which she knows, utterly regardless of the sneers and insults which she is sure to experience from the noisy and ignorant, who flutter in their little day and disappear for ever. Oh! I know literary persons who fully believe in the wonders and the mighty good of mesmerism, who have witnessed it again and again and again, nay, have practised it with benefit to their fellow-creatures, and yet who are too feeble-hearted, too lavishly endowed with the fear of the world in proportion to their desire for the good of their kind, to publish what they know, to defend mesmerism in their daily, weekly, or monthly writings, or even to subscribe to the Mesmeric Infirmary, since this *published* a list of its subscribers. Such people, I verily believe, would change their *religion*, if they thought the change would increase their *respectability*.

WHY SHOULD MAN FEAR DEATH?—Why should man fear that which he cannot know? So long as man lives, he is not in death; if he be immortal, death is being born into new life; and in this new life he does not, cannot suffer death, for still living, he cannot know death; and, if mortal only, he will be as he was before birth. Besides, the arrangements of universal animated nature are such, that one generation must of necessity give place to its successor. This, therefore, being of the necessity of nature, there can be nothing more to fear in dying than in being born; the one is the unconscious commencement of being, and the other, the termination of man's conscious existence, at least so far as man has experience and knowledge. What, then, can there be to fear in death? Life, so long as it is accompanied with enjoyment and happiness, is desired and desirable; hence man hopes for its continuance. But often sickness and the infimities of old age, change the hope of life into the desire of death. The fear of death does not, therefore, seem

natural to man. A strong and almost irresistible love of life is implanted in the nature of man, and is indispensable for the preservation of his organic existence; but this is not the fear of death, it is the love of life. The regions of darkness have been conjured into an unreal existence, and by the magical powers of an unhealthy imagination have been peopled with spectres, ghosts, and demons, which nowhere exist, but in the trembling souls of intoxicated fanatics. Yet even with all these supernatural agencies at work, men have risen superior to any fear of the future; for it is only reasonable to conclude, arguing from analogy, that the same economy which governs this world governs all time and space; and, therefore, there is nothing in the universe to fear.—*Weekly Dispatch*, October 20, 1850.

Popular Education.—There is no earthly reason why the children of the poor should not receive as good an education—modified of course, by the different requirements of their respective spheres—as that which the children of the rich receive. We do not mean that a pauper's child is to be taught Latin and Greek, mathematics and drawing, or that the list of female accomplishments in a union school should include the harp and piano, to the exclusion of the bakehouse and the dairy. But as, by improvement in education, there has risen a more refined and a more moral state of feeling among the gentry during the last two or three generations, so the like means would work the like effects among other classes of the people. And wherever the experiment has been fairly tried, these effects have been produced, as witness the difference in morality and all social virtues between the educated mechanic and the brutal miner—between the operatives who support the Institute and the Lecture-hall, and those who delight in the gin-shop and the prize-ring. The polished English gentleman of the present day, who regards drunkenness as a shameful vice, and who would blush to repeat an oath in the presence of his sister or his wife, is a being of a far higher standard in the scale of creation than the fox-hunting, drinking, smoking squire, whose mind never ranged above the kennel, and whose taste knew nothing beyond the pleasures of the drunkard's paradise. What education has done for the descendants of Fielding's Squire Westerns, it would do also for the children of those poor wretches who, through ignorance alone—ignorance of physical facts, ignorance of moral truths, ignorance of social laws, ignorance of mechanical powers and intellectual aids—now fill our workhouses and our prisons, to the disgrace of our pretensions to patriotism and to Christianity.—*Morning Chronicle*, Oct. 8th, 1850.

Anglo-Roman Method of Raising Funds for a Church.—'Greenwich.—St. Marie, Star of the Sea.—Candlesticks not yet come into port; Crangle says, "Good intentions is sometimes detained by contrary winds." Well, may they never go to mend the paving of old Brimstone.—The pensioners have brought in £20, "in penny pieces," towards the Angelus Bell. Well done, my hearts of oak! May those honourable wooden legs never suffer from "chilblains." We want (how many things are needed to fit out a ship for the sea), we want an organ to pipe all hands to the launch. Where is the man, with music in his soul, to pay the piper? What more want we, Crangle? "The bulkhead, your honour." "Ah, yes! the screen—but light as lacework."'—*Advertisement in the Catholic Standard.*

New Missionary Uses.—M. Carlier has lately made application to the missionary establishments of the Lazarists in the Rue de Sèvres to assist him in the reform he meditates in the prisons of Paris. The Prefect of Police suggested that it would be well to devote to *domestic* barbarians and infidels a portion of the zeal employed in the conversion of foreign unbelievers; and that, as they were sending missionaries to distant parts of the world, they might try their hand at home.—*Times*, July 23.

JUDGE HERTTELL'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. THOMAS COOPER, ON HUMAN LIFE, DEATH, &c.

(Judge Herttell's Letter concluded from last number.)

And if my recollections be correct, the same learned author says that 'in Egypt'—the birth-place of many gods, the foundry of many religions, the manufactory of numberless miracles, and nursery of innumerable superstitions—'those who worshipped a monkey never persecuted those who worshipped an onion, to oblige them to change their religion.' It was with hierarchical Judaism, and political or legalised Christianity, that the 'evil spirit' of religious intolerance and persecution was engendered and sanctified, and the practice of which has been as great a curse to human society as, probably, all other causes of crime and misery by which the Christian world has been afflicted. Plague, pestilence, and famine combined, probably, have not sacrificed more victims, nor despoiled the works and happiness of man to a greater extent than has been done by the influence of the 'evil spirit' of religious intolerance and persecution. And why marvel that such consequences should follow a religion proceeding from the 'God of hosts,' armies, wars, and battles, by whose authority whole nations were destroyed, countries depopulated, and the land laid waste with desolation, because of the *unbelief* in the *divine* character of the religion by which such crimes were instigated? And what but intolerance and persecution, and their attendant demoralisation and misery, could be expected to follow a religion founded on 'Jewish tables which turn from the truth,' and the imputed author of which expressly declared, as is said, that he 'came not to bring peace, but division,* sword,† fire,‡ and domestic broils,§ on the earth'—thereby destroying public peace, family concord, good will, and happiness among mankind?

If such was the object of the religion by which such crimes and misdemeanors were perpetrated before high heaven, it has answered well its purpose. If such was the mission of its original advocate and teacher, it has indeed been fulfilled to the very letter. But though such was *not* the object, such has been the operation, and such the use made of the religion called 'Christian,' during many centuries when its power and influence prevailed uncontrolled—and which long series of time is denominated the 'Dark Ages,' as significant of the ignorance, superstition, credulity, fanaticism, and moral debasement which prevailed, and was sanctified by the name of the religion under the auspices of which they were produced.

Though somewhat restrained in its operation, and diminished in its influence, there still remains enough of its 'evil spirit' of intolerance, persecution, and priestcraft, to oppress and demoralise mankind. But, thanks to intelligent and honest infidels to such *faith* and *practice*, the scene has not only changed, but is changing still. The 'age of reason has arrived,' and the schoolmaster of common sense is abroad, proclaiming the political sovereignty of the people, teaching the knowledge of the equal 'right of man,' the science of free republican government, and the justice of political and religious liberty. Already has the 'star' of human intelligence risen, diffusing the lights of science and reason; disenthralling the moral courage of mankind; leading the onward march of the human mind, and directing the footsteps of 'wise men' in the search of a 'Saviour' of the whole human race from ignorance, credulity, and superstition, crime and misery, king and priestcraft, and the bondage and misrule of church and state government.

Your progressing work will, when finished, doubtless be distinguished by its lustre among the now existing lights of human knowledge. But independent of that, your writings of a like character and tendency now in print are so extensively known, and highly appreciated, that I venture not a prophecy by supernatural inspiration, but a prediction based on existing facts and logical induction, that, die when you may, some pious and unprincipled 'servant girl,'* or other religious slanderer, prompted and aided, perhaps, by some officious and official 'busybody in other men's matters,' will propagate some fabricated tale of the 'horrible death of an infidel;' or get up for you a *recantation* of

* Luke xii. 51-53. † Matt. x. 35.
‡ Luke xii. 49.
§ Luke xii. 51, 52-55; Matt. x. 35, 36.

* As in the case of Thomas Paine.

your infidelity, avowed by your last breath, and will trumpet your repentance and conversion, loud and long, far and wide, with as much religious zeal and exultation as if on your opinions depended the truth and divine character of the prevailing Christian superstitions. Such ecclesiastical honours have been bestowed on Voltaire, Volney, Paine, and many other distinguished infidels; and even the learned and honest Franklin, by like authority, was made to write a letter four years *after* his death, condemning Paine's 'Age of Reason,' as many years *before* it was written! How then can you be sure that you will escape without being honoured with some such *post mortem apotheosis?*

My own labours and opinions, probably, will be deemed by revelationists of too little importance to entitle me to the honour of such obituary notice, or to justify, on their part, the 'wear and tear of conscience' necessary to the manufacture (on my decease) of a dismal tale of the 'deathbed horrors of an unrepentant infidel!' Be this as it may, I think it more certain that you will become the subject of such *religious æconomia;* and hope that the means of exposing its character and counteracting its effects, will not be disregarded by you or your friends. Should I survive you and be permitted to write your epitaph, I would, with a view to protect your fame from the effects of such religious management, place on the tablet of your sepulchral monument, the following, or some such like honorary inscription, viz.: 'Here lies the deceased body of DR. THOMAS COOPER, a learned, philanthropic, honest, and useful man, who lived and died *without religion.*'

This memento, probably, would not enhance your value in the estimation of the supernaturalists of the present day, whose fame will be as ephemeral as their lives, and whose spiritual works are alike destined to simultaneous oblivion. But it will harmonise with the spirit of your literary labours, and meet the approbation of a numerous and intelligent class of your cotemporary fellow beings, who are 'slaves to no sect,' nor intolerant to the honest errors of human opinion. Your name and fame are doubtless destined to survive your 'mortal frame' in the knowledge and remembrance of many succeeding generations; and when, in remote future ages, history, for the use and amusement of the curious and inquisitive antiquarian of 'times to come,' shall chronicle all the numerous and discordant Christian religions on the catalogue of exploded superstitions, your name will still be legible on the tablet of enduring fame, and honourably noted for your *unbelief* in supernatural agencies, and exempted from historical animadversion on the ignorance, superstition, credulity, and priestcraft of the age and country in which you lived.

To be distinguished in his own time, and known and remembered by his numerous successive generations for his intelligence, benevolence, and utility to his fellow beings, is the kind of immortality to which all mankind ought to aspire. So to live in the remembrance of countless posterity is the only kind of immortality in which I have any faith. I have no knowledge, or belief, that I ever had either animal or intellectual being anterior to my present state of existence, and my present life is no better analogical evidence of a 'life to come,' than it is a proof that I have heretofore been an animal and intellectual living being. The eternal duration of human existence, the identity and endless duration of intellectual or spiritual being, or, in other phrase, the successive repetition of the life of the same individual, is but the Pagan doctrine of the *metempsychosis,* modified, modernised, taught and embraced in the disguise of another and more popular name. The Christian dogma of the 'immortality of the soul,' and the Pagan 'transmigration of the soul,' are twin sisters, or members of the same family. Both are the offspring of the same parentage; and ignorance, superstition, credulity, and priestcraft are their common ancestry. The same reasoning by which I am induced to disclaim belief in the Pagan doctrine of the immortality and transmigration of the soul of man, after death, into other animals, prevents my belief in the Christian doctrine of the translation, transformation, transportation, or transmigration of the soul or spirit of a mortal man to another state or place in which to enjoy 'life eternal.' And I am alike conscientiously infidel to every religion which holds belief or faith in its dogmas as of paramount merit, and more essential to human happiness than the moral conduct and character of mankind.

Here, for the present, I must stop, or, instead of a letter I shall write a treatise. Perhaps, however, I may, at some future day, again advert to this subject, and show that the religious error last alluded to has tended to the demoralisation and misery of mankind.

Please to accept a repetition of my sincere wishes for your long life, good health, and perfect happiness.

THOMAS HERTTELL.

Dr. Thomas Cooper.

Dr. Cooper to Judge Herttell.

Columbia, S.C., Oct. 22, 1838.

Dear Sir,

I received your kind letter of kindred sentiments about a fortnight ago, but I purposely delayed any reply till to-day, when I enter my 80th year of age. Toward the close of last spring I experienced slight attacks of dropsy and asthma—attended with deafness and weakness of sight. All these symptoms have greatly increased, till I am compelled to give up all reading but what is necessary to my daily labours, and without the constant aid of my son and daughter, under my constant superintendence, I should not be able to proceed with my editorial labours. However, I shall present to our next legislature, in November, a fourth volume of 800 pages of my edition of the statutes at large: and with my usual aid I can probably go, *if I live.* Aye! there's the rub. I sit down to write you this letter, which, when finished, I cannot read a sentence of without a large magnifyer. I go on writing mechanically, but I am unable to read a book or a newspaper even with spectacles. My lassitude and muscular inertness daily increase. So that if, like the legislative committees, I report progress and ask leave to sit again, my progress is crab-like, backward. Ten steps to mount to see a friend is an absolute prohibition: thus far shalt thou go and no farther. I had made my notes and references in contemplation of the history we meditated; I put it off till I should have leisure and ability to consult the necessary books in my own and the two public libraries of the college and the legislature, in this town; but the task became Herculean. My papers on that point are casually mislaid and lost,* and I can make out nothing regular and satisfactory that I can venture to publish. Excepting the history of the wars for which we are indebted to theology in all ages and countries, I had finished a series of papers to which I meant my essays 'Philo Veritas' to be the basis, meaning to insert regularly all the notes and references to original and other authors, and to substitute another account of Eusebius, more full than that to be found in the 'Correspondent.' Altogether will form a moderate volume. All the manuscripts shall be sent to you, to be published at your own discretion under the signature of 'Philo Veritas.'

* Probably *abstracted* by some of his family or friends, who *feared* that the *labour* of the work would injure his *health*, or that its *effects* would be followed by legislative displeasure.—*Note by Judge H.*

My paper now swims before my eyes. My own prognostics of my case will not extend my life beyond February; but for the sake of my family I shall labour with them at my edition of the statutes as long as I can. I have long been too weak to walk more than fifty yards, and I sit up in a chair a great part of every night.

Adieu, my good friend. I rejoice that I can commit my manuscripts to your care. I shall probably not write again, but I hope once more to hear from you.

THOMAS COOPER.

Columbia, S.C., Jan., 1839.

My dear Sir,

I have hardly yet finished removing from my country place, and arranging five or six thousand volumes of books, with a couple of bushels of papers of memoranda of one kind or other. My asthma, which increases upon me, and the opiates I take to alleviate it, deprive me of perfect eyesight, and therefore, when I say I have arranged these things, I speak inaccurately; for my infirmities have compelled me to leave all this to others. My legs continue to swell much with dropsical effusion, so that I prognosticate an exit by dry gangrene; however, I am strong enough yet to afford a chance of living to the spring, but I doubt if I can possibly get over it. Among my historical memoranda as yet unfound, are my notes and reference relating to Christian wars. That department, therefore, of my contemplated work must go unfinished. The other manuscript papers, which I intended to form part of a volume, and which, with a selection of my papers in the 'Correspondent,' would make a tolerably sized volume, I have carefully packed up, and will send to you by the first opportunity. When you have cast your eye over them, send me your remarks upon them. Matsell may publish them, send me fifty copies for my own use. But they must not be published until I indicate the time.

With these remarks, my dear Sir, I commit the parcel to your care.

I remain, very truly and respectfully,
Your friend and humble servant,
THOMAS COOPER.

Jan. 5th, 1839.

Since writing the above, my health has recovered ground beyond expectation, and I feel a probability of weathering the present storm. I send you the remnants of what I can gather of my MSS., to be arranged and disposed of as you please, provided they are not published till after Ja-

nuary 1, 1840; for a report is ordered to be made to the next legislature on the value of about 2,500 volumes I want to sell to the State, and they object to all heterodox publications: so that my family would be deprived of the contract if my book were published till it was concluded. All this is confidential. Let the title be 'Collections and Observations on the Historical Evidences of the Christian Religion.' By Philo Veritas.

I wish I could have pursued my task by going through the history of theological wars, but it would be endless. What I believe concerning Christianity, I believe of all religion. I send my packet by Colonel Butler, our late governor, to be sent to you.

Adieu, my good friend,

T. Cooper.

Jan. 12th.

My eyesight is very dim. My legs are still stiff and edamatous with remains of anasarca. I walk only from one room to another. The package is sent by Messrs. Young, of this town, in a box consigned to Young, Smith, & Co., No. 4, Maiden Lane, New York.

I write this with great difficulty, and with utter hopelessness of final recovery. I may drawl on through the summer, but I do not expect it. The legislature here behave with great kindness toward me, and I would not willingly offend them. My wife reads for me. Yours,

T. Cooper.

Judge Herttell to Dr. Cooper.

New York, Jan. 14th, 1839.

Much esteemed and venerable Friend,

I mentioned in my letter of the 8th of September last, that 'it has always been with pleasure that I have received an epistolary communication from you.' Your last letter, which is dated on the 22nd of October, and was received on the 1st day of November last, is too truly an exception to the truth of that remark, inasmuch as it communicated to me information more calculated to cause pain than to create pleasure. The regret of the want of a personal acquaintance with you, and the disappointment in my hope that the proposed work on the crimes and cruelties of mankind, committed, sanctioned, and sanctified under religious pretences and influence, would be finished by you, are of minor consideration compared with the sorrow elicited by the cause which threatens to prevent the fulfilment of your intentions and my expectations in relation to the contemplated work. Such of your notes on this subject as may not be mislaid and lost, and all other of your manuscripts which you propose to place in my hands, shall be disposed of agreeably to your wishes and instructions.

But, my good and learned friend, lest I may have no other, I will take this occasion to remark, in reference to the subject of human life and death, that there are hopes and consolations peculiar to infidels, which religious superstitionists neither know nor feel, because of their utter ignorance of the reasons which constitute their basis, or the source from which they are derived.

On the subject above mentioned, I have been accustomed since I was twelve years of age to read, think, and reason for myself, without fear of the 'evil spirit' of religious intolerance, the denunciations or judgments based on metaphysical speculation, or belief that incomprehensible beings, good or evil, in other and unknown worlds, can influence the actions or control the destiny of human beings in life or after death.

If human life be animal organisation associated with sensation and thought, death is the cessation or absence of all which constitutes human life. As certainly, therefore, as man had neither sensation or thought (or being) before life, he will cease to feel or know anything after death. The infidel to supernatural religion, then, dies with no fears, but the natural reluctance to part with life, and thus to sever the soft ligaments of kindred affection—the tender cords of mutual attachments, and the pleasing ties of sincere and reciprocated friendship, which if not the *all* of human happiness, are the main fountains from which it flows, and contribute to strengthen the desire of life, and to increase our aversion to return to a state of non-existence. True, if the unbeliever in supernatural theology dies without the *hope*, he dies also without the *fears* of a resurrection,

(Continued in the next Number.)

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

DR. CHALMERS ON THE MICROSCOPE.

Sir,—When the extract from Dr. Chalmers appeared in the *Reasoner* [*ante*, 223], I sketched an answer to the fallacies and absurdities contained therein—but thought I would wait awhile to see if any one else would take up the subject, and was pleased to see in No. 226 that I had not waited in vain, for in that number a brace of correspondents, between them, effected all that I intended on that head. But I had by me another extract from Dr. Chalmers, which I thought to associate with the one in No. 223, as being fully as much to the point on which it treats as are his remarks on 'Theism, Atheism, and Anti-theism.' Here it is:—

'It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending. But, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralise the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament.'

One of the requisites for a special pleader is said to be the talent or tact to be able to keep out of sight the real point in issue, and artfully to divert the attention to something else which, though it might be remotely connected with the matter in dispute under some circumstances, has no natural or immediate connection with the issue raised. What a clever advocate would the doctor have been, had he taken to the bar instead of to the pulpit!

In the extract in No. 223, the doctor, as advocate for the theist, ought to have shown what proof his client had of the existence of a God; instead of this, he artfully turns the tables, and endeavours to throw the onus of disproof on the atheist—leaving it to be inferred that, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, the existence of a God must be a fact. This is sophistry, not argument. A parallel case would be: A man asserts that there are human beings in the moon, and that they carry their heads under their arms; you fail, through sheer impossibility, to disprove either assertion, and it therefore follows that both are true.

In the extract now given, the doctor indirectly admits that the telescope proved the puerile absurdity of the Christian scheme: namely, that this earth is the centre of the universe, and is the peculiar and only object of the deity's care. Whereupon, instead of defending this position, the doctor, artfully again, directs attention to the revelations of the microscope; he says, the telescope 'led him to see a system in every star,' whilst the microscope 'led him to see a world in every atom.' What has that to do with the point at issue? The Christian's deity's revelation says nothing of a 'system in every star'—the knowledge of this is due to human telescope revelation. The Christian revelation asserts that the earth is a

fixed centre, round which the sun and all the stars revolve, solely for the purpose of lighting it by day and night; this the telescope have proved to be false. Now the Christian revelation says nothing respecting the animated existences *upon* this earth which the microscope has revealed. Therefore, says this clever Christian advocate, although the revelations of the telescope has proved the Christian revelations to be false, yet the revelations of the microscope have again proved the Christian revelations to be true! W. CHILTON.

THE 'FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,—I thought you had yielded to such objections as Mr. Lloyd Jones some time ago brought against you, and that we were to have no more criticism. I and some other of your readers would have regretted this, as we have always thought that the critical and suggestive remarks which the *Reasoner* has so often made, the best part of it. We are glad you are not to be turned aside. What you said a number or two ago on the efficacy of criticism has reassured us, and especially the paragraph upon the *Freethinker*. Many have continued to say that you were the editor of it. That must be set at rest now, and though you might well be proud of having the credit imputed to you, you have taken the honest course. However, let me say I think you wrong if you allude to the late numbers of that admirable Magazine. Even those papers you have quoted in the *Reasoner*, from the pen of 'R. L. B,' are not open to your objection—nor have I observed that quality in politics you specify. It has grown more vigorous both in politics and theology. Permit this much from a subscriber to the

Bacup. FREETHINKER.

P. S.—I hope Mr. Cooper will question your remark on his Journal—useful points lie there.

EVIDENCE OF ADAPTATION FOR A SUPERHUMAN POWER.

SIR,—As you, commendably, admit diversity of writing, I will submit some concise observations to you on the above subject. You and your readers will be pleased to believe that they are from no one addicted to religious bigotry, or disrespective of private opinion, or apt to receive things unenquiringly, as merely dogmatical. And, as eternal punishment seems to have been a stumbling-block, at least a hoper (or 'universalist') with Tillotson, Louth (I believe), Jortin, Paley, and thousands privately, to the contrary. The present question is of theism.

If it could be proved that all things have been as now from eternity, it would not be at all a conclusive argument to me for atheism, because there might have been an eternal presiding and guiding power. I know no argument against this. But the best discoveries of modern philosophy go to a different direction; and all geologists tell us that this globe of ours had, as to its present state, a commencement. There are a thousand beautiful 'adaptations,' clever, too, it must be conceded, in this orb—'adapting' power—for there must have been *sentience* somewhere, impossible to escape from that conclusion—*what?* 'Chance?' 'accident?' colloquial nonentities, fortunate cohesion of atoms, or component parts? *Very* fortunate; but why never *un*fortunate?—ever going where they ought to be for the good of other things also. 'Luck?' equally intangible, but, in the popular sense here, amazing, improbable, wholly incredible and impossible.

Theism could not have been better managed had there been a supreme produc-

ing and guiding power. Theists of all classes, including, of course, Christians' who have no negative interest, acknowledge such, give the name of Almighty God, and think it more than a poetical sentiment to say—

'That he is, all Nature cries aloud.'

Paley, as you know, sir, gives the simile of a 'watch.' I think the idea might be extended. Take *any* ingenious invention. Then take the mechanist—who 'adapted' *him?* (for you must go back in your argument thousands of years.) Who *contrived*—I must be permitted that expression arguing against the accidental cohesion of matter—his eye and hand to work together, either being of little use without the other? Even his mental progress, from the embryo to maturity, is a kind of miracle. And the fact of man's being an eminently 'designing' being, is some proof to me that he was produced, and directed, by a greater designer still.

Now this invention, being bulky, we will suppose, has to be moved. Who 'adapted' horses to draw needful vehicles, ten or fifteen men-power? What a deal of trouble 'chance' has saved (still more in providing the 'elephant' and his 'trunk')! Or, most likely, the 'railway' will be in requisition. Who 'adapted' the primary component parts of fire and water to produce steam? Could they have adapted themselves, after pre-existent conference, or by good offices of elemental friends? We may guess not.

Pantheism, I rather expect, might be imaginatively suggested by some reader: I should prefer it to atheism. But I do not think that stone-masons, carpenters, carvers, and a host of others, connected or unconnected, could have erected St. Paul's without Sir Christopher Wren.

To write this brief communication, Sir, I have travelled for more than a day as daringly as I might, though scarcely for the first time, into regions of intense thought, in which I conceive the highest human intellect might *reel* and stagger. I cannot tell you what God *is*, but that is a different thing from denying a superhuman *power*. My earnest conclusion is that man, incapable of devising himself by prescient sagacity, must have been devised for his *sentient* location, and now sustained and guided in the universe by an *Intelligence* greater than himself.

I am, your obedient servant,

London, Oct. 17th, 1850. J. D. Parry, M. A., Cambridge.

FACILITIES OF RELIGIOUS LOGIC.

Sir,—I observe the following in the *Athenæum* of October 5th, 1850, which I deem suitable for your 'Platform:'—'The *Manchester Examiner* calls public attention to the report made some time ago by the trustees of the Owens College, a document certainly most extraordinary when read in connection with the founder's will. Like Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, Mr. Owens left his property, as our readers well know, to found a seminary of learning open freely to all sects and persons. In as express terms as the English language affords, he declared that "the students, professors, teachers, and other officers and persons connected with the said Institution, shall not be required to make any declaration as to, or submit any test whatsoever of, their religious opinions, and nothing shall be introduced in the matter or mode of instruction in reference to any religious or theological subject which shall be reasonably offensive to the conscience of any student, or of his relations, guardians, or friends." Yet the parties executing this trust have reported their intention to have theology taught from the professional chairs. The logic by which they attempt to reconcile this determination with a sense of public

duty, is of a kind to suggest the want of a college in their locality when they were boys.

'They pretend to know better than the founder what his ideas were, and they have a doubt whether it would be contrary to his written testament to make the attendance of students on the religious lectures compulsory! They reason thus—in a series of syllogisms which we regard as unique. First, say they, the testator was a charitable man—religion is allied to charity—being charitable, he must therefore have been religious also, and a religious man must of course wish to have theology taught in his college. Secondly, he wished to found an English college—an English college is an institution where science, literature, and theology are taught together, therefore he must have designed the teaching of theology. Thirdly, the subject of religious tests is mentioned in the will—the religious question occupied his mind in connection with the foundation—surely, then, he must have intended that religious lectures should be given. These notable syllogisms are held by the trustees and their supporters to be conclusive—even against the written and positive letter of the will. But then comes a further difficulty—and the trustees find themselves fast in their own net.

What system of theology is to be taught? The professor cannot legally be subject to any test, nor is he responsible for his belief and opinions. Will the church like to hear an Independent lecture on theology, or the Wesleyan listen to the religious teaching of a Catholic professor? The trustees say they do not intend to teach doctrinal religion; in this they are less consecutive than their logic. Christianity is all doctrine. Whatever is not doctrinal in the national faith and practice, belongs to the domain of nature and morals. To exclude doctrine, therefore, is to exclude that which it is very evident they wish to intrude into the curriculum. We have no hope, however, that the body of trustees, composed as it is of men belonging to different denominations, will ever agree among themselves as to the religion to be taught. A whole season of the college has been already lost to the students from this cause, and we see no probable end of the dispute, unless the trustees shall think better of the course they are taking, and resolve to discharge their functions according to the letter of the instrument under which they act.' I. A.

WORDS OF AUTHORITY ON THE USE OF REASON.

Archbishop Tillotson says, 'When we say God hath revealed anything, we must be ready to prove it, or else we say nothing. If we turn off reason here, we level the best religion in the world with the wildest and most absurd enthusiasms. And it does not alter the case much to give reason ill names, to call it blind and carnal reason. For our parts we apprehend no manner of inconvenience in having reason on our side; nor need we desire a better evidence that any man is in the wrong, than to hear him declare against reason, and thereby to acknowledge that reason is against him. Some men seem to think that they oblige God mightily by believing plain contradictions; but the matter is quite otherwise. God never offers anything to any man's belief, that plainly contradicts the natural and essential notions of his mind; because this would be for God to destroy his own workmanship, and to impose that upon the understanding of man, which, whilst it remains what it is, it cannot possibly admit.'

Bishop Watson said, 'It will not be easy for missionaries of any nation to make much impression on the pagans of any country, because missionaries in general, instead of teaching a simple system of Christianity, have perplexed their hearers with unintelligible doctrines not expressly delivered in scripture, but fabricated from the conceits, passions, and prejudices of men. Christianity is a rational religion.'

Robert Hall says, 'The light of revelation, it should be remembered, is not opposite to the light of reason; the former pre-supposes the latter; they are both emanations from the same source: and the discoveries of the Bible, however supernatural, are addressed to the understanding [reason], the only medium of information whether human or divine. Revealed religion is not a cloud that overshadows reason; it is a superior illumination, designed to perfect its exercise, and supply its deficiencies.' That is, it brings to view things which reason unaided could never find out; yet they do not contradict reason, but have a beautiful agreement with it.

Dr. Adam Clarke says, 'The doctrine which cannot stand the test of rational investigation cannot be true. We have gone too far when we have said, such and such doctrines should not be subjected to rational investigation, being doctrines of pure revelation. I know of no such doctrine in the Bible. The doctrines of this book are doctrines of eternal reason, and they are revealed because they are such.'

'Reasoner' Shilling List for Vol. X.—Acknowledged in last number, 198s. 9d.—W. J. B., 10s.—Charles Tempest, Hyde, 2s. 6d.—James Sivwright, Derby, 1s.—S. T., Liverpool (weekly) 1s.—Andrew Brown, 1s.—David Forsyth, 1s.—J. W. Billson and friend, 1s.—G. Davenport, Burslem, 1s.—Fletcher Mandley, 6d.—James Leigh, 1s.—Sampson Bullock, 6d.—Thomas Whitehall, 1s.—John Wheelhouse, St. Pancras, 2s. 6d. Total, 222s. 9d.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—Nov. 3rd [7], Mr. Phillips Day, 'Popular Theology.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Nov. 3rd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper will Lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Nov. 3rd [11½ a.m.], a Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.——Nov. 3rd [7¾], Mr. C. Southwell, 'The Politics, Morality, and Religion of Shakspere.'

On Saturday, the 2nd of November, will be published the First Number of

ROBERT OWEN'S JOURNAL, a Weekly Periodical, explanatory of the knowledge most essential to the happiness of all. Price One Penny, by post, Twopence.

Published by Clayton and Son, 265, Strand, London.

Mr. Owen's Recent Works,

The Revolution in Mind and Practice
Letters to the Human Race
Catechism &
Farewell Address

Are published by Effingham Wilson, Watson, and Vickers, London.

Now Ready, for Saturday, Nov. 2nd, No. 1 of a Weekly Periodical, Price 1d., entitled the

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST: a Journal of Association. Conducted by several of the Promoters of the London Working Men's Associations.

London: Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row; and can be had by order of all Newsagents.

Now Ready, No. 6 for November, 1850.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Twopence. 32 Pages.

Contents:—The Political Reviewer. Oil for the Springs of Thought; or Ponderings on the Pentateuch. Correspondence: The Poor Man's Sabbath. Review of Books: 'Chambers' Journal' for September; 'The Lever—Social and Political;' 'The Free Inquirer.' The Genuine Gibbon, &c.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Just Published, Price Threepence,

THE LAST WAR, and Definitive Peace in Europe, by Victor Considerant. Late a representative for Paris in the National Legislative Assembly.

Wat Tyler, a dramatic Poem, by Southey ..	0	2
Theology Displayed, by S. Curtis, bds.....	1	0
Do. Do. wrapper	0	9
Mackintosh on the Being and Attributes of God	0	8
Voltaire's Important Examination of the Holy Scriptures	0	6
Geology and the Pentateuch	0	9
Right of Free Discussion.....	0	3
Scripturians' Creed	0	2
Volney's Lectures on History, bds.....	1	6
Do. Do. Do. wrapper	1	0
Volney's Ruins of Empires.....	3	0
Do. Law of Nature	0	4
Cerebral Physiology and Materialism	0	4
A Few Words on the Christian's Creed, by C. Bradlaugh, jun.....	0	1

James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, and Family Hotel, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Five Minutes' walk from the Railways and Exchange. Well-aired Beds. Good Storage for Luggage. Every information given to persons emigrating to the United States, Canada, or other parts of the world. Letters, pre paid, attended to.

Illustrative Notices.

C. F. Nicholls sends us a long reply to 'D. B.,' author of an article entitled 'Natural Theology: its objects.—The Folly of Atheism,' which appeared in the September supplement to the *Working Man's Friend*. It is not necessary to refute it. It contains no new wisdom, and much old prejudice. We quote two sentences in illustration:—'The sceptic may sneer and doubt, and the *self-deluding atheist* deny its truth; but so long as their minds are cast in the universal mould, and hence their doubts the offspring of a *mental expediency*, or thoughtless disregard of truth, freezing to its soul and its aspirations, we must be sceptical regarding their sincerity.'.....'Such systems, like some diseases, generally carry with them their own antidote. Atheism is more a disease of the heart than the head—of the desire than the understanding.'

On Wednesday evening next, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, delegate to the Educational Conference, will lecture in the New Hall, opposite Carpenters' Hall, Manchester. Subject: 'Mistakes about Secular Education.'

The particulars of subscriptions to the 'History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism,' Birch's 'Shakspere,' or *Reasoner* List, given to Mr. Holyoake on his way, will appear on his return to town.

Mr. Edwards, of Burnley, informs us that he has sold the sixteenth dozen of the 'Logic of Death.' We have just printed the twelfth thousand.

'Thoughts on the Nature of Man, the Propagation of Creeds, and Formation of Human Character,' is one of those excellent compendiums which generous intelligence sometimes publishes for the benefit of the public. This book is a repertory of literary facts bearing upon freedom of opinion, and the laws of intelligence, new (to a great extent) and important. Both in selection and enforcement the work teems the effort of a cultivated man.

The following is from a conversation between an artist and an Indian, given in the *Times*, of Sept. 13th, 1850:—'You have drawn many faces, did you ever draw the face of God?' 'No,' I replied, 'we cannot draw that which we have never seen. God is a spirit, and not confined to one place—he is in all places.' 'How do you know that,' said he, 'if you never saw him?'

The following is from the *Knickerbocker Magazine*:—A missionary was ascending the Mississippi with some religious tracts, and stepped on shore from a flat boat to accost an old lady who was knitting before a low shantee, under a tree near the river. It was the Asiatic cholera time, and the epidemic was then in New Orleans. 'My good woman,' said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, 'have you got the gospel here?' 'No, sir, we han't,' replied the old crone, 'but they've got it awfully down to New O'leens.'

The *Evening Picayune* has the following:—'The friends of the Rev. Mr. Hardy, feeling aggrieved at the announcement that he was keeping a gambling shop in San Francisco, have authorised its denial, and prove an *alibi* by stating that he is now in gaol at Lockport for bigamy.'

Received.—The Kaffir's Visit. The letter of M. R. was of interest.—D. Anderson.—W. Chilton.—Charles Tempest.—Frank Grant.—W. E. B., 'On a Future State.'—William Evans.—G. R. Vine.—Thomas Brown.—James Sivwright.—J. Mulley.—Q. E. D.—J. Darken.—E. Hall.—Veritas.—J. Walker.—W. Sanderson.—Edward Hawkes.—*Christian News.*—*Sunderland and Durham County Herald.*—*Glasgow Citizen*, No. 340.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

LECTURES IN ROCHDALE.

(PROVINCIAL REPORT.)

THE opportunity I desired of hearing the Rev. Mr. Layhe did not occur while I was in Manchester. It was my destiny to lecture myself from the platform on which *he* every Sunday preaches. The Hall in which the Miles Platting lecture was delivered was that occupied by our rev. critic.

In Manchester I made diligent inquiry after the hall and the atheist, in which and to whom Mr. Burlington B. Wale delivered that reply which was lately brought to light in Newcastle-on-Tyne; but I found many persons anxiously inquiring the same things of me. They supposed that I knew all about them, and I supposed they did. It appeared, however, that nobody knew anything, nor of any possible hall or possible person to which the story could be attached. The impression now is that the whole story is a fabrication of Mr. Wale, the author of the reply, or of Mr. Barkas, the publisher. In Newcastle, to which I am proceeding, I shall demand the name and address of the 'Manchester Hall and Atheist,' or add the whole story to the list of Christian forgeries.

For a long time I have heard of the 'break of day,' of 'morning breaking,' and the like; and when in Rochdale (that tea-cup of Huddersfield) I witnessed the interesting operation. Out of my back bed-room window, at the Roebuck Inn, Rochdale, which surveys a little forest of chimneys and a substantial desert of smoke, the interesting ceremony was visible. It seemed to be this:—Nature came down and broke a lump of mist on the tallest factory chimney, and threw a piece into the town, and called it morning. The objections of the people to acknowledge the fact were washed away by a sharp shower of sleet and water.

The lecture at Rochdale took place in the Public Hall. The audiences were unexpectedly good, and larger on the second evening than the first. A very neatly-printed circular of invitation was sent, by my committee, to the heads of all the denominations in the town, from the Vicar to the Ranter. The placard announcing the lecture stated that the 'clergy and ministers would be admitted on showing their circulars of invitation.' At the end of the first lecture—'Why do the Clergy avoid Discussion, and Free Inquirers seek it?'—the Rev. Mr. Gaitskill, a Church of England clergyman, jumped on the bench, and commenced brief, furious, and incoherent diatribes. I immediately desired the appointment of a chairman. 'Oh no,' exclaimed Mr. Gaitskill, 'I cannot wait for a chairman;' and down he reached to the bottom of the hall, with the velocity that Mercury could not have excelled. The meeting, in surprise and reproach, recalled Mr. Gaitskill, who rushed back at the same velocity. At length, after some excitement, Mr. Livesy, one of the most efficient of chairmen, was unanimously elected to preside. Hereupon, another gentleman (without a name) calling himself a Baptist minister, began a walking speech up the body of the hall, and Mr. Gaitskill continued a running one up the side. They talked to each other—the audience talked to them

—the chairman talked to them all, and a confusion ensued, in which nobody knew what anybody talked about. At length the chairman, with much address and humour, restored order, silenced the minister without a name, and Mr. Gaitskill resumed with very diverting manifestations. He began a speech, the melancholy burden of which was, the number of persons who had been murdered by the atheists during the French Revolution: one million seven hundred and fifty-four were, I think, the number. He spoke with as much particularity as though he knew the quantity to half a man. The rev. gentleman's oration was varied by an occasional eruption at right angles into the body of the meeting. Sometimes he appeared on one form and then upon another, whence he made an attempt to get through a window, which he mistook for a door; and before he made his final escape he converted the meeting into a Pandemonium of confusion, consternation, and laughter. There was nothing more in this than the ebullition of accidental feeling, arising from the want of familiarity with the decorum of debate. Those who know the Rev. Mr. Gaitskill personally, speak of him with great respect as an amiable and good-natured man; and I will do him the justice to say, though his behaviour was so wanting in dignity, that he did not utter, personally, any disrespectful word. One instance of his peculiarities is very amusing. Some years ago, during an agitation for and against the church-rates, the rev. gentleman was going home one night, carrying a lantern for his guidance. When outside the town he was joined by a neighbour, to whom he very courteously offered the advantage of his light; but falling into conversation on the town's topic, the church-rates, he asked his companion which way he voted. '*Against* the rate,' was the unfortunate reply. Immediately the minister of *light* thrust his lantern under his coat, concealing it entirely, and walked home himself in the dark rather than an anti-church-rate neighbour should have the benefit of the light.

The Educational Conference in Manchester, to which I have been deputed from two other places, has made such an eruption into my writing time, that I am unable to finish my report at Rochdale, or notice in any way, this week, the interesting visit I have paid to Leeds. G. J. Holyoake.

MAHOMETAN EVIDENCES.

Having examined the Christian evidences of prophecy, I think it may not be uninteresting—and it may serve to place this sort of evidence in a still more ridiculous light—if we pay a little attention to some arguments of a similar nature, which Mahometan doctors have made use of to prove the truth of their religion.

The Mahometans maintain that since the creation of the world there has been but one true religion, which they call Islam; Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, and Christ, being the most illustrious in their list of true prophets, of which Mahomet is the last and greatest. They accuse both Jews and Christians of having corrupted and altered the Bible, and they believe the Koran to have superseded it, but they acknowledge the inspiration of a great part of both the Old and New Testaments, and point to those passages which they consider prophetic of the coming and ministry of Mahomet with as much confidence as Christians do to those which they call predictions of the advent of Christ.

They say that Jesus himself prophesied the coming of his great successor under the name of the Paraclete or Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, and Mahomet has been entitled 'Faracleet,' by his disciples up to the present time.* Christian writers assert that an Almighty Spirit, or divine influence, is intended by this ex-

* In all Oriental languages, the letters F and P are used almost indiscriminately.

pression, but if that be the case, how inapplicable is the following passage—'When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak.' (John xvi., v. 13.) This is quite absurd if intended to describe the operations of a God, but it most carefully and exactly prophecies what should be the ministry of Mahomet, who always declared that he did not 'speak of himself,' that the Koran did not proceed from his personal inspiration, that he merely spoke 'what he heard,' that each separate chapter was dictated to him by the angel Gabriel.

It is clearly prophesied in various parts of the Bible (I speak on behalf of the Mussulmen) that the children of Ishmael are destined to attain eventually to a more exalted station in the history of the world than the descendants of Isaac. In Isaiah, c. liv., v. 1, we read, 'More are the children of the desolate' (*i. e.*, Hagar) 'than the children of the married wife' (*i. e.*, Sarah), 'saith the Lord.' This is plain enough. And then in verse 2, the glorious series of Mahometan conquests is foretold: 'Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitation.' All the world knows that the Arabs live in tents. In verse 3, 'Thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left, and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.'

It is prophesied in Psalm cxviii., v. 22, that 'the stone which the builders refused' (the despised and outcast Ishmael) 'is become the head-stone of the corner.' Christ quotes this prediction in Matthew, c. xxi., v. 42, and immediately after threatens the Jews that 'the kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder.' The figurative *stone* is admirably suited to represent Mahometanism, because their most holy object on earth is the black stone at Mecca; this is again signified in the Revelations, c. ii., v. 17, 'To him that overcometh' (the great conqueror Mahomet) 'will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a name written which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.' The stone at Mecca was originally white, but its colour was miraculously changed to black by the kisses of the faithful.

The Koran is called the morning star; and Friday, the Mahometan sabbath, is called by religious persons in every country where that faith prevails 'Sukbar,' or the day of the morning star. A clear prophecy of this appears in Revelations, c. ii., verses 26-28, 'To him that overcometh I will give the morning star.'

The prophet Mahomet was distinguished by an extraordinary attachment to white garments, he scarcely ever wore any others: this circumstance is not omitted in the prophecies regarding him in the Revelations. In chap. iii., v. 5, we read, 'He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment.' This minute but important circumstance forms the last link in that chain of evidence which proves Mahomet the great conqueror and prophet to be identical with 'him that overcometh,' so often mentioned in the apocalypse.

I will venture to assert that these evidences of prophecy are not a bit more foolish and weak than an equal amount from any Christian book on the same subject. They are extracted from a Persian book, called Saulat-uz-Zaigham, or the Lion's Onset, published at Lucknow in India, as an answer to a book written by a Christian missionary. The greater part of this book, however, is written in a merely declamatory style, with very few attempts at reasoning. Indeed Mahometan believers, all of them natives of countries in an inferior state of civilisation, are hardly capable of understanding the most ordinary rules of argumentation. As they progress in knowledge their books of evidences will appear, as books of Chris-

tian evidences have in the last three centuries. They must pass through this stage as we are passing now on our way to truth. Falsehood, and even flagrant crime, can never be completely and finally exposed and convicted until they have been defended to the last struggle. Christianity, a symptom and an agent in civilisation and progress, has now become a stumbling-block and an obstruction; it is the wooden centering of an arch, and must now be struck away: once a green and flourishing tree, it is now sapless, pithless, and rotten; nothing but the bark is left, and it must soon fall. Mahometanism will last longer, but when its decay commences (and there are signs of it already), it will probably be more easily and rapidly destroyed. UNDECIMUS.

'LIFE IN CHRIST.'

EDWARD WHITE, Congregational Minister, Hereford, England, at the close of his discourses, in which he has shown most triumphantly that the wicked are to be destroyed, and have no immortality, because 'immortality is the peculiar privilege of the regenerate,' adds the following note:—'The English reader who may desire to enter upon a further investigation of the general subject of these discourses will consult with advantage, I. On the question of the immortality of the soul, Enfield's compendium of Brucker's History of Philosophy, in which he will discover how very far the ancient heathen were from a general adoption of that tenet as a dictate of common sense; and Dodwell's controversy with Clark and Chishull, with the continuation ascribed to Earberry, in which he will also discover the unanimity of the primitive Christians in rejecting the doctrine of man's natural eternity. The translation of Justin Martyr's dialogue with Trypho, published by Mr. Bickersteth in his volume of the "Christian Fathers," will likewise afford matter for much interesting reflection for those who may desire to know *when* the common opinion first took root in the church. The church was surrounded on all hands by believers in the pre-existence and natural immortality of souls, Platonists and Pharisees. In the early part of his Christian life, Justin, a Platonist, taught the common view in his "Apologies;" afterwards he adopted the Christian doctrine, and published it in his "Dialogue." The Platonic notion, however, steadily gained ground in the church, favouring, as it did, both human vanity, and the terrific sway of spiritual despotism; until, at length, the last clear vestiges of the truth are found in the pages of Arnobius, A. D. 290, who argues, at great length, on the principles of the present Discourses. It is remarkable that from that time the doctrine of purgatory waxed stronger and stronger, perhaps as the natural alleviation invented by afflicted humanity groaning under the burden of the prevalent tremendous belief. II. On the subject of future punishment the following works may be recommended to the reader in support of the preceding arguments:—Law's Theory of Religion; Whately's Lectures on Future Life Fortaine on the Immortality of the Wicked; Storrs' Sermons on Eternal Punishment, a cheap and useful publication; an anonymous pamphlet on "Eternal Punishments," published at Bristol in 1845; and lastly, the recent Notes on Future Punishment (now in the second edition, Ward, 1846), of Mr. Dobney, to whom belongs the credit of having opened for the last time, with equal courage, intelligence, and pious feeling, a controversy which it is to be hoped will not again be contemptuously dismissed from before the public eye, until the energies of a numerous band of fellow-labourers have at least urged it upon the attention of all the churches of the country.'—New York *Bible Examiner*.

Examination of the Press.

THE CRAIK AND MULLERITES.—The following notice of this new sect we take from the *British Banner*. How long has Dr. Campbell learned to write so sensibly on prayer? We mark in italics some suggestive words:—'We are said to be living in an age of mere expediency—of material progress—of social derangement—of everything except faith. To this assertion there is at least one curious contradiction in the existence of the Ashley Down Orphan House in Somersetshire, a brief account of which, as we have received it, will probably be interesting to our readers. In that county there has lately sprung up a new religious sect, known by the inconvenient and undeclinable name of Craik-and-Mullerites, whose prime article of belief is—the power of prayer. Whatever they require, those people simply demand it of God, and, as they allege, it is bestowed on them. The text, "Ask, and it shall be given unto you," they adopt in its literal sense, and with a result which is marvellous, if a tithe of what they assert can be accepted in their own literal spirit. *The sect of the waiters on Providence is likely to spread if they can establish their premises.* Not to mention other matters—some time ago, Herr Muller and his followers took it upon their consciences to build a magnificent Orphan-house. Their design was beneficent, the institution was greatly needed in the district; but, instead of adopting the ordinary machinery of charity by appeals to the rich and benevolent, they simply fell on their knees and appealed to Heaven. The responses came in from every corner of England, from many cities on the continent and in America, and in every variety of form. From one contributor came a penny, form another a boot-jack, from a third an ancient coin. The farmer forwarded a cart of manure, the merchant a hogshead of sugar, the land-owner the produce of the sale of a tree cut down for the purpose. Women sent in their golden trinkets—men their clothes. Tables, chairs, sacks of flour, flitches of bacon, sides of beef, beds, toothpicks, coats, hats, shoes, washhand stands, and so forth, came pouring in. The money contributions were halfpence, shillings, pounds—the latter in hundreds and in thousands. All these things came, it is said, as the levies of faith. What is certain is—the building is there, on Ashley Down. In arrangement, proportion, completeness of design and detail, it is one of the noblest fabrics in the country. It is already occupied by three hundred chidren, and the same means by which it was erected in the first instance, and is now maintained, are about to be employed for its further enlargement. No one is personally applied to for a farthing—the whole is left to the secret influence of the spirit. Yet according to Herr Muller's statement, strangers, whom he has never seen, to whom he has not made known his case, have given him for his orphans not less than 33,868*l.* 11s. 1½d., in answer to his secret prayers. These are strange facts to record among the materials for the history of the times. Mormonites and Mullerites in the midst of railways, penny postage, and halfpenny steam-boats! Pointing to the noble edifice, the founder says:—"It grew by prayer: storey after storey, wing after wing, added themselves in answer to prayers offered on bended knees." The mystery which envelopes the affair should not, however, blind us to the *manifest inconveniences of such a creed and practice in weak hands.* The thirty odd thousand pounds is only part—the orphans' part—of the wealth forwarded to Herr Muller in answer to his celestial supplications: and the fact that the new apostle seems to have hitherto used his *dangerous power* with discretion may be an uncertain guarantee for his future moderation, or that of his successors.'—*British Banner*, Sep. 25th, 1850.

MONTGOMERY'S GOD AND MAN.—What the Reverend Robert Montgomery is among poets that also is he among theologians. The author of *Satan* may have

turned up his shirt collars, but the sesquipedalian affluence of style remains to distinguish him. The sublimity of verbiage *once* attained is not easily relinquished. Sound—be it merely of tinkling brass—is very seductive: it fills the ear and stuns the mind; surely, he must be a very great man whose eloquence is a gong,—who can thus clang upon the tympanum of the mind until we know not whether we are listening to the ravings of idiocy or the utterances of oracles? Robert Montgomery has that greatness. Whether in prose or verse, the barren flats of commonplace are by him covered with a diffusive magnificence of diction such as must fill American writers with despair. His last work, *God and Man*, has awed us by its grandeur. From the title to the imprint every page is grandiose. The headings of its separate sections are all of the highest style in that species of composition which, in theatrical phrase, makes a 'good line in the bills': thus we are startled by such headings as 'The Loneliness of Christ,' 'The Originality of the Redeemer's Character,' 'The Bible as a Miracle of Moral Adaptation,' 'The Divine Heart of the Church,' 'The Symbolism of the Natural World shadows forth Mysteries in the Spiritual.' In short, when we consider the swelling grandeur of its diction, the peculiar logic of its arguments, the felicitous absence of meaning which so often leaves the eloquence unalloyed, and the mediocrity of sense which lies in the meanings when they are to be found, we cannot better describe the work than as an Epopœ of Platitude. *God and Man* professes on the title-page to be Outlines of Religious and Moral Truth; but we are willing to allow that to pass as a mere figure of speech, and to no one would the cruelty be greater than to Mr. Montgomery, if words were rigidly interpreted. What it is in reality the reader soon discovers, viz., certain fragments of sermons and lectures delivered by him and united together by the *binder's* art. This the author intimates by saying 'The accuracy of scientific arrangement was not required, and therefore has not been attempted.' On the contrary, we say that, in Outlines of Religious and Moral Truth, accuracy of arrangement *was* requisite; but we waive the objection, as the author hopes in a future work 'to discuss with more doctrinal fulness, and contemplate with more experimental depth, some of the high themes and hallowed mysteries touched upon in the present work.' It would be impertinent, we fear, to inquire the meaning of that phrase, 'contemplate with experimental depth;' for, like Bayes in the *Rehearsal*,, 'he is too proud a man to creep serviley after sense.' Upon the 'Awfulness of Human Speech,' he is, as you may expect, magnificent. He believes that the 'sway of words is more awfully vast than even that of mere reason can be;' and a torrent of declamation thunders down to prove that words are little short of omnipotent. It will be cruel we know to disturb this theory, but we cannot help asking him whether, on reflection, it does not appear to him that the potency of words is proportionate to the *meaning* they convey? If an orator flings forth 'rabble rousing words' and a barricade results, cannot you who are a philosopher, perceive that the words only roused the rabble because they had meaning in them, terrible meaning to the rabble? Is it not mind which influences mind; and are words more than the winged messengers of communication? You think that words are potent: strange error! There are words enough in your volume, but they are not at all potent. 'Printed, written, or spoken, we may well believe that human words affect all we are in time with their sway, and influence all we may become in eternity by their consequence.' Yes; but there is one condition you have overlooked, viz., that there be meaning in them. But, having expressed our opinion of the intrinsic worth of the book, let us in all fairness add, the sesquipedalian magniloquence *sometimes* sobers down into real eloquence, and that amid the masses of verbiage there are occasional passages of a high and solemn strain, where the thought finds adequate expression.—*Leader* No. 30, Oct. 19, 1850.

JUDGE HERTTELL'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. THOMAS COOPER, ON HUMAN LIFE, DEATH, &c.

(Judge Herttell's Letter concluded from last number.)

Having no belief in the immortality of finite human beings, or in spiritual or supernatural agencies, he has neither faith in, nor hope of, future life, personal identity, or consciousness of anterior animal and intellectual existence, nor fear of the punishment of any part of his remains, for 'deeds done' by the combined agency of all which constitutes a human being. But the lack of such hope is more than counterbalanced by the consolations derived from unbelief of any hell, or state or place of eternal torment beyond the grave—the absence of faith in the existence of a God and a Devil, who concur in the justice of eternal punishment, unite in inflicting it, and thus conspire to immortalise human misery. Which of such supposed living and immortal beings is most entitled to reverence or reprobation, is a question not worth discussing—since those who have faith in the existence of such beings make the one to decree and the other to execute the judgment of eternal damnation, and hence 'join hand in hand' to inflict immeasurable and endless torments on countless generations of weak, helpless, and mortal man!

What consolation such doctrines can afford to the dying victims of such religious faith, I have no means of knowing. But sure I am, that I entertain the hope never to have faith in doctrines so inconsistent with the principles of justice—so repulsive to the best feelings of the human mind—so contrary to the very plainest rules of logical reasoning, and the understanding of mankind, and so grossly adverse to the attributes imputed to an 'unchangeable God,' whose 'perfect love,' 'great kindness,' and 'tender mercies' to his own offspring 'endure for ever.' And no less confident am I, that unbelievers in such and their associate religious dogmas, have no reason or disposition to envy the happiness of those whose only hope of future life and eternal bliss rests on supernatural and inspired spiritual faith in such heterogeneous and incoherent doctrines—belief in the being of a hell—a devil—eternal punishment, and in the doctrines of election—reprobation—predestination, and a 'jealous God' of 'wrath and fury,' who is 'glorified' by the interminable torments of the many whom he predetermined to condemn, as well as in the happiness of the few he preordained to heavenly bliss, and in both cases without reference to their moral or immoral conduct, is as much more prolific of death-bed fears of future misery, than hopes of future happiness, as the major number of prejudged reprobates is greater than the minor number of those preordained to be 'heirs of salvation.'

No human being can possess any knowledge that his name 'is written in the book of life.' Hence the minds of all true orthodox believers must necessarily and constantly be exercised and disturbed with gloomy forebodings, and occupied with queries, speculations, doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, anxiety, concern, and solicitude, about their 'future state,' and from which 'troubled spirit' nothing but the dreaded death can yield relief; unless it be that forlorn hope usually and gratuitously cherished by each, that he or she is of the number of 'such as are to be saved' from the 'wrath to come.' Where then the boasted 'death-bed' hope of a dying Christian believer, that is not equally felt by the converts to Mahomet's faith—the true believers in the future life and promised heaven to be enjoyed by the chosen favourites of the Prophet's God? And what greater, more certain or felicitous hope to escape eternal punishment have either beyond that of those who do not believe in the existence of the gods, devils, heavens, or hells, of one or the other religious sect, and hence are not tormented in this life with any fears of eternal torments in any other? And surely, to my mind, even the certainty of utter annihilation would be a more fertile source of consolation on the approach of death, than any hope which can be derived from belief or mere faith in any religion which affords such narrow chances—such gloomy prospects and so much uncertainty of future and eternal bliss, as the Christian doctrines of election, predestination, hell torments, eternal punishment, and their associate religious dogmas, impart to those who believe them.

I am not aware of any greater, more certain, or more efficient source of human happiness, than a consciousness of moral rectitude, derived from the practice of

justice and kindness to all animal creation which fall within the sphere of human influence. As certainly as I know my own opinions, believe in their truth, and feel their influence on my own mind, there exists not a human being, whatever may be his merits or demerits, or however adverse his opinions and prejudices may be to my own, whose happiness I would not be more disposed to increase than destroy. And with my present disposition, I would not permit any fellow being, and especially any one whose life has been spent in acts of justice and benevolence to his fellow-creatures, to suffer misery, temporal or eternal, nor the fear of it, in this or any future state of existence, had I sufficient power to control the means by which to prevent it. Such is my faith—such my practice to the extent of my feeble power, and such the grounds of my hope for happiness as long as I exist a human being; and my infidelity is such, that I have no belief or fear of the existence of any God who will, nor of any earthly power which can, deprive any human being of the happiness concomitant with the practice of moral rectitude.

All supernatural religion is superstition, and so each of the numberless religious sects are regarded by every other. In this opinion they are all right, however wrong in others. Equally true is it, that religious superstition has ever tended to mislead man in the pursuit of happiness — and when moved, as it has been for the last few thousand years, by the 'evil spirit' of intolerance, and armed with political power, it has been the bane of the peace and harmony of mankind. These truths will be admitted by all religious sects, each excepting their own from the merited animadversion.

Instead of religion and all its expensive gewgaws, useless ceremonies, and senseless mummery, by which the ignorant and superstitious have been awed, and others forced to subserve the unhallowed purposes of those who derived a revenue from the sale of dispensations, and who peddle by piecemeal the domain of heavenly bliss to special favourites; had man been rightly educated in knowledge of the natural causes and effects of human actions—had he been taught to know that the desire of his life is the first, and the pursuit of happiness the second law of nature—that self-preservation and the attainment of happiness are the natural and irresistible incentives to human action, and the primary object of every exertion of human power, whether of body or mind—that all actions are innocent which tend neither to injure his own health or happiness nor that of any of his fellow beings—that all actions are right which conduce to his own happiness without injury to the rights and happiness of others—that all are wrong which tend to injure himself or the equal right and happiness of mankind—that the participation by others adds to his own happiness, which is further increased by the consciousness of having voluntarily and kindly enabled his fellow-men to participate in such of his enjoyments as are practicable and proper to be shared—that those actions which produce the most happiness and the least misery are the most virtuous—that those which produce the most misery and the least happiness are the most vicious, the former being deemed moral in proportion as they tend to augment the pleasures, and the latter immoral in the ratio that they increase the misery, of human life—that happiness is the natural and inevitable consequence and reward of the former, as misery is the natural and unavoidable effect and punishment of the latter—that the knowledge of these and corresponding truths, and conformity of his conduct to them, are the sources of human happiness as certainly as ignorance of them and neglect to act in accordance with them, are the causes of human error, crime, and misery—I repeat, had man been educated in the knowledge and practice of these and corresponding truths, instead of being taught to follow after airy and unembodied spirits, ghosts, and other phantoms of metaphysical speculation, as the arbiters of his destinies temporal and eternal; and to propitiate their favours by offerings, sacrifices, incense and wafers, bread and wine, and prayer and praise—he would have known that his happiness and misery are mostly, if not always, the natural and unavoidable effects of his own or the conduct of his fellow-men, and that his own best interests are best subserved by his adhesion to the principles of moral rectitude and the practice of justice and kindness to all mankind and other animal beings; and seeing that nothing in speculative theology or supernatural religion could conduce to the moral conduct of mankind, so certainly and strongly as the natural, known, and immediate happiness consequent on moral rectitude, he would have sought the cause of his misery in his own ignorance and the errors of his own actions, or in those of his fellow men, and would thence have endeavoured to apply the remedy to the seat of the disease, by correcting his own conduct and forbearing to take vengeance on the errors of his fellow mortals.

What a paradise in such case this world

would have exhibited, compared with its present condition! That too much if not most of the present demoralised and miserable state of human society is the effect of ignorance and superstition, and the means employed to induce the ignorant through fear of incomprehensible beings in unknown worlds, and to force others through fear of earthly power, to acquiesce in the prevalent religious faith, successively ordained and established by the combination of ecclesiastical and political power, reckless of the 'weightier matters' of the moral and natural law, is as certain as that such have been the source of more division, broils, contention, enmity, slander, intolerance, proscription, persecution, wars, bloodshed, cruelties and crimes among mankind, than any other single cause, if not more than all other causes of human demoralisation and misery combined. How completely the work which we contemplated would have established these truths. And if history did not place them beyond the reach of refutation, they are emphatically illustrated by the fact that those existing nations of the earth are most degraded and miserable which are held in the most abject submission to the religions established and enforced by the arbitrary, absolute, oppressive, and unhallowed power of man over his fellow being.

I am fully aware that these views will be deemed horrible in the estimation of many honest and sincere believers in the Christian creed; and that a still greater number of self-righteous and sanctimonious hypocrites will as usual invoke the maledictions of infinite and eternal 'wrath' on all who dare, however honestly, to dissent from their 'true and holy' religious opinions! The Christian religion is deemed no less offensive to the cause of truth nor less obnoxious to merited animadversion in the estimation of the 'chosen people' of the Jewish Christian God, and of the 'true believers' in Mahomet's creed; and some Christian sects regard others in no better light, and treat each other with no greater courtesy or forbearance. But what of all that? Such views, feelings, and conduct (hostile as they are and fatal as they may be to the liberty of conscience and the equal right of opinion) may go to illustrate the effects of early education; the overwhelming force of early prejudice, and the invincible character of forestalled opinions: but while they furnish no argument, and as little proof of the truth or error of the religion of one or the other sect, they point with a certainty as clear as demonstration, to the source of all that slanderous and sanctimonious talk which we hear about the death-bed horrors of dying infidels.

I harbour no expectation that I shall be exempted from the workings of the 'evil spirit' of religious intolerance; and have as little 'hope to be saved' from that hostility and proscription by which, regardless of their moral character, those have been slandered and persecuted who have had the moral courage to avow their lack of faith in the Christian as well as all other miraculous and revealed religions. But all such religious vituperations, all such manifestations of religious feelings, and all such overflowing religious zeal, tend more to confirm unbelief of the religion which prompts, or has not moral influence sufficient to prevent such hostility and detraction, than to inspire faith in its dogmas, fear of its damning denunciations, or reverence for the *dramatis personæ* of any fabulous theology.

Disease, bodily pain—our own and the misfortunes of others—the near apparent and approaching termination of life and all its incidental enjoyments, may cause inquietude both of body and mind—and no less in the case of believers in any, than of unbelievers in any or all spiritual or miraculous religion. But while my intellectual faculties continue unimpaired by age or other bodily infirmity, I can never be induced to believe in the truth, utility, or supernatural origin of any religion which has not moral influence sufficient to restrain its advocates from pursuing to the death-bed side an honest and benevolent man, and disturbing his last moments with religious maledictions; nor to deter them from dogging him to his grave and stamping reiterated *post mortem* defamation on his moral character, merely for his unbelief in the truth and moral influence of any religion which excites such feelings, leaves them unrestrained, or tolerates the perpetration of such acts of gross injustice and distinguishing cruelty.

But I must halt. Reflection admonishes me that I may be obtruding matters for your consideration, which probably long before this time have been satisfactorily settled in your mind—and perhaps, too, I may be encroaching on your valuable time, which ought to be devoted to your official duties. I will therefore only add, that though I have not been predisposed to dissent from the correctness of your opinions, and have perhaps concurred fully in your sentiments on religious superstitions and their unpropitious bearing on the moral character and well-being of mankind: yet

I am strongly inclined to hope that your opinion on the progress and result of your bodily infirmities, will prove erroneous, and that your life may be protracted, and your mental and bodily energies sufficiently retained, to cause your life to continue to be a blessing to your family, a source of pleasure to your friends, and your labours useful not only to the present, but to successive generations of mankind. Lest, however, this answer to your last letter to me should happen to be my last to you, I will take this occasion, my good, venerable, worthy, and esteemed friend, to bid you (should it so be) a last farewell, hoping that the remnants of your days may be the happiest portion of your useful life.

And believe me your sincere friend,

Dr. T. Cooper. T. Herttell.

Dr. Cooper to Judge Herttell.

Columbia, S. C., Jan. 22nd, 1839.

My dear Sir,

I received your kind letter of the 14th to-day. I could not with glasses read a line of it, so very dim is my sight. After I have written the present letter, I shall not be able to read it; but I write mechanically. My shortness of breath is not now distressing: my legs swell painfully by bed time. I spend about two hours in bed, and the rest in my chair. I walk with some difficulty from one room to the opposite. My appetite is good, so is my digestion, am usually in good spirits. It is possible I may live over this winter.

Mrs. Cooper read your letter to me. I concur in all your opinions. I greatly disapprove of all kind of clerical religion, as I do of the whole clerical body everywhere. Of a future state I have no evidence. Knowing nothing about it, I shall die believing nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, caring nothing. I incline to fatalism; our cerebral constitution is not in our power, nor are the stimuli that excite the motions to which we give the names of intellectual operations. Volition is excited necessarily by stimuli that produce the motion in the brain, so called. We are creatures of circumstances not under our own control. When, where, by whom we shall be begotten, born, bred, educated, &c., are all independent of our own will, which is formed as necessarily as all the other mental operations. In short, I see evidence of nothing but our material existence, and the phenomena thence necessarily and predeterminately arising. As to myself, having endeavoured through life to do as much good and as little harm as I could, I am perfectly content with my chances of the future, even if I were destined to another state of existence, of which I have no belief.

Have you received my parcel? Keep it by you according to my last letter, but let me have the benefit of your remarks, if I am living.

Adieu, my good friend. I may yet write again. Thomas Cooper.

P.S.—I have tried to read this epistle, but in vain. T. C.

Judge Herttell to Dr. Cooper.

New York, Feb. 25th, 1839.

Much esteemed and venerable Friend,

Your letter, dated 22nd January, came to hand a few days after it was mailed. I should have made this acknowledgment before now, but was in hopes that by delaying a few days, I should be able to inform you also of the receipt of your manuscript 'Philo Veritas.' Mr. Young had not arrived when I last called at the store of Young, Smith & Co., No. 4, Maiden Lane, which was about a week or ten days since. As the gentleman in the store told me that they would apprise me when the parcel shall have arrived, I have latterly delayed to repeat my call. I shall, notwithstanding, most probably inquire again before I mail this letter. Your manuscript will be used in no other way than has been directed in your letters to me. As soon as I shall have received and read it, I will communicate to you my observations on it. I regret very much that the work which we contemplated had not been begun four or five years since. I yet hope your notes on the 'religious wars,' &c., may be reclaimed and placed in my hands. Though I do not believe myself able to do the subject justice, I think I am acquainted with a gentleman (a clergyman) whose views of religion are not essentially different from yours or mine, who would lend his aid to complete the undertaking. If a small society of intelligent and industrious free inquirers should set themselves about it, they might make a respectable and efficient work of it. Perhaps such a measure may be adopted in this city. I most earnestly hope that your health may be improved, and that you may be enabled to enjoy life and happiness a few years longer.

Your friend,

Thomas Herttell.

No. 554, Broadway, New York.

Dr. T. Cooper.

(This correspondence will be concluded in the next Tract.)

Our Platform,

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

SUPPOSE A FUTURE STATE POSSIBLE, WOULD IT BE DESIRABLE?

'Of a future state I have no evidence; knowing, therefore, nothing about it, I shall die believing nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, caring nothing.'—Dr. Cooper.

Sir,—When the atheist declares he has no evidence of a future state, believes nothing and fears nothing beyond this life—why should those who, by the mere chance of place of birth or parentage, have inherited their belief in a religion which contains the glistening promise of immortality, affect to look down with an eye of pity on him? Or why should the bigot rail at and persecute him, when his own avenging God is silent?

An argument for a future state of existence, which has always been considered a triumphant one, has been by Addison, in his *Spectator*, based upon the wisdom and perfection of a God—the finite time for the development of man's wonderful powers—and on the supposed progress of a soul towards perfection, to infinity, without reaching it. This assumes a God, a soul, a future state—and therefore begs the whole question. The reverse seems to be nearer the truth. Nature is capable of producing everything. Our organisation is material, and fitting for a material world. In proportion to its superior development in quantity, quality, and proportion, are the phenomena of mind manifested. The sum of those manifestations indicates the degree of progress in capacity and capability. A superior organisation must necessarily produce superior phenomena. Phrenology, in accordance with the great law of progress, has demonstrated the improvability of the highest known organisation—that of brain. Society, as at present constituted, is far from being in a fitting condition to yield to man the greatest amount of happiness his present organisation is capable of receiving. Social science has taught us the immensely superior arrangement of circumstances, which must necessarily produce an amount of happiness beyond that which the most favoured by nature in organisation and circumstances can now achieve.

In the general law of conservation of the race, and in the progressive improvement of organisation and circumstances, will be found the germ of that argument that busy imagination has spiritualised, and appropriated as proof of immortality, by hereafter progress towards infinite perfection.

Our ultimate capacity and capability may be a problem; but it is unquestionable that great changes must come, and progress be made, to secure our present organisation its sum of enjoyment. What superior circumstances and superior organisation, mutually acting upon each other, may produce in future, let us not speculate—satisfied in the heart-cheering truth, that humanity is progressive, and not retrogressive or stationary.

Should we be justified in sacrificing the good of this world, and expecting a compensation in the next? No; it would be folly, an idle hope. Our business is with this world, for which we are fitted. The ambition of the atheist is bounded by the good he can do, the real and true happiness he can here enjoy. His recorded thoughts, his deeds, his example may outlive him. The contemplation of this is our portion of the happines of a well-spent life. His dream of immortality extends not beyond the memory of his species.

There is no evidence for reasonable belief in anything beyond this life, and we seek not to imagine some great bestower of immortality in lieu thereof. We recognise the limits of our faculties. We do not pretend to pass the material

barrier of this world. We know little, yet hope to know more. We do not pretend to be in the council of the immortality maker. We cannot account for our own existences, much less the great whole of nature; but we conjure up no great spirit, no abstraction to account for it—this, we believe would be adding to the difficulty, not solving it. Absurdity explains nothing. And we seek not to play the enchanter with the creation of our own brains, exorcising the figment to answer as we will, and grant, as we may wish, immortality. We are not God makers, we repudiate the arrogance of God makers—resting humbly in the growing certainty of persevering examination, that nature is adequate to the sum of human happiness during finite existence, and finite existence adequate to the fullest development of the whole of the faculties of man.

We cannot penetrate the germ, but we can watch its development, discover its food, mark its best condition, conserve and propagate it.

We perceive in the primary elementary animal structures the property of vitality, their union producing the phenomena of life. Science is young, yet it has already shown* us the certain conditions under which life has been, and can again begin to be. It has demonstrated† the identity of electrical power with vitality, and is big with hope for the future.

Under certain conditions we begin to be; under certain other conditions we cease to be. We perceive our relationship to each other, and other existing beings. We recognise our duties, and endeavour to practice them. Our organisation impels us to desire happiness. Experience teaches us it is only to be found in the mutual exchange of kindnesses as duty, and permanently secured in the noble aim —the good of all. Is not this adequate to the wants of man's highest faculties in the business of a long life?

Why should we desire a future existence? Let the imagination picture it according to its vivid and most exalted fancy; let it magnify and multiply all this earth's ever varying joys—be yet more fertile in its sources of happiness, with knowledge ever cumulative, new wonders bursting, new beauties springing, new glories beaming; and let man, in the force of his own conception, in calmness, in the broad import and grasp of deep and comprehensive thought, write ETERNITY to it. He would shrink from his own conception, and refuse immortality on his own terms. W. E. B.

LETTER TO THE REV. A. C. RUTHERFORD.

[THE author of the following letter, residing in Greenock, writes—'In furtherance of the good cause I distribute *Reasoners* whenever I find an opportunity. I have sent copies of the 'Logic' and *Reasoner* to several clergymen here, accompanied by a note requesting them to review the "Logic." I enclose a copy of a note I sent this week, perhaps it will be of use to some of the readers of the *Reasoner* as a hint to do likewise. The Rev. A. C. Rutherford, whom I addressed, belongs to a sect of recent origin known as Morrisonians. He is the author of some half dozen books of a controversial nature. In the last published one, he has an "Epistle Dedicatory to the Rev. G. Gilfillan," in which he styles him his "dear friend."']

Rev. Sir,—To draw your serious consideration to the enclosed, I avow myself an atheist—one in the advanced ranks of that motley throng gathered against the battlements of Zion, as your friend, the Rev. G. Gilfillan, phrases it. Having heard you preach yesterday forenoon, I hasten to follow the advice you then gave.

* Mr. Cross's experiments. † Mr. Smee's experiments.

You said, that in loving our erring brother, we should pity and do all in our power to remove the error from him. I have long been engaged in this work. Although I cannot take all the means you consider necessary, nor do I think it requisite to eschew my friend because he differs from me in opinion as long as his moral character is good, yet we agree on some points. We persuade when we have it in our power, and we distribute tracts. I enclose two. In the one entitled the 'Logic of Death,' your argument on salvation is met, and, in my opinion, answered. The other is a weekly publication, the *Reasoner*—in it you will observe there is a space devoted to any earnest opponent who may wish to controvert its opinions. The Rev. A. C. Rutherford is favourably known among sectaries as a controversialist. Would you not be better engaged in repelling the attacks made on the fundamentals of your religion, rather than 'squabbling in Zion's streets,' as your friend again has it? If you think of entering this field, the *Reasoner* gives you the shortest road to the infidels of Britain. But if this does not meet your approval, a few friends (readers of the *Reasoner*) and I will attend in your church on the afternoon of the third Sunday of November, when we shall be happy to hear any remarks you may have to make on the 'Logic of Death.' Hoping that the logic of the Rev. A. C. Rutherford will materially differ from the reverend gentleman's whose name is affixed to that production,

I beg to subscribe myself, sir, yours in the truth,

FRANK P. CURRIE.

THOMAS COOPER ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

MY DEAR HOLYOAKE,—I read the following words in your *Reasoner*, this morning:—'*Cooper's Journal* abounds in eulogies upon the character of Christ so extravagant and fulsome, that they must be particularly distasteful to Christ if he is conscious of it.'

Will you kindly point out where *abundant* eulogies of any kind (on the character of Christ) are to be found in my late periodical, as I may now call it? But, more especially, will you show me *how* they are 'so extravagant and fulsome, that they must be particularly distasteful to Christ if he *be* conscious of it?'

Only six weeks ago, you favoured me with your company during an afternoon, when I enjoyed your conversation—as I always do. You may remember that, when our two friends, Hooper and Collet, had left us, we turned towards this very subject, as we often have done before. You heard me reassert my fervent admiration of the character of Christ without, as on former occasions, making one single syllable of objection to it; but, on the contrary, you observed, when I had concluded, that *you were glad that I entertained these sentiments conscientiously, and you thought it was well that there was some one among freethinkers who could maintain such sentiments conscientiously.*

Can you wonder when I tell you that the gratification I felt with your utterance of those words is now marred by my reading the two lines I have quoted from your *Reasoner?* I am, my dear friend, yours affectionately,

5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, Oct. 23, 1850. THOMAS COOPER.

[This was forwarded to Mr. Holyoake with other letters; but, as his engagements in the provinces do not permit him at present a moment in which to answer it, he orders it to be inserted, in justice to Mr. Cooper, without delay.—A. H.]

PROPAGANDISM IN BONNER'S FIELDS.

Dear Sir,—In the spring of the present year I advised you of my intention to appear as a propagandist in the vicinity of Victoria Park, at periods favourable for gaining the attention of the multitudes passing to and fro; on Sunday mornings especially I have been surrounded by a large concourse. My plan is, to open the proceedings by reading the most notable portions of the current number of the *Reasoner*, during which the sale is proceeding, so many as eight dozens having been sold on some occasions, besides the 'Logic of Death,' and similar works.

'I am but a gatherer
And disposer of other men's stuff,'

having little else than a loud voice and clear articulation to recommend me as an *al fresco* orator. After reading, I offer remarks on the religious occurrences of the past week; and, as an inducement to our friends to 'go and do likewise,' I endorse this pertinent extract on 'open speaking' from the *Leader:* 'In every case of "ruining myself" by out-speaking, I have found a public ready and waiting; and (what is much more important to me) I have found myself brought face to face with persons wiser and more experienced than myself in that particular matter, who have administered invaluable aid to me.'

Next year I propose an extension of these meetings in every available quarter of the metropolis, and shall be glad to render or receive advice from any of our friends, who may be disposed to assist in the promotion of this object.

56, Smith Street, Stepney. J. P. Adams.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE EGYPTIAN INFIDEL.

Mr. Editor,—I have carefully perused the 'Letters of an Egyptian Kafir' that have appeared in your *Reasoner*, and the few strictures I shall lay before you I think will require little apology, as I assure you that I do not write so much from any selfish motive as I do from a desire to inculcate a truthful and reproductive impression.

I will simply allude to the line of argument used by the Kafir; at the same time requesting the attention of your readers to the letters themselves. After all, this may be the best method; for, to those who have not already enjoyed the beautiful diction and benevolent feeling that run through these letters, there is (as an old phrase goes) 'a treat in store for them.'

The Kafir sedulously suggests to all thinking beings the propriety of examining *a* 'revelation' from God, never doubting for a moment that there is such a revelation in existence—although, for the time being, he evidently cannot make out where this precious document lies. He appears to be perfectly alarmed at the very idea of a man not making it his bounden duty to ransack the whole earth for this ever-to-be-adored testament of his divine Allah; and moreover, he seems quite out of breath, while he rejects the bare supposition of a being who disbelieves in the existence of a God.

I cannot be astonished at any one and every one making necessary inquiry about this excitable treasure—this vaunted revelation; but I am much surprised that a learned Mahometan should come to this country in search of a work, the counterpart of which has caused so much misery, so much painful reflection to him.

The Kafir, however, seems very chary about receiving another revelation, as he has been so shockingly disappointed with the one written in his vernacular tongue. My great astonishment is, that he would come to a country that could not boast of an original revelation. God has either no idea of *our* idiom, or else he has no

inclination to compile another revelation. In respect to religion, we are beggars, and probably worse. We borrowed a book from the Jew, and added to it another of the Gentile, and we christened it afresh, to the destructive vanity of our race.

To all who may be influenced by the Kafir's recommendation, I would have them first reflect upon the following opinion, and probably they may save themselves a world of trouble:—There are a good many 'revelations' of *a* God among the nations, and each of them professes to be *the* genuine, *the* very original one. If a medical man issued some particular medicine, would he not, by every available means, insure its identity among a host of spurious medicines made up in a similar manner? If he did not, what would you think of him? I need scarcely draw the inference.

Bradford. M. R.

CHRIST NOT THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND.

Dear Sir,—I do not know whether Christians are aware that the Son of the God of the Bible was not sent on earth to redeem mankind, but the Jewish nation alone.

Christ, according to St. Matthew, represented himself as a saviour sent, *not* to the world *generally*, but *exclusively* to the Jews. He says (Matt., chap. x., vx. 5, 6), that his apostles shall go forth and preach, *not* to the *Gentiles*, but to the *Jews*. And again (chap. xv., ver. 24): 'I am not sent *but* to the *lost sheep of Israel*,' which would seem to be confirmed by Matthew (chap. xix., ver. 28) and Luke (chap. xxii, ver. 30), who make Jesus say—'The twelve apostles shall sit on twelve thrones, and judge the twelve tribes of Israel.'

If, therefore, Christ was sent exclusively to the Jews, he was never intended for all.

Will any learned divine say how Christians are to interpret the above? for, if they are to receive it as truth, which they are bound to do, then their lot is hard indeed, as through want of a redeemer they can expect nothing, according to their religion, but eternal damnation.

Mullier.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—Nov. 10th [7], Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Nov. 10th [7], a Lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Nov. 10th [11½ a.m.], a Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road. — Nov. 10th [7¾], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Religion and Philosophy of Shakspere.'

Now Ready, No. 6 for November, 1850.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Twopence. 32 Pages.

Contents:—The Political Reviewer. Oil for the Springs of Thought; or Ponderings on the Pentateuch. Correspondence: The Poor Man's Sabbath. Review of Books: 'Chambers' Journal' for September; 'The Lever—Social and Political;' 'The Free Inquirer.' The Genuine Gibbon, &c.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

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THOUGHTS ON THE NATURE OF MAN, THE PROPAGATION OF CREEDS, AND THE FORMATION of HUMAN CHARACTER.

'Man know thyself, all knowledge centres here.'—*Young.*

'The proper study of mankind is man.'—*Pope.*

'Of all knowledge, the wise and the good seek most to know themselves.'—*Shakspere.*

London: Joseph Clayton, 265, Strand; and may be obtained, by order, from all other Booksellers.

Illustrative Notices.

An old man, a native of Peebles, and who earns an honest livelihood as a hawker of tea, was lately overtaken on the road by a respectable looking individual—who afterwards turned out to be no less a personage than Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, of Free Kirk and Ragged School notoriety—when the following colloquy ensued. 'Well, old man, do you sell books?' inquired the rev. gentleman. 'No, but I always carry with me a few pamphlets, papers, &c., with a view of disseminating the truths they contain. For example, I have here the *Northern Star*, the democratic societies' tracts, and the *Reasoner*.' 'Oh, then you are an infidel, are you?' asked his reverence. 'No,' was the reply; 'I am but a short distance from where I was born, and where I have spent the most of my days, and I will defy you to find any man who can honestly say that he has ever found me *unfaithful* to what I believed to be truth. Therefore, I am *not* an infidel; yet I do not believe in the Bible.' 'Then I suppose you spend your precious time in reading Voltaire, and such like authors?' 'I have never read Voltaire's works, but I sometimes read the Bible, and in it I always find sufficient to condemn itself.' 'I believe you are an old infidel liar!' was the polite response; so saying he hastily turned and walked off. 'Judging from your insolence,' our friend called after him, 'I believe you to be a priest.' This rudeness on the part of Dr. Guthrie is the more remarkable, as he is well known for his liberality towards Catholics and others. W. S.

This week has been productive of new publications. The first we have to record is—

THE REVOLUTION WHICH BEGAN IN HEAVEN;
OR, CŒLO-TARTARO-TERRA:
A Dramatic Vision of Time,
From the Fall of the Angels to the Redemption of Man.
BY H. LUCAS.
London: J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

We shall find an opportunity of penning a notice of this drama of unique title; in the meantime, we leave it for the perusal of political and religious republicans. *Robert Owen's Journal* is the next. It bears the external appearance of Dickens's *Household Words*, but is much better entitled. This, together with the *Christian Socialist*, will be sure to afford us matter for comment. The *Christian Socialist* already does, but we have not time to attend to it. Indeed, we prefer seeing a few numbers first. Let us, however, say, we are glad of Socialism in any form. If we cannot get it in our form, we welcome it in the Christian form.

E. H., Edinburgh.—It equally advantages the *Reasoner* if copies of Birch's 'Shakspere' are procured through the booksellers. The cases in which we forward them are those in which difficulties are experienced in obtaining them in the usual way. The queries of this and other correspondents will be answered on Mr. Holyoake returning to town.

Any one having a copy of that number of the *Oracle of Reason* containing the song of 'Poor Jesus Christ,' may receive a shilling for it on forwarding it to the *Reasoner* Office.

The late Mr. Greaves, whose suggestions were always worth attention, used to advise young writers as much as possible to avoid the use of the word 'of,' substituting as far as practicable the word 'in.' The experiment is worth trying. Mr. Greaves considered the indiscriminate use of 'of' to engender slovenliness of thinking.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, November 6th, 1850.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

IN WHAT RESPECT THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER WAS NOT NATIONAL.

At the Educational Conference, held in Manchester the week before last, I represented three places. The meeting at the Miles Platting Mechanics' Institution, which elected me in conjunction with Mr. Winstanley, Sir Benjamin Heywood's agent, did so in consideration of efforts made in the way of Instructional Reform; but the Literary and Scientific Institution, of John Street, Fitzroy Square, London, and the Socialists of the Garratt Road Institution, (late St. Patrick's Hall) Manchester, appointed me in order that I might have the opportunity of representing a party to which, in neither Lay nor Clerical Conference has any generous representation ever yet been vouchsafed.

At this Conference many speeches were delivered on the desirability of providing schools where the children of all religions might be taught in common fellowship—but no word was said of schools where children of *no religion* might meet. Many clergymen were loud in demanding equal education for all sects, but no one had a word to say for those of *no sect*. Dr. Bacon, of Newhaven, America, was the only one who said 'will you not find tuition for the child of the Chartist and the *Socialist?*' This was more than any English minister said. But Dr. Bacon stopped short at the infidel and the atheist. Even *he* had no place for them. The Rev. J. A. Baynes, of Nottingham, was the only English minister who had a few words of generous recognition of the existence of the party whom I represented; and he did not specify whether or not he was prepared to respect the convictions of our children. As for Mr. Cobden, he spoke as though he had never heard that such persons had existence as atheists, or that their feelings were to be respected as well as those who were so fortunate, as the world goes, as to be able to believe in the theology of the day. He would, no doubt, have Free Trade in Education, but he evidently does not contemplate that *we* shall come into the market to buy. I have therefore to complain that this *National* Conference ignored our existence, our conscience, and our wants.

Our cause is not to be advanced by obtruding it on unwilling ears, nor would I condescend to do it. My respect for my opinions forbids me to offer them to the world in a mendicant spirit. I will explain them to any who desire to hear, but I will *supplicate* no man's attention. Where without humility I can ask the privilege of being heard, I will—I will sedulously seek the proper opportunity—I will lie in wait for it through long years, if need be—and if still refused, I will submit. Thus those whose cause I urge agree to act. For the day must come when the Christian will see that he who boasts the possession of the true faith ought also to possess at least common justice.

A public dinner party provides itself with a Toast Master, and an agitation party (with an ecclesiastical opposition) ought to provide itself with a Definition

Master—at least every leading term ought to be defined as to the sense in which the Executive themselves understand it; for if they are not clear as to what they mean, how can they lead the public to unity upon the subject? In this Educational (or, as the Rev. Mr. Walker, of Oldham, wisely advises that it should be called, *Instructional*) Conference, no definition of the leading term of the agitation, '*Secular*,' was *officially* forthcoming, excepting this by the Rev. Mr. McKerrow, Secretary, viz.—that 'they meant by secular unsectarian.' But this is defining one word by another which has never been defined. If that which is unsectarian has nothing in common with any sect, then it has *no religion* in it; for the element of religion is common to all sects of Christians. But nobody seems to mean more than this by the term unsectarian, viz.—that it excludes the *peculiarities* of religious sects. That which is merely unsectarian in this sense, would violate the conscience of the atheist. Mr. Foster, of Rawdon, said I could not object to 'the term unsectarian unless I was a sectarian myself.' He did not give me the means of replying—not defining himself what he meant by sectarian.

When Mr. Cobden suggested the leaving out of the word secular altogether, everybody who spoke acquiesced in it, and it was not till I thought that his suggestion was going to be confirmed that I rose and objected to it. Dr. Beard agreed with Mr. Cobden on the part of the programmists; Mr. Lucas, regarded as the founder, agreed; the Rev. Mr. McKerrow, the Secretary, agreed; and the mover and seconder of the resolution agreed. Mr. . B. Smith, M.P. for Stirling, took the same view.* Then I ventured to represent that 'many of my friends would object to the use of the term "unsectarian," and would be in favour of retaining the word "secular." It was not often that I had objections to the advice of Mr. Cobden, usually so practical and excellent; and although he had supported his suggestion by the authority of a great Lexicographer, I thought that the day was gone by when the people of this country would be bound by the definitions of Dr. Johnson. The word secular was better than "unsectarian," because they could not well define what was unsectarian, and they would be getting into the old controversy which had before been disastrous to the progress of this movement. One high in the respect of that Conference, George Combe, had usefully defined "Secular Education"† as being *that instruction the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life.* Secular instruction was neither unspiritual nor unholy—it was neutral. It agreed to leave out of the question those discussions in which every sect was interested, and confine itself to that which was useful to us here, believing that it would not be unuseful to us in relation to any hereafter.'

Many other persons now concurred, and a discussion commenced, which lasted about three hours. Mr. J. A. Langford, of Birmingham, sent me a note to say that if I would make a motion upon the subject, he and the Birmingham delegates would support it; but as the Rev. J. A. Baynes and Dr. Hodgson spoke with great ability in favour of retaining the word 'Secular,' I took no further part in the debate. Though I could not at all understand Dr. Hodgson's reasons, I knew he had weight with the Conference; and as *my* speaking in favour of the word 'Secular' might have endangered it, I kept silence, except when the word had no advocates. I was not sent there to carry such a motion, but to *see* it carried, and seeing it carried I was content. I went not *to hamper* but *to help* the Conference.

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* Let me once for all refer the reader, to whom it is accessible, to the admirable reports both of the Conference and subsequent Supper and Public Meetings, to the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, of November 2, 1850.

† In a letter in the *Scotsman*.

When Mr. Cobden ultimately withdrew his suggestion, he and others spoke of the unimportance of contending about a name. This is the strange doctrine we sometimes hear. What should we think of a Commander who said to his men, 'Come on to the battle, never mind your arms?' Yet in all logical warfare words are the weapons with which we fight, and we do rightly in getting the best we can.

Mr. Cobden brought to the Conference an advocacy and an adhesion, on all hands to be valued; but his peculiar views of the bearing of the question were evident in his objection to the word secular, which is the only *neutral* ground on which all sects can meet. Mr. Cobden said 'their object was to prove to their opponents that they were not *irreligious*.' But if this is to be done, I ought to be excluded from any share in the next Conference, as the opposition may point to me in proof of the impossibility of maintaining that character intact. But why should there be such anxiety to be thought religious? Is it of more importance to be thought religious than to be tolerant, inclusive, and just? If Mr. Cobden adheres to this opinion, and the Conference should accept it, the proud title of National should be relinquished, for that is not *national* which does not include *all* parties.

During the Public Meeting on the night following, when the National agitation was formally inaugurated, I sat on the platform from seven till half-past eleven o'clock to hear whether any speaker would include us in the provisions of their claims. When I found that those who should do it did not, I wrote a note to the chairman, Mr. Hickson, editor of the *Westminster Review*, asking permission to say '*a jew, a very few words* upon the second resolution,' relating to secular instruction. This was the chairman's answer, after consulting with the Rev. Mr. McKerrow:—'There are four gentlemen to speak to the second resolution, which I fear is already too many for the patience of the meeting; but, if the opportunity should present itself afterwards, I will call upon you.—W. E. Hickson.' The Rev. Mr. McKerrow, who discharged the arduous duties of secretary on both days in a manner which excited my special admiration, also wrote me a note saying—'There could be no objection were it not unfair to occupy the time of those who have been requested to speak. Had you sent the request before the programme was made out, it would have been accorded to you gladly.—W. McKerrow.' But I could not send a request to speak before I wanted to speak. Preferring not to speak if others had spoken on our behalf, I only sought the occasion when others were silent as to our claims; and if at this inauguration of a national party we did not put in a claim to be heard in some form, *when* could we do it? Accordingly, when Mr. Hickson rose to put the resolution, I personally drew his attention to my request, but he declined to listen to it on the ground of want of time; yet he had listened to several speakers unchecked, who had spoken without regard to time or measure. If I could have spoken, I should have said—

'Gentlemen,—Your secretary, the Rev. Mr. McKerrow, has laid it down that they who have a right to speak here "are those who have travelled far to be with you, and are friendly to your objects." I have both these qualifications. Moreover I can give you an assurance, which you all profess to need, with which to answer your enemies, and which no one else among you can give. I observe you only propose to extend the great benefit of public instruction to the religious sects among you. Although you exclude my friends, I yet rejoice that fraternity is so far developed among you to enable you to do justice to each other. Though you may not give education to us, yet I will help you to give it to yourselves. You all fear infidelity. You have all said so. Yet I do not fear Religion; and though, if

we should propose to make national instruction *atheistic*, you would have none of it, yet, if you even propose to make it religious, yet would we accept it; for we value knowledge so much, and have so much confidence in the instruction of the intellect, that we will pay any price for it, even that of all your creeds, if they must be mixed up with it. So much for my friendliness to this cause of national instruction. And here let me say, that if all infidelity, as you confidently believe, originates in *antagonism*, how know you that were you generous enough to concede schools in which the child of the atheist could be taught, that you might not one day boast temples in which the child of the atheist might worship? My assurance is this, that your fears are utterly, ridiculously groundless that *secular* instruction will be infidel. When I think of the public progress, I wish instruction to be secular; when I think of the present progress of my party, I pray that it may be still mixed up with religion. I have looked where the majority of our converts come from, and I find that they are furnished from the ranks of religious teaching. If any man among you will be the friend of infidel progress, give us religion in abundance mixed up with scholastic teaching. When I hear the religious standing up contending for Biblical and Credal teaching in all our common schools, I rejoice over his folly, so far as defeating him is concerned. One whom you call your master told you to render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things which are God's; but you seize upon the undeveloped soul of the young child, and mix up before him the things of the world with the things of heaven, till he does not know which is which, and he grows up in disregard of both. His perceptions blunted, his taste destroyed, he grows up *indifferent* to things sacred or secular. He is of no good to the church, of no good to progress—he is a blot upon society, and a scandal to his teachers. Yet this man I can win, though he is hard to restore to duty and life, because he is *accessible*. The purely religious man is exclusive, and he will *not hear;* but the indifferent can be reached, and those we can reach we can win. You make the indifferent by your mixed teaching, and thus you help us. The wisest and the fairest of modern Christians* has told you that the Soul is that side of our nature which comes in contact with the infinite. But this can only be developed by *pure* cultivation. In political economy you have a division of labour, and you know its advantages; in your colleges, you have adopted an independent study of philosophy, and you know the profit thereof. When will you act as wisely with regard to religion? Every professor tells you, you cannot learn two things at once; yet you will persist in teaching *two* things at once. What is the consequence? You tell us that God is the name of that ineffable Being who sits on his throne of Stars, the Mighty Arbiter of human destiny. Yet you prostitute that great name to common purposes. You spout it on platforms, you parade it in lectures; it is the word of the hour in every newspaper; it is the catch-word of every tract; every man hastens to hoist it as the badge of his respectability; it is abandoned to the mob; it is the war-cry of factions, the shuttlecock of parties, and, that it may nowhere escape the contempt which familiarity ever breeds, you condemn it to be the *task word* of your schools. Then you come down with the cry that the people have *no reverence*, and that the atheist has taken it away. When the atheist is religious, he will have a religion which he can trust. When he believes in God, he will not treat him so. Accept, therefore, the disinterested warning of one you consider an enemy, and make instruction *secular* if you wish to save yourselves.'

G. J. Holyoake.

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* F. W. Newman.

PROTESTANTISM AND POPERY—THE STRUGGLE OF THE CHURCHES.

How great is the influence of fear upon human conduct. The man who is not to be moved to action either by love or patriotism, becomes active and assiduous when menaced by danger. The Church of England, and the Dissenters generally, have been very inactive for the last few years, never appearing as the promoters of any great reforms, but either holding aloof from all movements not directly affecting their religious interests, or else acting as the stumbling-block in the path of progress. But how different is their conduct now, when they fear that their *only true* Religion will be superseded by the *only infallible* Church, that the Pope of Rome will become the spiritual head of the church—that Gorham and the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Bunting and the expelled Wesleyans, will have to give place to Cardinal Wiseman and his bare-footed monks—and that the baptismal font and the communion wine will be finally superseded by candlesticks and bells, images and relics. To the mind of the Protestant these things have as much terror, as does the advancement of knowledge to the mind of the Catholic.

The cry of 'No Popery!' is again revived, deputations wait upon the Bishops for advice in this dreadful emergency, and the Dissenters appear to forget for a time their internal differences, and anxiously consult upon the best means for averting the calamity that is about to fall upon the house of Zion. Even the Puseyite committee of the 'London Union upon Church matters,' which believes the Church of England lineally descended from the Apostles, declares the acts of the Pope to be an unquestionable invasion of the Church of England.

Still the cry is, *what* is to be done to save the Protestant religion from extinction? Why, very little, as the church has long been doomed, and this crisis will only hasten its downfall. The signs of the times were never before so cheering to the friends of free-thought.

An alarmed advertiser in the *Times* utters a war-cry that must startle the souls of the pious, but which only serves to show to the friends of reason how near allied are the mummeries and absurdities of the advertiser's religion to those of the church he deprecates. He exclaims: 'The Bible or the Pope!—the religion taught by Jesus Christ, or the mummeries and idolatries (miscalled religion) of Rome!' This is uttered as coolly as though his own church were free from absurd ceremonies and useless observances. This advertiser implores Churchmen and Dissenters to 'unite, and strike—strike the blow for religious freedom, and check at once, and effectually, the daring advances of the Arch-fiend. Form a bond of brotherhood—*enlighten the people*—expose the pretended miracles.' This is one of the most sensible solicitations that has emanated from the religious world. An immense amount of practical good will arise from the exposure of the pretended miracles of the Church of Rome, as it must serve to show the absurdity of all miracles, and make the people aware of the many priestly deceptions and pious frauds that have been practised upon them.

If churchmen and dissenters can so far forget their differences, and form a bond of brotherhood in order to combat a religious enemy, may we not justly call upon them to unite with men of all religions in any cause that will tend to the elevation of humanity? One is apt to regard with suspicion, judging from past experience, all cries for 'religious freedom' when raised by the partisans of religion. Their religious freedom generally means freedom for their own particular sect, which does not make them any more tolerant to the conscientious dissenters from *all*

creeds. If they would unite in a bond of brotherhood for 'freedom of thought,' we should then have confidence in their sincerity, and feel assured they had the good of others as well as themselves at heart. But this is only the old cry of the 'church in danger,' and this earnest appeal for union is only made to enable one church to crush another.

The struggle that is now coming upon the Protestant church is deeper and more dangerous than it ever had before. The church will not only have to defend itself from the Catholics, but it must fully explain its doctrines and position, to show its superiority to other religions—the people will then have an opportunity of judging of its worthiness, and examining its claims to general support. In the efforts for superiority between the two churches they will expose each other's fallacies and deceptions; and when that is done there will be really so little left worth fighting about, that disinterested lookers-on will be induced to cry 'plague on both your houses.' I think we may reasonably infer the power for evil that will be left to either church after the encounter will be considerably diminished—and this will be no mean source of congratulation.

AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

UNITARIANISM.

I REMEMBER to have heard Dr. Priestley say, that if all England would cordially examine themselves, they would find that Unitarianism was the religion of all. It is too late in the day for men of sense to pretend to believe in the Platonic mystery, that *three* are *one*, and that *one* is *three*, and yet that the *one* is not three, nor the *three one*. But this constitutes the craft, the power and profit of the priest. Sweep away their gossamer fabrics of fictitious religion, and they would catch no more flies. We should all then, like the Quakers, live without an order of priests, moralise for ourselves, follow the oracle of conscience, and say nothing about what no one can understand, and of which, of course, it is of no consequence to believe.

The Christian priesthood, finding the religion of Christ level to every understanding, saw in the mysticisms of Plato materials with which they might build up an artificial system which might admit everlasting controversy, give employment to priests, and thus lead to power, profit, and pre-eminence. The precepts which flowed from the lips of Jesus are within the comprehension of a child; but thousands of volumes have not explained the Platonisms engrafted on them—and for this obvious reason, that *nonsense* can never be explained. The doctrines of Jesus are simple, and all tend to the happiness of man. They are incomparably superior to the detestable and demoralising dogmas of Calvin; a few of which are—1. That there are *three Gods*. 2. That *good works are nothing*. 3. That *faith is everything*, and the more incomprehensible the proposition the more merit in believing it. 4. That reason is of no use. 5. That God from eternity elected certain individuals to be saved, and the remainder, by much the larger portion, to be damned. That no crimes of the former can damn them—no virtues of the latter can save them.

I can never join Calvin; he was indeed an atheist, which I can never be—or rather, his religion was demonism. If ever man worshipped a false God, he did. The being whom he describes is not the God whom you and I acknowledge, worship, and adore, the creator and benevolent governor of the world, but a demon of malignant spirit. It would be better to believe in no God than to abuse him by the attributes of Calvin. In truth such a God is no God at all, and to pretend to believe in such a being is practical atheism.—*Thomas Jefferson, in a Letter to John Adams.*

JUDGE HERTTELL'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. THOMAS COOPER, ON HUMAN LIFE, DEATH, &c.

——— *to Judge Herttell.*

Columbia, S. C., April 13th, 1839.

Thomas Herttell, Esq.,

Sir,—At the request of my friend Dr. Cooper, I write to you a second time—my first, dated about a month ago, having I suppose reached you in the due course of mail—to request that no immediate publication be made of any of the manuscripts which he had forwarded to you.

It is determined among his friends to make an effort in behalf of his family, to have his salary continued until the close of the present year, and this object might be prejudiced by the publication of anything to offend the religious feelings of the people here.

It has also been determined by the family that as soon as possible after his death, all his MSS. shall be put into the hands of his son-in-law, Dr. Manners, of Pennsylvania, with a view to add a selection of them to the memoir of the author, which Dr. M. will prepare.

Dr. C.'s condition is nearly the same that it was a month ago. He suffers almost hourly paroxysms of dyspnœa, each of which threatens to be fatal, and from which he recovers only by the most active medical treatment.

He has been quite indignant at an article which has been circulated in several papers purporting to detail a conversation with him by the writer. He prepared a reply, which prudential considerations for the interest of his family alone prevented his publishing. You will infer from this, that his religious opinions have undergone no change.

I shall be in New York in June, and shall do myself then the pleasure of calling upon you and communicating more fully in person, in relation to our common feiend and the wishes of his family in relation to the MSS.

Dr. C. desires me to assure you of his respects, and please also accept those of

Your obedient servant,

———

Judge Herttell to —— ——.

New York, 23rd April, 1839.

My dear Sir,

On Saturday last, the 20th inst., I received your letter under date the 13th, and which is the *only one* I have received from you. Your request 'that no immediate publication be made of the Dr.'s manuscripts,' will be strictly complied with. I have Dr. Cooper's written directions on that subject, and they are incompatible with any publication of the manuscripts in my possession, until their author be out of the reach of religious hostility and persecution. In my hands, his writings shall not be made the means of prejudicing the sale of his library nor the continuance of his salary to the end of his official year.

I did expect, and last year, in a letter to Dr. Cooper, 'prophesied' accordingly, that on his demise religious professors would, as they have often done in other instances, get up some religious tale of the 'deathbed conversion and recantation of Dr. Cooper;' but I was not prepared to believe that such a work would be publicly announced while the Dr. was in life and able to deny and disprove it. I do most earnestly hope that the Dr.'s friends will see and appreciate the importance of preserving his written answer to the alleged 'conversation' with him by the writer of the detail, of which the Dr. has indignantly exposed the falsehood. That document will be useful and may become indispensable, for the refutation of religious slander and to the defence of the Dr.'s high and well earned reputation for learning, moral honesty, and moral courage.

But, my dear sir, what a sad commentary on the Christian religion—what an irrefutable illustration of its illiberal and immoral influence—what an unanswerable demonstration of its 'evil spirit' of injustice, intolerance, and persecution, when an honest, learned, and benevolent man cannot, even on the brink of his grave, be permitted to expose falsehood, advocate the truth, nor to defend his reputation against slanderous imputations for fear of offending the religious feelings of religious people—of exciting their enmity—of becoming himself an object and perhaps a victim of religious slander; of hazarding the loss of property by his family, and of endangering or destroying their hope of justice, charity, and benevolence from Christian believers. That such has been

the 'unholy spirit' which has been manifested by every dominant Christian sect since the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Constantine to the present day, none will deny who are acquainted with the political and ecclesiastical history of the last 1500 years, and who possess and duly appreciate a reputation for knowledge, truth, and veracity. Surely, 'infidelity' to such religion—unbelief in the moral influence of the evil spirit of religious hostility and denunciation, is more consonant to truth, justice, moral practice, the peace and happiness of mankind, than any religious feelings which would be offended by the exposure of falsehood or the refutation of religious slander.

Please to present to the Dr. my kind regards.

Yours, very respectfully,
THOMAS HERTTELL.
No. 551, Broadway, New York.

Judge Herttell to Dr. Cooper.

Dear Sir,

It seems a long time since I had the pleasure of hearing from you; but I am aware that the fault is mine. Increasing indisposition has been one of the principal impediments to my acknowledgment before this time of the receipt of your remarks on Jeremy Bentham's work on Evidence, handed to me by Col. McLord; and your 'Lectures on Political Economy,' received through the politeness of the Messrs. Carvill; for both of which you will please to accept my sincere thanks. I have been so circumstanced as not to be able to read the whole of the latter work; but I have read enough to induce me to believe that I have more knowledge and pleasure to derive from it. I mean through some of our daily prints to notice it, and to call the attention of our mechanics and working men particularly to the lecture on Education, and also to that part which shows that capitalists are indispensably important to the well-being of the labouring class; for without the former, the latter would obtain neither work nor wages.

I had no opportunity of perusing your remarks on Jeremy Bentham's work. Soon after I received it Doctor Avery Downer, a member of the Legislature of Connecticut, from the town of Preston, called on me and stated that a Bill was then before the Assembly, intended to correct the illegal decision of their courts of law on the subject of the religious opinions of witnesses, &c. He had purchased at a book-store a few copies of 'The Demurrer,' for the use of several members of the House who intended to advocate the Bill. After reading that pamphlet, he sought and procured an interview with the author. He requested the loan of your remarks on Bentham's work, and promised to return them in a few days. Deeming them well adapted to the time, place, and occasion for which they were intended to be used, I let him have them, and have as yet deprived myself of the advantage of a full perusal of them.

The Bill above-mentioned has passed into a law. It provides that 'every person who believes in the existence of a God' can be sworn and examined as a witness, &c. This is an important step in the 'march of mind' in that State. It was attempted to add to the above-mentioned test, the words, 'and a future state of rewards and punishments;' but the motion was lost. Though the provisions of the Bill seem to make it in fact but a half-way measure, yet in its effect it 'goes the whole figure;' for no person in Connecticut need now to be deprived of any right or privilege for not believing in the existence of a God, if he will call by that name, *that* which he may deem to be the source of matter and motion—life and mind. All that can be required of a witness by this law, is the 'belief in the existence of a God.' Beyond this no inquisition can be held on his opinions to ascertain his particular notions as to the form or shape, mode of life, intelligence or mental attributes of the God in whose existence he may profess to believe. The law in question defines no particular God, nor authorises the judges to define, nor to require of the witness a definition of the God in whose existence he may profess to believe. It requires no man to believe or to say he believes in the existence of the Indian, the Hindoo, the Jewish, the Christian, or the Mahometan God; nor in the existence of the God of any particular nation, sect, or individual. It does not require belief in the existence of the God of Moses, St. Peter, St. Paul, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Joe Smith, nor the Unitarian nor Trinitarian God.

Neither does the law in question enjoin belief in the being of a God who existed from all eternity, and yet remained idle or inactive till about four or five thousand years since, when he first began to bestir himself, and laboured six days to manifest his power and glory!

It does not require belief in the existence of a God who is infinite and unchangeable in all his attributes, and in whom there is not even the shadow of turning;

but who can be moved by the prayers and supplications of men to alter his conduct towards them, and to abandon 'his eternal purpose for which he pre-ordained whatsoever of good or evil cometh to pass!' In short (the law), requires no person to believe in the existence of the God of any particular age, nation, sect, or individual. And while it tolerates infidelity to all other or strange gods, it only requires that each individual should believe in the existence of his own, and leaves him to determine in his own mind, the character and attributes of the God in whose existence he conscientiously believes.

With the right thus recognised, every person can legally profess to believe in the existence of any God he would think best; and the Court have no authority to question him—deprive him of any right or privilege, or to subject him to any inconvenience, though it might happen to be a little inconvenient for the judges to concur in opinion with the witness. All that the law in question requires of a witness is, to 'believe in the existence of a God;' and all those who thus believe are regarded as competent witnesses without farther question of their opinion on the subject. All who believe in the existence of a God, are Deists—hence the law in Connecticut no longer regards Deists as religious infidels, but legal orthodox witnesses.

The more I examine and reflect on this law, the better I like it. Though its express provisions seem to be somewhat tainted with the old Puritanic evil spirit of religious intolerance, yet, in its operation, it is as liberal as if its phraseology were not liable to any objection. None but atheists or those who do not believe in the existence of a God, are indicated by the law as incompetent witnesses. But who and where are they? They are no more to be found in Connecticut by means of any legal judiciary inquisition. The operation, if not the express provision of the recent law, has excluded them from legal cognisance, and placed them beyond the reach of judiciary power and proscription. If by the term God is meant the power by which the universe has being—if by the term God is meant the source of organic and animal life and intellectual powers, then no man in Connecticut need to be 'without legal faith' or a legitimate 'God in the world;' for he who witnesses the being of matter and motion, intellectual and organic life, though ignorant of their source, may call it God, to signify a source or power incomprehensible; and who but those equally ignorant and more presumptuous, shall call him infidel to, or unbeliever in, the existence of a God? He who sees a portion of the universe, may name the incomprehensible power which sustains it, God; to signify a power unknown to man; and who but those possessed of the evil spirit of bigotry and intolerance shall pronounce him an atheist, and proscribe him as an unbeliever in the existence of a God? But it may be alleged that the law requires belief in the existence of one true God only. This objection admits that there are more gods than one, and that there are others than the true God. How came these? The orthodox answer is, that 'Man made unto himself gods.' This we know; but how are we to discriminate? If man made unto himself false gods, how are we to distinguish the true God from those? The true God, it is said, 'made man in his own likeness.' This we *may* believe. It is also said that man made God in the likeness of himself. This we *know*. But whether God made man in his own likeness, or man made gods in his, is not important to our present purpose to determine, since in either case the likeness is the same; and being universally admitted, it follows that all those gods are like unto the men who made them and who worship them.

Here then we have the truth. Men at all times have made unto themselves gods; and however they have varied in their forms and attributes, their actions and their motives bear too strong a likeness to those of human beings, to leave a doubt of the source from which they all proceeded. Men at all times and in all nations have made their own gods; and they have made them according to the knowledge which they possess; and according to their knowledge, men at all times have defined the attributes, expounded the will, and explained the motives of their gods. Thus the characters of the gods of men have borne the impress of the human mind in which they have been moulded: and the amount of knowledge possessed by mankind in any age or nation, is strongly indicated by the character and attributes of the God they worship, and in whose existence they of course profess to believe.

You remark, 'I am quite at a loss to say what sect of infidels you belong to.' To answer at large the question implied in that observation would make a long story. I will therefore only say, that I belong to no sect, and am hence a slave to none. I am an advocate for the equal rights of all, however right or wrong their opinions,

and condemn none but for their wrong or immoral actions.

There is nothing which I know more certainly than that I have no knowledge but what has been obtained through the medium of the combined operation of my senses and my intellectual faculties—that I can comprehend nothing beyond the reach of these — and believe nothing adverse to them. My knowledge of this world is limited, and I know nothing which has happened or will happen in any other. I know not, nor do I believe, that I was conscious of anything before I existed as a human being; and I neither know nor believe that I shall be conscious of anything after I shall cease to exist as a living being. My mind cannot encompass nor define the metes and bounds of infinite space—comprehend a beginning nor an end of time, nor ascertain the source of matter or mind. And although we know that it is an axiom in logical reasoning, that there can be no effect without an antecedent cause, nor cause without an effect, I know not the cause of which this world or universe was the effect; and cannot know nor define the time when it was not, nor the time when it will not be. It is as easy to imagine and comprehend, and quite as reasonable to believe in the self-existence of time and matter, as in the self-existence of a living being who created both time and matter and all things else 'out of nothing.' It seems impossible that there ever was a time when 'no time was,' and as certain that there never will be a time when time will 'be no more!' Hence time must necessarily be self-existent, as nothing could exist before time. Having by necessity always been, and by like necessity always must be, it follows that it is indestructible and eternal.

This reasoning applies with sufficient force to matter. Its indestructibility proves its eternal duration, and hence its self-existence. But in truth, a self-existent sentient being,—a self-existent intelligent Spirit,—a self-existent world, or universe, and self-existent time and matter, are all alike incomprehensible to my mind. Self-existent, living, sentient, and *invisible* beings are not objects of my senses, nor is the origin or source of *all things* cognizable to my mental faculties, and I never could discover that others have any better means of knowing the truth on those subjects. If any persons have any better means of knowing the truth on those subjects—if any persons have obtained by supernatural means more knowledge of these subjects than I have, it is well for them. They know most who have most evidence. I understand nothing beyond, or above nature, know nothing I do not understand, and believe nothing against my understanding. If any have had supernatural evidence of things beyond the reach of all the natural means of obtaining knowledge, they must believe accordingly: when I have such means I shall know as much. But I cannot on the natural testimony or word of men believe *that* which required supernatural evidence to induce them to believe. I am therefore an *unbeliever* of the testimony of men who profess to have obtained through supernatural communication, a knowledge of things beyond the natural limits or power of the human understanding; and I do not believe in the existence or justice of any God who will condemn and punish me for not having as much faith in the word of these men as in *His* who, according to their word, deemed a special, supernatural and miraculous communication necessary to enlighten their minds. Call me therefore *Infidel*, who will; I have no faith in the supernatural intelligence of those who believe that they possess a knowledge of truths beyond the reach of the human understanding; and I could not place the least confidence in their testimony or veracity who would assert their knowledge of truth derived through 'spiritual or miraculous communication.' And although I *know* that this world hath *being*, I do not know or believe that others know more or better about the antecedent, immediate or remote source, influenc, or power, which caused it to be, than I do, who really know nothing of the cause or origin of matter, life, or mind.

THOS. HERTTELL.

END OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM INQUIRER.

Sir,—The objection which Lucian made to Jupiter and the other heathen gods, that it was a wonder that they who begot so many children in the early times should beget none in his, is similar to that which I have urged against the atheist. And as the orthodox Greek might have replied that the gods had become sterile, so, will having no place here, I have said that the atheist assumed matter to have possessed a property which now no longer belonged to it.

In every attempt to account for the origin of animal existence from material causes, this assumption is more or less apparent. In the theory of 'development' the fallacy is concealed by supposing an analogy between creation and fœtal growth —thus reverting to the cosmogony of barbarism. But it is evident that the assumption of a change in the whole constitution and course of nature, as great as that from the egg to the full-grown bird, is not less than that which ascribes to inorganic matter itself a power of spontaneous generation.

The doctrine of an intelligent author of nature is not an assumption—it is an inference. From the observation of the phenomena of nature we infer their origin. It is granted that there are appearances everywhere to be seen in nature which irresistibly lead us to conclude they are the effects of a designing cause. Now, in the idea of design intelligence is included. But it has been objected that an intelligent, conscious being must be an organised being; and since this assumption leads ultimately to a contradiction, the extraordinary inference has been made that the thing granted is false: whereas it is plain, that if, when it is assumed that intelligence implies an organism, we are led to the absurdity that an effect (design) may exist without a cause, it follows that the thing assumed is false. In the idea of an intelligent entity, an organism is not included—they have ever been distinct in the mind; neither is there anything in analogy to countenance this, for though we had no experience of intelligence without an organism, we have constant experience of the organism without intelligence. It is known that, in examining bodies after death, nothing is more common than to find the whole structure entire, and yet not a single function remaining. The facts on which an analogy is grounded limit the nature and extent of the analogy; now here the nature is spiritual (or mental), and therefore the analogy cannot extend to form or any other corporeal quality. The 'bounds of this knowledge' have long since been set forth by Bacon. 'It sufficeth,' says that great logician, 'to convince atheism, but not to inform religion.....for as all works do show forth the power and skill of the workman and not his image, so it is of the works of God, which do show the omnipotency and wisdom of the maker, but not his image.'

Observation leads irresistibly to the conclusion that there is an intelligent cause of the universe, but we have no grounds in knowledge to suppose that this is not the final cause, and we know that our inquiries must terminate at last in a self-existent first cause, for a series of effects cannot be infinite.

I have thought it necessary to say this much concerning the nature and extent of the argument from analogy, and to shew the irrelevance of this objection, that Mr. Chilton may see how far he errs, when he asserts that the existence of God, which is indeed an inference from the phenomena, is a thing assumed in order to

account for the phenomena. The questions concerning the nature and attributes of God, and of his mode of operating in creation, do not bear upon the proof, but upon the thing proved, which is very different. I might not be able to answer the first satisfactorily, even though Mr. Chilton were to admit a religious sentiment in our nature; but this, of course, he ignores. However, we may still retain our faith in the existence of God, even though we are unable to reconcile his attributes or vindicate his ways.

In my last note I have used the words 'belief' and 'demonstration' in the same loose way as Mr. Chilton uses the words 'doubt' and 'disbelieve;' but I still think that, as Mr. Chilton professes 'utterly to disbelieve' any other existence but matter, to have expected him to account for the phenomena of motion, life, adaptation, and consciousness from material causes was not unreasonable. Mr. Chilton asks how I account for the origin of the first pairs of animals? I, of course, answer, 'all nature is but art,' they were made. I have some difficulty in reconciling the essentials of atheism, according to the definition with the characteristics of an atheist given in the reply; and, though I fully agree with Mr. Chilton that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them, he must still permit me, in quality of an inquirer, to ask one more. Since all that is necessary, for a man to be an atheist, is to have examined and found the fallacy of the theist's arguments, how does this process of criticism bring him to the knowledge of that grand cardinal article in atheism, which we were told *(quicunque vult)* 'to be an atheist, every atheist must believe' that matter is the only thing in existence?

To know God, we must study man. From their limited knowledge of human nature, the ancients have sometimes represented the Deity as partial and malignant. But the true answer to those who require us to worship and reverence such a being is not to argue, as even most atheists do, from an assumed knowledge of God, that he could not hold such sentiments or act in such way; but this—that the sentiments of veneration and worship cannot exist in the mind without a sufficient cause, and that, as it is morally impossible such a character as this given to God can produce them, we are thus left practically 'without God in the world,' and their representations have the same effect as atheism.

This is a great question, Mr. Editor, and I hope on this ground you will excuse me if I have carried these remarks to an extent which may demand more of your space than, perhaps, their importance merits. INQUIRER.

EVIDENCE OF ADAPTATION FOR A SUPERHUMAN POWER.

SIR,—There is only one portion of Mr. Parry's letter [*ante* 231] to which I care to offer any reply; and I do not use the word 'care' offensively, but simply because the remarks which form the bulk of his communication have been so frequently shown to be both illogical and self-destructive that further examination of them is no longer a duty pertaining to a profession of atheism. Mr. Parry belongs to that class who must have a God to make them feel comfortable; Mr. P. has his God he says; but *what* that God *is*, he admits he cannot tell you or any one else. Why is this? Because he has no sensitive idea in his mind answering to the arbitrary sound of the word g-o-d. He stands up for sound, not sense.

The following is the passage to which I refer: 'There are a thousand beautiful "adaptations," clever, too, it must be conceded, in this orb—"adapting" power—for there must have been *sentience* somewhere, impossible to escape from that conclusion—*what?* "Chance," accident?" colloquial nonentities, fortunate cohesion of atoms, or component parts? *very* fortunate; but why never *un*-fortunate?'

It was the precept of a sage, that men should always first inquire if things *were*, before they asked *why* they were, by observing which rule they would save themselves an infinite deal of trouble and avoid an exhibition of their shallowness and unphilosophical mode of proceeding. The trite anecdote of King Charles and the fish proves the value of this advice. Mr. Parry's exclamatory-interrogation—'But why never *un*fortunate?'—I take to be a very unfortunate inquiry for a Master of Arts. He has put the query 'why?' to you and me, before having put the question 'are?' to himself. Are there no *un*fortunate cohesions of atoms to be observed on this orb? Is everything invariably after its kind—perfect, and without fault, spot, or blemish?

What does Mr. Parry think of the thousands of instances of abnormal members and faculties which are to be found among the human race in this country alone, and which date their origin from the fœtal state—such as hare lips, club feet, absent or superfluous fingers and toes, hollow roofs, blindness, deafness and dumbness; of children united one to the other, but not so conveniently as the Siamese twins; hermaphrodites, &c.? or of an animal half-deer, half-horse, born in the New Forest lately, the produce of a mare and stag; or of a lamb with eight feet, four ears, two tails, with one eye in the centre of the forehead, the other at the back of the head, dropped at Llantrissant; or of a calf with one body and two perfect heads, produced at Taibach?

Are not such instances cases of the 'unfortunate' cohesion of atoms, whether the atoms were God-directed or God-neglected, or their aggregation merely the result of natural forces? If the world and all that therein is be God-designed and God-directed—was he asleep or on a journey (as the prophet hinted might have been the case with Baal) when such things took place? But if he neither sleeps nor travels, will Mr. Parry give some rational explanation of the cause of these anomalies? I consider the illustrations I have given amply sufficient for my purpose; but I might have cited

'The thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to'

had I deemed it necessary.

W. Chilton.

Bristol, Nov. 3, 1850.

IS WOMAN NECESSARY TO MAN'S HAPPINESS?

Dear Sir,—What with benevolent wishes for 'atheists to crawl on all-fours,' and flaming advertisements of 'an excursion to hell,' your readers must have begun to think that Sunderland is specially favoured with an out-pouring of fanatic zeal. Another proof has just occurred of the wonderful development of philosophy and morality in this locality. A gentleman, thinking the period has now arrived in the world's history for the solution of the question 'Is woman necessary to man's happiness?' has announced his intention of lecturing on the subject. I do not happen to know the gentleman's opinions on this abstruse question, but think the mere announcement of it shows a wonderful development of the sense of justice, and perhaps we may next be favoured with lectures on the following similar subjects, viz., 'Are horses, or dogs, or great coats, or boots necessary to man's happiness?' for I think the mere asking of this question associates woman with those other adjuncts to man's happiness. Whether the presence of Harriet Martineau, George Sand, or Mrs. Martin at this gentleman's lecture would conduce to his happiness, would, I think, be a very doubtful question.

J. B.

CARDINAL WISEMAN AND ROME'S TERMS.

SIR,—In reading the *Lamp* No. 34, I was much struck with the following paragraph:—'A Bill for diplomatic relations with Rome, *and on Rome's terms*, must be passed by the British Legislature. Britain must yield, as the younger state should—Rome cannot bend. Her Legate must be received at St. James's, and that Legate must be a Cardinal. Verily, too, (it is our impression) the Cardinal's hat will be quite as attractive and as comely an object in a court cavalcade, as the jewelled turban of an infidel, or even the variegated caftan of a Persian ambassador.'

What may be 'Rome's terms' I do not pretend to understand, but if we may judge by the general tenor of the conduct of the Romish Church I think that the terms would be somewhat as follows: unconditional submission to the Church of Rome, and handsome payment for absolution for past offences. However, Mr. Editor, this paragraph is imperative—'Britain must yield'—and I think you had better intimate to your 'European Democracy' friends in the *Leader*, the fruitlessness of their efforts to save us, as it is so decreed by his infallible holiness, as there can be no doubt that one of *Rome's terms*, on our yielding, would be delivery up of Joseph Mazzini and his coadjutors.

I will give a few reasons why all these 'musts' can never happen. 1st. A bill for diplomatic relations with Rome on *Rome's* terms can never be passed while we have so many bishops, their sons, brothers, and others connected with the pounds, shillings, and pence of the Church of England in that legislature. 2nd. Britain cannot yield because Rome is behind Britain in civilisation. Britain has progressed too far for the winking virgin of Rimini and the Inquisition of Rome. 3rd. The Legate may go to St. James's, but the precincts of St. James's contain few of the people; and unless Cardinal Nicholas rests contended with the semblance of a power he does not possess, I would tell him that he will lose the little he has got, for in our country, although we have given up bull baiting, still the introduction of a new breed of bulls might prove a great temptation to begin again.

C. BRADLAUGH, Jun.

COMMENT.

SIR,—We follow the fashions of London and Paris, but not of heaven. On the Lord's day there is no work, but on the week, or people's days, what is there *but* work? In His realms 'seraphims continually do pray!' But we do not encourage beggars, or allow their pertinacious supplications. Seraphims would be sent to prison here.

King Lear had many of Jehovah's attributes, and he treated his daughters as they may expect to be treated by the God of the Bible; hereafter Cordelia may have to lose her inheritance a second time for straightforwardness.

ANGEINA B.

WEDNESDAY EVENING LECTURES.

SIR,—It will perhaps be interesting to the readers of the *Reasoner* to know that Newnham Travers, Esq., B.A., F.S.A., has commenced a course of Wednesday evening Lectures, at Finsbury Chapel, South Place, as follows:—Nov. 13th. 'Cromwell, according to Clarendon and Carlyle.' 20th. 'Diplomacy and Chicane.' 27th. 'Poets, Courtly and Uncourtly.' The lectures will commence at 7 p.m. The foregoing are the subjects for November.

P.

REASON AND RELIGION.

SIR,—In the *Reasoner* No. 4 are inserted, under the heading of 'Words of Authority on the use of Reason,' quotations from several popular writers on religious subjects, the tendency of which is that the Bible and Christianity are not opposed to reason. If by 'reason' we mean that power of the mind which enables us to give due weight and influence to all facts and considerations which present themselves, or are presented to the mind, and to draw a just deduction therefrom, which deduction that power will enable us to modify or confirm as fresh facts and considerations continue to be presented or present themselves to the mind. If this is what is called 'reason,' have these writers exercised this power fully and fairly? K. S.

'REASONER' SHILLING LIST FOR VOL. X.—Previously acknowledged in No. 4, 222s. 9d.—S. T., Liverpool (weekly), 2s.—E. B., 10s.—A. P., 2s. 6d.—H. M., 3s.—An unknown friend, signing himself P. T., 100s.—E. and W. McKim, 1s. 6d.—E. Jervis, Hanley, 1s.—H. Redfern, ditto, 1s.—Mr. James Motherwell, of Paisley, sends the following:—David Glassford 5s., James McGhee 2s., James McFarlane 2s., Mrs. Robertson 2s., James Motherwell 2s., Peter Thomson 2s., John Parkhill 1s., John Riddell 1s., Thomas Glen 1s. 9d., James Currie 1s., Oliver McGregor 1s., Thomas Kilpatrick 1s., George Agnew 1s., Alexander Millar 1s., Daniel Cameron 6d., Thomas Rae 6d., John Glassford 3d., Peter Thomson, Banhead, for one copy of 'Thoughts,' 1s.—K. Blackburn, 1s.—M. T. F., 1s. Making a total of 371s. 9d.

NEWSPAPER STAMP ABOLITION COMMITTEE.—Previously acknowledged 770 Sixpences.—Mr. Saull, 6d.—Mr. W. Bendall, 6d.—Mr. Gray, 6d.—Mr. H., 6d.—James McFarlane, 1s. Total, 776.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—Nov. 17th [7], Mr. Peter Livingston, 'Napoleon and War.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Nov. 17th [7], a Lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Nov. 17th [11½ a.m.,] W. J. Fox, M.P., 'Christ.'

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Nov. 17th [7¾], Mr. C. Southwell will Lecture.

Essex Coffee House, 42½, Church St., Bethnal Green.—Nov. 17 [7½], W. W. Broom, 'Works of Thomas Cooper.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Nov. 17th [11 a.m.], Mr. C. Bradlaugh, 'Pope Pius, Pope Bunting, and Pope Packer.' [7 p.m.], Mr. H. T. Holyoake, 'Infidelity, and how it should be advocated.'

Now Ready, No. 6 for November, 1850.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Twopence. 32 Pages.

Contents:—The Political Reviewer. Oil for the Springs of Thought; or Ponderings on the Pentateuch. Correspondence: The Poor Man's Sabbath. Review of Books: 'Chambers' Journal' for September; 'The Lever—Social and Political;' 'The Free Inquirer.' The Genuine Gibbon, &c.

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THE FREE INQUIRER IN SCIENCE, POLITICS, AND THEOLOGY, are now ready, and may be had, through all booksellers, of Mr. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

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No. 2. contains a Biography of G. H. Holyoake, by Panthea.

'Written with unusual excellence, and relying upon its quality rather than quantity.'—*Leader.*

'Two such writers (W. Chilton and Panthea) guarantee good literary support.'—*Freethinker's Magazine.*

Illustrative Notices.

At a Missionary Meeting recently held at Hampden Chapel, Hackney, one of the speakers informed the audience that the Victoria Park Missionaries had converted two men and half a woman for the small sum of £30, which was £30 cheaper than the London City Missionaries could convert the same quantity of erring creatures for. We expect soon to be able to lay before our readers this society's 'scale of charges for conversions.' We intend to allude more at length to this and other Missionary Meetings.

Frederick Wonham writes:—'The following advertisement appears in the *Times* of Nov. 1: "Sunday Duty. Morning and afternoon service only. Wanted immediately, a *strong-voiced,* energetic, Evangelical assistant, in a chapel at the west end of London. Stipend £60 a year. Address X Y Z, Mr. Shaw's Library, Southampton Row." Will none of the readers of the *Reasoner* meet the views of the advertiser? In two respects I think I could, but should be sadly deficient in the third.'

[Letter.]—There is in this place a Mutual Improvement Society, of which myself and the other subscribers to the *Reasoner* are members. Social reform and free thought have, through it, received such impetus that, although public personal exposure is forbidden by the society's laws, a little of what is said in the society getting abroad, has given it the character with some *fearing* persons as an association for the propagation of infidelity. We have got introduced into a small library which is attached to this society your educational works, all the members having a more or less accurate idea of your religious opinions. Some months ago a traveller (the same, I suspect, who corresponded with you from Dunfermline) sought out our society to present a copy of your 'Logic of Death.' The seed fell upon the highway and was trodden under foot. The person who received the copy for the society is a prime representative of bigotry, and has, I suspect, played Blandy with it; at least he refuses all applications from the other members for its delivery. The cause, though secretly, is cheeringly advancing. Some men (young like myself) would read the *Reasoner,* but they dare not apply to the bookseller for it, shrink from its being seen in their hands, and fear to take it home to have it and themselves abused by their parents. Conviction strengthens, so courage will increase. We should do what we can to increase the circulation of the *Reasoner.* This, I think, should be the great aim of its friends. Support it we may and should now, as through the Shilling List; but to obtain for it a wide-spread usefulness let us give it a self-supporting circulation. R., Scotland.

Janvier, of North Shields, says that some friends there have presented the Rev. R. Leake, Methodist minister, with No. 219 of the *Reasoner,* and a copy of the 'Logic of Death.' Previous to supplying him with these works, he had invariably propagated the absurd notions concerning infidel death-beds. They have reason to believe they have effected an important change in the rev. gentleman's opinions, as he has not alluded to this subject since he received the above-mentioned works.

S. A. says the gentleman who holds that divinely is not derived from 'Dii vini,' Gods of wine, if he consult Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary he will find 'Deus,' a God, as well as 'Divus;' and the plural of Deus is 'Dii,' Gods. Divinely is derived from the Latin of 'Vinum,' wine, 'Vini,' of wine; so 'Dii vini,' Gods of wine. 'Divinus' is also a conjuror, 'Divina' a prophetess.

Erratum.—Last line of page 40, for 'Theism could not,' &c., read *Things,* &c.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S PROVINCIAL REPORTS.

ROCHDALE, CONCLUDED.

WE left the Rev. Mr. Gaitskill, if I remember rightly, struggling to get through a window. The obstinacy of the window, however, corrected that aberration; and he at length shot himself through the doorway, with the velocity of a locomotive *determined* to get off the line. Tradition says that he reached the street in perfect safety, at least the meeting heard no more of him. It was then arranged that the clergyman without a name should then be heard. This gentleman, who would give no name, and who refused to have any name given to him, was of a sanguinous temperament, and of somewhat sanguinous speech. We are forced to describe him thus personally, as he refused to describe himself. He wore a long frock coat, which appeared of a blue tint—a kind of hybrid; it might be a morning gown, it might be the overcoat of a Romish priest—the owner might be a sailor, he might be a preacher, it was hard to tell which. He said he was a Baptist Minister, but he had neither the speech nor the manner of one; nor did he use any phrase peculiar to that respectable order of immersers. He spoke of having met Mrs. Martin, and attached great importance to Mr. Alexander Campbell being one of the laudators of the character of Christ. On the whole, his speeches were liberal, pleasing, and intelligent. His great effort, however, was to end by asking me three questions, on Nature, Matter, and Thought, which he could not answer himself. A gentleman in the meeting thought that there might be collusion between us, and that I had brought him there to speak. But as I could not tell his name, and he would not tell it himself, they readily ag reed that I could not know much about him. For a quarter of an hour or more, a vigorous interrogation was kept up by the meeting, with a view to extort from him his name. He made, in reply, several ingenious speeches, in which he told them everything but what they wanted to know. Instead of joining in this useless work, I desired that a person should follow him. I make it a point to know always, if possible, who my opponents are, and I never trust him who cannot, even in confidence, trust himself. But as I could not give instructions personally to the party requested to follow our anonymous friend, and as he had not read Miss Martineau's 'How to Observe,' he brought no report. The next day, a shopkeeper informed me that our Baptist preacher had been collecting money in the town for some 'Sailors' Society,' and I suspect he is one of those inland functionaries whom that unctuous saint, Boatswain Smith, employs to collect little juveniles, who sing, in excruciating tones, that marvellous distich—

'Come, sailors, can't you rise and tell
The wonders of Emmanuel?'

Next there appeared a curious Christian on the stage—earnest, staid, and six feet high. He held an opinion that Christianity was a bird in the hand, forgetting

that you must die before you can catch it. He was succeeded by two poor men very ignorant and very confident. When the meeting was no longer willing to hear the first, *he* called upon the second to come forward in his behalf, and continue his story. 'Should the first be heard any longer?' Many said, 'Put it to the vote.' The chairman, in grotesque perplexity, said he 'Could not see the good of it. If the meeting heard the first man any longer they could get no instruction; and, if they put him down, there was another one of the same sort to come on.' With many risible acclamations it was decided that a change could not be worse, and a change they had. Hereupon an old hard-working, hard-looking man arose, full of force and loud-toned garrulity. He laid it down as 'fundamental facts,' that 'at the bottom of all things there is a globulic principle, round and circular; and that nature, being dead, has no life in it.' Having established these mysterious propositions, he proceeded to divide nature into three compartments, which he thus specified—'1st, mines and minerals; 2nd, animals; and 3rd, vegetables:' and out of this hash of philosophy he adduced what he called a defence of Christianity, which Baron Swedenborg would have despaired of understanding. Though no one could help merriment at the strange things this old man said, his simplicity and heartiness excited general respect. The chairman in the end gave it as his opinion that the lecture I had delivered on the 'Moral Aspects of Atheism' demanded other notice than that which it had received, and that the clergy of Rochdale owed it to the respectability of that public meeting, if not to their dignity and their cause, to put in a better defence than that which they had suffered to be put in by others. For myself I drew this moral, that though we had failed to elicit the strength, we had had a painful display of the weakness, of Christianity. What could more signally manifest the disastrous quality of their training than the rudeness and incoherence which their partisans had displayed? They deny to us morality. We had shown them the grounds on which we established it. Could they defeat us there, they might destroy us. If they neglected so good an opportunity, the advantage was ours. The public knew it was not from want of will on their part that they did not invalidate our position.

Concluding this notice of Rochdale, I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from a 'Red Republican,' calling upon me to advise the formation of a branch of a 'National Charter and Social Reform Union.' Now that the address is issued from the Democratic Conference, in London, it will probably receive the attention of Rochdale friends.

This town presents the most instructive example extant of a co-operative experiment. Those who are curious upon this subject may see in the Associative department of the *Leader* some explanatory papers embodying the principal facts.

I returned to Manchester a second time to attend the Educational Conference. The article in last week's *Reasoner* upon this subject has put our readers in possession of the results. The *Weekly Dispatch* and some other papers have represented that Mr. Cobden's motion was carried, aad the word 'secular' abandoned. This is not true. Mr. Cobden withdrew his motion, and the word '*secular*' is the established descriptive of the 'National School Association.' The clergy with whom I came in contact were very courteous, and I experienced none of that rudeness which has so often marked their intercourse with complete dissenters. On the night of the Conference, I delivered a public lecture, in St. Patrick's Hall, on 'Mistakes about Secular Education,' and the meeting voted unanimous thanks on its account.

On Monday evening I returned to London. On the last eight days I spoke

seven times. Twice I lectured in Newcastle, twice in Sunderland, and held a three nights' discussion in Newcastle with Mr. John Mills, of Leeds, phrenological teacher, and late Unitarian missionary. The curious results of these meetings I shall report next week, and, if possible, also events in Leeds and Sunderland. Having addressed two letters to the *Newcastle Journal* and *Gateshead Observer*, I await their insertion before giving them to the public.

The progress we are making so much exceeds what were my expectations, that we must begin to think of the organisation of the Freethinkers of the country. Society is full of opportunity. The enemy abandons the field to us. No clergymen venture to gainsay our word, and our advantages are without parallel. If we occupy the field open to us with energy, and have as much enthusiasm and good sense on our side as we have truth, we can take a place in the coming struggle between the great Protestant and Popish parties, which will greatly exceed any advances we have either made or contemplated. When the Churches fall out Reason comes by her own. Let the party of reason take care to be there to claim it.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

A HALF HOUR WITH A RANTER.

ST. CYRIL, at the head of a large party of primitive Christians, stoutly maintained 'that the form of the Saviour having been described by the prophet as without any outward comeliness, should be represented in painting as utterly hideous and repulsive.' And there are very many people now who render Christianity as hideous and repulsive as the old father would have pictured its founder. The most obnoxious class of divines infest the homes of the poorer sort of mechanics and labourers, where they indulge in the most uncouth behaviour. What with what they are pleased to call singing, praying, and preaching, together with their own frightful exteriors, the poor man has enough to make him tremble for the safety of his wits. Go where you will in court, lane, or alley, you must submit to the discordant noise of ruthless drummers of the gospel. A staunch member of this graceless fraternity fell under our notice the other day. He had plastered the walls devoted to such purposes in Wardour-street and its immediate vicinity, with a placard beginning thus, 'You either must go to heaven or to hell.' Its authorship, we believe, lies at the door of a pious Ranter, who piques himself on the gravity of his bearing, a sepulchral voice, and circumstantial account of the day of judgment. The other day, while mending an old pair of shoes, his usual occupation when he can spare time from the 'work of grace,' the thought came into his head, with all the freshness of a discovery, that the whole of his neighbours, including a large and influential body of picture dealers, 'either must go to heaven or to hell:' he imagined he already saw them tied up in convenient bundles, like faggots in a woodman's yard, awaiting orders to be thrust into the infernal furnace; whereupon he jumped up from his stool, kicked aside the paraphernalia of his craft, and began to prepare for immediate action. First calling out at the top of his voice to a poor shrivelled up lad who was working at his side, he informed him of the two courses open to him in the event of his dissolution, adding that he might take his choice. The forlorn youth betraying no symptoms of surprise or fear at this gratuitous piece of information, the master repeated it several times over, put himself into all sorts of contortions, and sought by every means in his power to work on the dinnerless elf, but all in vain! The lapstone was not more insensible to the blows of the hammer than he to the importance of that extraordiuary disclosure. The discoverer sat down to moan at the futility of his endeavours, and to decide upon what he should do next. On a sudden the veil of familiarity was rent asunder, and he could distinctly see into the window of

his neighbour's house on the opposite side of the way; then bounding up with a velocity the inspired only are capable of, in an instant he stood in the midst of the astonished family of David Morgan the cowkeeper. 'You,' said the inspired one, addressing himself to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan in particular, and the younger branches of the family in general, 'either must go to heaven or to hell!' Old David, as he is called, is no fool; no one was better acquainted with this fact than himself on the occasion alluded to. Yet he thought there would be no objection to taking the opinion of his communicative friend on that point, so finishing a pot of beer, a beverage he preferred to his own milk, he put the question, garnished with a few oaths commonly used by his fraternity in their communications with the cattle. The entranced shoemender heeded not his questioning, but stood fixed to the spot from whence he had delivered himself with up-cast eyes, and mumbling something between his teeth for some minutes. Having accomplished this tableaux greatly to his own satisfaction, he drew a chair to the fire, sat himself down with an evident attempt at the gentleman, and politely asked for a Bible. The Morgans could not reply to this piece of condescension by producing the Holy Book, that treasure not happening to be included in their household arrangements. This melancholy announcement caused a change for the worse to take place in the doleful countenance of the new-made saint. It was of a moment's duration, his stall, to use his own words, contained the treasure, the priceless pearl, the bright star of eternity, the candle of the Lord. And he shot himself home to fetch it, where, having aroused his half-starved apprentice from a pleasant sleep into which, by the kind interposition of his guardian angel, he had happily fallen, and again questioned him whether he had made up his mind as to which of the two places he would adopt for his future residence. The boy intimated his determination to have some dinner; unable to endure another word in reference to the flesh, the man of God made a second bound to the milk shop to look after the soul of the cowkeeper. A slight circumstance checked the ardour of his pursuit, the milkman taking advantage of his interesting friend's absence, had gone to the cowshed quietly to finish his pipe, and locked the door after him.

Our saint's perplexity may be better conceived than described: at first he thought of breaking down the barrier which stood in his way. He held his finger on the proof of what he had given out in the form of an assertion, and to be thus baulked of his victory was too much for his saintship. He cried out for admittance, he implored the inmates to allow him to place beyond a shadow of a doubt the truth of what he had stated with respect to the arrangements made for their future existence. 'Unhappy sinners,' he exclaimed, 'can you not spare a few short moments from the flesh?' He called upon the members of the family one by one; he assured the wife she might open the door in direct opposition to her husband's will, and the husband that in so doing he need not consult the wishes of his wife. Further, he urged the children to turn a deaf ear to both father and mother, stipulating to convince each and all of them that their conduct would be perfectly justifiable, being in accordance with the letter of the gospel. Mrs. Morgan pursued her household work, and made no reply. By this time a number of hungry and ragged urchins had assembled around him, forming a numerous but not over respectable audience; these became the next objects of the kind fellow's solicitations.

He found himself in the midst of a desperate little mob, young in years but old in sin. What should he do? He held aloft his Bible; they saw nothing worthy of note in that; he called them young sinners—they took the insinuation as a joke; he assured them the devil stood ready to devour them—they did not believe him; he poured blessings on their heads—they treated them with indifference; he offered to lay down his life for their salvation—they declined the offer; he tuned his voice for praise—they drowned it with comic songs and pelted him with dirt, till at length looking somewhat fatigued, by the unanimous wish of his audience and the particular desire of the policeman he went into his own home, congratulated himself on the successful termination of his battle with Beelzebub, and voted the necessary funds for the poster before-mentioned, containing the explicit announcement about the hereafter of his neighbours, further stating his intention of holding forth every Sabbath in a sort of barn, situate in Pig's Head-passage, Wardour-street. By way of postscript, he invited sinners to come and be saved. Having adjusted these little matters, he fell to work in the old shoe department, his rich and varied performance having occupied only three minutes over the half hour.

CHRISTOPHER.

Examination of the Press.

THE REPORT OF THE FOUR NIGHTS' PUBLIC DISCUSSION AT BRADFORD, between George J. Holyoake and John Bowes, on the Truth of Christianity and the Folly of Infidelity, &c.—Deeply interested in the great questions concerning the existence of God, his revelations to man, and our relations and duties to him, we opened with considerable avidity this 'Report.' We cannot say, however, that we have received from it much satisfaction, or any instruction. Mr. Holyoake, an avowed atheist of great notoriety within his own circles, does by no means manifest that calibre and grasp of mind, and that breadth of investigation, which we expected to find in the leader of an anti-theistic movement. He is remarkably behind his age in all departments, more especially of mental philosophy, and therefore everywhere assumes, without attempting to prove, the non-existence of immaterial substances. We were likewise surprised to find him so ignorant of the first principles of *geological statistics* as to say, 'Geology proves that we have been here—that the world has existed—*that men have existed thousands and thousands of years longer than the Bible gives us any account of*' (p. 61.) He might have added, without impairing his credit for veracity one iota, that geology proves that Mr. Holyoake himself debated with Mr. Bowes on atheism thousands of years before Adam was created. As to the speeches of Mr. Bowes, again, we feel sorry to say that they are far from being satisfactory. They do not, indeed, abound with that vituperative element with which he is so familiar; for the mild and gentlemanly deportment of his antagonist, the catholicity of his subjects, and above all, the apparent consciousness of his mind that he was moving in a sphere of thought in which he is by no means at home, seem to have imposed a curb upon his spirit. His reasonings are most inadequate, however, in a philosophical and logical point of view; and they certainly leave all Mr. Holyoake's great difficulties unsolved, and in general untouched. He has utterly failed, for example, to meet Mr. Holyoake's objection to the current teleological argument for the existence of God,—*the argument from the manifestation of design in the works of nature.* He seems also to think that he had shut up his antagonist by asking him, 'How came the idea of a great first cause into the world?'—an argument which amounts to this, that we cannot have any ideas at all, except such as have objective counterparts or archetypes beyond our minds. But by such an opinion all Mr. Holyoake's ideas would meet their verification in objective realities, and all Mr. Bowes's too, which, 'God forbid!' With the utmost unconsciousness, however, of the bearings of his views, he maintains, again and again, that 'ideas and names never existed about unseen (!!) and unknown (!) objects,' and thus not only takes part with the adherents of the long-ago exploded Cartesian theory that 'the idea of God is a proof of the existence of God,' but perils his cause by poising it on a one-sided and rash determination of the scholastic debates on realism and nominalism. We have no intention, however, to pursue the analysis of Mr. Bowes's argumentations. But we cannot refrain from noticing the summary way in which he settles the controversies which have for ages agitated the greatest of minds and even of Christianised minds. He says, for example, 'a succession of any kind cannot be eternal' (p. 41.) and thus, at a stroke, (whether in the midst of light or of darkness, let him say himself) settles the question regarding the nature of *eternal duration*, which certain great theologians and philosophers have, in express terms, defined to be 'an infinite succession.' Mr. Bowes was dealing with the idea that there cannot be *an infinite succession of causes and effects*, and waxing warm in his subject, ventures upon a generalisation of his principle, and then enunciates the axiom—'a succession of *any kind* cannot be eternal.' We

do not demur, at present, to his opinion on the subject, but we should certainly like to see him try his hand at a demonstration of its accuracy. Not only, however does Mr. Bowes thus cut with his sharp sword all the perplexing knots of metaphysics, he can afford to speak at times the most ludicrous nonsense, as, for example, when he says, 'That *which has the power to exist of itself (!)* has the power to produce what we see. That is just what I say, and that power is God, *who had the power to exist from all eternity'!!* The man who uses the word 'power' in this manner, and will yet dabble in philosophical questions, has need to learn the very first elements of correct thinking and speaking. Mr. Bowes, however, must needs overwhelm his antagonist with the names of illustrious theists, and hence he speaks of 'Cawley,' 'Berkley,' 'Seldon,' (p. 54,) &c., &c.; and when he ventures to refer to a great pantheist, he calls him 'Spinozo' (p. 134:) but all of these names, it is to be hoped, were mere slips of the pen. Verily it would be well for the great—the infinitely great cause of theism and Christianity, if Mr. Bowes *et hoc genus omne* would learn so to think that they would not injure and tarnish the most holy and important of truths by their miserable defences.—*Christian News*, Oct. 24, 1850.

The Roman Gig—When some young Esculapian hero seeks for practice upon human beings in a new locality, he begins operations cautiously. He gets a case or two; establishes in a few families some confidence in his ability to cure; and then ambition says—Shall he set up a gig? Prudence will often whisper that he can't afford it yet. But then speculation interposes—'If you would stand well with the world, appear to prosper. Talk of your increasing duties, drive to and fro, give parties, keep a tiger. People will take some notice of you then. Be visible.' A dash is made accordingly, and the *Gazette* inserts a little memorandum of the ultimate result. Now, so far as business in this country is concerned, the Church of Rome is premature in setting up its gig. We offer no objection. We can tolerate a Cardinal of Rome as readily as an M.D. of Padua. But Mrs Grundy cannot; and in this case Mrs Grundy should have been consulted.—*Examiner*, No. 2,230

Mr. Holyoake at the Educational Conference.—The *Christian Times*, in noticing the meeting, states that 'the good New England pastor (Dr. Bacon), while discoursing so complaisantly of the operation of the secular education system in his own land, could have had but little idea of the party by whom that system is chiefly patronised in England. It was probably unknown to him, that one of the persons who took part in the conference is a zealous propagator of atheism through the periodical press, and has suffered imprisonment for blasphemy!' Our contemporary further observes :—'It is worthy of special notice that the editor of the *Westminster Review* presided, and announced that Mr. Edward Lombe—whose sentiments respecting Divine Revelation are well known—had presented the funds of the Association with £500.'—*The Witness*, No. 1163. [Will our friend W. S., who favours us with this notice, see that the editor of the *Witness* has a copy of the last *Reasoner*, which will show him the reason of our adherence to Secular Education? We will take care of the *Christian Times*.—Ed.]

Danger from the Priesthood.—Experience has shown that neither the Catholic spirit, the scientific truth, the generous morale, nor the historical honesty of education are safe, unless all priesthood be kept at arm's length. No matter to what priesthood education is enslaved, so that it be enslaved to some priesthood. There must be a qualified rider for these school races. He need not wear the mitre, though that is preferred; the Cardinal's hat or the plain black coat will do —the spiritual Jockey Club has various insignia; but some badge of Babylon must be shown, and then up and mount. No paid office in any way connected with public education should be held by any one in holy orders or pretended holy orders—Publicola, in *Weekly Dispatch*, Nov. 2nd.

Reasoner Tracts.

THE MORAL WORTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY ATHEOS.

In the 'Phases of Faith,' by Francis William Newman, you will find objections stated to the often asserted moral worth of Christianity.*

Arguments against the moral worth of Christianity may be divided under two heads. Under the first head objections may be made against the theory of Christianity; under the second, objections may be taken against the morality of Jesus.

The scheme of Christianity is, that the world was made by an omnipotent, omniscient, and benevolent deity, to be peopled by him with a race of beings to supply the void created by the fallen angels.

We may stop to inquire why an omnipotent, omniscient, and benevolent deity, should have allowed his angels to go astray? why he should have punished them after letting them go astray, and why he should have converted them into irreconcileable enemies? I take it, that benevolence is the foundation of all morality; in other words, love and its attendant attributes, mercy and forgiveness, long suffering and kindness. Deity was omniscient and omnipotent, and he knew and he willed that his angels should be bad, and that they should become to all eternity objects of vengeance and of punishment. Misery therefore was to be the future contemplation of this being. Shall we not say, then, that the deity of Christianity, in the first instance, was not a benevolent but a malevolent impersonation? If he was the author of malevolence and not of benevolence, he was not the origin of morality but of immorality. This starting point in appreciating the moral worth of Christianity, does not give a presentiment in favour of further dispensations of divinity and morality. When the world and everything good in it was given to our first parents they were perfect in all respects but one, which wanting, entirely destroyed the work of the creator and the end proposed. All his benevolence depended on what he foresaw and foreknew without providing against, and which, therefore, turned out an event of malevolence. Tracing things humanly, our first parents (and in them we) suffered from the original sin and immorality of the creator, who made his angels bad, did not forgive them, in consequence of which we became victims of the enmity and retaliation existing between them.

It does not appear moral to affix such a weight of punishment as death to such a trifle as stealing an apple. It does not appear moral to give a temptation which it is known cannot be resisted. It does not appear moral to do anything of which evil may come. Already Deity had had full experience in the angels. We did not ask to fill their places. He had better have obeyed the laws of morality. He would have removed from his kingdom the sorry spectacle of suffering, would not have had recourse to sundry dispensations, counteracted by an enemy or enemies to whom he

* Atheos sent a copy to the office for the purpose of verification.—Ed.

never showed any wish to be reconciled. An immoral being, such as Almighty God is painted, is really an object of compassion. Seen from the point of view in which we have regarded him, his life, as known to us, has been one series of misfortunes. Deserted by his old angels, he would not, or he could not, ever make up with them; he could not make new ones, and was ever receiving annoyances from those he had turned into enemies, his time only passed in tormenting them. Pleasure, they say, is the *summum bonum*, in the sense that virtue is the chief good, the exercise of benevolence repaying itself in the satisfaction of the giver. The giver of all goodness Christians call God; but surely they have shown him leading a life of malignity—an unhappy being who could never have tasted pleasure since he has been revealed to us. Having the experience he had of the devil, why did God allow him to enter the world? If he could not help it, why did he place a tree in the garden, which by man eating the fruit thereof, transferred the property in man to the devil? Why it was tempting the devil as well as man, which surely was not a moral occupation of the Deity. Instead of pity from this point of view, we cannot contemplate the creator without feelings of moral indignation. If we allow God to be omnipotent and omniscient, he could have prevented and given his grace to his angels in the first instance, or made them repent of their revolt and become an instance of his mercy and glory after their impotence was shown; we must, therefore, ascribe to malignity and immorality his subsequent treatment of the devils. Our idea of justice is not only in the punishment of criminals, it also pertains to the prevention of crime, to the repentance of the guilty, and their reclamation to society. Then if God did not prevent, punished out of all proportion, did not seek for repentance or hold out any hope of restoration to celestial society, he was unjust. If he was unjust, he was immoral. What should we say of a judge who tormented criminals, did not restrain them, but let them loose to make more criminals, and then punished the new converts to crime with the same punishment as the old criminals? Was it moral in the creator of mankind and disposer of events to hold out as the only alleviation to the misery of the fallen angels the prospect of making recruits among mankind to stock hell? Was it moral to make mankind for that purpose? Yet in the divine interpretation of divinity that was his design. A better hand than mine—the great Defoe, in his 'Robinson Crusoe,' for the instruction of youth—has handled this very subject. The state of the case is argued by Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, in a book which, Mr. Editor, I gave you, that the conversation might be given to the readers of the *Reasoner*, and which I think might be appropriately referred to here.*

When Paine said he could not believe in the Old Testament because it made God so immoral, Bishop Watson answered that nature was so too, and that God made nature. Butler's analogy is to the same effect; the freaks of Christianity are justified and attempted to be made credible by apparent eccentricities attributed to the author of nature. But it will not do; Christianity in its origin and history is immoral and unnatural. Having mentioned Paine, it would be as well to refer the reader to his glowing account of the immoralities of the old dispensation, which were to give moral worth to the new dispensation, or Christianity. This is also touched upon by Newman, in his 'Phases of Faith.' Having saved Noah and his family, and having given up the world again to vice and the devil, God selected one nation out of it, and according to Christians and the Jews' account of themselves, God was as unfortunate in his selection of them as he was in his angels and making of man. His pleasure still seemed to be punishment, and the fulfilment of his intentions only seemed to be in men doing wrong, in doing what the devil bid them, or what God bid the devil do to them. In all of it we can see nothing but injustice towards

* The reader will find it in No. 11, Vol. IX.—Ed.

man, a bad foundation for the moral worth of Christianity.

The atonement is the great feature of Christianity, by which its moral value may be judged.

The moral worth of this atonement has not been great to the world. All the advantages of it are promised prospectively, upon conditions various and difficult to comprehend, upon faith and upon conduct, each in themselves contradictory in their directions. The Jews were misled by their revelation, and so may the Christians be. According to the condemnation of each other by different sects, how many will be saved, how many are right? None! They are all wrong. We ask whether this was moral in Christianity and its author?

Dr. Blair says, in one of his sermons, 'That the death of Christ was the interposition of heaven for preventing the ruin of mankind.' And he further tells us that he 'discerns, in this plan of redemption, the evil of sin strongly exhibited; and the justice of the Divine government awfully exemplified in Christ suffering for sinners.' But Thomas Paine rejects the whole doctrine, because the eternal evidence is opposed to it; and he roundly declares that it 'has for its basis, an idea of pecuniary justice, and not that of moral justice. If,' he continues, 'I owe a person money, and cannot pay him, and he threatens to put me in prison, another person can take the debt upon himself, and pay it for me; but if I have committed a crime, every circumstance of the case is changed—moral justice cannot take the innocent for the guilty, even if the innocent would offer itself.' And the practical application of this idea actually takes the pecuniary form, in the Roman Catholic Church where the priest grants the penitent absolution generally on payment of current coin, or what suits them better, land. Mr. Francis Newman, in his 'Phases of Faith,' thus argues the question of the atonement. He was horrified and amazed at his Calvinistic notions of the atonement, and at its injustice; and he had abandoned the notion that by the 'vicarious agonies' of Christ we were to be saved. He had arrived at a resting point, and concluded that 'the *death* of Christ is our atonement.' 'Nevertheless,' he continues, 'my own view seemed more and more unmeaning the more closely it was interrogated. When I ascribed death to Christ, what did death mean? and what or whom did I suppose to die? Was it man that died or God? If man only, how was that wonderful, or how did it concern us? Besides, persons die, not natures; a *nature* is only a collection of properties: if Christ was one person, all Christ died. Did then God die and man remain alive? For God to become non-existent, is an unimaginable absurdity. But is this death a mere change of state, a renunciation of earthly life? Still it remains unclear now the parting with mere human life could be, to one who possesses a divine life, either an atonement or a humiliation. Was it not rather an escape from humiliation, saving only the mode of death?'

I was reading the other day an account of the Mormons, who give us only another edition of Christianity, but who are separated from the main body of Christians on these very points—the sin of Adam being attributed to us, and the want of universality promised by the new dispensation. Joseph Smith accordingly promulgated a new revelation, in which he made Christ, after his crucifixion in Judea, reappear in America. The Mormon creed says, 'We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression. We believe that through the atonement of Christ all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the gospel.' The Rev. Henry Caswell, who has given an account of the Mormons, heard a sermon on Mormon doctrine by a preacher at Nauvoo. 'He began by stating the importance of forming correct views of the character of God. The common opinion respecting God made him an unjust God, a partial God, a cruel God, a God worthy only of hatred—in fact, the greatest devil in the universe. People in general had been traditioned to suppose that divine revelation was confined to the old-fashioned book called the Bible—a book principally written in Asia, by

Jews, and suited to peculiar circumstances and peculiar classes. On the other hand, they supposed that this vast continent of America had been destitute of all revelation for five thousand years, until Columbus discovered it, and the good, pious, precise puritans brought over with them from England, some two hundred years since, that precious old book called the Bible. Now God had promised to judge all men without respect of persons. If, therefore, the American aborigines had never received a revelation, and were yet to be judged together with the Jews and the Christians, God was most horribly unjust; and he, for his part, would never love such a God —he could only hate him. He said there was a verse somewhere in the Bible which stated that Christ had redeemed men by his blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and had made them unto God kings and priests. But in America there were the ruins of vast cities, and wonderful cities, which proved that great and civilised nations had formerly existed on this continent. If the Bible was true, therefore God must have had priests and kings among those nations, and numbers of them must have been redeemed by the blood of Christ. Revelations from God must, consequently, have been granted to them. The Old and New Testaments were therefore only portions of the revelations of God, and not a complete revelation, nor were they designed to be so. Am I to believe, said he, that God would cast me or anybody else into hell, without first giving me a revelation ?'

Enough has been given to show that it was the immorality of the scheme of Christianity at which so many revolted, and were ready to join a Joe Smith who appealed to this feeling. It was to amend this immorality he preached a new revelation; as to the superstition, that was already made, and he had only to add to it by another revelation.

Horace Walpole (speaking of China) says, 'This China is indeed a bad dose; hundreds of millions are there seen who have never heard of Christ or Judæa! Even the Salvator Mundi died to no purpose!—only to save the hundred part of a fraction! What an insult to the faith! We ought to have a crusade against those Chinese, and baptise them in their blood, by all means—the shocking infidels.'—*Walpoliana.*

'Clear as the sun at noon-day' is a proverb. Christianity should have been as manifest as this luminary to the world, instead of being, to use Scripture phraseology, a candle under a bushel. If ignorance of the existence of Christianity be attended with damnation, Christianity is morally responsible for it. But Christianity is no revelation. The moral worth of Christianity in its scheme is nought. Morality, as manners between men, has been known to the world ever since it has been known to know anything.

As the licence is conceded the Unitarians of talking of Christ as a man, the liberty may be allowed us of speaking of Christianity with that freedom with which we should be permitted to speak of Paganism or Mahometanism. We know of no other in which the moral worth of Christianity can be fairly tried. We have put it to this test. If any shall be pained with the remarks we have here made, let them remember the point of sight from which we have looked at the subject of this tract.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

REPLY TO J. D. PARRY, M.A., CAMBRIDGE.

Sir,—A correspondent in No. 231, whose signature is J. D. Parry, M.A., proposes several of those difficulties and objections which in some shape or other have beset the path of every earnest thinker in his progress from supernaturalism to an atheistical termination of doubt. With the fullest appreciation and sympathy for those painful workings of intense thought of which he speaks, I will venture to offer him a helping hand to clear away those well-remembered obstructions, which doubtless in time he would himself have removed unaided.

I shall meet the objections in succession as they occur in his letter. The question is of theism.

He says, 'If it could be proved that all things have been as now from eternity, it would not be at all a conclusive argument to me for atheism, because there might have been an eternal presiding and guiding power. I know no argument against this.' On this sentence I shall make three remarks.

1st. The question is not whether there *might* be a God. There might be a sea serpent a hundred yards long—perhaps there is: sceptical naturalists do not attempt to prove that no such being can possibly exist, but only that we have no trustworthy evidence of its existence, and that the various accounts of the monster's appearance are either highly suspicious, or can be explained away. In the same manner the atheist does not attempt to prove that there cannot possibly be a God, but to prove that there are no signs in nature of such an existence, and that there is no necessity or reason for supposing such a creating, guiding, or sustaining power.

2nd. 'If it could be proved that all things have been as now from eternity,' and a God is still to be retained, but only as a 'presiding and guiding power,' it is obvious that he is no longer an Almighty or infinite being. Matter is his equal, and in some sense his superior. He did not create it, and of course cannot annihilate it. If he did not create it, matter must possess positive properties, which are positive powers; and as the extent of these powers cannot be estimated or limited by any data or rule in our possession, it is difficult to imagine why such a secondary and superfluous being as this God, 'presiding' over an eternal material universe, the inherent powers of which he did not contrive and cannot destroy, should be introduced into the system of nature at all. Such a 'might be' God is no more worthy of consideration than any other 'might be.' There might be a bogie, an ogre, a dragon, a devil, or a sea serpent a hundred yards long; and it is as impossible to prove the non-existence of any one of these as of this constitutional monarch, or president of the uncreated eternal universe.

3rd. The atheist does not maintain that 'all things have existed as now from eternity,' or even that our earth has existed from all eternity, but that the material universe has existed from all eternity, and that there never was a state of nothing. The universe is eternal, matter is indestructible, not the smallest atom can be lost or annihilated; but since we everywhere perceive the incessant action of propagation and death, of decomposition and reproduction, we may well conclude that no definite shape or form in the universe is immortal or unchangeable. Although as yet no phenomena warn us or lead us to fear the near approach of such a catastrophe, yet we can conceive that a regular succession of causes may in time effect

the destruction in its present form of that aggregation of elements, which a former succession of causes collected into the planet which we call the earth.

No atheist therefore is precluded from agreeing with your correspondent and the geologists, 'that this globe of ours had, as to its present state, a commencement.' The question is open for discussion, and for any further lights which science may throw upon it.

'There are a thousand beautiful adaptations, clever, too, it must be conceded, in this orb—adapting power—for there must have been *sentience* somewhere, impossible to escape from that conclusion—what? Chance, accident, luck, fortunate cohesion of atoms,' may be dismissed in the words of your correspondent as 'colloquial nonentities,' but his 'adapting power,' in my opinion, deserves a similar fate. It is a mere begging the question, a forcible introduction of a phantom to cut the Gordian knot, which, in all probability, imperfect human nature will never be able to untie. In this matter-of-fact and inexorably-natural universe all things must shake themselves into their places according to the laws of nature. Rivers run in their beds to the sea, and not up hill; we see that those superficial excrescences, the mountains, have, for the most part, sloping sides: now we do not say that certain mountains are beautifully adapted by an express supernatural act for human ascent and descent, or that rivers are beautifully adapted to run in beds to the sea instead of up hill—but we are content to know that large masses of earth naturally resolve themselves into slopes, and that water is obedient to certain well-known laws. Nowhere do we perceive any supernatural interference, and it is not a whit more reasonable to apply the deistical term 'adaptation' or 'contrivance' to the more complicated phenomena of nature, a man for instance, than to the more simple, such as a river or a mountain. Granting the hypothesis that there once was a first man, his appearance in the universe is no more to be wondered at, or deemed a miraculous adaptation, than that of the appearance by birth of the infant son of Mrs. Smith to-day, which most people will allow happened from natural causes. The natural cause of the first man's existence is unknown; but is it therefore reasonable to conjure up a supernatural cause?

'The fact of man's being an eminently designing being, is some proof to me that he was produced and directed by a greater designer still.' And surely your God is an 'eminently designing being, which is some proof that he was produced by a greater designer still,' and so on *ad infinitum*. The design argument overwhelms itself with phantom designers, and falls self-refuted.

The discovery of unalterable facts and latent powers of nature by human intelligence, and their adaptation to purposes of utility, can prove nothing more than the existence of human intellect. Fire and water *do* naturally produce steam—that is a great fact; man has adapted the power of steam to mechanism—mechanism itself the product of natural human intellect and strenth exercised upon matter according to its inherent properties and powers.

Your correspondent says that he does not think 'that stone-masons, carpenters, carvers, and a host of others, connected or unconnected, could have erected St. Paul's without Sir Christopher Wren.' Nor do I think so, nor do we find undesigned cathedrals, or any other human contrivances, existing in nature; but we *do* find suns, and planets, and men, and trees existing, and as the unfounded hypothesis of a creator or contriver involves a thousand contradictions and absurdities (independent of the logical necessity of an infinite succession of contrivers as soon as one is introduced), we must patiently continue our inquiry into nature by the inductive process, and never think to clear up natural difficulties by the invention of a supernatural impossibility. UNDECIMUS.

BRISTOL NOTABILIÆ.

Sir,—At a recent meeting of the Bristol Church Union, at which a very large number of Church of England ministers and influential laymen were present, the Rev. Richard Ward said, 'So help him God, his belief was that the Churches of Rome and England *were one and the same church.*' The rev. gentleman has since explained that he did not use this expression in the form of an oath. A Tractarian resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority—the consequence of which was that the Low Church party seceded, and formed another society. The Bristol Young Men's Society formerly had a religious test for membership, under which a president of the Socialist body here was refused admission some years since. They announce, in their last report, that 'The constitution of the society has undergone some important alterations, which it is earnestly hoped will considerably augment its utility. The purpose of these alterations was *to divest it of all the peculiar characteristics of a religious society,* by rendering no particular shade of religious opinion or belief a requisite qualification for membership.' They recently discussed the question, 'Ought there to be a law against blasphemy?' and I have no doubt decided in the negative. I could not attend, unfortunately. You (G. J. H.) lectured in their room when last here.—A Mr. John Holmes—a gentleman of large means and charitable disposition, though somewhat irritable and passionate, due in a great measure, I understand, to acute physical suffering—lately determined to enlarge and beautify Gideon Chapel here. Instead, however, of appearing in the matter himself, he got the pastor, the Rev. C. Brake, to be personally responsible to the trades people. Well, the work was done, and Mr. Holmes paid the money, upwards of £1000. It was subsequently determined to purchase another house or two, by which to enlarge the school, &c. This was done, and Mr. H. paid the purchase money, intending and directing Mr. Brake to have the property invested in the name of trustees for the benefit of the chapel in perpetuity. Now, as there were certain alterations requisite to make this property of use to the chapel, Mr. Holmes, as before, got the Rev. Mr. Brake to be responsible for the cost, upon the understanding that he was not to bear any more real liability in this case than in the chapel case. The money, in fact, was paid by Mr. Holmes as a sort of loan to the chapel, with the understanding that it would never be asked for during his life or after his death. Mr. Holmes was seventy-two years of age, in declining health, and *the cholera was raging;* Mr. Brake had no legal security that the £600 or £700 thus loaned would not be demanded by Mr. H.'s executors, should he die soon, so, like a prudent man, instead of having the houses vested in trustees for the benefit of the chapel, *he had them conveyed to himself.* This 'want of faith in one continually preaching it,' as Mr. Holmes phrases it, appears to have greatly incensed him, and he has sued Mr. B. for the money. In anticipation of the trial, however, the two parties have been carrying on a newspaper warfare on the subject. The passage respecting the cholera, &c., is taken from the deacons' defence of their pastor. Mr. Holmes, in reply to the deacons, says he pointed out to Mr. Brake the conveyance of the property to himself (Mr. B.), when Mr. Brake affected great surprise, and said 'it is a mistake of the lawyer's.' The lawyer, however, declares that he had his instructions from Mr. B. to that effect, and that he also charged *him* with the costs, also at his own desire. Mr. Holmes further states that 'it was a singular circumstance that he had never taken up the cause of a minister, with one exception, but he had turned round and taken advantage of him.'—At the Church Pastoral Aid Society (Oct. 15), the infidel, popish, tractarian, and lawless (as exemplified in Sunday excursion

trains) tendency of the times was the theme of nearly all the speakers, and was brought out with singular prominence. The chairman, J. S. Harford, Esq., LL.D., spoke of a 'large class of their fellow-countrymen, left to themselves, abandoned, as it were, to their own fate, little cared for by their own employers, except as instruments for creating and amassing wealth, in their time cared little for the institutions of their beloved country, from the throne downwards (hear). Thus circumstanced, how could it be wondered at that they lent a ready ear to those abettors and aiders of infidel and seditious principles who were actively at work among them, and imbibed under their influence strong impressions that government was tyranny, and the rich were robbers, and that the church was a mere hypocritical device for bringing up a large body of clergy in luxury and idleness.' The report said, 'When infidelity is becoming more active, when fanaticism is becoming more wild, when Sabbath desecration is becoming more open, when popery is becoming more bold, surely the advocates of Bible truth ought not to shrink from the struggle. If the servants of Christ are not roused to a sense of their responsibilities, and if they come not forward at a crisis like the present with greater sacrifices, there can be no reasonable hope that the united tides of infidelity, popery, and lawlessness will be rolled back. There is a mighty struggle going on —the powers of darkness are leagued together to root out and to destroy true religion from our beloved country. There is infidelity scattering its poison amongst our people. There is fanaticism disseminating its unholy dogmas. There is mammon trampling under its feet the law of the Sabbath, and there is the Man of Sin showing himself openly in our streets, and erecting his idolatrous temples throughout the land.' Charles Pinney, Esq., said, 'They must declare themselves ready to go to the stake for their protestantism, if they would contest with popery, or that still greater and wider-spreading danger, infidelity.' Lord Teignmouth 'dwelt upon the prevalence of infidelity and popery in the country, against which the utmost exertions of all Christians should be directed;' and the Rev. J. Hensman moved a resolution to the effect that the spread of popery, infidelity, and lawlessness, was calculated to excite feelings of abasement before God, and called for more frequent and earnest prayer on all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. W. C.

THE ORGAN OF VENERATION AND THE PHRENOLOGISTS.

Sir,—A certain Mr. Skelton, writing some fifteen years ago upon the science of phrenology, after calling it a system of materialism, proceeds to say—'Banishment from his native land was but a just sentence to pass on Dr. Gall; it was his due reward as the disseminator of such a doctrine.' The history of the battles which have been fought between science and theology possesses deep interest for thinkers generally, and above all for freethinkers. Phrenology, like most of the modern sciences, was denounced in its early days by the priests—it was branded as materialism, and held up to ridicule. But, as it has happened with many of the other sciences, that which at first was a determined enemy of religion, became not only unopposed to it, but even (according to theologians) a staunch friend of its former foe. Deists, casting about on all sides to find convincing proofs of the existence of a God, after surveying the stars, after losing themselves in space, after watching spiders and examining flowers, at last, with a triumphant air, took possession of our heads. The organ of veneration! That's it! The long-sought proof is found at last. Veneration must have something to venerate. That something?—is God! However, it might be suggested that because we pos-

sess an organ of veneration it is not a necessary consequence that we should venerate a God. There is a legitimate and illegitimate sphere of action for all our organs. Destructiveness and combativeness are highly useful organs to possess, if kept within certain bounds; but, if we let them run wild, as many do their veneration, the consequences would be truly awful.

To argue, because we possess an organ of veneration, that there is therefore a God to venerate, is surely assuming that which ought to be proved. Being endowed with that faculty, we honour brave deeds, we respect great men, we venerate those who are martyrs for the good of mankind. Beyond this we cannot go. We may (as the Venus of Praxiteles is said to have been formed) take the chief virtues of the virtuous, the chief beauties of the beautiful, and, having done so, form them into one great conception called God; we may, if we please, fall down and worship our conception—but we are not a whit nearer an explanation of the phenomena of the universe. In looking over a phrenological chart, I find it stated that the organ of veneration, when very largely developed, leads to a belief in many fantastic things, viz., spirits, ghosts, &c. Now, it will be observed that the standard of development is taken from our present standard of religious belief. The said organ is called over-active when it leads to a belief in hobgoblins, &c., it is said to be moderate when it tallies with the generally accepted notions on theology. It is defined thus because phrenologists were forced to take the standard from men as they found them. But if, in course of time, the majority of mankind were to become materialists, all such as believed in a being apart from the material universe would be said to have the organ of veneration too much developed. It is extremely probable that ignorance caused disease in the brains of our forefathers; they have transmitted it to us; and thus it may be truly said, that a want of knowledge first made God. In short, it appears much more likely that the organ of veneration made God, than that God made the organ of veneration. SILESCAM.

FOURTH THOUSAND OF 'PALEY REFUTED IN HIS OWN WORDS.'

In consequence of the numerous discussions upon 'Paley Refuted' which have lately taken place, and the pamphlets issued in reply to it, it has been necessary to issue another edition, which is now ready for delivery to the trade.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square—November 24th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.' 26th [8] Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Astronomy.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Nov. 26th [7], a Lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Nov. 26th [11½ a.m.,] W. J. Fox, M.P., 'Christ.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road. — Nov. 26th [7½], Mr. C. Southwell will Lecture.

Essex Coffee House, 42½, Church St., Bethnal Green.—Nov. 24 [7½], W. W. Broom, 'Life and Works of Robert Bloomfield.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road. —Nov. 24th [11 a.m.], Mr. C. Bradlaugh, 'Christ an Infidel.' [7 p.m.], a Lecture.

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Illustrative Notices.

RECENTLY, when a metropolitan congregation began singing the National Anthem, the clergyman stopped them on account of the impropriety of the language in some of the stanzas. We have a paraphrase of it, written by Mr. Snowball, of Northumberland, dedicated to Arthur Trevelyan, which we intend presenting to our readers next week. It will be printed uniform with the *Reasoner*, and a copy given with each number.

A Complimentary Party was given to Mr. Barnes, at the Literay Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, an Wednesday evening last, Nov 13, by the members of the Institution. Mr. C. Green presided, and was supported by Mr. Thomas Cooper, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, and others. After a complimentary speech, the chairman handed to Mr. Barnes a gold pencil case, bearing the following inscription:—'Presented to Charles Barnes, as an acknowledgment of his long and valuable services to the members of the John Street Institution. Nov. 13, 1850.'

Mr. Thomas Cooper, at John-street, in his peroration, Sunday evening before last—touched the Popish question—affirmed that freethinkers might win the battle against the extremest Popery—a large, if not a splendid building in the metropolis was one of the desiderata for the fight—one in which all of the intellectual that Catholics adopt should be used—organ, choir, stringed instruments, drums (even) and trumpets—pomp of Handel, sweetness of Haydn, richness of Mozart, sublimity of Beethoven—instruction and eloquence—but none of the painted doll, the petticoated priest, the incense, the smoke, and stench. W. D Saull sprang up so soon as the burst of plaudits ceased, and said, 'I will give £500 to raise such a building'—Peter Ludgate said, 'I will give £100'—another said he would give £20; several named £5, and voices were heard naming smaller sums, when Mr. Cooper said, 'We will not do this in excitement; for the present we will close; documents shall be prepared and presented to you; aud, be it understood, *this work shall be done.*'

Mr. J. R. Young supplies this instance of a trade conscience:—'I know a bookseller and stationer who has supplied one, if not more, of his customers with the *Reasoner* and the 'Purgatory of Suicides,' and who, some weeks ago, printed cards of admission for Thomas Cooper's orations in this city; but, when applied to for permission to have these self-same tickets sold in his shop, refused, and for what reason, think you? O! Orthodoxy, blush for thy child!—"because he could not *conscientiously* do so."'

A story is told in the *Philadelphia Courier* of a rough sea captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: 'Oh, Lord! I haven't been in the habit of calling upon Thee often; and if you'll shift the wind from sou'-east to a leetle more sou', I won't trouble you ag'in!'

Philo Veritas, Sunderland.—If opportunity occurs we shall use his reply to Mr. Parry.....J. Walker, Sheffield.—The work is not yet out.

RECEIVED.—'Explanatory Dialogue of the advantages of the People's Co-operative Benefit Society.'—'The Perverted Parable,' by J. Panton Ham.—The *Witness*, Nov. 6.—The *Brighton Herald*, Nos. 2329-30.—'The Secular, the Religious, and the Theological. Theology in Owens College.'—Samuel Pooley.—William Gall.—Thomas Burnley.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

A WEEK IN NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S PROVINCIAL REPORTS.]

NEWCASTLE has the Tyne and the High Level Bridge—the one interesting in nature, the other wonderful in art; but why it should not be content with these, other towns may be disposed to inquire. Why should it also possess the most active population of the queendom? There is more public life and intellectual activity in Newcastle than in any other two towns. To other towns I should say there ought to be a committee of inquiry into the matter.

On the first night of my lecture I explained to the audience that the reason of my absence when previously advertised was owing to exhaustion induced by too constant speaking and travelling, that I now make it a rule to speak only alternate nights, which obliges me to increase my expenses, but it insures my health, which I see every day additional reasons for not destroying. The next ten years will present so much to be done, in which I should like to take part, that I shall not consent to die unless particularly requested.

The Rev. Mr. Rutherford sent me a letter explaining that his engagements did not allow him to meet me at that time. The debate with him was therefore frustrated. As early as I could, I called upon him, and explained the reasons on which a debate with him would be useful to the public. In a short time I shall address him a public letter upon the subject. I sought an opportunity of hearing him preach; his sermon quite equalled my expectation. Had he a critical friend, he would make a great preacher.

The Rev. Mr. Green did not appear. After my lecture I refused to hear any of the laity until the fullest opportunity had been afforded the clergy of coming forward, if so disposed. Some time ago I was told that the Rev. Mr. Green would incur physical injury by the excitement of debate. Such a cause for declining was legitimate. But now I was told he was well able, but his church refused him permission. On a former occasion the veteran priest bravely came upon the platform in answer to Mr. Gunn's remark, that it seemed to him that the clergy were afraid to come into debate. 'I am not afraid,' exclaimed the heroic old minister; and everybody, myself among the number, applauded him heartily as he stepped on the platform. He then challenged me in distinct terms, and played the champion haughtily. But not to fulfil this promise!—to shrink from his own challenge! Oh! what a falling off is here. After accepting the public applause for the chivalry of his challenge, I cannot understand how a man of honour can hold back. What notions must his church have to demand his retreat? In such a case, the Rev. Mr. Green's character is in his own hands. His church has a right no doubt to his services, but has no right to consume his reputation.

When before in Newcastle, Mr. Stringer, the Secretary of the Young Men's

Christian Association, took credit to themselves for challenging me. Mr. Stringer spoke to me privately, and in such apparent good faith that I never doubted that they would meet me. They asked me if I would meet a gentleman whom they would put forward. I answered yes. Going down to redeem my pledge, I received a note from Mr. Stringer thus expressed :—

'Newcastle and Gateshead Young Men's Christian Association.

'Dear Sir,—In reply to your note, I beg to inform you that, having held a discussion with Mr. C. Southwell since you were here, I decline entering upon the question; and should have conveyed this intimation sooner, but that I was anxious to consult a few friends previous to writing you.

'Dear Sir, yours truly,

'A. STRINGER.'

What Mr. Stringer meeting Mr. C. Southwell had to do with meeting me I know not, nor in what way that can exonerate him from his unconditional promise to me, nobody knows. After being pledged by the Rev. Mr. Rutherford, the Rev. Mr. Green, and Mr. Stringer to meet them, I was put under the responsibility of preserving myself at liberty to meet them. My engagements are modified accordingly. Offers, however profitable and agreeable personally, are refused, in order that I may be free. Yet, at the end of all, I find one opponent cannot meet me because I will not yield to the provision made by his committee to starve while I debate. The second opponent entrusts his conscience to the keeping of his vestry, who will not liberate it. The third has met somebody else. This is not a flattering account to render of Christian guarantees.

No clergyman putting in an appearance, I accepted a challenge from Mr. John Mills, late Unitarian Missionary of Leeds, on these subjects—

1. Is there a God?
2. Is man a religious being?
3. Viewed as a moral and religious teacher, is Jesus of Nazareth a suitable example for modern reformers?

The arrangements were signed on my behalf by Mr. A. Gunn, on behalf of Mr. Mills by Mr. A. Guthrie.

Mr. Mills proposed to debate whether Christ was the greatest teacher on record. This I refused to discuss, saying it did not matter to me whether he was the greatest or the *least* on record—but was he a suitable example to follow in 1850. Professors of history only could settle the first question; upon the moral and political one we might throw some light. Mr. Mills acquiesced, and it was rendered as above recited. Contrary to my wish, this involved me in extra nights of speaking, but there was no help for it.

Mr. Mills was a very gentlemanly opponent, with Unitarian ideas and Unitarian tones. The peculiarity of his position was that he would not say whether God was personal or impersonal. When I pressed him with the consequences of his indecision, showing him that if God was not personal he could not be our Father, could not afford repose for our affections; and if not impersonal, he was too indefinite to debate upon; that if Mr. Mills had not made up his judgment on the subject, he was not in a condition to enter into the discussion. When pressed thus, he only replied that 'I was not going to catch him that way. He knew from my writings that I loved nothing so well as to get a man to say something definite, and then I fixed him on that; but he was not so to be caught.' At such good-natured simplicity the meeting could not help but laugh. Of course, if he was resolved to say nothing definite, he had resolved not to instruct us, not to debate —in fine, not to oppose me, as indefinite things would not answer his purpose at all.

My narrative exceeds the space this week available, I shall therefore resume some details next week, and take now the Newcastle press. The *Gateshead Observer*, of Nov. 9th, had this paragraph :—'Is it not lamentable that we should witness, at the close of the first half of the century, a "revival" of the savagery and bigotry of "the fifth of November," fomented by professed ministers and followers of the Founder of Christianity? Are we to have a new outbreak, under ecclesiastical auspices, of the Church and King riots which disgraced the close of the eighteenth century? Surely our clergy might find better employment for their time, when we have "Atheism Defended" by the Press, and, in our public halls, the affirmative maintained of the proposition uttered by the "fool in his heart," "There is no God!"'

Upon reading this, I addressed the following letter to the editor :—

'Sir,—Will you permit a stranger to justify himself against the serious imputation in which you have indulged in one of your leading articles of Saturday last? Do you think it right to class with the revival of the "savagery and bigotry of the fifth of November," the quiet defence of Atheism, entertained in sincerity and maintained without ascerbity? Do you think it right, while justly lamenting that the followers of the Founder of Christianity are wanting in good taste and good will, to impute to those, not so fortunate as yourself in perceiving the existence of God, the temper of the "fool" as the only source of their difference of opinion?

'I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

'George Jacob Holyoake.'

In the next number of his *Observer* he gave it insertion, adding the following remarks :—'The "classification" is Mr. Holyoake's—not ours. He will see, on a second perusal, that we instituted no comparison. We certainly agree with the Psalmist as to the "folly" of Atheism; but that agreement was not expressed, we trust, in unbecoming terms. To impute "foolishness" is no impeachment of the "temper," any more than to say that a man is blind or deaf. And, to us, blindness and deafness, and an inability to perceive the existence of a God, stand in the same category; but the last is incomparably the greatest infirmity of the three. We therefore compassionate the sincere atheist—not blame or rebuke him.—Ed. *G. O.*'

The language of which I complained has much more rudeness than when diluted into the mere imputation of 'foolishness.' We accept the modified accusation, and thank the editor for so much justice as he has done us; but we must say that the coolness which puts down the difference of opinion on a religious question to 'blindness' is an immodesty which men are never guilty of except in defending creeds.

Of a new pamphlet, published at fourpence, entitled 'The Logic of Atheism,' and issued in Newcastle in reply 'to Mr. Holyoake's pretended refutation of Paley,' the same number of the *Gateshead Observer* from which I have just quoted says :—'Mr. John Mackintosh, a young schoolmaster, is the author of this pamphlet. He has been moved to write it by the lectures and discussions which have been got up in Newcastle by men who proclaim themselves Atheists, who deny the immortality of the soul, and who think it worth their while to make converts to their creed. Mr. Mackintosh's attempt *is laudable*, and the execution *creditable*. We *recommend* his tract to perusal.'

If I am to believe in the good faith of the editor's answer to my letter, what was he doing when he either wrote or suffered this paragraph to appear in his paper? Mr. Mackintosh's pamphlet more than calls us fools, its imputations are of the

lowest class of ribald vulgarity. In some respects it is eloquent and thoughtful, but its invectives are of the order of utter coarseness. If a respectable journal can pronounce such a performance 'creditable' to a Newcastle schoolmaster, we can only say there is some room for improvement among their pedagogues.

The *Newcastle Journal* is the organ of the loyal church party, but the manner in which their news-paragraphs are got up, says little for the taste or truth of that venerable body. This is the manner in which they spoke of my lectures and discussions:—'A most shameful exhibition, yclept a "discussion," has been going on every night this week in the Lecture Room, Nelson-street, but which is now more appropriately termed the "Infidel's Hall." The performers in the affair are a Mr. Holyoake, a cockney atheist, and a sham opponent of the name of Mills, who professes pantheism. The magistrates ought not to tolerate the continuance of such a nuisance.'—*Newcastle Journal*, Nov. 9.

Upon reading this, I took a copy of the paper in my hand and walked down to the office and asked to see the editor—but he was out. Again and again I called, but to no purpose. Everybody told me that nobody believed this paper—that its *soubriquet* was that of the 'lying journal.' But as church Tories are commonly men of honour, though intolerant, I had faith in their doing me justice when they knew the truth. I was told that once or twice the ingenious editor of that paper had been flogged. To suffer thus in the cause of literature, is certainly no recommendation to an editor; still I wished to see him, but was obliged to content myself with receiving the assurance of a gentleman in the office, that my complaint should be laid before the editor. On Sunday it was very cold, and I was unwell with exhaustion, or I should have gone and sat all day on the step of his private residence, had he refused to see me. I left this letter with my friends to be handed to him on the Monday morning:—

'Sir,—As a stranger in Newcastle I have a right to complain of the paragraph which you inserted in last Saturday's *Journal*. You must have been misinformed as to the character of the discussion of which you have spoken in such injurious terms. No interruption occurred, no levity was manifested, and everybody agreed that the debate was strictly decorous—more so than the meetings usually are, where contending sects debate *their* religious differences. Mr. Mills, my opponent, was unknown to me before I came into this town, and as the three nights' discussion did not enable me to discover his want of sincerity, I know not upon what authority you speak of him as a "sham opponent." Could you have satisfied me on this point earlier, you might have prevented the discussion. You are equally in error in speaking of Mr. Mills as a pantheist. Connected as I long have been with *journals*, it might have been my lot to be editing one in Newcastle; but what would you have said of my taste if that a clergyman from the metropolis had been preaching in your town, and I had described him as a "cockney Christian?" Or if he had entered into any defence of his principles against a Catholic opponent (a thing just now of very probable occurrence), I had denominated it a "shameful exhibition," and called upon the magistrates to put down the earnest expression of his convictions as a "nuisance?"

'I explained to the gentleman in your office, where I have called four times, hoping to see you, the persons to whom I shall be able and agreeable to refer you, who will testify that I am not an individual likely to merit such a description as you have been pleased to give of the meetings in the Lecture Hall.

'I am, sir, yours respectfully,

'George Jacob Holyoake.'

MR. ROBINSON'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE SCOTCH CHURCH RATES.

We have for some time been anxious to notice the proceedings in Edinburgh, in which Mr. Robinson has taken part as an opponent of the Annuity Tax, a dishonourable impost answering to the nearly-exploded church rates of this country. As much as £17 were levied, with £30 of costs, on Mr. Robinson, which he has answered by a manly refusal to pay—and has issued so many placards and pamphlets against the tax, and headed so many processions, exposing it and bringing it and its abettors into public contempt, that we have no doubt that the Annuity Tax advocates have the worst of it. The *British Banner* has elevated Mr. Robinson into the safe ranks of those who defend religion from violation, speaking of his efforts with much applause. We congratulate Mr. Robinson upon the religious capital he is making at the expense of the Annuity people.

The *Nonconformist* lately reported a speech by the Rev. J. Burnet, which expresses very well how the Scotch annuitant clergy are belying the pretensions they make that the Christian religion is one of love.

'The Rev. J. Burnet said, When I am called upon to move that the religion of Christ is a religion of love, and is to be promoted under the influence of the feelings of love, a great variety of objects rise up before me. I see rising up before me the constables seizing for church rates; the vestry assessing people that are supporting their own religion; the Crown giving the weight of its authority to the distress levied in consequence of such assessment—horse, foot, and artillery ready, if necessary, to enforce the decision; the laws of the land, piled statute on statute, volume on volume; the courts, with their pleadings, the history of those pleadings, and the decisions founded upon them; the claims of individuals high in position and authority; the gorgeous trappings of the Church that calls itself the Church and the State, but that will not allow others to call it the Church of the State;—all these things rise up before me in array—I seem to be in the midst of a grand military review, surrounded by masses of men ready for any movement of aggrandisement—and I forget, if I do not arrest my thoughts on their way to oblivion, the religion of love. I say it is a religion of redcoats and blue, of bayonets and staves. All this is very lovely, is it not? Now, it does strike me, if this sort of administration were exercised over the wide field of a nation's population, with all sorts of people included under it—criminals, rogues, and vagabonds—if this sort of administration were extended over them all to keep them under, I could understand it. Let it be done in the name of the police—let it be said, it is a police system, and nothing else. But to tell me that a parcel of bayonets and loaded cannon, mounted cavalry, and policemen with staves—tell me that all this is the religion of love, I say the love is a very queer sort of thing. To beat a man into love with constables' staves, argue him into it by taking his property, or putting himself into *Calton* gaol—is not such a system the "disgrace of the age?"'

THE ANTI-PAPAL AGITATION.

On Sunday, Dec. 8th, I purpose to lecture at the Hall of Science, City-road, 'On the Duty of Freethinkers at this Anti-Roman crisis;' and on the Sunday following, at John-street, Fitzroy-square, 'On the Policy which should be pursued by the Rationalists' party in this Anti-Roman agitation.' Cardinal Wiseman has taken the wind out of the *Times*. He is more than a match for the Protestant church and the Dissenters put together. Besides, the Rationalists and Politicians might furnish an effective answer to him, as was shown in the *Leader* of Saturday last, under the head 'How to Crush the Papal Movement.' Our supine politicians are losing the finest opportunity they have had for years.

G. J. H.

Examination of the Press.

THE 'QUESTIONABLE SHAPE' OF PROVIDENCE.—The Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, author of a pamphlet quoted by the Hon. and Rev. L. W. Denman, Rector of Washington, at a recent public meeting in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, asserts that the British squadron has driven the Slave Trade into a corner, and 'sees no good reason why the traffic may not be brought to a speedy and effectual end.' But this reverend American missionary, when he has marshalled all his facts, has nothing better to offer us—nothing more satisfying—than vague impressions and questionable inferences. 'Our own impression is,' says he, 'that the number of slaves exported has vastly diminished—perhaps in a ratio very nearly proportioned to the extent of sea-coast which it has lost. It is utterly incredible that the number of slaves now concentrated at a dozen or fourteen points can be compared with what it was when the whole coast was taxed for this purpose; and it is equally improbable that the number of slave vessels which escape now, can be compared with what they were ten or twelve years ago, when there were fewer cruisers on the coast.' The truth is, we suspect, that the missionaries on the coast of Africa, who are there to preach the Gospel of peace, are uneasy at the prospect of having to preach it beyond the range of British broadsides. 'Christianity,' Mr. Wilson observes, 'does not invoke the aid of the sword; but when she can be shielded from the violence of lawless men by the intervention of "the powers that be," or when the providence of God goes before' [in the shape of a man of war,] 'and smoothes the waves of discord and strife, she accepts it as a grateful boon, and discharges her duty with the greater alacrity and cheerfulness. And whilst the missionaries cherish the conviction that their strength and reliance is in the unseen arm, there is, nevertheless, no class of men on the coast of Africa who would regret the removal of the squadron with more heartfelt sorrow.' Mr. Wilson puts his faith in Heaven, but, at the same time, 'keeps his powder dry.' He reminds us of a brother-missionary, not long ago in these parts, whose object it was, in the earlier portion of his speech, to encourage the Jewish observance of the Sabbath; and to this end he told us of certain converted negroes in Africa, members of a numerous body travelling in company for safety, who halted on the Sabbath-day, preferring to deny themselves the security of numbers, rather than break God's commandment; yet, Providence being their safeguard, not one of these devout and confiding negroes was captured or harmed. The reverend orator, however, was not many minutes in forgetting his own lesson. Before he was done, he came to the subject of the African squadron, and, having less faith in Heaven than the wandering negroes, he declared that the missions on the coast would all be destroyed, if the British cruisers were withdrawn!—Leading article by the Editor of the *Gateshead Observer*, Nov. 9.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S INDISCRETION.—And Lord John Russell turns out to head the Church mob! His letter, which we give in its proper place, is the determind dive into apostasy of a man who has yet the impudence to recall at the moment his early reputation. He flourishes, with the worst possible taste, about what he did to emancipate the Roman Catholics from civil disabilities, and promises, almost in the next paragraph, to look up the penal laws against them. He proceeds to employ language regarding the observances of their Church, which, coming from a Minister of the Crown, is an intolerable insult and a flagrant offence. There are eight millions or more within the United Kingdom, to whom the 'sign of the cross' is a precious symbol, and 'auricular confession' a blessed privilege—what right has he, writing under the seal of the State, to designate these things 'mummeries,' and invoke upon them 'scorn?'—*Nonconformist*, No 261.

Reasoner Tracts.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY UNDECIMUS.

The origin and authorship of the collection of Hebrew writings, which is called by Christians the Old Testament, are shrouded in considerable obscurity. These books were not known to any nation besides the Jews until nearly three hundred years before Christ, when the Greek translation called the Septuagint was made; we must therefore seek for their history, and estimate their authenticity and value, by a careful examination of the books themselves. They are thirty-nine in number—written by various authors, apparently of various religious opinions, but all of them, without doubt, Jews, and most probably all of them priests and reputed prophets of that singular nation. There could have been no difficulty at any time in procuring their acceptance as divine revelations by the Jews, since we know that they entertained the most awful respect for their priests, who were believed to have direct communications with God in the mysterious and impenetrable Holy of Holies, and since we know that they were accustomed to the occasional appearance of prophets who, under the supposed influence of divine inspiration, cursed their enemies, and flattered, threatened, and advised them. The Jewish scriptures were, in fact, compiled and collected by a succession of priests from their national traditions and legends, and from such ancient books and records as are frequently referred to in the Old Testament,* and with the addition from time to time of such new writings and prophecies as they deemed worthy of being considered as inspired by God.

A striking instance of the submissive and uninquiring manner in which the Jews received the scriptures from their priests is to be found in the 2nd Kings, chap. xxii., and the 2nd Chronicles, chap. xxxiv. During the reigns of Manasseh and Amon, Kings of Judah, a great part of the nation is said to have fallen into the abominable practices of idolatry and dealing with evil spirits. As soon as Josiah, the pious son and successor of Amon, had attained to years of discretion, he commenced the most vigorous efforts for the restoration of orthodoxy, and for the condign punishment of witches and magicians. He destroyed the temples, groves, and images of Baal, persecuted his worshippers, and burned his priests; and after a successful iconoclastic tour through the provinces and cities of his kingdom, he returned to Jerusalem, and applied himself to the decoration of the temple of God. In the midst of this revival of religion, it is said that Hilkiah, the High Priest, informed Shaphan, the Scribe, that he had 'found the book of the law in the house of the Lord.' Shaphan took the book to the king, who ordered him to read it; and Josiah was so horrified at the denunciations which he then heard against neglect of the laws contained in the book, that he rent his clothes on the spot, and wept before the Lord. By this behaviour of the king, and that of Shaphan the scribe, it is quite clear that they had never seen such a book before; and if this be true of so pious a prince as Josiah, and so distinguished a scribe as Shaphan, we may safely conclude that no copy of it existed at that time in the possession of any other Jew. And this view is confirmed beyond a doubt by the silent submission and repentance of the people when the contents of the book were made known to them by command of the king. The genuineness and value of this book of the law therefore rested solely upon the credit of Hilkiah the priest, who said that he had '*found*' it! This was in a dark age, but we know how Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, has succeeded, in this age of printing presses, in imposing his Golden Book upon his willing disciples, with the same simple statement, that he had found it. From this we can judge how much reason we have to trust in the genuineness of the Pentateuch.

So little has there ever been certainly known regarding the origin of these books, that many Jewish writers, firm believers in the truth of their religion and the inspiration of the scriptures, have been of opinion that the holy writings were completely lost during the Babylonish captivity, and that Ezra was divinely inspired to restore them about 400 years before Christ. The Christian fathers—Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens Alexandrinus, Basil, Jerome, Chrysostom, and Augustine—all

* The book of Jasher, the book of Iddo, the book of Gad the Seer, the book of the Wars of the Lord, the book of Nathan the Prophet, and some others, are mentioned in the Old Testament as of equal authority with the existing books.

held this opinion, founding it principally upon the apocryphal second book of Esdras, where it is said that Ezra dictated the Holy Scriptures to five scribes for forty days without ceasing.* The Apocrypha is declared to be canonical by the Roman and Greek churches, but its authority is denied by Protestants. The Samaritan Jews and the Sadducees rejected all the Old Testament except the five books of Moses, and the most contradictory opinions on these points, and on the extent and nature of inspiration, have existed among learned men in every age of the Jewish and Christian churches. We read in the Talmud, a book of authority among the Jews to this day, that the canon of their scriptures was not finally fixed until an assembly of Rabbis under the Maccabees, about 200 years before Christ; and on that occasion the books of Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Ezekiel were very nearly being rejected as containing opinions contrary to the law, when a certain Rabbi having undertaken to alter and reconcile them they were eventually declared to be canonical! So much for the genuineness and inspiration of the Old Testament.

The Old Testament must be judged on its own merits; and I think that any one who will read it in a calm, unprejudiced manner, without that very usual determination to find no difficulty and no doubt, and to consider every word as sacred and inviolable, will soon rise convinced that it is in no way superior to the ages in which it appeared, and that none of its writers manifest anything superhuman in either their knowledge, wisdom, or opinions on moral subjects. Moses (or the writer of the Pentateuch) will be found to speak of the phenomena of nature in the ignorant language of his time; barbarous customs and manners will be found to have been permitted and ordered by him in the name of God, and his moral doctrines, and his judicial, political, and penal law to be in no way superior to what might be expected from a human legislator of a dark and uncivilised period, and a savage and superstitious race.

The book of Genesis commences with an account of the creation of the world, just as vague, with just such omissions, and just such a display of ignorance as would be made by a writer who, agreeably to the rude notions of his age and country, believed this earth to be the most important object in the universe, and the sun, moon, and stars to be mere satellites created for the convenience of mankind, or in his own inane language, 'to be for signs, and seasons, and years,' 'the sun to rule the day, and the moon and stars the night.' We find the darkness, which is called night, carefully divided by God from the light which is called day; and a distinct morning and evening before the sun was made. We find the apparent blue vault above us converted into the firmament of the ancients, the waters above the firmament, where God keeps the rain, separated from the waters below the firmament which are called seas; and lights set in the firmament of heaven to illuminate the earth beneath. This ridiculous description was the best one that it was in the power of the writer to invent, who knew not that the rain descended only a few thousand feet from the clouds, and that the celestial vault was an optical illusion caused by the infinity of space.

And what says the divinely inspired Moses, speaking the words of God himself, what language does he employ in announcing to the human race the origin of those uncounted myriads of kindred worlds which have in all ages excited their curiosity and admiration? 'He made the stars also' (Gen. i., v. 16). They are only the stars to him; only 'for signs and seasons and years,' merely for human convenience. Why a mother prattling to her child in these days would use language more worthy of this magnificent yet simple theme, and an intelligent child of ten years of age would be far from satisfied with such a bare and spiritless statement! But we cannot be surprised at this, for Moses, or the writer of these Hebrew legends, knew not as much of the motions and constitution of the heavenly bodies as a schoolboy of this time can gather from the first pages of his geography book.

The creation is stated in as clear and plain language as possible to have occupied six days, and God is represented as resting on the seventh, which he appointed in commemoration to be a day of rest for mankind; and according to the biblical chronology the world has existed for scarcely six thousand years. Geological facts, and arguments which are open to the world and need not be repeated here, prove beyond a doubt that countless ages have left the traces of their operations upon the surface of the globe. Religious geologists have tried to reconcile this contradiction by considering each day of the creation as a geological period; but if the first six days were ages, what do they

* Prideaux's Connection, vol. ii., p. 473. 8vo. edition. 1725.

think of the seventh day on which their God resteth himself? Nothing can display more clearly the intention of the writer than the expression, 'and the *evening and the morning* were the first day.'

But it is objected by Christians that Moses addressed his countrymen the Jews in language to which they were accustomed, and was inspired to treat the great subject of creation in a general way, suited to their limited knowledge of the phenomena of nature; and that although his account is not fully explanatory that there is nothing in it that is absolutely untrue, and the intention of the Bible is not that of teaching astronomy or physical science. Would it have done the Jews a great deal of harm, would it have given them a very degraded idea of the majesty of their God, if he had revealed to them a rational account, a glimpse of the truth, however simple and general, instead of the mean, meagre, and undignified story we have just examined? Was it absolutely necessary for the preservation of their faith that they should be studiously kept by God in utter ignorance of those sublime facts which have since been gradually discovered by man's unaided reason? Does it seem wise, or does it seem necessary that the Bible (intended, as all Christians believe, for all ages and for all nations, and not for the ignorant Jews of that time only) should commence with a tale of creation so devoid of the sublimity of truth, so manifestly opposed to facts, that every great discovery in physical science has on its first appearance been greeted with a cry of atheism and opposition to scripture, until elaborately forced and tortured into a sophistical agreement with Moses, or until the facts became placed so high above all doubt that religionists were compelled and frightened into silence, and forced to wrap themselves in their sullen and obstinate faith? In short, does this Hebrew account of the creation look like the production of a writer inspired with supernatural wisdom and knowledge, or does it look like the very ordinary fiction of an ignorant barbarian pontiff?

In the narrative books of the Old Testament there is a large amount of that legendary trash which is to be found in all ancient books of history; the foul and foolish nature of many of these stories renders them in this decent age and country unfit for detailed notice. Their filth defends them from any close attack. The entire history of Lot, the story of Judah, Tamar, and their near relatives, of the Levite and his concubine, and many others, only serve to expose the brutal, barbarous patriarchal age in which it is pretended that God talked with man.

In all legends, however, there is doubtless a groundwork and admixture of truth, and the most satisfactory view of the comparative moral and intellectual enlightenment of a people will always be derived from their national annals, which will show us who have been from time to time their favourite exemplars and heroes. Divine inspiration and superhuman wisdom are claimed for the writers of the Old Testament, and yet the lives of the heroes, who are in that book extolled and honoured as possessors of a large share of the spirit of the Lord, are stained with the meanest and most disgraceful vices, and their most conspicuous and celebrated deeds are crimes of violence and cruelty.

Noah is said to have been a great favourite of the Hebrew divinity, and was selected to be the founder of a new population after the general destruction of mankind in the deluge. He is said to have discovered the process of making wine, and having one day become intoxicated with his own liquor he was so enraged with one of his sons, for his disrespect or inattention to him in this beastly and then novel state, that he cursed him and his children, and Christians would persuade us that this ill-tempered old drunkard's curse is fulfilled in the degradation and slavery of the Africans. In fact, the strongest argument of the American slave-owners in favour of their infamous 'domestic institution' is founded upon this pretended prophecy.

Abraham, who familiarly converses and bargains with the Mosaic deity, exhibits the cowardly vice of lying on two particular occasions; and the innocent Pharoah and Abimelech are severely punished by God in consequence of the patriarch's deceit. Isaac, unwarned and untaught by his father, commits the very same offence on a similar occasion, and, as before, apparently without the least cause. Deceit and falsehood, unless for malignant purposes, are hardly looked upon as immoral among Asiatic nations even in the present time; we can therefore feel no surprise in finding that equally lax principles were held by the Jews in a much more barbarous age.

The life of Jacob, a most favoured servant of God, presents us with a disgusting scene of heartless deceit and knavery; he cheats his aged father and his generous brother, and flies from the vengeance of the latter to the house of Laban, his maternal uncle. Deceived and cheated by his relative, he cheats him in return; and

his dishonest, if practicable, plan for influencing the breeding cattle is approved by an Angel of God, while God himself interferes to protect Jacob from the just anger of his father-in-law, from whose house he had secretly absconded, with all his family and his ill-gotten wealth. His twelve sons were worthy of such a father; with the exception of Joseph and Benjamin, they were deceitful and revengeful villains.

Perhaps nothing can display more clearly the barbarous manners and morals of the inspired writers of the Old Testament than the history of Sampson. The future birth of this great hero, the Hebrew Hercules, is first announced to his mother, who had been previously barren, and afterwards to both his parents, by an Angel of God, who ascends to heaven with a most imposing effect on the flame of the sacrifice offered by the pious couple. In due time a son was born, 'and the Lord blessed him, and the spirit of the Lord began to move him at times.' The first time that the 'spirit of the Lord' impelled him to exert his miraculous strength was on a most unobjectionable occasion. A young lion met Sampson in the vineyard of Timnath, 'and he rent him as he would have rent a kid.' His second exploit, however, most grievously offends our modern squeamish notions of morality. He had laid a wager of thirty sheets and thirty changes of raiment with some of his young companions that they would not be able to expound a certain riddle within seven days. By an artful contrivance, his friends expound the riddle, and Sampson, inspired by the Lord, goes to Askelon, kills thirty Philistines, and with their spoil pays the winners of the wager (Judges, chap. xiv.) No doubt this appeared, in those dark times, to be a very praiseworthy action; but it does appear strangely revolting to us now, that 'the spirit of the Lord' should instigate Sampson to commit murder and robbery for the purpose of paying a debt of honour, even although his victims were heathen, and had dominion over his countrymen.

Jephthah sacrifices his daughter to God in consequence of a rash vow he had made to offer up the first creature that came out of his house as a burnt offering on his return from a successful campaign (Judges, chap. xi., verse 31.)

When, after the death of Othniel, the children of Israel are subjugated by the Moabites, the Lord raises them up a deliverer in the person of Ehud, who commences by assassinating King Eglon, to whom he had gained access under pretence of bringing him a present (Judges, chap. iii.) Jael is celebrated as the most blessed among women, on account of the treacherous murder of Sisera, who had entered her tent in the sacred character of a guest (Judges, chap. v., verses 24-6.) The prophet Samuel hews the captive king Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal (1 Samuel, chap. xv., verse 33.) Jehu, expressly appointed by God to be king, murders King Joram when the latter is still weak with wounds received in battle against the national enemy, and orders the queen mother to be thrown out of a window to the dogs (2 Kings, chap. ix.) The assassination of enemies and tyrants, which the progress of reason and humanity has taught us is neither moral nor expedient, is constantly upheld in the Old Testament as laudable and patriotic.

I think in this short sketch I have produced sufficient evidence to shew that the Jewish scriptures were written in an ignorant and barbarous age, when savage customs and manners and a general low standard of morality prevailed — when human life was not held sacred, and the destruction of enemies and heretics by all means was considered lawful and religious. Can the teaching of such an age be fit for us in the present time?

David is said to have murdered a faithful servant to hide his adultery, and his dying words to Solomon exhort him not to hold Shimei, who had cursed him, guiltless, 'and to bring his hoar head down to the grave with blood.' This monster of lust, revenge, and cruelty, is called 'the man after God's own heart.' Solomon, though supernaturally endowed with wisdom, is represented as sinking into sensuality and idolatry in spite of two personal visits from the Jewish God. If the barbarous and ignorant writers of these books saw no inconsistency in this mixture of fearful crimes and debasing vices with divine gifts and inspiration, are we to shut our eyes to the absurdity? Are we to listen to the coarse invective and obscene descriptions of Hosea, because his morbid imagination and religious zeal persuaded him that these abominations were revealed by God, and because his superstitious countrymen believed him, and others of the same sort? Are these brutal barbarians fit teachers for the youth of the present day? No; the perusal of their writings can do no possible good, but we may hope that the more purified taste and moral feeling of the day prevents the pollution which might be expected from their wide circulation, and will soon destroy the belief in their supernatural origin.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

ATTENTIONS OF FRIENDS IN HYDE.

Sir,—In confirmation of the readers of the *Reasoner* making known its existence to the ministers of religion, I give you my late experience in calling their attention to it. On July 10, 1850, I sent the following letter to the Rev. A. Read, B.A., minister of St. George's Church, Hyde:—'Dear Sir,—I herewith send you four numbers of the *Reasoner* (viz., 209 to 212), as a journal representing the views and opinions of the Freethinkers of this country—in which opponents are allowed to controvert their principles by reason and argumentation, "if tending to the rationalisation of Theology." Hoping you will examine their arguments, I remain, yours respectfully, Willis Knowles.'

About this time I forwarded three or four numbers of the *Reasoner* to the Rev. Mr. Crossland, M.A., Minister of St. Thomas's Church. The same ministers have had also the 'Logic of Death.' An Independent Minister, the Rev. R. Calvert, was written to on October 9, as follows:—'Dear Sir,—I was present at the lecture, 'What is God?' which you delivered last Sunday evening, Oct. 6, 1850. The chief argument advanced in proof of God's existence, was the one drawn from design, as illustrated in the building of a chapel, which evidently showed marks of design in its construction and erection, thereby proving the designer or builder an intelligent individual. From this simple illustration of man's "handy work," it was assumed that the universe in its mechanism showed marks of design vastly superior to the man's building—therefore an intelligent being, whom we call God, possessing power and wisdom equal to the task, must have contrived and formed the universe. The above argument is the same that Paley used, and Mr. Holyoake has shown that Paley's argument continued, proves too much, and ends unsatisfactorily. This I think you will be able to see by reading his work, entitled "Paley Refuted in his own Words," a copy of which I enclose for your perusal. Sir, I have no wish to do violence to your feelings with this note. It is a sincere desire to see truth prevail that prompts me to request your examination of Mr. Holyoake's work in refutation of Paley's great argument. I am, yours respectfully, Willis Knowles. P.S.—In the above lecture I think you said, "I do not believe there is an intelligent atheist in existence; but if such a being does exist, it is more from the heart than from the head, as the intellect is the soul of man." In answer to this I enclose Nos. 226 to 228 of the *Reasoner*, in which you may read an article of some ability, contributed by Mr. Chilton, commencing page 307, headed "Theistical *versus* Atheistical Logic," thus proving, as I think, an intelligent atheist in Mr. Chilton, "from his head." I shall be pleased to be corrected if I am wrong in my quotation. W. K.'

After I had listened to the lecture referred to, I sent him the above note. I attended the second, but nothing was said by the rev. gentleman about the note and works which he had received, neither were any of the arguments referred to that I furnished him with. I have received nothing as yet from any of our clergymen here, although nearly all have been made acquainted with the *Reasoner* and 'Logic of Death.' Some persons may suppose that we thus attack the ministers, or obtrude ourselves upon their attention. But those persons ought to recollect that the ministers assume to represent our views, and select individual cases which we do not approve, and then declare such would be the general, not the exceptional,

practice of individuals, should the restraints which religion imposes be withdrawn. All we want is to state our own case, or see those who attempt it do us the justice of a fair representation of it. How can this be done unless we transmit our views to them, as investigation to us is not allowed where we meet them in the church or chapel? The pulpit orators here invariably mix up the materialism, or infidelity so called of the past century, with that of the present. They are slow to admit progress, and where they cannot meet it they silently pass it by. It is their custom to refer constantly to the French Revolution—the Reign of Terror connected with it—and charge all its errors to infidelity. While it is a rule to keep our mouths shut in the church, and listen to the mistakes of ministers about us, it must be our duty to use the pen and the press, which are our opportunity, until justice be awarded us from the mouth of the pulpit.

WILLIS KNOWLES.

'WHAT'S IN A NAME?'

AT the recent Educational Conference at Manchester, much time was occupied in discussing the propriety of retaining the word 'Secular' in the name of the Association—Mr. Cobden, and most of the clergymen present, considering the retention of the word secular would prejudice the movement in the eyes of the public. Words are the weapons with which these battles are to be fought, and it is therefore of the utmost importance that the best words be adopted. There is unquestionably a great deal in a name, and to have adopted the word 'Unsectarian,' as was proposed, instead of the word 'Secular,' would have defeated the objects for which the Conference assembled: for as every *sect* claims to be *unsectarian*, so would each sect think itself justified in adopting its own particular religious discipline; while in a secular school no religion could properly be taught.

For some unexplained reason, most of the London papers, as well as the provincial, omitted to give any report of the debate which took place on Mr. Cobden's motion: and not only this, but also stated that Mr. Cobden's suggestion, that the word secular should be left out, was acceeded to—whereas the contrary was the fact, for Mr. Cobden withdrew his motion, as may be seen on reference to *Reasoner* No. 233. But the probable reason why this report was not given is this: only one daily paper, the *Daily News*, could be expected to report it—and as this paper gave no report of the debate which occurred on the changing of the word in the name of the Association, all the other papers, copying from this, followed the same course. This is to be regretted. A report should have been given of the debate, and the arguments which were adduced by the advocates of the secular question fully set forth. The Rev. Mr. McKerrow stated that the same subject had been debated over and over again in the Council previous to the Conference, till they had come to the final determination of retaining the word secular. Had an account been given by the newspapers of the debate with Mr. Cobden, a great amount of time and trouble might have been saved, for the same question will be debated in nearly every town where this movement is taken up. To give only one side of an argument on so momentous a question as that of Education, is an injury to the public.

To state, as Mr. Cobden did, that it was not worth while contending about a word, was inconsistent in him, seeing that he set the example, at the commencement of the Conference, by objecting to the word secular. One of the delegates, the Rev. R. Thorp, of Leicester, thought that if they would 'recognise the neces-

sity of religious instruction they would conciliate the Church, in which, otherwise, they would find a powerful enemy.' This is too true. The church is ever the powerful enemy of all schemes, whether of education or political reform, that do not coincide with its stand-still doctrines. But are we ever to be in dread of what the priest may say? Must we, before propounding any plan for the advancement of society, ask—'Will it please the parsons?' Shall we never see an assembly of Members of Parliament, and men of education, who have the courage to act according to the dictates of their own consciences, irrespective of what the clergy may say? Is England so pious that it becomes necessary, before any movement, claiming national support, can be set on foot, that its promoters should hasten to inform the public that their intentions are religious—that they have no hostility to religion?

If the Conference had adopted the proposition of Mr. Cobden, which would doubtlessly have conciliated the religious bodies, the object for which that Conference was called would have been entirely lost. This would have been too great a price to pay for the aid of the clergy. It is wise to conciliate enemies where it can be done without letting them run away with the victory. To have conciliated them, as Mr. Cobden proposed, the friends of secular education would have had to have gone over the same ground again. The Lancashire Secular Education movement originated by some gentlemen objecting to the minutes of the Council of Education, in 1847; and if the word 'Unsectarian' had been adopted instead of that of 'Secular,' a new secular school agitation would have had to have been commenced by gentlemen objecting to the resolutions of the Manchester Conference. The clergy do not think it unimportant by what name a society is called, neither should the friends of progress, for the necessity of it is becoming every day more apparent.

Example is more convincing than precept, and the admirers of secular education, even of the humblest clsses, have the opportunity of showing to the world that their system of education is as advantageous to the child, and inculcates quite as much morality, as any system of religious teaching adopted in the schools of the various denominations. To influence the religious classes, we must be able to point to a practical exemplification of our system; and this might be done by all parties friendly to the movement sending their children to secular, in preference to religious schools or private academies. This can easily be done in London, as nearly every district has a secular school: and in the provinces they might soon be formed by parents, desirous of having their children educated in this manner, resolving to send them to no other schools. To call conferences, and to pass resolutions in favour of secular instruction, may assist the movement, but it remains for the people to put it in practice. To wait till the Government carry it out voluntarily will be too great a tax upon the patience of even the working classes, who certainly are a race of 'Jobs.' It only needs the people to will it by their actions, and they will then find the Government ready to assist them.

It is only amongst the ignorant that superstition thrives, and education alone is superstition's antidote. Secular education is the only system that can become national, as it affords a means of instruction for those of all sects as well as those of no sect. But to make it national the people must take it into their own hands; for to expect the legislature to hasten to decree it, or the clergy to ask for it, would be as reasonable as to expect the Emperor of Russia to preside at the next Peace Congress, or Baron Haynau to entertain a friendly feeling for the brewers of Bankside.

AUSTIN.

THE NEW WORK BY MR. HOLYOAKE.—The following is the list of Subscription copies of the 'History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism in England.' Where a person subscribes for more than one copy it is mentioned. Many have intimated their intention of subscribing, but only the names of those are placed in this list who have paid in advance, that being the object of the subcription:—F. P. Currie, Greenock, 3 copies.—R. Hadlow, Gateshead.—John Gornall, ditto.—H. M., 2.—W. Sanderson, Galashiels.—W. Reddie, ditto.—Veritas, Sunderland.—Alexander Mackintosh, Edinburgh, 3.—M. M'Kim, Whitehaven, 2.—Eliza Hall, Sheffield, 2.—J. Chyne.—W. Farmer, Nottingham, 2.—G. M., ditto.—S. Saunders, ditto.—W. Lees, ditto.—Henry Lowe, Jun., ditto.—M. R., Bradford.—R. Causey, Wigan.—H. Morrison, Bedlington.—James Little, Newcastle.—John Wallace, Gateshead.—G. F. W.—M. T. F.—Mr. Benjamin Hagen, of Derby, subscribes for 12 copies, and undertakes to cause others to be taken by becoming responsible for orders given by booksellers.—E. Jervis, Hanley, 2.—Thomas Meek, Gateshead.—M. Turnbull, ditto.—R. Clark, ditto.—W. Helmsley, ditto.—A. Smith, ditto.—J. Clarke, ditto.—J. McLaren, Mauldet Hall.—J. Podmore, Levenshulme.—W. Knowles, Hyde, 6.—C. Tempest, ditto, 7.—R. Hunt, ditto, 2.—J. Thornley, ditto.—J. Fletcher, ditto.—A. P.—Hugh Lennies.—Undecimus, 6.—W. Brown, York.—S. Pettit, Hebden Bridge.—R. Feltham, Manchester.—A. Greenwood, Rochdale.—W. Mallalieu, ditto.—J. Weddell, Leeds.—W. Robinson, Armley.—J. Gray, Gateshead.—J. Lewins, Sunderland.—H. Scott, ditto.—J. Littleson, ditto.—J. Todd, ditto.—J. Horsfall, Liverpool.—W. McKenzie.—J. Turner.—W. Wright.—W. Preston.—J. Seager.—W. E. Bicknell.—Dr. Uttley, Burnley.—S. Ingham, Manchester.

'REASONER' SHILLING LIST FOR VOL. X,—Previously acknowledged in No. 6, 371s. 9d.—Richard Feltham, Manchester, 1s.—Dr. Uttley, Burnley, 10s.—Wilkinson Burslam, Manchester, 1s.—Willis Knowles, Hyde, 2s.—John Ransom, Brighton, 2s.—Frater, Manchester, 2s. 6d.—John Atkinson, Boldon, 3s.—J. H. Holliday, London, 1s. 3d.—H. S., 2s.—W. E. B. (six weeks), 6s.—We have also to acknowledge 14s. 6d., proceeds of sale of books, on a former occasion announced, presented by G. F. W. to *Reasoner*.—Mr. Wynn writes: 'I send you £1 0s. 6d., as the sum collected in this town as the annual shilling list for the *Reasoner*. It has doubled its circulation since it altered its price. These are the names of your friends: John Hindle 1s., George Wynn 1s., Benjamin Swire 2s., James Hadfield 1s., William Pollit 1s., Benjamin Greenwood 1s., M. Greenwood 6d., Charles Greenwood 6d., Levi Greenwood 1s., Jonathan Leech 1s., William Medacroft 1s., William Carter 1s., James Stafford 1s. 6d., John Lawton 1s., James Higson 6d., Elijah Andrew 1s., Joseph Mellor 1s., William Orme 1s., William Swire 1s., Samuel Shawcrost 6d., William Bedford, Illinois, America 1s.'—The following persons have subscribed for copies of Shakspere, by W. J. Birch, M.A.: Mr. Hawks, Edinburgh; J. H. Nodal, Manchester; C. Fossit, London; J. Brown, York; E. Johnson, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. Chambers, ditto; Samuel Ingham, Manchester; James Hadfield, ditto; Mr. McCormac, ditto; R. Rutherford, Scotland; W. Mallalieu, Rochdale; W. C. Squires; Per Mr. Bowes, Leeds, 4 copies; which adds 46s. to our list.—Making a total of 481s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER STAMP ABOLITION COMMITTEE.—Previously acknowledged 776 Sixpences.—Willis Knowles, Hyde, 6d.—John Weddell, Leeds, 6d.—Per G. F. W., sale of 'Gems,' by Greaves, 5s. 6d.—J. H. Holliday, 1s.—W. C. Squires, 6d.—H. S., 6d. Total, 793.

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THE REVOLUTION WHICH BEGAN IN HEAVEN—A DRAMATIC VISION. BY H. LUCAS.

We hear much of Revolutions, but very little of where they began. The author of this work displays their origin in heaven—and in the treatment of the epical events connected with the subject of this drama he finds opportunity for expressing much sound political and social wisdom. Great difficulty is frequently experienced in inducing attention to such truths connected with the probable origin of man as ethnology has unfolded. The author finds the means, in a familiar style of dramatic composition, to express these facts, so that those (who are quitted of certain speculative foregone conclusions) may comprehend them who otherwise could not be induced to attend to them. As a great portion of the edition of this work is intended for Australian circulation, those who desire it will obtain it early of Mr. Watson.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—December 1st [7], Mr. S. P. Day, 'Catholicism, the Religion of Terror.' 3rd [8], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Astronomy.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Dec. 3rd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper.

South Place, Moorfields. — Dec. 3rd [11½ a.m.], W. J. Fox, M.P., 'Christ.'

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road. — Dec. 3rd [7], Mr. C. Southwell will Lecture.

Essex Coffee House, 42½, Church St., Bethnal Green.—Dec. 1st [7½], W. W. Broom, 'Allen Davenport's Life and Works.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road. —Dec. 1st [11 a.m.], Mr. C. Bradlaugh will Lecture. [7 p.m.], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Nov. 29th [8], Discussion, 'What are the relative merits of the Protestant and Catholic religions?' Dec. 1st [7½], A Lecture, 'The Horrors of Catholicism, illustrated by its principles and practice.'

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Contributions have already appeared in the LEADER from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

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CHAPTERS on POLICY VERSUS STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS; or, Thoughts on the Political, Religious, and Literary World. (Reprinted from the 'Ashton Times,' with corrections and additions by the author. By Frederic Rowland Young, Diss, Norfolk. 'He who will never shock men, may often deceive them.'—G. J. Holyoake.

London: Watson, 3, Queen's Head-passage; Manchester: J. Johnson; Bury: Benjamin Glover: Ashton-under-Lyne: W. B. Micklethwaite.

Diss, Norfolk.

Frederick Rowland Young respectfully announces the following Lectures, for the delivery of any one, or more of which, terms may be obtained on application to him, as above:—Philosophy of Public Movements; The Life and Genius of Robert Burns; The Poets of Progress; Woman's Position and Duty; Marriage, its Semblance and Reality; Crime and Criminals; Persecution for Opinions; Capital Punishment; Female Prostitution—two lectures; Books and Reading; The Advantages of Knowledge; The Pursuit of Knowledge; The Diffusion of Knowledge.

Illustrative Notices.

In the list of subscribers for the 'History of the last Trial by Jury' some name may be omitted in the collection of memoranda accumulated during Mr. Holyoake's journey. Any subscriber not finding his name in the list will oblige by sending word thereof, that the error may be corrected.

With the remittance acknowledged last week from the friends in Paisley, Mr. Motherwell writes:—'The weekly sale of the *Reasoner* averages about sixty copies. Nearly twelve dozens of the "Logic of Death" have been sold here; it is still in demand. Our meetings are well attended every Sunday. We have lately rendered our choir more effective, by the addition of several instruments. On Sunday, the 27th ult., we had a grand opening day, upwards of twenty performers; a member addressed the audience in the forenoon; at half-past two in the afternoon, we had a tea party, most numerously attended, about 120 being present; in the evening, Mr. Gallinay, from Glasgow, lectured. We are about to commence a course of lectures on Sunday evenings, to be entitled "Specimens of Christian Credulity," &c. We should much like to have a visit from you. If your engagements should bring you nigh to us, we hope to hear from you. A subscriber wishes to know if you are aware whether a copy of Woolston on Miracles can be had, and the price. I have searched Glasgow and the London trade catalogue, and cannot find it. Also, if an edition of Porphyry's Works are in print.' We insert these queries, as some of our readers may have copies of the works wanted to dispose of.

If this meets the eye of Mr. John Beatie, Phrenological Lecturer, he will oblige by sending his address to our office.

We have received a number of the *Oracle of Reason* for which we lately asked.

E. Wilkes inquires whether the work by Dr. Thomas Cooper, referred to in the correspondence between him and Judge Herttell, was ever published. We believe not, but portions have appeared in an American publication called the *Correspondent*.

Mr. H. Montgomery's address is required.

The acknowledgment lately made of 100s. came thus. While Mr. Holyoake was out of town, a letter arrived, enclosing a £5 note, with only these words:—'£5, to Mr. G. J. Holyoake, for the *Reasoner*, from P. T.'

According to the *Weekly News* a New York paper says:—Jenny Lind has no equal as an effective vocalist, never has had, and we doubt if she ever will have this side of Paradise; and even there she seems fitted to *lead the 'heavenly choirs.'* On the other hand, a clergyman in Boston has, more than once, cautioned the people from the pulpit against 'that singing woman, Miss *Jane* Lind.'

Received.—J. Mulley, Gateshead. The 'Atheist's Prayer' in rhyme not effective enough for the form of expression chosen. Verse should have more grace or more fire than prose.—W. F., Northallerton. Allen's Constructive Exercises in Latin, upon what is called the 'crude form' system, is the best book we can name.—J. S. Batger. The Eight Questions relate to topics upon which we are not prepared to enter.—E. Hawks. As, to supply the country, we have, since the increase in our sale, to go to press earlier, articles should reach us two or three days before publication.—W. E., Oxford, answers our query more fully than was necessary. If anything serviceable arises he shall hear from us.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

FURTHER REPORT FROM NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(BY MR. HOLYOAKE.)

My opponent, Mr. Mills, was a phrenologist, and depended upon that science for argument. I knew therefore that he *must* rely upon the organ of Veneration—that it must be his salvation in debate. Accordingly in enumerating the modes whereby the existence of God was attempted to be proved, I included phrenology, observing, by the way, that there were some few people yet left who thought that science was in favour of theism, but the number had grown very small, and they were become less confident than ever. It would seem that these remarks prevented an ingenious discourse by mine opponent on this topic, for, when the time came for him to introduce it, it was not forthcoming. In lectures which he had elsewhere delivered he had produced a favourable impression by the argument from Veneration. Perhaps at our debate some persons were present who had heard him before, and he did not like to introduce the same subject again. This often happens with lecturers. They will withhold a well-conceived passage or a striking argument, which would be new to five hundred of their audience, because, possibly, some half dozen persons in a corner of the room have heard it before. Sometimes a speaker will omit a happy illustration, because he has published it perhaps before the audience were born who are listening to him, or in some magazine which nobody reads, or in some periodical not taken by more than one man in ten thousand, or in some popular volume which, like McPousto's Phænomenology of Cognition, sells two copies per annum. O'Connell was wiser than this. I know men who heard him deliver the same speech in London thirty times in a fortnight, always producing useful effects and giving delight and satisfaction. If a man has an inventive genius, it is well he should produce something new every time he speaks; but if he has nothing new to say, he ought to say something to the purpose. He should take care of that. Had Mr. Mills had a little more art or courage, and have presented all the points which he no doubt could have commanded, his opponency would have been more effective. On the first night he concluded by an effusion of Unitarian sentimentality, upon the very copious promises of Christianity. He seemed so much at home in this, that I warned the audience to prepare for a repetition. This had the effect of preventing any more such attempts. With little trouble the audience were instructed that we were not come there to ascertain which system could *promise* the most, but which could *prove* the most. Their business was to notice, not what they would *like to have* so much as what they were *likely to get*. When I presented a statement of the case of atheism, in reference to the theology of the day, which appeared to produce an advantageous impression, my opponent thought to prevent the repetition by apprising the audience that I should probably produce another elegant translation of D'Holbach, as on the previous evening—and that they were there to hear, not what I had *prepared*, but what might be relevant to the debate. This did not

divert me from my purpose. I assured my opponent of what would surprise him, namely, that I happened never to have read 'D'Holbach.' I had not taken my atheism, as so many people take their politics, from the French. It was of home growth. Also, that I had debated long enough to begin to resolve opponents into their respective classes; that when I learned to what school one belonged, I not only knew what he would say, but what he must say—and the audience should judge whether what I had prepared was relevant, by my answering all Mr. Mills had advanced, with perhaps more directness than he could wish.

In treating of the religious nature of man my opponent stumbled on that unhappy dogma, the Sense of Dependence, which he ventured to present as the element of religion. But when I traced this melancholy fabrication to Theodore Parker, the argument lost its charm in losing its novelty, and Mr. Mills seemed to lose his liking for it, as it shortly became indistinct in his hands, and finally disappeared. The night we devoted to the Character of Christ afforded me an opportunity of trying the force of some arguments with which I have lately been making experiments. They consist in sequences from the famous maxims of Christ applied to God the Father. No man has gainsayed them anywhere; and as they appear unanswerable, I shall find an opportunity of presenting them to the readers of the *Reasoner* in their proper form. Before passing from the subject of this discussion, I wish to say that the personal bearing of Mr. Mills was of the most gentlemanly and agreeable kind. He has evidently had little experience in debate, but he is capable of speaking with great ability, and, I should think, must be a very interesting lecturer. As the clergy of Newcastle declined to accept the challenge made to them, they ought to feel indebted to Mr. Mills, who stepped forward to do battle on their behalf, and who did it with a good taste, which would do them no discredit.

Sunday evening, the last in Newcastle, was devoted to local replies. The audience was more numerous than on any preceding night; it included members of the press and public defenders of religion. Newcastle has been prolific in pamphlets. The walls of the town were everywhere placarded with 'Atheism Defended.' The pamphlets I took upon the platform were as follows:—1. 'The Logic of Life, in reply to G. J. Holyoake's Logic of Death.' By. J. Harrison. 2. 'Holyoake Refuted, being a Review of his Pretended Refutation of Paley.' By the author of the 'Logic of Life,' 'Letters to Wesleyans,' &c. 3. 'Atheism Defended,' being a Review of a Tract entitled 'Holyoake Refuted.' By a Newcastle Atheist. 4. 'The Logic of Atheism,' with especial reference to Mr. Holyoake's Pretended Refutation of Paley. By John Mackintosh. 5. 'The Consequences of Atheism.' By the Rev. T. Pottinger, Minister of Tuthill Stairs Chapel. 6. Three Tracts ascribed to the Rev. Mr. Rogers, entitled respectively—I. 'Christianity versus Infidelity.' II. 'Is there a God?' 'The Most Wonderful Book in the World.' III. 'The Genealogy of Jesus.' One or two were directed against Thomas Cooper. The other generally against atheists. Besides these, I took on the platform two reviews in the *Christian Philanthropist* and *Newcastle Spectator*.

At the same time the Rev. George Harris, the ablest of Unitarian divines, and two other Ministers, were preaching against the Freethinkers. What I said in reply to the above-cited pamphlets shall be presented in brief notices of them to be hereafter given. Two of the authors appeared on the platform to defend themselves. Mr. J. Mackintosh spoke with ascerbity and such ill taste, that the audience resented it so as to relieve me of the necessity of noticing it, which indeed I felt no inclination to do. One example of his reasoning was to this effect. He charged me with calling the existence of God 'a lie,' because I had explained the

untruthfulness of the assertion. He failed to see that to call an error by the coarse name of 'a lie,' is to impute wilfulness, consciousness of untruth to those who utter the error. But impetuous and excitable, it is possible that this author (not without talent, as we shall show) spoke more than he meant.

Mr. Harrison, an earnest man of anxious aspect, demanded of me where the first man came from? He wanted a direct reply, he said. I gave him one—I said *I did not know!* I was not in the secrets of nature, but as, from the confidence of his tone, he appeared to be, I begged him to share his light with me. He had not a word to say. Next he attempted a little experiment on the stage. The ball and socket joint of the arm, I understood him to say, proved that there must be a God, and he would prove it by any little boy who would come forward. (Great commotion among the little children present.) To pacify my friend, who grew confident as the little ones grew confused, I begged of a mother to oblige him with the loan of her son for a few minutes. A pretty blushing boy was at last handed down to the platform, and Mr. Harrison, with the air of a formidable pedagogue, began his immense catechism. 'Now, my little dear, did you ever see a door?' No response. 'Now, my little boy, be a good boy, and answer. Did you never see a door upon its hinges?' The poor lad looked up with wonder at the 1000 pairs of eyes turned upon him, and answered 'No.' 'What!' said the more bewildered catechist, 'Do you mean to say that you never saw a door on its hinges?' 'No, I never did,' replied Mr. Harrison's juvenile proof. Mr. Harrison sat down much out of humour with himself, and with very bad grace declaring that the 'boy had been tutored.' As Mr. Harrison had laid it down that the correction of atheism required more the aid of the *medical* than the *logical* faculty, I took the liberty of reminding him that he ought never to come into discussion unattended by a physician; that instead of devoting himself too painfully to answer my arguments, he should confine himself to feeling my pulse—that his Bible should be superseded by a Medicine Chest. G. J. Holyoake.

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE REV. BREWIN GRANT, OF BIRMINGHAM.

Our energetic opponent in Birmingham, the Rev. Brewin Grant, lately issued the following lithographed circular. Through many weary weeks we have looked for the 'Bible and the People,' and now that December is set in, we are unable longer to remain in silent suspense. We think that Mr. Thomas Cooper, at whose door lies the sin which so disturbs the peace of our Birmingham friend—of 'popularising Strauss,' ought to take a dozen copies. As for the 'philosophical radicals,' we appeal to them herewith to become subscribers. Mr. Grant may count on us. May we hope to see No. 1? Edward Baines, of the *Leeds Mercury*, being put forth as a patron of a publication for the people, who denies them public knowledge, is a rich joke. Mr. Grant is facetious. We expect to find the 'Bible and the People' a species of Evangelical *Punch*.

My dear Sir,—Your attention is *earnestly* requested to the accompanying prospectus of the 'Bible and the People;' the purpose of which is to meet inquiring minds on the questions of Christianity in connection with human nature and the duties of society. There is much latent infidelity abroad, which is fostered by certain periodicals, &c.—one of these is now popularising 'Strauss's Life of Jesus.' The philosophical radicals, also, exhibit directly, and by implication, their denial of Christianity: whilst priestly power and ceremonial efficacy join with political religion to disgust some and delude others. The 'Bible and the People' is intended to meet these false principles, both by exposing their weakness and exhibiting the superior grandeur of the Gospel. In this *specific* purpose will consist one of its *peculiarities:* it will also (as far as possible) assume a *continuous* rather than

(as is necessary in other periodicals) a *miscellaneous* character. May I be allowed to enrol your name among its subscribers and supporters? You will greatly oblige by favouring me with an *early* assurance that this proposal has your hearty sympathy; and by preserving the circular, to show to any minister or layman, Sabbath-school teachers and others—using your influence to gain them both as subscribers and collectors of names. Earnestly begging your *immediate* and favourable attention to this subject, I remain, yours very truly,

Birmingham, June 1850. BREWIN GRANT.

P.S.—Several influential and well-known gentlemen have already expressed great sympathy with the object. I may mention the Revs. J. Harris, D.D., Philip Smith, LLD., &c. Amongst laymen, E. Baines, Esq., of the *Leeds Mercury*, &c.

As very few persons, so far as we can hear, have taken any notice of Mr. Grant's solicitation; and as he has our 'hearty sympathy,' we have 'preserved' his circular, and now 'show' it to all 'ministers and laymen' whom we have the honour to number among our readers. G. J. H.

THAT PROPHET BRINDLEY.

AT the present time, when the 'awful delusions' of Socialism are spreading through all ranks—when it is being, as Meagher proposed of the Irish agitation, baptised in the Holy-well—when Socialism is weekly and fervidly pronounced *Christian*, and Mr. Owen is in danger of being canonised as a *Saint*, the following private circular of our old friend John Brindley is worthy of a place in our record of the fatuities of the 'faithful.'

Meeting Mr. Owen last week at our office, I told him he would yet live to be Saint Owen. He answered, as radiant with hope as with health, that he expected it would be so. G. J. H.

MADAM,—The rapidly declining state of Socialism throughout the country, as shown in the accompanying report, you will doubtless regard as a cause of great thankfulness to Almighty God who has so blessed the means used to stay the progress of its awful delusions. I trust, therefore, that I am not taking an undue liberty in calling your attention to the results of my public labours during the last three years.

Within that short period of time I have travelled more than thirty thousand miles, held upwards of five hundred public meetings, and published more than one hundred thousand tracts, besides having procured a great number of petitions and addresses to the throne and to the legislature. The whole of these operations have been carried forward at my own risk and cost, dependent entirely on casual pecuniary assistance. The testimonials herewith will inform you how my services have been regarded, and the sacrifices I have made that I might devote myself wholly to this important work.

The liabilities that have accumulated upon me to this time amount to a very considerable sum; and as I have a large young family, and an aged parent, to provide for, I respectfully but earnestly pray your assistance. My future labours will be under the superintendence of the Lord Bishop of this Diocese, that I shall not have occasion to repeat this application. Your early attention will much enhance the value of your help.

I have the honour to remain, Madam,

Your obliged obedient servant,

Flookersbrook, Chester, 27th April, 1842. JOHN BRINDLEY.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT NOT GIVEN BY GOD TO MOSES.*

THE author of this pamphlet avows his agreement with the Christian and the Mussulman in the belief of one God, but he denies that any revelation of the divine will has been made to man beyond those laws made manifest to the senses and reason of man, such as the command to preserve life, to labour, to sleep, and to do as we would have others do to us. These he calls the laws of God (we should call them laws of nature), and he shows very clearly how many of the laws in the pretended divine code of Mount Sinai, and the Sabbatarian law in particular, are contradicted by human experience and by the inexorable laws of human nature. Many of the arguments in this little work are forcibly expressed, the language is clear and correct, rising frequently to eloquence, and want of space alone prevents us from making several extracts of passages which deserve the tribute of an opponent's praise. For we are compelled to differ widely from the author on certain points, and from the general justness of his views we think it still more important to attempt to refute his arguments in favour of theism. The first passage we shall comment upon is at page 17. 'The life of every new creature, the birth of every new thought, is a new creation as much as the creation of the first man, and the calling into existence of the first sensation. It never existed before, and is now only created. *Creation is never suspended.*' Certainly not in the sense in which he uses the word creation, but how can a man of the 'Labourer's' powers of reasoning have failed to perceive that since the operations of nature, which he calls creation, are never suspended, it involves an absurdity, or rather a complication of absurdities, as great as the six days' giant labour which he so well ridicules, to suppose that creation, or nature, ever had a beginning? The crust of the earth indeed does undergo certain transformations, and all animate nature is in progress of development, according to settled laws; planets may be destroyed by settled laws, and new planets be formed, but who can imagine a beginning to the infinite material universe? If there was a beginning, there was once nothing!

At page 30, he says, 'Man is naturally a believing and a religious animal, or so many vile errors in every quarter of the globe would not for a long period have been fastened on his credulity.' Surely it would be as reasonable to argue that man is naturally a fighting animal from the frequency of public wars and private combats in every age of the world. I think myself that man has naturally certain pugnacious propensities, and that they require to be kept in check by careful education of the reason and of his better qualities. At the same time, when under due control they have their uses and good tendency, and the propensity to veneration when properly directed and regulated, will also be beneficial to mankind, and is, in fact, a result of human reason; while religious feelings I believe to be the results of religious education, and to be, in fact, veneration wrongly directed to an imaginary being instead of to those grand examples, and still grander, ideal of virtue and heroism, which should be the objects of human worship, and their imitation the objects of human ambition.

Apart from our views of parts of the 'Labourer's' arguments, they are such as can be conscientiously urged by a wide public, into whose hands we trust this timely and able pamphlet will find its way.

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* 'The Fourth Commandment not given by God to Moses.' A Pamphlet for the People. By a Labourer. London: Watson.

Examination of the Press.

Progress of Infidelity.—From a paragraph in the *Reasoner*, taken from a hand-bill circulated in Newcastle, we learn that large masses of the people in Newcastle are going over to the what orthodox sectarians call the side of infidelity, and that still greater numbers are being shaken in their convictions respecting the Bible and its teachings. We are told that in one factory there are upwards of one hundred professed infidels; that in another factory twelve out of fourteen are infidels; that in another, where from three to four hundred men are employed, there are only about twelve who profess Christianity. The extract further informs us, that the Christian churches are doing little or nothing to meet this fearful form of evil. We may add, that the clergy or priests of the different denominations know that they cannot grapple with infidelity. They feel that they are utterly unable to prove the truth of their notions respecting the Bible.—*The People*, No. 138.

Fear of Rationalism.—I cannot, however, but think that we have more to apprehend from the theology of Germany than that of Rome,—from that which defies human reason than from that which seeks to blind or stifle it,—from a school which labours to reconcile Christianity with its own philosophy by stripping the gospel of all its characteristic features, and reducing it to the level of human systems, than from a Church which rejects and condemns even the soundest conclusions of true philosophy when they are at variance with the determinations of its own presumed infallibility. The theology, if it deserves the name, to which I allude, has been grafted upon or grown out of the idealism of the German philosophers. It has exhibited symptoms of decline in its native soil; but I fear it is beginning to lay hold on the more practical mind of this country; and from it, in my judgment, more danger is to be apprehended than from the attempt to revive worn-out superstitions, and to shackle the understandings and consciences of men with fetters which were broken and thrown off at the Reformation. Moral evidence, historical testimony, inspiration, miracle, all that is objective in Christianity, is swept away by the writers of this school, its glory defaced, its living waters deprived of all their healing virtues by distillation in the alembic of Rationalism.—*Bishop of London's Charge*, 1850.

Is God Love or is God Fire?—The following theological remarks are extracted from a curious book called *Siris*, supposed to have been written by Bishop Berkley:—'It must be owned there are many passages in Holy Scripture that would make one think the Supreme Being was, in a peculiar manner, present and manifest in the element of fire. Not to insist that God is, more than once, said to be a consuming fire, which might be understood in a metaphorical sense, the divine apparitions were by fire in a bush, at Mount Sinai, in the tabernacle, and in the cloven tongues. God is represented, in the inspired writings, as descending in fire, as attended by fire, or with fire going before him. Celestial things—as angels, chariots, and such like phenomena—are invested with fire, light, and splendour. Ezekiel, in his vision, beheld fire and brightness, lamps, burning coals of fire, and flashes of lightning. In a vision of Daniel, the throne of God appeared like a fiery flame, and his wheels like burning fire; also a fiery flame issued and came forth before him. At the transfiguration, the Apostles saw our Saviour's face shining as the sun, and his raiment white as light, also a lucid cloud, or body of light out of which the voice came. Bishop Patrick considers that in the beginning of the world, the Shekinah, or Divine Presence, which was then frequent, appeared by light or fire. In commenting on that passage where Cain is said to have gone out from the presence of the Lord, the bishop observes, that if Cain, after this, turned a downright Idolater, as many think, it is very likely that he introduced the worship of the sun, as the best resemblance he could find, of the glory of the Lord, which was wont to appear in a flaming light.'—*Thoughts on the Nature of Man.*

THE WONDERS OF MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

BY W. CHILTON.

All missionary meetings have their peculiar, never-varying, as it were stereotyped, characteristics; and they are attended by a class—mostly women—of marvel-seekers and lovers of exaggeration, who have leisure at their command and money to throw away. It is amusing to see the ladies trooping to them in a regular stream, shortly after the hour appointed for the opening of the doors, with their little reticules and bags plethoric with physical sustenance to enable them to meet the call upon their strength which the invariably long speeches of their spiritual friends are sure to inflict; and it is distressing to see them, at the close of the long sitting, fagged and heated, wearily wending their way home.

It may have been observed, also, that there is either a *bonâ fide* tattooed, but converted, great chief—they are always 'great' chiefs, with horrid names (such as 'Kah-ge-ga-gah-bow,' who is at present in England)—to be exhibited, to address the company in broken English devoid of sense; or else some large-mouthed, goggle-eyed, pot-bellied wooden dolls to be shown, which the poor innocents in some far-off lands are said to worship, but which, in fact, they seem to use as a kind of sedative for intense joy or anger—for when they are pleased they hug and praise them, and when they are displeased they abuse and beat them. But, should either or both of these 'great attractions' not be available, there are always some Major Longbows recently arrived from the uttermost parts of the earth, where they have been spending half their lives among naked man-eaters or devil-worshippers, who are open to an engagement for the occasion, and who certainly never fail to prove themselves admirable adepts in one of the accomplishments at least of heathen lands—that of propelling a certain sharp and useful instrument.

I was forcibly reminded of these things by reading an account of the meeting of the Bristol Auxiliary of the London Missionary Society, which took place a short time since, a few of the salient points of which I propose to notice, because, as I said, they are more or less applicable to all such meetings.

There was no 'great chief' exhibited, but there were some doll-gods; there was an Indian colonel for chairman, and missionaries from the South Seas and from China. The Colonel announced that 'Education was going on [in India], and the knowledge of scientific subjects was undermining the superstitions of the people, and their enlightenment was releasing them from the thraldom of their priesthood.' This gentleman, from the artlessness with which he made the statement, was evidently one of those peculiarly constituted individuals who may be emphatically styled 'long-sighted'—one of those, in fact, to whom distance not merely 'lends enchantment,' but produces clearness and distinctness. He evidently was not aware, in reality could not see from its close proximity to him, that education and science had been producing the self-same effects in England and on the Continent of Europe for the last quarter of a century at least. The antagonism of science and education to the superstitions of India was as clear to him as the sun at noon-day; but the antagonism of the same science and education to the superstitions of the land in which he spoke was quite invisible.

The speech of the missionary from the South Seas was, as a matter of course, a tissue of wonders and horrors respecting those parts. One native agent had seen, 'with his own eyes,' a 'man laid down by an oven waiting to be baked;' one cannot help hoping, with Sydney Smith, that the cooked human disagreed with the stomachs of the savages who ate him. Another agent saw a 'well-conditioned' savage 'chopped in pieces alive,' preparatory to undergoing culinary process. Another native agent, after witnessing the massacre of a ship's crew, heard the order given for his own murder. Calmly he awaited the approach of his executioner; with axe upraised the savage drew nigh. 'Peace be with you,' said the agent, and held out his right arm; down came the axe, and the limb was severed from the body. 'He held out his left arm, which was severed the same; and then the savage struck him on the head, and killed him.' He told, also, a long and wonderful story of some old man-killing and man-eating chief, who assembled a vast number of warriors for the purpose of killing two native agents at New Caledonia. The only opposition they

offered was prayer. He made two attempts: on the first, his purpose failed him while still at some distance from them; on the second he actually came up to the house in which they were, brandishing his weapons and vowing he would have their blood; yet upon one of the agents coming out to him, the other's heart failed him—he received him kindly, gave him plenty of food, and departed ingloriously with all his tribe. There had been, however, no less than *twelve* native missionaries murdered at different times.

The deputation from the parent society announced that it still remained for Romanism to make its *first* proselyte at Tahiti; so that if they (the Protestants) were not permitted to Christianise the natives there, it was some satisfaction to know that at least the Catholics could not. There had been so much infanticide, murder, and cannibalism, put an end to through the labours of the society, that if any expedition, like the Niger expedition, had done a tithe of the service for civilisation, 'all the periodicals in the kingdom would have teemed with its praises.' This was a pretty broad hint that there was not sufficient praise and commendation bestowed upon the society by the newspaper press; the rev. gentleman forgot, though, that the Niger expedition had not its hundreds and thousands of paid advocates to trumpet its merits through the length and breadth of the land; nor did he say anything of the disparity of cost between the society and scientific expeditions; of the hardly begrudged thousands devoted to the latter, and of the millions given with a free hand to the former. Of the infanticide, murder, and worse than cannibalism which has *not* been put an end to, but, on the contrary, has been increasing in a frightful ratio in his native land, the gentleman said—nil. They had translated the Bible into nearly half the languages of the globe, and had nearly prepared a version in Chinese; there had been a 'hitch' in this case arising from the 'melancholy fact that in a language spoken by 360 millions of human beings, there was no word found to answer for the name of God,' and he thought they would be obliged either to use an English word or a Greek one. But how would that help them out of the difficulty? Of what use would the word be to the Chinese without an *idea*, similar to that in the minds of the missionaries, attaching to it whenever they saw or heard it? If they have the idea but no word to represent it, how is it they cannot *make* a Chinese word for it? Any one who did not know better would be apt to think from the above statement that the Chinese were a people without a God; this is not the case, they are Buddhists, or worshippers of Buddah. Having never imagined or heard of any such God as the Christians talk about, they have naturally no word as an equivalent for such an existence, and when they have got the word I wonder what it will help them to understand the mysteries of the Christian deity—the miraculous conception, a son being his own father, putting himself to death, raising himself up again, being three distinct persons and yet only one person, &c. I will undertake to say that if they *do* get a clear understanding of it, it will be more than those who introduce it to them have, and they will be cleverer than their teachers. Why, the teachers and preachers of the Christian God, to say nothing of their followers, in this country, have no fixed canons respecting what he is; there is not the slightest approach to agreement even amongst themselves on the subject, and if the 90,000 which are said to be scattered over Great Britain and Ireland were congregated together, and they were asked to define what God is, there would arise such another Babel of discordant sounds as Volney describes as taking place when the same question was put to the nations of the earth.

[At this point of the meeting the collection was made, and 'some hideous wooden images' exhibited for the 'edification' of the meeting, as being specimens of the gods worshipped in the South Seas.]

A rev. gentleman, celebrated among dissenting Christians for his energy and eloquence, and who came from that historic town where England's chief-magistrates lately met to feast and speechify, and do honour to their sovereign's husband, said, 'They were endeavouring to promote a religion, apart from which the nations of the world must remain in pollution and misery. Heathenism was the savage nurse, the parent of every crime and woe. It was now, and in the classic days of Rome and Greece, robed and veiled in tinselled splendour. It stood before them stained with the lees of sensuality, and stained with the blood of massacred humanity, an object of disgust and horror. There was not one truth it did not oppose, one falsehood it did not promote, one virtue it did not crush, one vice it did not cherish, one blessing it did not blast, one curse it did not inflict. It spread its withering blight over both worlds, and after saturating the present state with every element of bitterness, from which man would revolt and flee, it consigned, in a future world, the souls of those it deluded to darkness and despair.'

This language produced a great effect upon the hearers — that was what was looked for. The gentleman was essentially an 'effect-producer;' he was invaluable for such meetings on that account. He is a religious galvaniser—his tongue is the battery and his words the medium of communication; no one within hearing of him can escape his influence—a shock you must have, but whether positive or negative will depend upon yourself. It is a great rarity to find rigid truth where there is great eloquence, either of the tongue or pen; I do not mean to say that they are never found united, but I do assert that great exaggeration is generally the companion of sonorous sentences and antithetical declamation. This was very evident in relation to the extract I have given, if what another of the cloth said was true. China, I would remark, is essentially and to all intents and purposes a heathen land, and all the people, but the few professing Christianity, practise heathenism; having looked at the picture of heathenism drawn above, look at the following sketch of it, 'taken upon the spot,' by the artist who describes it.

The missionary from China said, 'He had not to speak of a barbarous, but a refined, polished, educated people; not of the inhabitants of a little island or wandering tribe over some vast continent, but of an empire which numbered one-third of the population of the globe.' He continued, 'A great deal was said about civilisation, which we were too apt to judge of by the standard we ourselves set up; but we could not speak of the Chinese as uncivilised, when we found that their government was opposed to patronage; when, under its protection, the lowest boy might rise step by step to the highest rank; when the whole nation was covered with, at it were, a net-work of canals, which existed when England was but a forest, and were sustained and kept in repair by the voluntary contributions of the people; when they found there a foundling hospital which had endured from 1300 years before Christ, and hospitals for the sick and aged —both supported upon the voluntary system. The Chinese were called an unchangeable people. What an absurdity! It was true that the manners and customs of oriental nations did not change as rapidly as ours, but progress still went on. India and China were so apt to be spoken of together, that persons might think they were alike — far from it. In India you might see a dirty wretch who, having vowed that he would hold his arm in one position for a year, and having held it so long that he could not change its position, while his nails had grown through the backs of his hands,— you might see such a wretch worshipped by the people, and, as he passed through the streets, you might see a devotee set down his cup of water, implore his holiness to put his dirty toe into it, and then drink it off. In China they would laugh at such a thing. In India you might see dead bodies floating down the Ganges—they were mostly the bodies of aged people who, their offspring finding them old and troublesome, were carried to the river's side, their mouths and ears filled with dirt, and then cast into the stream. Now, in China the aged were taken the greatest care of; a son would think himself disgraced, if he allowed his aged father to work, and nowhere could they find so merry a set of old people. In India, widows were either burnt or else allowed but a scanty pittance; in China they were treated with kindness and respect.'

What a contradiction is this to the assertions of the other speaker! He said that 'heathenism was the savage nurse, the parent of every crime and woe.' Is this true of heathen China? He said there was not one virtue heathenism did not crush, one vice it did not cherish. It is a virtue to cherish the aged, and the Chinese practise this virtue; it is a vice to burn widows, the Chinese do not burn widows, but treat them with kindness and respect. The Chinese have no divine command ordering them to 'honour their father and their mother,' yet they do it, heathens though they are. They practise virtues not always—I might almost say, not often —found even in this Christian land. How absurd, then, are such tirades against heathenism as that which I have quoted! What civilising advantages has heathen China to gain from Christianity? The missionary from China was essentially an honest man; he said, 'If the missionaries were to number their converts by the number who presented themselves for Christian baptism, they might speak of them by thousands; if they were to number their teachers by those who were willing to take the New Testament in their hands, and go forth to preach, they would count them by hundreds; but the missionaries were careful not to receive any until they were fully assured of their perfect conversion to God. Consequently, though they had large congregations, he would not boast of many converts; as a Christian man, he would not claim more than fifty.' There are three hundred and sixty millions of heathens in China, less *fifty* converted by the Missionary Society. May we not inquire

with the Apostle, 'What are these amongst so many?' If it take so long and so much to convert fifty, how long will it take and how much will it cost to convert three hundred and sixty millions? Will the whistle be worth what will be paid for it, if it be ever gained?

A rev. gentleman of considerable local fame, to whose name has been prefixed by general consent the title of 'bishop,' wished an abstract of the Parent Society's report to be printed and widely circulated. 'He would put in the hands of infidels, and ask them whether anything short of heavenly influence could lead men to brave such perils and endure such labours as were there detailed.' Why the dangers and perils of missionary life are not greater than the dangers and perils incurred by arctic searchers for a North-West passage, and yet we find that there are plenty of men to be found to incur these dangers for double pay. Look at the daily and hourly danger, nay even horrors, of coal mining, vitriol making, dry fork grinding, and many other trades, in which the length of men's lives engaged in them can be calculated to a year or so; yet there are plenty of men always to be found ready and willing to give their services for the miserable pittance to be gained by it. Now, no one ever thinks of supposing these men influenced by heaven in the selection of their professions; unfortunately it is 'Hobson's choice' with them, that or nothing; but I have no doubt they would prefer being missionaries, if they had the chance. We never hear anything of the pleasures and profits of missionary life; that would not do—it would not pay—it would not undraw the purse-strings, and, therefore, it is judiciously kept in the background; it is a recital of the dangers and privations which produce sympathy and excitement, which are essentially the objects aimed at in missionary meetings, and therefore a sedative in the shape of the bright side of the picture would be entirely out of place. Our rev. friend's wish to show infidels the heavenly influences which *must* have been at work to produce such wonderful results as were detailed in the report, belongs to that class of incongruous ideas with which theologians, more particularly than other men, appear to be afflicted. The man whose convictions led him to question the truth of Christianity would not be very likely to be converted to an opposite opinion by reading that a few hundreds or thousands of savages, living thousands of miles off, had been made into nominal Christians; that they had exchanged their savage sincerity for civilised hypocrisy; and that they had formally renounced a religion which, if absurd, was at least simple and on an equality with their mental capacity, and adopted one which was not only absurd and revolting in its first principles, but was also incomprehensible and not to be made to appear reasonable by the cleverest men and most giant minds that ever lived. Why the *bonâ fide* conversion of the whole 360,000,000 of Chinese next year would be no proof of the truth of the Christian dogmas. It is well known, in fact is an axiom, that the concurrent opinion of numbers in favour of any particular principles or views, is no proof of the truth of those principles or views; if it were so, as Henry Hetherington showed in his 'Cheap Salvation,' the weight would be on the side of what are called in this country the heathens, for they immensely outnumber the Christians Of the eight or nine hundred millions of human beings on the globe, there are not many more than two hundred millions asserted to be Christians, or about one quarter; and of these, it is worthy of remark, that all the people throughout Europe who are not Jews are reckoned as Christians.

I have now brought my cursory review of the notable points of the Bristol Missionary Meeting to a conclusion; the speeches were a fair sample of those usually delivered at these annual gatherings, and, as such, were, I considered, worthy of notice. I had nearly forgotten, however, that the Bristol local report called upon the faithful 'to give Jehovah no rest' so long as there remained a single heathen to be converted. Now considering that Christianity is said to be some eighteen hundred years old, and that not more than one quarter of the inhabitants of the earth are professing Christians, we may form some idea of the length of disquiet to which Jehovah will be subjected if the remaining three quarters are not converted more rapidly than the first quarter has been.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

PROTESTANT INSULT TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

Sir,—In common with everybody else, I am watching the present 'no popery' clamour with great interest, though perhaps with feelings very different from either the papist party or those who have set up this ultra-protestant-Christian yell against Archbishop Wiseman and his brother prelates. If I hate the principles of popery it is because they are the principles of a mind-debasing spiritual despotism, and the direst foes of civil and religious liberty; still I have no sympathy with the anti-popish spirit displayed at the meetings convened to cry down the assumed 'aggression' of Pius IX. At these meetings the evil genius of Christian persecution rides on the whirlwind of each applause, and directs the storm of rabid vengeance conjured up from the depths of human passion to burst on the heads of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. As an apology for this vulgarity, the 'fire-eyed disputants' tell us that the Pope has attacked our liberties, slighted the Established Church, denied Victoria's ecclesiastical supremacy, and insulted the English nation, and therefore we, as Britons bold and true, are warranted in outraging Christianity by returning 'railing for railing,' and are justified in descending to the lowest blackguardism in order to exalt and defend 'the Protestant Faith.' Now, supposing the premises were truth (which they are not entirely), the conclusion drawn by 'the Protestants' is absurdly false. That there is some little truth in the charges against the Pope I admit, but not enough to ruffle the temper of the staunchest advocate of religious liberty. That His Holiness has heaped any insult on us Englishmen by his appointment of Dr. Wiseman to the see of Westminster, is certainly an unjust accusation. Whatever 'insult' is involved in the affair has proceeded from the 'Protestants' themselves. They have insulted—grossly insulted—by their recent conduct, the intelligence of England, by the bare supposition that, as a nation, we could ever become slaves to the doctrines and decrees of the Romish Church. To suppose that because a few men calling themselves 'Bishops' would suffice to lead Commons, Lords, and Queen to the foot of the papal throne, is, I maintain, a piece of impudence, an audacious aggression upon the supremacy of English Mind, ten thousand times more intolerable than the assumption of Cardinal Wiseman to 'govern' his own diocese. The Church of Rome has a right to her prelates as much as the Church of England to hers, and I see greater danger to the glorious principle of Free Conscience in matters of Faith and Worship from the violence of 'Protestants' than from the doing justice to Roman Catholics. Against these 'Protestant' outbursts of bigotry let every freethinker raise his voice. If we submit to a law which shall deny papists unlimited liberty of worship, we open a door for the persecution of other sects. If papists are to be denied their prelates, in process of time atheists may be denied their lecturers. Let us fight for *absolute freedom of opinion*. The 'papal aggression' is a pure Church of England question, and it is something beside astonishment which one feels on beholding Dissenters lending their voice to increase the 'no popery' chorus. I sincerely hope this 'moral persecution' will not degenerate into the enactment of penal laws and physical force antagonism.

F. G.

GET OVER THAT IF YOU CAN.

Sir,—One would have thought from the recent case of Baron Rothschild in the House of Commons, where so many members were agreeable to his taking his seat after being sworn upon the Old Testament, that Christians would have modified their notions in some respect upon the subject of oath taking; but it appears not, as the following shows:—A few days since, at Kesteven Sessions (Lincolnshire), Mr. Chesterfield, farmer, a Calvinistic Baptist, refused to serve on a petit jury, on the grounds that 'he could not take an oath, it being inconsistent with the precepts of the gospel.' The Chairman (Gen. Johnson) read to him a verse from Deuteronomy, chap. xiii., which saith, 'Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shall swear by his name,' adding, '*Get over that if you can.*' To counteract this Mr. Chesterfield quoted a part of chap. v., v. 34, of Matthew—'But I say unto you, swear not at all,' and would not be sworn, whereupon the chairman replied by inflicting upon him a penalty of £5. No doubt Mr. Johnson was right this time, and could say with more force, 'Get over that if you can.'

Isaac Argent.

GLEANINGS AMONG THE METHODISTS.

Sir,—The little Wesleyan magazine, *Early Days*, for the present month, contains the following, in an article headed 'The History of a Family.' The writer, in speaking of the imprisonment and sufferings of the Wycliffites and Lollards, says, 'And for what? Because they read their Bible and thought for themselves.' It would be a great boon to society if Methodists would become as free to allow as they are eager to claim this privilege. But they are as much tinged with the spirit of intolerance as most sects, and this will be further seen from what follows. The *Christian Miscellany*, another of their publications, contains an article, in 'Selections from a Minister's Manuscripts,' on 'The Course of the Socialist.' This is a specimen:—'If ever there was a wicked pretence born in hell, and deceptively propagated on earth, it is this. It points to its author in its character, for that character has written upon it a lie, the forgery of fiends, to ensnare and destroy the well-being and happiness of society.' Such is the language of a minister of the gospel, but yet it is hardly to be wondered at, for they are but imitating their great leader, Christ, who certainly was an adept at declamation.

There is also in the same number a short sketch of Dr. Spurzheim and phrenology, which concludes thus:—'In short, it is a study which can produce no benefit, and is *very likely* to produce much evil. Time spent on it is worse than lost, it is most injuriously wasted.' This savours very much of the Papal hatred to science. Had every one *thought* as this gentleman speaks of science, we should truly have been in the dark ages yet. He also in another part of the article says, that phrenology is not a science, because it is not scientifically proved to be true; it is only *hypothesis*. Granting this, and treating religion in the same manner, is it proved to demonstration? if not it is but like phrenology, only an hypothesis.

If they could prove their theory to be correct, there breathes not a man beneath the sun who would be able to gainsay or call its truth in question.

Sunderland. Veritas.

SUGGESTION TO THE SOCIALISTS OF MANCHESTER.

Sir,—If you could be persuaded to mention your works at your lectures many persons would be able to follow out the study of the subjects you treat, with advantage. Your silence denies them. Your reason for it being a fear that your lectures might wear a mercenary aspect, and come to be considered a bookselling expedient, I well enough appreciate. Still I think you might allow me to draw the attention of the Socialists of St. Patrick's Hall to your 'Rationalism, or Mr. Owen's Views Individualised.' Could the statement of Socialism you made on the morning of opening have been made ten years ago in Manchester, we should still have had our noble Hall and audience. The body at Garratt's-road have much to do to win the confidence of the town, and could they be induced to take instead of the old generalisation the *individual* view of Socialism laid down in your 'Rationalism,' we should have a new order of people. I hope we shall obtain the advocacy and influence in this way of Mr. James Campbell, who seems to be the leader there.

A Visitor at St. Patrick's Hall.

ALARMING PAGAN 'AGGRESSION.'

Sir,—As a member of the honourable fraternity of Christian crossing-sweepers, my religious feelings are sadly outraged by the liberty allowed to Hindoos, Mahometans, Buddhists, and such kind of infidels and pagans, to fill the office of crossing-sweeper in our public thoroughfares. In a Christian country it is disgraceful that this should be permitted by government; it is a proof to my mind that England's sun is about to set for ever when I find the ministers of a Christian queen indifferent to the open patronage awarded to idolaters and heathens in our very streets. Several of our most valuable crossings in this metropolis are occupied by dark-faced specimens of humanity, who deny her Majesty's supremacy over their consciences; and therefore we, as loyal Englishmen and pious Christians, are defrauded of our rights, privileges, and emoluments. I hold it to be the duty of our government (being the government of a Christian country) to 'drive away' all such strange and heathen 'aggressors.' While they remain I cannot say that our 'ways are ways of pleasantness,' however clean they may be swept by infidel brooms. I hope Lord John Russell, noble Defender of the Faith as he is, will pass an Act to protect her Majesty's loyal subjects from a continuance of this insolent, monstrous, presumptuous aggression. Whatever you, sir, may say to the contrary, I shall instantly petition our beloved Queen on the matter in question, beseeching her never to pass any crossing held by an unchristian sweeper.

Religious liberty for ever! Down with all creeds but my own!

London, Dec. 1, 1850. Timothy Brush.

DEEP-WORDED DOMINIC.

Our ingenious correspondent, 'Dominic Divers,' has furnished us with another paper in reply to 'W. E. B.,' in which the Darkness in which he delights has not this time the advantage of being visible. We have stumbled through the article and fallen into sundry bogs of 'laconicity' and 'anterio-posteriority'—lost our way in mysterious 'quadripartite divisions' without an 'ib' or an 'ab' to guide us, and when at length we arrived 'relatively conditionately towards'—the end, we had no strength to tell where we had been, and no heart to 'obvert' our unoffending readers into such a 'constitutive numericality.' G. J. H.

THE NEW INSTITUTION IN CHELSEA.

Sir,—The following statement has been sent to most of the liberal papers. We shall feel greatly obliged if you will notice our wants in the way you think most desirable.

In October, 1848, ten working men hired two rooms for the purpose of forming an Institution. We called it an Institution of Progress. These rooms we fitted up with gas, and decorated by our own labour, and furnished at our own expense. All but about three of us were mechanics, depending upon weekly wages, and having little education. Not one of us, had we consulted our individual comforts, had a penny to spare.

Our means and accommodation being small, our progress was consequently slow. We were, however, in earnest—had self-reliance—and have succeeded.

It became necessary to have larger premises, and we have taken such situated in the same line of street as those we formerly occupied. We have a house entirely to ourselves, at five pounds a-year less rent than we paid for apartments.

The house required gas-fittings, decorating, and repairing, which have been done as in the former case. Our library is sadly in want of books—we, of money to make the Institution known, to render our classes and the organisation of the Institution effective.

At present the number of members is about seventy, at 6d. per week. We have a lecture hall, wider and ten feet longer than before; a reading room, and classes for the different branches of education; a public discussion every Friday evening, in which is thoroughly recognised the right of every thought to its own free utterance. Attached to the Institution is a Secular Day School—number of pupils averaging about forty, at sixpence per week. As aids to us, books, money, or advice, will be received with gratification.

We wish to raise £100 (much less would be of great service), by £1 loans, to be repaid as soon as possible. We do not want it to pay debts, but to increase our usefulness. We are now in the position of a tradesman without capital. Should you feel sufficient interest in our labours to insert this, we should consider it a great favour if you signify your willingness to receive subscriptions, as that would be a guarantee of our genuineness to those who have not an opportunity of knowing us.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary, at No. 10A, Upper George Street, Sloane Square, Chelsea.

Yours truly, for the Committee,

Charles Frederick Nicholls.

[From what we know of the writer of this letter and his coadjutors, we have no objection to receive and transmit anything forwarded for the purpose mentioned.—Ed.]

'Reasoner' Shilling List for Vol. X.—Previously acknowledged in No. 8, 481s. 6d.—A Friend of Reason, for the months of October and November, 40s.—W. J. B., from No. 4 to No. 8 (five weeks), 50s.—T. S., Liverpool (weekly), 3s.—H. C., for *Oracle*, 1s.—S. May, 5s.—Making a total of 580s. 6d.

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Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—December 8th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.' 10th [8], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Astronomy.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Dec. 8th [11], Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, 'Popular Theology.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Dec. 8th [11½ a.m.], a Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Dec. 8th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Essex Coffee House, 42½, Church St., Bethnal Green.—Dec. 8th [7½], W. W. Broom, 'Life of Gifford.'

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Dec. 8th [7½], Mr. J. J. James, 'Present Bad Arrangement of Society.'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Dec. 8th [7½] Mr. Ambrose, 'Hours among the Ancients.'

Lecture Hall, Leman Street, Whitechapel.—Dec. 4th [8], A Lecture, 'How should the Rights of the People be advocated?'

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Contributions have already appeared in the LEADER from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

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London: Published by Joseph Clayton, jun., 265, Strand.

Price 2d.,

CHAPTERS on POLICY VERSUS STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS; or, Thoughts on the Political, Religious, and Literary World. (Reprinted from the 'Ashton Times,' with corrections and additions by the author. By Frederic Rowland Young, Diss, Norfolk. 'He who will never shock men, may often deceive them.'—G. J. Holyoake.

London: Watson, 3, Queen's Head-passage; Manchester: J. Johnson; Bury: Benjamin Glover: Ashton-under-Lyne: W. B. Micklethwaite.

Diss, Norfolk.

Frederick Rowland Young respectfully announces the following Lectures, for the delivery of any one, or more of which, terms may be obtained on application to him, as above:—Philosophy of Public Movements; The Life and Genius of Robert Burns; The Poets of Progress; Woman's Position and Duty; Marriage, its Semblance and Reality; Crime and Criminals; Persecution for Opinions; Capital Punishment; Female Prostitution—two lectures; Books and Reading; The Advantages of Knowledge; The Pursuit of Knowledge; The Diffusion of Knowledge.

Illustrative Notices.

Mr. Holyoake left London to lecture in the Artists' Room, Norwich, last night, on 'Freedom of Thought and Speech opposed to Papal Domination.' To-night and to-morrow night he lectures in Diss, Norfolk.

The *Free-Inquirer*, No. 2, contains the opening of an essay by Panthea on 'G. J. Holyoake and Modern Atheism,' being a critical and genial review from which we may derive instruction. The frequency and freedom with which the authoress has called in question the opinions of this journal, is a guarantee that her present criticism will be impartial as it is sure to be able.

The *Freethinker's Magazine*, No. 6, continues its vigorous advocacy. 'Ponderings on the Pentateuch' is an original and powerful comment on the Books of Moses, from a trusty pen. 'The Poor Man's Sabbath,' by R. L. B., is a piece of homely eloquence such as none could write but he who *felt* for those he was writing about. No. 7 is also ready, and contains an article on the present 'Protestant Panic' that the orthodox would do well to read. The 'Political Reviewer' of this month treats the subject of Secular Education in an able manner, and has some excellent remarks upon home and foreign politics.

Will S. T., Liverpool, put with each remittance the number of the week for which the enclosure stands, that we may not omit an acknowledgment in accidental doubt?

We received a letter from Liverpool requesting us to forward it to Louis Blanc. The request coming from an anonymous person we cannot comply with it.

At the Weigh House meeting, on Nov. 24, the Rev. Mr. Binney, expatiating on the sin of idolatry, in referring to verse 19 of chap. 6 of the 1st Book of Samuel, wherein it reads that fifty thousand and seventy of the men of Beth-shemesh were slaughtered because they had looked into the Ark of the Lord, said 'it was evident there must be a mistake as to the numbers. Josephus said there were seventy only. A mistake in figures was easily made in the handing down to us of translations. He should be inclined to think there could not have been that number of men in Beth-shemesh.' Is it not strange that Mr. Binney should be able to doubt the number and not suspect the fact? W. O.

A Dublin paper gives the following examination in Scripture History. Interlocutor, an Irish tutor; respondent, an Irish schoolboy. Tutor, 'Is there any account given in Scripture, Phelim, of a dumb baste speaking?' Phelim, 'Yes.' Tutor, 'What dumb baste was it that spake?' Phelim, 'It was a whale.' Tutor, 'Yes. To whom did the whale speak?' Phelim, 'To Moses in the bull rushes.' Tutor, 'True. What did the whale say to Moses in the bull rushes?' Phelim, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Tutor, 'Very well. What was Moses' reply?' Phelim, 'Thou art the man.'

We understand it to be the intention of Mr. Truelove to publish, in a cheap form, Mr. Samuel Phillips Day's lecture on 'Catholicism, the Religion of Fear.'

The Bishop of London is said to have addressed a letter of remonstrance to her Majesty for not having a clergyman of the Established Church in her suite when on her present tour, and for attending a Presbyterian place of worship at Balmoral. A reply was sent to the Bishop expressive of her Majesty's disapproval of such interference. Could the Catholics do more than this in the way of priestly interference?

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

PROVINCIAL REPORTS BY MR. HOLYOAKE.

SUNDERLAND AND LEEDS.

FROM inquiries I made at Newcastle, it appears that the effusion entitled 'The Atheist Silenced,' was not of local origination. Mr. Barkas, the intelligent and urbane editor of the *Christian Philanthropist*, informed me that he took it from an Irish newspaper, and its paternity cannot be traced. There is reason to believe that Mr. Wale never delivered the speech in Manchester, and that part of the story is a fabrication. Near to Newcastle is the Winlaton Literary and Mechanics' Institute, which has a discussion class in which *all* subjects are debated. Among others which have been announced appears this: 'Is the character of man formed for him or by him?' and a lecture on the 'Life, Character, and Writings of Richard Carlile,' by Joseph Cowen, jun. In Sunderland, the disputes among the Wesleyan Reformers absolutely *rage*. The calls which have been made to stop the supplies, have been attended to in a very literal manner. One collection recently made presented the unusual phenomenon of a single penny in the plate. Tell it not in Gath.

In Sunderland the audiences were as before, very interesting. A gentleman named Potts occasioned some useful discussion. There are a number of very intelligent Freethinkers in this town who might, if they had organisation, which I hope they will have shortly, exercise a useful influence.

Judging from the subjects lectured upon in Sunderland, there is room for some new topics. One gentleman is advertised at a public Institution to speak upon the question, 'Is Woman Necessary to Man's Happiness?' If he said she was, he would only say what everybody knows. If he thought she was not, would he have the impudence to invite a company of ladies and tell them so to their faces?

We know what is proposed to be done in Newcastle with respect to the closing of rooms against us. In Bradford the same course has been pursued. The Temperance Hall, the only respectable place accessible when I was there before, is now closed on the pretext of clauses being discovered in the lease, which forbids it being let for theological purposes. In Leeds the same policy has been pursued. Only obscure and unsuitable places can be obtained. Thus forced into low association by the Christian, he then seizes upon the fact and cries, 'Behold the character of their doctrines!'

The Bazaar room I spoke in at Leeds would not hold more than two-thirds of the people who, on Sunday, were anxious to gain admittance, and the crowding of so many as did get in, made the air positively pernicious to breathe.

While at Leeds I took the opportunity of visiting Mr. Barker at Wortley, and looking over his establishment. I am glad to find that the friends of Dr. Lees are endeavouring to purchase it for him. A more suitable successor to Mr. Barker cannot be found, or one more likely to continue and extend that influence which it

is the duty now, and also the interest of the liberal party, to conserve. Mr. Barker and his eldest son were present at the second lecture I delivered. At the conclusion, Mr. Barker, sen., offered an illustration of the general argument I had advanced with that felicity which is usual with him. He did not oppose anything. At the third lecture Dr. Lees did us the honour to be present.

The ill health from which Mr. Barker has for some six months suffered, has very much changed him. The florid hue and juvenile look which he wore when I met him at the Palace Yard, has quite passed away. But in all that makes up 'presence' and character he has greatly improved. Grey hair has added dignity to his expression, and he is now one of those men before whom (though he stood among a hundred) the stranger would pause.

On Sunday the 20th of October, the Rev. G. W. Sinclair, Minister of St. George's Church, Leeds, in preaching a charity sermon on behalf of the Odd-Fellows' Widow and Orphan Fund, took occasion to say that 'Men became atheists because they were hardened in crime, and did not want to bring to mind that they would be punished for their crime; and on they went, step by step, until they had thrown away the idea of a God altogether.' Why the rev. gentleman should address this language to Odd-Fellows it is hard to say, and why he should use such language at all nobody can tell. To my great surprise the Rev. G. W. Conder, who recently lectured in Leeds, used the same language. Report said he was an intelligent and liberal opponent. If these are samples of the manner in which atheism is to be assailed, I repeat our way is easy enough.

From one of the men of Leeds, with whom I was in communication, I have received this short statement, with a desire for its publication:—'We, a number of working men, being firmly convinced that all systems of theology are injurious, have formed an Anti-Theistical Society, for the purpose of mutually assisting each other in sickness and distress, and in case of death to inter without the assistance of any minister of religion. We are also preparing ourselves for a moral force campaign next summer by organising our force, and improving ourselves by debating on the various systems of theology; and by issuing cheap tracts and papers we are giving the public an exposition of our views. The first of a series of papers is now published, headed "Twenty-five Reasons for being an Atheist." Already upwards of 1000 copies have been sold. Any freethinker desirous of furthering the cause will assist us very materially by purchasing this little work, which can be had by the parties enclosing twelve postage stamps in a letter addressed to the care of Mr. W. Miller, 42, Duke Street, Leeds, for which will be received by return of post twenty-four copies free of expense.' An active and (what all active men are not) a useful member of the Leeds Society, is Mr. John Bowes, who, when he writes to me, takes care to say—'*not* your opponent of the same name.'

The reply to my letter to the *Newcastle Journal*, given before, has been made by the following paragraph. While I was in Newcastle a requisition, numerously signed by respectable names, was sent to an able man requesting him to reply to us, mentioning my lectures as needing answering. This is a far more effectual course to pursue than the coarse abuse the *Newcastle Journal* employs:—'The town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne has been for some time past infested with a succession of low, scurrilous vagabonds, too lazy to work, and too illiterate to earn an honourable livelihood—creatures who appear to be proficient in nothing but in spouting blasphemy and infidelity. It would seem as if there were to be no end of this abomination—that the inexhaustible channels of vice and immorality in the metropolis were to be continually distributed in innumerable streams over the provinces, and that this town was destined to receive considerably more than its proportionate share. The inhabitants of Newcastle have

just reason to complain of the indifference to this most serious evil shown by the magistrates, who have the power of abating the nuisance, and ridding the locality of a pestilence so contaminating and debasing. Atheism and infidelity are not only proclaimed, but advocated every Sunday evening, and frequently every night of the week, in mock discussions, in the Lecture Room, Nelson-street. Speeches of the most blasphemous character, and the most immoral tendency, are industriously dressed up in the most attractive forms and delivered to a mass of ignorant and unreasoning listeners, often with applause. A working man, the other day, at the preliminary meeting held for the purpose of getting up a requisition to the mayor of this town to convene a public meeting to express the indignation of the inhabitants at the recent Papal aggression, took a part in the proceedings; he said he was as fervent as any of them in his feeling against the aggressions of Popery, and he was willing, as a working man, to co-operate in resisting them, but there was a nuisance in the town of an equally formidable nature. He alluded to the Sunday evening lectures in Nelson-street, which were attended by thousands of the working classes, whose minds were thus exposed to the demoralising influence of atheism and infidelity. The most painful consequences to society were to be apprehended from these meetings, and he called on the authorities of the town to put them down. In every sentiment thus expressed we entirely concur, and we hope the magistrates of the borough will defer somewhat to the religious feelings of the community in this matter.'

When Archdeacon Hare wrote his famous description of the religious press of this country, it was never known what paper he took as a model. Let the public read the following extract from the Archdeacon, and say whether the *Newcastle Journal* did not or might not sit for the portrait:—

'Even those whose names would nullify their attacks acquire the power of wounding. The most ignorant, the most imbecile, the most rancorous may do this. Everybody who feels jealousy, or spite, or dislike, or animosity, finds a ready vent for his feelings. Rumours taken up without examination, exaggerated, misrepresented, falsified, are circulated from house to house,and propagated from week to week,until they often become matter of common belief. The more injurious a story is to an adversary, the readier an editor will be to insert it, for the sake of seasoning what would otherwise be dull and vapid. While all the respectable daily newspapers have attained to the honourable distinction of rejecting and excluding personalities, the religious newspapers will stoop into the gutter, and wade through the common sewer, to pick up anything of the kind. Of course the chief sufferers from these evils are the editors of the newspapers themselves. It soon becomes the one object of their aims to hunt out what will gratify the prepossessions and prejudices of their readers; and they turn away from whatever would offend or shake them. In so doing they grow more and more unscrupulous, and pamper themselves with the notion that, in all their bitterness and malignity, they are contending for religious truth, and that when they lie they are lying for God.'

G. J. Holyoake.

CATHOLICISM AND RATIONALISM.—A CONTRAST.

'It is not possible to destroy political servitude while allowing religious servitude to remain; the political springs by necessity from religious slavery. In that place where the Priest may say to an entire people, "Surrender to me your reason without conditions," the Prince, by an infallible logic, may repeat also, "Surrender to me your liberty without control."'—*Quinet.*

We have suddenly come upon a conflict which has long been foreseen and frequently foretold—the conflict between Catholicism and Reason. The pretension of the Church of Rome is that she is the Church of God—that she has the most unquestionable authority to speak for God and think for the people—that she is

the keeper of the scriptures—and that she inherits that wisdom of Tradition by which the deficiencies of the Bible are supplied, and its mysteries interpreted beyond appeal. She denies the right of private judgment. She refuses to argue with the man who takes an opposite view—she announces her opinion, and enforces submission to it, under the penalties of the law and the terrors of hell. Her plea is that the people are not able to judge for themselves, and her policy is to take care that they never shall be. Her pride is in unity, and to attain that she works by *fear*. Painting God as a terror, she uses him as a *rod*. All without her pale she subdues or destroys, and the apprehension of the fate of the heretic renders docile those within her communion. Her services are calculated to engross the thoughts, and her confessional to ensnare the life. The authority of the Church extorts the recital of every worldly transaction, and every human relation; and by this profound policy, personal liberty is at the mercy of those who have conquered the understanding.

Rationalism can make no terms with this Church. Every compromise Rationalism attempts to make leaves it insecure, because it leaves it illogical. Its only security is in revolt. Unitarianism seems to have risen in the repugnance which cultivated reason began to entertain to polytheism; and so strong has this repugnance been, that it has denied the divinity of Christ, the most seductive and consoling feature of the Christian system. The tenets of Unitarianism, though consonant to reason, seem ill founded either in Tradition or Scripture. In the same way, Protestantism began in a revolt of the conscience. The weight of reason and of progress is on the side of Private Judgment; but the weight of Scripture and sequence is on the side of the Catholic Church. In every controversy, the defenders of Rome down to Cardinal Wiseman have the advantage, because the Protestants and dissenters seek to establish a compromise between Reason and Scripture.

The course of Rationalism is the contrary of the Church and of Scripture. Rationalism refuses to bow to authority—it bows only to *utility*. It respects Authority, but it respects *Facts* more. It guides itself by Reason—meaning by it, an appeal to experience—and where it discerns a rule of conduct advantageous to the public good, and warranted by an appeal to experience, it adopts that rule, and does not ask whether the Church agrees, and does not care. It believes that the recorded and accumulated experience of mankind is sufficient to guide mankind. The essence of Rationalism consists in this, that it *trusts the intelligence of mankind;* and, contrary to the Church of Rome, it is the interest of Rationalism that the people should be made intelligent. The interests of Reason are identical with those of progress, and this is the sure letter of its recommendation, and omen of its triumph. Differences of opinion will arise—the ignorant will sometimes go astray—the malicious will pervert the privilege of Private Judgment, or, by caricaturing it, bring it into transient disrepute; but Rationalism has the courage which braves this, the wisdom which bears with it, and the knowledge which will correct it.

The contest with Catholicism, more than any other form of theology, offers the opportunity of bringing out the value and independence of Rationalism. I have therefore turned aside to issue a small work on 'Catholicism, the Religion of Fear,' as at this crisis it may be more widely read than if issued at another time. There will be eight engravings from Pinamonti's famous and 'authorised' work, printed as plates, that is on separate pages without printing at the back, and eight chapters of letter-press will accompany them, got up in a better style than the Catholic book at 6d.: it will be only half the price, for the convenience of circulation among the poor Irish and the Catholics of the working population. It will be ready next week. G. J. H.

Examination of the Press.

Costume Demagogues.—The anarchical spirit of our age has penetrated even to our most trivial domesticities; a demagogic desire for change has disturbed even the institution of Hats. Costume in general, but Hats in particular, have their orators and radicals. The respectable Beaver is smashed as an antiquated prejudice; silk and velvet, with more delusive splendour and delusive cheapness, have dethroned the Hat of our fathers; nay, more, the ruthless hand of reformation has not paused at silk. There were men who agitated for silk, got it by the acclamations of fathers of families, and then pronounced it a 'finality.' But—and here is the moral of all inconsiderate change; once give its specious promises a hearing, and ruin is inevitable!—this age, which respects nothing, holds nothing as a finality, now finds demagogues who talk of *felt!* 'Wide awakes' have startled our streets. Brims have broadened, crowns diminished, the sweet simplicity of chimney-pot design has been derided by those who hold nothing sacred, and the Hat of our Fathers has been made a mockery and a bye-word. A society exists for the reform of that indispensable article of attire. The Exhibition of 1851—which is to do everything for everybody—is called upon to offer a typical Hat, such as befits the spirit of the age. Now, much as this desire for reform—this revolutionary fever troubling the Repose of Faith (*that* is the correct phrase, we believe)—is to be reprobated in larger questions, it is still more 'insidious and aggressive' in the smaller questions. It can only proceed from a painful consciousness of ugliness. Because you look at Guy in the Hat of your Fathers, is that a reason why we, who are content with that costume, should yield to your caprices? The hat which Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, wore—the hat which Wellington, Louis Napoleon, and Count D'Orsay wear—will that not suffice for the symmetry of Jones? The reasons alleged in favour of a change are all sophistical. It is said that the present hat is no protection against sun or shower; that it presses heavily on the head, brands the forehead with a fierce red line; and, besides being uncomfortable and expensive, is ludicrously ungraceful in its appearance. With such sophistical objections, you might undermine all our 'sacred institutions.' The law of primogeniture 'presses heavily;' so does the National Debt, which is also 'expensive.' A more equal division of property and lighter taxation, would be much more 'comfortable,' but are madmen to decree those changes for the sake of comfort? The institution of Bishops is 'expensive,' and not remarkable for gracefulness, but would you pull down those bulwarks of our Faith to make curates more comfortable? Britons, beware! Interested demagogues are misleading you, and preparing the downfall of the ancient and honourable company of hatters by specious sophisms of cheapness, comfort, and elegance. Let us withstand them. Let us support the 'good old English' hat, and despise coxcombry! Make but one timid concession to this desire of change, alter but the brim of the Hat your fathers wore, and you inaugurate the *Bonnet Rouge!*—*Leader*, Nov. 23. [The application of this extract to Theology will easily strike the reader. Theists say of their *Gods* precisely what the world says of its *Hats*: for instance, how often do we hear this—If Newton, Locke, Boyle, etc., believed in God, of course Snooks and Spreckles are bound to do it—and so on.—Ed.]

An Honourable Defence.—We have been charged with having an infidel tendency. To this charge we cannot fully reply, not being fully acquainted with its meaning. Twenty men would, in all probability, give as many different interpretations to the word infidel. If, in the present case, it is intended to imply a want of respect for dead forms, a contempt for cant, and a hatred of

hypocrisy, we joyfully plead guilty. But if it means a want of reverence toward God, or of love towards man; or a want of faith in the precepts of Jesus, or an ardent attachment to our holy religion, we fling back the charge and declare it to be false. For ages the term infidel has been the whip of the tyrant, and a terror to the coward; in these days it exclusively belongs to the simple or designing. Others have thought us too plain spoken: acknowledging the truth of the things said, have doubted the policy of saying them. We can fully appreciate the motives of the persons who make this objection. Men loving truth and clinging to it, but ready rather to suffer than to give offence. For ourselves we cannot allow the justice of the objection. We grant to all the right to advocate their opinions, but claim the same for ourselves. Whilst we see men boldly plead for what we believe to be error, we are called upon to defend with equal boldness what we think to be the truth. We ask toleration from none, but for the exercise of our own privileges. We will not speak by permission, but by right. Free speech is not the peculiar privilege of some, it is the common right of all; not belonging to men either for their heterodoxy or orthodoxy, but for their humanity. And he who is silenced through fear, or who sells his birth-right for place or power, does not only inflict an injury upon himself but is a traitor to his kind. The weakness of one party is the strength of another. The friends of error triumph because the advocates of truth shrink from the conflict. All men have equal natural privileges: one is free speech, which every man is at liberty to exercise, so long as he leaves untouched the liberty of his neighbour. We have exercised this privilege for ourselves, not so much for the purpose of attacking the opinions of others as defending our own; and this we have endeavoured to do in a temperate manner, and without giving needless offence to those who differ with us. Many objections besides those named have reached us. We have been too wild and too tame; too heavy and too light. However, we have tried to be honest and useful: and, if we have failed, we do not regret our attempt, but its failure. This has been our first effort in journalism, and perhaps our want of success may be attributed to our want of experience. We have used no unworthy means to obtain prosperity—we have not attempted to make ourselves popular by making others unpopular; or sought abuses for the sake of the excitement of making them known. We have attacked no party—stirred up no strife—crouched to no sect; but stood by the weakest and poorest, and sought for those things that appeared most needed. We have done this and failed; but are not cast down. And as we have lived without crouching, we will die without repining; and when we have to give our last words, they shall be given in thanks to those friends who have helped us, and hopes for the better success of those who may follow us.—*Bury Observer* for December, edited by Benjamin Glover.

Theology.—Theology is an enchanted wood; a wilderness of error—a region of eternal mists, amidst which you may wander for years and ages without ever seeing the pure clear light of day. It is a wilderness where millions lose their way, where millions lose their comfort, where millions lose their reason and their lives. They are to be pitied who are still wandering in this wilderness. They have reason to be infinitely thankful who have escaped beyond its bounds, and got into the realms of nature and of truth.—*The People*, No. 123.

Birthday of Schiller.—Schiller's birthday was celebrated in Berlin on the 19th instant, by a new prologue and the representation of the 'Death of Wallenstein.' Some passages gave occasion to political demonstrations. The words, Austria desires the war,' brought down a tumult of applause.—*Leader*, Nov. 30.

Reasoner Tracts.

THE BOOK OF JOSHUA, THE TABERNACLE, AND THE TEMPLE.

BY SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

[Parson Lot, in the *Christian Socialist*, is writing a series of articles, entitled 'Bible Politics, or God Justified to the People.' Whatever we may think of the 'Justification,' we shall quite agree as to the *necessity* for it; and that it may be as complete as possible, we venture to submit these elucidations of Drummond's, which are entitled to the consideration of any who profess to 'Justify' the God of the Bible to the People.—Ed.]

The passage of the Israelites into the promised land, the extirpation of the original inhabitants, and the distribution of the country among its new possessors, are the principal events recorded in the Book of Joshua. There are few persons, I believe, who allow themselves to reflect, or to reason, who have not been struck with the extraordinary examples of violence, injustice, and cruelty, which are here represented, not only as permitted, but as approved and sanctioned, by the will of the Deity. It is not for mortals to scrutinise too exactly the mysterious plans, which, according to the sacred writers, have been adopted by Providence; but it is impossible, at the same time, to dissemble, that the violation of every principle of justice and humanity only appears more terrible, when it is said to be authorised by the Supreme Being. The inhabitants of Canaan had remained for ages in quiet possession of the country, when it was suddenly overwhelmed and laid waste by the roobers of Israel, who, not satisfied with taking possession of the property of others, burned the cities, and massacred the people. If there be law, or right, or justice in the world, it seems difficult to excuse, much more to justify, such atrocities; and when, for all answer, we are told that these horrors were perpetrated by the express command of God himself, we must either believe and renounce the use of our reason, or disbelieve and abandon the professions of our faith.—'Dissertation on the Book of Joshua,' pp. 155-6.

In those fine climates, where so much of existence is passed under the canopy of heaven, we can scarcely wonder that the first settlers in Egypt and Chaldea sought among the celestial bodies for supernatural agents, of whose being and of whose power the experience of the world seemed to afford continued examples. All the operations of agriculture, the seasons of sowing and of reaping, of planting the vine and of gathering its grapes, were in reality connected with the rising and setting of some constellations, while the state of the weather, and the temperature of the atmosphere, seemed to be equally combined with the appearance and disappearance of others. The influence of the sun upon the whole system of nature, the splendour of his orb, and the ardour of his fires, pointed him out to the untaught idolator as the source of light and life, as the Lord of the universe, and as the parent of all things; nor, when he withdrew his burning beams, can we be surprised that the milder planet of the night was hailed as the associate of his empire, and as the queen of heaven. The march and order of the celestial bodies, which seemed independent of all power which human sagacity could yet divine, was believed to be the result of their own spontaneous energies; and their influence on the affairs of our lower world soon came to be acknowledged by the superstitious nations. Among men, by whom the heavens were continually observed, as was the case on the fruitful banks of the Nile and the Euphrates, the revolutions of the stars were associated with the incidents of life, the fortune of individuals, and the fate of kingdoms. A few coincidences will always form a sufficient basis, whereon superstition may erect a mighty fabric; and it is probable that judicial astrology, of which the origin is more remote than men seem generally to suspect, was first founded upon some vague associations and some accidental occurrences (pp. 161-2).

The utility of religion to those who govern, can never fail to be observed by the politician; but where a religion is created and formed by the rulers of the state, its advantages to them, at least, must be incalculable. *Isabaism*, or 'the worship of the Host of Heaven,' pervaded all the nations of the East. This, indeed, was nothing else than a more scientific and sublime astrology, of which the innumerable mysteries were known only to the

priests, and to those who were initiated in the secrets of their abstruse mythology. In the recesses of their colleges, the learned Egyptians undoubtedly taught a pure and beautiful system of theology; but the light which illuminated the interior of the temple, shed from without only a doubtful ray of science and superstition in the prejudiced and semi-barbarous multitude. Science itself was scarcely so much an object with the priests as the art of concealing it from the people. Hence the numerous and complicated symbols of the Egyptians—hence the use of hieroglyphics even after the invention of letters—and hence that singular mixture of wisdom and folly, of philosophy and fanaticism, of profound research, and of childish prejudice, which manifests itself in the laws, doctrines, customs, and institutions of ancient Egypt (pp. 162-3).

When we reflect upon this system of priestcraft, we may be tempted to condemn it as the base offspring of ambition and hypocrisy; but since it must be confessed that science can never be the portion of the vulgar, and must always be confined to the few, it may be doubtful whether any real advantages flow from a too ardent desire to propagate knowledge among the lower classes of mankind. It requires so much time and study to master the great questions in politics, morals, and science, that the mass of the people, occupied with the common business of life, can never be competent to judge of them; and I am not convinced that they are the least prejudiced reasoners who maintain, that the truth most surely results from the chaotic strife of incongruous principles, and from the fortuitous collision of jarring opinions. Be this as it may, however, there can be no question, that where the government is intended to be sacerdotal, it is the policy of the priests to instruct themselves in that knowledge which is to be kept from the eye of vulgar curiosity. This, indeed, was the policy which gave such credit and influence to the priests of Egypt and Chaldea, and which, considered as a human and secondary cause, protracted for a long period of time the existence and authority of the Jewish hierocracy (pp. 163-4).

To the priests, it seems evident, that Moses was bound to explain the real difference between the theism which he taught and the polytheism which he decried. By the confession of the two most learned Jews who have written in Greek, Josephus and Philo—and by the further testimony of the most profound antiquary among the Christian fathers—it has been proved that the Jews were surrounded, while they performed the duties of religion, with the emblems of Isabaism, and with innumerable memorials of that very idolatry against which their priests and their prophets never ceased to fulminate their curses. There could hardly, then, have failed to have been a secret and esoteric doctrine, known to those priests and prophets, by which, in the midst of so much ambiguous imagery, the true system of theology could be separated from the false (pp. 168-9).

It is well known that the error of the Isabaists lay in their believing that the material heavens—the sun, the moon, and the stars—were conscious and intelligent beings, that governed the earth with all its inhabitants. It is not to be supposed that the sages of Egypt and Chaldea were themselves the dupes of so monstrous a system. They appear to have been divided, like the philosophers of later times, into spiritualists and hyloists; and it is undoubted that the former, as Cudworth has clearly proved, were pure theists, from whom the Greeks copied some of their most sublime notions concerning the eternal and infinite mind. Now, if I mistake not the plan of the Jewish legislator, his intention was to represent the Deity as an immaterial essence, by whose power the external world had been fashioned into shape, and by whose agency the order of nature and of the universe had been preserved. With nature and the universe, therefore, the Deity must ever be associated in a true system of theology; and the type of the spiritual God governing the material world was, if I err not, that which it was the object of Moses to place before his countrymen. Instead of that celestial army of shining and unconscious globes, and that rolling multitude of suns and planets, which were adored as gods by the Isabaists, he pointed to the supreme and spiritual principle, whence emanates existence, and whence proceeds the order of all things. It is, indeed, this principle which is truly *Jehovah Isabaoth*, the being by whom all the hosts of heaven are conducted amidst the immensity of space, and in ceaseless revolutions, while he sees that it is good (pp. 170-1).

The priests of Egypt and Chaldea had made a progress in the science of astronomy which will be found more astonishing the more it is examined. Their cycles were calculated with extraordinary precision; and their knowledge of the most important parts of astronomy must appear evident to all who candidly consider the question. But the people appear to have been purposely left in gross ignorance on

this subject. Their vague and their rural years were neither of them correct. The festivals were fixed according to calendars made for the people, and the religious institutions were only calculated to confirm the errors of the ignorant. The truths of science were the *arcana* of the priests. The whole system of Isabaism was founded on the erroneous astronomy, if astronomy it should be called, which was contained in the public calendars. On certain days of the year, the people worshipped the Sun under various names and attributes—rejoiced at one time for his imaginary birth, and mourned at another for his fictitious death. But the year, by which they established the return of these ceremonies was their vague year, and consequently the Sun was always worshipped out of his place (pp. 174-5).

To matter-of-fact people nothing is so intolerable as being told that what they call real truths, real events, and real histories, ought to be explained away into figures, symbols, metaphors, and allegories. It sometimes happens, indeed, that they are obliged to acknowledge that the facts are rather extraordinary; but in speaking of the scriptures, this difficulty is easily removed by observing that our duty with respect to sacred things is to believe, and not to criticise or to reason (p. 177).

This last argument, however, may not have much weight with some antagonists, who may insist, that without belief be authorised by reason, it is nothing better than superstition; and that he, who gives credit to the Bible without consulting his judgment, would in other circumstances have equally respected the authority of the Edda, of the Koran, or of the Zendavesta. But although this reasoning appear conclusive to many, I must yet confess that I like better the humility of those who bow with blind reverence to the sacred oracles, in acknowledging the difficulty of comprehending them, than the arrogance of certain teachers who, adhering to the literal sense of the scriptures, boldly pronounce that every event recorded in them is probable and consistent with the plans of eternal wisdom. It is indeed from these persons that I have to apprehend the severest strictures. It would take away from them the belief of many things, which they hold it is a duty to credit and defend. I would persuade them that Joshua did not rob, plunder, burn, and destroy—that he did not massacre the men and cut up the bellies of the women and children—in the name and by the order of the God of justice and mercy—and for such an undertaking I must expect reprobation. But this is nothing in comparison of asserting that the Orientalists were not *matter-of-fact people*, that they delighted in allegories, and that this may have been the case with some of the writers of the Old Testament. There is yet, however, a direr charge, of which I shall be found guilty. Instead of believing in the historical truth of all those exploits, by which it has been so often proved to the satisfaction of the faithful that Joshua was a lawless freebooter and a bloodthirsty robber, who dared to justify his atrocious crimes by asserting that he was authorised to commit them by the God of the Universe; I pretend that this same Joshua was a wise magistrate, a scientific teacher, and a true theist, who taught the arts to the people, instructed them in agriculture, pointed out the proper seasons when they ought to sow and to reap, while in the sacred college he reformed the Calendar and proved the erroneous astronomy of the Isabaists, and thence the vanity of their superstitions and the grossness of their idolatry (pp. 177-9).

It would be difficult to imagine a more singular history than that which relates to the construction of the Tabernacle and of the Temple contained in the Old Testament. The Deity is represented as giving the pattern of both, as ordering the whole furniture, and as descending to the most minute details concerning the arrangement. Nothing is left unnoticed by the divine architect, who condescends to speak with amazing precision and familiarity both of the ornaments and of the utensils—of lintels, curtains, fringes, rings, tongs, tables, dishes, spoons, and candlesticks. This, however, is not all. The tabernacle and the temple were inhabited by the Deity. The God of Nature and of the Universe, the Creator and Preserver of all things, the ineffable and primordial Being, who called into existence all those suns and planets which roll through the boundless regions of space—the sole God fixed his residence in a box made of Shittim wood, and overlaid and lined with gold. Upon this box too the Deity was carried about by a barbarous horde of robbers until the days of Solomon, who built a temple at Jerusalem, where the box was deposited and where Jehovah dwelt between the Cherubim. And what were these Cherubim? They were whimsical and monstrous images, each with four wings and four faces—the face of a man, the face of a lion, the face of an ox, and the face of an eagle.—'Dissertation concerning the Tabernacle and Temple' (pp. 119-20).

I confess myself to be one of those who

find it impossible to reconcile the histories related in the Old Testament, if literally taken, to my notions either of the goodness or the greatness of God. This is surely a subject of much importance, and yet it is managed in a very singular manner. No sooner is it started than men of education in general endeavour to get rid of it. They seem to fear too rude a shock to their faith, and for the greater part it must be pretty evident that the question is one on which few are prepared to speak. But such timidity, or such indifference, whichever it be, is little worthy of men of understanding. It is true, on the other hand, that superstition has but too many champions and supporters, against whose decision it is not always prudent to appeal. These men, sometimes vaunting and sometimes disclaiming their enthusiasm, are indeed at any time sufficient, both from their numbers and by their means, to raise such a clamour as must drown the still voice of philosophy in the uproar. Some by their talents and learning engage the attention of the wise, and others by their zeal and industry confirm the prejudices of the weak and ignorant; some affect to reason and persuade, while others seek to terrify and dismay. In their hands is the press—that guardian of civil liberty in the state—that tyrant over free opinion in the church. With them is the cry of the multitude—with them the silent sanction of the laws. The weapons with which they fight are either borrowed from the armoury of heaven, or forged in the fires of hell. When they reason, their logic is governed by rules of its own. Bold assumptions, though constantly disputed by their adversaries, are yet constantly repeated by them; and the entire mis statement of an opponent's argument is not with them an illegitimate mode of carrying on a controversy. But their strength, and none can know it better than themselves, lies not in reasoning; and hence the scurrilous invective or the bitter taunt, the opprobrious epithet or the scornful sneer, so often supplies the place of the forgotten argument (pp. 121-3).

From these champions of superstition, who falsely call themselves the friends of religion, I ask no indulgence; but from the real friends of religion, from fair and dispassionate men of every sect and persuasion, I shall claim a candid investigation into the merits and demerits of my work before they condemn it. I wish to call the attention of men of sense and learning to the interpretation of a book upon which so many think that so much depends, but about which only a few choose to allow themselves to reflect or to reason (p. 123).

It may be, I admit, historically true that Moses constructed a tabernacle, and that Solomon built a temple: but I cannot persuade myself that the Deity inhabited either the one or the other, or that God at any time ceased to be omnipresent to the world which he made. I conceive the tabernacle and the temple to have been types of the universe, which is the true abode of the Godhead. Typically speaking, then, the tabernacle and temple were the residence of the divine majesty, and, in truth, it seems to me inconceivable that men, in an age like this, should seriously believe that the sacred writers meant literally that the God of the universe was cooped up in a temple at Jerusalem, or anywhere else (pp. 123-4).

Who, indeed, that has any just notions of the Supreme Being, can believe that the Deity did in fact either sit down to breakfast with Abraham, or talk to Moses about pans, and shovels, and flesh-hooks, and firepans? Who can believe, that the eternal and unchangeable God did that in anger one day for which he was sorry the next? If these things be taken literally there can be nothing more inconsistent with true theology; and most surely we should be the first to laugh if an Indian were to tell us that *his* God was so very apt to change his mind (p. 125).

☞ The subject of our next Tract will be 'The Adventures of the Mormon Prophet in search of the Better Land,' by Christopher. We have been accused of neglecting that ingenious individual Joseph Smith, Jun., but we hope the publication of this essay will be accepted in the light of an atonement.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

MR. BIRCH'S 'PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION OF SHAKSPERE.'

Sir,—In your second review of Mr. Langford's work, you notice his conversion of 'scepticism into *positive disbelief*.' Other writers, besides Mr. Langford, have been guilty of this fault. In fact, it pervades the religious literature of this country. It is one of the common errors of the present age. We frequently meet with it in quarters where we least expect it. Even Mr. Birch in his 'Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere' has committed a similar mistake. He observes, in his epitome of the play of Hamlet, 'Of Hamlet's scepticism, his famous soliloquy, beginning "To be or not to be," is a demonstrative proof. Nowhere in the whole range of literature are the *pros* and *cons* of life and death put with such perverse force. That there *may be* an hereafter is the ancient position of the doubter. The Christian knows that there is a world to come. He is satisfied on the point. He neither scruples, nor questions it. But Hamlet passes beyond mere doubt. He puts the moral disadvantages of the Christian belief. It makes certainty of so long life. It makes us bear the "proud man's contumely," "the whips and scorns of time," "the oppressor's wrong," and a thousand evils which the brave would trample under foot. He pursues the disparaging comparison farther. "It makes cowards of us all," "resolution" loses its "native hue," and "enterprise is turned away" at its fell glance. Nothing bolder than this has been written on this theme. Language can no farther go in favour of disbelief.'

We are told at the commencement, that 'Of Hamlet's scepticism, his famous soliloquy, beginning "To be or not to be," is a demonstrative proof;' yet a little farther on he observes that 'Hamlet passes beyond mere doubt,' and concludes by informing us that 'Language can no farther go in favour of disbelief.' Now every person must perceive that this famous soliloquy cannot be 'demonstrative' of 'Hamlet's scepticism,' if the 'language' of it 'passes beyond mere doubt,' and 'can no farther go in favour of disbelief.' Scepticism and disbelief are words of different signification. Where disbelief takes place, scepticism ceases to exist.

But this is not the worst fault of Mr. Birch's book. His conclusions are frequently too large for his premises. Take, for example, his comments on the same soliloquy, on page 152. He informs us, after quoting Hamlet's remarks, that 'the whole question is put, and at once the denial of a future state is made.' I have carefully examined the language of this soliloquy, yet I cannot find a single observation that will warrant this statement. Not only does Hamlet admit the probability of a future state, but he even strongly fears its consequences. To his sceptical mind it is

> the respect
> That makes calamity of so long life:
> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
> When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
> To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
> But that the dread of something after death—
> That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
> No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others we know not of?

If Hamlet denied a future state, why did he 'dread' its consequences? Men never fear that the existence of which they deny. It is with fear as with belief, each has its causes either real or imaginary.

He continues—'It is stated, that by taking arms against a sea of troubles, by opposing, we end them.' I cannot find it so 'stated.' Shakspere certainly asks the 'question'—

> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings aad arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or take up arms against a sea of troubles,
> And, by opposing, end them?

And although he concludes that ''tis a consummation devoutly to be wished,' yet he never affirms that 'by opposing, we end them.' This is evidently straining the meaning of Shakspere.

Again—'He thinks that in dying we renounce for ever all identity.' This is plainly wrong. I have shown the contrary. The converse of this remark would be nearer the truth.

He states, in the next paragraph, 'Hamlet exults in the idea that by a sleep all the attributes of life are for ever extinct. He talks not even of the probability, but of the certainty of annihilation; and, delighted with the prospect, prays, as it were, earnestly and internally, that this may be the consummation against which others so devoutly pray,' &c. We are told that Hamlet 'talks not even of the probability, but of the certainty of annihilation.' What means the following language?—

> To die?—to sleep?—
> To sleep! perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause.

Is 'the certainty of annihilation' taught here? Does not every line of this beautiful soliloquy teach the probability of a future state—a probability, which I own is very weak, but still a probability? It certainly does not teach the doctrine of 'annihilation,' or the disbelief of a future state.

Did space permit, I might extend these remarks. There are other reflections, even on the same soliloquy, which I consider strained and unwarrantable. What has already been said has been written in a spirit of friendliness, and with a regard to truth. In spite of these faults I have a high opinion of Mr. Birch's work. To say that it is an extraordinary book, is but to echo the voice of the public press, and pronounce the general opinion of all. It is a production of considerable merit. It displays much sound argument, profound research, and great ingenuity. And though it may not convince all its readers, it will at least stir up a spirit of inquiry in their minds, and thus eventually lead them to correct and satisfactory conclusions.

Newcastle-on-Tyne. J. H. C.

[Our correspondent fails to see that Mr. Birch merely points out that Hamlet is drawn a sceptic because he remains undecided after looking at both sides the question. But the historian of the 'Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere' does not say that Shakspere is a sceptic, who really puts the atheistic side with such 'perverse force.' The alleged inconsistency of Mr. Birch turns upon that point.

Since writing this an opportunity occurred of showing the article to the author of the work in question, who has favoured us with the subjoined remarks:—

'I have read your correspondent's remarks, the speech, and the pages of my

book on it. From their joint perusal I retain my original opinion of the sense of the passages. I think the difference of opinion between me and your correspondent arises from the different points of view in which we regard the parts of the speech. I consider the question is—to be or not to be, of identity or non-identity after death. I consider that Hamlet thinks he can end existence. I consider the remarks which follow upon the chance of an hereafter, an attack upon the prejudices of those who think there is a future state. I think the latter part particularly condemnatory of those who believe in it. Now I think your correspondent considers the whole speech to be an exposition of Hamlet's or Shakspere's private opinions. I divide it into contrasts, *pros* and *cons*—persuasions for annihilation, dissuasions against the idea of a future state. My proof can only arise from the language in that speech, there and elsewhere; and I think I can give no more evidence than I have done in my observations following it. I might say that I believe, in ordinary thought and popular language, all people come naturally to the same conclusion, as in the first part of Hamlet's speech. All people speak of rest in the grave, and the Bible uses the same language. Hell torments are of a late invention. I think Shakspere ridicules them in the purgatorial state of his poor Ghost. In his comedies nothing so often provokes his wit as the idea of hell fire. If he treats the idea as ridiculous, what is there to fear in after life? I may say that divines are now coming to the same conclusion—annihilation, non-existence, non-identity, is, they say, the natural state of all men in death. There they think the bad will remain, only the good will arise by a miracle. I have to acknowledge the courteous spirit in which your correspondent makes his objections, and must feel very much pleased at the flattering manner in which he speaks of my book.'—Ed.]

SECULAR EDUCATION AND THE MANCHESTER CONFERENCE.

Sir,—That which your co-delegates at the recent Conference neglected to do for your children and mine, as you observed in No. 233—namely, assert the right of *all*, infidel or socialist, to secular education—has been very gracefully done by the new Dean of Bristol, as will be seen by the following extract from 'Sermons on some of the subjects of the Day,' by the Rev. G. Elliott, D.D., W. C.

'You make not your relief to the deaf, or to the blind, or to the lame, or to the sick, to wait on your knowledge of a man's creed. If you saw a child or a man struggling in the waters, you would not question him what his faith was—whether he could repeat the catechism, whether he received the authorised version, whether he was baptised, whether he were a Jew or infidel—before you would stretch out your hand to help him; nor, if I understand Christian precept aright, may you, unvisited by God's anger, see the heart and mind of man, whatever be his faith, struggling—oppressed with the heavy load of secular ignorance, with a danger worse than death of the body—and not stretch forth your hand to lift the burden, to help the heart and mind in its more than mortal struggles. If I cannot admit that we may exempt ourselves from lifting the burden of secular ignorance from those even who name not the name of Christ because of their unbelief, much less can I admit it in the case of those who, though baptised into the same Lord, hold what we conceive to be erroneous doctrine. In the matter of secular instruction there enters no possible ground of scruple as to not teaching the whole truth. There is no question as to teaching the truth or not—the subjects are as perfectly distinct as giving a staff to the lame, or medicine to the sick, is distinct from teaching the truth. Nor can it be argued that secular instruction cannot be separated from religious instruction; that it can be so separated, even in the same school, is matter of fact and experience.'

MR. LAMB'S LECTURE IN SUNDERLAND IN REFUTATION OF ATHEISM.

SIR,—On December 3rd, as previously announced by placards, Mr. Lamb delivered a lecture in the Athenæum in refutation of atheism. Mr. Lamb spent upwards of half an hour in reading Latin, a not very edifying language for working men. As it was announced in his bills that discussion was invited, at the close of the lecture a deputation of the freethinkers of Sunderland waited upon Mr. Lamb to ask him to fix a night on which they might discuss the question on fair and equal terms, as the night was too far spent to allow of its being fairly discussed. The chairman, Mr. John Halcro, did not wish to read the challenge put in, but, on being unanimously desired by the audience, he did so. He (the chairman) wished the challengers to come forward and state on what grounds they differed from Mr. Lamb; but as it was getting late, it was asked what time he would allow their speaker. Mr. H. said a quarter of an hour he considered was a very fair time. The offer was rejected on the ground of the difficulty of having to refute a lecture, which had occupied upwards of an hour and a half, in about one-sixth of the time. Mr. Lamb was then pressed for his answer, whether he would accept the challenge or no, who at length said he would decide on the morrow. The party chosen to discuss with Mr. Lamb is a working man, and Mr. Lamb's answer is that he will not discuss with a working man, that he would discuss with none but sound, logical reasoners—and then again with no one but Mr. Holyoake. It was stated to him that he might discuss with Mr. H. through the medium of the *Platform* in the *Reasoner*—this he declined; and I fear he will also decline a personal discussion with Mr. Holyoake.

Sunderland. VERITAS.

MR. COOPER ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.*

IT is never the case that I make remarks involving debate upon a journal that has ceased or is about to cease. Before I left London, and before writing the notice which has attracted Mr. Cooper's attention, I was informed that his journal was on the eve of discontinuance. This prevented me wishing to allude to it. Some time ago the late *Weekly Tribune* contained long, laborious, and incorrect letters in reference to me, desirable to answer and most easy to refute; but, as that paper was likely to be discontinued, I refused to commence a rejoinder which the editor could not meet on his chosen ground, and after it ceased I declined to defend myself at all. I wait till a fair opportunity offers, which no doubt will occur. These facts will, I hope, assure Mr. Cooper that I could not intend to call in question the teachings of his 'late journal' at the moment when he could no longer defend them in it. Instead of writing that '*Cooper's Journal* abounds,' etc., I believe I wrote that 'the *Editor* of *Cooper's Journal* abounds with eulogies on the character of Christ, which would be distasteful to him,' etc. Being absent from town, the gentlemen who read the proofs for me must have supposed that I alluded only to the journal, and omitted the phrase editor. The article was left unread by me, and I ordered the proofs to be revised at discretion. Mr. Cooper has had experience enough with journalism to know that these things will sometimes occur in spite of whatever precaution one can take.

This much I wrote in Leeds on receiving his letter, which I have since inserted; and till this day, when I am in Diss, no opportunity has occurred of completing my answer.

My object was not to attack Mr. Cooper's views, but to defend him against the *Ayr*

* See *Reasoner*, No. 232, page 53.

Observer, by citing his *extreme* admiration of Christ, which is very remarkable in a man of his penetration.

Mr. Cooper reports a fireside conversation, in which I said that 'it was *well* that freethinkers could conscientiously admire Christ's character.' But this does not preclude me from thinking that it would be *better* if they could conscientiously see him in his true light. We were talking of Christian prejudice, when I said that to be able to admire Christ was a breakwater against it; but Mr. Cooper must be able to infer from his knowing how I differ from him, that I must think it better for the truth that the truth should be known.

My not making my usual objections at the visit Mr. Cooper alludes to should not have misled him so as to suppose my acquiescence in his 'admiration.' Mr. Cooper will remember many instances of my expressed dislike to obtruding my opinions controversially upon my friends—which would be the maxim of St. Paul, 'be constant in season and out of season,' reduced to practice—a maxim that has converted many a friendship into a punishment. I shall ever save my friend Mr. Cooper from this annoyance, which he would ill bear; but, to save him also from misconstruing the quality of my silence, I shall always be ready to tell him, at proper times and in proper places, that his 'fervent admiration' of the character of Christ is to me as inexplicable as ever, and as indefensible.

G. J. H.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—December 15th [7], Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'What is the Duty of the Rationalist Party in reference to the present Papal and Anti-Papal Agitation?' 11th [8], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Astronomy.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Dec. 15th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper will Lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Dec. 15th [11½ a.m.], W. J. Fox, M.P., will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Dec. 15th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Essex Coffee House, 42½, Church St., Bethnal Green.—Dec. 15th [7½], W. W. Broom, 'Pounds, the Ragged-School Master.'

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Dec. 15th [7½], Mr. T. R. Richards, 'Equality'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Dec. 15th [7½] Mr. P. McGrath, 'The Wrongs of Ireland.'

Lecture Hall, Philpot Street, Commercial Road.—Dec. 18th [8] C. Bradlaugh, jun., 'What is Socialism?'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Dec. 15th [7], Mr. W. Wynne, 'Richard Carlile.'

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Illustrative Notices.

If it were general deeply to enter into the sciences of mathematics and logic, and to habituate ourselves to require a demonstration or explanation of every non-axiom, or inconclusive assertion, what would become of Christianity? Where do we find any connection there between cause and effect? L.

In the Memoirs of W. E. Channing it is said, *an Established Church is the grave of intellect*; to impose a fixed, unchangeable creed, is to raise prison walls around the mind; and when the reception of the creed is made a condition of dignities and rich benefices, it produces moral as well as intellectual degradation, and palsies the conscience as much as it fetters thought. Once make antiquity a model for future ages, and fasten on the mind a system too sacred for examination, and beyond which it must not stray, and in extinguishing its hope of progress you take away its life.

Our active friend, Willis Knowles, of Hyde, desires us to say that he has commenced bookselling, and that the *Reasoner*, the *Freethinker*, and other works in Mr. Watson's list, can be had from him without fear of disappointment.

Mr. Phillips Day has commenced Sunday morning lectures at the Hall of Science, City-road. It would be an additional credit could we maintain Sunday morning lectures in our Halls. Mr. Day has been well received as a lecturer at John-street, and is likely to interest our metropolitan readers.

John Wesley said, 'In the earliest times there were not wanting well-meaning men who, not having much reason themselves, imagined that reason was of no use in religion; yea, rather that it was a hindrance to it. And there has not been wanting a succession of men, who have believed and asserted the same thing. But never was there a greater number of these in the Christian church, at least in Britain, than at this day.'

Mr. Holyoake, who returned to town on Friday, has received several letters from Mr. Fenton, Mullïer, Davenport, Crabtree, and others, respecting acknowledgments, which will be found satisfactory.

But it may now be asked, 'Well, but if right is so superior to mere policy or expediency, how comes it to pass that human beings do not always confide in it? What is its origin?' To this we reply at once, that *fear or unbelief is the foundation of all mere policy or expediency*. It pre-supposes that the law of *right* is inefficient to bring about the end desired, whatever that end may be. This arises from a forgetfulness of the unerring relation between cause and effect. Now Paul says, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* also shall he reap.' This principle holds true, both in theory and practice. That certain causes *shall* produce certain effects corresponding to the nature of those causes, is an absolute truth. But thousands, nay more, half the world either deny or forget it. They cannot, at least do not, place implicit confidence in right, and just because from their shortsightedness they fail to see the *results* of acting right (results which perhaps do not manifest themselves for years, centuries, and it may be ages), they delude themselves with the thought that some other plan *short* of positive right will secure the thing sought after.—'Policy versus Straightforwardness,' by F. R. Young.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

PROVINCIAL REPORTS.

NORWICH AND DISS.

My lecture in Norwich last week, on the Relation of 'Free Discussion to Papal Domination,' was delivered in the Artists' Hall. The views I had occasion to express occupied, with the debates which ensued, from eight till eleven o'clock. The opinions on the Catholic Movement (which were indicated in an article last week, and further developed in the work published this, and announced on another page) excited and disquieted the Reverend Mr. Scott, formerly known as an opponent of Richard Carlile. Mr. Scott is a rather venerable and placid-looking gentleman, with a voice somewhat fatherly and pleasant to hear. But he gave proof that he *could* make its tones unpaternal when angry, which it occurred to him to be during the night.

No sooner had I concluded my lecture, than Mr. Scott seized upon my remarks upon the Christianity of Catholicism. A Protestant, or Dissenter priest, can always be eloquent against his Roman brother, and so was Mr. Scott. On hearing my opinions on the scripturalness of the Roman Church, he thought he saw confutation before him ready to his hand, and when an advantage appeared certain, he clutched at it with avidity. It was in vain that I professed myself willing to concede him *his* point, if he would debate with me *those* I thought vital. No; he would debate nothing but the points of which he felt sure, which showed to me that the clergy are not so unwilling to debate after all, if they think they see that a victory can be gained. I am afraid we make our case too strong. The more we labour to fortify ourselves, the less is the chance of the clergy attacking us. When I next go out, I shall try a few *weak* points, and see whether they cannot be tempted.

Of course as Mr. Scott would not take my way I took his, and discussed what he pleased, and the result was probably less satisfactory than he had anticipated, as he turned to go away several times before my final rejoinder.

After Mr. Scott retired, a person arose who said he was (and he looked as though he was) a Sunday School Teacher. He had that well-known evangelical dash in his manner, which assures you that the proprietor of the dash is prepared to do many things for the good of your soul not written in Chesterfield. He said he had been an infidel, and had often heard me. But he did not say what *kind* of an infidel he had been, so that his conversion cannot prove instructive to us at present. What effect the speeches he made would have on the side he had left it is not for me to surmise, but I do not think that his friends would be very much advantaged by his defence of the side he has espoused. The manner in which I was heard by the persons who were opposed to me, who were present, was very courteous; but some parties unknown to me, whom I suppose would consider themselves my friends, frequently interrupted my opponents, which is the most

unfriendly proof of attachment I can possibly receive. They were provoked to interrupt by something being said which they thought particularly foolish or false. If it were not our duty to hear everybody in respectful silence, it would be good policy to do so. What does it matter though an opponent should talk nonsense?—so much the worse for him. An indifferent opponent lives upon interruption. Every remark made to him by the meeting is so much food upon which he grows, and becomes longer and longer in verbosity at every mouthful. One who is not interrupted must find matter out of himself; and if he has none in him, he must give over. I have often seen such a person in this state, just on the point of utter exhaustion, when some ridiculous fellow would interrupt him—the dying orator would, of course, catch at the noisy straw, and go on for a quarter of an hour after he had more than done, amid applauses bestowed upon him for things said which did not in any way belong to the subject. A vacant speaker loves your interrupters—they supply to him life, cheers, and fury.

The pleasant, quiet, sedate town of Diss has too small a population to afford a large audience, even if the people were inclined to attend, which they are not. They *have* opinions in Diss, and there are not wanting people who will take sides against the freethinker, and speak harsh words of his tenets—but they do not think it necessary to inquire first; like Dr. Cumming, who, in opposition to the Roman Catholics, professes to be *accurate* in authority—yet publishes a work in which he has most untruly spoken of Paine, and has declined to furnish us with the authority on which he founded his assertions, though called upon by Mr. Watson to do so. Nearly opposite the King's Head Inn, where I resided, is a house in which Thomas Paine lived a year or two; and Diss, I am glad to say, numbers several intelligent persons who respect that fact. In good sooth, whatever the people of Diss may say as to the soundness of their Christianity, it is evident to every reader of the gazetteers that they are *Diss-believers*.

G. J. Holyoake.

BIGOTRY & INTOLERANCE NEED DEFINING, WITH COMMENTS ON THE CANTS OF THE DAY.

I am sorry that the *Leader* uses the word bigot in a vague sense. Bigotry and intolerance are words which should have their meaning properly defined. When I defended freethinkers, yourself and others, I was told we were great bigots in our way of thinking for opposing the laws of persecution. Now my ideas of toleration, being no bigot, are these—allowing people to think what they like, and the *practice* of their belief. A person is bigoted and intolerant who would not allow people of another persuasion to cut from the same loaf that he did—that is, would not allow him equal means of gaining a livelihood. At the same time, I keep a right to my opinions, and to say what I like about those of others. Merely in that sense, I have a right to protest against the religion of Roman Catholics. If, therefore, a religious invasion is made, are we bigots to resist it and expose its absurdity? We can do no less. We are not indifferent to what religion is, under whatever shape it comes, especially that of Romanism. To call out bigotry and intolerance on this account is as great cant as is to be found in this canting age. I oppose giving money to the schools of the Roman Catholics, to Maynooth, and to the colonial Roman Catholic episcopacy. I do it not on special grounds; I would oppose it to *all* religious persuasions. I oppose allowing the Roman Catholic bishops titles in Ireland. I do not see why a McCullen or Murray are to call

themselves by titles, and take precedence of us,* any more than Mr. Holyoake or Mr. Birch to call themselves Lord Almighty, and claim precedence over both Anglican and Roman Catholic dignitaries. I only see in the present Roman Catholic movement a vast conspiracy against human reason, enlisting on its side authority, which some men, tricked out in a little brief authority, are now trying in this nineteenth century on the multitude.

I have always held strong opinions that the world is as much influenced by folly as by wisdom, and the greater the folly the more successful. I have always held to the superiority of falsehood over truth, from the experience of history; and think the reverse of the proverb *magna est veritas et prevalibit* has been shown —that it would state the actual case better if *falsitas* was put in the place of *veritas*.

Another cant has been admirably exposed in the *Times*, of Thursday, Nov. 28th, where it shows that persecution has put down the free expression of opinion for ages, in spite of the allegation, spite of supposed proof, that doctrines have flourished more from persecution. The Albigenses, the Hussites, the Lollards were popular expressions of Protestantism before the Reformation. The odds were against them, and there was not left one to tell the tale.

It was owing to circumstances that Catholicism became obnoxious to kings, princes, and higher powers, as well as to printing, better education, and enlightenment, that freedom of opinion was allowed to have its way to a certain extent under Protestantism. From this beginning, freedom of opinion has been extending, in spite of opposition, for the last 300 years. Since the first French revolution, all the kings of Europe have endeavoured to counteract popular tendencies by religion. Popery has been called in aid by Roman Catholic countries. There is not one country on the Continent which has not been agitated by Catholic claims of superiority over the laws, government, and education, independent of the state—in fact, as Blackstone states it, an *imperium in imperio*. Russia, even, was attacked in Poland; Prussia, by the Archbishop of Cologne and the Rhenish States; in Switzerland there was civil war; Austria and France succumbed to its pretensions, which it has put forth on Piedmont and now on England. France restored the temporal sovereignty of the Pope as well as its spiritual, and received three hats in exchange, which, as the world is governed by folly, does as well as any other gift. W. J. B.

PROTESTANT HELL.

It is probable that many of the Protestant clergy of different sects, who had an opportunity of seeing in some former *Reasoners* the engravings copied from Father Pinamonti's 'Hell Opened to Christians,' may have treated them, and the editorial remarks subjoined, as if they did not apply to them at all—may have passed them by as quite unworthy of Protestant notice, the ministers of a pure and apostolical Christianity not being responsible for the excesses of Popish bigotry and superstition. Most Protestants would emphatically declare their entire disapproval of these material descriptions and disgusting pictorial representations of infernal torments, so well calculated to terrify young children and nervous ladies, to which the Catholic Church has given the sanction of its authority, and they would complain of being slandered and calumniated if they were accused of tolerating such coarse intimidation of the young and the weak. Such is the prevailing character-

* I see no objection to it beyond a moral one; on no account would I oppose by law their doing it.—Ed.

istic of modern Protestantism, that impracticable and now desperate plan for reconciling religion with reason, ancient ignorance and falsehood with modern science and love of truth. Protestant theologians, instinctively shrinking from a bold contemplation of their own doctrines, seek to shroud them in vague, general, and mysterious terms, and teach their pupils that such subjects as eternal damnation and the torments of hell are awfully incomprehensible, and that it is not advisable to meditate on them too deeply.

The Protestant reads in the New Testament of tormenting demons, the fire that is not quenched, and the worm that dieth not; and although he may sometimes be told that the Bible accounts of hell are probably figurative, yet he cannot get rid of these more definite and intelligible images, and the Protestant idea of hell consists of a heterogeneous mixture of mental and bodily tortures, of flames and fury, brimstone and blasphemy, torments of conscience, and devils with two-pronged forks. And although they may avoid dwelling on the subject, they cannot deny a belief in the hell punishments described in the Bible; and they are not more reasonable or more judicious, but only less honest and less consistent than the Catholics, in objecting to such an open display of their opinions as is afforded in pictures, so instructive to children and to persons unable to read. They cannot object to these pictures as being too horrible or exaggerated, because hell torments being infinite, any description or picture must give a very inadequate idea of their intensity.

All the Catholic written or printed representations of hell are founded on the words of Christ and his apostles. Jesus described the rich man opening his eyes amidst the flames of hell, and begging in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue: he tells his disciples of the bottomless pit, and the lake burning with fire and brimstone, where the devil and his angels would be the companions and torturers of the lost human beings whom they had tempted during life. Now here is a dilemma for the Protestants. Either Jesus Christ described hell badly or well; if badly, like a coarse-minded, ignorant barbarian, and as many virulent bigots do now, then what becomes of his divine, and even of his inspired, nature? If he described it well, truly, graphically, what can be more proper, devout, and reasonable, than to illustrate his accounts of the eternal flames of hell, and impress them upon the minds of sinners by pictures and detailed descriptions?

The belief in hell is mischievous and ludicrous—ludicrous and laughable to free-thinkers, but mischievous to religionists and to society by the malignant feelings to which it gives rise. Christians freely bestow opprobrious names on all who deny the truth of religion, but what if we, fixing on this most abominable and anti-social doctrine, were to refuse to designate Christians by any other name than Damnationists, Hellites, or Brimstonians? UNDECIMUS.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF RICHARD CARLILE.

The anniversary of the birth-day of Richard Carlile was celebrated on Sunday, December 8th, at the Temperance Hall, 1, Warner Place, Hackney Road, by a public Tea-party, which was very numerous. After tea Mr. James Savage presided, when the following sentiments were introduced and responded to:—'Richard Carlile, and all true champions of social, political, and religious liberty.' 'Robert Owen, and the men of progress of the present day.' 'The memory of the defenders of the unstamped press.' 'Mechanics' Institutions and Mutual Instruction Societies in general.'

Secular Education.—But there is much doubt as *to whom* this secular education will be given; there is a doubt as to whether the majority of the gentlemen at the conference understood, or were willing to admit, the full force of the word secular; there is a doubt, even if they do come to understand the force of the word secular, whether the child of the infidel and the atheist, of the man of no sect and no religion, will receive the benefits of the system. It is obvious that the proper basis of the Act of Parliament authorising the establishment of free schools, maintained by local rates, and controlled by local government, would consist in regarding the nation in a secular point of view, and legislating as though there were no religions, or religious sects in the country. In framing such an Act, the citizen only should be provided for, and not the sectary. Now it is equally the right and the duty of the party represented by the *Freethinker's Magazine* to insist that all the consequences which follow from the adoption of the word secular should be accepted by the parliament; and to do all in its power, short of hindering the progress of education, to make it national and not exclusive. For as long as there is a single citizen who could not send his child to school without violating his conscience, so long would the system remain exclusive and not national. In the conference it was Mr. Cobden, the new ally and champion of the system, who wanted to exclude the word secular in the title of the association. It was Mr. Cobden who showed that he either did not understand, or, from reasons of policy, did not desire to admit the word secular and accept its results. But he was not alone. Those even who championed the adoption of this important word, argued for its adoption on the ground that secular education involved religious education. This is the point of contest. This is the ground on which the battle will have to be fought. And upon this ground, we are informed, many battles have already been fought in the committees from whence the association took its rise. They will have to be contested again and again, until not merely the name, but the thing, be conceded. At present we only have the name, a great point gained in the agitation, surely, but no guarantee that we shall get the thing, and we warn all the friends of secular education that they must be on the alert, and that in lending their aid to the movement, they must insist upon the word and its consequences. The importance attached to this question is placed beyond dispute by the letter of *Publicola*, and the revelations made by Mr. Holyoake in the *Reasoner* respecting what took place in conference in debate upon this word.—*Freethinker's Magazine*, No. 7, for December.

Geology.—Never, perhaps, did any science, with the exception of astronomy, unfold, in an equally brief period, so many novel and unsuspected truths, and overturn so many pre-conceived opinions—the surface of this planet had been regarded as having remained unaltered since its creation, until the geologist proved that it had been the theatre of reiterated change, and was still the subject of slow but never-ending fluctuations. The discovery of other systems in the boundless regions of space, was the triumph of astronomy: to trace the same system through various transformations, to behold it at successive eras adorned with different hills and valleys, lakes and seas, and peopled with new inhabitants, was the delightful meed of geological research. The charm of first discovery is our own, and, as we explore this magnificent field of inquiry, the sentiments of a great historian of our times may continually be present to our minds—that he who calls what has vanished back again into being, enjoys a bliss like that of creating.—Lyell's *Principles of Geology*.

MAN HIS OWN DESTINY.—The following passages are from an article in *The Critic*, of Nov. 15th, entitled 'Man his own Destiny,' and signed 'Kenneth Morency.' The logical acumen displayed therein strikes us as fully equal—the Americans would tell us—'to dividing the indevisable into four quarters and a bit over,' and must have been attained by unremitted exertions to discover distinctions not cognizable, except through some such medium as the world-famous stone spectacles of the Mormon Prophet, which can make the crookedest of the crooked appear straight, and filtrate divine inspiration through a dry blanket. 'An sure enough,' as O'Connell said, ''tis an asey accomplishment to aim at nothing and hit it:'—'In our days a moral heresy has appeared, and seems to be gaining strength, which we view with exceeding hatred, and which we feel it our duty to oppose and condemn whenever we meet it. No new heresy is this. It has always been a favourite belief of weak ages and weak men. The heresy is that of the Doctrine of Circumstances. In its extremest and most absolute form it is maintained with prodigious pertinacity by the persons called Owenites, all whose moral and metaphysical dogmas are of the most pernicious kind, and whose professed opinions are the most serious obstacle to social reform that it has to overcome in England. But though the Doctrine of Circumstances is held and upheld by the Owenites more strictly, logically, and persistently than by others, there are many who, if less inclined to preach it as a faith, allow it as potent influence over their lives. Now if there be any truth in God, or truth in the Universe, we are compelled to denounce the Doctrine of Circumstances as a cowardice, a falsehood, a folly, and a cant. Its advocates confound the conditions indispensable to man's existence with the facts and phenomena supposed to mould and modify his existence. We cannot live without air, nor without food; but are we therefore the creatures of those two circumstances? We cannot walk unless we have something to walk on; we are therefore forsooth the slaves and the victims of the ground we tread. In short, we are the instruments of whatever instruments we use because we are under the necessity of using it. By a similar process we might prove that God himself is the creature of circumstances, because he cannot avoid employing numberless material agencies in the accomplishment of his plans.....Now to a nation sick and sore with the leprosy of laziness, what so comfortable, so convenient, so congenial, as the Doctrine of Circumstances? It has the most admirable apology for doing nothing, in the belief, or the pretended belief, that nothing can be done. We have only to go a step further and we arrive at the hideous fatalism of the Turk, to which he bows as to a God, and to which he is sacrificing the fairest empire in the world. If we are to save this beloved and beautiful England of ours from utter ruin, it must be by proclaiming with earnest words, and eloquent deeds, the oldest, the profoundest, the bravest, the noblest of moral principles, that Man is his own Destiny, and that even if the Creator of the Universe have predetermined all things, it is a signal and a salutary part of that predetermination, that man is morally free. No one is the slave of any circumstances, or can he be the slave of any but those which he voluntarily chains himself to. And he who will be a slave deserves no better fate; let him wallow in this bestiality of lot he has chosen.....Thus may all see how unspeakably important it is that the earnest should form an heroic band to storm that refuge of lust and lies which names itself jesuitically the Doctrine of Circumstances, for only with the restitution of conscious free-will, and conscious responsibility, and consequent conscious energy, can the moral amendment of the community begin; and not until that begins can a religious salvation be consummated.'

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF THE MORMON PROPHET IN SEARCH OF THE 'BETTER LAND.'

BY CHRISTOPHER.

PART I.

Mr. Joseph Smith, jun., was a farmer's son, of the town of Manchester, New York. When he was fifteen years old he began to think—and he thought he would prepare himself for a future state of existence. He had some reason to suspect that anything but a brilliant career awaited him in this life, for his education had been seriously neglected—so much so, that he found the 'History of the House that Jack Built' a weight upon his mind, and the adjustment of its component parts into a complete whole a great tax upon his ingenuity. A plentiful assortment of 'pot hooks and hangers' emanated from his pen in great variety, both as to size and structure; from which we infer that he had the same notions about uniformity as the country bookbinder, who, being requested by a gentleman to bind some books in a uniform style, replied, 'Leave that to me, sir, and there shall not be two alike.' Our hero was sufficiently 'up' in arithmetic to be able to distinguish betwixt a 'round dozen' and a 'baker's dozen,' and inherited from his mother ample sagacity to enable him to make an advantageous choice of the two. Thus, it may be opined, his qualifications for scientific pursuits were *somewhat* limited; and it is easily to be conjectured why he conceived the propriety of speculating on some state of existence where 'ignorance is bliss.' Young Smith appears to have imbibed a knowledge of heaven at a very early period, for, at the time our narrative begins, we find him inquiring the road, and assuming to know all about that 'shining region,' as he termed it, and manifesting considerable anxiety as to how he might ensure its possession. He found great numbers who anticipated his desire, and who were ready to help him. Almost all the people he spoke with on the subject told him they were similarly disposed with himself. He was pleased at hearing this, and said, 'They all tally in their descriptions of the place—they all say they are bound thither; why should not I go in company of the whole host of them?' He resolved he would do so. He found it necessary to rescind this resolution almost as soon as it was made; for, upon presenting himself to start, he found the 'whole host of them' split up into several hundred goodly divisions, and each division going in a different way to the others; and the leader of each separate body calling out to him with great energy, saying 'This is the way—walk ye in it.' As we have hinted, the education of Master Smith was such as to afford little defence against credulity and superstition. Yet to do him justice, finding how things stood, he unhesitatingly declared to the heads of the various denominations who desired his company, that he had his doubts whether they could all be going to the same place, seeing they were all setting out in different directions, and some of them going in extremely opposite courses to others. They all admitted that there could be but *one* right road. Then said Smith emphatically, 'Shew me that road, that I may walk therein.' This appeal not diminishing the number of routes, nor eliciting any further explanation, the earnest truth-seeker became disconcerted, while those of the various denominations, finding they could not induce him to join their respective companies, assumed a very insolent bearing toward him, and told him flatly that he would be sure to 'go to hell.' Nevertheless, for all this he went away to discuss two little points for his own especial satisfaction. First, whether any one of the ways advertised was the right; secondly, which out of the myriad it might possibly be.

He essayed to unravel the mystery, in a state of mind bordering on destraction. The method he pursued (if it is not taking liberties with that word) was a very curious one; and, if it did not go direct to the purpose, it brought him great comfort. He went home, shut himself up in his bed-room, opened his Bible,

and commenced reading, as well as he knew how, the history of the journey of the Children of Israel from the Red Sea to the River Jordan. His researches occupied him several weeks, and in the end he found himself as much in doubt as ever. Still he persisted, and eventually had the singular felicity to discover a verse by the apostle James, which assured him that his ignorance would be neither let nor hindrance to him in the prosecution of his laudable studies—that he had only to ask for wisdom in a proper spirit, and it would be given to him in abundance. This discovery, joined to his own assurance, filled him with wondrous zeal. He felt no longer like one lost; he now had a foreboding that he might one day become a person of some distinction; and though he felt a sense of loneliness, he conceived he had many brethren in the world, and that he should one day light upon them, and exclaim 'I am thy brother Joseph.'

Columbus felt not half so sure of his mark when he propounded his belief in the existence of the country of Joseph Smith's captivity, as that individual felt on the discovery of the aforesaid text, with respect to the matter of getting himself on the road to heaven. He smiled a meek and saintly smile when he thought of the much-divided, infatuated host; he smiled, for he looked upon that host in the light of a plentiful harvest, and the scene suggested to his rustic mind the idea that one day he might become a reaper in that field, and earn for himself the wages of righteousness. While he was thus musing one night, lost in ecstasy at the prospect before him, he received an invitation to supper. After a long conference, confined chiefly to himself, he accepted the invitation, and, with a slight exception, behaved in his usual manner, only insisting on breaking the bread when he should have used a knife, and confounding that nutritive and simple compound with a large home-made cheese, and devouring the cheese instead of the bread with reckless prodigality. With this trivial irregularity and the constant use of certain wild ejaculations heretofore dispensed with at the table of Mr. Joseph Smith, sen., the ceremony of supper passed away. While removing the cloth, his mother thought fit to trouble him with a remark, whereupon he turned suddenly round upon his heel, called her a 'woman,' and inquired the nature of her business with him. With this display of temper, without waiting for a scolding, he drank what beer there remained, then opened the door and made his escape into the garden, and sat himself down on a rustic seat overlooking the road, in order to estimate his after-supper spiritual state. This interesting inquiry being ended, he fell asleep. It was a pleasant evening, and the gentle youth of the neighbourhood, according to custom, had got up a dance about a quarter of a mile from the farm-house of the Smiths. The jocund troop were growing very indistinct in the soft twilight, but still the dancing abated not. The shadows of the old wood which skirted the lawn grew dark and dense, and envious night would ere long put a stop to the innocent diversion. Apart from the joyful throng there sat a lonely maiden, who looked mournfully on. She had given out she was unwell, and would not dance; in vain she strove to hide from her companions the cause of her grief. They all knew the cause—her lover was unfaithful to her; he had neglected her for some weeks past. Pretty Alice had a warm heart, and she had fanned a strong attachment for a neglectful and contemptible swain. That swain was Joseph Smith. At length the dance being ended, the company broke up and dispersed in their several ways to go home, Alice forming part of a detachment whose way lay past Smith's farm, where at that particular moment the heartless individual alluded to was undergoing the usual temptations which every saint is subjected to on the first setting out. We return to him. He had not been asleep many minutes before he began to fancy that he was living over his carnal life again. Some of the scenes were made agreeable and tempting, others altogether repulsive, as the purpose of his Satanic Majesty might be best served. It is something to the credit of Mr. Smith, that his majesty thought it necessary to constitute himself sole manager on this occasion. We select three of the scenes. First, 'a blooming boy came whistling o'er the lea;' the urchin had a particular roguish look, and sought to remind our saint of the guileless hours of his boyhood: in vain—his holiness moaned in his sleep at the sinful career which the phantom conjured to his recollection. How that he had departed from the truth

in more than one emergency, picked pippins from another's store, laid him down each night in ignorance of prayer, and whistled himself to sleep.

Far from being tempted, the dreamer stretched forth his hand to seize the young rogue, in order to give him the advantage of a good castigation; but lo! with a loud laugh the youngster vanished out of sight. Thwarted in his aim, the common enemy raised up a host of spectral forms, of monstrous shape and mien. These sported and cut ten thousand capers round the sleeper's head—a dark horrid crowd of strange abortions, led on by the various leaders of the different sects our saint had encountered before. 'This way,' cried one sect; 'come along,' cried another. 'This is the way to heaven,' said a third party; 'to hell, rather,' cried a fourth. Then a number of them cried out all at once, and then they seemed disposed to drag him away by force. The victim would have risen, but they pinned him to the ground; he would have roared for help, but they griped him by the throat. At length he became quite exhausted. Without any particular wish to fathom the inscrutable, the narrator cannot help thinking that indigestion had something to do in the matter of this strange vision—at least it is humbly suggested that the devil was materially indebted for this horrible invention to the cheese which the saint had unwittingly swallowed for supper. Be that as it may, a gentle breeze cooled the sufferer's brow, and changed the dreadful scene into one far from disagreeable. We have said a detachment of the dancers, with the charming Alice, were necessitated to pass by Smith's farm, and, in so doing, they made the discovery of the truant lover asleep. Disposed to be merry, a blithesome lassie proposed that Alice should awake the snoring clown, and demand an explanation of his conduct. Alice was anxious to have an explanation, and, having regained some of her wonted gaiety, yielded to the entreaties of her companions — stipulating that they should hide themselves, to await the sequel. It happened she chose a very inopportune moment to approach his saintship. Recovering from the merciless attack of the foul sectarian fiends, he began to stare about him in a state of intense stupidity; and the first object that met his distempered gaze was the form of the youthful maiden. 'Good evening, Joseph,' she began; 'do not be offended with me; you have told me many times you loved me, what have I done that you shun me? You come not to dine at our cottage as you used to do on Sunday; you come not to the evening dance. Tell me, why do you act thus, and make me so wretched?' After a pause, she added, 'We had a goose for dinner last Sunday, and we shall have a sucking pig next, and I shall have on my new silk frock.' Then she fetched a deep sigh, and looked 'a last appeal.' Joseph—acted upon favourably by so pleasant a contrast, as he could not very well fail to be, yet never doubting he beheld a phantom conjured by the prince of darkness—uprose from his seat, and, crying out with a loud voice, bade the supplicant begone, and told her, to her astonishment, that her master the devil might tempt him in vain—that he was proof against his evil designs. He then bade defiance to all the powers of darkness collectively. The maiden, stricken with horror at the conduct of her ranting swain, was retiring for assistance; but the saint's declamation saved her the trouble. The lads and lasses had come from their hiding places to see what was going to happen. Beholding the new arrival the saint repeated what he had said, with a trifling addition—and then, with two or three lengthened strides, disappeared into the adjoining grove.

PART II.—CONTAINING STILL MORE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES.

We have shown how the illustrious hero of this narrative triumphed over the infernal crew who sought to tempt him. One would think after such discomfiture they did not venture to leave the 'furnace' for a considerable period. Such a trial of faith had never occurred in the land of the 'star bespangled banner' before. The king of the 'bottomless pit' was never more completely routed; the 'smartest nation upon earth' may one day reckon this among the smartest of her transactions. We will now renew our acquaintance with the saint, and follow him into the woods. After having got clear of the dancers, he proceeded to perambulate the grove in the most extraordinary style, by alternately running, walking, and jumping,

and by that favourite combination the hop, step, and jump. It is not known how long he diverted himself after this fashion, but in a very short period after he commenced his grotesque performance he had dignified the operation with the name of pilgrimage, constituted himself a joyful pilgrim, forgotten his whereabouts, and decided upon leaving the place of his destination an open question. His chief object seemed to be to keep moving; and to carry out this simple project it was unnecessary to go over a great variety of country, so he confined himself within the gyration of about four acres of underwood. About midnight the pilgrim lighted on a 'certain place:' there is a certain place which every pilgrim seems to recognise at sight as being peculiarly adapted for him to stop at. This certain place is not confined to any particular locality, it is here, there, and everywhere: the most noted 'certain places' which saints have lighted on were situated in the wilderness—it is not necessary to say what wilderness, one will do as well as another. Our saint Joseph's was in a sort of wood, bordering the wilderness at the back of his father's farm. Having by a general survey satisfied himself of its fitness, he collected two or three large stones. Thus did young Jacob (if the reader will remember) when journeying in quest of a wife. Like the travel-worn son of Isaac, Mr. Smith had no objection to pass a night in the open air, pillowing his head on a heap of stones. So having adjusted things to his liking, he laid himself down to sleep. Nearly all the old painters tried their hands on that very popular subject, 'Saint Jerome in the wilderness:' indeed almost every saint, male or female, of any distinction, were depicted as they appeared in outlandish places, to which it has pleased them severally to retire. These are striking subjects for the pencil, as they partake strongly of the picturesque. What say our modern daubers, is not 'Saint Smith in the wilderness' a subject as worthy of the brush as any old father that ever subsisted on nothing? They are welcome to the hint. Let us return to Joseph. Having adjusted himself precisely after the manner of Jacob, and fixed his eyes in contemplation of two twin stars which he detected through the scraggy arms of an old tree, he began to talk, or, as the term goes, 'hold commune' with them. Among other things he told them that he had been a grievous sinner, that he had done many things which by rights he ought not to have done, while other matters which had particularly demanded his attention he had wilfully neglected. At hearing this the stars winked in token that they comprehended him. This was a communication they were inclined to credit, having had their attention called to similar communications before; they had also been favoured by their position with the means of testing their accuracy. One idea begets another, the sinner thought as he had made the stars his confidants, they might upon application be graciously inclined to give him a little information he was sadly in need of. He observed they were in heaven, and fancied they looked invitingly upon him, so without preface he boldly called their serious attention to his want. He told them frankly that he longed very much to be of their company, and begged of them to send him such directions as would enable him to transport himself from his present locality to theirs; that he had a particular aversion to live any longer among miserable sinners like himself, that his taste led him to prefer a more enlightened society, a place of abode, a residence which included every comfort which could be desired, where labour was never thought of, and where sorrow was an utter stranger; in a word, that he was quite prepared to change his present state of existence for a better. It was in vain the holy aspirant preferred his suit; the stars were silent; he questioned and requestioned them a thousand times over, still a mysterious silence prevailed throughout the glittering throng. At length the modest fellow became so confused in his ideas, as no longer to have any notion what he was talking about. What with his temptations, pilgrimage, star-gazing, and uninterrupted flow of speech, he became too fatigued to do anything else, therefore having once more recurred to the probable appearance presented by Jacob during his repose in the Desert, our industrious saint fell into a sort of half sleep, or trance, during which he persisted in his suit with additional energy.

[To be concluded in another Tract.]

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

SUPERHUMAN POWER—EVIDENCE OF IT.

Sir,—I have the weighty task, under immediate personal drawbacks, of answering two opponents at once. Necessary conciseness (with a hope of further opportunity) may very probably turn out an advantage.

Mr. Chilton says I am one of a party who require a God to make them comfortable. Very likely. Many have desired the abolition of the slave trade, or a reform in Parliament, for the same reason: not to speak of conjugal, or friendly regard. The requiring has been—with exceptions which, in former times, were held to 'prove the rule'—historical, traditional, and national. Names of stupendous intellect—even from Archimedes, Socrates, and Cicero, to Bacon, Newton, and Pope—have been of this party. If all ideas must have had arche-types, how came the first men, since most unbelievers in Christianity admit that the human race had a beginning, to have them? They must have been implanted, or afterwards made known. Either negatives the sole-existence of insentient matter. Even *Phrenology* comes to my aid, since if there is an organ *of* veneration, there must have been veneration, a thing, *for* the organ.

If man be first in the scale of terrestrial beings, and if he have a thirst for a future state, which all times and nations agree in—why may there not be supply in the universe for this; just as there is rain for the parched grass, or a fountain for the weary camel? Sentient analogy I really think, and know that I am not alone in doing so, goes with it.

And, he says that I have not a 'sensitive idea' of God. It would be difficult to have so in our time, though his existence may be believed to be felt. But, surely, several things are received of which there is no sensitive idea? Mr. C. could not describe the *wind*—as to its componency—nor has he an idea of the earth's or sun's centre. I have no sensitive idea of the *formation* of an *egg*—nor, I believe, has any one else. Nor could I tell, in art, what is the greatest mystery to me, the tuning of peals of bells in different *keys*. Yet, because it is unintelligible to me, I do not term it chance.

Lastly, he gives his main argument of 'exceptions,' first heard of by me nearly thirty years ago. He well knows they *are* exceptions, for which, on the plain ground, neither of us can give reasons. *Subsequent* exceptions—because no one has supposed that the first breed of man or of any animal was imperfect. On my part I am entitled to ask him why they are exceptions *only*—why irregularity is not the reigning demonstration, and why good in nature immensely predominates—why all the stars are not comets, and, in the absence of a law far beyond the original conception of matter, or man either, the universal bodies knocking against each other in a perpetual, or destructive, game of 'nine pins?'

I am very glad that Undecimus admits the possibility of a God, since the contrary is wholly un-provable: and the question of greater probability is a more cheering one, and theists will ever be ready to argue it. I merely started the theory of an eternal presiding power, if there had not been a terrestrial beginning, to show that I could, in no shape, accept atheism. I think there would have been some analogy there, from an earthly monarchy. Supposing there had been a dynasty which had governed a kingdom wisely for 1000 years. It would have been equally beneficial to the inhabitants whether it had had a beginning or not; but if the former,

why then the beginning was good. As to an 'infinite succession of contrivers,' surely Undecimus's intellect had a *grandfather* intellect, and the former may have descended from a first man. There is surely little use in going back *ad infinitum*, which is now incomprehensible, and, as he admits, painful to both of us, though possibly it might be clearer in some other state of being; when what most concerns us is the history, tradition, and probability of our own planet. Certainly man's intellect found out steam; but the two necessary elements of it existed, or *no* intellect could have made anything of the junction. I think Undecimus has, unconsciously, inverted the pyramid; and that, under far abler leading than mine, he may happily reverse his path—from atheism to inspiriting hope of trans-terrestrial existence.

London, Nov. 21, 1850. J. D. Parry, M.A., Cambridge.

THE REV. MR. BLANDY ON A BURNING MISSION.

Dear Sir,—Last Sunday I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Blandy, of book-burning notoriety, who, thinking the inhabitants of Bradford had need of his advice in the selection of their reading, had come from Chesterfield to preach us a sermon on 'Improper Books,' and strange to say he occupied the pulpit of that very liberal-minded gentleman, the Rev. J. Glyde, for that purpose. His text was the 19th verse in the 19th chap. of Acts:—'Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them, before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty-thousand pieces of silver.' He commenced with an extract from Lord Bacon, on the advantages of reading, and after treating on the origin of language and writing, (which he asserted was revealed to man by God) the influence of printing, and the progress of intelligence, he proceeded to give his definition of what he considered 'improper' books, viz.: First—'Those which give a partial view of the divine character, and pervert the Christian religion.' Second—'Those which give a false estimate of the moral condition of man, and the sinfulness of sin.' Third—'Those which contradict first principles.' All such he advised his audience not to read, but burn! burn! burn! They unfitted the mind for the investigation of truth, filled the heart with pollution, and the life full of sin. What he meant by a partial view of the divine character, Christian religion, &c., I was never able to learn. Emerson's essays, Byron's works, 'Family Life,' and French novels, were named as 'improper,' and the Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' as proper books; but he also thought they might read with advantage the works of Locke, Bacon, Boyle, and Tillotson. Sneering allusion was made to the argument drawn from geology against the scriptural account of the creation, which he said was perfectly reconcileable, but the assertion was all that he did towards the reconciliation. Only one instance of death-bed repentance was given, and that, as usual, was without a name. The respectability of the London publishers was very highly spoken of, and an extract was read from a report by one of them, Mr. Bentley, showing that the works on theology published by them exceeded by four times those on any other subject, and he rejoiced that they were all agreed on the suppression of improper books; and though there were a few exceptions, yet they were not recognised by the trade, and with such virulance did he speak of 'vagabond lecturers,' and 'infidel tract distributors,' that I really expected the oft-repeated ejaculation of 'burn them!' 'burn them!' but I was mistaken, for he wound up by merely exhorting them to repent and aid the Religious Tract Society, on pain of seeing the ghosts of the souls they had ruined flicker round their dying pillow.

Bradford. J. E. S.

[Does not Mr. Blandy see that if freethinkers follow his rule and burn all books having the three marks he gives, that the Bible and half the Christian works issued may justifiably be burned? Has he started on a Book-burning mission? Let him remember that his advice can be carried out in a very unpleasant manner. Will our friend in Bradford bring this recommendation of Mr. Blandy's under the notice of the excellent minister in whose pulpit he preached, and under the notice of religious journals, as far as possible, to see if they approve this course?—Ed.]

ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

Sir,—I was sorry to see from your journal, that Thomas Cooper having discarded all the rest of Christianity, has taken unto himself as an idol of worship, the character of Christ. It is an error very prevalent with infidels. Discarding the miracles, prophecies, all the theology of Christianity, and striking off its history, they cleave to the sole point left, the absolute superiority of Christ's character over the rest of mankind. Many having demolished his divinity, have at last contended that he was divine on the strength of his character. The Unitarians having dismissed all creeds, take for their belief the character of Christ. Channing uses his eloquence to raise up a God in the man Jesus over the rest of men, after having endeavoured to prove that he has no such authority on other grounds. Theodore Parker goes further than Channing in scattering to the winds the faiths and beliefs founded on Jesus, but when he comes to the character of Christ he sums up in his favour. The objections he mentions he brushes aside with the calm indifference which orthodoxy would have treated his attacks upon the divinity of Christ. Hennell, as far as I recollect, is not altogether so favourable to the character of Christ. Francis Newman allows his reason to predominate to the end, and is the only Christian I know of who attacks the character of Christ. He is also distinguished above others, by showing that Christianity did not civilise the world, as is vulgarly attributed to it. Newman in his 'Phases of Faith,' pages 99 to 102, has well depicted the extraordinary credulity mixed with incredulity which the Unitarian entertains, rejecting Christ as divine, otherwise than in his faith in him as a moral character. Newman's disbelief of Jesus from a Unitarian point of view immediatly arises, and from his reason and experience he offers objections to the historical character of Jesus.

Oxon. A.

INGENUITY OF THE REV. MR. POTTENGER.

Sir,—'The Present Crisis,' as the *Baptist Reporter* for this month has it, tells its friends that 'Mr. Pottenger (Baptist Minister), pastor of Tuthill-stairs church, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has addressed his people on the corruptions of Christianity,' and 'characterised the papal, protestant, episcopal, and Wesleyan pretentions, as all unscriptural, and to be resisted by those whom Christ had made free.' So that this papal stir is likely to be a stir throughout the churches. *May its course have full scope.* Then, the *Baptist Reporter's* head and chief speaks out as supreme over all the Popes, with mightiness in his own strength, seemingly ardent for a grapple, with any but the *Reasoner*. Thus he enters the field:—'Caution to Young Men.—I do not mean to check inquiry, but you must take care how you approach the depths! It is dangerous for a young man to try how much poison his constitution will bear. I remember having two intimates at college. We were accustomed to meet together, and read the publications of the

day. A subtle and mischievous book made its appearance. I refused to read it. I believe God put the thought in my heart, for I never made a wiser resolution in my life. "Oh!" said one of the party, "have we not sense to form our own opinions?" "I tell you, R—" said I, "it seems to me like a naked man entering the lists with a combatant armed *cap-a-pie*." He read on, and became an infidel. I ran away, and waited for my armour. I can now face the Goliath without fear, and fetch him down with a sling and stone which God has provided for the assault. This was not cowardice, but good sense measuring the enemies' forces, and making due preparation for the conflict.' Oh! self esteem, art thou dreaming? H. H.

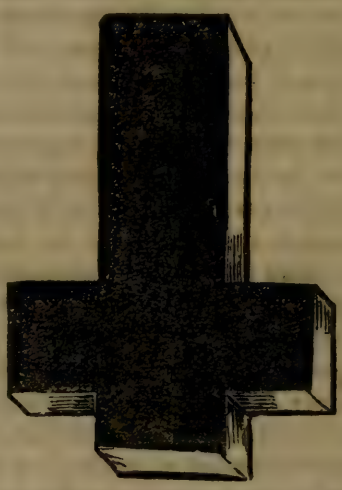
[We quite agree with H. H., whom we thank for his report. Would not Mr. Pottenger's ingenuity be also a delicious defence against Christianity, to run away and never read its books? But what would Mr. Pottenger say when *we* came to boast of it?—Ed.]

Published to-day, 32 pages, in a suitable Wrapper, price 3d.,

CATHOLICISM, THE RELIGION OF FEAR,

ILLUSTRATED WITH EIGHT PLATES

From 'lawful' Catholic source.



'It is not possible to destroy political servitude while allowing religious servitude to remain; the political springs by necessity from religious slavery. In that place where the Priest may say to an entire people, "Surrender to me your reason without conditions," the Prince, by an infallible logic, may repeat also, "Surrender to me your liberty without control." '—Quinet.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

The eight chapters of this work, enumerated below, are partly from the *Reasoner's* articles on Father Pinamonti, with new chapters and additions suited to *the* agitation of the day, and which may be found useful for subsequent distribution.

Chap. I. The Case Stated between Catholicism and Rationalism.
II. The Terrors of Catholicism, as exemplified by its expounders.
III. The English Press revolted at the Doctrine, when reduced to practice among us.
IV. The Taste of our Author.
V. Father Pinamonti measureth the Thickness of the Walls of Hell.
VI. Who would be a Catholic?
VII. The Church of England infected.
VIII. The True Objection to the Religion of Fear.

As the Catholic work from which we quote our Plates had a Cross upon it, we have had a similar one done and inverted, as the inverted Cross in a well-known symbol of inversion of faith.

London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

'Reasoner' Shilling List for Vol. X.—Previously acknowledged in No. 236, 580s. 6d.—J. Hemingway, Lancaster, 2s. 6d.—S., Liverpool (weekly), 1s.—J. H., per Mr. Watson, 5s.—Daniel Murphy, 1s.—M. R., Bradford, 1s.—A Friend, per Mr. Billson, Leicester, 1s.—W. Crabtree, Hebden Bridge, 1s.—Mullier, 1s.—From copies of 'Shakspere,' by Mr. Quigley: T. Emery, F. W. Holme, F. P. Currie, and 3 copies by Mr. Chambers, of Newcastle. Making a total of 613s.

Mr. Holyoake's 'History.'—(Names of additional subscribers.)—W. Crabtree, Hebden Bridge; S. B., Burslem; G. Davenport, ditto; J. Leigh, ditto; W. Jackson, ditto; R. G. W., Market Harbro'; Matthew Knowles 2 copies. *** Mr. Fenton's name was spelled 'Fentham' in a previous acknowledgment in this List and the 'Reasoner List.' J. P. Adams; W. B. P. 2 copies, R. R.; G. Hardess, Gravesend; J. B. Davis, ditto; R. H. H., ditto; J. Hemingway, Lancaster; Mr. May; Mr. Carnaby; John Carter; Samuel Coombs; A Family; W. Bowden.

*** This work is proceeding through the press as rapidly as possible, and will be shortly announced.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—December 22nd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Dec. 22nd [7], Mr. Walter Cooper, 'Jesus Christ, the World's Great Reformer.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Dec. 22nd [11½ a.m.], W. J. Fox, M.P., will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Dec. 22nd [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Dec. 22nd [7½], Mr. T. Clark, 'Character and Conduct of Thomas Jefferson.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Dec. 22nd [7], Mr. H. Long, 'The Beautiful in Poetry.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Dec. 22nd [7], Mr. Benny will Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—December 22nd [7½], Mr. Thomas Shorter, 'On the Nineteenth Century.'

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Contributions have already appeared in the Leader from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, F. W. Newman, William Maccall, W. J. Birch, M.A., W. J. Linton, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

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London: Published by Joseph Clayton, jun., 265, Strand.

LETTERS TO THE HIERARCHIES, BY ROBERT OWEN; also to RICHARD COBDEN, Esq., M.P., with observations on the means to well-place, well-employ, and well-educate the population—and other interesting matter; in ROBERT OWEN'S JOURNAL, Nos. 7 and 8.

No. 9 will contain Letters to the Chartists, and to the Cabinet Ministers.

Published, weekly, by Clayton, 265, Strand, and Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row. Price 1d.—and in monthly parts.

NEW MONTHLY JOURNAL.

On the 1st of January will be published, Price 6d., No. 1 of

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC: an Endeavour to Explain Republican Principles, to Record Republican Progress, and to Establish a Republican Party in England. Edited by W. J. Linton.

Contents: Mazzini's Address to the Peoples, Letters on Republican Principles, History of the Past Year, and other articles.

J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

Now Ready, No. 7 for December, 1850.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Twopence. 32 Pages.

Notice to the Readers.

On the 1st of January, 1851, will be commenced the New Series, enlarged to 64 pages, and in a neat wrapper. Price 6d.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Price 2d., 16 pages octavo,

ROMANISM the RELIGION of TERROR. A verbatim report of the Oration delivered at the Literary Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square, on Sunday evening, December 1, 1850, by Samuel Phillips Day, formerly a monk of the Order of the Presentation, and author of 'Monastic Institutions, their Origin, Progress, Nature, and Tendency.'

Published by E. Truelove, 22, John-street, Fitzroy-square; and sold by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Illustrative Notices.

An indefatigable correspondent of ours, who writes long letters from Birkenhead (letters which he himself says 'are *long*'), which do not always seem to require printing, makes one remark which may be cited as a complaint worthy of attention. 'I have been,' says Mr. King, 'rather struck with the immorality usually connected with Freethinking principles, in making a joke, as some do, I do not say all, of those things which Christians consider as sacred. These Freethinkers at the same time profess that they deal with nothing else but morality, and take it as their rule; and if any who profess Christianity happen to compromise their principles, in giving way to temptations, in speaking evil of their neighbours (as all are liable unless they keep good watch), how they get chastised by Freethinkers, and that without much mercy sometimes.' To 'joke' upon that which a Christian holds sacred is not so much 'immoral' in the usual flagrant sense of that word, but it is thoughtless and unkind. But Christians are apt to regard the necessary expression of another's dissent as a jest upon them. If Mr. King does not make this mistake we hope we shall never make the other.

Partridge and Oakey, the publishers in Paternoster-row, have issued a twopenny Tract, entitled the 'Creed of Error, a Reply to Holyoake's Logic of Death.' This is the most elaborate attempt at a refutation of the 'Logic of Death' which has yet appeared. The 'second thousand' of this Reply has been announced. The rudeness of the language employed by the writer raises a wonder that respectable publishers like Partridge and Oakey should undertake it. We are informed that one of the partners has personally interested himself in getting this Reply out.

We have received 'A Rudimentary Treatise on Steam Boilers; their Construction, and Practical Management, by Mr. Robert Armstrong, late of Manchester. Consulting Engineer.' As the work is one of the useful series, published by Weale, we doubt not it has merit of the right kind—but really it is not in our way to say more about it.

The Leicester *Baptist Reporter* says that: 'Mr. Joseph Poole, of Poole, Dorset, being summoned before the magistrates to be sworn in as special constable, refused to take an oath, believing it to be contrary to the command of Christ (yet how very rare is it acted up to); but said he was willing to serve, if they would rely on his word. The magistrates inquired if he were a Quaker or Moravian; on answering that he was a Baptist, they said they must fine him, or commit him to prison. He was allowed two days to consider the matter, but as he still declined, they fined him 40s., and in default of payment, he was committed to prison for three weeks, where he now lies, Nov. 14th. Why should not all denominations have liberty of conscience in these matters as well as Quakers or Moravians? It happens to be a fact that our gaol has been empty for the last three months, and the only prisoner now within its walls, is for conscience sake.'

Protestants think it their duty to make converts, as by saving souls they hope not only to have their sins forgiven, but even to shine like stars in the firmament. They seem to think that a Roman Catholic's or Protestant's course of duty is exactly the reverse, however. L.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, December 18th, 1850.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

EMERSON'S REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is the most comprehensive genius who has yet mirrored for us the spiritual problem of the nineteenth century. Others have done justice to segments thereof; he grasps the significance of the whole. He accepts its scepticisms as the necessary criticism on its rotten beliefs: reads in its endeavours to re-link itself with reality, in science, action, and aspiration—the elements of a faith which no discoveries can overturn, and a hope which no mistakes can quench. Gifted with almost miraculous insight into the mysteries of the human spirit, and its intuitions of the corresponding mysteries of Nature,—versed in all the lore of the past, and keen-sighted to all the varied meanings of the present, he imparts the utterances of religious genius in language which demands no compromise of our intelligence, but calls it forth in its purest essence. Those who yearn for the pure white light of religion, and who cannot be satisfied with seeing it only through the coloured windows of the Christian Church—those who would pass on from symbols to the thing signified—find in Emerson a teacher worthy of their desire. His writings, moreover, take higher rank than the semi-polemical ones of Strauss, Parker, Newman, &c. These writers have done admirable service towards the emancipation of the religious sentiment, and without them we might have been incapable of appreciating it in purer forms. But Emerson takes all this for granted, and goes on to what follows—the Law, the Life, the glory and beauty unutterable which fills all nature, and only demands co-operation from us to pervade humanity also. This, in a thousand varied forms, individual, social, political, historical, scientific, æsthetic, poetic or theologic, is the subject-matter of his discourse, and he ever speaks in the tone of one within the sanctuary. His barest statements possess an eloquence and a charm which transcend all the rhetoric of common and even of poetic minds as mere showman's claptrap. None of the perpetual 'O Heavens!' of Mr. Carlyle, meet us here. The effect produced lies in the high order of the realities to which the author introduces us, not in the spasmodic emotions to which he gives way. And in the clear morning light in which he bathes us, we feel that all the accustomed solutions of the mystery of human existence are but degrading caricatures which shall never again impose on us, and that the realities, even the (at present) inexplicable ones, which now come forth to view, are more sacred, more dear, and more inspiring, than all the Christianities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, which do but belong to them as one year's blossoms belong to the perennial root from which they sprang.

This last new work of Emerson's, on 'Representative Men,' naturally suggests a comparison with Mr. Carlyle's 'Hero-worship.' But perhaps the very similarity of the subject only serves to illustrate more clearly the dissimilarity of the two writers. Carlyle's work is beautiful and valuable, but its leading idea, as he himself expresses it, is that of 'Hero-worship, heart-felt, prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike form of man.' Emerson's idea, on the other hand, is that of *representative men*—and he ever considers the consti-

tuencies whom they represent as greater than they. The reader is not addressed as an idolator, but as a student of humanity, no less self-respecting than reverent. Carlyle ignores or idealises almost all the faults of his heroes. Emerson holds the golden scales of justice with a steady hand, and bids us mark, not in exultation but in warning, that even our greatest come short of the perfect measure. From Carlyle we obtain beautiful revealings of individual characters, and suggestive remarks on the state of society around them; but with Emerson, we see, in addition to all this, the stern back-ground of that Truth which transcends even the brightest emanations of itself, and by whose majestic purity they must all be judged.

The portrait-painting of this volume is very graphic, and will increase the author's reputation. It is characteristic of Emerson that (with the exception of Napoleon, classed here as 'the man of the world') all the heroes are intellectual ones. We have neither God, prophet, nor priest, as in Carlyle's work, but 'Plato, the philosopher; Swedenborg, the mystic; Montaigne, the sceptic; Shakspeare, the poet; and Goethe, the writer;'—these are the kings of thought on whose conquests Emerson lovingly dilates. An outline of the principal achievements of each genius is given, and then tested by the standard of ethical nature. Perhaps the finest lecture is that on Plato, who is evidently Emerson's chief hero. There is a magnificent beauty in this lecture which has been rarely surpassed by any of the author's previous productions. 'Socrates and Plato, the double star which the most powerful instruments will not entirely separate,' are sketched in masterly outlines, and the author's idea that 'Plato is philosophy, and philosophy, Plato, at once the glory and the shame of mankind,' is worked out in a manner that deeply fixes our interest.

Of Swedenborg's scientific theories Emerson gives an attractive account; and praises him for 'electing goodness as the clue to which the soul must cling in all this labyrinth of nature.' But on his theological system he makes the following excellent remarks, applicable to many theorists besides Swedenborg:—'The vice of Swedenborg's mind is its theologic determination. Nothing with him has the liberality of universal wisdom, but we are always in a church. That Hebrew muse which taught the lore of right and wrong to men, had the same excess of influence for him it has had for the nations. The mode as well as the essence was sacred. Palestine is ever the more valuable as a chapter in universal history, and ever the less as an available element in education. The genius of Swedenborg, largest of all modern souls, in this department of thought, wasted itself in the endeavour to reanimate and conserve what had already arrived at its natural term, and in the great secular Providence was retiring from its prominence, before western modes of thought and expression. Swedenborg and Behmen both failed by attaching themselves to the Christian symbol, instead of to the moral sentiment, which carries innumerable Christianities, humanities, divinities, in its bosom.'

With respect to 'Montaigne, the sceptic,' Emerson enters into a dissertation on Scepticism which should be read by all who 'prefer truth to repose.' His view of the subject is, perhaps, taken from the highest point that has yet been reached.

Of Shakspere and Goethe, Emerson speaks with full-hearted enjoyment and clear-headed criticism. We are pleased to remark his appreciation of the non-divinity of *Wilhelm Meister*, and his indication of George Sand's *Consuelo* and its sequel as *the* divine word of the age. Of Napoleon we are inclined to think that Emerson judges somewhat too severely. That he had no moral principle, we admit; but we cannot think him so 'singularly devoid of generous sentiment,' as Emerson represents him. He could not, in that case, have inspired the host of private

attachments which he is known to have done. Neither would he have kept up, as he did, a correspondence with Josephine to the day of her death. Stained and flawed all over as he was, we cannot but think there was an element of true nobleness in Napoleon's nature which our author has failed to perceive.

Emerson's works now extend over so large a range of subjects, as to suggest the question—of what class of minds is *he* the 'representative man?' For it is not to be supposed that he is an illimitable ocean of truth, any more than other human beings. His own fine description of Philosophy, and its dual tendencies, in the lecture on Plato, will aid us to express our views on the matter.

'Philosophy is the account which the human mind gives to itself of the constitution of the world. Two cardinal facts lie at the base,—the One; and the Two. 1—Unity or Identity; and 2—Variety. We unite all things by perceiving the law which pervades them, by perceiving their superficial differences, and their profound resemblances. But every mental act—this very perception of identity or oneness, recognises the difference of things; oneness and otherness. It is impossible to speak, or to think, without embracing both. The mind is urged to ask for one cause of many effects; then for the cause of that; and again the cause, diving still into the profound; self-assured that it shall arrive at an absolute and sufficient one, a one that shall be all. Urged by an opposite necessity, the mind returns from the one, to that which is not one, but other or many, from cause to effect, and affirms the necessary existence of variety, the self-existence of both, as each is involved in the other. These strictly-blended elements, it is the problem of thought to separate and reconcile.

'If speculation tends thus to a terrific unity, in which all things are absorbed—action tends directly backwards to diversity. The first is the course or gravitation of mind: the second is the power of nature. One is being; the other intellect: one is necessity; the other freedom: one is rest; the other motion: one is power; the other distribution: one, caste; the other, culture: one, king; the other, democracy: and if we dare carry these generalisations a step higher, and name the last tendency of both, we might say that, the end of one is escape from organisation; pure science: and the end of the other is the highest instrumentality, or use of means, or, executive deity.

'Each student adheres by temperament and by habit to the first, or to the second, of these gods of the mind. By religion, he tends to unity; by intellect, or by the senses, to the many. A too rapid unification, and an excessive appliance to parts and particulars, are the twin dangers of speculation.'

Now though in Emerson's mind there is a rare combination of these opposite tendencies, yet there can be little doubt that his chief leaning is towards the first of them. He is essentially a Contemplatist. He is a watcher more than a doer, and he is a doer, only that he may the better watch. He says in his lecture on Goethe, after speaking of common-place activities:—'If I were to compare action of a much higher strain with a life of contemplation, I should not venture to pronounce with much confidence in favour of the former. Mankind have such a deep stake in inward illumination, that there is much to be said by the hermit or monk in defence of his life of thought and prayer. A certain partiality, a headiness, and loss of balance, is the tax which all action must pay. Act, if you like, but you do it at your peril. Men's actions are too strong for them. Show me a man who has acted, and who has not been the victim and the slave of his action.'

But are not philosophers, also, the victims of their meditation? and hermits, of their isolation? Is there any condition in which benefits are not balanced by re-actions? Add to which, that if the re-action be less for the private individual

than for him who has to preserve his integrity in the crowd, yet it is the individual alone who is benefited; mankind are not necessarily the better for his secluded excellence, and thus what is gained in one direction is lost in another. Emerson fears to stain the spotless Ideal by imperfect realisation. 'Plato,' he says, 'did not, like Pythagoras, break himself with an institution.' But if this idea had prevailed with the Great Spirit of All, perhaps this universe would never have séen the light. He might have let the materials lie shapeless on one side, and remained in his own Divine Essence on the other, knowing that the two could never be wholly interblended. But, as Plato says, 'he wished that all things should be *as much as possible* like himself,' and so gave life to this imperfect but ever-perfecting world. Should not we do likewise, and co-operate with the divine impulses? Why be so afraid of founding imperfect institutions? Doubtless, our descendants will soon discover their faults, and found better ones, and meanwhile, we shalll know more of the relation of ideas to matter, than we could by following the track of ideas alone.

Emerson's great merit lies in the power with which he portrays large masses of facts which no one else beholds from so focal a point. But he seldom gives us the practical inferences to be deduced from them. It is true, he has written much that is eminently practical: his 'Man Thinking;' 'Divinity Lecture;' 'Young American;' and other of his Orations and Essays, are devoted to the highest duties of the day, and present them from the highest point of view. No one has written on these subjects more nobly. But many and genuine as are Emerson's constructive writings, he has a decided tendency (which appears somewhat to increase with age) to regard even the noblest constructions as destined to be speedily absorbed in Deity, and therefore not worthy of too strenuous exertion on our part. To such a degree does he carry this doctrine, as to deny all permanence even to the simplest human relations. 'Of progressive souls,' he says (in reference to Swedenborg's theory of immortal marriage) 'all loves and friendships are momentary. *Do you love me?* means, Do you see the same truth? If you do, we are happy with the same happiness: but presently one of us passes into the perception of new truth; we are divorced, and no tension in nature can hold us to each other. God is the bride or bridegroom of the soul.' But we are not of the same race, to be spouses of the Almighty! We are a mixture of fire and earth, and the eternal instincts of our nature prompt us to union with our kind, and not only 'momentary' union. What if one 'progressive soul' does see a new truth? Is not that an earnest that other progressive souls will see it also, sooner or later? Must we exact from our friends such literal agreement, that we cannot trust them to find out truth in their own way and at their own time? Or are we the only progressive soul in existence? This rejection of every reality that is not so perfect as God himself, is a habit which leads to no less dislocation of human society than its opposite—the acceptance of every imperfect reality. If you will have no marriages, no friendships, no associations that are not faultless—then throw away your human heart at once, and part with your personality altogether—life and love are not for you; you would only employ them to rend the hearts of those with whom you sojourn for a while. But if you will consent to use the gifts of God under the conditions which are affixed to them, then, when you have sanctified a life of many relations by faithful purity and mutually-inciting progress, perhaps a higher organisation may await you in a new world, where all that was absolutely true in the previous relationships shall be preserved and re-embodied for yet higher ends. Such an ideal appears to us to receive more countenance from the analogies of nature, than Mr. Emerson's 'God-intoxicated' isolation.

Our author has, we believe, remarked somewhere, that every powerful tendency carries with it some over-estimate of its merit in relation to other tendencies, without which its depth of meaning would not be so thoroughly worked out by its possessor. On this ground, Emerson's occasional exaggerations of the doctrine of Individuality may be readily borne with for the sake of the transcendent manner in which he has uttered its truths. We would only note, that even this Catholic genius has his limits, and that (to apply his own principle) he will serve us best when we perceive them.

PANTHEA.

Examination of the Press.

THE NONCONFORMISTS AND THE 'NO-POPERY' CRY.—Until the anti-papal storm subsides, and the raging hurricane of 'Protestant' intolerance has ceased to agitate the public mind, Reason and Christian Charity have little chance of making their voices heard. That the day will come, sooner or later, when many of those who have recently figured at 'Protestant' meetings, and expressed themselves as ready to assist the State Church in a persecution of the Roman Catholics, will repent of their conduct and perceive the error they have committed, we firmly believe. To hold a contrary opinion would be to insult the English people. To suppose that a majority of this nation would consent to retrace their steps and go back to the times of legal enactments against popish worship, would be to deny that the progress of education has either enlightened the intellect or refined the feelings of the present generation. Our estimate of Englishmen and their love of liberty must indeed be extremely low if we could deem it possible that a prime minister, whether Whig or Tory, should impose fresh restrictions on Religious Freedom without raising against himself a shout of indignant remonstrance. To be sure all recent antics performed on the 'Protestant' stage appear to controvert this opinion; but we would fain hope these clownish buffooneries, exhibited as they were under the direct patronage of State-Church Bishops, have elicited applause chiefly from those whose brains were reeling with panic fear or thoughtless fanaticism. Sober judgment and a liberal philosophy would have cried shame! at such tipsy intolerance. Before Parliament meets we earnestly beseech the Dissenters of Great Britain to re-consider the part they have taken in this anti-papal hubbub. Let them ask themselves *what they are fighting for?* Is it for the *principles* of Protestantism? No, assuredly not; those principles have not been attacked by Dr. Wiseman and his brother prelates more vigorously and with more prospect of success than they were *before* the Pope issued his bull. The 'Bishops' have not brought forward one new argument in favour of wafer-worship. Every sophism of the papacy has been refuted over and over again, and the logic of an English Cardinal is not a jot less, ridiculous when it seeks to prove the truth of soul-slavery, than was the logic of the whole band of Vicars Apostolic. The Protestantism of England is in the People of England, and while the People are true to themselves, why should we dread the importation of a whole cargo of Cardinals? But the old Pope has claimed the government over the consciences of all baptised persons here, and perhaps believes he has a right to burn or behead all infidels and heretics; fortunately, however, this claim and belief are perfectly harmless, and give him no power to do either the one or the other. Is it Religious Liberty, then, for which Dissenters are contending? No; our consciences are as free, our worship as free, our press is as free, with a Romish Archbishop of Westminster as with the spurious Protestantism of Henry of Exeter. Neither the Cardinals's red hat nor the 'Protestant' mitre will extinguish in the English heart the hatred of all priestly domination. Is it the royal supremacy in spiritual matters which Dissenters are supporting? No; the very essence of nonconformity ignores that supremacy. But it is said that the Pope has invaded the rights of the Crown by creating bishopricks in this country. How can that be the case? The Queen has only a right to interfere with the bishops of the *protestant* church; she has nothing to do with *popish* bishops. Her Majesty has a veto on the erection of *protestant* bishopricks, but she has no authority whatever to meddle with *popish* bishopricks. A popish diocese in England is a mere imaginary division for sectarian purposes: it carries along with it no legal right to any other revenues than those derived from voluntary contribution.—*The Working Man's Journal,* Dec. 14. (Staffordshire Potteries paper.)

THE NEW JUNIUS OF THE 'GATESHEAD OBSERVER.'—A writer, under the name of 'Junius,' has commenced, in the *Gateshead Observer*, a series of articles on the 'Literature of the Poor and "Dangerous" Classes,' who either does not know much about it or writes very carelessly. Among the trash which the Lloyd press, and similar publishers, issue, he classes the late *Red Republican*, which had nothing in it so bad as its name. 'Junius' says the 'infidel *adores*' the wretched literature he specifies. Junius ought to know that these publications are not read by infidels, and that no inducement ever prevailed on our publisher to sell a copy of them. Junius ends thus:—'We need not thank God that we are not as other men are—that Eugene Sue was not born, and his "Mysteries" not published, in our fatherland. We have a Reynolds; and while he finds unenviable fame, we need not pretend to be better than our neighbours. It will be time enough to do that when our national literature is purged of Reynolds, Harney, and Holyoake, and when its every page shall teem with beauty, truth, and love.' The next number (683) of the *Observer* contained the following letter in reference to this article:—'Sir,—It was with no little surprise that I perused the article signed "Junius" in your last week's paper, and I cannot refrain from protesting against certain unjust and injurious attacks therein contained. The writer of that article seems to take a malicious pleasure in confusing together those *entirely distinct* classes of literature, whereof Reynolds, Harney, and Holyoake are set forth as the types. What in the world have the atheistic writings of Holyoake to do with "Dick Turpin" and "Paul the Poacher?" Or why class the *Red Republican*, a journal of social and political reform, with the "Black Mask" and the "Brigand," offshoots of social depravity? Either "Junius" has never seen the works in question, and in that case he should have been silent, or else he has wilfully confounded them, and by his implications cast a most foul slander upon men who, for aught he knows, are acting truly and conscientiously. In either case, he has done wrong. Truth and justice must never be based on their opposites; and the cause of religion and love can never be forwarded by means of such foul calumnies as those of "Junius." Let me call his attention to the words uttered by one greater than he, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," and demand of him to act fairly and justly by all men, no matter what their opinions. I am neither a Red Republican nor an Atheist—neither a disciple of Harney nor of Holyoake; but I *do* know that the principles advocated by those men are *not* confined to the *poor* and *dangerous* classes. I *know* that "physical force" has been advocated by Thomas Carlyle and Walter S. Landor, two of our greatest and most "respectable" *living* writers, leaving alone the past. I *know* that Atheism has been found in very high society—and I *know* that *neither* of those principles are in general to be found connected with profligacy or vice. Let "Junius" meet and confute Holyoake the Atheist and Harney the Red Republican. *That* would be manly, and a task worthy of his mind and pen. But let him cease his misrepresentations, or lovers of truth and honesty will never put confidence in aught he may say.—GEO. T. HENDERSON. Stockton-on-Tees, December 9th.' '["Three courses," as a late statesman would have said, were open to us with respect to this letter. Either to omit it altogether, as we felt some inclination to do; or to insert it as sent, to which we had a very decided objection; or to withdraw two or three words which we could not print of our contributor, and publish it as altered. This we have done. We say nothing ourselves in reply to Mr. Henderson; we leave that to "Junius," if he should think it necessary to step aside. We must say, however, that we cannot be bound to insert letters controverting views which we publish in our journal. That would be to provide a field for our antagonists as well as ourselves.—ED. *G. O.*]'

Reasoner Tracts.

COMBAT THE CATHOLIC CREED.

BY ATHEOS.

If we are republicans, we must be against the dominion of kings. Still more must we be against the dominion of a foreign king and hierarchy established in England. Whatever may be our religious opinions, if they incline to the Protestant or *protesting* side, we must equally disapprove of the introduction into this kingdom of a rival reign, and a religion backed by all the appliances of this world to give it success.

In the strife between Popery and Protestantism, we have this to say in favour of Protestantism, that Protestantism, logically carried out, would be a protest against, and a renunciation of, all the mythologies and theologies in the world. Protestantism logically carried out, there should be no persecution of opinion, because it asserts the right of private judgment. Perhaps the principle, carried out to its fullest extent, would go against all churches established by the state. The right of private judgment gives to each individual, whether by himself or in society, the unfettered privilege of choosing his own religion, or denying the claim of any; and it seems a breach of this liberty to have a religion supported by the state.

All men are said to be religious, and this is adduced as evidence of the truth of religion. But the majority of mankind are superstitious and idolatrous—therefore this argument would go to prove that the truth of religiou is in the direction of idolatry and superstition. Dr. Newman, the Catholic, in some sermons he preached before the University of Oxford, 1840, says, that the most grovelling superstition is unquestionably the most acceptable to the divinity—and that Hume never said a truer thing than when he declared that Christianity had nothing to do with reason, that it was a mere matter of faith. Now, though we may not like the Catholic religion, or religions of any sort, we must feel the most averse to the most superstitious, particularly if brought in contact with us.

How can reason penetrate the obtuse intellect, hardened with contemplation of a low and loved object of superstition? Much less can it penetrate amidst the pile of superstitions, heaped up by ages, and called the Roman Catholic faith. Still less has reason a chance, where the faith is prescribed so implicitly as in the Roman Catholic creed, whose exponents hold that reason has nothing to do with the question of religion. Man, according to them, is not made to understand—ignorance is the proper state of the faithful worshipper; the more the disciple receives without reason, the more he progresses in grace, is the doctrine of the Roman Catholics.

Besides a war going on between atheism and deism, there is a contest going on in the religious world between the superstitious and idolatrous majority, and a small minority who have aimed at a more philosophical, a more simple, a more moral, and a more spiritual religion. Now though we may be atheists, surely we must be with this minority against the majority, and be very sorry to see the lesser absorbed in the question. The great men among mankind have mostly been *Protestants* or freethinkers towards the religion in which they found themselves. They have been especially against the superstitions and idolatries of the people. Reformers arise who declaim against this state of religion; they find and either betray the inner doctrine, or declare themselves unbelievers in the orthodoxy of their day. Moses introduces the deity as *Protestant* against the superstitions of the Egyptians, and of the nations who previously occupied Syria. He makes the deity constantly preach against idolatry, and by precept and example Moses is continually opposing the former superstitions. There is no doubt that Moses preached a more spiritual religion and purer morality than those around him

But there is no doubt that there was a great majority against him, and he had hard work to make the Jews refrain from their former idolatry. When the back of Moses was turned they worshipped the bull or the apes of Egypt, and said it was 'the ceremony of the Lord' — that they worshipped God through it, as the Roman Catholics say of their idols. Moses made them eat it, or wash it down with water, in order to convince them it was not God. Had they arrived at the state of grace in which the Roman Catholics are of belief, they would have believed it was God they did eat, and that the fact of their being able to eat it was no proof against its divinity, but a proof of religion in believing they actually did eat the real presence. It shows how actually intangible is absurdity when made into a creed, as the very argument against it, is the miracle believed in.

The Grand Lama of Thibet is said to be regarded as the incarnation of God, and his excrements collected as portions of the divine person, and preserved in boxes, to be eaten by the faithful as the real presence. We must suppose that the Egyptians revolted at eating those animals who were their gods, and also the Jews at eating the golden calf. But since then Roman Catholics have arisen, whose religion is god-eating, and who seem to find the practice greeable. Moses was himself obliged to give way to idolatry when he hoisted the serpent up, the great Typhon of the Egyptians, for the Jews to look at and be healed. Afterwards it was destroyed on this very account by some king of Israel, because the Jews would worship it. Thus crept in a direct admission of idolatry. It has given some difficulty to the Protestants, and was eagerly laid hold of by the Roman Catholics. As a specimen, we find in the Douay Bible, which is a translation of a Latin translation from the Greek, that in the epistle of the Hebrews, speaking of Jacob leaning upon a stick and worshipping in faith, they say he worshipped the stick. Turning to the account in the Old Testament, they say he worshipped the bed-post, because he inclined towards the bed-head. The Jews must have been astonished at the strange work made of their scriptures by the Christians and Mahometans; but their being turned into Roman Catholics, and made to pay a relative honour to stick's heads and bed-posts, must confound them utterly. No doubt it may be said if you made men a God in the person of Jesus, the force of the second commandment expired, and all idolatry was let in. However, a spiritual Protestant, to escape the dilemma, may say that he only worships Jesus in spirit as God. I confess I like the Protestant who tries to get out of idolatry better than the Roman Catholic who tries to get deeper and deeper into it. I prefer the pantheist who mingles all into one, to the Catholic who pays relative honour to rags, bones, bread, flesh, blood, dissections of Jesus, wooden crosses, and chips thereof, images of all substances, and saints living and dead.

The defence the Roman Catholics set up for their religion is, that it is human and popular. They say it is natural to wish for the representation of those we love, or anything which brings them to our memory; it is natural to look at them, perhaps kiss them, and pay to them signs of reverence and affection. They therefore have pictures, or in lieu of pictures have emblems of the heart, or of the clothes which Jesus wore, or of the virgin, his mother, or of the saints whom they think are with him, or the living persons to whom he has delegated his authority. Our relations in society are adopted as reasons for behaving towards the divinity in the same sense. They say people do not like immediately to come into the presence of a great person, they endeavour to gain the interest of some of his relations, friends, or even servants, who may gain the favours for them which they want. Therefore they say who likes to approach omnipotence, when he has a son, when that son has a human mother, who must know mortals better, who has shared all their trials, who has the heart of a woman, who is alive to the love of humanity, and who must possess great influence over her son. Hence the worship of the virgin. Next come the saints, his friends, and female ones, who have been the loves of Christ, and have been married to him; he is their bridegroom. The invocation of these saints, they think, must be of great efficacy in interceding for them with the divinity. Certainly the fault is in the origin of the Christian religion, which made God into a man, and made of man a God, and gave him a

human mother. It is difficult once having established the idolatry of a person, to resist the consequences which seem naturally to flow from it. Yet we would not quarrel with the mere belief of more or less, if in the greater idolatry was not generally seen, the greater deprivation of morals and the greater departure from reason. It seems necessarily to have followed that where the reason has been abused there the knowledge of good and evil has been least known, and vice has been the most practised. We might imagine, from the human relations the Roman Catholic holds with the holy family and the world in heaven, he had a more proper sense of his social relations on the earth. On the contrary, we find that his religion has been the greatest cause of crime in the political and social relations of mankind. We find in Italy, at least, that there is scarce an offence in fact, or crime in thought, which is not mixed up with religion by an appeal to the holy family or the saints in heaven. In England our people do not appeal to the virgin in committing a murder, or make friends with a saint to satisfy a desire—and therefore are said to be without any religion by the Catholics; yet we rather think they are freer from vice, and practise more the social virtues. According to the Roman Catholic's example, we might infer that they are the better people who have no religion at all. We agree with the Roman Catholics, that the majority of the English people, by comparison with them, have no religion—that is to say a great portion do not know the doctrines of the Christian religion or do not understand them: and yet we see they do better than those who are very well acquainted with religion, by street exhibitions of it, by churches always open, observing hours of prayer, attending priests and processions, preserving at home the household gods, and sacred tokens about their persons. It seems then that the devotion of the senses not only prevents the revelation of reason, but obedience to the dictates of humanity.

We object to the doctrines and these effects of a religion which owe their propagation not by appealing to the reason of mankind, but to the weakness of humanity. But we do not feel so much aversion to the doctrines and practice of worship among Roman Catholics, as their church and temporal system. The Pope is in theory an absolute monarch —complete subservience to his authority is slavery of the mind. Rome has been eulogised for its consummate art in establishing such a complete system of despotism. I only see in it the natural desire some have of power. What so pleasant as to govern mankind. Many will give up each their individual liberty to have in a society absolute rule over the rest of mankind. A Roman Catholic assumes in his church infallible, and demands universal sovereignty over the minds and bodies of men—sway over the actions as well as the thoughts of men. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that temporal and spiritual authority have combined to enslave mankind. The temporal authority of France, Spain, Austria, and Naples, joined to restore the spiritual and temporal authority of the Pope, and the Pope in return supports the temporal and spiritual authority of all governments, combined with his own, over their subjects. Their principle is to share together power over the people. Spirituality has made alliance with the only temporal government now in Europe—that of the sword and cannon. The military govern in Europe. Spirituality has always used, and now uses, the sword, and will use it, whenever it can, on its opponents. Not content with withdrawing its spirituality when temporal authority was withheld from it in Sardinia, Romanism has invaded England. It may appear ridiculous at present that where it has for followers one-twentieth of the population, and that principally Irish, it should establish the government of the Pope over all. But where the invading church will not argue, and the government attached will not enlighten the people, but rather suppresses freedom of opinion, such papal pretensions may give cause for alarm. We have hope in the onward progress of the human race. We should not have laboured so long if we had thought that error could not be resisted—that mankind were naturally opposed to freedom of opinion, and were so fond of falsehood and superstition, that they would not obey reason and follow truth. Yet there are philosophers who think that so great is falsehood, that it will prevail in temporal as well as spiritual matters. Macaulay, in his essay on 'Ranke's History of the Popes,' says,

that some day a traveller from New Zealand may, sitting on the broken arches of London Bridge, draw the ruins of St. Paul's, whilst the Pope of Rome is still flourishing. He says, science and civilisation have produced no fruits in determining religion. In spite of all our improvements, people believe just as credulously. Whatever shocks Rome has received, she has come out of them, he says, with a reaction in her favour, which has more than restored her former authority. There are versions of history which would throw strong doubts on these assertions. There are reasons which would controvert these opinions as to the effects of science, learning, and the removal of ignorance. It is the belief of many that the mere progress of science, the interpretation of nature, will serve to overthrow religion, and on that account it is unnecessary to attack religion on theological grounds. We have every reason to believe that scepticism in religion has spread since the reformation. Nevertheless Popery being opposed to science, Popery being reconcileable to human nature, we have every reason to prevent the consequences, which are prophecied by one, who himself says he views with detestation Roman Catholic doctrines and the effects of them on mankind. There are others, calling themselves liberal, who so despise mankind, that they say if you were to remove one superstition, it would only give place to another. Hume is one of that school, in his opinion of human nature, when he says in his history of religion, speaking of the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation, 'Such are the doctrines of our brethren the Catholics. But to these doctrines we are so accustomed, that we never wonder at them. Though in a future age it will probably become difficult to persuade some nations that any human, two-legged creature, could ever embrace such principles. And it is a thousand to one but these nations themselves shall have something full as absurd in their own creed, to which they will give a most implicit and most religious assent.'

Those who believe in the infallibility of science to destroy the infallibility of religion, are such men as Roebuck, Molesworth. But we think they lose sight of the present in the probability of the future; they do not sufficiently appreciate the counterbalances of human nature to their own estimation of the strength of reason experienced in themselves. We should say to them, forget your position, which is probably easy in this world, not likely in your lives to suffer from change of opinion; forget your height and independence of thought, and descend into the arena against present error, lest your opinion of the future may be wrong, and the happiness of mankind in succeeding generations (which we believe you have in view) may be wrecked. There are many free-thinkers in religion who in politics are for keeping down the people, and they throw their weight into the scale of superstition, in order more quietly to govern. We should think this the occasion for liberals to speak out against them. Those who fear with Macaulay for the result, should do everything in their power to prevent the propagation of error; those who believe that truth will advance and falsehood fall before it, should be up and doing, more especially when falsehood appears allied to all those forces which have won victory for it often before.

The Remarkable Adventures of the Mormon Prophet in Search of the Better Land, by Christopher, will be concluded in the next Tract.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF RELIGIOUS 'LIBERTY.'

Sir,—To correctly comprehend what the clergy understand by the term 'religious liberty,' a very slight observance of their sayings and doings will quickly inform any one. Each sect, it is very clear, desires liberty for itself alone. Liberty to express its own ideas, and prevent every body else expressing theirs. The Church party call a meeting to protest against the 'Popish Aggression,' and when Mr. Miall, the Dissenter, presents himself to speak, their religious zeal is so *strong* that he is deliberately pitched over the front of the platform by the sturdy sons of orthodoxy. But such brutality on the part of the friends of the Church does not appear to have inspired the Dissenters with feelings of humanity, for they are not wanting, on their part, in brutality of sentiment, if not in action.

A large meeting of Dissenters was held in Surrey Chapel, Blackfriars Road, on Tuesday evening, December 10th—the Rev. J. Sherman in the chair. This meeting was called by the Dissenters to enable them to express to the public their fears that they were about to be curtailed in their freedom by the recent monkish movement, and to assert their right to religious liberty. But here we had the spectacle of pious men demanding liberty for themselves and denying it to others. Dr. Stowell, of Cheshunt, said that 'Protestants would do a great deal. Persecute they would not, but protest they would.' Yet, in spite of this, that very *liberal*-minded and popular preacher, Dr. Cumming, of the *Free* Kirk of Scotland —no doubt regarding the assertion of Dr. Stowell as a bit of clap trap got up for the occasion—'suggested the propriety of an Act of Parliament, providing that every bishop or archbishop who assumed temporal jurisdiction in virtue of the Papal bull, should, for the first offence, be fined £500, and, for the second, be transported to Botany Bay.'

This is very amiable, truly, for one who professes to regard all men as brethren, and who, if any one were to propose that the same thing should be done to him, would, without doubt, have recourse to that book from whence he draws his inspiration, and remind the person, in solemn accents, that if he have not *charity*, all his other virtues go for nought. Dr. Cumming must have looked upon Dr. Stowell's declaration, that 'Protestants would not persecute,' as one of those Christian promises made to be broken at the earliest convenience. Dr. Cumming has many a time and oft expressed his horror at the barbarities of the Inquisition, and vented his indignation at the cruelties inflicted upon martyrs by the Catholic Church: but is not transporting a man to a penal settlement, because he differs in his religious notions, a species of martyrdom? The Dr. should not forget that charity begins at home. Such a suggestion as that made by Dr. Cumming, coming as it did from a leader among the religious bodies, tends to confirm the suspicions long entertained by many as to the possibility of *any* religious sect refraining from persecuting if it only had the power. The phrase, 'Put no trust in princes,' admits of an application: 'Put no trust in priests!'

Austin.

THE BEGINNING OF CREATION.

Mr. Holyoake,—While I return you many thanks for your notice of my pamphlet, pray allow me standing room on your Platform to make an explanation. You object to my view of 'creation being never suspended,' that 'it involves an absurdity, or rather a complication of absurdities, as great as the six days' giant labour which he (the author) so well ridicules, to suppose that *creation* or *nature* ever had a beginning.' 'Who can imagine,' you ask, 'a beginning to the *infinite material universe?*' What I said was—'The life of every new creature, the birth of every new thought, is a new creation, as much as the creation of the first man, and the calling into existence of the first sensation.' You have, I think, overlooked a part of my argument. In the same page from which you quote, I state 'that mental philosophers' (meaning such men as Berkeley and Hume) 'have clearly resolved all that we call *matter* into sensations, or states of consciousness; and that natural (physical) philosophers have shown that the whole (material) universe is agencies, gravity, electricity, magnetism, light, repulsion, and attraction.' That implies that we know nothing of the 'infinite material universe' more than the sensations excited in us; and if I have anywhere affirmed anything about its creation, I am unconscious of it, and had no intention of expressing an opinion on the subject.

We are accustomed to speak of the creation of the heavens, which philosophy proves to be mere space, and of the earth and all that in them is, as having taken place at once; and I, perhaps, am not free from blame in having slighted that meaning of the word creation, and neglected to discriminate between that, the supposed and asserted creation of the infinite material universe, and the exercise of the creative power. Creation, I have said, is never suspended; but I exemplify what I mean by referring to the life of every new creature and every new thought, and hinting at the changes that are for ever taking place. If I had been asked my opinion of the creation of the infinite material universe, I should have said, as you said in reply to Mr. Harrison, at Newcastle—I know nothing about it; but between the infinite universe and man, a mere atom of the whole, there is a great distinction, on which all my reasoning proceeds, or which is involved in it.

History, science, the progress of development, inform us that MAN had a beginning. There are parts of the earth where he is yet scarcely known, and which are rapidly filling with the species. In almost all parts an historical or a traditionary knowledge prevails that society had a beginning. Notwithstanding some apparent interruptions to the progress, the earth, the habitation of man, is gradually being filled with people; and gradually as it is filled there is revealed to individuals and to mankind a knowledge of the infinite—or, for us, unbounded—material universe. Speaking on a large scale, as mankind spread over the globe, the accurate knowledge of its shape became known; and from that they were led to what they now suppose to be an *accurate*, though obviously most imperfect, knowledge of the planets, the sun, and stars. *Consciousness* now has a beginning in each individual, and had a beginning in the individuals who have transmitted their knowledge to us from a period long anterior to our existence. From each individual now having a beginning, and from the gradual spread of mankind and of knowledge, it is inferred that the whole once had a beginning. This is what, in common language—which always expresses ideas or states of consciousness, and cannot possibly be signs for anything beyond—must be meant, and ought to be expressed, by the word creation. It is the beginning of man, not the beginning of nature, or of the *infinite* material universe.

In the age of Moses men saw as now the sun, the moon, and the stars, and witnessed the *rising and setting*, as we still describe the *apparent motion;* but in his age they were unacquainted with the rotundity of the earth, nor had they our knowledge of astronomy; and to account for the *beginning of man*, which you and I equally leave unexplained, the myth was invented and promulgated: hat *all* which men then saw and had learned of the human race, and the 'infinite material universe,' had been created at once. About the latter I say nothing—I know nothing about man and consciousness. I affirm a continual creation. There is a continual renewal of human beings, and the production of each one is as much an act of creative power, as the production of one at any previous time. Of consciousness or thought, or knowledge, too, there is not only a continual renewal or reproduction, but there is a continual extension corresponding with the continual increase of mankind. To man's soul or mind there is, as it were, a continual and extending revelation of the infinite universe.

In this sense I speak of a continual creation—of creation never being suspended, for creative power is ever at work bringing more living beings into existence, and revealing to them more and more knowledge. Between you and me, I apprehend the chief difference is, that you use the word creation in the mythical sense of the visible and tangible universe, so much more of which we know than Moses knew, being at once called into being, while I apply it and limit it to man and consciousness. I say the chief, for there is another difference. You speak of the objective existence of the material universe or nature, and imply that it had no beginning: less instructed than you, I have not yet learned the objective existence as distinguished from consciousness, and I make no pretension to form any opinion as to its beginning or its end. That is one of the matters which appear to me shrouded in impenetrable obscurity. The attempt to explain it is an attempt to ascertain what went before man, and what will come after him. It is a guess at the cause of his own existence, and what he will be when he has ceased to exist. Moses, and those who have since assumed the office that Moses assumed, have pretended to reveal that to us, and make that comprehended which is not comprehensible; but all that we know, and all that we ever shall know, is limited, and must be limited to our consciousness, though the extent of the revelation now gradually in progress, and which has been in progress since the beginning of man, our present feeble acquirements do not enable us to conjecture.

THE AUTHOR
Of 'The Fourth Commandment not given by God to Moses.'

THE SUCCESSOR TO MR. BARKER.

[THE following circular relates to the proposed succession of Dr. Lees to Mr. Joseph Barker. It is a private circular, being addressed to certain known friends, but I have solicited Mr. Cowen's permission to insert it in the *Reasoner*, as it will meet the eyes of many interested in such a desirable step. For myself I shall take a share. Mr. Barker's printing establishment has done good service to the cause of Free Thought, and it will not be well that it should run the risk of passing into hands of those who would pervert it. The name of the editor of the *Truth-Seeker* is a guarantee for the usefulness of the course he will pursue.—G. J. H.]

Blaydon Burn, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dec. 6, 1850.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Joseph Barker being about to dispose of his printing press, business, &c., previous to his departure for America, a few friends in this locality are desirous of purchasing his establishment for Dr. F. R. Lees.

To those acquainted with Dr. Lees nothing need be said to enforce his claim to such a testimonial of respect and confidence. His unswerving faithfulness to the cause of popular progress and enlightenment—his arduous and self-sacrificing labours in the cause of temperance—and his character as a man and a scholar, are so well known, and so universally acknowledged, that it is unnecessary to recount them here. The present affords an excellent opportunity to his friends to give substantial proof of their approbation of his conduct. If the project can be carried out, it will not only place him in a position where he will be able to maintain himself in comfort, but in which he will also be able to do good service on behalf of those principles he loves so devoutly and serves so well.

Mr. Barker has offered the whole establishment for £500. One-half of this sum he will require in February next, the other half he will allow to remain on the concern for a year. The friends here think the best and most expeditious way of obtaining the required amount, will be to raise it by shares, say at £1 each. The establishment would belong to the shareholders, but Dr. Lees would have the sole management of it during his life. At his death the shareholders would elect his successor.

As Mr. Barker wishes us to give him an answer immediately, we would thank you to favour us with your opinion on the subject, and to state at the same time how many shares you will be disposed to take. Any suggestions you can offer will be thankfully acknowledged. Trusting to receive an early and a favourable reply, I am, dear sir, yours right truly,

Jos. Cowen, Jun.

CATHOLICISM, THE RELIGION OF FEAR, CONTRASTED WITH RATIONALISM, THE THEORY OF REASON.

'It is not possible to destroy political servitude while allowing religious servitude to remain; the political springs by necessity from religious slavery. In that place where the Priest may say to an entire people, "Surrender to me your reason without conditions," the Prince, by an infallible logic, may repeat also, "Surrender to me your liberty without control." '—Quinet.

This work, announced in last number, is now ready for the trade. The supply during the past week has been insufficient. The title above expresses the contrast aimed at. Rationalism is the only logical opposite of Catholicism, which has not, on our side, been attempted to be brought out before. The great Catholic writers see, and have the candour to admit, that the follower of the Theory of Reason is the only consistent Protestant. Under what heads this is worked out will be seen in the following enumeration of chapters:—

Chap. I. The Case Stated between Catholicism and Rationalism.
II. The Terrors of Catholicism, as exemplified by its expounders.
III. The English Press revolted at the Doctrine, when reduced to practice among us.
IV. The Taste of our Author.
V. Father Pinamonti measureth the Thickness of the Walls of Hell.
VI. Who would be a Catholic?
VII. The Church of England infected.
VIII. The True Objection to the Religion of Fear.

The eight Plates, from what the Catholics are fond of calling a 'lawful source,' make this book a complete illustration of their church, doctrines, and influence.

THE ORATION BY MR. PHILLIPS DAY.

Mr. E. Truelove has published a report of Mr. Day's lecture at John Street, entitled 'Romanism, the Religion of Terror.' Though the title is so far the same as the foregoing, the treatment of the subject is quite independent. Mr. Day, having been a monk himself, looks at the matter from a different point of view, and one very instructive. Those curious to see the historical side of the question will find it in Mr. Day's lecture.

THE NEW CHARTIST EXECUTIVE.

The following persons have been by the scrutineers declared elected members of the National Chartist Executive. The number of votes is given with each name:—G. W. M. Reynolds, 1805; G. J. Harney, 1774; Ernest Jones, 1759; John Arnott, 1505; F. O'Connor, 1314; G. J. Holyoake, 1021; William Davis, 858; James Grassby, 811; John Milne, 709.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—December 29th [7], Newnham Travers, Esq., will Lecture.

Hall of Science, City Road.—Dec. 29th [7], Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Did Jesus Christ ever aspire to the distinction now assigned him as the Model of Modern Reformers?'

South Place, Moorfields.—Dec. 29th [11½ a.m.], W. J. Fox, M.P., will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Dec. 29th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Dec. 29th [7], Mr. J. Bowen, 'Religious Impostors.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Dec. 29th [7], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—December 27th [8], a Discussion. 29th [7½], Miss E. L. Dyer, 'The Living Philanthropists of America.'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Dec. 29th [7½], a Lecture.

NEW MONTHLY JOURNAL.

On the 1st of January will be published, Price 6d., No. 1 of

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC: an Endeavour to Explain Republican Principles, to Record Republican Progress, and to Establish a Republican Party in England. Edited by W. J. Linton.

Contents: Mazzini's Address to the Peoples, Letters on Republican Principles, History of the Past Year, and other articles.

J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

Delivered in all parts of the country every Saturday.

THE LEADER, a Weekly Newspaper. Price 6d. England is said to be governed by opinion: to endow that power with its fullest action, the Leader offers a systematic utterance for perfect freedom of opinion, on every subject, political, social, and religious. To render itself an effective organ, the Leader comprises all the features of a complete newspaper, containing the news of the week, handled so as to expand the most interesting in full and animated narrative; accurate commercial intelligence; reviews of current literature, not only in books, but in the events and influences of the literary world, at home and abroad; fiction, and original papers, literary and political.

The Weekly Tribune has been incorporated with the Leader, which now records the associative progress of the week, English and continental.

For the struggling nationalities abroad the Leader offers a frank voice from among the English people. In its weekly page devoted to European democracy, it offers, for the first time, an *official* exposition of the opinions and acts of the great leaders of the European democratic party, in a form of such authenticity as will enable the public to correct the misrepresentations of the adverse journals of the day.

Contributions have already appeared in the Leader from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, F. W. Newman, William Maccall, W. J. Birch, M.A., W. J. Linton, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

Terms of the Leader (if paid in advance). Quarterly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 13s.; yearly, £1 6s.

London: Published by Joseph Clayton, jun., 265, Strand.

Now Ready, No. 7 for December, 1850.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Twopence. 32 Pages.

Notice to the Readers.

On the 1st of January, 1851, will be commenced the New Series, enlarged to 64 pages, and in a neat wrapper. Price 6d.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Illustrative Notices.

We wish the address of Mr. Divers, and again the address of Mr. Montgomery. Please?

It is rumoured that Dr. Frankel, Chief Rabbi of Dresden, and several other eminent orthodox Rabbis of the Continent, will arrive in London in 1851, when conferences will be held respecting the ceremonials of Judaism. It is not unlikely that we may hold a conference of the Friends of Reason at that time.

'It has been already stated,' says the *Morning Chronicle* of Dec. 19, 'that the responsible editor of the *Democratie Jurasienne* had been condemned by the Court of Assizes to six months' imprisonment and 200f. fine, for having published a blasphemous article attacking the divinity of Christ. We learn that when the article first appeared, the Bishop of St Claude solemnly condemned it, and a religious ceremony in expiation of it was celebrated at Salins, the town in which it was published.'

'Mr. Molyneux Taylor,' says the *Examiner* of Dec. 14, 'has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Morning Herald* on the subject of an article published in that paper respecting the will of his late father, Mr. Taylor, of Weybridge, which had previously been the subject of a personal charge against Cardinal Wiseman. The substance of Mr. Taylor's communication is as follows: With respect to what Cardinal Wiseman, in his letter, terms my "supposed disinheritance," I must add that the substance of the will is correctly stated in your article. The bulk of my father's property is left to his children *for their lives only*, and *upon their decease the inheritance is given to the use of the late Dr. Griffiths, if living, and if not, to the then vicar apostolic of the London district for the time being.* The will contains no power enabling me to make any provision whatever in favour of a wife or children as to the property so devised; but, on the contrary, my life estate is coupled with very stringent provisions against any attempt at incumbrance or alienation. Such a will appears to me to create, not a supposed, but *a real and effectual disinheritance*, and such I have always felt it to be. I should add, that the will was executed by a most kind and affectionate parent, *after he had attained the age of* 80 *and upwards, and when his mind was affected by severe illness, and in immediate contemplation of that great change*, the approach of which renders the strongest and best prepared wholly unable to resist any influences which may be brought to assume the sanction of religion. I should further add, that *about four years before, my father had executed a will in which his whole property had been left for the benefit of his children.*'

Last Sunday Mr. Walter Cooper lectured on 'Christ, the World's Great Reformer.' Next Sunday Mr. Holyoake lectures in the same place, the City-road Hall of Science, when he will show that Christ is not what modern reformers tell us he is, and that he does not thank them for the eulogies they inflict upon him. The opposition here was not intended by Mr. H. He wished to avoid it. It is an opposition of views, not of persons.

A friend in Bradford wishes to purchase a copy of Volney's 'Researches into Ancient History.' Will any one, having one to dispose of, send us word?

Mr. Alexander Campbell wishes us to state that he has a few copies of J. P. Greaves's works to dispose of, which any friend may possess himself of at 2s. 6d. a volume, by applying at our office.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, December 25th, 1850.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

A VISIT TO DR. CUMMING'S CHURCH.

ON Sunday morning, Dec. 15th, I went to Crown Court Chapel, Covent Garden, to hear Dr. Cumming preach. The chapel is one of those gloomy, semi-gothic erections, common in Scotland, which present religion to you in the most ascetic and repulsive form. Knowing Dr. Cumming only by his misrepresentations of free-thinking and calumnies of Paine, I had the impression that he was an unscrupulous preacher, and I heard nothing tending to disabuse me of the impression. The Doctor seems a vigorous man, of bilious temperament, with black hair and black whiskers. He is about 45 years of age. His prayer was long and common-place, very common-place—it had no elevation of sentiment whatever. It had no verbal force, and not enough tenderness to move the feelings of a woman. Its delivery was in the stereotyped, monotonous church style, which made it a moderate punishment to hear. He read a chapter so that a stranger to his voice could not catch the words, and explained it so that I think no one could catch the meaning. That was not the kind of thing of which reputation was made, I thought; such praying and reading must be but the foil to set off the preacher—nor was I mistaken. As soon as the psalm was over, in which the fine voice of a woman rose above the voices of a crowded and numerous congregation, the Doctor threw off the mask of monotony, raised his tone, unfettered his arms, which were constrained, loosed his feet, which seemed fixed, swang his body in free and agreeable motion, and proceeded to speak with ease and animation, in which he was forcible without rant and eloquent without parade. This transition was not abrupt, but it was perfect. The Doctor has a certain pertness of voice and manner—brings out his points with neatness, and comes under the head of *clever* and fashionable preachers. There is more in him than in Satan Montgomery, and he is much more pleasant to hear. Of the higher kind of oratory the Doctor gave no indications. True, I am speaking but of one hearing, and most modern speakers, owing to the absence of the culture of eloquence among us, are unequal. Let the reader distinctly note that I speak but of one hearing, which seldom enables an observer to judge a speaker. Dr. Cumming may be great on other occasions, but of those personal tones which come from deep natures, and go direct to the feelings of the hearer, I heard not one; and when he seemed to attempt them, a peculiar whine, so well known to the pulpit, was the result. The torrent of speech, the power of sound that overwhelms criticism and commands reverence, which marks the higher species of oratory—of this, too, the Doctor gave no evidence; for in his peroration, where it was required and invoked, his effort only produced inflated articulation—that sanctity of sound peculiar to the conventicle—mere love-feast eloquence, devoid alike of dignity and power.

The subject of the sermon was Noah's Ark. Whatever absurd has been said on this topic, Dr. Cumming with effrontery adopted. It was a painful sight to see

around so many noble Scotchmen, of fine intelligent foreheads, enduring such a tirade against their good sense without complaint. The Doctor said that such a vessel as the Ark would be scouted at the Admiralty—not a modern captain would command it. But Noah had *faith*, and that was the equivalent of experience. With respect to the Ark and its equipments, science, arithmetic, natural history, philosophy, were against it; but no matter, all things were possible to *faith*. A dogma as pernicious as it is false. In the beginning of his discourse, the Doctor twitted the Roman Catholics with their folly in saying that their dogmas are to be believed even when they contradict the senses—yet he ended by saying we might laugh at philosophy where faith was prescribed. Had Crown Court Chapel been open as our Halls are, it would have been very pleasant to have put a few questions to the *faithful* preacher at the end of his discourse. One objection often urged to asking questions at the end of a discourse is that it spoils their effect. There are some effects which ought to be spoiled. Dr. Cumming made several allusions to 'sceptics' in a derisive spirit, and I no longer wondered at his calumnies of Paine. He was unscrupulous. There are men of holy natures, the sanctity of whose lives you feel in their speech. *They* may be unjust to us, but it is not the injustice of contempt like that which Dr. Cumming seemed to me to display. Dr. C. is the last man whom I should expect the Queen desiring to listen to. I should like to know what the Queen, who is of such an opposite nature, thought of him.

Touching the controversy into which Dr. Cumming has got about Cardinal Wiseman, a Scotch paper has made a curious contribution, affecting the Doctor's consistency. It appears that when he was ordained as minister of Crown Court Church, he solemnly declared his belief in the standards of the Church of Scotland, and vowed that, with God's help, he would do full justice to the obligations of its Confession of Faith. His signature to the said Confession is now to be seen on the records of the Presbytery of London. The following are sections of what he has sworn to maintain:—

Sect. 1.—'The defence of Christ's Church appertaineth to the Christian *magistrates*, against all idolaters and heretics, as Papists, Anabaptists, &c., to *root out* all doctrines of devils and men,' &c.

Sect. 2.—'Moreover, to kings, princes, rulers, and magistrates, we affirm, that *chiefly*, and most principally, the preservation and *purgation* of the religion appertain; so that they are not only appointed for civil policy, but also for *suppressing* of all idolatry and superstition whatsoever.'

Sect. 3.—'All maintainers of such abominations, as vows of chastity, disguised apparel, holidays invented by men, &c., should be punished with the *civil sword*.'—'The examples of Scripture do plainly declare that the abusers of the sacraments and contemners of the Word are worthy of *death*!'

Sect. 4.—'The Civil Magistrate craves and gets obedience by the *sword*. It pertains to his office to assist and maintain the discipline of the Kirk, and *punish them* civilly that will not obey the censure of the same.'

Sect. 5.—'The Christian Magistrate shall defend the true religion and discipline, and *punish* all troublers and contemners of the same.

Sect. 6.—'Act. 2. Parl. 1. &c. do condemn the Pope's erroneous doctrine, or any other erroneous doctrine, repugnant to any of the articles of the true religion publicly preached, and by law established, in this realm; and ordain the spreaders or makers of books, or libels, or letters, or writs of that nature, *to be punished*. All Magistrates, Sheriffs, &c., are ordained to *search, apprehend, and punish*, all contraveners,' &c.

Sect. 7.—'The solemn League and Covenant shall be sworn and subscribed by all his Majesty's subjects in this kingdom, under pain to such as shall postpone or refuse, to be esteemed and *punished* as enemies to religion.'—'We shall, without respect of persons, endeavour the *extirpation* of Popery, Prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism,' &c.

Sect. 8.—'The General Assembly ordains, that all Ministers do proceed with the censures of the Kirk against such as shall refuse to swear—that they will endeavour the *extirpation* of Popery, Prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism,' &c.

Sect. 9.—'The Assembly findeth, that it was thought good before the articles of Perth, that the feasts of Christmas, Circumcision, Epiphany, with the feasts of the Apostles, Martyrs, and Virgin Mary, be *utterly abolished*, and that such as observe them be p*unished by the civil magistrates*, &c.; the matter being put to voicing, the whole Assembly, only one excepted, did voice that the articles above specified were abjured by the Kirk, and, therefore, prohibiteth all disputing for them in all time coming; and ordains Presbyteries to proceed with the censures of the Kirk against all transgressors.'

Sect. 10.—'The Estates of Parliament do *ratify* and approve the Catechisms' Confession of Faith, and Acts of Approbation,' (which contain the most violent persecuting principles), 'and ordains them to be recorded, published, and *practised*.'

Sect. 11.—'God hath armed the civil magistrates with the power of the *sword*; it is his duty to take order that heresies be *suppressed*,' &c.

Sect. 12.—'Larger Catechism. The Second Commandment requireth, according to each one's *place and calling*, the removing of all false worship; and forbiddeth *tolerating* a false religion.'

Sect. 14.—'We do again renew our solemn League and Covenant, promising hereafter to make conscience of all the duties whereunto we are obliged in all the heads and articles thereof, particularly of these which follow: (1.) Because religion is of all things the most excellent and precious; the advancing and promoting the power thereof, against all ungodliness; the securing and preserving the purity thereof *against all error, heresy, and schism*, and, namely, *Independency, Anabaptism*, &c., shall be studied and endeavoured by us, before all worldly interests.'—'Christ's right to these kingdoms is surer than that He should be pleaded out of it by pretended *liberty of conscience;* and His begun possession is more precious to Him, than to be satisfied with a dishonourable *toleration*.'

Sect. 16.—Is a Directory for *Church* government, *Church* censures, and ordination of ministers, which is rather remote from the subject also. Care, however, is taken that the minister to be ordained has sworn the national covenant, and thus signified his entire approbation of a host of persecuting acts enumerated in it, such as Act 5, Parl. 1, James VI., 'That no person or persons shall say Mass, nor sit to hear Mass, nor be present thereat, under the pain of confiscation of all their goods, moveable and unmoveable, and punishing their bodies, at the discretion of the magistrate within whose jurisdiction such persons happen to be apprehended, *for the first fault;* banishment from the realm, *for the second fault;* and justifying to the death, *for the third fault*,' &c.

Sect. 17.—'Being tender of so great an engagement by solemn League and Covenant, sincerely and constantly to endeavour, *in our places and callings*, the preservation of the reformed religion in this Kirk of Scotland; together with the *extirpation of heresy, schism*, &c.; and considering withal, that one of the special means which becometh us, *in our places and callings*, to use in pursuance of these ends, is to give our public testimony against the dangerous tenets of *Erastianism, Independency*, and what is falsely called *liberty of conscience*, &c.—Notwithstanding

hereof, the civil magistrates may and ought to suppress, by *corporal or civil punishments*, such as, by spreading error or heresy, &c., greatly dishonour God, dangerously hurt religion, and disturb the peace of the Kirk.'

'The only difference in fact between Dr. Cumming's Oath and that of Cardinal Wiseman,' says the *North of Scotland Gazette*, 'lies in this, that the one becomes bound to persecute in the name of the Pope, and the other to apply to the civil magistrate; and that the Catholic Oath was agreed on at Rome in 1626, and the "Confession of Faith" was agreed on at various times, and finally ratified by the British Parliament. If the Cardinal's Oath, then, be a dangerous one, Dr. Cumming's is yet more so; for, with all his pretensions, Dr. Wiseman has never once talked of defending the Papal Bull by the sword; while Dr. Cumming may, any day, call upon the civil magistrate to suppress heresies within and without his own Church! nay, more, Dr. Wiseman only defends his Oath by an appeal to the traditions and laws of the Church, while Dr. Cumming supports his Confession by an appeal to the Word of God. For example, to "prove" the twenty-third chapter of the Westminster Confession, Ezra vii. 26, is quoted: "And whosoever will not do the law of thy God.....let judgment be executed speedily upon him, whether it be unto death, or to banishment, or to confiscation of goods, or to imprisonment." And again: 2 Chron. xv. 13,—"That whosoever would not seek the Lord God of Israel should be put to death, whether small or great, whether man or woman." Further, in the Larger Catechism we find, to Question 109, the following answer:—"The sins forbidden in the second commandment are all devising, using, and anywise approving any religious worship not instituted by God himself; *tolerating false religion*," &c. The authorised "*Scripture proofs*" annexed, being, among others, these:—Deut. xiii. 8,—"Thou shalt not consent nor hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him." Zech. xiii. 3, "And it shall come to pass that when any shall yet prophesy, then his father and his mother that begat him shall say unto him, Thou shalt not live; for thou speakest lies in the name of the Lord; and his father and his mother that begat him shall *thrust him through* when he prophesieth."'

We are still glad that Dr. Cumming opposes the persecuting clauses of the Pontifical oaths. The argument of consistency has great weight with all men, and must tend to force Dr. Cumming to abandon or explain away the same things in his own oath. G. J. Holyoake.

REPORTS FROM THE PULPIT.

We purpose creating a department in this paper under the above head. We have lately received some interesting reports of the sayings of certain ministers in their pulpits. If some intelligent friends in each town would make it a point to hear the principal preachers, especially when they preach on questions in controversy with freethinkers, very instructive and interesting reports might reach us. In some cases the knowledge that what was said would be printed in the *Reasoner* would cause more accuracy to be observed in speaking of us; at least we should learn what are the strong points of our opponents, and what degree of knowledge they have of our views. These rules should guide our reporters. All reports must be *authenticated*, in confidence if not for publication; all facts must be *understated*, and the *best* construction put upon whatever is matter of opinion.

G. J. H.

ADVICE TO CARLYLE.—'But it is the religious aspect of his age that Mr. Carlyle most strangely misunderstands. Christianity, he takes it for granted, is "as good as extinct in all hearts." What appears under the name of Christianity is a "phantasm;" and this is his mode of talking whenever he touches on the subject; which, for a philosopher who undertakes to give us an account of the spirit of the age, is not very often. Now, whether Christianity is true or not is another question: but in saying that it is as good as extinct in all hearts he errs in a matter of fact, and his error is most manifest and most fatal. Let him take up any catalogue of new books, and he will find that an immense proportion of them are on subjects connected with the Bible, and such as imply a belief in Christianity on the part of the writer, the seller, and the buyer. Let him go to a hundred deathbeds, and he will find some Christian priest or minister standing there, sent for in that hour when the bottom of a man's heart is seen. Let him travel through the country where he will; to right and left he will find new churches rising, some, perhaps, from love of architecture and fear of Chartism, but many also from a more genuine motive. Let him take up any newspaper or review, and he will find it full of announcements and discussions interesting to none but Christians, and the readers of which, if they are not so numerous as the readers of the "City article," are much more intellectual, and exercise more real influence on the age. The Gorham question is, on the surface, very technical; and Mr. Carlyle, looking no deeper, dismisses it as "supervenient moonshine;" but under its technicalities lie the questions of priesthood and the sacraments, which were thought deep by men whom Mr. Carlyle thinks great, and which it seems have not altogether lost their importance for the English intellect and heart. And as to Puseyism, which, not having seen it, he dismisses as "galvanism" and as "phosphorescence," it is a thing which wise men who have seen it regard, if not with reverence, at least with fear. So that, on the whole, Mr. Carlyle appears to have left a very important element out of his computation, and that from causes little creditable to him as a philosopher—from narrowness of reading and observation, and from the influence of a crude fatalism, which leads him to conclude that everything must be extinct now which was in existence eighteen centuries ago. But supposing that he were right on this point, and that Christianity were really extinct in the hearts of men, he must acknowledge that it still exists to a vast extent in their heads and mouths, and fairly blocks the door against the advent of any truer faith. Why, then, does he not make it the first object of his denunciation and his attack? Why does he waste his energy on the smaller and derivative "shams," while this, the great and original sham, lying full in his path as a social reformer, remains unassailed? He is a great admirer of the Hebrew prophets. Let him follow their example, and direct his thunders first against idolatry. For he may depend upon it that Vico's one intelligible word was true; all civilisation is founded on religion, and unless religion be right all parts and functions of society will be wrong. We call his attention as a philosopher to the "root of the matter." Christianity and the Church—these as a matter of fact are the practical questions of the day. Till these are solved the great question, "Who shall have a statue?" will remain insoluble. To solve these is the only way that men have to become what Mr. Carlyle is always exhorting them to be—earnest, real, and true. And while Mr. Carlyle persists in ignoring or assuming them, he may be very admirable in many departments of literature, but he never can be regarded as a great political and social teacher.'—*Times*, Dec. 25.

What the Church 'might' do!—The following extract from the *Christian News*, of Dec. 5, shows the progress of opinions in reference to land, competition, &c., are gaining ground among the Protestant dissenters of Scotland. It is from an editorial article on the Popish movement. After declaring that all the petitions and protests will be of no use, the editor tells the Protestants what they should do. 'The Churches of Britain have suffered vast masses, and especially of the working classes, to sink into infidelity. Let them combine their energies, to elevate these classes, physically and socially. The Church can yet herald them into the paths of temperance; they can blast that competition by which the working man is the constant sufferer; they can advocate and aid sanitary improvements in the dwellings of the poor; they can press the legislature to open the land market; they can aid in the communication of secular instruction. In thus laying out their influence and expending their means, the churches would fill up a yawning gulf, which has been dug between them and the masses of our countrymen, over which they might then safely pass with the gospel banner, and gain them to the Church of the Living God.'

The Brahmen Priesthood and Military Nobility.—A twice-born man, who barely assaults a Brahmen with intention to hurt him, shall be whirled about for a century in hell. He, who through ignorance of the law sheds blood from the body of a Brahmen, shall feel excessive pain in his future life: as many particles of dust as the blood shall roll up from the ground, for so many years shall the shedder of that blood be mangled by other animals in his next birth. Never shall a king slay a Brahmen, though convicted of all possible crimes. No greater crime is known on earth than slaying a Brahmen; the king therefore must not even form in his mind an idea of killing a priest. A Brahmen, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity. From his high birth alone, a Brahmen is an object of veneration even to deities. For killing intentionally a virtuous man of the military class, the penance must be a fourth part of that ordained for killing a priest; for killing a Vaisya, only an eighth; for killing a Sudra who had been constant in discharging his duties, a sixteenth part. For striking a Brahmen even with a blade of grass, or tieing him by the neck with a cloth, or overpowering him in argument and adding any contemptuous words, the offender must soothe him by falling prostrate. The corporeal frame of a king is composed of particles from the eighth guardian deities of the world; he, consequently, surpasses all mortals in glory. Like the sun, he burns eyes and hearts; nor can any human creature on earth even gaze on him. A king, even though a child, must not be threated lightly from an idea that he is a mere mortal; no, he is a powerful divinity, who appears in a human shape. Brahmens are declared to be the basis, and Eshatryas the summit, of the legal system. The military class cannot prosper without the sacerdotal, nor can the sacerdotal be raised without the military; both classes, by cordial union, are exalted in this world and in the next.—*Institutes of Manu*, quoted by Faber in his 'Difficulties of Infidelity.'

On Proofs of Deity.—'It is folly to talk of demonstrating God's existence; we cannot argue with a man to whom it is not a matter of inward consciousness, any more than we can discuss colours with a blind man. God's being is an object of faith, not of demonstration, and all attempts at proof have been signal failures. If we do not believe God is because we cannot believe otherwise, then we despair of conviction by ontological arguments, or by arguments of design. Faith is not the belief of propositions, but the realising sense of spiritual things.'—*Christian Examiner*, Sept. 1850.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF THE MORMON PROPHET IN SEARCH OF THE 'BETTER LAND.'

BY CHRISTOPHER.

[*Concluded from Tract No.* 38.]

The reader will remember that we left our prophet in a species of trance, in which he was preferring his peculiar suit with becoming energy. At length he had the supreme gratification to see the sparkling objects of his watch dislodge themselves from the sky, and take leave of their companions. For a long time Mr. Smith says he distinguished nothing but 'a bright and glorious light,' which appeared to be 'gradually and slowly descending towards him, increasing in brightness and magnitude as it drew nearer and nearer.' By the time that it reached the tops of the trees, either Mr. Smith's inward eye deceived him, or the whole wilderness was illumined 'in the most glorious and brilliant manner.' The bude light would have been a rush-light in comparison. Mr. Smith says he expected no less than to see the 'leaves and boughs of the trees consumed.' His anxiety for the timber was unnecessary: every individual leaf remained unscathed. Seeing this he was a little comforted, and flattered himself he should escape the anticipated baking. He says he thought if the trees stood the fire, 'he himself should be able to endure its presence.' By his own story we learn he had ample time for critical observation during the period the light was occupied in descending from the tops of the trees to the ground. From which we infer that the light observed the precaution adopted in railway travelling, and slackened speed when within sight of its destined station. The light contained, it appears, two passengers of that rare genus Angel. Mr. Smith says 'they exactly resembled each other in feature and likeness.' The glorious personages begged to inform Mr. Smith that 'his many sins were forgiven him.' Mr. S. having thanked them, they continued: 'The various religious denominations which have for some time agitated your mind, believe in *incorrect doctrines*.' There is something very polite in the phrase 'incorrect doctrines.' Mr. Smith thought it too mild. 'Consequently,' the celestial harbingers proceeded, 'not one of those religious denominations is recognised or acknowledged as the Church and Kingdom.' Just as Mr. Smith thought—he had said they were all wrong.

The saint, on being assured of the hollowness of the various denominations, grew pleased, and intimated, by a knowing look, that if a new 'Church and Kingdom' was in contemplation to be founded, he should like an agency himself, providing he might be supplied with

the genuine article, and with letters patent so to advertise it that his firm might, under no circumstances, become confounded with any other. In answer to this application he was told the time was not yet come—that he must 'wait a little longer'—that there were certain arrangements to be completed, which done, he should not be forgotten. Meanwhile he was forbidden to have any dealings with any of the existing establishments. With this injunction the modest unpretending saint informs us that the celestial beings departed, leaving him the child of their adoption, in 'a state of calmness and peace indescribable.' After he had revelled in this indescribable state for about a couple of hours, he arose and made the best of his way home to breakfast, as though nothing had happened.

PART III.

Contains Smith's Memorandum of another Visit; also the Report of a Conference in Pandemonium.

Our biography at this stage becomes enriched by the acquisition of an authentic date. For the future this record may be received as strictly historical, and consulted with confidence. On the 21st of September, A. D. 1823, about half-past ten o'clock at night, we learn from an unquestionable source that Mr. Smith received another visit from 'the world above.' Smith had retired to bed as usual. For some time previously he had passed very restless nights; this was owing to the sad reminiscences of the wicked career he had led since he received the first visitation in the wood. It seems hard to credit this portion of Smith's account of himself. The report says, after the first vision he became 'entangled in the vanities of the world,' and lived a sinful life. Is it possible that one so favoured could so forget himself? that with heaven for his patron and angels to guide, Mr. Smith's footsteps should stumble into the haunts of the godless? By the night of the 23rd of September, our pilgrim had succeeded in extricating himself from the 'Slough of Despond,' and was lying on his bed in a comparatively tranquil state of mind, luxuriating in 'a broken heart and contrite spirit.' He had, so to speak, passed his last examination—had made a clean breast of it—had succeeded in persuading himself that he was quit of all his sins from that night forth; that though others might still suffer from his past misconduct, that was no reason why he should. The holy delinquent had thrown himself under the protection of laws not made by man. The laws alluded to had more commentators than all other laws put together, and are still in a very obscure state. It appears those who offend them have the simple course to pursue, pursued by penitent Smith.

It is simply to break the heart and to subdue the spirit to that state which the Christian world understand by the term 'contrite.' The process by which these delectable ends are accomplished vary with the peculiar creed or constitution of the sinner. Some go into convulsions, and make use of wild ejaculations, without any apparent meaning or method. Culprits of this class are considered objectionable in a neighbourhood inhabited by people of a quiet demeanour and reflective disposition. Without dwelling upon the method he employed, suffice it here to say, that our saint regained the state of 'calmness and peace indescribable,' whence he could look forward to the future with lively and agreeable emotion, in the certainty of obtaining a glorious inheritance as a recompense for the pains he had taken to order himself lowly and reverently. On the memorable night referred to visions of glory filled his brain, and he was seized with an eager longing for celestial patronage. He had acquired a loathing for the company of carnal men, and aspired once more to converse with beings of a purer nature, that he might 'hear something to his advantage.' Such were his thoughts, his desires, his aspirations—when lo! all on a sudden the little dormitory in which he lay became filled with a bright light, resembling fire. As on the former occasion, when the light rested on the tree top, our saint manifested some anxiety for the safety of the wood, — on this occasion his fears were for the safety of his father's mansion, for he says he 'thought the house was filled with consuming fire.' Again his fears were groundless; it turned out that the fiery light was perfectly harmless, only causing Smith 'a shock or sensation,' a kind of tingling, 'visible to his fingers and toes.' Smith surmises (and a surmise of Smith's is not to be despised) that the excitement he experienced was

quite natural, owing to the unceremonious manner with which the light burst into the room. Only one 'personage' presented himself this time, and the saint remarked that 'an additional glory surrounded or accompanied this personage than the light which had previously illumined the room.' The saint's memorandum furnishes other particulars also—'The stature of this personage was a little above the common size of men in this age.' The visitor's clothing did not escape the saint's scrutiny. 'His garments were perfectly white, and had the appearance of being entirely without seam.' It is to be regretted the saint did not satisfy himself of the nature of the fabric of which this seamless garment was composed.

After Mr. S. had made the foregoing investigation, he allowed the 'personage' to state the nature of his business.

Smith thus relates what passed by way of introduction. 'This glorious being' announced himself as 'an angel,' and the chief object of his mission was to inform Mr. Smith that he need no longer consider himself in the light of a sinner—that his prayers had not been in vain, and further, that matters had been arranged for his promotion. That it had been designed to establish a 'millennium of universal peace and joy' on earth, and that he, Joseph Smith, jun., in consideration, we suppose, of his great learning, polished manners, steadfast faith, and virtuous disposition, was elected to be 'the instrument' by which the above desirable state of things were to be brought about.

These and many other glad tidings were communicated to the enraptured Smith, including a romantic account of the 'American Indians,' tracing them to 'a remnant of Israel,' all of which is chronicled in the 'Book of Mormon.'

The most important item of the communication was that which related to the 'gold plates,' 'Sacred History,' or 'Bible,' of the aforesaid 'remnant of Israel.' These gold plates had been buried in the earth by the Israelitish Indian priesthood. This precaution having become necessary through the propensity of that strange people to have 'stiff necks,' a disease which they inherited in common with the other branches of Abraham's offspring, and which prevented them from hearkening to their prophets. The singular documents in question lay buried on a hillside a few miles from Manchester, New York, for fourteen hundred years, waiting for the hero of this narrative to dig them up. To return to the angel and the saint. Smith received orders to procure suitable instruments for breaking the earth, and to be in waiting at the place where the treasure lay buried by good time in the morning. He having promised to do so, the angel took his departure, and Smith fell into a sound sleep, in which we leave him to look after the inhabitants of a place not held in much repute among Christian peoples.

Whatever might have been the feelings of his Satanic Majesty after his former defeat, his 'cup of bitterness' was reserved for the ceremony of exhuming 'the Book of Mormon.' Intelligence had reached Pandemonium of what was about to happen, and great was the consternation among the official residents there when in full assembly Satan announced the appearance in the field of the redoubtable Smith. Hell shook to its foundations at the bare mention of that fatal name. It was a belief in common throughout the infernal regions, that there were enough Smiths on earth to form a large army. An universal clamour was the response to the announcement. In vain several well-informed devils endeavoured to disabuse the million-headed mob; devils will be devils—they will not behave themselves nor listen to the voice of truth. At length one Mammon, a very corpulent fiend, with very little wit, arose to offer a few observations. Silence, with much difficulty, having been obtained, he observed, 'I am delighted with your enthusiasm. It does my old heart good to witness your noble indignation. What, shall it be that Mother Earth shall be wrenched from our rule by a legion of Smiths? (Cries of down with the rebels.) No,' Mammon continued, 'such shall not be; let us gather to a devil around our king.' (Loud and long-continued yells.)

The speaker concluded by moving the following resolution:—'That three millions of acute imps be well organised for immediate service.' Molock objected to this proposition, as anything 'slow' would fail to put down their advancing foe. 'No,' said he, 'Smith must be welcomed by Molock: and, that I may give him a warm reception, I propose that every devil do arm himself to the teeth,

and take the field to-morrow morning by day-break.' This proposition was carried; and Satan, without hesitation, gave orders that every devil capable of bearing a 'fork' should present himself in the field by the next morning at day-break, to fight under his own immediate superintendence. In consequence of the above orders, the combined forces of hell, at the appointed hour, drew up rank and file around the hill side where the lost scriptures lay earthed. There they were stretched away in countless swarms, far as the eye could reach, awaiting the rising sun and the coming of Smith. About nine o'clock our saint, bearing a crowbar on his shoulder, made his appearance in the field. Let Mr. Joseph Smith speak for himself:—'After arriving at the repository, a little exertion in removing the soil from the top of the box, and a light lever, brought to my natural vision its contents.' While 'viewing and contemplating this sacred treasure with wonder and astonishment, behold! the angel who had visited me the over night stood at my side.' The angel drew the attention of the astonished Smith to a fact he did not seem inclined to discover for himself, namely, the presence of the 'infernal host.' We will quote Smith's own words. The angel said, 'Look!' 'And as he thus spake, I beheld the Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his *innumerable* train of associates.' The saint gazed his fill, the enemy evincing no disposition to commence the conflict. The devils evidently did not know what to make of Smith, and he manifested considerable uncertainty as to what to make of them. The angel treated the saint with an explanation, followed by a long sermon. The majority of the sooty host seemed to have an idea that there must be some mistake. They saw nothing in Smith, viewed in the light of an enemy, to justify their extensive preparations. In fact, Satan, seeing how things stood, ordered a retreat to be sounded, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the dark host rose up like an exhalation, hung for a moment like a black cloud over the fair earth, and gradually disappeared, leaving Smith master of the field.

The saint was then directed to cover the plates up again as he found them, and received the promise that he should fetch them another time. It was not till the 22nd of September, 1827, that he was allowed possession of them. He encountered many difficulties in getting them home, but experienced no sort of trouble in translating them into English. They turned out to be the sacred history of a 'remnant of the children of Israel,' or the 'American Indians,' written in Egyptian characters. With the plates were deposited an old pair of spectacles, by looking through which the hieroglyphics were metamorphosed into good gospel English. Mr. S., when he had completed the translation, caused it to be published for the benefit of mankind, and thus struck the final blow at Satanic sovereignty on earth.

Those who peruse this narrative may demur to the supplementary matter which our historian supplies, but those acquainted with the works of that modern Moses, who exhumed the new Tables of the Law, must have observed the serious elisions in the narrative with which he favoured the learned world—elisions left unsupplied by his renowned disciple and commentator Orson Pratt. What has been deferentially rendered herein, may be regarded in the light of 'Joseph Smith's Entire.' That which Martineau, Parker, and others have done, with so much applause by Jesus Christ, namely, idealised his life a little, is here in a slender way attempted, in the matter of the sayings, doings, and career of the Martyr of Nauvoo.—Ed.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

PROBABLE PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF SOUL.

Sir,—The astonishing phenomena I have lately witnessed in Dr. Darling's experiments, in what he calls *Electro-biology*, have suggested to me an argument for the immateriality of the soul, popularly so termed. Of course you are acquainted with the marvellous results of mesmerism in its various stages. In clairvoyance, for instance, the spirit of the patient seems to leave him and wander abroad to other and distant regions. Pray inform us, through a note in your *Reasoner*, do not these phenomena tend to favour the idea of an existence apart from the body? I feel assured you are too candid to reject a truth, however much it may appear to be at variance with preconceived and warmly-cherished principles. There may be various ways of accounting for the strange facts brought before us, though the law of nature by which they are regulated is evidently unknown even to Dr. Darling himself.

I have not entered into any of the particulars of this gentleman's experiments, presuming that you have witnessed them for yourself, or read a detailed account in the *Zoist* or some other publication. If not, I shall have great pleasure in sending some account of these new miracles, or a new help to account for the old ones.

R. A.

P.S.—E. Johnson says, somewhere, that 'Man is an electro-nervous pile attached to a locomotive machine, which is set in motion by the agency of the nervous pile, the pile itself being excited to action by the agency of things external to itself, but with which it is in connection and contact.'

[Our correspondent does us no more than justice in supposing that we should readily admit any evidence in favour of views opposed to our own. The phenomena in question has not come under our notice in that form in which we could form an opinion of the kind R. A. alludes to; but if he will draw up a brief statement of the facts and argument flowing therefrom, we shall be happy to insert it, which will enable others to judge as well as ourselves.—Ed.]

THE SECULAR EDUCATIONAL MEETING IN DERBY.

Sir,—I know you will be pleased to hear of our public meeting on secular education, held in our Town Hall. The chair was taken by our late mayor. The first speaker was the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, Unitarian minister. His speech was full of good sentiment respecting how such a secular school should be conducted. He was followed by Mr. Beggs, late mayor, from Leicester: he, too, made an excellent speech in favour of free education for all. Then an opponent arose; his speech was delivered in a tone which I know not how to describe so as to convey an idea to you, but I shall call it doubly pious and trebly sanctified; he spoke very much against the present movement. It was the Rev. — Owen, General Baptist (not the Rev. R. Owen). He was followed by another, the Rev. J. Gawthorns, a Calvinist, who spoke at considerable length, but to very little purpose, except to oppose the thing in all its bearings. When he sat down another Reverend got up. With so many Reverends we hardly could have expected anything very passable; but we had a glorious meeting nevertheless. The last-mentioned Reverend was Mr. Baynes, a General Baptist, from Nottingham; and he made a

noble speech, both in the manner of delivery and in the sentiments uttered—thoroughly exposing the errors of the two former speakers. He said it was a general thing in schools to teach creeds, which he decidedly objected to; and he advocated the right of *every* child to have an education *free*, and quite distinct from religion. He said that he would oppose the establishment of any public school where any kind of religion was taught; he would not so much as even allow the Bible to be introduced. He was asked at the close of the meeting whether he would allow that book to be introduced, and he distinctly said *no*—and gave this reason, that when anything was put before a child to learn, it was necessary to have it explained, and if the Bible was introduced it must be explained, and some would explain it one way and others in a different way, therefore he would exclude it altogether.

B. Hagen.

PERPLEXITY OF A PIOUS MOTHER.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun.—*Hood.*

Sir,—In the supplement to the *Times* of December 20th, I found the following curious advertisement, which, I think, is worthy of note by the readers of the *Reasoner*. The state of religion amongst the metropolitan churches must be far from healthy, and the 'drum ecclesiastic' very much out of tune, to draw forth such a quiet but cutting sarcasm as this:—'The House of Prayer.—The mother of a young family, who wishes her children to grow up in the spirit of Christian charity and harmony, rather than in that of controversy and discord; will feel very grateful to any one who will inform her of *any church in London where, on Sunday*, there is divine worship, either morning or afternoon, and *no sermon*. Address to A. B., post-office, High-street, Portland-town.'

I am afraid the 'mother of a young family' has little chance of finding what she desires, especially just now when every clergyman in the land seems anxious to lose no opportunity of lighting the torch of religious and sectarian hatred in the hearts of his congregation. The advertiser had better keep her 'young family' away from *all* 'dens of thieves,' for 'evil communication' may corrupt whatever of 'good manners' they may have picked up elsewhere. The duty of brotherly love and universal charity can be as well taught at home, and perhaps better, than at any church in the world.

December, 1850. F. G.

MR. GAMSBY'S REPLY TO MR. LAMB'S LECTURE IN SUNDERLAND

Sir,—In consequence of Mr. Lamb's declining the discussion to which he was invited, the committee of Free Inquirers considered it necessary to hold a public meeting in the School of Industry, on December 13th. At the opening of the meeting, my last letter, which appeared in No. 237 of the *Reasoner*, was read, by way of explaining the purpose for which the meeting was convened—when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Gamsby, to refute the arguments and assertions of Mr. Lamb. Towards the close, the lecturer was frequently interrupted by parties putting questions quite out of place, and not at all relevant to the matter in hand. At the close of the lecture Mr. Chapman came forward to defend Mr. L., and advanced arguments which caused some useful discussion. He (Mr. C.) considered that Mr. L.'s arguments had not been refuted, and were, he believed, incapable of

refutation. Our friend Mr. Stoker put some sharp and pertinent queries to Mr. C., which elicited from him that he had not heard more than half of Mr. Gamsby's lecture—that, although he believed in a Supreme Intelligence, he could not tell what form nor attributes he possessed, nor did he believe that any man was able to define what God was; to which Mr. Stoker very tritely replied, that if all *Christians* came to the same indefinite conclusions respecting their Deity, *Atheists* would have very little cause to quarrel with them.

On Dec. 17th, Mr. Lamb delivered his second lecture in refutation of atheism. At the close, several questions were put, which Mr. L. declined answering, because the parties were not prepared to debate the question at length. Mr. L. at length 'condescended,' for the benefit of the young men who were present, to reply—which was, however, only an evasion of the question. Mr. Spencer T. Hall was present, and made a few remarks.

I should not have troubled you with this letter, but I wished to illustrate your own remarks on the evident desire of the theist to shirk the question; and also to let you and your readers hear that the freethinkers of Sunderland have aroused from their lethargy, and are *up* and *doing*.

Sunderland. VERITAS.

TEMPTATIONS OF THE CLERGY.

'TIS a trite, but not altogether a false maxim, that *Priests of all Religions are the same;* and though the character of the profession will not, in every instance, prevail over the personal character, yet it is sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chymists observe, that spirits, when raised to a certain height, are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men, being elevated above humanity, acquire a uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which, in my opinion, is, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society.

Though all mankind have a strong propensity to religion at certain times and in certain dispositions; yet are there few or none who have it in that degree, and with that constancy, which is requisite to support the character of this profession. It must, therefore, happen, that Clergymen, being drawn from the common mass of mankind, as people are to other employments, by the views of profit, the greatest part, though no atheists or freethinkers, will find it necessary, on particular occasions, to feign more devotion than they are, at that time, possessed of, and to maintain the appearance of fervour and seriousness, even when jaded with the exercises of their religion, or when they have their minds engaged in the common occupations of life. They must not, like the rest of the world, give scope to their natural movements and sentiments. They must set a guard over their looks and words and actions. And in order to support the veneration paid them by the ignorant vulgar, they must not only keep a remarkable reserve, but must promote the spirit of superstition, by a continued grimace of hypocrisy. This dissimulation often destroys the candour and ingenuity of their tempers, and makes an irreparable breach in their character.

If by chance any of them be possessed of a temper more susceptible of devotion than usual, so that he has but little occasion for hypocrisy to support the character of his profession; 'tis so natural for him to overrate his advantage, and to think it atones for every violation of morality, that frequently he is not more virtuous than the hypocrite. And though few dare openly avow those exploded opinions, *that every thing is lawful to the saints, and that they alone have a property in their*

goods; yet may we observe, that these principles lurk in every bosom, and represent a zeal for religious observances as so great a merit, that it may compensate for many vices and enormities. This observation is so common, that all prudent men are on their guard, when they meet with any extraordinary appearance of religion; though at the same time, they confess, that there are many exceptions to this general rule, and that probibty and superstition are far from being incompatible.

Most men are ambitious; but the ambition of other men may commonly be satisfied by excelling in their particular profession, and thereby promoting the interests of society. The ambition of the clergy can often be satisfied only by promoting ignorance and superstition, and implicit faith and pious frauds. And having got what *Archimedes* only wanted, (viz, another world, on which he could fix his engines) no wonder they move this world at their pleasure.

Most men have an over-weaning conceit of themselves; but these have a peculiar temptation to that vice, who are regarded with such veneration, and are even deemed sacred, by the ignorant multitude.

Most men are apt to bear a particular regard for the members of their own profession; but as a lawyer, or physician, or merchant does, each of them, follow out his business apart, the interests of these professions are not so closely united as the interests of clergymen of the same religion; where the whole body gains by the veneration paid to the common tenets, and by the suppression of antagonists.

Few men can bear contradiction with patience, but the clergy too often proceed even to a degree of fury on this article: because all their credit and livelihood depend upon the belief, which their opinions meet with; and they alone pretend to a divine and supernatural authority; or having any colour for representing their antagonists as impious and profane. The *Odium Theologicum*, or theological hatred, is noted even to a proverb, and means that degree of rancour, which is the most furious and implacable.

Thus many of the vices of human nature are, by fixed moral causes, inflamed in that profession; and though several individuals escape the contagion, yet all wise governments will be on their guard against the attempts of a society, who will for ever combine into one faction, and whilst it acts as a society, will for ever be actuated by ambition, pride, and a persecuting spirit.

The temper of religion is grave and serious; and this is the character required of priests, which confines them to strict rules of decency, and commonly prevents irregularity and intemperance amongst them. The gaiety, much less the excesses of pleasure, is not permitted in that body; and this virtue is, perhaps, the only one they owe to their profession. In religions, indeed, founded on speculative principles, and where public discourses make a part of religious service, it may also be supposed that the clergy will have a considerable share of the learning of the times: though it is certain that their taste in eloquence will always be better than their skill in reasoning and philosophy. But whoever possesses the other noble virtues of humanity, meekness and moderation, as very many of them, no doubt, do, is beholden for them to nature or reflection, not to the genius of his calling.—Hume's Essay, 'Of National Character.'

THE 'REASONER' PROPAGANDA.—To promote the efficiency of the *Reasoner* as an organ of Propagandism, one Friend subscribes 10s. weekly, another 5s., two 1s. each weekly, and so on according to ability and earnestness. An Annual contribution of One Shilling from each reader would be easy, equitable, and sufficient. What is remitted, in whatever proportion, is acknowledged here and accounted for at the end of the Volume. Acknowledged in No. 238. 618s. Aliquis (the subscription noticed in a former *Reasoner*), 100s.—W. J. B., Nos. 9 to 12, four weeks, 40s.—A Friend of Reason, for the month of December, 20s.—W. E. B., Nos. 7 to 12, six weeks, 6s.—C. H. J., per publisher, 5s.—J. W. Allen, 1s.—E. Cottrell, Dover (who names it his 'first subscription but not his last'), 1s.—X. Y., per publisher, 1s.—T. W. Holme, 3s. 4d.—S. T., Liverpool (Dec. 18 and 25), 2s.—A Jewish Atheist, Manchester, 1s.—F. R. Young, 1s.—W. B., Camden-town, 1s.—A. Laidlaw, Newcastle, 1s. Total, 801s. 4d.

*** The total receipts of the last volume of the *Reasoner*, including Sales, Shilling List, &c., were only £15 10s. *less* than the expenses, which, as we have doubled the size at 1d., may be considered good fortune.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—January 5th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—January 5th [7], S. M. Kydd, 'Events of 1850.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Jan. 5th [11½ a.m.], W. J. Fox, M.P., will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Jan. 5th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Jan. 5th [7], Mr. H. Long, 'On Ancient Persia and Assyria.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Jan. 5th [7], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—January 3rd [8], a Discussion. 5th [7½], Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, 'On Popular Theology.'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Jan. 5th [7½], a Lecture.

Delivered in all parts of the country every Saturday.

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The WEEKLY TRIBUNE has been incorporated with the LEADER, which now records the associative progress of the week, English and continental.

For the struggling nationalities abroad the LEADER offers a frank voice from among the English people. In its weekly page devoted to European democracy, it offers, for the first time, an *official* exposition of the opinions and acts of the great leaders of the European democratic party, in a form of such authenticity as will enable the public to correct the misrepresentations of the adverse journals of the day.

Contributions have already appeared in the LEADER from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, F. W. Newman, William Maccall, W. J. Birch, M.A., W. J. Linton, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

Terms of the LEADER (if paid in advance). Quarterly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 13s.; yearly, £1 6s.

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Now Ready, No. 8 for January, 1851.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Sixpence. 64 Pages.

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London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

We propose to call this page by the above name. Several movements in which we take interest, and regard in a somewhat different manner to other people (through reasoning from a different set of principles), require notice at our hands. An *open* Page will furnish legitimately this opportunity.

The *Freethinker's Magazine* has been enlarged to sixty-four pages, and now appears in a wrapper. The greater variety of articles it now admits, and the interest of the subjects treated upon, will no doubt greatly increase its public acceptability.

Silescam's letter was given to the editor of the *Freethinker*.

K. S. asks us to insert this prayer for him :—'Let me (K. S.) have a fair share of the miseries which it is absolutely necessary for man to endure.'

The *Free Inquirer*, which has reached its third number, has been discontinued. The articles entitled 'G. J. Holyoake and Modern Atheism,' by Panthea, are likely to appear in a separate form completed.

The Committee of Management of the Literary and Scientific Institution, John-street, Fitzroy-square, have issued a report to its subscribers, members, and friends, which states that 'At a meeting of the London Co-operative Building Society, which erected the Institution, held in February, 1846, it was found that the building debt then due was £1,200, with an annuity of £10 per annum payable to W. D. Saull, Esq. Active steps were shortly afterwards taken to pay the debts of the Building Society, viz., to satisfy the claim of £424 due to Mr. Braby's executors, secured by the guarantee of the principal creditor of the Institution, and also to buy up Mr. Saull's annuity. Since that time, a period of four years and a half, the Institution Committee have paid off £742 7s. 3d. of their liabilities. The present position of the Institution (Oct. 1850) is shown by the fact that the debt is decreased to £506. The good offices and active exertions of the friends of the Institution are still necessary to pay this off. The substantial support accorded to the committee has enabled them to preserve this Institution for the purposes of "Free discussion and free expression of opinion on all subjects of public interest." This distinction—of so much importance in a country confessed by its Ministers to be "governed by opinion"—this Institution has always been proud to preserve; and had the committee no other claim on public support they would deem this sufficient. In that exciting period through which the country recently passed they opened their doors to the political conventions of the working classes, and afforded accommodations to their Chartist brethren, when all places of similar conveniences were closed against them. But besides promoting freedom of opinion, the Institution labours to diffuse popular knowledge, without which opinion must be inefficient. To this end the weekly lectures at the Institution are maintained; in which a greater variety of literary, political, and speculative information, is communicated than in any other Institution in London. The committee are now labouring to extend its scientific and educational classes, which they hope to put upon a footing of unquestionable inefficiency. They desire the Institution to possess as much instructional, as they believe it has of moral utility, and on this account they bespeak for it the continuous interest of its friends, and the co-operation of the district.' Signed on behalf of the committee, G. J. Holyoake, President; J. Reed, Vice-President; E. Truelove, Secretary.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

PROGRESS OF THE AGITATION FOR REPEALING THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

SOME unusual demands upon my time this week, in attendance on public meetings and the Chartist Executive Committee, have prevented the preparation of an article which I hope to give in the next number, upon the 'Aspect of Christian Socialism.'

The divided state of the Chartist world at the present time renders it doubtful what course can be usefully pursued, with respect to the National Charter and Social Reform Union, and the Conference of that Union announced for January has been postponed a month.

Being requested by the Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee, jointly with Mr. Collet, to state their case to the public meeting at the City of London Tavern, on Thursday night, I attended and did so. The party who appeared there to ask the Repeal of the Paper Duty alone, were headed by Mr. Cowan, M.P. for Edinburgh, supported by Peter Borthwick, Esq., John Cassell, Esq., and others—Mr. George Huggett being secretary. The *Times* is in error as to the numbers of the meeting, there being, I think, 200 more persons present than it states. Mr. Borthwick laid down so exclusive a rule for conducting the meeting, that the chairman ruled, as I understood him, that no amendment should be proposed. But he readily acceeded to the meeting's wish that I should be heard.

I put it to the honourable gentleman, Mr. Borthwick, whether it was competent for him to ask the support of that meeting, and it not be competent in the meeting to have an opinion upon the subject? I admitted to the Chair that it was the misfortune of one who moves an amendment to be regarded as though he represented an opposition; but I trusted to the penetration no less than to the courtesy of gentlemen on the platform, not to put such a construction upon what I was requested to propose. As an 'amendment' was the technical name which an addition to a resolution generally bears, my amendment ought to be called an enlargement or amplification of the business of the Chair. I proposed that the repeal of the penny stamp on the newspaper, and the advertisement duty, be included in their demands. Their movement, to be successful, must be national, popular, and generous—must include the interests of the people, and command their sympathies. My additions would do that, and elevate it above the suspicion of being a mere trade question.

It was clear that they intended good to the people to come out of their movement. Their names guaranteed it—their characters, their efforts, their words there, their professions elsewhere, guaranteed it; could they therefore object to that proposition which went to augment the good they intended? When men mean well, Dr. Johnson assures us the more they mean the better. The Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee already existed, to obtain also the repeal of the paper duty; and should the platform persist in their separate efforts, they would commit the political fault which, as politicians, they knew was unpardonable—that of

forming a new party unnecessarily. We already had so many parties, that we had nothing carried. We wanted *free* newspapers.

Our popular politics are ineffective, because not English. The working classes import their political programmes from France, their political cries being unfamiliar to the ears, and somewhat incompatible with the genius of the English nation. Why we have so little home growth is, that we can have no home culture.

The evil which besets the working classes, is the want of political knowledge and social news. *Penny Magazines*, *Pictorial Shaksperes*, *Household Words*, and *Working Man's Friends*, elevate them from ignorance to knowledge, but they wanted that instruction which will guide them from serfdom to freedom—relieve them from political dependence and social degradation. Parliament refuses them political rights not because they have not read *Chambers's Journal*, or the *National Cyclopædia*, but because they are ignorant of political government and political philosophy. The newspapers of the rich have no interest in teaching them this; they do not teach them this, and they could not reach them at their present price if they did. The rich can have papers, but the poor cannot. It is not possible for the poor to establish a newspaper. None knew that better than the gentlemen on the platform. The people were condemned to inferior guidance, and I demanded why they should be for ever condemned to feed on the garbage of politics and be reproached for the depravity of their tastes? The repeal of the paper duty would create work truly, and the repeal of the other duties would create more. But was more *work* the only thing wanted? Let the members of parliament present look in the faces of the working men in that meeting, and say whether they were not too much worked already for health or improvement. Political knowledge would help them to the secret of living upon less work, and then they could leave a surplus for the unemployed to do. Mr. Borthwick was naturally anxious that we should not jeopardise his movement—should he, without consideration, jeopardise ours? We remember the time when 500 persons were imprisoned to obtain untaxed newspapers. The Whigs kept the word of promise to our ears, and broke it to our hopes. They kept on the penny stamp, which made the free newspaper impossible to the people. Many then present suffered in the old movement, and we stood there with the arrears of 18 years' disappointment; and would gentlemen on the platform deny our right to plead that they paused before they went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to ask for less than we needed, thus giving the prestige of their political influence against us? After other remarks I proposed the amendment because it tends to make this movement National, popular, and generous; because it elevates it from the narrowness of Trade considerations to the dignity of including large public interests; because it avoids the political fault and disastrous example of creating unnecessarily a new party; because it nationalises political progress; because it not only helps the poor advertiser, and gives the workman work and knowledge, but aids him in the attainment of freedom and competence—and does all this without diminishing the chances of carrying the repeal of the one duty which the original motion contemplates.

Mr. Collet followed, by an admirable speech, taking the financial side of the question. Mr. Milner Gibson, M.P., made a speech in favour of the amendment, which I regret not to be able to report, on account of its ability and directness. Mr. Cowan, the chairman, gracefully suggested that the amendment should be adopted as *the* resolution of the meeting, and it was carried with one dissentient.

We trouble our readers with this much to remind them that our Subscription requires about 150 sixpences to complete it, and this would be a good time to make it up. G. J. H.

THE VALUE OF LESLIE'S FOUR CRITERIA.

One of the most boasted arguments in favour of the miraculous Bible stories, and which is said to amount to an absolute demonstration of their truth, is that known as the criterion argument, which will be found in Leslie's 'Short and Easy Method with the Deists.' Although the sophistry has been exposed in a former number of the *Reasoner*, we will recapitulate the four principal criteria, in order to introduce a simple illustration of their futility. Leslie says that although there may be facts in favour of which these four marks cannot be produced, and which are, nevertheless, undoubtedly true, yet whatever has all these four criteria cannot be false. It is required, first—that the fact be a sensible fact, such as men's outward senses can judge of. Secondly—that it be notorious, or performed in the presence of witnesses. Thirdly—that there be memorials, monuments, actions, or customs kept up in commemoration of it. And fourthly—that such monuments or customs commence with the fact.

It is triumphantly stated, by writers on the Evidences, that Dr. Conyers Middleton searched for twenty years for an event possessing the four criteria, and which could yet be proved to be false, and searched in vain. He might have found in the East, among nations quite as civilised as the Syrians were in the first century, numerous pretended events commemorated by annual ceremonies, purporting to have commenced with the fact, and implicitly believed by the religious of those countries, and yet so insanely ridiculous as not to merit a moment's consideration from an educated European. As there is no existing monument, memorial, or custom, intended to commemorate any one of the miracles mentioned in the Bible, we will examine a modern instance, and try to estimate what such a monument would be worth, as a criterion of truth, if it did exist.

Every one has read or heard of the gallant defence of the French ship Vengeur, in Lord Howe's action of the 1st June, 1794; how she fought till not a mast would stand, and till more than half her crew were killed or wounded; and how, when riddled with shot, she gradually submerged plank by plank, the crew deliberately launched forth the broadside from every gun the water left uncovered; and how, at last, they left the sunken lower decks to serve the guns above, and determined to die rather than yield to the British; they kept the Republican ensign flying on the stump of a mast, fired a salvo with the muzzles of the guns level with the water, and sank repeating their patriotic cries of 'Vive la Nation,' and 'Vive la Republique!' Immediately on the receipt, in Paris, of the dispatches giving the account of the battle, this glorious devotion excited so much admiration in the minds of the Convention, that they ordered a naval statue of a sunken vessel, the model of the Vengeur, to be placed in the Pantheon, to hand down to posterity the remembrance of the superhuman courage and constancy of the crew of the unfortunate ship.

Now here we have all the four criteria, to prove the truth of this wondrous instance of contempt of death: first—it was a sensible fact, the situation of the ship, the actions of the crew, and the shouts of the sinking heroes could be seen and heard by the crews of both the hostile fleets; secondly—it was notoriously and openly done, if one man in the fleet saw and heard these things hundreds must

have done so; thirdly—a memorial was instituted to commemorate it; fourthly—the memorial commenced with the fact; but it must be added that, fifthly—the whole story was a downright imposture from the beginning. The Vengeur, after a most gallant defence, being in a sinking state, struck her flag; a great number of the crew were saved by the English boats while she was filling, and those that sank with the ship, as any other mortal men would have done under such circumstances, uttered the most piteous shrieks and cries for assistance.*

The story was, and is, so implicitly and fervently believed in France, that we may well imagine a Vengeur banquet, at which the first goblet should annually be quaffed, to the immortal memory of the heroes of the 1st June. Would such an annual celebration induce us any the more to believe in the reported event? What does the annual Waterloo banquet prove now? It proves beyond a doubt that the battle occurred, but it in no way tends to prove the numerous interesting and wonderful events reported to have taken place in that battle, many of which, however, we have not the slightest reason to doubt. The Waterloo banquet does not prove that the Duke of Wellington really made use of the words, 'Up, guards, and at them!' Nor does it prove that Shaw, the life-guardsman, killed a dozen of French curiassiers with his own sword. And the annual celebration of Good Friday, though it may be admitted to prove the crucifixion of Christ, (in the absence of any reason for doubting that such a probable event occurred,) can in no measure increase the credibility of the miraculous darkness, of the rending of the veil of the temple, or the appearance of ghosts in the streets of Jerusalem.

UNDECIMUS.

RECOGNITION OF OPPONENTS.

MR. BLYTHE, of Bermondsey, sends a long letter of personalities, asking me to print them because I have said that a man ought not to be afraid of personalities. True, but I have not said that a man was bound to keep a paper to publish them in—holding himself responsible for publishing, at his own expense, whatever it might please another to write. If the writer will pay for his effusion as an advertisement, I will publish it. To show him that I have no 'fear' of it, I request him to get it published in the most influential paper he can. Mr. Blythe complains that I notice every thing said against me. This is not true. I only notice those persons and papers where I think mistakes have been unintentionally made, and the correction of which may tend to set the views we maintain in a more accurate light. We have no right to complain of misrepresentations if we do not correct them where we can do it usefully. As Mr. Blythe, however, may be right in his objection to my noticing, as he thinks, *every* personality addressed to me, I perhaps cannot do better than commence the wholesome reformation he wishes to bring about, by not noticing any farther what he has written himself.

G. J. H.

* The testimony of enemies might also be adduced, in future ages, to bolster up this fiction: all the contemporary English newspapers repeated the French account without its being contradicted; and it has been inserted in many English histories, including the 'History of the French Revolution,' by Thomas Carlyle, who did not obtain the evidence of the falsity of the story until some years after the publication of the first edition of that great work. He then exposed the origin and history of the imposture, in a letter to the Editor of 'Frazer's Magazine,' now included in his 'Miscellaneous Works.'

Examination of the Press.

THE HETERODOX CHAIR.—Cardinal Wiseman is to have no sinecure of it. Gentle and ungentle challenges to controversy come upon him from all sides. The latest comer is a lady, and, as becomes a man born in Spain of Irish parentage, his eminence will doubtless have the gallantry to give her precedence. The quarrel between Lady Morgan and Cardinal Wiseman is not exactly new, but it has never been fairly fought out. The expression of the lady that gave offence was uttered in her 'Italy,' a publication not of the most recent date. It was called in question by Cardinal Wiseman at least as long ago as 1830. This literary *duello* has hung fire most unaccountably. Still, as her ladyship declares that she is now anxious for the fray, his eminence can scarcely refuse to give her satisfaction. The point at issue is one of some importance for his eminence's church. The head of the Romish church claims not only to sit in St. Peter's chair, in a figurative sense; he professes to be in possession of the identical chair which the apostle honoured by sitting in it. This relic is preserved and shown in the Vatican basilic. Lady Morgan has impugned its authenticity. This her ladyship has done on the strength of an anecdote related to her by Denon. When the French armies, under Napoleon the Great, took possession of Rome—somewhat after the same fashion as French armies lately took possession of it under Napoleon the Little—Denon, Champollion, and others, set to scrutinise the relics of antiquity therein preserved, with a prying curiosity of which the devout Italians were incapable. Among other articles the chair of St. Peter was uncased, wheeled into the light, scrubbed, and dusted. The result was about as deplorable as the scouring of Scriblerus's shield by his housemaid. On the apostle's chair was discovered an inscription in Cufic characters declaring that 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet'—rather an awkward confession of faith to be enshrined in the Vatican. Cardinal Wiseman, then a nameless priest, undertook to vindicate the authenticity of the relic; the attempt is understood to have been his first literary effort. In no measured language he rebukes the fair scoffer; argues that the chair is just such a one as a Roman senator might have been expected to present to a saint; and maintains that there are distinct proofs of its existence in its present place from the time it came into the saint's possession, to the present day. Our contemporary, the *Morning Chronicle*, who has installed himself umpire and judge of this gentle passage of arms between a priest and a lady, is evidently disposed to adjudge the victory to the former. He objects to Lady Morgan that there is 'no contemporary evidence' that the chair was examined by the French *savans*. This is true, and yet it appears to us that the difficulty could be easily got over by a process that would spare much waste of words and ink. The chair itself, we presume, is still in existence: let it be tried by a jury composed of equal numbers of Catholics and Protestants. Let Lady Morgan and Cardinal Wiseman each name an equal number of acute and learned antiquarians to proceed to Rome and examine the chair. It is not for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity that we propose this alternative. If the chair really be so heterodox as to make the declaration attributed to it by Lady Morgan, it is high time that it should cease to desecrate the place it occupies. Who knows but the misfortunes to which the Popes have been subjected under the Napoleons, uncle and nephew, may be a punishment for their allowing this infidel piece of furniture to maintain such an honourable position?—*Daily News* of last week.

THE APPEAL OF THE 'ENGLISH REPUBLIC.'—By this time many of our

readers will probably have seen the *English Republic*, the new monthly, edited by W. J. Linton. For those who have not, we quote some passages which express with great force the appeal of the editor:—'"To all who share our faith: To all those who think that every divorce, even for a time, between thought and action is fatal: To all those who feel stirring within their hearts a holy indignation against the display of brute force which is made in Europe, in the service of Tyranny and Falsehood:" Working-men! I appeal to you. To you first, because among you, victimised but not yet vitiated by the selfishness of Trade, I have found that clearness and integrity of soul, the simplicity of the loving nature, which enables you almost intuitively to comprehend great principles, and courageously to devote your lives to their realisation: Students, Artists, and Men of letters! I appeal to you. To you who pride yourselves upon a generous education, you by your daily studies introduced to a companionship with the illustrious of the great Republic of Genius, who have learned even from the lips of the wisest of all time those heavenward aspirings which should sanctify your lives as priests of Truth, raising you above the commonness of mean and cowardly thoughts: Young Men! who yet trust the inspiration of hope, whose souls are pure, whose days are not yet bowed and crippled by the ignoble yoke of a huckstering egotism, where hearts are not yet eaten out by commerce, who yet are able to believe and love and dare—to you also I appeal: Which of you, who have read these *Letters*, will join me in an endeavour to spread their principles yet further, to commence the propagandism of faith, to throw wide the seed for our harvest? I do not ask you to agree with every detail, with every bearing of the argument, nor, still less, that you should adopt my phraseology. Look beyond word-faults and, it may be, cloudy reasonings, to the principles themselves; and say if you can subscribe to them. Then join me to begin the foundation of the English Republic.' [This appeal may be profitably responded to, by the formation of Republican Committees in the various towns of the kingdom. We cannot accord with the language in which the editor often clothes his ideas, but the excellence of the principles he will maintain, the reliance that may be placed upon the exposition he will furnish, and the value of the new and pure republicanism he will introduce to his readers, will give a great value to this magazine, which, by the way, is got up in that taste Mr. Lipton always displays, and which is the more valuable as it illustrates the compatibility of artistic refinement with the broadest enunciation of political progressive theories.]

Poetical Prayer Book.—A new view of the duties of a Poet-Laureate has lately sprung to light, if we may judge from the omnibus chat of two ladies of a certain age. They considered that if the Common Prayer Book should ever be revised, no one, not even the Bench of Bishops, should be allowed to meddle with it, except the Poet-Laureate. 'Consider,' said one of them, 'what a delightful New-New-Version of the Psalms we should have!'—*Leigh Hunt's Journal*, No. 5.

What is Truth?—What is Truth? The question has recurred to every mind that ever thought, and left it doubting and discontented. Knowledge teaches us *not to know:* the search after Truth satisfies us that it is difficult to find. Every step that we advance in intelligence serves only to contract the circle of our science and rebuke our credulity. Education has much more of *un*learning than of learning in it. The bitter but wholesome fruit of cultivated intelligence is the discovery that there is little Truth yet ascertained, and that the work of Philosophy and Science, for many a year to come, must be to clear away the rubbish of error with which ignorance has obstructed the pathway to knowledge.—From the *London Literary Journal: the Critic.*

Reasoner Tracts.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER TRIUMPHING OVER DEATH.*

THE work which bears the above title has attained a large sale, having already arrived at the seventh edition. It is set out as bearing a peculiar significance, challenging attention by reason of its aim at the presentation of a new aspect in death-bed histories. The volume is ushered forth arrayed in crimson, to champion for Zion's glory. Not alone the Christian is it, but the Christian philosopher triumphing over death.

The old stockpiece of death-bed routine was fast going out of repute, and might very prudently be left with plenty of length to 'do' for itself; but in these dull days a production of 'novel features with surprising effects,' THAT attracts attention, and deserves it, if for no other than the laudable consideration of novelty; thousands, we perceive, are drawn to it, we amongst the number, and as the old proverb goes, 'needs must when the crowd drives.' Listen now to the prelude of the biographer, we take him on his own showing.

'Dr. Gordon's is not a case of one suddenly wrought upon in the hours of nature's emergency, a case of mere excitement and self-delusion such as we too often see and hear of; it is the case of a man of literature and science, a man of talent and study, thought and investigation, becoming a little child and sitting at the feet of Jesus, to learn what he could learn nowhere else. It is the case of one who had overestimated the value of human attainments, brought to the deliberate conviction that they were all as dross and dung compared with the knowledge of Christ and him crucified.'

The challenge is very plain, calling upon all infidels, sceptics, and atheists to accept Christianity on the *assurance* that it is in nowise incompatible with philosophy, since a man 'of talent and attainments,' in short a philosopher, accepted it.

Dr. Gordon, 'death-conqueror' and M.D., F.L.S., was a physician practising at Hull; he took a prominent part in various political movements, always promoting what he thought to be the cause of popular progress; free trade, education, extension of the suffrage, peace, and other kindred questions, found in him an earnest advocate. His courtesy, kindness, and devotion to the welfare of the people won their affection and confidence, so that alike in his professional capacity, and as a popular lecturer, he was highly esteemed by all classes of his fellow-townsmen. After his death the people erected to his memory a white marble obelisk, twenty-five feet high, with this inscription:—'Erected by public subscription to the memory of William Gordon, M.D., the People's Friend. Ob. Feb. 7, 1849. Ætat 47.'

We must here narrate a beautiful instance of tender affection. 'During two years that his daughter was at school in London not a day passed in which he did not write to her, generally enclosing with his letter some botanical specimen with a few sentences of explanation.'

It is pleasant to record these grateful illustrations of character, gaining our admiration and respect, reminding us that whatever differences of opinion we may hold, however varied may be our education, experiences, customs, and habitudes, there is nevertheless one common centre of sympathy, that 'we have, all of us, one human heart.'

From the personal characteristics let us now pass to his recorded creed and opinions, and investigate his imputed triumph. It is not without regret that we perceive in this biography evidence of unveracity, not, we would hope or intimate, the result of conscious misrepresentation, but attributable rather to the blinding influence of those prepossessions which so often clothe eager desires with the aspect of realisation. Thus we find in the narrative the frequent reiteration that 'it is a most important feature in the case that this was no death-bed repentance.' His relatives, however, are continually expressing anxiety as to the genuineness of his Christianity; questions put to him evince the general doubt among those who knew him: even on his death-bed they remind

* The Christian Philosopher Triumphing over Death. A narrative of the closing scenes of the late William Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., of Kingston-upon-Hull. By Newman Hall, B.A. Seventh edition. London: J. Snow. 1850.

him of the willingness of Christ to save at the eleventh hour, though he the moment previous had said, 'Tell them all what Christ has done for my soul. He is waiting for me; I am very happy. Christ is all. Say to my friends how much I am indebted to them for their prayers.' The willingness of Christ to save at the eleventh hour being mentioned, he rejoined, 'Ah! but it has *not* been the eleventh hour with me.' Yet this does not satisfy them, for they again and again manifest mistrustful anxiety; and it is somewhat strange that on his death-bed, within a few days of his decease, was the first time he had partaken of the Lord's Supper. His biographer intimates, 'that he was not earlier known to be such a Christian is accounted for by his character, his disposition to prove all things before he declared his convictions.' This is merely 'fencing the doubt,' for it appears that his relatives were uneasy on the matter, although they, if any, would have been perfectly aware of that disposition. We are sensible of a struggle in the mind of the narrator to present his friend as he was known in public life, and yet at the same time to claim him as an exemplar of evangelical gospelism. Thus it is stated:—'When asked whether his present feelings on religion had altered his views respecting the political engagements of his former life, he replied, "Certainly not; were I to recover I should do as I have done in those respects, only more enthusiastically than ever, as the cause of truth and human happiness."' This assurance was doubtless rather unpalatable to his hearers, at least to the clergyman; some perhaps held views in accordance with Dr. Gordon's; the biographer therefore could not courteously suppress so emphatic a declaration, and happily he sees a means of educing good out of evil, and introduces the following comment. 'This is very important as increasing the strength of his religious testimony, which would have been less valuable had all his conclusions on other topics been shaken. It might have been said that bodily debility had affected his mind, that he thought morbidly on every point, and that therefore little could be deduced from the confessions he made of a religious nature.' All which is perfectly gratuitous to those who are not enraptured with the delusion that Dr. G. was a philosopher. It seems to have been so grand an affair for these evangelicals to have laid hold on a philosopher, that they know not how to make enough of it. What sort of philosophising the hero was capable of, will be seen in specimens we shall presently give. In another position of regard the comment is worthless, for any person of moderate information is aware that to be insane on one point, and yet reasonable on others, is most common in the annals of lunacy. But let that pass; it is evident that Dr. Gordon's political views were more 'ultra' than his biographer likes to make prominent, fearing to offend the orthodox, and consequently to weaken the estimate of authority which it is sought to establish for Dr. G.'s judgment as a Christian philosopher; therefore it is said, 'He had been for a considerable time impressed with the conviction that all warfare was anti-Christian and inhuman, and often expressed his astonishment that any good men could fight, as the precepts of Christ seemed to him so decidedly to condemn the practice.' He said, 'How wonderful that men can go to war. How could I die now, hoping God would forgive me, if I did not forgive them, but sought to kill them in battle?' And then how very *naïve* is the caution of the clergyman. 'The reader is again reminded that he is not asked to admit that all these opinions which Dr. Gordon advocated were truth, but only that they were so regarded by *himself*.' Would they allow us only to insert one word?—'religious'—and read 'religious opinions.' How absurd, though, to suppose that religion has anything to do with opinions — politics, religion, and opinions are three separate and distinct particulars, and yet they are not three particulars, but one particular. We cannot for the life of us write *orthodoxly*, and must fain leave it, lest we get deeper in disgrace. The case, albeit, to our simplicity, is after this fashion. The working man or sceptic student being addressed by the Rev. Newman Hall. 'Here is a man of eminent talent, one who has read deeply and studied ardently, who is conversant with science and polemics, and philosophies, yet HE testifies, and in the face of death, to their utter insufficiency unless united with vital Christianity. Is the judgment of such a man to be despised? yet HE accepted the gospel of grace, and meekly learnt the truth as it

is in Jesus. What need of harassing investigations, take his word for it, and—'

'Yes, very true,' quietly interposes the listener, 'he was a good man, was Dr. Gordon; I remember how forcible were his lectures in favour of peace, and free trade, and universal suffrage, and thought how—' 'Ah! but my friend, in respect of those topics, free trade and the like, his judgment was faulty. He'—'Of course, of course—he—yes' (*Exeunt* at oblique angles.)

This vaunt of a Christian philosopher's triumph, this prestige of a philosophic mind, where is its value? Why the book is the strongest evidence against itself—disproves altogether the very point it was penned, printed, and published to prove.

In truth, in reading the following illustrations of the doctor's ratiocination many will wonder at the arrogant pretensions put forth to the title of philosopher, unless they suspect with ourselves that the heterogeneous compound *Christian-philosopher*, has an esoteric signification, not to be apprehended beyond the gospel circles, where grace aboundeth.

We will now present the reader with a conversation between Dr. G. and a mechanic:—Dr. G. 'Did you ever see a locomotive engine?' M. 'Yes.' Dr. G. 'It is a delusion; it is not a reality. May you not be deceived? A body only occupies a space equal to itself.' M. 'Well.' Dr. G. 'It cannot hold two spaces at one and the same time.' M. 'Well.' Dr. G. 'Get that into your head.' M. 'I see your meaning.' Dr. G. 'A body cannot move where it is, and it cannot move where it is not—therefore, it does not move at all.' M. 'Ah that is a good argument, and sound, too.' Dr. G. 'This argument was employed 3000 years ago, and it is unrefuted yet.' And so, patient reader, was this, for all we know—at least, as school-boy logic, it is of immemorial antiquity: 'A cat has one more tail than no cat; no cat has two tails; *ergo*, a cat has three tails.'

Are we to suppose the doctor guilty of dishonesty, in duping his listener with such sophistry? Yet he puts such forth as illustrative of the folly of reasoning, or rather to show that we do not need reasoning, but may accept Christianity as divine truth without question.

The doctor continues: 'The grand evidence of the gospel is its adaptation to our wants; learned lectures on the evidences—the external, I mean—do little or no good. To feel Christ here in my heart is the argument. Read the Bible, simply as it is, and believe it—take the words as they are, and not reason. Reason only perplexes. I reasoned, but it was in vain. It is a proof to me that book is divine, because reason never could have written it.' Query, are the scriptures of Johanna Southcote or of Mormon divine? They are, we believe, 'about as clear as mud;' and that seems to be the established criterion of inspiration. That inward witness, 'feeling,' is the argument ever used in support both of folly and wisdom, for various speculative opinions, for the defence of many sensations, sympathies, and antipathies; but that is no proof that they are just and beneficent, and, except in *Christian-philosophising*, is not recognised as valid. For on that plea—and that pre-eminently—is it that every fanaticism has its hold. Flagellants, Quietests, Jumpers, Shakers, Millerites, Muggletonians, and the thousand-and-one kindred chippings of Christianity, lay claim to the testimony of this 'inward witness,' that cannot be dislodged either by logic or persecution. That actual experience of religion is its strongest proof, Dr. Gordon illustrates after this fashion: 'Take an electrical machine; prove to the bystander that the wire is charged, and that by touching it he will receive a shock. The evidence and explanation would be a long process; would it not be a speedier mode of attaining conviction to touch the wire and receive the shock?' To this he likens Christianity, 'which, however mysterious, if the questioner will by faith touch for himself, he will at once have an inward witness which no sophistry can shake.' Mark that now! A brilliant specimen, we take it, of electricity transmuted to Christianity by the *patent evangelical-pervicacious-philosophicalistic-and-porraceous-dicatoptric process!* Again, another specimen from the same artist: 'All things are incomprehensible, yet we presume to reason about religion. We know not what an infinitesimal atom of matter is. We can conceive of its infinite division—and yet every particle must have its upper and under sides. We know not the end of space nor the end of time. We know nothing, and yet we reason. We must come to the

Bible as little children, then we shall *know*.' Exquisite! marvellous lucidity! All things are incomprehensible, yet we reason on religion. 'We must come to Christ, then we shall know,' and by parity of deduction how beautifully it follows. An atom is incomprehensible; we must come to Christ, and then—ah! then—we shall know all about it. What! and are then incomprehensible facts and incomprehensible opinions Siamese twins—one and indissoluble, henceforth, now, and for ever? Verily and of a surety they are, for Dr. Gordon has come to Christ, and *he*—why *he* knows all about incomprehensibilities. No, we must not reason *against* religion, only reason *for* it—*that* is quite legitimate. Oh the meekness of the Christian!—the very bravado of humility!

Here is another righteous gasconade: 'I would not listen to a preacher whose life was inconsistent, though he were wise as Solomon.' We turn over a few pages and find this incident: 'What fools,' said Dr. G., 'men are for caring so much for the world. What folly there is in seeking money. The care to get it and then the care to keep it! the abject degradation of it;' not long after we find: 'A poor woman stopt at the door to ask after him, she was very poor, almost a beggar.' Dr. G. is told of it, and he replies, 'I am very much obliged to her—I like to be remembered by the poor, much better than by the rich;' and so he contents himself with words when comforts and luxury are surrounding him, and '*she almost a beggar*.' A relative writes, and says: 'Sinners among whom I am the chiefest of the chief.' Dr. Gordon interposes, 'No, I am the chief, write to him in reply, that I am the greatest sinner.' The Devil cannot be more ambitious than the Christian for this superiority. 'Now, then, stand up every one of you; the dirtiest boy shall have this apple.'—'Please sir, I am! I am! I am!'—every one foremost in the emulation of dirt. Is there, then, no dearer pride, than the pride of reason? Let the records of the saints of every Church testify—we need no other answer.

One more extract and we have done, leaving the crimson bound volume, with its portrait of the philosopher, to those who abound in the felicity of unthinking, unquestioning faith. 'Some meet death without fear, because they are thoughtless and consider not the momentousness of it; or superstitious, and rely on frivolous ceremonies to prepare themselves for it; or self-righteous, and by a vain esteem of their own merits, think themselves, in justice, secure from all penal consequences of it; or sceptical, and by the theory of sleep, or annihilation, take away the terror of it. It is not surprising that such men should meet death with little dread.' Here, at length, is the acknowledgment that other feelings than those supplied by religion enable men to die, devoid of terror. Our clergyman proceeds, saying: 'Dr. G., entertaining the most ample and vivid conception of the solemn consequences of dying, conscious of guilt himself, as he was convinced of the stern integrity of the judge before whom he must be tried, he could still anticipate the approach of what some call the King of Terrors, as that of a welcome friend'—and, yet, in another page, Dr. Gordon is said to exclaim: '*I shall never see Death, that monster so often talked of, it is Christ!*' Then we would ask what is the value of this title, 'The Christian philosopher triumphing over Death?' During the last ten minutes, and parallel with the preceding query, we have by some strange unaccountability of mental association been perplexed with the endeavour to solve another equally momentous problem. 'Of what use is a compass without a needle, and which way does it point?' At this stage of mystification, twiddling unconsciously over leaf after leat, we hit upon the triumph at last—this must be it—there cannot be the ghost of a shadow of a shade of a doubt about it, for it is printed across the page in large capitals: —'I AM A MASS OF CORRUPTION AND REVEL IN THE ATONEMENT.' There! wilt thou, O Infidel, close thine ears? Art thou not almost persuaded to be a Christian? Seest thou not how the Scriptures are fulfilled, which saith 'the dog returneth to his vomit again, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire?'

That, remember, is *Christian philosophy!* after which, a fragment of genuine philosophy must needs be acceptable. In this quaint saying of 'Old Sir Thomas Browne,' lies, as we think, the philosophy of death, all else valuable that can be said being an expansion of the same:—'The long habit of living indisposeth us to dying.'

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

LETTER FROM THE REV. THOMAS SCOTT, OF NORWICH.

Sir,—As you have thought proper to publish an account of your lecturing at Norwich, and have introduced me to the notice of your readers, perhaps you will allow me to correct one or two of your mistakes, and to supply a little of the lack of information, of which, were I one of your disciples, I should certainly be disposed to complain. You say I was angry. This I distinctly deny, and it is denied by others who were present. You farther intimate, that the result of what I said was probably less satisfactory than I had anticipated, as I turned to go away several times before your final rejoinder. That I turned to go away is true enough, but that it was owing to any dissatisfaction with the result of what I had said is anything but correct. The fact of the case is this, that I had fixed you on the horns of a dilemma, from which, though you struggled hard, you were unable to escape, and from which you never will be able to escape.

Had I been in your place, I would either have made no reference to the lecture, or I would have reported something that passed. Your not having done so, but given a one-sided account of the matter, leaves great room for persons shrewdly to suspect that the objections to your statements were neither weak nor foolish, and that your replies were by no means so satisfactory as you would have your readers believe.

For the information of your readers, perhaps you will allow me to tell them, that in the course of your lecture you described popery to be, as it undoubtedly is, a system of oppression and tyranny and cruelty—in fact, the vilest thing on earth; and then you said popery was the most perfect type of Christianity.

I called on you to *prove that statement*, and to show, if popery is the most perfect type of Christianity, how it comes to pass, that where the Bible is freely circulated, and read and regarded by the people, that there popery cannot prosper; but where the Bible, as in popish countries, is not circulated, and the people are ignorant of its contents, there popery prevails and triumphs.

Why does the pope forbid the circulation of the scriptures, but because they utterly condemn the arrogance, the priestcraft, the tyranny, and the cruelty for which popery is the avowed and determined advocate? If popery were the most perfect type of Christianity, what could be more suicidal on the part of the papacy than to suppress the circulation of the only book which contains the doctrines of Christianity?

Such was the substance of my objection to your statement, to which you could furnish no satisfactory reply. If you have found one since, I shall be glad to be furnished with it; and I am sure those who attended as your friends would be glad also. I shall not trouble you farther, as I shall send you, in a few days, a tract, which is now passing through the press, in reference to your lecture.

Wishing you may not only see, but renounce, your errors,

I am, yours, &c.,

Norwich, December, 1850. Thomas Scott.

[We have to apologise to the Rev. Mr. Scott for the non-insertion of his letter last week, which matter we had pledged ourselves to insert prevented. What Mr. Scott says about not being angry shall pass; I will not retain my impression against his assertion. Mr. Scott has since published a pamphlet, the title-page of

which states it to be in reference to Mr. Holyoake's lecture. When we come to notice this pamphlet, written in Mr. Scott's cooler moments, the reader will see what ground I had for supposing that the rev. speaker had either lost his temper or his courtesy. As Mr. Scott's pamphlet includes, I believe, the argument of his letter, I shall reply to it when I receive the copy he is kind enough to promise. A friend has sent me one, but I prefer waiting for the one Mr. Scott will forward, as an author's copy commonly contains some emendation after the first impression has been given to the public. I will only add now, that were I to report *everything* said in the discussions, a single *Reasoner* would often not contain the matter of a single night; but in any case in which an opponent considers that I fail to represent his case, I cheerfully accord insertion to his own report of it—as I do now to the Rev. Mr. Scott's—that those who read may judge between us. —G. J. H.]

LETTER FROM MR. DEAN, OF NORWICH.

Mr. Editor,—In your last number of the *Reasoner* you State That after Mr. Scott retired a Person arose Who said he was a Sunday School Teacher I beg to correct you Sir for I said nothing of the kind but you say I looked as Though I was. Will you kindly Inform your Readers in your next number what The Distinguishing mark is in a Sunday School Teacher, and Then, I had that well known Evangelical Dash in my manner &c, it is not so well known as you Presume, Perhaps you will explain that also, but you say That I said I had been an Infidel but did not state *what kind of an Infidel* Now Sir I think its a Pity your Memory Do not serve you better I certainly said That as you are now So was I in Days Gone by, Therefore I Think it would have been Superfluous to say what kind of an Infidel I was, for had you Exercised your *Reason* you would have known what kind of an Infidel I was formerly but Sir you Did not Inform your Readers That at the Meeting you Recommended The Study of both sides of a question, before giving a Judgement, had you done so they would naturally ask Why you give your *own* Statement of the Case, Treat me Sarcastickly and Withold my remarks altogether,

Mr Holyoake I Beg to Subscribe myself yours
London very Respectfully
James Dean
Norwich Dec 24 Magdalen Street

[For the reason that I publish Mr. Scott's letter above, I publish Mr. Dean's. He declares, that he did not say he was a Sunday School Teacher; certainly he *ought not* to be one, judging from the above letter, which we print with all its garniture of capitals. If Mr. Dean did not say he was a Sunday School Teacher, my ears very much deceived me; but it may be observed that in the above letter Mr. Dean does not say that he was not such a teacher. Will he deny being a Sunday School Teacher? Because, after the letter given above, we are curious to know. Upon the subject of the 'Evangelical dash' I need not say more. I solicit Mr. Dean to reconsider what I have written in the report he refers to, and, if that fails to satisfy him, he must, like Burns,

'Pray some power the gift would gie him
To see himsel as ithers see him.'

It escaped my observation, that Mr. Dean said 'he was once what I am now,' or I should have required him to explain himself. I should have demanded of him a statement of my views, that I might know whether his report of himself was a

correct one. I am positive Mr. Dean cannot state my case, which would be easy for him to do if ever he understood it, and as he says held my opinions. His letter above is given *precisely* as he sent it, in order that we may judge the genuineness of any reply he may make on this head. Mr. Dean's complaint, that I did not publish the statement of his case, I hope is sufficiently answered by the publication of the letter with which he now favours us. The same illiterateness was manifested in his speeches which the reader will observe in his letter. Instead of his reproaching me for the silence I observed, he ought rather to thank me for saving him from that exposure which he has now seen fit to make of himself.—G. J. H.]

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE 'CREED OF ERROR.'

Sir,—In your notice of the 'Creed of Error,' in No 238 of the *Reasoner*, you intimate that one of the publishers has *personally* interested himself in getting it out. I need only to say, that neither Mr. Partridge or Mr. Oakey knew of its existence until it appeared in *proof*. Not that they feel the less interest in promoting its circulation to counteract the influence of *errors* manifestly injurious to the well-being of society. For the so-called 'rudeness of the language,' I hold myself responsible. I adopted '*plain speaking*' in preference to the plausible causticity pervading the pages of your 'Logic' and *Reasoner*. If the 'hits' are too hard, it is because an error-warped conscience is too tender to bear the force of truth.

Trusting to your candour for the insertion of this.

I remain, &c.,

December 18, 1850. The Author

[The author of the 'Creed of Error' overlooks the circumstance that there are *two* kinds of plain speaking—true speaking and false speaking, both of which may be perspicuous, both 'plain' enough, but only one is right. Our author adopts the wrong. There is much 'plain speaking' which is simply *unjust* speaking. Our author's skill lies in this last direction. The complacency with which he calls the calumnies he has written 'hard hits,' I will not at present disturb. Very shortly I will make a brief examination of his pamphlet, under the title of the '"Hard Hits" of the Author of the "Creed of Error."']

MR. HODGSON'S LECTURES IN BRADFORD.

Sir,—The walls of this town were lately placarded with bills informing the public that a Mr. Hodgson would deliver a course of five lectures in the Teetotal Hall, on the subjects 'God is a Spirit,' 'The True Shepherd,' 'Mount Sion the City of the Great King,' 'The Book of Mormon,' 'The Second Coming of Christ.' Discussion being invited, I resolved to attend the first lecture and, if I found myself in the spirit, use a few of those arguments which you supply me with week after week. Hence, on Monday evening, the 16th inst., I was at the proper place at the proper time.

Owing to the importance of the subject, and the lecturer being apparently a man possessed of a good deal of knowledge, I expected to find a crowded house; but was very much disappointed, and also in finding that the *lecturer* ought to have been in any place save on the platform. He had an idea that he might be persecuted.

What would you think of a man who could give utterance to such nonsense as this—'To prove the Garden of Eden you must go into the valley of dry bones;' and again—'I have heard that the Mormons and the infidels say that there is no God but a God of Nature?' I think you would say—or rather, I think Mr. Trevelyan would say—'the man is certainly extra-insane.' This was a sample of the man. Several persons spoke, and all agreed that their night was wasted, and the Chairman concurred therein. M. R.

POLITICAL & SOCIAL TRACT SOCIETY—ITS PURPOSES & CLAIMS.

The efforts ot the above Society being directed, among other things, to the rationalisation of theology, the *Reasoner* legitimately and cheerfully records a statement of its exertions and progress.

The half yearly general meeting of this society took place on December 15th, at the Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square. Like most similar societies, it has had many difficulties to encounter—notwithstanding it is in a very favourable position. But, unlike many societies, it has avoided running into debt. There may be a time when a committee is justified in speculating beyond its income, but this society desires not to discover that period.

Three new tracts have been issued since the last general meeting, and 15000 have been printed. Communications have been opened with various parts of the provinces, and tracts have also been sent to Scotland. In Hyde a tract society has been established in connection with the one at John Street, where several thousands of tracts have been sent. In order to ensure a regular supply, some of the tracts have been stereotyped, and therefore parties can obtain these tracts at any time. The subscription to this society is one penny per week. The tracts are sold at 1s. 3d. per 100, which is the cost price. The six tracts that are now out are as follows:—1. The Labour Question. 2. Should the Taxes on Knowledge be Abolished? 3. Grim Religion. 4. God and the Bible. 5. Social Responsibility. 6. Rationalism, the Legitimate Opponent of Catholicism.

The Religious Tract Society is continually issuing tracts asking the startling question—'Are you prepared to Die?' The Political and Social Tract Society, deeming it of more importance that persons should know how to *live*, issued the tract on the 'Labour Question,' which shows how men, by co-operation and association, may achieve their own social emancipation. As men, before they can become good, must be enlightened, the tract in favour of the Abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge was printed, to assist the effort now being made to place education within the reach of all. When the pietists, a short time ago, attempted to deprive the working man of the free use of the only day he can call his own, the tract entitled 'Grim Religion' was extensively circulated, and served to show how 'love to God' is too often hatred to man. 'It is not possible to destroy political servitude while allowing religious servitude to remain.' The Tract Society, actuated by this belief, printed the tract called 'God and the Bible,' which sets forth, in a dialogue between father and son, the contradictions involved in the nature and attributes of the Deity, as portrayed in the Scriptures. The vexed question of the Formation of Character is stated with ability in the tract on 'Social Responsibility.' And the all-absorbing topic of the day, Catholicism, is treated in the tract entitled 'Rationalism, the Legitimate Opponent of Catholicism,' in which the line of demarkation is drawn between Catholic doctrine and tendencies, and the principles of Reason.

This Tract Society has been in operation little more than a year, during which time the before-mentioned tracts have been issued, and many thousands circulated.

They have penetrated into families where the principles advocated in these tracts were scarcely ever heard of before; and if truth be in these principles, these tracts may serve to lessen that prejudice which exists in many places to all doctrines of a liberal and reformatory nature.

The Tractarians of Oxford created no small sensation in the Church by their Romish Tracts: the tractarians of John Street, though less favourably situated than the Oxonians, may produce a visible and useful effect, especially if supported by friends in the provinces. The tracts can be had on application to Mr. John Hartley, the Secretary of the Tract Society, at the Institution, John Street.

AUSTIN.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—January 12th [7], Mr. Samuel Kydd, 'State of the Science of Political Economy.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—January 12th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Roman History.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Jan. 12th [11½ a.m.], Mr. Travers will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Jan. 12th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Jan. 12th [7], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—January 10th [8], a Discussion. 12th [7½], Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, 'On Popular Theology.'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Jan. 12th [7½], a Lecture.

Now Ready, No. 8 for January, 1851.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Sixpence. 64 Pages.

Contents—The Inconsistencies of the Church.—Recipe for a Highland Sermon.—The Political Reviewer—I. Retrospect of the half century: its lesson; 2. The political aspect of the 'Papal Aggression.' Our Page of Statistics. Spirit of the Puplic Press—Down with the Tyrants, with hints what to do with them; What has the Church done for the People? Letters 1 and 2; Speech of Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P., at the meeting of the Members of the National Freehold Land Society. The Genuine Gibbon. The Italian Revolution, a Lecture delivered in Manchester. The National Charter and Social Reform Union. Views of Life, from Schiller. Review of Books—Catholicism, the Religion of Fear; Olive: a Novel. Correspondence—Conformity of the New Testament; Who are the Scoffers now? The Telescope and the Microscope. Evil Effects of Superstitious Intolerance. A Day of Rest. Theology. The Professors of Owen's College.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Delivered in all parts of the country every Saturday.

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Contributions have already appeared in the LEADER from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, F. W. Newman, William Maccall, W. J. Birch, M.A., W. J. Linton, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

Terms of the LEADER (if paid in advance), Quarterly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 13s.; yearly, £1 6s.

London: Published by Joseph Clayton, jun., 265, Strand.

Price 2d., 16 pages octavo,

ROMANISM, THE RELIGION OF TERROR:

A verbatim report of the Oration delivered at the Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square, on Sunday evening, Dec. 1, 1850, by SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY, formerly a Monk of the Order of the Presentation, and author of 'Monastic Institutions—their Origin, Progress, Nature, and Tendency.'

Published by E. Truelove, 22, John Street, Fitzroy Square; and sold by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

NEW MONTHLY JOURNAL,

On the 1st of January was published, Price 6d., No. 1 of

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC: an Endeavour to Explain Republican Principles, to Record Republican Progress, and to establish a Republican Party in England. Edited by W. J. Linton.

Contents: Editor's Address.—To the Peoples: the Organisation of Democracy.—Republican Principles.

No. 2, to appear on the 1st of February, will contain:—The Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini.—The Acts of the Central European Democratic Committee.—Chartism, a matter of History.—The Irish Tenant League.—Rhymes & Reasons against Landlordism.—A Revolutionary History, and other articles.

J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

Our Open Page.

A SHORT time ago a printed page was circulated in Newcastle-upon-Tyne under the title of the 'Atheist Silenced,' which represented that Mr. Burlington B. Wale had refuted an Atheist Lecturer in Manchester by the process of asserting—1st. That we believe in the centre of a circle, which can be proved to be nothing and nowhere, and therefore we ought to believe in God, although, like the centre of a circle, his existence might be disprovable. 2nd. That whether attraction or repulsion be equally diffused throughout matter or not, nature could not go on, and therefore we must admit a God to account for motion. These arguments were sent to the Editor of the *Reasoner*, who returned a reply, which was given in a former *Reasoner*, and which has now been reprinted for circulation by order of parties in Manchester. 2000 have been sent down. It is now entitled the 'Theist Silenced.'

Mr. Messon favours us with the *Banner of Ulster*, No. 847, vol. ix., which contains the 'Atheist Silenced' as it appears there. It concludes with the following passage, which may enable our Friends in Manchester to discover the facts of the occurrence:—'On leaving [the meeting where Mr. W. 'silenced' the Atheist] Mr. Wale was congratulated by the Christian portion of the audience (and especially by the Rev. Dr. Middleton, who chanced to be present, and with whom he subsequently rode home to supper,) upon the skill and success of his argument, and for the good feeling with which it was conducted; for Mr. Wale is sometimes apt to silence an opponent by a withering sarcasm instead of a fact or an argument. We rejoice that this was not the case on the present occasion.' Who is Dr. Middleton? Let him be asked where this meeting was held.

A new institute for the people has been opened at 18a, Denmark Street, Soho (near St. Giles's Church), under the title of the Eclectic Institute, where Mr. J. B. O'Brien, president of the National Reform League, has, by the advice and assistance of several members of that body, engaged the commodious chapel in Denmark-street, Soho, for the purposes of an institute for the delivery of lectures, &c.

Mr. Fenton, of the Potteries, sends us a variety of quotations from the *People*, upon Atheism and Virtue, which we do not insert, because a discussion upon desultory passages would be unsatisfactory. It is possible Mr. Barker may sometime give a special consideration to Atheism. When that time comes we shall give our attention to what he may say.

The address of the Manchester Council, in the *Northern Star* of Dec. 28th, is a species of Manifesto—but of policy the opposite of that which Mr. O'Connor usually has pursued. Yet he is understood to act with this Council. Chartist politics are just now like a chess board, when nobody can tell how the game is to go.

We give the following Puzzle for Priests, by a Child: 'Science tells me that man is formed of simple elementary substances, and after death, these simple elementary substances are separated from each other, and form new combinations! and also, that it is quite possible that one man's body contains that which was once part of another man's body. I have been also told, that if the bodies of all the men that have been slain by war, could be collected together, they would form a bulk three times the size of the earth. Where will our souls find our bodies on the last day?'

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, January 8th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

AN APPEAL TO THE GOOD SENSE OF ITS PROMOTERS.

ATTENTION to ex-editorial duties this week robs me of *ten* hours' sleep; and ten hours abstracted from the smallest quantity nature stipulates with me for, produced effects from which no escape is possible—Mistress Nature being an inexorable supervisor. By great industry on Sunday (not having to lecture) I recover *four* hours, but *six* hours are still due from me. I shall therefore be brief in this paper, as I must pay up my arrears as soon as it is done.

From various parts of the country inquiries have come, 'What are we to do with the Christian Socialists? Are we to debate with them, or hear without dispute what we feel to be incorrect?' My advice has been, and is, 'Open your halls to them whenever asked; give them the hand of generous fellowship, till time furnishes the proper opportunity of remonstrating without damaging the efforts after practical good which they are making.' Those of our readers who were with us in the former Socialist agitation, will remember that many among us committed the same fault on the other hand. First enthusiasm is seldom reflective, and where men mean well all may be rectified when the time of consideration comes. When doctrinal error is allied to excellent practice, such as that presented in the Co-operative exertions of the Christian Socialists, we will leave their doctrinal error alone till we can find an opportunity of disproving it, without appearing at the same time as the opponents of their good works. For the present, we can find plenty of opponents whose doctrines and practices are open to our animadversion. These we will first seek out. The position taken by the Christian Socialists is both illogical and ungracious; but we do not despair that appeals to their good sense and good will, will lead to some improvement in these respects.

In their draft-board-looking show-card of the associations 'in connection,' one square or compartment is devoted to the Tracts on Christian Socialism. In the orders on the Co-operative Store at 76, Charlotte-street, one line is for Butter and another for Books, which is supposed to mean the 'Christian Socialist,' as that publication seems constantly to have a place on the counter of the store. The teachings of the *Christian Socialist* are neither satisfactory to us, nor, I conceive, to Christians. Such a title as 'God Justified to the People' must always sound blasphemously in the ears of a man of religious nature. Were I a Christian, nothing would induce me to use so immodest or so presumptuous a phrase. This periodical (the *Christian Socialist*) abounds in proselytising articles, in very bad taste, and carrying us back to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, through which we have bitterly passed, and the Tracts are now filling with controversial matter. Both these publications contain so much which those who at present retail them have often shown to be false, that they must put a restraint upon themselves greater than they were wont, and greater than the writers of these papers put upon themselves, not to do battle for their own truth and confute the articles they sell.

Not very long ago Mr. Lloyd Jones, the Manager of the Store at 76, Charlotte-street, presided at the Congress of the Social Reform League, where he spoke energetically in favour of the following rule, and by his influence caused it to be carried—namely, 'That this society eschew the identification of Social Reform with *any* peculiar theological creed or speculations, such identification being calculated to commit all who accept the economical, educational, and practical doctrines of Socialism to theological or speculative opinions which they may not hold, and tending, in the existing state of public opinion upon such subjects, materially to retard the acceptance of the practical views of Socialism by society.' I told Mr. Jones that this rule would never be carried out. The strong reason Mr. Jones urged in favour of this resolution was, the power it would give to prevent young lecturers compromising the society by their theological views. If Mr. Jones would apply this rule to himself just now, to the Store of which he is manager, to Walter Cooper, to Prof. Maurice, and Parson Lot, he would do service both to Socialism and Society. It is very hard, when the clergy in other places are generously and wisely consenting to give us secular education, that we cannot be indulged with secular bread and butter. A co-operative coat need not be a *Christian* coat, any more than it need be an Atheistic one. When Frederick Hollick first went from Birmingham to Coventry to lecture on Socialism, he reported that he found at Solihull one Timothy Tweezle, whose sign-board bore the following inscription:—'Timothy Tweezle, Dealer in Ham, Testaments, and Horse Beans, Bibles, Chaff, and Butter, Godly Books and Treacle.' There is no reason why this should not stand as the sign of the London Co-operative Store of the Christian Socialists—not as expressive of an accidental junction, but as explanatory of the principle upon which these things should be as they think associated together.

Mr. Owen had some reason for making his advocacy into an anti-Christian proselytism, because Christianity was an opponent of his progress; but these new Socialists have not this pretext for the course they are taking. Freethinkers are not obstacles in their way—on the contrary, many of their best supporters and officers are of that conviction. Yet every Christian has cried down the error of Mr. Owen in the course he pursued. No doubt he blighted his usefulness by it. A secular course was the one he should have pursued. Following in his steps, the *New Moral World* disfigured its advocacy by attacks on Christianity. Reproached and rebuked on all sides—and on no side so severely as on the Christian side—it at last altered its course. The intensity of its repugnance to be again drawn into such an error was marked by Mr. Lloyd Jones's absolute enforcement of the rule just quoted, at the last Social Congress ever held.

If the name of Christian is to express a distinctive fact in the economy of human sentiment, it should have that distinct in which it can command our sympathies and let Socialism be the *neutral* ground on which all men can work for the common good. Bacon, Chalmers, Bishop Hampden, and the philosophic among Christians, now fully admit that morality is an independent ground, with independent intelligence and secular sanctions. To mix up Christianity with Socialism is to shelter its errors from legitimate attack, and to take an unfair advantage of us. It compels us either to acquiesce in what we believe to be wrong, or exposes us to the offensive imputation of opposing the practical good allied with it—to the serious imputation of being querulous and intolerant of every form of exertion not entirely our own. By all means let the promoters advocate Christianity, as we do the rejection of it; but let them confine it to their Tracts, or some other proper place, and keep the proselytism of the Church distinct from social or political reform.

G. J. Holyoake.

PLURALITY OF CAUSES.

I HAVE never read Newton's 'Principia,' and I fear that I never shall do so: I learn, however, from Lord Brougham's 'Discourse of Natural Theology,' that the great philosopher's great work is filled with admissions that the business of physical science is 'to deduce causes from effects till we come to the very First Cause,' and that 'every true step made in inductive philosophy is to be highly valued, because it brings us nearer to the Great First Cause.' And I might quote similar statements from other defenders of Natural Theology.

I at once demur to the terms used; I deny that there can be a Great First Cause, because there is no such thing as the cause of *any* effect. No effect is produced by a cause, but by *causes*.* There is no isolated object in the material Universe; each of the planets and satellites in our group exerts an influence upon the orbits of all the others, by which their respective theoretical curves lose the simplicity of their character, and those perturbations arise which, by their demonstrated periodicity and compensations, ensure the stability and perpetuity of the system. The terms 'moving power' and 'efficient cause' ought to be banished from philosophy; every motion, every effect, is the result of a reciprocal arrangement, and in no case is caused by any single independent agent or power. No Being or power can, by its own individual force or properties, move or cause any change in any distinct Being or body. No motion or change can occur without an effect of some sort being produced on all the agents concerned—either motion, chemical change, recoil, reaction, or wearing out, and, as might be said, the most powerful agents feel their own exertions.

The motion of the earth round the sun is caused and regulated as much by its own power and properties as by those of the sun; the sun is influenced by the gravitation of the planets; and if the earth or any of the planets were more or less dense, or if any one of their distances were altered, the motions of the whole system would be modified. Again, the motion of a ball when shot from a cannon is caused and regulated as much by its own weight and other properties as by those of the gunpowder or the metal tube. It is needless to multiply examples, the truth is self-evident.

To speak of an 'efficient cause' is therefore always incorrect; no effect can be truly said to be produced by a cause, but by *causes;* and that agent, which in ordinary cases we may be allowed familiarly and colloquially to term 'the cause' of anything, is invariably and necessarily influenced by its own action, and in proportion to the intensity of that action.

Therefore the ideas of efficient cause, a moving power, an independent power, and *à fortiori* an Almighty power, have not only no support from analogy, but are positively contrary to every known analogy, are loudly denied whenever Nature is questioned, and can only be believed on supernatural grounds, and with an utter abandonment of reason and philosophical experience to religious faith.

UNDECIMUS.

GRANTING INDULGENCES.

THE Pope has granted to a Roman Catholic barrister in London, an indulgence for all venial sins for himself and his descendants to the third generation; as a reward for the services he has lately rendered to the Church by his legal advice and zealous assistance in the establishment of the new Hierarchy.

* This argument upon which Undecimus has fallen is capable of extensive use. Mr. Holyoake employed it in his late Discussion in Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Ed.

Reports from the Pulpit.

All reports must be *authenticated*, in confidence if not for publication; all facts must be *understated*, and the *best* construction put upon whatever is matter of opinion.

THE REV. J. GUTTRIDGE'S PULPIT, HEYWOOD.

Sir,—We hope you will give place in your journal to the following letter, addressed to a clergyman in this town, who has made it a part of his employment to attack atheists, but who, we are sorry to say (like the rest of the clergymen), declines to defend in public that which he is pleased to utter to his congregation.

John Oakes,
James Warburton,
Heywood, Dec. 28th, 1850. James Butterworth.

To the Rev. J. Guttridge.

Rev. Sir,—You appear to be slow in answering our last, and as we cannot rest properly until you have in some way given us a proof of the reasonableness of your doctrines, we take the present opportunity of again addressing a few lines to you, in the hope that you will reply, and do your best to refute our arguments, or statements. We can assure you that we are never backward at receiving the true idea concerning anything, but we are backward at believing that to be true which appears to us to be really unreasonable. We have heard you many a time denounce the doctrines of atheists, but as oft as you have denounced them we never yet knew you bring forward any kind of argument to substantiate your assertions; you merely denounced their doctrines as being erroneous, and then left the subject. The case is similar with almost all the clergy in the country—they denounce the atheists without proving that they are wrong, and they uphold the scriptures without in the least proving their inspiration or authenticity. We have often heard you (in public) declare that you had burnt a whole batch of atheists' books. We must tell you, rev. sir, that burning people's opinions is no refutation of them; for our parts, we have too much respect for the opinions of others to consign them to the flames: we are glad to read and retain them, so that if they prove to us that we are wrong we can set ourselves right. We must say (as in our last) that we take morality as our standard—what appears to be below morality we cannot accept it. To come at the moral point of anything we let reason guide, and we very often find that it leads us to a right conclusion. We cannot agree with the doctrines of religionists for the following reasons:—1st. We believe the Bible to be erroneous. 2nd. We cannot conceive how the Bible can be the work of a never-erring God, so long as it does not teach what we consider to be 'sound morality.' 3rd. We cannot believe in the 'genuineness' of Christian doctrines, so long as those who uphold them shrink from 'discussion.' 4th. 'If' there is a heaven, we cannot believe that there is betwixt six and seven hundred ways of getting to it. 5th. We believe it the duty of every man to think for himself, which the clergy would deprive him of by saying, 'If you do not believe you will be damned,' as much as to say, 'You must believe it, whether you can or not.' 6th. We have not the least confidence in the 'utility of prayer,' so much upheld and prized by the clergy, for we never yet knew prayer obtain a loaf for the hungry, or prevent an accident. We can remember hearing it said what an excellent prayer the Rev. Mr. Townend (of Bury) made at the laying of the foundation stone of your new chapel. He prayed earnestly that no accident might occur during its erection. But how absurd indeed must be the act of prayer,

for after all his earnest entreaties and supplications we hear of one of the most useful engaged in its erection falling from an eminence and being killed. We do not name this because we wished an accident to occur, for we can assure you we were very sorry when we heard of it.

Rev. sir, hoping that if you can correct our arguments or views you will do so, as there are not three individuals in existence who wish to come at the truth more correctly than we, and if you can prove to us that your doctrines are really true, we will embrace them, and feel very grateful to you for the information.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN OAKES,
JAMES WARBURTON,
JAMES BUTTERWORTH.

Heywood, Dec. 21st, 1850.

THE REV. J. SIMON AND THE 'REASONER.'

SIR,—Being convinced of the truth of the views advocated by the *Reasoner*, of late I have distributed it rather extensively, and brought it under the notice of many of the clergy and ministers of this district.

Hearing the Rev. J. Simon (Wesleyan minister) one evening indulge in much abuse of those whom he designates 'infidels' and 'atheists,' I commenced supplying him with the *Reasoner;* and, on calling at his house with it the third time, I was informed that that gentleman wished to see me, for which purpose I called at his house several times, but was never so fortunate as to find him at home.

Encountering him, however, one evening in his exit from a chapel in which he had been officiating, I introduced myself to him by proffering him the *Reasoner*.

When he had satisfied himself that I was 'the same person who had called with it at his house,' he told me, that for so doing 'I was amenable to the law of the land.' Reminding him that I had often suffered annoyance from his tract distributors, he said 'mine was an infidelic publication, which theirs was not,' and 'that, by a statute of Queen Elizabeth, I was liable to a fine of fifty pounds for circulating such a thing—that, in a discussion he once had with a very learned gentleman, he had entirely exploded infidelity,' and that, 'since that time, he had considered it so foolish and ridiculous as to be utterly beneath his notice.' Then, assuming a patronising tone, said 'he was sorry to see a young man like me lend myself to the propagation of such a delusion, and that he hoped that by re-examination I should find out my great and grievous mistake'—concluding by warning me in the following manner (at the same time shaking his stick significantly): 'never you leave such a publication at my house again, if you wish to escape the clutches of the law.' He then gave me permission to make use of that piece of information in what manner I thought proper; and, before the tones of his voice had ceased to vibrate on my ear, the man of God was lost in the obscurity of the night.

Is not this another manifestation of the spirit of Bonner in the disciple of Jesus?—a sample of priestly intolerance scarcely exceeded by anything the Catholics ever said or did?

Burslem, Staffordshire Potteries,
Dec. 21, 1850.

JUSTITIA.

Examination of the Press.

REFUSAL OF AN OATH.—Just before the rising of the Westminster Police Court, Mrs. Eliza Denman was brought in custody of the police of the V division, charged with knocking and ringing at the house of her husband, Mr. John Denman, 5, Beaufort-street, Chelsea, without lawful excuse. Upon the lady being placed at the table before the magistrate, Hunt, the chief usher, handed the New Testament, as usual, to Mr. John Denman, who had entered the witness-box as complainant, but he refused to be sworn. Mr. Broderip, observing the delay, inquired its cause. The chief usher replied—'This gentleman refuses to be sworn, unless upon a Catholic book. I have offered him the one with the cross upon it.' Mr. Broderip.—Do you object to that? Mr. Denman.—I don't object to the cross. Mr. Broderip.—What do you object to? Mr. Denman.—To the contents of the book. Mr. Broderip.—How? Mr. Denman.—This is the Cambridge edition, and it is not the same as the Catholic version. Mr. Broderip.—You are a Catholic, I presume? Mr. Denman.—Yes, a Catholic—a Roman Catholic. Mr. Broderip.—What possible objection can you have to be sworn on this book? Mr. Denman.—I have the greatest possible objection—that I cannot be bound by it. Mr. Broderip.—I never heard such an objection made before. It is the authorised edition of the New Testament, used in all courts of justice in this country, and I cannot see what difficulty you can have in the matter. You call God to witness that you are speaking the truth. Mr. Denman.—My conscience must be satisfied. This translation is not in accordance with the Roman version. Mr. Broderip.—Can't you be satisfied by calling God to witness the truth on the ordinary book? Mrs. Denman (with apparent astonishment.)—Mr. Denman, you were educated for a Protestant clergyman. Mr. Denman.—I am a convert to Romanism. Mr. Broderip.—Do you still refuse to be sworn in the ordinary way? Mr. Denman.—I do. Mr. Broderip.—Then there is an end of the case. I have no other means of swearing you. As the police had no charge to prefer against the lady, she was discharged. —*Times*, January 1, 1851. [We shall be glad to record all cases in which oaths are refused by magistrates, for the purpose of future parliamentary inquiry.—ED.]

ADVERTISING AMONG THE TOMBS.—I was aroused from these visions by an incident bearing the undoubted stamp of reality. The gentleman with whom I was walking, was kind enough to point out to my attention a tomb, with an inscription upon it, which I very much regret that I had no pencil with me to copy. It was, however, to the memory of some one who had been an affectionate husband and a kind father, as almost all deceased persons have been; and a copy of verses, inscribed upon the tomb, attested the fact that he had gone to a better world. I forget whether the phrase ran that 'the saint had found refuge in the bosom of his God,' but it was something to that effect. The only peculiarity was, that the date of his death was left blank; and, on inquiring the reason, I was told that he was not dead at all, but hale and hearty, living and carrying on business in the town of Baltimore. He is, I believe, a Scotchman, and has hit upon the idea of having this magnificent tomb erected, with what he conceives to be a suitable description in verse of his own virtues and probable destiny hereafter, so that, when the breath is out of his body, there will be nothing to do but to pop him in, and to carve out the date of the event. It has been suggested, that this has been all arranged merely for the sake of an advertisement, for that persons on visiting the cemetery, and being shown the tomb, inquire, 'Who is Mr. so and so?' The answer, of course, is, 'Oh, he is an extensive ship-builder or copper-founder (as the case may be) in such and such a street.'—*Across the Atlantic.* By the author of 'Sketches of Cantabs.'

Reasoner Tracts.

J. P. PROUDHON'S EXTRAORDINARY VIEWS ON GOD.*

Evil exists: on this point henceforth all the world seem to agree.

Then the stoics, the epicureans, the manicheans, the atheists have demanded, how the presence of evil agrees with the idea of a God sovereignly good, wise, and powerful? How God, whether from impotence, or negligence, or malevolence, having allowed evil to be introduced into the world, could make creatures responsible for their acts that he himself had created imperfect, and that he left thus to all the perils of their attractions? How, finally, since he promises to the just after death an unalterable happiness, or, in other words, since he gives us the idea and the desire of happiness, why does he not make us enjoy it in this life in snatching us from the temptation of evil, in place of exposing us to an eternity of punishments?

Such is, in its ancient tenor, the protestation of atheists.

To-day one hardly disputes about it: theists do not disquiet themselves any more at the logical impossibilities of their system. They will have a God, especially a providence; there is a competition for this article amongst Radicals and Jesuits. Socialists preach in the name of God happiness and virtue: in the schools those who speak the most loudly against the church are the first of mystics. The ancient Deists were more careful of their faith. They tried, if not to demonstrate it, at least to make it reasonable, feeling well, in contradiction to their successors, that out of certainty there is for the believer neither dignity or repose.

The fathers of the church answered then to the incredulous that evil is only the privation of a greater good, and that in reasoning always on the best, one has no resting point on which to fix, which conducts straight to absurdity. In effect every creature was necessarily limited and imperfect; God, by his infinite power, can unceasingly add to his perfections in this respect—there is always, in some degree, privation of good in the creature. Reciprocally, limited and imperfect as one supposes it from the moment that the creature exists, it enjoys a certain degree of good, better for it than nothing. Then if it is a rule that man is only judged to be good, accomplishing as much good as he can, it is not the same with God, since the obligation to do good to infinity is contradictory with the faculty of creation, perfection and creature being two terms which mutually exclude each other. God was then the only judge of the degree of perfection that it suited to give to each creature; to lay an accusation against him, in this respect, is to calumniate his justice. As to sin, that is to say moral evil, the fathers had for answer to the objection of atheists, the theories of free will, of redemption, of justification, and of grace, upon which we cannot again return.

I have no knowledge that atheists have replied in a categorical manner to this theory of the essential imperfection of the creature, a theory reproduced with brilliancy by M. Lamennais in his 'Sketch.' It was impossible in effect that they should answer it, for reasoning after a false conception of evil and free will, and in profound ignorance of the laws of humanity, they failed equally in

* Translated from his 'Sophisms of Political Economy.'

reasons whether to triumph over their death, or to refute believers.

Let us go out of the sphere of finite and infinite, and place ourselves in the conception of order. Can God make a round circle, a square at right angles? Assuredly.

Would God be wrong if, after having created the world according to the laws of geometry, he had put it into the mind, or only left us to believe without it being our fault, that a circle can be square, or a square circular, so that from this false opinion must result to us a series incalculable of evils? Still without doubt.

Ha well! Behold exactly what God, the God of Providence, has done in the government of humanity; behold what I accuse him of. He knew from all eternity, since after six thousand years of painful experience we mortals have discovered it, that order in society, that is to say liberty, riches, knowledge, is realised by the conciliation of contrary ideas which, taken each in particular for absolute, must precipitate us into an abyss of misery: why has he not given us warning of it? why has he not from the beginning corrected our judgment? why has he abandoned us to our imperfect logic, whilst especially our egoism gives a sanction to his injustice and perfidy? He knew, this jealous God, that in delivering us to the chances of experience, we should only find very late that security of life which makes our happiness. Why, by a revelation of our own laws, has he not abridged this long apprenticeship? why, in place of fascinating us with contradictory opinions, has he not upset our experience, in making us pass by way of analysis of synthetical ideas to their antinomial state, in place of leaving us painfully to climb up the sharp summit of antinomy to synthesis?

If, as they thought formerly, the evil which humanity suffers came only from inevitable imperfection in each creature —let us say better, if this evil had for cause only the antagonism of virtualities and inclinations which constitute our being, and that reason must teach us to master and conduct, we should have no right to raise a complaint. Our condition being that which it could be, God would be justified.

But before this involuntary illusion of our understanding, illusion that it was so easy to dissipate, and the effects of which must be so terrible, where is the excuse of Providence? Is it not true that here grace has failed to man? God, that faith represents as a tender father and prudent master, delivers us to the fatality of our incomplete conceptions; he digs the ditch under our feet; he makes us go like blind men, and then at every fall he punishes us as wicked. What do I say? it appears to be in spite of him that in the end, all wounded in travelling, we recognise our road as if it was to offend his glory by becoming, in spite of the proofs he put us to, more intelligent and more free. Why have we need then to call unceasingly on the divinity, and what do they wish, those satellites of a Providence, who, for sixty centuries, by the aid of a thousand religions, deceive us and lead us astray?

What! God, by his news-bearers and by the law that he has put into our hearts, orders us to love our neighbour as ourselves, to do to others as we would should be done to us, to render to each that which is due to him, not to be fraudulent in the salary of the labourer, and not to lend at usury; he knows, besides, that in us charity is lukewarm, the conscience vacillating, and that the least pretext appears to us always a sufficient reason to exempt us from the law; and it is with such dispositions that he engages us in the contradictions of commerce and of property, then when, by the fatality of theories, must infallibly perish charity and justice! In place of enlightening our reason upon the bearing of principles which are imposed upon it with all the empire of necessity, but the consequences of which adopted by egoism are mortal to human fraternity, he places this abused reason at the service of our passions; he destroys in us, by the seduction of the mind, the equilibrium of the conscience; he justifies in our own eyes our usurpations and our avarice; he renders inevitable, legitimate, the separation of man from his fellow; he creates between us division and hatred, in rendering equality by labour and by right of law impossible; he makes us believe that this equality law of the world, is unjust among men, and then he proscribes us in the mass for not knowing how to follow his incomprehensible precepts!

Surely I think to have proved that

the abandonment of Providence does not justify us; but whatever may be our crime, we are not guilty before it; and if there is a being who before us and more than us has merited hell, I must mention him, it is God.

When theists, to establish their dogma of Providence, allege in proof the order of nature, although this argument may be only a begging of the question, at least one cannot say that it implies contradiction, and that the fact alleged deposes against the hypothesis. Nothing, for example, in the system of the world, discovers the smallest anomaly, the slightest want of foresight, whence one can draw any prejudice against the idea of a supreme ruler, intelligent and personal. In one word, if the order of nature does not prove the reality of a Providence, it does not contradict it.

It is quite another thing in the government of humanity. Here order does not appear of the same time as matter; it has not been, as in the system of the world, created once and for ever. It develops itself gradually according to a fatal series of principles and consequences, that the human being himself, the being that it was his business to set in order, must of his own accord get rid of, by his own energy and at the solicitation of experience. No revelation in this respect is given to him. Man is submitted from his origin to a pre-established necessity, to an order absolute and irresistible. But this order it is necessary, in order to be realised, that man discover it; this necessity, he must guess it, so that it may exist. This labour of invention might be abridged; nobody, either in heaven or on earth, will come to the assistance of man; nobody will instruct him. Humanity, during hundreds of ages, will devour its generations; it will spend its force in blood and mire without the God that it adores comes once to illuminate his reason and shorten his trial. Where is here the action of divine? where is Providence?

If God did not exist—it is Voltaire, the enemy of religion, who speaks—we must invent him. Why? Because, adds the same Voltaire, if I had to do with an atheistical prince who thought it his interest to pound me in a mortar, I am very sure that I should be pounded. Strange abberration of a great mind. And if you had to do with a devout prince, to whom his confessor commanded on the part of God to burn you alive, would not you also be very sure of being burnt? Do you forget then, you anti-Christ, the inquisition and St. Bartholomew, and the fires of Vanini and Bruno, and the tortures of Galileo, and the martyrdom of so many freethinkers? Do not come and distinguish here between the use and the abuse; for I would reply to you that from a mystical and supernatural principle, from a principle which embraces all, which explains all, which justifies all, as the idea of God, all the consequences are legitimate, and the zeal of the believer is the only judge of what is proper.

I thought formerly, said Rousseau, that one could be an honest man and do without God, but I have returned from that error. Same reasoning at bottom as that of Voltaire, same justification of intolerance. Man does good and abstains from ill only by the consideration of a Providence who watches over him; anathema to those who deny him! And to fill up the measure of nonsense, the same man who thus for our virtue calls upon the sanction of a divine and avenging deity, is also he who teaches as a dogma of faith the native goodness of man.

And I, I say: the first duty of an intelligent and free man is unceasingly to chase from his mind and his conscience the idea of God. For God, if he exists, is essentially hostile to our nature, and we are not supported at all by his authority. We arrive at knowledge in spite of him, at well-being in spite of him, to society in spite of him; every progress is a victory in which we crush the divinity. Say no more the ways of God are impenetrable. We have penetrated these ways, and have read in characters of blood the proofs of impotence, if not of the malevolence, of God. My reason, long time humiliated, rises by little and little to a level with the infinite; in time it will discover that which its inexperience takes from it; in time I shall less and less be a worker of evil, and by the lights that I shall have acquired, by the improvement of my liberty, I shall purify myself, I shall idealise my being, and I shall become the chief of creation, the equal of God. One single instance of disorder, that the all-powerful might have prevented and that he did not prevent, accuses his Providence and

puts at fault his wisdom : the least progress that man, ignorant, deserted, and betrayed, accomplishes towards good, honours him beyond measure. What right would God have still to say to me, Be holy, because I am holy? Lying spirit, I will answer him : imbecile God, thy reign is finished; seek amongst fools other victims. I know I am not, nor can I ever become, holy ; and how shouldest thou be so, thou, if I resemble thee? Eternal Father, Jupiter, or Jehovah, we have learnt to know thee : thou art, thou wast, thou shalt be for ever jealous of Adam, the tyrant of Prometheus.

Thus I fall not into the sophism refuted by St. Paul, when he defends the vase by saying to the potter, Why hast thou made me thus? I reproach not the author of things having made of me an inharmonious creature, an incoherent assemblage ; I could only exist on that condition. I am content to cry to him, Why dost thou deceive me? why by thy silence hast thou let loose in me egoism? Why hast thou subjected me to the torture of universal doubt, by the bitter illusion of antagonistic ideas that you have put into my understanding? Doubt of truth, doubt of justice, doubt of my conscience and of my liberty, doubt of thyself O God! and as a consequence of this doubt, the necessity of warring with myself and with my neighbour. Behold, supreme father, what thou hast done for our happiness and thy glory; behold what were from the beginning, thy will and thy government; behold the bread, saturated with blood and tears, which thou hast nourished. It is thou who makest us commit the sins of which we ask thee remission : it is thou who hast stretched the snares which we conjure thee to deliver us from, and the Satan who besieges us, this Satan is thee.

Thou triumphed and no one dared to contradict thee, when after having tormented in his body and soul the just Job, form of our humanity, thou insulted his candid piety, his prudent and respectful ignorance. We were as nought before thy invisible majesty, to whom we gave the heaven for canopy, the earth for footstool. And behold you now dethroned and shattered. Thy name so long a time the ultimate word of the wise, the sanction of the judge, the force of the prince, the hope of the poor, the refuge of the repentant sinner. Ah well! this incommunicable name, henceforward devoted to contempt and anathema, shall be hissed amongst men. For God is foolishness and cowardice ; God is hypocrisy and lie ; God is tyranny and misery; God is evil. So long as humanity shall incline before an altar, humanity, slaves of kings and priests, shall be condemned ; so long as a man, in the name of God, shall receive the oath of another man, society shall be founded on perjury, peace and love shall be banished among mortals. God, withdraw thyself! for from to-day, cured from thy fear and become wise, I swear, the hand stretched towards heaven, that thou art only the executioner of my reason, the ghost of my conscience. I deny the supremacy of God over mankind; I reject his providential government, whose non-existence is sufficiently established by the metaphysical and economical hallucinations of humanity, in one word by the martyrdom of our species; I withdraw the jurisdiction of the supreme being over man ; I take from him his titles of father, of king, of judge, of good, wise, merciful, succourable, remunerator, and avenger. All those attributes which compose the idea of Providence, are only a caricature of humanity, irreconcileable with the anatomy of civilisation, and given the lie besides by the history of his aberrations and of his catastrophes.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

DR. CUMMING DEFENDED.

Sir,—Observing, in the front part of your periodical the other day, that you had paid a visit to the Church of Dr. Cumming, I was induced, for the first time, to purchase it, to see what you had to say of that eminent man. Your remarks on his person and manner in the pulpit are in a measure correct. His prayers are not meant to please the ear, nor his discourses for oratorical display—he remembers he is in the pulpit and not on the platform. I do not wonder that the subject of his sermon was beyond you—it would have been to my surprise had it been otherwise. *Faith* is the very thing you want to open your mind to the truths of the Bible, and how can you have it unless given to you from above?—'it is the *gift* of God.'

Infidelity, set it forth as you may, is nothing more than a plausible lie. Infidels, among believers, appear to me like strumpets among unpolluted women. Spiritual lepers. To use your own words, it is a 'painful sight' to see so many *ignoble* men—of 'fine foreheads' it may be, but with thoughts 'villainous low'—going about the country holding up false lights to darkened minds—distributing the base ore of atheism for the pure gold of truth. What state of society should we have were your nostrums universally swallowed?—an incipient hell!—our churches destroyed—the Bible ignored—regarded as a mythology—displaced by Paine and Owen's. Good God! to see our sons and daughters in the family circle—the one delighting in Paine, the other schooled by the ethics of Owen!! Why, I verily believe the wickedest demon from the realms of the lost couldn't set forth more rabid doctrine. Pause, man! and scribble no more irrational *Reasoners*.

Admirers you no doubt have—but, as Boileau remarked, what fool hasn't? I don't know what kind of correspondents your other papers contain, but there is one in this of whom, were I in your place, I should be ashamed. Just look at the latter half of the letter of 'F. G.;' but I must remember the witty Frenchman's remark—fools are your admirers.

Let me advise you, in ending my letter, to ponder your ways—for they surely will, if persisted in, lead to destruction, here and for ever. Not to go beyond the present scene, an infidel, much more an atheist, is shunned, and esteemed by none but those deluded like himself. It is such as you to use the words quoted by 'F. G.,' who really 'corrupt good manners;' it is such as you, when herded together, who really are a 'den of thieves.' Can you be other, who have no basis on which to rest human action but your corrupt selves?

Instead of penning miserable sophisms and damnable deceits, grapple with a man of mind—with him, for instance, whose remarks upon caused me to buy your trumpery publication. Whether you do or not, and still adhere to the cause of atheism, you shall not be able to make it more than an abhorred thing, and its disciples a wretched minority. Yours in pity,

Old Christmas Day, 1851. A Defender of the Faith.

[We have received this letter in reference to our 'Visit to Dr. Cumming's Church.' We suppose it to be written by a member of that reverend gentleman's congregation—we should say by a Deacon, from the courteous felicity of its style. It is conceived in that tender spirit and expressed in that amiable language which the Doctor himself usually employs, when writing of Freethinkers. This letter is

the work of a practical hand, and, so far, might have been written by the Doctor himself. We have nothing more to say of it than this, that viewed as an expression of the Christian spirit, clothing itself in its native purity of style, our readers will be of opinion that they have suffered no great loss by the change of faith they have made.—Ed.]

REPLY ON THE PART OF THE REV. BREWIN GRANT.

Dear Sir,—In your rather insolent, contemptuous, and discourteous 'Appeal on behalf of the Rev. Brewin Grant, of Birmingham,' which appeared in a recent number of the *Reasoner*, you say, that 'Edward Baines being put forth as a patron of a publication for the people, who *denies them public knowledge*, is a rich joke.' This language, by implication, charges Mr. Baines with being actuated by base and dishonourable motives in the course he has taken on the question of 'public knowledge.' This, sir, is an insult and a malicious slander, and shows how ready even those who talk loudly about bigotry and freedom of opinion are to manifest a spirit of intolerance and persecution towards those who presume to differ from them. Edward Baines, sir, is as devoted a friend of the people, and as anxious for their education, as you are—only with this slight difference, that he would have the thing done on a rather honester method than that advocated by his opponents on this question. Mr. Baines has no great hatred to popular education, but perhaps has no notion of promoting morality by a system of legalised pillage. The common thief does nothing more than violate voluntaryism, and take other people's cash without their consent; and what would this system of public education do less than that? Voluntaryists are not opposed to *education* but to *robbery*. You know, sir, that many are opposed to compulsory rates for education from conscientious motives, and you profess to be an advocate of freedom of conscience and freedom of opinion, yet would deny this freedom to all who dissent from you on this question. Instead of *convincing* these dissenters, you would *drive* them. You would give them the 'logic of *death*' instead of the logic of common sense, if necessary, to carry your point. This is not 'the bigotry of the Bible,' but it is the bigotry and intolerance of one of that *charitable* sect which professes to have great respect for the convictions and feelings of every human being—and who would show his extraordinary charity for the convictions of others by passing an 'act of uniformity,' and denying the right of private judgment to those who see not as he sees on this question. Would it not be better, instead of resorting to the sword in matters of opinion—instead of resorting to force where conviction is wanted—to treat as rationals and as equals those who differ from you, and to seek, by reason and argument, to lead them out of darkness into your marvellous light?

The Rev. Brewin Grant—at whose door lies the sin which (judging from your sneering 'Appeal') has disturbed your peace 'for many a weary week,' of dissenting from the opinions of that class of thinkers to which you belong, and of giving it out that he should have the presumption to controvert those opinions in a monthly periodical—will publish the first number of *The Bible and the People* on the 1st of January, 1851.

You have already anticipated this periodical. This betrays a shortness of capital on your part as the editor of the *Reasoner*, in which it filled a vacuum; in charity I would think that nothing but such a strait could have driven you to so sorry a shift. But, sir, do not despair; it is probable that you will find the labour

market rather brisker in a while, and may perchance find that you have pooh pooh'ed too soon.

Leicester, Dec. 14, 1850. JAMES GRANT.

[This letter has lain by us so long that the writer, who spareth not imputations, will have come to the conclusion that we intend not to publish it. Respect for the Rev. Mr. Grant induced us to withhold it. We have much mistaken that gentleman if he could be gratified by such an appearance as the above writer puts in on his behalf; and we have awaited in the hope that a line might have reached us from the Rev. Mr. Grant himself. Whether the present respondent is a relative of the Rev. Mr. Grant's we know not; but we feel bound to insert his letter, as it is the only one which has been received. With respect to the half-laughing notice which we penned of *The Bible and the People*, we are quite sure that very few persons would think of applying to it any one of the three epithets with which James Grant's letter opens. According to announcement, *The Bible and the People* is now before the public. The rev. editor is quite welcome to write of anything of ours a similar notice to the one we gave, if he pleases; and we shall not think of rejoining as James Grant rejoins to us. In what way the inconsistent position in which we found Mr. Baines put by Mr. Grant is an 'implication of base and dishonourable motives' to that gentleman, is a point passing our determination. Mr. Baines is an able, and no doubt a conscientious, man; but he may be, nevertheless, as we regard him, an imperfect friend of national education. The tone and character of all that follows, after the part of the letter just noticed, is not entitled to any reply from us. Whatever impression in favour either of Voluntaryism or Religion that kind of writing can make, our correspondent is fully welcome to it.—ED.]

AN EXHORTATION FROM THE REV. SOLOMON GOMPERTZ.

MR. WORKMAN,—You have seen fit to send me three childish tracts, written either by a foolish wicked person, or a person of disordered mind—and you desire that I shall give you my opinion of them. My opinion of them is, that they pollute the hands that touch them and the eyes which see them. Their doom is the fire—unto which also the writers and readers of them will surely be committed if they persist in so cruel a perversion of their reason, and thus insult the LORD Almighty.

I hope, although you may have read them, that you do not approve of such imbecile nonsense; for remember that you have a precious immortal soul, which shall be eternally happy or miserable, according to whether you rightly use or abuse the faculties thereof. Alas! I fear that all your life through you have abused and perverted the noble gift of reason, and have, by a course of folly, dishonoured Him after whose image and likeness man, in respect to intellectual attainments, was created.

Pray pause in your wretched course. Desist your vain and *profitless* impieties, and be admonished in time to flee the wrath to come. Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Cast off the works of darkness, and beg of Almighty GOD, for Jesus Christ's sake, to give you grace to put on the armour of light,—which is the sincere prayer of your well-wisher,

Chalford, Sept. 26th, 1850. S. GOMPERTZ.

[The tracts sent to this divine were—'Grim Religion,' published by the Political

and Social Tract Society, 'God and the Bible,' and, we believe, a *Reasoner* Tract by Undecimus. The Rev. Mr. Gompertz is a State Church minister at Chalford, Gloucestershire. We print from his original letter. Will these gentlemen never ask themselves with what feelings they should regard any one who should address them in such language of offensive and arrogant exhortation?—Ed.]

QUERIES FROM ROCHDALE.

Sir,—I beg leave most respectfully to lay before you the following questions, which occurred to my mind after the lecture you delivered at Rochdale. I have been thus long in sending them because I did not know whether you would answer them or not. I have, however, come to the conclusion to send them, in the hope that you will treat them with the same candour and fairness you treated those who opposed you at the Rochdale lecture. They may appear to you to be of little moment, but to me they are of vast importance. I could state many reasons why I send them, but I defer until I see your answers; on them will depend my future career. I may as well state that I am thankful to you for the lectures you delivered, inasmuch as they have confirmed my conviction of the religious and moral sublimity of the Bible. I know that the principles which you teach meet with the applause of 'the mob,' because they are such as pander to the 'weakness of human nature.' There are thousands in the world waiting for the time to come when it can be proved, without a doubt, that 'there is no God.' Then would a torrent of iniquity set in, such as even barbarous nations, with all their ignorance, have never witnessed. Then would a whirlwind of licentiousness sweep down every social blessing, and leave us a waste howling wilderness of discord and anarchy. Your lecture upon the 'Moral Aspects of Atheism' was truly well and subtlely handled. It was a 'flattering unction' to your own soul, *if, according to your own principles, you have one*'—and I have no doubt but that it met with the approbation of *souls* having a *kindred affinity* to your own. But enough of this at present. I will now proceed with the questions:—1. How do you establish the theory of the eternity of matter? 2. Is the organisation of matter eternal? 3. Can that which is unorganised become organised without an organiser? 4. Is matter intelligent?

I send these at the request of some of your own disciples. I request that you make no extracts, but publish all. Yours most respectfully,

Mr. Holyoake. ——— Wm. Kennedy.

[The objection made to us usually is that our principles require too much strength on the part of men, and that religion is necessary for the support of the weak. Thus it seems to be religion which 'panders to the weakness of human nature,' rather than atheism. Mr. Kennedy writes about the sad effects of our ideas, as though Bacon had never said the opposite, nor Chalmers nor Dr. Hampden made admissions of the compatibility of virtue with atheism. Mr. Kennedy sends twelve questions. If every correspondent sent as many, we should be condemned to sit in a Catechetical Chair from morning till night, We therefore restrict ourselves to four queries at a time, leaving Mr. Kennedy to put the others, if he finds it necessary. With respect to the first question, 'How do we establish the eternity of matter?' we answer, By reference to the human inability of conceiving its commencement. Second, 'Is the organisation of matter eternal?' Answer, We do not know. Third, 'Can that which is unorganised become organised without an organiser?' answer, We think not. Fourth, 'Is matter intelligent?' Query, What does Mr. Kennedy mean?—Ed.]

Reasoner Propaganda.

To promote the efficiency of the *Reasoner* as an organ of Propagandism, one Friend subscribes 10s. weekly, another 5s., two 1s. each, weekly—and so on according to ability and earnestness. An annual contribution of One Shilling from each reader would be easy, equitable, and sufficient. What is remitted, in whatever proportion, is acknowledged here and accounted for at the end of the Volume.

Acknowledged in No. 13, 801s. 4d.—W. J. B. (Nos. 13 to 16, four weeks, 10s. weekly), 40s.—A Friend of Reason (for the month of January), 20s.—A. Z., per Mr. Truelove, 5s.—Mr. Gray, City Road, 1s.—S. T., Liverpool (weekly, for Jan. 1st and 8th), 2s.—James Body, 1s.—Edward Hawks, Edinburgh, 1s.—John Wheelhouse, 2s. 6d.—James Spurr, Liverpool, 5s.—Uriah Studdard, Huddersfield (from self and friends of progress), 5s.—S. T., Liverpool (for Dec. 25), 1s.—John Bates, Northampton, 1s.—We have received from friends in Oldham, through Mr. Boyd, the following new year's remittance: James Greaves, 20s.; Alex. Boyd, 20s.; John Harrop, 1s.; James Taylor, 1s.; Thomas Smith, 1s.; George Harrop, 1s.; Waltham Shepherd, 1s; Edward Rye, 1s.; Jas. Lees, 1s.; John Jackson, 1s.; John Siddall, 1s.—Total, 934s. 10d.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—January 19th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—January 19th [7], Mr. Thomas Shorter, 'Blessing and Cursing.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Jan. 19th [11½ a.m.], Mr. Travers will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Jan. 19th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Jan. 19th [7], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—January 17th [8], a Discussion. 19th [7½], a Lecture.

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Jan. 19th [7½], a Lecture.

Now Ready, No. 8 for January, 1851.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Sixpence. 64 Pages.

Contents—The Inconsistencies of the Church.—Recipe for a Highland Sermon.—The Political Reviewer—1. Retrospect of the half century: its lesson; 2. The political aspect of the 'Papal Aggression.' Our Page of Statistics. Spirit of the Puplic Press—Down with the Tyrants, with hints what to do with them; What has the Church done for the People? Letters 1 and 2; Speech of Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P., at the meeting of the Members of the National Freehold Land Society. The Genuine Gibbon. The Italian Revolution, a Lecture delivered in Manchester. The National Charter and Social Reform Union. Views of Life, from Schiller. Review of Books—Catholicism, the Religion of Fear; Olive: a Novel. Correspondence—Conformity of the New Testament; Who are the Scoffers now? The Telescope and the Microscope. Evil Effects of Superstitious Intolerance. A Day of Rest. Theology. The Professors of Owen's College.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

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The WEEKLY TRIBUNE has been incorporated with the LEADER, which now records the associative progress of the week, English and continental.

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Contributions have already appeared in the LEADER from the following writers:—Thos. Ballantyne, Charles Bray, Luke Burke, Mrs. Catherine Crowe, George Dawson, M.A., Hugh Doherty, F. G. Foxton, J. A. Froude, G. J. Holyoake, R. H. Horne, Thornton Hunt, Rev. C. Kingsley, M.A., Rev. E. R. Larken, M.A., Walter Savage Landor, G. H. Lewes, Lucio Mariotti, Harriet Martineau, David Masson, Joseph Mazzini, E. V. Neale, Robert Owen, Dr. Smiles, John Stores Smith, A. Somerville, F. W. Newman, William Maccall, W. J. Birch, M.A., W. J. Linton, and other earnest writers, whose names have been reserved for special reasons.

Terms of the LEADER (if paid in advance), Quarterly, 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 13s.; yearly, £1 6s.

London: Published by Joseph Clayton, jun., 265, Strand.

NEW MONTHLY JOURNAL,

On Jan. the 1st was published, Price 6d., No. 1 of

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC: an Endeavour to Explain Republican Principles, to Record Republican Progress, and to establish a Republican Party in England. Edited by W. J. Linton.

Contents: Editor's Address.—To the Peoples: the Organisation of Democracy.—Republican Principles.

No. 2, to appear on the 1st of February, will contain:—The Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini.—The Acts of the Central European Democratic Committee.—Chartism, a matter of History.—The Irish Tenant League.—Rhymes & Reasons against Landlordism.—A Revolutionary History, and other articles.

J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

Our Open Page.

THE *Zoist* for January is again rich in fact, in philosophy, and refutation of ignorance. It appears, with respect to Miss Martineau's remarkable experiment on a cow, critics hold that the Doctor who had been attending *in vain* upon it, had really effected the cure. Criticisms on mesmeric cases are very curious. If you call in a doctor the cure is ascribed to him. If you do not call in a doctor, it is said that nothing was the matter. The world has often desired to know who is the *infallible* doctor who is *sure* to cure you. We have found it out. It is the last Doctor who gives you up before you call in the Mesmeriser. *He* it is who always cures you. You don't know it—you are dying in ignorance of it. But *he* is the man. When the Mesmeriser has restored you to health, the critics find out that the Doctor did it.

The lines by J. C. Blumenfeld, 'To G. J. Holyoake,' though containing verses of power such as the author of the 'New Ecce Homo' can write, are yet inadmissable as a personal tribute.

In one of the provinces of China an edict against Christianity has been issued by the prefect. It pronounces Christianity to be illegal, incredible, and absurd. This is quoted in all the papers.

Alluding to a passage in the *English Republic* on the current maxims 'every one for himself—let alone—get what you can, and *other prevalent atheisms*,' Mr. Broom desires to ask Mr. Linton what he means? We overlook these expressions for the sake of the much which is excellent which Mr. Linton says; but explanation of such phrases will be instructive to our readers.

Several correspondents send us articles proving, as they suppose, the separate existence of the Soul. If we should be favoured with such an argument from any eminent clairvoyant we shall give it insertion. The most eminent mesmerist physicians in London are not of opinion that the phenomena of clairvoyance is other than material.

The first edition of 'Catholicism, the Religion of Fear, contrasted with Rationalism, the Theory of Reason,' having been sold, another has been issued, and the third thousand is now ready for the Trade.

F. G. Lee has, in the Catholic *Lamp*, a hymn under the title of 'Speak Gently to the Erring.' The extracts we have made from it are worthy the attention of our readers. The words italicised are changed words by us.

Speak gently to the erring—
  Ye know not all the pow'r
With which the dark temptation came
  In some unguarded hour:
Ye may not know how earnestly
  They struggled, oh! how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
  And sadly thus they fell.

Speak gently to the erring—
  Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by *crime*,
  He is thy brother yet.
Speak kindly to the erring—
  For is it not enough,
That innocence is gone,
  Without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot,
  That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate,
  Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring—
  Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With *kindly* words, and tones of love,
  From *error's* thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,
  And sinful yet may be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
  As *Men* have dealt with thee.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

RATIONALISM, THE LEGITIMATE OPPONENT OF CATHOLICISM.

THE value of the excitement of 1850 and 1851, with respect to the reascendancy of Catholicism in England, is, that it brings out the distinction between Young Rationalism and its ancient opponent of Rome, and puts them at the issue of battle in that way in which, if Parliament will keep its hands off, that side which has the truth will be the victor.

Exempted as the English of this age are from the severity of Romish political discipline, we are able to combat that church with less personal feeling than that which naturally embittered the polemics of our forefathers. Our brave Lutheran forefathers were often, in self-defence, obliged to have recourse to the same kind of edicts, to protect themselves, as those by which they had suffered; and, infected by the spirit of persecution, their language was often as reprehensible as that of their Catholic opponents. Hence Milton could write, 'Popery is not to be tolerated either in public or private, and that it must be thought how to remove it and hinder the growth thereof;' adding, 'If they say that by removing their idols we violate their consciences, *we have no warrant to regard conscience which is not grounded on scripture.*'* Even Locke would not allow of Catholics being tolerated, on the pretext that they cannot tolerate others.

But from us, living in a later age, and enjoying advantages unknown to our forefathers, with a growing public opinion to appeal to, more powerful than any prince of old, and a press more potent than armies against error—with these agencies on our side, and, moreover, clear principles to guide us, better things are expected. Whoever, therefore, invokes the law against a faith, the Rationalist must not do it. Not although it *is* in the power of persecution to put down error as well as truth, still the Rationalist must not employ it. 'The first attempt to reform the Catholic Church was effectually put down for two centuries by the murderous decrees of the Lateran Council against the Albigenses. The bright dawn of the Reformation in Italy was checked, even to this day, by the burning of Savonarola and many of its other leaders. The Inquisition so thoroughly put down Protestantism in Spain, that the greatest part of the population have heard of no Reformer since the time of Luther, and believe Protestantism to be a species of Judaism. In France, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which the Church of Rome commemorated by a medal, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have effectually put down Protestantism. Nor has the Roman Catholic Church any great reason to exult at being herself proof against that persecution of which she has been so liberal to others. The cimeter of the Moslem has severed her hold on Asia and Africa. The Greek Church has wrested from her the vast countries of Eastern Europe, and the sword of her own Cardinal Richelieu emancipated from her control Prussia and the North.'†

* Milton's Prose Works, vol. 4. † *Times*, November 28, 1850.

The armies of a civilised nation are expected, even in the deadly strife of battle, not to sully their honour by treachery, or by descending to the brutal tactics of savages; so, in the warfare of opinion, the Rationalist is forbidden to avail himself of the disreputable acts of persecution.

Now Catholics are under persecution, they should be treated with a double respect. It should be a point of honour to speak of them with scrupulous courtesy. To call them Papists, or their religion Popery, should be ever avoided. That name should be employed by which they claim to be called—'Roman Catholics.'* Papalism is only to be put down by a temperate and reasoning opposition, whose pure and unsullied example it shall be impossible for Catholics to transgress without damage.

The duty of the Rationalist is not only to distinguish his own duty and observe it, but also to discern the integrity of his own principles and illustrate them. We remark first, that the Churches, Established and Dissenting, are unfriendly to public liberty, or the power of the Pope could be abridged in the Vatican. When the foot of Mazzini was on the neck of the Papacy, its dangerous influence was neutralised in Central Italy; but the Churches lent themselves to that policy which sacrificed Italy. Next we observe that persecution is the element of all sincere religion. In this respect, all forms of Dissent are infected with the Roman leprosy. All who are sincere in their religion, and believe that our future salvation depends upon our belief and conduct in this life, must persecute, or, what is worse, *ought* to do it; and that therefore the freethinker finds no safety among any of the Churches. We cannot forget that, though public humanity dismissed Chapman, the Coventry chaplain who burned Mary Ball's hand, the national religious sentiment replaced him by another, who believed that Almighty God would burn her whole body in hell for ever. Thus we learn that Protestantism is not unlike Romanism. Our security is not in difference of faith, but in the public reason and humanity, which Protestantism, by its right of private judgment (incoherently enough maintained), helps, and Rationalism develops. The right of private judgment, logically carried out, neutralises persecution by admitting the right, and, of course, moral innocence, of each man taking his own way—it cancels the religious dogma that there is but *one* true way to heaven. It also cancels the doctrine of church government in matters of opinion. It also invalidates the dogma that God will punish variation of opinion. Edmund Burke reasoned unanswerably when he wrote—'If mere dissent from the Church of Rome be a merit, he that dissents most perfectly is the most meritorious. In many points we hold strongly with that Church. He that dissents throughout with that Church will dissent from the Church of England.....A man is certainly the most perfect Protestant who protests against the whole Christian religion.'†

The *New York Tribune*, in reporting the lecture lately delivered by Archbishop Hughes, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in that city, has this passage: 'The Protestant religion still numbers fifty millions of human beings—an immense number, it must be confessed; and among these may be reckoned many men of the most enlightened character, and eminent genius and abilities, in the world. Yet, under the unhappy auspices of the first principle of Protestantism, if God would make known to us what was the specific creed of each individual of that fifty millions it is probable that not ten out of the whole number would be found to profess the same belief in every particular. On the other hand, the Catholic Church has its

* See 'Letters to a Prebendary,' by Bishop Milner.

† Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, M.P. (January 3rd, 1792).

two hundred millions; and we run no risk in stating, that there could not be found ten in whose inmost soul there is the slightest difference of faith.'

The reason is, that Protestantism logically leaves you free to form your own opinions, while Catholicism only requires you to believe in the Church, and the Church believes in all the rest for you. The diversity of Dissent pertains to principles, and especially details—the Church of Rome takes care of principles, details, and you too. Herein we see its essence. It has one rule—obedience to authority.

In that manifesto with which Cardinal Wiseman lately favoured the country, he has put this with an explicitness which leaves nothing to be desired. He tells us that 'a marked distinction exists between the authority possessed by a bishop and that of any other functionary named by the Queen's excellent majesty. If she appoint an admiral, or commander-in-chief, or governor of a colony, or judge, every one is bound to obey that person in all that belongs specifically to his office, and any one would be punishable if he refused. But in regard to a bishop it is exactly the contrary. Precisely in those very matters which appertain to his office we are not bound to obey him. No one is obliged to seek doctrine from his teaching, sanctification from his ministration, or grace from his blessing. This anomalous difference arises from the circumstance, that the commission given to civil and military officers flows from the temporal sovereignty, which none may impugn; while that to the ecclesiastical functionaries proceeds from the spiritual jurisdiction, which may be, and is, lawfully denied.'* Of course Catholicism, if once in legal ascendancy, would take care that the authority of the spiritual officer should not be 'lawfully denied.'

Now it can be shown that the Catholic rule of authority, in some modified form or other, is accepted by all Dissenting Churches;† and that Rationalism, which alone does not accept it, is the only logical opponent it has, and is our only refuge from Catholicism. But this security lies in our being able to fix upon *the* rule which should guide us simply and constantly. We will seek that.

'We are certain, from reason and experience, that least of all will there be an end of making books, and disputing on subjects of religion, on the part of those who have *no* fixed rule, or none but a *false* one, for deciding in religious controversy.'‡ These suggestive words, by the Bishop of Castabala, will guide us in determining the validity of Rationalism, as a 'fixed' and 'true' rule may be furnished with which to test its relevance.

The Roman Catholic Church is the great type of Christianity—as the principle of authority, by which it rules, is retained, in some convenient form, by every Church, Protestant and Dissenting, which the Reformation has imposed upon us. To bring before us, in its integrity and arrogance, the principle of Authority, we will cite the words of the Right Rev. Dr. John Milner, the Bishop last mentioned, who writes: 'Before I enter on the discussion of any part of Scripture with Protestants, I am bound, in conformity with my Rule of Faith—as explained by the Fathers, and particularly by Tertullian—to protest against their right *to argue* from Scripture; and, of course, must deny that there is any necessity of my replying to any objections which they may draw from it. No prophecy of Scripture is of any private interpretation. The whole right of Scripture belongs to the church.

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* Appeal by N. Card. Wiseman, pp. 10, 11.

† The oath of Dr. Cumming, given in *Reasoner* No. 240, is not a singular, though a striking corroboration of this assertion.

‡ Milner's 'End of Controversy,' p. 49.

She has preserved them, she vouches for them, and, she alone, authoritatively explains them. Hence she may quash every objection which can be drawn from any passage by this short reply—*The church understands the passage differently from you, therefore you mistake its meaning.*'*

It will surprise some to be told, that the same authority thus broadly stated, is, under other names and in more diluted forms, to be found in all existing Churches. The Protestant argues against the Roman Catholic, tells him that his 'authority' is unreasonable, and that the submission it demands of the people is incompatible with progress. Thus the Protestant will *reason* against the Catholic; but if you so argue against the Protestant religion he will immediately turn round, and warn you not to exercise 'carnal reason' on sacred things—and so on, through every link of the tortuous line of Evangelical Dissent, which conducts you to Unitarianism. Each sect reasons acutely against the errors of the other, but turns round and sharply rebukes all those who venture to reason against it. What has Unitarianism to say on this point? We will take the words of one who, though young, has yet that insight into his religion which entitles him to be considered a representative man. The Rev. H. W. Crosskey warns his congregation that the Catholic cause has been aided by an *undue* 'exaltation of reason' among Unitarians —that 'they resolve religion into an argument.....Their critical intellect has been their weapon and their God—they have fought with it and worshipped it.' But he admonishes them that 'what is needed by the lost ones of our earth is *not* the *correct* deduction of the intellect, but the living sympathy of the soul. The seat of religion is the Heart' (not the head.) Thus the Unitarian, the most rational of religionists, has a point at which he stops his course of reasoning, and requires the intellect to submit to the sympathies. There is, therefore, little practical difference between Rome and its dissenting offshoots. What does it matter to the freethinker whether his criticism is arrested by the authority of the Church of Rome, or whether he is commanded by the Protestant to set aside his carnal reason, or is conjured by the Evangelical Dissenter to seek for Faith, or reproached by the Unitarian for his want of heart, or placed out of the pale of genial humanity by the Pantheist through his lack of Sentiment? There is a difference in degree among these parties—the further you get from Rome the more mildness and kindness you experience at the hands of those who admonish you to forego the full exercise of your reason; but the principle is the same. We come back again to the memorable fable of Diderot. A man finds himself in a wilderness at night, with only the light of a feeble taper to guide his steps, when a stranger approaches him and cries, 'Friend, if thou would find thy way blow out thy light.' The wilderness is theology, the taper light is human reason, and the stranger who advises us to blow it out is the priest.

G. J. Holyoake.

[This article, written at the request of the Political and Social Tract Society, from whom we lately gave an address, has been, with a few abridgements, stereotyped, and is now ready for issue, uniform with their other Tracts for general circulation.]

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* 'End of Controversy,' Letter XII.

ROBERT OWEN AND THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

TO THE SOCIAL REFORMERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN,—Great reforms are the result of great efforts. The year 1517 will ever be remarkable in the annals of Europe as the most important epoch in the revolution of mind, when a poor Monk electrified the western world by proclaiming the ascendancy of reason, and settling for ever the right of every man to private judgment in matters of faith.

The year 1649 saw, for the first time in our own country, the triumph of popular will. An obscure farmer succeeded, by the aid of public opinion, in exploding that monster fallacy of political science, the 'right divine' of kings.

The year 1776 is immortalised by one of the noblest victories in the record of nations, when the New World declared its independence of the Old, despising the trappings of regal pomp, and founding national law upon national will.

The year 1793 is distinguished for the birth of those European Revolutions which threaten the disruption of the old system of things, and demonstrate that 'peace and order' will be a stranger in society until the principles of equity and fraternity, in their most enlarged and enlightened interpretation, are established amongst us.

The year 1851, we are assured, will be memorable in the progress and development of civilisation. For the first time in the history of the world there is to be a meeting of the peoples of the leading nations of the globe, not with the view of butchering each other, and making the earth around them groan in agony and death, but for fraternal communion, each contributing their measure of ingenuity and skill to one common emporium, in which will be exhibited all that modern intellect can produce.

Such a brilliant opportunity should not be lost by the Social Reformers of this country to make further known to the world, through their brethren visiting the International Exhibition, the means of universal happiness and brotherhood. There is a tide in the affairs of nations as of men which, taken at its flood, leads to fortune. A people, as an individual, by seizing the proper moment may achieve more by one great effort than years of agitation and suffering. And what moment more opportune for promulgating these views so well calculated to make the *world* happy, than the time when the *world* is there to listen to you? The friends of Social Progress, of all shades of opinion, will have serious cause of regret if they permit an event so propitious to pass by, without an effort equal to the occasion, to place their opinions in the hands of these numerous foreigners who may be instrumental in sowing the seeds of truth in quarters they might not otherwise reach for a generation to come.

It is anticipated by the projectors of this Exhibition, and their expectations are reasonable, that it will give a mighty impetus to the progress of physical science—probably advance it a century. Why not also make it subservient to the advancement of those sciences more immediately involving the welfare of the people? If our means of increasing wealth are to be augmented by it, why not also the mode of *distributing* it facilitated. This is, in fact, the *desideratum* of modern civilisation. To increase wealth, without distributing it, is only a partial good. It rests with the devotees of social science, therefore, to see that this memorable demonstration fulfils the highest possible mission.

As many will come from countries where freedom of speech and press are almost unknown, such an opportunity of getting political and social information may be to them of double value, and the sense of this ought to be to us a double stimulus.

It is proposed that tracts and lectures on political and social subjects be translated into the leading languages and distributed at the Exhibition, as well as at the residences of various foreigners. It is intended, also, to invite the venerable founder of English Socialism, Robert Owen, to deliver a series of lectures during the season. It would be a worthy triumph in the career of such a man. Who ought to be heard with

more affection and respect at the meeting of 'all nations,' than he who has been the devoted and consistent advocate of the welfare of all nations for these last sixty years? The world owes him a debt of gratitude, and no time can be more fitting for its acknowledgment. Public meetings will also be held in various parts of London, to which invitations will be sent to the leading visitors of the Exhibition, and every effort used to take advantage of the great occasion. But in entering upon a war, though a bloodless one, the sinews of war must be forthcoming, or the attempt at once abandoned. Let our friends, therefore, north and south, unite with a generosity and enthusiasm commensurate with their cause, and the opportunity and the year '51 may prove the brightest era in the destiny of nations. We would suggest that committees be forthwith formed in Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other populous towns, to receive subscriptions and act with the central committee in London. No time should be lost, a week now being worth a month at any other period. Let every true friend of progress feel himself delegated to do a great work, and a great work will be done. We live in an age of popular triumphs. Let us add one more to the list, and that the greatest, the noblest.

ROBERT COOPER,
GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE,
JAMES RIGBY,
HENRY A. IVORY, Hon. Sec.

Communications to be sent to 52, College-place, Camden-town, London.

JUNIUS, OF THE 'GATESHEAD OBSERVER.'

JUNIUS, of the *Gateshead Observer*, published, December 21st ult., a second letter on the literature of the dangerous classes, from which we take the following extract:—'This literature is prepared for a specific class. It does not embrace the standard writers on government, legislation, statistics, political economy, colonisation, and our constitutional history. Its readers know not Locke, Blackstone, Adam Smith, Macculloch, Wakefield, Hallam, or De Tocqueville. The speeches of Burke never charmed them. Milton and Sydney are not preachers of their political truth. Tom Paine, O'Connor, Louis Blanc, Ernest Jones, Julian Harney, Thomas Cooper, Reynolds, Holyoake, Barker, and a battalion of writers known by such signatures as "Publicola," "Gracchus," and "Justitia," are their instructors. And alas for the British poor when such councillors achieve the pre-eminence!'

The proofs of this he gives is very unsatisfactory. He quotes first one 'Terrigenous,' then he quotes Mr. Harney, then an extract having nothing to do with the subject from Mr. Holyoake. Afterwards he extracts from Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Barker. But he makes no estimate of these writers as a whole, so that none of us can be as yet much instructed by the criticisms of the writer. Mr. Holyoake has forwarded to Junius the means of forming an accurate judgment of his political views. The following Gateshead correspondence with Junius has been forwarded to us:—

Sir,—I perused your letter in the *Observer* of Saturday last. I am much surprised that you should have mentioned the name of Mr. Holyoake in connection with the publication quoted therein. I here present you with a 'Logic of Death,' on the last page of which you will find a list of Mr. Holyoake's publications. The freethinkers of Gateshead will feel extremely obliged to Junius if he will have the kindness to point out, in his subsequent letters, passages having an immoral tendency, either in this (the 'Logic of Death') or any of the other works of Mr. Holyoake. J. CHAMBERS.

In reply to the foregoing, the following was received from Junius:—

Sir,—I have received yours. I am sorry that any portion of my article should have given offence to so courteous a correspondent, but I cannot withdraw any expression it contains, nor engage in any controversy on the subject. JUNIUS.

It was the characteristic of he who made the name of Junius famous in literature, to be not only powerful in language, but accurate in fact. We shall be glad to see the new Junius resemble the old in these respects. ED.

Reasoner Tracts.

SECULAR EDUCATION & EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST 'PAPAL AGGRESSION.'

BY W. J. B.

SHAFTESBURY, one of the greatest English authors, has declared ridicule to be one of the tests of truth. Hume has said of the doctrine of transubstantiation, taught by Roman Catholics, 'There is no tenet in all paganism which would give so fair a scope to ridicule. For it is so absurd, that it eludes the force of argument.' Scripture itself always used ridicule against the gods of its adversaries. The prophets and priests of Israel used taunting language respecting other gods and their worshippers. In one instance, the people were assembled, and a trial of divinities was to take place, which was to put the inefficiency of an idol-god in a contemptible light. Isaiah, on the uses of wood, which forms images, and Jesus the son of Sirach in the same strain, attack idolatry with the most pungent satire afforded by divine inspiration. In 1843, when various persons attacked practices and opinions which seemed absurd to them by ridicule and representations in windows of Holywell Street, the judges of the land declared that they punished with the law the ridicule of religion. If individuals felt themselves aggrieved by these attacks, they were allowed by the magistrates to take the law into their own hands. They were the majority, and with them the power was left to do as they liked, and to trample on the rights of the weak and of the few. The philosophers and liberals as usual stood aside, talked with compassion of the prejudices of the religious being entitled to respect, and with equal pity of the fanaticism of freethinkers, and the bigotry of unbelief. They said, what was the good of it? or, why not let the religious alone? for, if one superstition is destroyed, another will take its place. Such were the words of philosophers in high places. But those who dissented from them acted in their more humble sphere, and gained new exemption from law and more sufferance from the public.

The religious are never quiet in their zeal—are ever intent upon keeping up their influence, and force even the lukewarm in faith, and society at large, to sustain their efforts. Not more than ten years ago freethinkers were persecuted and imprisoned. The finishing year of the decade sees two religions violently opposed to each other, and the minister of the crown denouncing as 'superstitious mummeries' the practices of the greater of the two. Yet, ten years ago, the Whigs, at the desire of the Bishop of Exeter, were persecuting freethinkers. Would it not have shown more foresight if these Whig philosophers had pointed out that more was to be feared from the superstition of Oxford and Rome than from the freethinking of Bristol, Cheltenham, and London? Would not Lord John Russel have done better ten years ago to have insisted upon secular education, as necessary to check Puseyism and Catholicism, which, by Catholic emanci-

pation, was allowed to make converts? Would it not have shown wisdom to have seen, that the Church of England, the most opposed to Catholic emancipation, was, from its very nature, the most likely to adopt Catholicism? As the Jews, who came out of Egypt, were ever ready to return to the worship of the calf, so the Church of England, so little removed from it, is ever ready to return to Rome. In these times, religious opinions and practices can only be encountered by argument. Philosophers say, check papal aggression and papal domination by argument. Has not government, then, been a traitor to its trust, not to provide secular education when the time came that all religions were to have free play in England, and every one was to owe his protection from superstition to reason? The common sense and intelligence of the public, instead of being cultivated, has been abandoned to the Puseyism of the church and the scramble of sects.

However Cardinal Wiseman might try to conceal from himself that the Pope and his bull, his own hat and his pastoral were objects of ridicule to the people, it is certain he felt annoyance, and much more at the burning in effigy of the Pope, himself, and his bishops. The Cardinal grew pathetic over his imaginary martyrdom, and accused the mob of having thrown the virgin and child into the bonfire. The common doctrines of Christianity are ridiculous enough, but the ceremonies of the Papal Church imitated by Puseyism, have that in them to laugh at which Protestantism has not. In a Pagan sacrifice there might be something noble in the butchery of a beast that was afterwards given to the priests and the poor to eat. The decorated victim, the procession, the song, the dance, the music, the temple, might recommend to the imagination of mankind a worship which was at least a feast and festival to themselves. An Apollo might represent the sun, or a Jupiter the father of heaven, but if the former was the Belvidere, or the latter the head in the Capitol at Rome, or if there was a Venus equal to the Medicean, there was at least something to look at better than a man nailed to the cross, the five wounds of Christ, or a woman and child not superior to the dolls in a toy-shop. In lieu of this we have a mesmeric cooking of a piece of bread until it is made flesh, to be spiked upon the cross, buried, to ascend elevated as the host, and precipitated living down the throat of every communicant! Then we have the priests advancing to the altar, retreating from it, bowing as they come forward or bowing as they go backwards, exchanging places with each other, now to the right now to the left, saying prayers to themselves, or mumbling them in an unintelligible tone to others; now dressed in one disguise, now in another; now with their backs, now with their faces, to the people, or grinning through a grating. That in the middle of the nineteenth century, 1850, persons calling themselves Protestants should be practising such antics and drawing large audiences, and that others should be going over to the more genuine and original performances of Popery, is a phenomenon peculiar to England, and speaks irresistibly in favour of more diffusion of knowledge among the people. That a foreign potentate should send over a Cardinal at the head of bishops, and divide out a country for these performances and tell it to all the world and not be ashamed of it, is certainly another marvel. If it be ludicrous to read what Popes can write as bulls, and cardinals proclaim as pastorals to their flocks, still more wonderful is it to find men who thank the Pope, an Italian despot, for sending them to rule over them, and think it noble to bear a cardinal's canopy, carry his pall, and have the honour of kissing his ring. Verily we want more public knowledge

that these exhibitions may be shamed down.

To write up 'whitewash for holy water' and 'no wafer gods' is rank blasphemy, says Wiseman. Wiseman, the Italian prince, and his half-and-half English Roman Catholic followers, pretend that all Europe stands back affrighted at our profanation of holy things. But we say differently, for enlightened foreigners will rejoice in the popular detestation of superstition and priestcraft, which we hope reaches to the home-bred as well as the foreign-sent article of the Pope. No doubt that thousands of foreigners are glad that England rejects a domination of superstition which they have struggled in vain to overthrow themselves. Would Wiseman and his bishops and priests descend into the arena of argument with freethinkers? Nothing we should like better, and we might then believe that they really intended our good and our open conversion. But Catholics never condescend to argument except backed by the civil power. Would the Pope permit in Rome, as a present in return from us, some infidels to convert the population of Rome from Christianity? Would he allow any teacher in his dominions to attempt to show that Catholic doctrines were contrary to reason? If the Pope would descend from his throne, and recommend the separation of his church from the state, provide that the people should be educated so as to be judges of the truth of religion, and then leave the ascendancy to the powers of argument, we would then prefer a Catholic to every other religionist, and cordially co-operate with him against the Church of England and all other sects who are opposed to the impartial testing of the truth. But as it is, we do not want to see two establishments supported out of the money of the people, and funds denied to secular education.

Already we do pay for both religions at home and abroad, and, having this experience, it is much more likely to happen that the two churches will make a further draw on John Bull, than, as the philosophers suppose, they should eat each other up as the Kilkenny cats. We should therefore recommend the people to be up and stirring, if they would save their purses—and pray the legislature that all churches should be put upon an equal self-supporting footing, and the funds of the establishment should be applied to the purposes of education, so that the people may be able to defend themselves against papal aggression, or superstition, at home and abroad. Let places of education be thrown open without distinction of creed; out of the funds of the universities secular education should be taught. It is even now rumoured that the cry will be 'more bishops! church extension!' more pastors and masters; so that the move of 'papal aggression' will end in common priestcraft, and with the cardinal and his dozen bishops invading us on one side we shall have an increased army of church militants on our side to oppose them.

We have but the still small voice of philosophy against the 28,000 pulpits and more preachers and schoolmasters arrayed against freethinkers—all more or less paid and fostered by government. We have two hierarchies and other sects patronised by government. But we only ask to be free to oppose them; and if states were wise they would encourage a power in the people to resist churches, which interfere with the provisions of government and the moral well-being of society.

The effect of a special religious education has been seen at Oxford, which university has almost exclusively supplied from the clergy converts to Catholicism. Where the education is more material and mathematical, as at Cambridge, and less spiritual and theological, few, if any, have become Catholics.

It is worthy of remark, that the Roman Catholic Earl of Surrey, the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, made the religious speech of the House of Commons last session against Mr. Fox's Education Bill, on account of what he deprecated as the growing infidelity of the age, and represented it as a contest on his part of heaven against hell. We know, therefore, what we have to expect from Roman Catholics in power. Roman Catholics will flatter freethinkers as long as they can use them against the church, but may be expected to crush them when they have got the business into their own hands, as they are doing in France at this present moment, as well as in other countries of the continent.

We have not yet seen any meeting of the people to state their sentiments on papal aggression. Yet one would think it might turn to popular account. They might state that they viewed with alarm superstition from whatever quarter it came, coupled as it was with the total neglect of the education of the people—that whilst Puseyism progressed among the upper classes, it was time that the people should have some voice in self-defence, and that could only be by an extension of the suffrage.

The *Dublin Review* has an article on 'Roman Catholicism and Conservatism'—a subject which cannot much recommend Catholicism in the eyes of radicals. We know it to be united to the party of order and subjection of the people at any price. It thinks in this way to catch the conservative and monied party of England, those who fear the disturbance of present political institutions, and any decline in the value of their property. Who are they who have gone from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism? Members of the aristocracy, lords and ladies, or scions of nobility; or, among the gentry, they have been those who were the most violently opposed to all change. Father Newman is an instance, who would not speak to a friend who was in favour of Roman Catholic emancipation. We do not know a radical convert. Not that Roman Catholics will not coquet with radicalism and liberalism. They appeal to the Dissenters to fight with them for their common liberties. They will patronise the press as long as it is in favour of their church. They will even condescend to exchange salutations with freethinking, as long as it makes common cause with them against Protestantism. But attack wafer-gods, popes, cardinals, &c., then it wants to make common cause with religion against rationalism.

But in whatever aspect we contemplate the efforts of Romanism, we see the reactionary influence operating after the convulsions on the Continent. The people will see the principle of Authority struggling to re-establish itself; and we trust they will respond by renewed exertions to get the power of intelligence in all hands as the best self-defence for all classes and all interests.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

WESLEYAN AND FREETHINKING PRACTICE CONTRASTED.

Sir,—Seeing your desire in a late number of the *Reasoner* that correspondents should collect and transmit sayings of the saints, I have thought fit to send you some of their doings, as well as the non-doings of others who are looked upon as their opponents. In a moderately large village in South Lancashire there are two religious sects, the Wesleyan Association and the Old Wesleyans; the latter are the most inconsiderable in point of wealth and numbers. They have, however, during the past year, raised ten pounds towards their missionary fund over and above the somewhat large and numerous calls that have been made upon them. This, as Wesleyans, is a monument to their credit and consistency.

In the same neighbourhood resides a considerable number of intelligent freethinkers, or anti-religionists, who, like myself, have been much improved by your writings and the works of other advocates of liberal views. They are somewhat proud of their superior enlightenment, and utter sentiments favourable to progress, have a taste for the poets, and sometimes visit the drama, yet they have not a penny to spare for co-operation or communism, which to me is the loveliest feature of modern Socialism. I wish therefore to ask, through your paper, where their consistency is? where their desire to spread that philosophy which has been found beneficial to themselves? where their earnest of future progress?

Believing that this is no isolated case, and that the great cause of Socialism is retarded thus, I am wishful to draw attention to it. I am content that freethinkers be thought less numerous and more thoughtful, more decided, but let them also be more earnest and more consistent.

Robin Hood.

SOUTHWARK AND KENNINGTON.

Sir,—I think your 'Reports from the Pulpit' may be useful. I have always felt it irksome to be listening to stuff from which there was no appeal. We need not wait for 'questions on controversy'—for instance, the sermon I heard last Sunday, by Mr. Leashe, Kennington-lane (author of one or two published works), on the text, 'I am the Lord's,' introduced the following sentences:—'The sceptic is a greater believer than I am—he believes in impossibilities,' but he did not state them. 'A man must worship something—something he idolises. I would rather be a worshipper, with the Egyptian, of the crocodile, than a worshipper of self'—'the inhabitants of hell obey him.' 'They will be cast out, God forbid that you should speculate, experiment, on such a subject.'

We have had lectures of the Trinitarians, and replies by the Unitarians, at the Hall of the Southwark Institution, in November. I heard Burnet on the Fall of Man; a very Popish affair it was. He said that we must take the Scriptures without lopping and pruning, in fact as he interpreted them, or we were no longer Christians. To some of his remarks there was a murmur, which was suppressed by cries of 'Order.' 'Oh!' says he, 'I like a little disorder now and then, it only proves what I am saying, that you are all corrupt.' It was laughable. The following week Boucher, of Hackney, replied. 'Time was,' he said, 'when we were taught to believe that every word of the Bible was dictated by the Holy Spirit, and must be received without scruple or hesitation.' 'The lecturer's principles made him look with suspicion upon his best friends; and what were the feelings with which he enunciated such humbling sentiments which ought to give the greatest pain, if true: there was no faltering of the voice or expression on the countenance,' &c.

H. M.

Reports from the Pulpit.

All reports must be *authenticated*, in confidence if not for publication; all facts must be *understated*, and the *best* construction put upon whatever is matter of opinion.

REV. HENRY MELVILLE'S PULPIT.

SIR,—The following passage is extracted from a sermon preached by the Rev. Henry Melville, B.D., on the 31st Dec., 1850, entitled 'Irresistible Grace:'—'We are as much an enemy, as any man can be, to those sweeping descriptions of the corruption of our nature, which seem to affirm that nothing "lovely and of good report" is to be found amid the ruins of humanity. We should always draw, with the greatest possible care, a distinction between men as *members of society*, and men as *creatures of God*; for we feel it to be little better than confounding right and wrong to deny that moral beauty and excellence, that integrity in dealing, that firmness in friendship, that strength of patriotism, that active benevolence, which often distinguishes those who are yet at enmity with God. We allow that there is an extraordinary difference between man and man, when viewed relatively to society, in our present state of being; but we know of nothing in Scripture which requires us to withhold the tribute of our admiration from those who, though strangers to vital religion, are discharging with equal zeal and fidelity the various duties of life—nothing, that is [query, *there* is], which makes it needful to speak of these men as though they were no way superior to those who outrage society by their vices and their crimes.'—*Penny Pulpit*, No. 1643, p. 186.

No doubt we were some few years back 'considered as no way superior to those who outrage society by their vices and their crimes,' but happily this time has passed, and I think that ere long difference in matters pertaining to the unknown and incomprehensible will be looked upon as no more deserving of reprobation than that difference which prevails in politics. ALASCO.

LETTER FROM THE REV. A. GILBERT.

SIR,—I have received from some unknown hand a copy of the *Reasoner*, in which I find the garbled account of the transaction at Burnley, in relation to your sending me the 'Logic of Death.'

Now, will you be at the trouble to forward to the author of that paper the *certain* information that I did also destroy the copy *you* sent to me, and that I regretted that I had not more to use in the same manner; that I shall also destroy the *Reasoner*, as I should wish all the world to know I give no quarter to such papers—I find nothing in them but absurd contradictions and wanton detraction, with a little of the hash of old Porphry to boot, as old as the hills; that I would deal with the retailers of such trash as I would with the *moon-stricken* and *maniacal*; that I deem it a crime to propagate infidelity, because infidelity and society cannot co-exist?

P.S.—Will you please favour me with a few copies of both papers gratuitously; I cannot afford to pay for them, nor for the carriage either; I should be pleased to have them to destroy. A. GILBERT.

[Some time ago we published a letter from Mr. Edwards, of Burnley, relating his attempt to bring the views of the *Reasoner* before the Rev. A. Gilbert. He has since received the above letter from that 'burning and shining light.' That his reply might lose none of the grace of charity, so universally claimed for the

Christian character, the Rev. Mr. Gilbert wrote on the envelope of his letter, now before us,

'Mr. G. Edwards,
Infidel Publication Vendor,
Burnley.'

This reverend writer, in his hurry to be disagreeable, puts a P.S. before he has ended his letter. There is being distributed over the country an execrable picture of a Romish Priest burning a Bible at Birmingham; for more northern circulation, a sketch of the Rev. A. Gilbert would do.—Ed.]

PAID AGITATORS.

The following is from Mr. Holyoake's letter in the *Leader* No. 42, to Mr. Thornton Hunt. It is quoted because the doctrine explained is applicable to all kinds of agitation—to that of the *Reasoner* as well as that of Chartism:—

Why, however, have the friends of the People been consigned to such doubtful fates? Simply because the party of the People has been but a name and not a verity. A party is a delusion, and an impotence without organisation; and organisation is *impossible* with them, according to their present notions. All their movements have been matter of *accident*. There never existed the elements of *certainty* in any of their associations. The best politicians among the People are those who value above all things the public virtue that works for nothing. The People pay the Legislator to tax them—the Soldier to fetter them—the Priest to limit their reason; but they will not pay the Leader who will emancipate them. They have no horror like that of a hired Agitator—not seeing that Agitator is but the name by which the Government designates the Reformer, just as it calls the revolt of free men the 'rebellion of a faction,' and the martyr a 'felon.' But is not the man who is hired to think, as honourable as he who is hired to work on a farm? He who develops opinions, or is an artificer in ideas, is as deserving of his wages as any artificer in iron or brass. True, some leaders turn out venal; '*therefore*,' say the People, 'we will pay none.' They might just as well say, 'Some workmen are dishonest, therefore we will have all work in future done for nothing.' The result would be you would have no work done: just the result which has followed in the other case. We have no public industry. Wherever the People act, the same disastrous policy is followed. Look at their meager, inefficient, uncomfortable Literary, Mechanics' Institutions, and Mutual Instruction Societies. The Committees must not be remunerated, and the consequence is the institutions are neglected, and whole neighbourhoods left to get what knowledge they can out of gratuitous services. For it is esteemed a greater crime that patriotism should live by its own exercise than that a district should be left to lie in vice and ignorance.

Tyranny says many contemptuous things of the People; but it never said half the bitter things of them which the People say of each other. If a political teacher is paid, his associates assume that he will become dishonest—so *they starve him to keep him virtuous:* and this is the derisive rule they lay down for the preservation of his integrity. The Government are more honourable to the People than they to each other, and believe better of them than they believe of each other.

My initiation into affairs of progress was in company with men who estimated, above all other virtues, the virtue which worked for nothing. They would denounce the patriotism of the man who accepted a shilling for making a speech, although it had cost him more to compose it than probably those who heard would give to save their country. By a perversity of human nature it happens that those

who *think* must live as well as those who work. No philosophy is above the vulgar necessity of eating and drinking. The greatest patriot that ever existed did not always go without his dinner. Hampden did not deem it necessary to go naked, and Washington thought it needful to keep a house over his head. And yet it is very well known, that all the time a man gives to business he takes from patriotism. It was not the failure of Harmony Hall among the Socialists, a few years ago, which caused that lull in the public hope, in which nothing but stagnation was left moving. There are some causes in which failure is no dishonour, when right intention is overmatched by evil power. Men must run a race against evil although they lose a few times. In the struggle for right the world will honour the vanquished more than the victor. So it was with Harmony. *All* could have been explained and courage could have been reanimated, but our orators could not face their pay-masters, and the power was withdrawn which had moved over the face of public opinion and excited it with daring and hope. No seducement of interest, no blandishments of society, no frown of power, no changes of opinion generate half the defections from the ranks of the People that are occasioned by the suspicion put upon those who serve them long; or the contumely incurred by entire devotion to their cause.

Mingle amid the Committee of any political association of working men, and what a picture of ardent aspiration and utter public helplessness you there behold:—

> 'The world by them is parcelled out in shares,
> And on their brows sit every nation's cares.'

Yet, not one of these persons (all of them being poor) can attend to public affairs, unless they neglect their homes and their creditors; and as none of them ought to do this, and the best of them will not, the result of working-class policy is, that none but the rich or the knaves can serve the public cause constantly: without constancy of service, no organisation is possible.

SECULAR EDUCATION CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN MR. LUCAS AND MR. HOLYOAKE.

[The following correspondence, extracted from the *Leader*, is given as a supplement to the report of the Manchester Conference on the above subject, furnished in this paper, out of which the correspondence arose. Mr. Lucas's letter contains a guarantee of great value.—Ed.]

Sir,—In your last week's paper you gave insertion to some remarks which Mr. G. J. Holyoake had intended to deliver at the recent Educational Conference at Manchester; and, as they may convey an erroneous impression of the objects proposed by the National Public School Association, I trust you will allow me briefly to correct them.

Addressing (apparently) the Association, he says:—'I observe, you only propose to extend the great benefit of public instruction to the religious sects among you.' Now, this is a great misapprehension: the object of the Association being to provide a national system of free secular instruction, of which all Englishmen may avail themselves for the benefit of their children, without distinction of class, sect, or party.

Labouring under the mistake I have pointed out, Mr. Holyoake expressed his approbation of the movement. Now that he is aware of the large and comprehensive character of the scheme, I have no doubt it will have his still more cordial concurrence.

Stoke Newington, Nov. 18th, 1850. Samuel Lucas.

Sir,—One who knows the clergy well, 'Publicola,' of the *Dispatch*, and whose private name is a guarantee for the fidelity of his statement, says, 'Experience has shown that neither the Catholic spirit, the scientific truth, the generous morale, nor the historical honesty of education are safe, unless all priesthood be kept at arm's length.' The perversion of Owen's College at Manchester is a striking instance of this, recent and near. Sharing the apprehension here described, I was anxious that the sense in which secular education is understood by the National Public School Association should be explained by some one entitled to speak with authority on the subject. If the word secular was interpreted in what I should consider its legitimate sense, it would mean that perfectly *neutral* instruction which the freethinker or the atheist could conscientiously accept. That this was intended I had presumptive evidence in the fact of the Lancashire Public School Association having had, from its origin, the cordial and able co-operation of my friend Dr. Watts. This presumption is now converted into agreeable certainty by the letter of Mr. Lucas, who writes those welcome words in No. 35 of the *Leader*, which sets the question at rest. He declares emphatically that 'the object of the National Public School Association is to provide a national system of free secular instruction, of which *all* Englishmen may avail themselves for the benefit of their children, without distinction of class, *sect*, or party.'

I have waited four weeks to see if this explanation would be questioned by any competent to do it, and as neither Mr. Cobden nor any other person whose influence might disturb such a declaration, has impugned it, I am perfectly satisfied of the generous and liberal spirit by which the Association is animated, and myself and friends will consider it written down both in our duty and gratitude to render whatever aid may be in our power for the success of an agitation important beyond measure, and liberal beyond precedent. Secular education, in the sense in which it is at length defined, will, no doubt, meet with wider acceptance than some who have been fearful of that term suppose. The middle class commonly select such schools where they can. When lately at Leeds I was taken to a *secular* school, where Mr. Edward Baines, of the *Leeds Mercury*, has for years sent one or more of his sons, and is, therefore, probably himself sensible of the intellectual and moral advantages of it. In London such schools are popular. The other day I heard a clergyman object to secular education thus:—'How can teaching children that two and two make four lead to morals or religion?' But if justice to those who cannot in conscience accept the clerical addition, is to be interrupted by such reasons as these, may we not, on the other hand, put the converse case thus:—'Granting that moral and religious efficacy come not by teaching that two and two make four, will it come by teaching that three make *one?*'

Dec. 19, 1850. G. J. Holyoake.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—January 26th [7], Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, 'Sects and Sectaries.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—January 26th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Rome.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Jan. 26th [11½ a.m.], Mr. Travers will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Jan. 26th [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Jan. 26th [7], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—January 24th [8], a Discussion. 26th [7½], a Lecture.

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Jan. 26th [7½], a Lecture.

Now Ready, No. 8 for January, 1851.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Sixpence. 64 Pages.

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London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

On Sunday last I attended the South London Hall. The room was very crowded —all the new forms filled, and many people standing. After Mr. Southwell's lecture, a Mr. Randall appeared by arrangement to take the affirmative that the Bible was the word of God. He set forth six fundamental divisions, those capable of sub-division into thirty. Having stated the six great divisions, he took the first that the Bible was of divine authority—that would branch into five sub-divisions, of which he took two—*i. e.*, its antiquity and its preservation—which occupied his time. Mr. Southwell said he would admit all that for the sake of peace, but wished Mr. R. to explain what he ment by 'divine.' After a great deal of fencing, Mr. R. excused himself. As a barrister would not allow himself to be drawn into an argument without his brief, so he declined, but at last consented to explain the term next Sunday evening. They begin at 6½. H. M.

A celebration of Paine's birth day will take place next Sunday, at the British Coffee House, Edgeware Road.

Mr. Dean, of Norwich, writes to say that 'he is not a Sunday School Teacher.'

A new series of the *Free Inquirer* will be issued next month.

The *Times*, of Friday, has this passage on the perfect church:—'Just as Goldsmith, in the fervour of his poetical political economy, improvised a time "ere England's griefs began, when every rood of ground maintained its man," which no history has ever recorded, so do these ardent spirits picture to themselves a time, which will be sought for in vain in the annals of mankind, when the Church really was that which they would seek again to make her—a perfect *imperium in imperio*, owing no obedience to the civil power, appointing its own bishops and pastors without reference to the temporal sovereign, declaring the truth authoritatively in its synods, which it was at liberty to assemble whenever it seemed good, ruling absolutely in things spiritual as the temporal power rules in things temporal, never trangressing the line of demarcation between these powers herself nor suffering it to be transgressed with impunity by others, self-ruled and self-contained, knowing no superior on earth, yet free from ambition, and employing her powers of discipline and excommunication only for the good of the soul and the advancement of the faith, never for the purposes of temporal aggrandisement or worldly policy. Now, what we assert is, that this magnificent picture of a Church never was, and never could be, true. Without denying that the Christian Church may, at one time or another, have possessed each of these privileges and gifts, we fearlessly assert that she never did, and never could, possess them at once.'

We are informed that a number of friends of Association have arranged to hold a public meeting in the Coffee Room, at John Street, on next Tuesday evening, the 28th, to take steps to form a Co-operative Store in connection with the London Association of Working Tailors, 432, Oxford Street. All persons interested in the principles of Co-operation will do well to attend.

'St. Ephrem's Oblation of Ourselves to the Most Holy Trinity,' as given in the *Lamp*, from the Syriac, is as follows:—

Oh grant that we may kindle, Lord,
Three brightly shining lights to thee,
The spirit and the soul and flesh,
Three to the Holy Trinity!

The spirit to thee, eternal Sire,
The soul to thy co-equal Son,
The flesh we give the Holy Ghost,
By whom death's fetters are undone.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, January 22ud, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S REPLY TO THE REV. MR SCOTT, OF NORWICH.

A SECOND copy of the Rev. Mr. Scott's pamphlet has reached me, and the handwriting on the envelope resembling Mr. Scott's, I presume the copy is from him. Mr. Scott takes as his motto the Scripture exhortation, 'Take heed that no man deceive you,' and I have the honour to be *the* deceiver against whom Mr. Scott points this injunction. The first thing that makes my rev. opponent uneasy, is a remark I made to the effect that 'Catholicism seemed to me the most perfect type of Christianity.' Mr. Scott argues—'If this statement be true, it follows of necessity that *Popery* [Mr. Scott contrives to apply rejected terms to those with whom he disagrees] will flourish where the New Testament is most freely circulated.' Yet on looking around we find the contrary the case, and 'that Popery flourishes most' where the Bible is forbidden. Stript of the verbiage in which Mr. Scott clothes his statements, his idea appears to be that Catholicism is tyrannous, mean, and cruel; and that Christianity, such as is current among Dissenters, such as is the product of Bible reading among the multitude, is an unexceptionable compound of whatsoever is true, lovely, and of good report. It may be thatwe labour under some privation, but certainly we cannot see as Mr. Scott sees—nothing in Protestant Christianity differing from Catholicism, except a difference in degree of turpitude, and that difference in degree is owing to the influences of reason and humanity, which modify all men who have broken loose from the thraldom of authority. Rome commands us to bow to the church; Dissent commands us to submit to the Bible. Both put down reason. Rome persecutes, so does Dissent. If Rome has its Inquisition, Dissent has its Gloucester Gaol. Rome is mean in its course of opposing by civil power those who reason against it, and is cruel in its resentments; so is Dissent. All systems set up by Bible reading resemble Catholicism with painful exactness. Rome is only more coherent and logical than Dissent, and is, therefore, a more perfect type, and a more frightful illustration of Christianity. How is it, if the Bible repudiates Catholicism, that the Protestant Church, which instantly followed the downfal of the Catholics among us, deduced the same cruel doctrines from the Bible, and proceeded to burn its opponents as Rome had burnt its before? It is a public opinion, and not the Bible, that has forced humane and anti-Catholic traits on the Dissenters.

W. J. B., writing to me after the appearance of Mr. Scott's letter, given in *Reasoner* No. 241, observes, 'You have very properly insisted on the fatal identity between Catholicism and Christianity. Catholicism was the type of Christianity which existed for nearly 1500 years before Protestantism begun. Macaulay says there are about thirty millions more of Roman Catholics than of other sects, including the Greek church. The Roman Catholics put their majority much higher. Therefore I say again you are right in saying Catholicism is the type of Christianity, and Mr. Scott wrong in saying it is contained in the Bible. I do not know of what sect Mr. Scott may be, but into how many parts may not Christianity be

divided amongst those who say its doctrines are contained in the Bible? Besides there are two Bibles. The Roman Catholics have a Bible quite different from the Protestants. They translate the Old Testament differently, but their New Testament is a translation of their own from the Latin, and not from the Greek. If any one reads the Douay Bible he will find their doctrines accredited in the text, and in the notes attached to it. Mr. Scott does not tell us what Christianity is, you do. He says it is contained in the Bible, but it is not, therefore the horn of his dilemma is broken. He lays down a term which he does not explain, or when explained, does not make definite. He would, therefore, draw a dilemma from a false or indefinite proposition.

'Christianity was, as Dr. Newman argues, and as nearly all Protestants calling themselves Christians must acknowledge, a gradual development. It progresses in one gospel more than another, towards the end of Christ's history more than in the beginning; in the acts and apostles more than in the gospels. We see Paul forwarding it, and others coming after him, who carried it further. According to Roman Catholicism, Christianity is a continuous revelation in the church up to this time, and to all future time.'

In reviewing the accumulation of controversial pamphlets on hand, we notice those by reverend authors first, because they are gentlemen with whom we can most usefully discuss our opinions. Of these, the pamphlet of the Rev. Mr. Scott has the first claim upon our attention. Desiring to present some topics of public interest, we are able this week to give only a portion of our answer. We hope next week to give the remainder. G. J. Holyoake.

FATHER GAVAZZI'S FIRST ORATION.

This Italian priest, called the Savonarola of our day, has delivered two or more orations in London. As probably we might find material in them for a consecutive or a special topic, we have waited on his developments; but as the Father's subject is wide and general, we quote the first oration as giving an excellent idea of his mission. The *Daily News* furnishes these particulars with their report. This notice of the Father bears all the marks of a foreign hand, but is not the less trusty on that account.

'Father Gavazzi appeared, pursuant to a circular issued among his Italian friends, to address an auditory hastily assembled in the concert room of the Princess's Theatre, Oxford-street; and the celebrated orator fully realised all the accounts which, during the late rising of the Peninsula, were, from time to time, transmitted to us about his electrical style of eloquence in popular assemblies. The Father was attired in his black serge habit as a Barnabite monk, and wore on his breast the rude wooden cross of his order. The subject of this his inaugural discourse was the abuses which successive Popes had heaped on the church entrusted to their care, and the outrageous superfœtations which disfigured the body catholic in consequence of such popery. We quote a few passages of the Father's varied and impassioned argument, which was conveyed with a fervour of declamation and a grace of delivery quite unknown to our clerical speakers. We honestly confess that we have not seen or heard in London any public orator at all to be compared with this finished and truly classic preacher. We can fully comprehend the effect of his eloquence on the thousands who filled the great square of St. Mark, and the various other public gatherings throughout Italy, when he swayed the fierce democracy and roused the energies of the Peninsula. His command of language is most copious, and the variety as well as appropriate dignity of his attitudes and intonation truly captivating.'

There are clergymen in our prostrate country, as elsewhere, who are mere sacerdotal tradesmen—*preti botegäi clero trafficatore.* We know the men—we know them of old. They cry hush! if you whisper the word abuse. They say uncover not the shame of our mother. No; let the gangrene go on—let corruption eat farther into the flesh until the whole mass become putrid—carrion so rank that it smell to heaven. We in the meantime eat and drink and make merry in the lazarhouse, the church of the living God, or, like sailors in a plague ship, with 'Peter at the helm;' so our rations are served out regularly, let the crew and all perish in the inevitable devastation we cannot cure. I reason not with such. I am for the cautery and the surgeon's trenchant blade; I am against dissembling, palliating, or plastering up the corroding scurvy. But, thank God for it, there is yet a portion of the Italian church true-hearted and sincere. There are in our land young Levites who are uncontaminated with the leprosy of Rome's hoary-headed prevaricators in the service of God's temple. In Lombardy and Venice they abound; in Tuscany they are numerous; in Piedmont they openly proclaim their abhorrence of papal abominations—they are the hope, and will yet be the rescuers of Italy. I have been told by the craven slaves of an anti-national and anti-Christian system, you are alone! (it is false,) you peril your future prospects (I have no earthly views of personal gain like theirs,) your acts will be noted down and remembered against you (I glory in the denunciation of rascaldom). The Jesuits are watching you—their spies are taking down your words (let Loyola do his dirty work—I have long since known and defied him.) Do you see this old cassock? Clad in these humble rags, I have ere this confronted the banded hordes of human tyranny in all their variety of denominations: nor shall I shrink from an encounter with the vilest and most treacherous of all. In this old gown I have stood as a target against the musketry of the foes of civilisation and freedom before now. I have stood out against the bloody Croats of Austria, and the miserable Mamelukes of Naples, and the degraded Cossacks of France! Does that rampant renegado Montalembert claim respect from me—or the Bourbonite cretinism of De Falloux challenge my homage? Know we not how low has sunk French policy and French principle in the eyes of thinking Europe and unshackled America? The old butchers of the French St. Bartholomew have got the upper hand once more; and the massacre of Rome's best citizens may now be added to the canonised and papally-glorified extermination of the Huguenots. Do I seek to convert Englishmen to the papal religion such as it now stinks in the nostrils of mankind? Heaven keep me from any wish of the sort! Men of England, keep your Christianity, hug it to your bosoms, fling it not away for the embrace of the degraded harlot that flaunts her faded finery in the twilight of the human understanding, but in the rays of the sun of intellect is but a loathsome aggregate of abominable imposture. When the religion of Italy resumes a purified aspect, when the handmaid of God is again seen to walk forth as in the days she won your hearts—in the days of the great Gregory and the monk Austin—then hail her as of old, but not till then. Better far your Anglican creed and its simple liturgy, and its unsophisticated morality, and its plain downright enmity to soul-destroying delusions, vain unctions of oil to lubricate an evil-doer's passage to eternity, dark confessionals and empty forms of absolution, mere provocatives to renewed criminality: better cling to your homely creed than adopt in its present deformity the jumble of incoherencies throned on the Seven Hills. Maniacs are found in connection with that system, such as it now exhibits its repugnant features to the world, who talk of the conversion of England. God help the silly creatures! Gregory the Great converted Britain: but how and when? That great pontiff,

adored by his flock, himself a mirror of every graceful attribute that adorns humanity and elevates the hero into the saint, a guide and pioneer in all that promotes human progress and civilised life, sent to your shores an humble, virtuous monk with a few poor attendants, meek, learned, and austere; craving not the luxuries and pomps of a pampered priesthood, but laborious teachers of the poor, and unassuming expounders of the New Testament. Who sends, and who are sent now, on the errand of conversion? Who sends? I'll tell ye. An empty-headed and hollow-hearted egotist, whose vanity is only equal to his imbecility, and who has earned the scorn and detestation of the three millions of Italian men over whom, by a curse of providence and the aid of French twenty-four pounders, he exercises his abhorred tyranny,—a pastor, forsooth, of the Roman flock, who has fulfilled to the letter the scriptural sketch of a mercenary shepherd, to whom the sheep do not by right belong. The mercenary or 'the hireling, when he sees the wolf approach, flies away,' in the best disguise he can, even that of a footman, 'because he is a hireling;' but the good shepherd, instead of causing thousands of his flock to be massacred on his account, and for his selfish purposes, rather lays down his own life (not to say a crown that he has no right to) rather than peril the life of a single lamb of the fold. Such is the character who sends to convert England—to convert freeborn men to his allegiance—allegiance to a ruler brought back over the gory ramparts of bombarded Rome to sit in sullen and detested supremacy amid the ruins of the press, of the electoral franchise, freedom of speech, free tribunals, and free thought. Such is the European Juggernaut before which England is called on to bow, and let his bloody care roll over your souls. Such being the sender, whom has he sent? At the head of his missionaries comes a man with sufficient learning to expound his Bellarmine and his breviary, and sufficient ability to explain how the laws of your land may be violated with impunity; whose meekness is manifested by a haughty edict from the 'Flaminian gate,' and who, instead of the humbly shod but yet beautiful feet of those who in all humility bring the gospel of peace, flaunts before the eyes of the barbaric tribes who are supposed to be the aborigines of this island, a pair of red silk stockings; a man who dreams more of 'enthronisations' than the poor of Christ; whose thoughts are about a well-stocked wine cellar and weekly *conversaziones*--a man '*dominans in cleris*'—an overbearing tendency already marked in scripture as the characteristic of false churchmen; more studious of the paltry homage which he can exact from the feeble and notoriously degenerate aristocracy of his flock, than of the state in which the back slums of Westminster are and will long remain under such care-taking; with his pockets full of Austrian and Neapolitan certificates, and a warrant, no doubt, from his master to superintend and report the proceedings of the Italian exiles in London. Upon his guidance England is to be converted into a number of Oxford deserters, enrolled and drilled at Rome for this particular forlorn hope, and full of the reckless desperado bravery of men who have abjured their nationality, and can only thrive in the lowering of their country. But I trust both the sender and the sent will fail in their crusade against the English Church. I belong not to it, but I wish it triumphant at present; in its endurance and that of other dissenting creeds I see the only hope and chance of a thorough reform in the Christianity of Italy: when that blessed consummation takes place, as by God's blessing it soon will, then welcome, my English friends, to a junction with us; until then, keep aloof in God's name; you only do us harm by your premature adhesion. The English character is so unsuspicious and confiding, that ye would become the dupes of our crafty churchmen, and they would make use of you as they do now to rivet our chains and perpetuate their

impostures. None so ready to adopt the most ridiculous and irrational practices and theories of Catholicity as your English neophyte in his soft-hearted fervour. Hence the mischief of English converts and the inconceivable nuisance of their joining us at the present juncture. Keep aloof from the church of Pio Nono, men of England, who listened to the voice and welcomed the envoys of the great Gregory. That voice may be heard again, and missionaries worthy of Italian faith and civilisation may again present themselves on the coast of Kent, to claim brotherhood and Christian union in the name of regenerated catholicity. But until that hour of deliverance, keep aloof; while with uplifted hands I call on you in the name of our Common Redeemer to join your strength with ours, in the effort to deprecate, denounce, and demolish the accumulated abuses of the Popedom.

TRACTS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The address in last week's *Reasoner*, headed 'Robert Owen and the Exhibition of 1851,' and signed by Robert Cooper, G. Jacob Holyoake, James Rigby, and Henry A. Ivory, is worthy the serious attention of the friends of progress. It is to be hoped it will meet with a response in all parts of the country, and that the admirable suggestions therein made will be fully carried out. That part of the plan which suggests Lectures is excellent, and if followed by the distribution of Tracts printed in different languages, which will be found easy of accomplishment, will prove beneficial in its results. It is possible large audiences of foreigners—consisting exclusively of Frenchmen, Germans, or Italians—could not be got together; and if the audiences are composed of persons from different nations, the lectures, unless followed by tracts, may prove of little effect. Besides, the printed thoughts can be preserved, and pondered over in distant lands when the recollection of the Exhibition has faded, the accustomed train of thought has been resumed, and the excitement of travel has subsided.

The Committee of the Political and Social Tract Society are desirous of assisting Mr. Cooper and his coadjutors in their operations. The Tract Society have issued tracts which they think are suitable for the object in view; and as they have been stereotyped, they can be had for the mere cost of printing. This is an opportunity worth consideration, as it may materially facilitate the working of the new committee.

It has frequently been asked by politicians and statesmen whether the theory of Association was capable of being so stated that it might be entertained by the Legislature. This has been attempted in the tract on the 'Labour Question,' and has been thought by professional gentlemen, for whom it was first drawn up, to make out a case for public consideration. This tract, therefore, would be a very suitable one for distribution in any language, seeing that the aid of the government of a country must first be obtained before any schemes of great magnitude can be carried to successful issues.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of 'Alton Locke,' who may be considered as representing a large class of individuals adverse to the doctrines of Mr. Owen on Responsibility, wrote in the *Leader* attacking the theory of Circumstances. It was deemed advisable that his objections should be met, so the tract on 'Social Responsibility' was designed as an answer to him, and was written by a gentleman who is the author of a large and able work on the science involving this principle.

There are other tracts that may meet the views of this committee, which the Tract Society have issued; but those here mentioned are peculiarly adapted for their purposes, as they have special reference to the principles of English Socialism, as expounded by Mr. Owen. The Tract Society are both willing and anxious to 'assist in the good work,' and have therefore forwarded a complete set of the Tracts to the Secretary, Mr. H. A. Ivory, 52, College Place, Camden Town. They offer their cordial co-operation, for they deem it important that the great tide of public affairs should be taken at the flood: as the Egyptians, when the Nile overflows its banks, sow their seed—so should social reformers, when the tide of Nations flows into England, sow the seeds of liberty and peace, that the peoples of the earth may reap the harvest of tranquillity and happiness.

AUSTIN.

Examination of the Press.

LADY MORGAN'S LECTURE TO CARDINAL WISEMAN.—My Lord, in an age like this there is no standing still, nor going backwards. The world will neither stop nor retrograde. The spirit of movement, instinct in man in all times, which led Israel with HER great reformers to abandon the 'fleshpots of Egypt,' and risk the privations of the Wilderness; the spirit which made Catholic England and monastic Ireland anti-Papal for ages when the power of Papacy was greatest; the spirit which armed the always restive Gallican Church, and called forth wit and philosophy from monastic seclusion, to enlighten and delight the world by 'Les Lettres Provinciales' against the Bull Unigenitus; though kings and their concubines allied themselves with popes and prelates for its support;—that spirit glows more brightly than ever, throughout enlightened Europe. For the sole of the foot of ignorant bigotry there is no longer a resting-place; but there is a highway open, my lord, for enterprising Genius and earnest and honest intentions, which your Eminence *might* tread with a glory, to satisfy even your vaulting ambition without the risk of it overleaping itself. Could you but consent 'for the nonce' to leave behind you 'your consecrated chairs and immovable tables,' the fittest furniture of catacombs and caverns,—to leave your fallible pope under the protection of 12,000 French bayonets, 25,000 grim Austrians, and his faithful motley *Garde du Corps* of Swiss supernumeraries (types of Rome's ancient barbarian invaders, the Gauls and Teutons)—would you but turn *your* steps to the beautiful land of your race, Ireland!—there, my lord, *there* is much to do, that might be best done, by one who, like yourself, shares the religion and the idiosyncrasy of the people. Remember that all the great reformers of Christian times were reared in the cloister or issued from the church. Savonarola, the apostle of religious and patriotic independence in Italy; Wickliffe in England; Luther in Germany; and Father Mathew in Ireland! who improved upon the partial restrictions of St. Patrick himself, and effected a reform, once deemed impossible by Church or State—the reform of Temperance! boldly appealing from Ireland drunk to Ireland sober, in testimony of her *undisguised* excellence. Here, my Lord, your presence is an anomaly! A few years back, under the penal enactments of the times, it would have been, according to the authority of the greatest lawyers of the day, High Treason! Your very appearance in your picturesque costume, imposed by the *mise en scène* of a Church the most pictorial of all others, is even *now*—a Misdemeanour! Your See of Westminster is

'A sound signifying nothing!'

and the magniloquent titles bestowed upon you, through 'the divine mercies of Rome,' are only available in England in the private circles of your own flock, when kneeling ladies kiss your extended hand, reversing all laws of the courtesy of nations. But in Ireland, a legitimate and noble mission is open to you. There, as Doctor Wiseman, Doctor of Divinity, the learned, pious, and accomplished dignitary of the ancient and now flourishing Church of seven millions of Irish Catholics, you might replace the vulgar and perverting oratory of the Priest Tribunes of the day, who inflame the passions of their followers with those coarse but kindling appeals which come

'Warm from the bog and faithful to its fires;'

and by substituting your own polished eloquence and profound reasoning powers, you might and could dispel the dark ignorance of the lower classes—source of their crimes, as of their prostration to the influence of men, who inculcate no peace from the pulpit, and send no penitent from the Confessional! to accuse crime or reveal conspiracy!—*Letter of Lady Morgan on St. Peter's Chair.*

Reasoner Tracts.

THE EARLY CHRISTIAN APOLOGISTS.

BY UNDECIMUS.

In the second and third centuries, the Church of Christ commanded the services of many writers eminently qualified by their talents, wit, and learning for the task of fighting the battle of their faith against the Grecian and Roman philosophers. The ancient religion was long defended by the Roman government as a political institution; but the current was then running strong against heathen cant; the mythological gods were popular objects of derision; and, although the philosophers — most of whom were deists or atheists — may not have been often converted, yet there were but few who would contend for the old rags of Paganism. But, except in a few rare and illustrious minds, the grossest superstition still prevailed; and while the poets and their readers laughed at the puppet-gods, Jupiter and Mars, with their amorous successes and disasters, a general belief in supernatural agencies remained in full force. No one denied the powers of witchcraft and necromancy; astrology and alchemy were recognised as sciences by the learned; and every mathematician or naturalist was regarded by his ignorant neighbours as either a malignant sorcerer or an inspired favourite of heaven. The old religions were worn out, but the people were not prepared to do without one. At Athens, in St. Paul's time, they erected an altar to the Unknown God, worshipping, as he said, 'they knew not what;' and Christianity, with its promises of eternal beatitude and a speedy consummation of all things, appeared most opportunely as a reconciliation and solution of doubt, difficulty, and dread.

In such a state of public opinion, and with a vast preponderance of the people sunk in the darkest ignorance and superstition, deliberate logical arguments, even if the Christians had been able to discover and wield such weapons, were neither suitable nor requisite for the propagation of the faith. The early defenders of Christianity wrote their Apologies principally, if not entirely, to deprecate persecution, and to clear their co-religionists from various calumnious charges; and although they appeal, sometimes with considerable eloquence, to the miracles of Jesus and the prophecies fulfilled in his person—to the purity of the Christian doctrine, and to the testimony of martyrs—as proofs of the truth and divine origin of their religion, yet all the ancient Apologies extant hardly contain an argument on which a modern Christian disputant could rely in a controversy with an unbeliever.

Justin Martyr, about the year 150, addressed his first Apology to the Emperor Antoninus Pius, his son, his adopted son Lucius, the senate and people of Rome.* He commences with a bold and spirited appeal to the Roman rulers, 'in the name, and as one of those Christians who are persecuted; demanding justice, offering no flattery, and suing for no favours.' 'You are called,' says Justin, to the emperor and his sons, 'you are called pious, philosophers, lovers of science, defenders of justice: do you merit these names? We shall see. We simply ask that you should inform yourselves regarding the charges made against us, and that if they be true we should be punished; but if they be false, right reason should prevent you from condemning the innocent on slanderous charges, and from hearing passion rather than justice.'

'I ask you, what is the proof of a man's guilt? Is it his name or his actions? A man is accused of being a Christian; he denies that he is one; you immediately set him at liberty, you have no fault to find with him. Another, on being accused, makes an open and honest declaration of his faith; you immediately condemn him. In fact, we are only proscribed for our name. Is it not rather the actions and life of these men that ought to be inquired into?'

'It is highly important to refer your conduct to its true cause, which I will now explain. In days of yore, evil demons appeared with deceitful forms; they corrupted women and children—

* Finding it easier to translate from French than Greek, I have used the work of the Abbé Genoude: 'Défense du Christianisme par les Pères des premières Siècles. Première Sèrie: Les Pères Apologetiques.' Paris: 1842.

they even struck men with stupefaction and awe, so that they no longer judged reasonably. And as, at this time, they did not know of the existence of these demons, they, in their ignorance, took them for gods, and worshipped them under the various names which each of them assumed. Socrates alone was inspired with true reason, and tried to turn men away from this horrible worship. But the demons, by means of that corruption which they had instilled in the hearts of men, succeeded in causing him to be put to death as an impious person and an atheist, accusing the great philosopher of having taught a belief in new and strange deities. At the present time the demons are making the same efforts against us; for it is not only among the Greeks that those great truths—emanating from the Word, and proclaimed by Socrates*—have been announced. They were also published among a barbarous nation; they were made known to us by the Word himself, in a visible human form, and named Jesus Christ. It is in him alone that we believe. The authors of so many impostures we declare to be evil demons —those perverse corruptors, lower than the men whom they seduce, since men at least love virtue naturally. And for this we are called atheists; and atheists we are indeed, if these be gods!'

In fact, the ever-recurring burthen of Justin's two Apologies is to the effect that these evil demons—the offspring of sinful amours between disobedient angels and the daughters of men—are permitted to annoy the Christians, and to incite their persecutors, until the time when the designs of God will be finally accomplished. Thus, in his first Apology, he exposes the following disgraceful conduct of these inveterate enemies of God:—'It was necessary for the devils to arrest the progress of Christianity; they had recourse to another device. They resuscitated two men, Samaritans, Simon and Menander; and these by miracles seduced a multitude of persons, whose eyes are not yet opened. The wonders which Simon did in the middle of Rome, in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, excited the admiration of the senate and people to such a degree, that they took him for a God, and raised statues to him, like those false divinities whom you adore. Be so good, great prince and august senate, to make this inquiry, and examine with care. Those among you who are yet imbued with the doctrine of Simon will soon leave your errors, by favour of the torch of truth which we place before your eyes. But begin, if you please, by knocking down his statue.'

In this Apology, Justin makes a short attack on idolatry and pagan customs, explains some of the Christian doctrines, and the moral precepts of Christ, to show that he and his brethren were not the impious wretches they had been falsely represented to be, and ends with an interesting description of some Christian customs and religious ceremonies, which had been transformed by the slanderous reports of pagan priestcraft and bigotry into incestuous and cannibal practices.

The occasion of Justin's writing his second Apology was the martyrdom of three Christians in Rome, by order of Urbicus, the prefect of the city. He appeals to the emperor and senate to protect the Christians from such unjust persecution, and defends his fellow-believers from the sneering reproaches and calumnious charges which were popularly cast upon them. He again declares the misfortunes of the Christians to be caused by the machinations of demons, permitted by God to be successful for a time; and warns the Roman government from being led away by their infernal temptations any longer.

In Justin's dialogue with Trypho, the Jew, he gives an account of his own conversion from paganism to Christianity, which appears to have been an event of a very mysterious, if not miraculous nature. Justin had studied in the schools of Stoic, Peripatetic, and Pythagorean philosophy, and in none of them could his mind find ease. The ignorance of the first, the avarice of the second, and the delay caused by the strict preliminary application to mathematics required by the Pythagoreans, disgusted him with their schools without destroying his thirst for knowledge. There now only remained the philosophy of Plato. Justin studied with ardour, and made astonishing progress; he was carried away by the mysticism of the Platonic doctrines, fled from the haunts of men, and passed some time in soli-

* Justin seems here to elevate Socrates into an orthodox prophet.

tary contemplation in the wilderness. One day, when he thought himself quite alone, he suddenly perceived a venerable old man, with silver hair and an aspect of wisdom and benevolence, standing near him. A conversation ensued, and when the old man had succeeded in exposing the weakness and vanity of philosophy, and the heavenly origin of Christianity, he disappeared, and was never again seen by his convert.

In this dialogue with Trypho, the Jew of Corinth, Justin Martyr adduces the miracles of Christ as proofs of his authority, and quotes largely from the Jewish scriptures passages which he considers to be exactly prophetical of the nature and objects of these miracles. He lays particular stress on the frequent expulsion of devils by Christ and by the Christians in his name; but he says that a demon would probably obey if adjured by a Jew in the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Athenagoras, about the year 180, addressed his Apology to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, to deprecate the execution of some persecuting edicts which had just been issued against the Christians, and his arguments closely resemble those of Justin Martyr.

Minucius Felix, about twenty years later, wrote a defence of Christianity, in the form of a dialogue between a heathen and a Christian. He refutes the odious calumnies cast upon the worshippers of Jesus by their pagan adversaries, and at the same time ridicules the absurdities of polytheism, and the vain pretensions of heathen philosophy. He seems to have a more intimate acquaintance with the natural history of devils than Justin, with whom he agrees in imputing the misfortunes of Christians to the mischief-making propensities of these fallen angels. He gives a long detailed account of the miraculous deeds performed by them, and of the horrors, delusions, diseases, and misery which in all ages they have been permitted to inflict upon the unfortunate human race.

About this time, Hermias wrote his 'Derision of the Gentile Philosophers,' which displays great powers of sarcasm and irony, and a sufficient amount of stolid bigotry, and distrust of inquiry into natural causes, to show us that such qualities were no more wanting in the primitive Church than in the better-known ages of Papal power.

The Apology of the celebrated Tertullian, who was first a Catholic and afterwards a Montanist, was written two or three years before the year 200, and the case is argued with considerable wit and force. He demonstrates the injustice of persecution for religion; and in another of his works, an address to the Proconsul Scapula, written in the reign of Caracalla, he makes an avowal of admirable principles. 'It ought,' he says, 'to be left to the free choice of men to embrace that religion which seems to them most agreeable to truth. No one is injured or benefited by another man's religion; it is not an act of religion to force religion, which ought to be adopted spontaneously, and not by compulsion.'

When Tertullian speaks thus, and when Justin asks that 'the life and actions' of his brethren shall be inquired into, and that they shall 'not be condemned for their name only,' they ask all that we rationalists and freethinkers demand in the present day. But these arguments in favour of perfect freedom and perfect toleration, which are found in all the early Apologies, disappear from Christian writings after the commencement of the reign of Constantine, when imperial protection secured for the Church the peaceful and public exercise of its ceremonies, and the right of undisturbedly propagating the faith throughout the Roman world. 'In the fourth century,' says Mosheim, 'multitudes were drawn into the profession of Christianity, not by the powers of conviction and arguments, but by the prospect of gain and the fear of punishment.'

'At this period,' says the same impartial historian, 'two monstrous errors were almost universally adopted. The first of these was, that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by that means the interest of the Church might be promoted. And the second—equally horrible, though in another point of view, was that errors in religion, when maintained and adhered to after proper admonition, were punishable with civil penalties and corporeal torture.' 'The former of these erroneous maxims was now of a long standing; it had been adopted for some ages past, and had produced an incredible number of ridi-

culous fables, fictitious prodigies, and pious frauds, to the unspeakable detriment of that glorious cause in which they were employed. And it must be frankly confessed, that the greatest men and most eminent saints of this century were more or less tainted with this corrupt principle.'*

St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, has the credit of having been the first writer in favour of that detestable doctrine, the justice and expediency of torturing and killing heretics; but the other still more abominable and dangerous error was of much more ancient origin. 'In the second century,' says Mosheim, 'the Christians were infected with the pernicious error that it was not only lawful, but even praiseworthy, to deceive, and even to use the expedient of a lie, in order to advance the cause of truth and piety. The Jews who lived in Egypt had learned and received this maxim from the Platonists and Pythagoreans *before the coming of Christ*,† as appears incontestible from a number of ancient records.‡

It is therefore certain that pious frauds and pious falsehoods were not unknown or unusual at the time of the coming of Christ, that they may be detected in the earliest ages of Christianity, and that as soon as the Church obtained public power and influence, the lawfulness of such dishonest practices was openly advocated and defended by the most eminent saints and doctors.

When such were their opinions of truth, it may seem superfluous to quote the words of a very learned Christian, Balbeyrac, Professor of Law at Groningen, who says that 'the most celebrated doctors of the Church of the first six centuries are bad masters and poor guides in moral matters.'

Irenæus, saint and martyr of the second century, says, 'The pagans are our debtors; all that the pagans have acquired with labour we ought to enjoy without labour. When pagans are converted who have acquired wealth unjustly, their actions shall be accounted as just if they apply their wealth to the use of the Church.' These opinions were expanded by St. Augustine, when the Church was becoming powerful, into the comprehensive dogma 'that all the wealth of the heathen world belonged to the faithful.'*

The Apologies of the second and third centuries were written to deprecate persecution, and to answer the slanderous misrepresentations of the pagans, and not to assist in the work of conversion, for which purpose they were totally unsuited. Mosheim, speaking of the apologetic and controversial authors of the second century, says, 'The fundamental principles of the Christian doctrine were, it must be confessed, often explained and defended in a manner that discovers the greatest ignorance, and an utter confusion of ideas. They frequently make use of arguments void of all solidity, and much more proper to dazzle the fancy than to enlighten and convince the mind.'† The testimony of all these ancient Christian Fathers appears, in fact, to be in the present day entirely in favour of the opponents of Christianity; for their writings bear witness to the ignorance, falsehood, superstition, and immorality of the age in which a religion founded on miracles arose from obscurity. The few arguments based on prophecy, miracles, and martyrdom, which they contain, have been stated in a much more forcible and extended manner by the various modern writers of Christian Evidences, who have appealed to reason and controversy since the Protestant reformation first claimed for man the right of forming independent opinions on religious subjects.

* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, cent. iv., part ii., chap. 3.

† The italics are mine.

‡ Mosheim: Eccles. Hist., cent. ii., part ii., chap. 3.

* Balbeyrac: Traité de Morale des Pères, chap. iii., page 25. (Amsterdam: 1728.) To which I refer all who wish to know more of the pernicious and ridiculous moral opinions of the Fathers.

† Eccles. Hist., cent. ii., part ii., chap. 3.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

THE RELIGIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE INLAND PARTS OF AFRICA.

Sir,—In a book, dated 1738, entitled 'Travels into the Inland parts of Africa,' I find a very curious account of the religions and superstitions in the various parts of that clime. The work being dedicated to his grace the Duke of Montague, is some voucher for its authenticity. It contains a preface of some eleven pages, and a very long letter to the publisher. The author, Francis Moore, was several years factor to the Royal African Company of England.

Of Cadiz, Mr. Moore writes:—The churches are very numerous, and finely adorned with gilded altars, carved wooden images dressed in rich cloths, others of waxwork, and a vast number of candlesticks, in which are candles always burning. Here I saw two burials different from any I ever saw before: one of the persons deceased, after having mass sung over him in a church, was carried in a coffin (covered with fish-skin) to a burying vault a great way under the church, where was neither bones nor coffins to be seen, only a heap of about 300 skulls, piled upon one another like cannon balls in a fortification. Here the corpse was brought by four men, who threw it off their shoulders out of the coffin, and there left it, carrying the coffin back with them. The other person had mass sung over him by about a hundred priests, all dressed in white, with long wax candles burning in their hands, which they carried before the corpse, along the streets, to the church. As soon as mass was over, the person was taken out of his coffin with his shroud on, in the middle of the church, and was put into a hole about two feet square, with his feet first, and as soon as the corpse was in, the hole was stopped up, under which, I suppose, there was a vault.

Speaking of the Canary Islands, as he proceeds, he states that the people are very superstitious in some things, one of which is, that if they know anybody boils the sweet milk which they buy of them, they will not, for any consideration, sell them any more, because, they say, the boiling the milk makes the cows dry! The Arabic is spoken by the Pholeys, and by most of the Mahometans, in the river, though they are Mundingoes, but those who can write Arabic are very strict in their devotions three or four times a day; they would rather fast than eat anything which is not killed by one of their own way of thinking. They have a great veneration paid them by all the Mundingoes, insomuch that if any of them are ill, they apply to a Mahometan for cure; but not by inward potions, as any one would reasonably imagine, but they put so much faith in them, that they desire them only to write a sort of note on a small piece of paper for them to wear about them, imagining that as they have a paper about them written by a holy man, no ill can happen to them. But they pay the Mahometans a great price for these papers. Amongst the Mundingoes there is a cant language called Mumbo Jumbo, entirely unknown to the women, and which keeps them in awe.

At Joah, the king and all his attendants profess the Mahometan religion, notwithstanding they drink so much strong liquors; but when the king is sober or not quite fuddled, he prays. Some of that persuasion are so strict, that they would sooner die than drink strong intoxicating fluids; but the king's is a converse case, he would sooner die than drink small when he can get strong. And here there is a sort of screech-owl, which in the night make a very dismal noise, and are taken for witches. If one of these birds happen to come into a town at night, the

people are all up firing at it, and as yet one has not been shot, the poor deluded creatures still continue in the opinion that they are witches.

At Samy's River, the author was visited at night by a mysterious idol. He says: 'I was visited by a Mumbo Jumbo, an idol, which is among the Mundingoes a kind of a cunning mystery. It is dressed in a long coat made of the bark of trees, with a tuft of fine straw on the top of it, and when the person wears it, it is about eight or nine feet high. This is a thing invented by the men to keep their wives in awe, who are so ignorant as to take it for a wild man, he having a very dismal voice. It comes abroad only in the night time, which gives it better effect. Whenever men have any dispute with women this Mumbo Jumbo is called in to decide, which is always given in favour of the men. Their chief object is never to divulge the language to any woman. One woman persuaded her husband to divulge the secret, which he did, and it having been spread abroad, a consultation was held by members of the society, and it was arranged that they should be killed upon the spot, which was accordingly done.'

Mr. Moore was invited to the burial of a great man, who died suddenly. But at Samy everybody who dies, so superstitious are the natives, is considered to be killed by witches, excepting this man, who was allowed to have died by the hands of the Almighty for breaking a vow. The natives are apt to break their vows, and in remembrance of which they wear an iron manelio on their wrist. This man had a present made him of a man slave, upon which occasion he vowed never to part with him upon any account, and wore a twisted iron manelio round his right wrist. About a week before his death, not out of any forgetfulness of his vow, but purely to buy corn for the subsistence of his numerous family, he unadvisedly went and sold the slave, which he had vowed never to part with, and died suddenly, and the natives allowed that God Almighty killed him for breaking his vow. Usually when people die, all their friends and acquaintances come and cry over them a day or two, as the Irish do, and bury them in the rooms in which they die, or else very close to it. Those of their relations who are not upon the spot, out of respect for the deceased, cry and howl as much at a hundred miles distant as though they were actually with the deceased at the time of his death.

Such were, and perhaps still are, the superstitions of a portion of the inhabitants of the inland parts of Africa. Christianity would no doubt benefit these, though it would merely change their superstitions for some that seem less revolting to us, because we are familiar with them. But to teach them to make a change is to do them good. Reason may in the end come and purify their manners.

ISAAC ARGENT.

PROGRESS IN BIRMINGHAM.

DEAR SIR,—It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Reasoner* to know how we are going on in Birmingham. Religionists have created a storm here which they would be glad to quell. Our Town Hall has been the arena of many conquests for political liberty, and it seems destined to be the arena in which religious liberty may be assisted. We have had five lectures and one monster meeting respecting the encroachments of the Pope. Our lecturers were great guns of the Church, who would allow liberty of conscience just so far as would not interfere with their interest and influence. When the excitement was at its highest, a meeting was called to memorialise the Queen, and 10,000 men, by show of hands, decided against it, and determined that the Catholic should have the same liberty as the Protestant.

Immediately it became known that Dr. Wiseman was appointed to the see of Westminster, the Young Men's Christian Association engaged the Rev. G. S. Bull to deliver a lecture at the Philosophical Institution, on the 'Wiles of Romanism and the Snares of Atheism.' Seeing that our principles were about to be associated with the doctrines of Catholicism, I thought it my duty to write a letter to the rev. gentleman. I accordingly did so, and enclosed a copy of the 'Logic of Death' for his perusal. The letter I forwarded to him was as follows:—

'Rev. Sir,—Seeing that you are about to deliver a lecture at the Philosophical Institution, Cannon Street, on the "Wiles of Romanism and the Snares of Atheism," I feel with you that the wiles of Romanism should be guarded against, it being a rule with the priests of the Romish Church to cramp inquiry and keep the mind in ignorance. But atheism, I consider, has no snares, unless they are those which the priests of all creeds construe so. Do not, I pray, associate the doctrines of the Romish Church with the aspirations of atheism. Atheism relieves the mind of the errors and falsehoods imposed upon it by Catholicism, and other isms also. Atheism prompts man to persevere in the investigation of truth, so that truth alone shall be his guide. May you, in your inquiry, see the truth, so that we may number you as one holding our views. Enclosed is a small pamphlet for your perusal, and may its contents be a lasting benefit to you.

'Excuse me troubling you with this small epistle, but I am desirous of arriving at the truth, and shall, if possible, attend your lecture. AN INQUIRER.'

I did attend his lecture. He ridiculed the ceremonies adopted by the Catholic in his mode of worship. He said nothing against atheism, but promised to attend to that on a future occasion. A young man was very anxious that he should go more fully into the subject of atheism, as he said they were being met at every turn by the atheists, and they had no means of confuting their arguments. The Catholic controversy has occupied all their attention, and atheism, at the present time, is not spoken of. E. N.

THE BEAM IN THE EYE OF THE CHURCH.

SIR,—Religionists, and particularly the Church of England party, always couple with the profession of atheism vice and immorality. Now the basis of atheism (if I understand it rightly) is morality, founded on the laws of nature, and as such it is far superior to the precepts of an antiquated system of superstition.

Has *their* system of teaching produced morality? Hear what a churchman (Mr. George Hughes, a Barrister) said at the meeting of the Church Union last week, on the occasion of getting up a petition to the Queen for a revival of Convocation. His words are reported to be these:—'Of the laity, the higher classes are profligate and irreligious; and ignorant as the lower orders are of what Christians ought to know and believe for their soul's health, as the tendency of vice is always to gravitate downwards, so they are only too well and too practically acquainted with the folly and vices of their superiors.'

If this is the result of the Church's teaching, the *divinely appointed teacher of the nation*, as they term it in their petition, it is high time the country should look out for a system and instructors more capable of producing better results than these, after a trial of 1851 years.

Bridgewater. ANTI-PRIESTCRAFT.

JUSTIN ON THE SABBATH.

Sir,—In book 36, chapter 2, of 'Justin's History,' I find the following. Speaking of Joseph, he says:—'Moses was his son, who, besides the knowledge he seemed to have inherited from his Father, recommended himself to the people by the goodness of his person. But the Egyptians being infected with the leprosy and itch, were admonished by the Oracle to expel Moses out of Egypt, lest the contagion should spread itself all over the country. Moses was made leader of those miserable wretches, and stole away all the sacred utensils belonging to the Egyptians, who, marching after him to restore them by force of arms, were constrained to return home by furious tempests, that hindered their farther pursuit. Moses safely arrived at Damascus, the ancient seat of his ancestors, and possessed himself of Mount Sinai, where, finding his people fatigued and spent with their seven day's fasting in the deserts of Arabia, he commanded the seventh day, which they call the Sabbath, to be perpetually observed as a fast, because that day put a period to their fasting and wandering. And because they considered that they had been turned out of Egypt, for fear of spreading the infection, lest the people in whose country they had now settled their abode, should hate them for the same reason, they took care to maintain no manner of communication with them. Thus what at first was only an effect of their policy, became insensibly a maxim of their religion and discipline.'

Beadwell. William Jordan.

BRAHMANISM IN THE EAST.

The difficulty of effectually assailing the Brahmanical system arises from the mysterious immensity, from the vastness and indistinctness of its huge proportions. It is in this that consists at once its real and its artificial strength—real in the prodigious area over which its baleful influence extends, and in the myriads who bend blindly and submissively before its despotic authority; artificial but still overpowering in the infinitude into which it has multiplied all its component parts. Its mythical cosmogony stretches away beyond the bounds of space; its historical annals extend backwards to the birth of time. Its chronology is recorded, not by centuries, but by millions of millions of ages; and the individuals engaged in one single exploit, minutely commemorated in its archieves, exceed in number the whole congregation of human beings that have pressed the earth since the creation of man. Its events have been chronicled in Sanscrit, a language the most expressive and harmonious that has ever been attuned to human utterance; a language whose characters are declared to be a direct revelation from the Deity himself, and its sounds the accents of the celestials. It is professed that in the revolution of ages the use of this melodious tongue has been withdrawn from the lips of ordinary mortals, and its knowledge has been entrusted to the divine race of the Brahmans alone, to whom it has been permitted to cultivate this dialect of the gods. The Vedras and the Shastras, the sacred volumes which contain all imaginable knowledge, and embody all that has been communicated by the inspiration of Omniscience, are written in this venerable language, and are believed to be as ancient as eternity, and to have issued direct from the lips of the Creator. From the Vedas proceed the Upangas and Puranas, those versified commentaries and interminable treatises which compose the wisdom of the East, teaching all arts, expounding all sciences, developing all mysteries, explaining all laws and ethics, embracing all that it becomes man to know, and enjoining all that it behoves him to perform. All these form a body of learning so profound as to be infallible, so vast as to be inscrutable, so voluminous that the mere fragments of these giant epics, which are still accessible to mankind, are computed by

millions of stanzas, and the whole existence of an ordinary mortal, though prolonged to the uttermost hour, would barely suffice to initiate him into the first rudiments of the ineffable literature of Brahma. It is this imposing immensity in which consists the ascendancy and duration of the system; its vastness baffles all scrutiny and defies all human comprehension. The mind of the Hindoo is overawed by the sense of inconceivable extension; he feels it impious to explore where he despairs to comprehend; he bows in distance and in humbleness before the sublimity of mystery, and, in the very prostration of his intellect, *he believes.*—*Sir J. E. Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon.*

VARIATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

No thinker of ordinary intelligence can fail to perceive, not merely difference in degree of completeness, but contrast, between the religious conceptions which represented the Deity as sanctioning or prescribing the cunning trickery of Jacob, or the savage cruelties of Joshua, and those which preside over the sublime remonstrances of the prophets; but the explanation is still sought in the theory of accommodation, that is, the puerile and unworthy religious conceptions invariably accompanying an absence of intellectual culture, which in other nations are referred to the general principles of human development, are, in the case of the Hebrews, supposed to have been benevolent falsities on the part of the true God, whereby he allured a barbarous race to his recognition and worship.—*Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.*

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary and Scientific Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—February 2nd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—February 2nd [7], Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, 'Prospects and Policy of the Chartist Agitation.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Feb. 2nd [11½ a.m.], Mr. Travers will Lecture.

South London Hall, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—Feb. 2nd [7], Mr. C. Southwell, 'Rival Churches of England and Rome.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Feb. 2nd [7], Dr. Sexton, 'The Devil.'

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—January 31st [8], a Discussion. Feb. 2nd [7½], a Lecture.

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Feb. 2nd [7½], a Lecture.

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Feb. 2nd [7], Mr. E. Stallwood, 'The Writings of Thomas Paine.'

Now Ready, No. 8 for January, 1851.

THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE and Review of Theology, Politics, and Literature. Edited by Friends of Truth and Progress. Price Sixpence. 64 Pages.

Contents—The Inconsistencies of the Church.—Recipe for a Highland Sermon.—The Political Reviewer—1. Retrospect of the half century: its lesson; 2. The political aspect of the 'Papal Aggression.' Our Page of Statistics. Spirit of the Puplic Press—Down with the Tyrants, with hints what to do with them; What has the Church done for the People? Letters 1 and 2; Speech of Sir Joshua Walmsley, M.P., at the meeting of the Members of the National Freehold Land Society. The Genuine Gibbon. The Italian Revolution, a Lecture delivered in Manchester. The National Charter and Social Reform Union. Views of Life, from Schiller. Review of Books—Catholicism, the Religion of Fear; Olive: a Novel. Correspondence—Conformity of the New Testament; Who are the Scoffers now? The Telescope and the Microscope. Evil Effects of Superstitious Intolerance. A Day of Rest. Theology. The Professors of Owen's College.

London: Published by James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE LEADER.

THE LEADER, of Saturday, January 25th, contains *Thornton Hunt's* Reply to the article on '*Alton Locke* and the *Leader*, as exponents of English Socialism,' in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review.*

Published by Joseph Clayton, jun., 265, Strand. Price 6d.

SOCIAL SCIENCE, AND THE ORGANISATION OF LABOUR. By James Hole. 'Laissez Faire.' The Labour Question. Surplus Labourers, Economists, and the Poor Law. Organisation of Surplus Labourers. The Land Question. Machinery. The Province of Government. Association. With Introduction and Appendix.

John Chapman, 142, Strand. Price 2s. 6d.

NEW MONTHLY JOURNAL,

On Jan. the 1st was published, Price 6d., No. 1 of

THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC: an Endeavour to Explain Republican Principles, to Record Republican Progress, and to establish a Republican Party in England. Edited by W. J. Linton.

Contents: Editor's Address.—To the Peoples: the Organisation of Democracy.—Republican Principles.

No. 2, to appear on the 1st of February, will contain:—The Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini.—The Acts of the Central European Democratic Committee.—The Irish Tenant League.—Republican Organisation.—A Revolutionary History, and other articles.

J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

Our Open Page.

A REPLY to our recent article on the 'Aspects of Christian Socialism' has appeared in the *Christian Socialist*. We shall insert the reply at the earliest opportunity, and also a letter from Panthea on the subject.

In 'Laing's Observations on Europe,' p. 400, it is said that 'To have no state church at all, appears to be the only arrangement suitable to the present advanced condition of society, and of the public mind on religious freedom.' Mr. Laing speaks of Prussia, where the effect of a concordat with the Pope was, that Pius VII., in 1830, issued a brief prohibiting the Catholic clergy in the western province of Prussia from celebrating mixed marriages, without the promise of the parties to educate their children in the Roman Catholic faith. Laing argues, if the Roman Catholic Church had been left to the voluntary system, they would not have thought, as (they do not think) in England or America, of imposing restrictions upon marriage. W. J .B.

The Rev. George Ogilvie died July 6th, 1850, aged 32, the gentleman whose correspondence appeared in a former volume of this journal.

The Mr. James (whether the Rev. J. A. James we know not) who has been lecturing on and misrepresenting atheism in Bristol, has had sent to him by a friend the following :—'Paley Refuted,' 'Logic of Death,' 'Existence of God Disproved,' six copies of the *Reasoner*, with a few useful tracts.

The *Oxford Journal* says, 'At the recent meeting of the Bible Society in the Town Hall, Dr. Cumming made some remarks deprecating the now prevalent habit of using Bibles with clasps, which he conceived to be not in accordance with that sacred word which ought to be easily accessible to all. A singular but striking illustration of the inconvenience of such clasps occurred on Sunday evening last in the new church in George-street, when the curate could not unfasten the clasp of the Bible from which he was about to read, and the vicar was obliged to go to his assistance, and succeeding at length in getting the Bible open.'

The following lines, entitled 'Mother Church and the Cherry Tree,' are being quoted in the newspapers :—

See those cherries ! how they cover
  Yonder sunny garden wall !
Had they not this network over,
  Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our church and pensions,
  Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes of small dimensions
  Only certain birds can get.

Shall we, then, this network widen ?
  Shall we stretch those sacred holes,
Through which e'en already slide in
  Certain small dissenting souls ?

'Heaven forbid !' Old Testy crieth ;
  'Heaven forbid !' so echo I—
Every ravenous bird that flieth
  Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
  And behold how birds do break in ;
How some curst old Popish crow
  Pops his long and liquorish beak in.

There Socinians flock unnumbered,
  Independents slim and spare ;
Both, with small belief encumbered,
  Slip in easy anywhere.

Methodists, of birds the aptest
  Where there's picking going on ;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist—
  All would have our fruits anon.

Every bird of every city,
  That for years with ceaseless din
Hath reversed the starling's ditty,
  Singing out, 'I can't get *in*.'

If less costly fruit won't suit them,
  Hips, and haws, and such like berries—
Curse the cormorants ! stone them ! shoot
  Anything to save the cherries. [them !

London : Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row ; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, January 29th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

REV. MR. SCOTT, OF NORWICH, IN THE MATTER OF COURTESY.

WHEN the Rev. Mr. Scott has, after the manner we examined last week, shown, to his own satisfaction, his own side of the argument between us, he expresses himself thus—'May I then ask what claim Mr. Holyoake has to your regard when, though *convicted of falsehood*, instead of freely confessing that he has shamefully maligned Christianity, he still persists in repeating the *falsehood?*' What must be the idea of controversy entertained by a man who, when he has stated his own side of the case, calls that the 'conviction' of another of 'falsehood,' whose sole crime is that he happens to be of a different opinion? Does not Mr. Scott know that a 'falsehood' is a *wilful untruth?* And does he so far forget the proprieties of decency and of truth as to tell his opponent that his earnest and conscientious dissent is only the utterance of what he *knows to be false?* When Mr. Scott insinuated this much in my presence, I demanded of him whether, as a gentleman or a Christian, he could justify the use of such language; and whether, if he thus denied my sincerity and veracity, why should not I also *deny his*—and would not that be to convert discussion into a bear garden? This was the purport, and nearly the precise language, of an episode in our mutual speeches. Mr. Scott at once explained away his accusation, and yet he coolly repeats in his pamphlet what he retracted to my face. In my notice of his letter I promised to show that, however he might deny it, his pamphlet, like his debate, bore evidence that he had lost either his courtesy or his temper. How far this is established the reader is now enabled to judge. Had the passage I have quoted been written, as in truth and in fairness it ought to have been written, how different a construction it would bear! It would then stand thus—'May I then ask what claim Mr. Holyoake has to your regard when, though I have stated my side of the case, and shown, as I think, that he is in the wrong, he is still unable to see it; and, instead of freely confessing that he has very much mistaken the nature of Christianity, he still persists (being of a different opinion) in repeating his former statements?' This is all that Mr. Scott is warranted in saying. So much of accuracy as this would change its tone.

On page 11 my reverend opponent writes thus—'Yes, Mr. Holyoake *knows* when he says the Bible is a bad book that he declares a *palpable falsehood.*' Mr. Holyoake did not say, in the unqualified and offensive way Mr. Scott puts it, that 'the Bible is a bad book.' But let that pass. Of this language I will only say that it can never injure us if we are never induced to imitate it.

It was in Norwich that the Rev. Andrew Reed addressed us one night in debate, on my first visit. The great contrast between that gentleman and Mr. Scott many of our readers will remember. We dissented from Mr. Reed, but all were inspired by respect. In what way Mr. Scott can expect to serve Christianity while he inspires us with such different feelings, I know not.

The tone of Mr. Scott's pamphlet, and the laxity of his other accusations, are of

the same quality as those I have noticed. As this is not the kind of opposition which will do us harm among the candid or the well-informed, it is a matter of choice whether we dwell upon it little or much. For myself I shall prefer, if friends there can arrange it, to go down to Norwich and reply to his own audiences, if they will come to the lecture, to much more than Mr. Scott is pleased to say in this pamphlet. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

A FEW WORDS TO THE 'REASONER.'

'LIFE is too short for controversy,' was perhaps Chalmers's greatest utterance. We began this periodical with the firm intention, or at least with the earnest desire, to mix ourselves up in as few controversies as possible with our various brethren of the Press,—to acknowledge kindness, to overlook abuse,—to set forth the truth not negatively, but positively, in a practical and living shape,—to attack doctrines where necessary, persons as little as possible,—to accept gratefully all help sincerely proffered, come from whence it might,—and yet never to obtain such help under false colours. Those amongst us who have hitherto borne the name of Christians, in taking also the name of Socialists, did so not in order that their Christianity might sit the looser upon them, but in order to fold it around themseves the more closely. They are Socialists, not *although*, but *because* they are Christians. They take Socialism to be the embodiment of Christ's Gospel, and not its substitute or successor. And this they have never shrunk from declaring, whether before this journal was started, or since its appearance. The opening articles of our first number were, I had trusted, clear and full to this point.

Our contemporary the *Reasoner* has more than once sneered at Christian Socialism. We have not resented these sneers. If we did not deserve them, they could not hurt us. If we did, then had we cause for self-reproach, not for reproach of others. Our contemporary now puts forth 'an appeal to the good sense' of the 'Promoters of Christian Socialism.' There are, indeed, properly speaking, no such persons. There are Promoters of Working Men's Associations, forming a Council that has for one of its functions 'to diffuse the principles of Co-operation, as the application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry.' But let that pass. Our contemporary, it seems, receives inquiries from various parts of the country, 'What are we to do with the Christian Socialists? are we to debate with them, or hear without dispute what we feel to be incorrect?' Its answer 'has been, and is, Open your halls to them whenever asked; give them the hand of generous fellowship, till time furnishes the proper opportunity of remonstrating without damaging the efforts after practical good which they are making.' That time, it would seem, has now arrived, since the Editor complains that 'the position taken by the Christian Socialists is both illogical and ungracious;' although he does not 'despair that appeals to their good sense and good will, will lead to some improvements in these respects.'.....'The teachings of the *Christian Socialist*' (he adds) 'are neither satisfactory to us, nor, I conceive, to Christians. Such a title as "God justified to the people," must always sound blasphemous in the ears of a man of religious nature. Were I a Christian, nothing would induce me to use so immodest or so presumptuous a phrase. This periodical abounds in proselytising articles, in very bad taste.....and the *Tracts* are now filling with controversial matter.....It is very hard, when the clergy in other places are generously and wisely consenting to give us secular education, that we cannot be indulged in secular bread and butter. A co-operative coat need not be a Christian coat, any more than it need be an atheistic one.....To mix up Christianity with Socialism

is to shelter its errors from legitimate attack, and to take an unfair advantage of us.....By all means let the Promoters advocate Christianity, as we do the rejection of it; but let them confine it to their *Tracts*, or some other proper place, and keep the proselytism of the Church distinct from social or political reform.'

Wonderfully orthodox, to be sure. A Tory parson of the good old times of George the Third could not have said better. We did not, we own, expect the *Christian Socialist* to be satisfactory to the *Reasoner*. If our mode of dealing with sacred things be immodest, presumptuous, blasphemous—God be our judge! We cannot promise any improvement in these respects. We pray God that we may learn to connect Christ's gospel daily more and more with every act, word, and thought of our common, daily life. It is strange that so acute a logician as the Editor of the *Reasoner* should not have seen that his pleading goes to the very root of our existence, that he is complaining of us for being that which we distinctly profess to be. We stand upon the one ground of the union of Christianity with Socialism. The Council of Promoters, to repeat the words above quoted, are bound to the diffusion of 'the principles of co-operation,'—not as a new-fangled artificial system or theory,—but 'as the application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry.' We cannot confine our Christianity to our *Tracts*, 'or some other proper place.' We started by saying, *This* is the place for it,—this trade and industry of yours have become utterly corrupt and tyrannical, simply because they have not been carried on in the love of God and man; this religion of ours has become utterly effete and dead, simply because it has confined itself to churches and chapels, to tracts and sermons, because it has distinguished between places that were proper and places that were improper for it, because it has forgotten that our Lord was sent into the world, not that the Church, but that 'the world should be saved.' It is very hard, you say, that you cannot be indulged with secular bread and butter, nor do you see why co-operative coats need be Christian ones. We say that Christianity is a 'bread and butter question,' and is worthless if it is not. We are told in express terms, 'whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' We are taught in express words to 'pray for our daily bread.' We dare not therefore, as Christians, give up bread and butter and coats, to either speculative or practical atheists, as mere secular matters. Our Lord did not do so, when He twice exercised His gracious power in multiplying loaves of bread; when He gave us bread and wine for symbols and pledges of His abiding presence. Secular bread and butter for us is the 'two thin slices' of the sweater, who has no notion that the command to love his neighbour as himself is to rule himself and his workshop at meal-times. Godless coats for us are those government uniforms, of which the lying cheapness is wrung out of the wages of prostitution. And if ever there was bread and butter, if ever there were coats in the world, which could emphatically be called Christian, it was in those days when 'the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul,—neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common.....*neither was there any among them that lacked.*'

The *Reasoner* and its supporters may therefore deal with the Christian Socialists as they may think fit. So far as they may have helped us hitherto for co-operative purposes, we thank them heartily; so far as they may think proper to help us hereafter, we shall be willing and glad to receive their help. Believing, ourselves, Socialism, or fellow-work, to be essentially Christian, we believe that any one who truly practises it, fulfils so far God's law, is so far, without knowing it perhaps, a Christian. Further than this, we cannot go. It is by our works we have to show

our faith, if they do not *show* that faith, they are worthless. We cannot put the light of God's gospel under a bushel. We claim every atheist for a brother—but we can only do so by telling him of that Father whom he denies, and of the tittle by which we know Him. J. T.

[If life be too short for controversy, life is too short for the truth, for the truth only comes by controversy. Had it not been for prior controversy, the *Christian Socialist* would not now have a sphere to dogmatise in. To represent the passing remarks which we have made, in reference to the advocacy of the *Christian Socialist*, as 'sneers,' is a misuse of language, and unjust to us. We differed, and we said so, but we said it without unfriendliness or contempt, for we neither felt it nor wish to feel it. We now quote the above reply, that all who saw our expostulation may see the answer given thereto. Many of those who seem to have the clearest view of the distinctions of human duty and spiritual speculation, agree in representing morality as the primary and independent business of men: and the most attractive explanation offered of Religion is, that it is the loftier and crowning speculation which illumines the field of humble duty and the dim path of human destiny. Those who aspire to teach us in this last respect are required to prove their fitness and earnestness by the vigorous performance of the *secular* functions of life, the functions which the *Christian Socialist* calls the 'bread and butter question.' To mix up these provinces of moral duty and spiritual speculation together, is, in our opinion, to lower the loftier and confuse the humbler. These are the grounds on which we took the liberty of appealing to the promoters of Christian Socialism. In the last number of that publication we find the *Reasoner* classed with the *Edinburgh Review* as being in 'opposition' to them, so we have no desire to argue the matter further with them. We will not, even in appearance, suffer ourselves to be included among the impediments to that practical good which they are generously attempting. We can tell them that if combating them was our object, we should not have taken the trouble to have made the appeal we ventured upon, as it is far easier for us to combat Christianity when confounded with the gross topics of shillings and pence, than when it bears the proud and attractive pretensions of being an independent, a pure, and a sublime speculation. —G. J. H.]

THE NONCONFORMIST ESTIMATE OF DR. CUMMING.

THE following is a review of '"Prophetic Studies; or, Lectures on the Book of Daniel." By the Rev. J. Cumming, D.D. London: A. Hall & Co.' It appeared in the *Nonconformist* of January 23, 1851.

We hesitate to say all that has been suggested to us by the perusal of this volume, lest we should seem to indulge personality in our remarks. But as we know nothing whatever personally of Dr. Cumming, we think we are bound not to conceal our honest opinion, formed upon the perusal of the author's publications alone. Dr. Cumming tells us in his preface—'I am satisfied in these studies to appeal to, and interest and instruct, the masses.' This truthfully describes the volume. It is simply *ad captandum*. It has no mark of independent investigation or rich biblical learning—not even of careful consideration and consistent thinking.

It cannot be denied that the author has great aptitude in striking out lines of religious literature adapted extensively to impress and attract the popular mind. But it is not a healthy, thoughtful, strong mind that gives ear delightedly to such teachings. On the contrary, it seems to us one of the most mournful indications

of weakness and sickliness in a large portion of the religious public, that Dr. Cumming's works have such wide acceptance and easy sale. He is an ingenious but injudicious expositor; an orthodox but inconsistent theologian; a startling yet uninstructive teacher. He often throws out excellent practical truths; but injured in effect by loose relationships to crude dogmatisings and unsafe speculations. He seizes a sound central notion, and then gyrates and whirls, vaults and postures around it, in a manner generally very remarkable, and often very absurd. Inflated rhetoric and familiar twaddle, aphoristic wisdom and shallow conceits, brisk imaginativeness and distasteful illustration, follow each other in strange and rapid succession. The effect of the whole is a vagueness and mystification, which some enjoy as the sublimities of genius, and others despise as the confusions of folly. Dr. Cumming's faults are very prominent in this work. When we complain of it, we do not mean to express dissent from his doctrinal positions, or to deny the truthfulness of many of his interpretations; but, as a complete work, it is as unsatisfactory and ill-sustained a book of 'prophetic studies' for 'the masses' as they could receive. To support our objections to the matter, manner, and tone of Dr. Cumming's writing, we adduce a few specimens.

A most offensive figure used by Dr. Cumming in his sermon before the Queen is thought worthy of being employed on more than one occasion; it stands here thus:—'If there be announced the performance of an oratorio, and you receive a ticket of admission to it, in that ticket you have your *right* to be admitted; but if you have no chamber in your ear susceptible of the influence of sweet sounds, that oratorio would be a Babel to you, and thus in your case there would be no *fitness* for it. You need not only the *ticket* that *admits*, but the *susceptibility* that *qualifies* you for the enjoyment. *It is so with heaven*,' &c.

We once met with an old country minister who managed this sort of thing much better than Dr. Cumming; we give him the benefit of a story which may serve him another time. It was a 'tea meeting'—the old gentleman rose, when the beverage had been quaffed to the contentment of all present, and said, 'I am solemnly reminded of the kingdom of God, and the blessed habitation of heaven, by what I see before me. When you came in here you all produced a *ticket* to the man at the door, and so, to enter heaven, you must produce a *proper ticket* to Gabriel at the gate. You are all come for *one purpose, to enjoy this tea*, and so you all go to heaven for one purpose, *to enjoy a life of serving God*. But you all came with different *habits and tastes*—some take *sugar and milk in their tea*, some *one* of them, and some *neither*—and so you go to heaven, some believing in *Calvinism and Congregationalism*, and some in *neither* or but in *one* of them, and some believing in *Wesleyanism or Baptism instead;* but notwithstanding the difference in our habits and tastes, we all go for one purpose, and shall all enjoy ourselves very much together.' Now this is the same *kind* of thing Dr. Cumming indulges, and at least as good. We thought, however, that the day of these disgusting vulgarities in the pulpit was past—we are sorry it is not.

What will be thought of the following illustration of the sacred theme of immediate communion with God?—'There is a text in the Bible that seems to me expressive of a greater marvel than even *the electric telegraph*. You know that a question asked at one end may be answered almost instantly two hundred miles away. But there is a text that anticipates the marvel: "It shall come to pass, saith the Lord, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." *A quicker communion with God have we than even that suggested by the wondrous electric telegraph.*'

Again, speaking of Daniel as 'the master of the astrologers,' the author says,

strangely enough, 'Daniel, then, as the president of this royal society—a student of science—the principal of this learned university—is introduced into the feast,' &c.

Who will approve the description of undepraved conscience as—'the bright daguerreotype reflection of his [God's] own holy image?' or the *fancy* displayed in the following sentence?—'That great rainbow of the covenant, that starts from the cross, vaults into the sky, and sweeps over the throne, shall complete its orbit, and rest again upon the ground,' &c.

Or, who will repress a smile at the cool impertinence of the single reference to the labours of Moses Stuart on Daniel?—'Stuart, as usual on prophetic subjects, is not to be trusted.' Or at this patronising pat on the back for Sir Isaac Newton?—'Who explored the firmament with unwearied wing, and made an apocalypse of the stars.' Almost every page has these blots and disfigurements.

We find Dr. Cumming's book on prophecy so widely different from all that we can call intelligent, satisfying, modest expositions of the truth, so fitted to produce a shallow, complacent, self-conscious, and arrogant pietism, that we are bound to say so plainly and strongly. We wish we had not such an unpleasant task.

MAGISTERIAL BADGERING AT THE THAMES POLICE COURT.

Joseph Nash, a labourer, was charged with having a tube in his possession, for the purpose of improperly extracting wines from the casks in the London Dock. The only witness in the case was Jabez Dickens, a cooper in the London Dock Company, and a man who bears an excellent character. On the Testament being tendered to him, he said, 'I don't take an oath.' Mr. Yardley, 'Why not? what is your objection?' Dickens, 'I believe in the book, sir.' Mr. Yardley, 'Then why not take the oath upon it?' Dickens, 'I am exempt.' Mr. Yardley, 'How exempt? in what way?' Dickens, 'The book says, "swear not at all."' Mr. Yardley, 'Nonsense; you put a very wrong construction upon it.' Dickens, 'When the dock constable had special constables at the time of the Chartist excitement, I was not sworn on the book; I was missed. I will make affirmation.' Mr. Yardley, 'I can't take your affirmation. Do you know what you do when you take that book in your hand, and after hearing the words of the oath, kiss it?' Dickens, 'I swear to speak the truth. I swear by the book, and it says swear not at all.' Mr. Yardley said that in taking the oath on the book, the man called God to witness that he spoke the truth. The book was a sign by which he swore the truth. 'Now,' said the magistrate, 'take that book, in the contents of which you say you believe, in your right hand, and don't make yourself the laughing stock of the whole court any longer.' Dickens having done as he was desired, Mr. Yardley said, 'The evidence you shall give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help you God. Have you any objection to the oath?' Dickens, 'No, sir; none at all.' Mr. Yardley, 'Then kiss the book.' Dickens kissed the book in a very devout manner, and proceeded to give his evidence.—*Morning Advertiser*, Jan. 15, 1851.

'THE FREE INQUIRER.'

'The Free Inquirer in Science, Politics, and Theology'—whose object is to propagate facts in Science, seek utility in Politics, and combat the speculations of Theology with Reason—has been resumed for monthly periods, by Mr. Vine. It is increased in quantity, and very much improved in appearance. No. 1 of the New Series was ready on last Saturday.

Reasoner Tracts.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY UNDECIMUS.

ALMOST as much uncertainty hangs over the dates and origin of the twenty-seven parts of the New Testament as over those more ancient Hebrew books which form the Jewish Bible. There have been many disputes among Christians regarding the genuineness of several books in this collection, and regarding the claims of several other writings to be admitted into it; and even since the canon of the New Testament was fixed by a council about three hundred years after Christ, many learned men have proposed to reject certain passages in the gospels, several of the epistles, and the Revelations of St. John.

No notice or quotation from any one of the four gospels can be found in the writings of any author until more than a hundred years after the death of Christ. Paley, and other defenders of Christianity, attempt to trace quotations or allusions to the gospels in the epistles of Ignatius, written about the year 70 or 75; but all of these supposed quotations are precepts or words of Christ, such as 'Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves,' which is one of the sentences made use of by Ignatius. Nothing is more natural than that many of the sayings and speeches of their Lord should have become popular and celebrated among the early Christians, be current in every one's mouth, and be inserted in many religious works, while similar sentiments and precepts are to be found of course in the gospels; but neither in the epistles of Ignatius, nor in those of Polycarp, written about ten years later, are any of these aphorisms acknowledged as quotations from any book, nor are any written narratives of Christ's life alluded to in any manner whatever, although the word 'gospel' is made use of by the latter writer as synonymous with Christianity.

It is, however, of very little importance to us whether the gospels were written ten, or twenty, or fifty years after the death of Jesus, for the earliest date would not render them more credible, nor the latest more worthless as narratives of fact. Supposing that the most satisfactory proof could be brought forward of the early date and genuineness of these four books, their authenticity would not be rendered more probable. It must be borne in mind that whenever the gospels were written, they were neither printed nor published, but privately circulated among congregations of Christians, not one in a hundred of whom could read.

The four gospels profess to be narratives of the birth, miracles, preaching, death, resurrection, and ascension to heaven of the founder of the Christian religion: they were written in a very ignorant and superstitious time and country, by men of whose characters we know nothing beyond their own and their immediate adherents' accounts, by the very men who were interested in propagating a belief in the divine mission of Christ. And when I use the word 'interested,' I by no means intend to insinuate that the apostles and evangelists were intentional deceivers from sordid motives, for I have no doubt, as I have before said, that they were religious enthusiasts, firm believers in the truths of their doctrines, and as honest as human beings have ever been when acting under the influence of such feelings. But besides these more exalted and benevolent impulses we must remember that itinerant preaching, inspired by a vivid faith, must have been far from a painful and uninteresting life for a carpenter, a fisherman, or a cobbler, and that hopes of a brilliant success in conversion will support the ardent reformer amidst hardships, trials, and persecution.

The exact origin of the miraculous stories cannot now be clearly determined; we know that in all ages such stories have been commonly reported of saints and religious heroes without its being possible to charge any one with a deliberate intention to deceive, and certainly with no other design than the advancement of religion. The writers of the gospels probably derived the materials for their narratives from traditions and written memoranda of the descriptions of eye-witnesses and hearers of the preaching of Christ, and they embellished their histories with such incidents of dreams, visions, miracles, angels, and devils, as they knew would suit the tastes and predilections of their readers and auditors.

The narrative of Luke commences at

an earlier period than any one of the other three. Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, are both visited by angels, who announce to them the intended birth of these two holy children; and a multitude of angels appear to some shepherds when Jesus is born, and direct them to go to Bethlehem to worship the infant son of God. Matthew does not relate any of these angelic appearances, but deals largely in dreams. Joseph is warned by God in a dream not to fear to take Mary for his wife on account of her being with child; the wise men from the East are warned in a dream of Herod's malicious designs; Joseph is ordered in a dream, by the angel of the Lord, to go into Egypt with his wife and child. This flight is related by Matthew only—apparently to introduce a fulfilment of prophecy, which he is very careful to do on every possible occasion: 'Out of Egypt have I called my son.' (Hosea, c. xi., v. 1, quoted by Matthew, c. ii., v. 15.) The story of the massacre of the innocents, related also by Matthew only, appears to be told for the same purpose; it is unsupported by any contemporaneous history, and could not possibly have occurred in a Roman province.* Joseph is again ordered in a dream to go to the land of Israel, and, after his journey thither, a fifth dream directs him to dwell in Nazareth, that a prophecy might be fulfilled which said, 'He shall be called a Nazarene.' (Matthew, c. ii., v. 23.) This prediction, however, is not to be found in any part of the Old Testament.

Surely all these angelic visits, visions, and dreams seem a very trifling and bungling apparatus to be used by omnipotence, and differ in no way from a vast number of tales and legends universally acknowledged to be the offspring of ignorance and imagination.

It is utterly impossible to reconcile the narrative of Matthew with that of Luke, who describes the visit of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem to be taxed, the birth there of Jesus, his presentation and circumcision in the temple at Jerusalem, and their return to Nazareth, from whence he says they went to Jerusalem every year at the Passover. Not a word of the wise men from the East, of Herod's alarm, of the flight into Egypt, and massacre of the innocents—all which dramatic touches of Matthew form direct contradictions to the calm, quiet incidents of Luke's history, and his statement of the annual visit to Jerusalem.

Why Luke and Matthew should both give genealogies of Joseph, who is said *not* to have been the father of Jesus, it has always been difficult for Christians to explain; but it has been found still more difficult, and I think impossible, to reconcile these two conflicting lines of descent. The best attempt that has been made to solve this difficulty supposes that Matthew, who at every step makes use of the word 'begat,' traces the descent of Joseph from David in the natural succession from son to son—and that Luke, who does not use such a plain expression as Matthew, traces it by succession of birthrights, or from heir to heir.* This ingenious hypothesis is destroyed by the fact that Matthew derives Joseph's descent from David through Solomon, his favourite son, who succeeded to his father's throne and power, and most certainly was his heir; while Luke makes Nathan, an elder son of David, but who certainly was not his heir, to be the ancestor of Joseph.

The three first evangelists relate the baptism and temptation by the Devil; John makes no allusion to either occurrence, but agrees with the others in his account of John the Baptist's acknowledgment of Christ's superiority, and of the approbation of his divine Father conferred on Jesus by the descent on his head of the Holy Ghost in the 'bodily shape' of a dove, but does not appear to have heard of the voice from heaven, which they all three state to have accompanied the flight of this ornithological incarnation.

The evangelists do not give us the names of any who, besides the apostles, were witnesses of the miracles; and, with a very few exceptions, they never give us the names of those who were miraculously relieved. In the whole list of distinctly different cases of miraculous cure related in the four gospels (about three dozen in number), only *six*

* Josephus, who dwells at great length on the barbarous cruelties perpetrated by Herod, does not make the slightest allusion to any report of his having ordered a massacre of infants.

* Hartley on Man, sect. xxv., quoted by Dr. Olinthus Gregory.

names of the cured and their relations are to be found. One of these names is that of Simon Peter the Apostle, whose mother-in-law is said to have been miraculously cured of a fever. With this one exception, Matthew does not give another hint of a name of any one recipient of miraculous relief, or of any one of their relations or friends. Mark mentions Bartimæus, son of Timæus, whose sight was restored, and Mark and Luke both state that seven devils went out of Mary Magdalene, and both of them mention the name of Jairus, as the father of a girl who was raised from the dead. Luke and Mark also relate the cure of Peter's wife's mother. We obtain the name of Malchus, whose ear was cut off and miraculously restored, from John, who takes no notice of the miracle; and we hear of the miracle from Luke, who takes no notice of the name. The raising from the dead of Lazarus—a most striking miracle, which could scarcely have been forgotten—is found in John's narrative only, generally supposed to have been the latest of the four in its appearance. Not a single name is given of any one of the five thousand men, besides women and children, who were miraculously fed with five loaves and two small fishes, nor of the four thousand who were similarly regaled with a few fishes and seven loaves of bread.

The wine and water trick—which John so emphatically mentions as the beginning of Christ's miracles, and the first cause of his disciples' believing in his power—is not noticed in the other three gospels. It does not appear a very dignified feat, and as, according to the speech of the master of the house (John, c. ii., v. 10), the guests had already 'well drunk,' it was not calculated to advance the cause of temperance or morality. The Roman Catholics consider this miracle to be the first instance and prototype of transubstantiation; but all the Christian glosses and glorifications cannot divest it of its strong resemblance to juggling at a jovial party.

In the following case, Matthew says that *two* demoniacs were cured; Mark and Luke distinctly say that only *one* man was relieved, and was afterwards seen by Christ and the disciples, and conversed with them in a sane and quiet state. Jesus, having ordered a number of devils to leave a man or two men whose person or persons they had long possessed, was desired by the devils to permit them to enter into a herd of swine; and their request having been granted, they at once proceeded to play the devil among the pigs to such a degree, that they rushed violently down a steep place and perished in the sea. (Matthew, c. viii.; Mark, c. v.; Luke, c. viii.) The anxious inquirer, puzzled to find so many stories of men bewitched or tortured by devils in a book of superhuman pretensions, must be still more puzzled to account for this act of wanton cruelty to a number of harmless domestic animals, and for this mischievous destruction of property belonging to another, permitted and virtually perpetrated by him whom Christians believe to have been inspired with infinite wisdom, justice, and benevolence.

The writers of the New Testament of course do not pay much attention to the supernatural powers of any one except their Lord, but in strict conformity with the vulgar superstitions of the time they occasionally allude to miracles worked by other persons. 'If I by Beelzebub cast out devils,' says Jesus to the Pharisees, 'by whom do your sons cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges.' And Christ is represented to have warned his disciples against false prophets, who 'shall show great signs and wonders' (Mat. c. xxiv., v. 24). In the Acts two sorcerers, Simon and Elymas, are mentioned, the former of whom performed such wonders, that the people said, 'This man is the great power of God' (Acts, c. viii., v. 10).

These discrepancies, however, are far surpassed by the inextricable contradictions in the four accounts of Christ's resurrection from the dead. Matthew, who introduces an earthquake on the occasion, which is not alluded to by the others, states that Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came to the sepulchre at dawn and saw the angel of the Lord sitting *outside* the sepulchre on the stone which he had rolled away from its entrance. Mark says that these two women with Salome came at the same hour, found the stone rolled away, went in and saw an angel sitting *inside* the sepulchre, who addressed them in nearly the same words related by Matthew. Luke says, that the party of women came early in the morning, and finding the stone rolled away from the door, went into the se-

pulchre, and were much perplexed when they saw that the body was not there. Suddenly they were alarmed by the appearance of *two* angels, who told them that Jesus was risen from the dead. John says that Mary Magdalene having discovered the absence of the body without seeing any angel or angels, and having informed Peter and John, a visit was made by these two apostles to the sepulchre without any result, but after their departure Mary saw two angels sitting inside the tomb, who merely said to her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' and having turned round after replying to the angels, she saw Jesus himself, who told her for the first time of his resurrection, which she hastened to declare to the disciples.

These few remarks will show that the gospel narratives present none of the characteristics of truth; they were not written sooner than thirty or forty years certainly after the death of Christ, and probably not sooner than a hundred; and they contain a great number of incredible stories of prophetic dreams, angels, devils, sorcerers, and miracles. In relating these wonderful stories, names of persons who took part in their events are very seldom hazarded, and many inexplicable discrepancies are found in the different accounts. In ordinary narratives of ordinary circumstances these discrepancies would cause much doubt and inquiry, but when the incidents are miraculous and the various histories all claim to be divinely inspired, these contradictions alone would be utterly destructive of their pretensions to truth and inspiration, even if we had no more potent reasons to doubt the veracity of the evangelists.

The Acts of the Apostles continues the history of Christianity until the arrival of the Apostle Paul at Rome; it contains many miraculous stories, and appears to have been written by Luke, who mentions in a sort of dedication addressed to Theophilus, that he had formerly written an account of the life and preaching of Jesus. In all the epistles attributed to Paul, James, Peter, John, and Jude, and in the Revelations, there is not a single allusion to the existence or necessity of a written gospel.

When Jesus appeared the world was ripe for change—beginning to be sick of mythology and Judaism; but still clinging to many deep-rooted prejudices, and incapable of discovering or understanding the whole truth, it wanted supernatural authority for every great moral or social innovation. Absolute truthfulness, the foundation of all virtue which is *now* scarcely understood, was then hardly considered among the virtues; and expedient and benevolent falsehood was held to be allowable and praiseworthy. Who can blame Jesus for boldly assuming the authority of a prophet of God? who will say that he did not confidently believe himself to be divinely inspired?

When the hour has come, the man is never wanting. If Mary had miscarried, or Jesus died of the measles, the world would still have found what it then required—a new religious dispensation. Jesus did not effect alone those great changes in morals which are generally attributed to him; the Greek sages had taught the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' five hundred years before Christ was born, but they had never succeeded in impressing the lesson upon the public mind, and the maxim will never be fully and consistently carried out until it is placed upon a rational and human basis. Many prepared the way for Jesus, and many after him have discovered new truths, and have thrown additional light on those which are taught in his preaching and character. His opinions were not free from the errors and superstitions of his time; great fault may be found with the overstrained humility and submission, and the eremitical tendency of some of the precepts attributed to him; but he was far in advance of the great majority of his countrymen, and consequently had a very limited success during his lifetime, lived neglected and despised, and died a martyr to the bigotry of his orthodox countrymen.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

THE MEANING OF 'ATHEISM.'

My Dear Holyoake,—I find the following in your 'Open Page' of *Reasoner* for Jan. 15, No. 242: 'Alluding to a passage in the *English Republic* on the current maxims "every one for himself—let alone—get what you can—and *other prevalent atheisms*," Mr. Broom desires to ask Mr. Linton what he means. We overlook these expressions for the sake of the much which is excellent which Mr. Linton says; but explanation of such phrases will be instructive to our readers.'

What I mean by calling *free-trade, non-intervention*, and such like systems, atheisms, is that they utterly ignore God's law of the order and solidarity of the universe. Most persons would, I think, understand my meaning. I use the word in its legitimate signification; and am not, I hope, to be debarred from such use for fear the members of a sect *professing atheism* should sometimes imagine I refer to them. I may say, though, that after so long writing for the *Reasoner*, you and the generality of your readers could hardly need any 'explanation' of the spirit and intention with which I used the word.

In an early number of the *English Republic* I will go more fully into the subject.

Yours faithfully,

W. J. Linton.

[This use of the word does not seem to us to be the 'legitimate signification.' The old theologians, in calumnious mood, taught the public that the atheist disbelieved in truth and morality as well as God. Mr. Linton will not do us the injustice to say this of us. Nor do we ignore the 'order or solidarity of the universe.' Therefore, to compare atheism with the 'let alone' and 'get what you can' doctrines of the supine and selfish world, is an inaccuracy in Mr. Linton and an injustice to us. However, we shall look with interest to what Mr. Linton will have to say in the *English Republic*.—Ed.]

INTERESTING RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION IN SUNDERLAND.

Sir,—A discussion took place in Sunderland on Thursday evening, Jan. 23rd, which, from the excellent and somewhat novel manner in which it was conducted, may render a notice of it worthy of a place in your pages. A number of the 'Free Inquirers' assembled in the Mechanics' School Room, where they were met, pursuant to previous invitation, by Mr. Spencer T. Hall, an author of several works in poetry and prose, and a gentleman of some literary celebrity, and Mr. John Young, a talented preacher amongst the Methodist seceders. Mr. Hall delivered a long address, in which his principal aim was to establish a belief in spiritual existences. His views were treated according to the science of Phrenology, Phreno-Mesmerism, and Clairvoyance, in which subjects Mr. H. is quite an adept. His whole address was characterised by the most kind and conciliatory tone. Mr. Gamsby, with courtesy, replied—stating that it was somewhat singular that two phrenologists and phreno-mesmerists should come into collision on this subject. He (Mr. G.) pointed out what he considered to be discrepancies in Mr. H.'s arguments, and was followed by Messrs. Young, Stoker, McDade, and Ware. The discussion lasted till midnight, and the greatest good

feeling prevailed. The meeting was then adjourned to that night fortnight, Feb. 6th, when the question will be resumed.

Such a practice as this, Mr. Editor, if adopted, could not fail of doing great good. For, independent of affecting opinion merely, it would be the means of breaking down that barrier between religionists and sceptics, which has proved so prejudicial to both. The great desideratum is to bring those two parties into friendly contact, to weaken prejudice, and secure, as far as possible, the unbiassed ear of the religious community.

Sunderland. PHILO HUMANITAS.

TO WILLIAM GILLESPIE, ESQ.

[A WORKING man, having been indebted to Mr. Gillespie for a copy of that gentleman's work on the 'Necessary Existence of God,' solicits us to insert a letter from him to the giver—Mr. Gillespie having requested the opinion upon the work of the reader of it. The letter is as follows:—]

Dear Sir,—I now forward you my opinion of your work, 'The Necessary Existence of God.' I had always thought there could not be more than infinity; yet you have given us more in your argument for a God. You tell us that there are two kinds of extension—the infinity of extension, and the extension which the material universe has; that the material universe exists in the infinity of extension, and that every atom of it is penetrated by the infinity of extension. Now, infinity is 'boundlessness,' and to add to that which is boundless is a contradiction. You argue that the material universe is limited in its extension. Supposing it is so, we must allow that matter occupies a positive amount of space; that being the case, how can your extension exist everywhere also? One objection urged by you against matter being infinitely extended is, that in the case of motion it would be in its own way. But how is it your infinity of extension is not in its own way? Again: where did man gain his knowledge of another extension besides that of matter? I beg to observe, in conclusion, that I think you have failed to prove the existence of a God, and that there are more reasons for a disbelief in such an existence than to the contrary. Thanking you for your condescension,

I remain, sir, yours very respectfully,

London, Jan. 23rd, 1851. WILLIAM WINNING.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to remark that the *Christian Socialist's* 'Few Words to the *Reasoner*' make a demand for Christianity which can only be granted when the writer has proved that every material fact is most perfectly expressed in a Christian formula, and that every spiritual truth has an exclusively Christian origin. Nothing less than a clear, systematic proof of this can justify such immense claims as the *Christian Socialist* makes. When an attempt at such proof shall be placed before freethinkers, doubtless they will receive it with respectful attention and conscientious thoughtfulness. Meanwhile, it must not be deemed surprising if they retain their faith in arithmetic, astronomy, geology, and physiology—in moral truth and unfettered aspiration—rather than in the dicta of a Book which violates them all. PANTHEA.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A FORMER CATHOLIC AND THE EDITOR OF THE 'LAMP.'

Our publisher has received the following letters, which cannot fail to interest our readers:—

Dear Sir,—Some time ago I had the audacity to send a copy of the 'Logic of Death' to the editor of the *Lamp*, together with a note of mine, which was as follows:—'To the editor of the *Lamp*.—Sir,—If you deem it prudent to give an *argumentative* reply to this tract, it will receive publicity in the *Reasoner*, from which paper it is extracted. I was bred a Catholic, and remained one for upwards of twenty-two years; but during that time I never examined the evidences upon which Christianity is founded. Lately, however, I have studied them, and have found them to be totally deficient.

'By reading such tracts as I herewith send you, I am convinced of my former errors and of my present true position. Yours respectfully, I. H. S.'

The Reply of the *Lamp*.

'I. H. S., Coventry.—We were called into existence for the very purpose of combating the principles you rejoice in, and we shall discharge our duty, though not perhaps in a manner to suit the taste of a declared atheist, who is ashamed to support worthless principles by, no doubt, an equally worthless name. You once a Catholic—unfortunate being! Your death-bed approaches. Woe to your miserable 'Logic' in that awful truth-telling hour. Repent. Even for an atheist (if ever such an animated block had existence) there still may be hope. We earnestly and respectfully solicit the prayers of the faithful for this *anonymous infidel*.'

Feeling disposed to let him know of the existence of the *Reasoner*, and of the fair manner in which earnest opponents were treated in it, I sent him a number, with an answer to his reply, which was as follows:—

'To the Editor of the *Lamp*.

'Sir,—In vain do I ask Christians to answer the "Logic"—declamations only follow my queries. To me the inference is clear—they cannot answer it. I am not ashamed of my principles; they are my convictions, after mature deliberation, and I should be a dissembler were I to deny them. Though they may be supported by a "worthless name"—a name which I received at "baptism" from Catholic parents and from a Catholic priest—yet they are supported by honest convictions; and had I the ability, and were in a position to advance publicly the cause in which I have embarked, my name should be given in full, as is the case with the writer's name of the "Logic."

'I send you another paper, thinking there is yet hope; and I respectfully solicit an attentive perusal of the article in it entitled the "Cause of the Universe." You will see, sir, that we are not afraid of openly discussing *our* opinions, however extreme they may appear to the great body of Christians. All we ask is, our errors, if any, may be pointed out to us, and we will then renounce them.'

This seems to have amused him, for he gave the following good-humoured reply:

'I. H. S., Coventry.—A chivalrous correspondent from this old town writes us, and accompanies his epistle with a present which shall be nameless. To our mind this obtrusive friend of ours holds a position similar to that of the little pugnacious Munster tailor, "who was blue-moulded for want of a bating." Unfortunately for him, however, we are not in the humour of administering a castigation, and will permit him to go on with his modern logic, proving to his enlightened readers, and to his own satisfaction, "that an eel pie 's a pigeon."'

And so ended our correspondence. E. J. S.

DEMOCRACY A CONTEST.

THE following passage in the '*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*' (the letters of obscure men) of the *Leader*, Democracy is depicted as a *contest*, and unless so comprehended it must often suffer by the despair or desertion of its friends. In our own societies and struggles the same truth needs to be remembered, it being, if any difference, more necessary in theological warfare to remember this truth than it is in political conflict. The Letter from which this passage is taken is addressed to Mr. Thornton Hunt. A communication in reference to it, subsequently published in the *Leader*, from Mr. Addiscott, has led to the alteration of the fourth and fifth sentences from the end.

'Time was when a man who was bad was incapacitated simply by his badness. Now a disreputable leader, or a confident charlatan, is the most powerful man in the nation. He can monopolise a party—he can engross progress—he can rule the multitude—because everybody leaves him undisturbed. To how many bodies could I point you where one or two strong men, of indifferent wisdom and indifferent character, disgust all good men around them, drive them away, and reserve the mastery to themselves—and the good men are weak enough and foolish enough to allow it. Where now is the National Hall, once the hope of a new party? The difficulty there lay only in combating men who did not understand popular progress. What now is the Whittington Club—once so redolent of promise and liberality, that might have been the precursor of untold social improvements? But so soon as an adverse motion was carried, one after another of the liberal party, in each of these institutions, withdrew and abandoned everything to the narrow or the mistaken. We ought to hide from ourselves no longer the truth, that our Democrats have all Conservative instincts, and retire from the arena they have sought, unequal to the contest they have provoked. Democracy is the battle ground for the ascendancy of opinion, where, whoever has the strongest truth, will be the final conqueror. On this field courage is only one of the conditions of success. In order to win, a man must be indefatigable as well as brave. It is a condition of Democracy that all *may* rise, and where *all* may rise it ought to be expected that the bad will sometimes come to the surface. But as soon as they appear they should be superseded. Legitimate means are always available to the indefatigable, whereby they can put the impediments down—the incoherent by the force of logic; the extravagant by demonstrative moderation; and the immoral by better example. Where any institution has a Democratic basis, such I have mentioned, the victory of the right party is inevitable—if the right party have but courage and industry. The reputation of the Chartist party in this country has sunk so low that few men believe it capable of elevation, or care to attempt it. One would suppose that no men of reputation or political knowledge have existed among the working classes for the last twelve years. Yet there has been no lack of them: but they have virtually *betrayed* their order. Not intending it indeed, but judging from its effects *treason* is the appropriate description of the course they have chosen for themselves. They who desert a cause are practically as criminal as they who betray; *if* by the desertion the cause is ruined. It is too often overlooked that they who desert a democratic contest give up the cause of democracy to its enemies. It is saying that the right cannot get to rule in democracy, and to say this is to condemn it.'

G. J. H.

FORM OF PETITION FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

To the Honourable the House of Commons, the Petition of the Undersigned,
(*Here insert their Description and Locality,*)

Showeth,—That all Taxes which specially and directly impede the diffusion of knowledge are injurious to the best interests of the public.

That the Tax upon Newspapers, called the Stamp, the Excise Duty upon Paper, and the Tax upon Advertisements, are direct obstacles to the spread of all kinds of valuable information amongst the great body of the People.

Your petitioners therefore pray, that the Excise Tax upon Paper, the Tax upon Advertisements, and the Stamp Tax upon Newspapers, may be abolished, leaving the proper authorities to affix a small charge for the transmission of Newspapers by the Post. And your petitioners will ever pray.

This form of petition must be copied in writing, as no printed petitions are received; every person signing it should state his or her name and address; it may then be directed, open at the sides, to any Liberal Member of the House of Commons, who will receive it post free.

Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee.—Secretary, J. D. Collet, 15, Essex Street, Strand.—The readers of the *Reasoner* proposed to raise 1000 sixpences towards the objects of this Committee, towards which we have farther to acknowledge from W. Crabtree, Hebden Bridge, 6d.; M. R., Bradford, 6d.; Mr. Gray, 6d.; Arejid Kooez, 1s.; J. P. Hinsey, 6d.; H. M., 6d.; Veritas, Sunderland, 6d.; J. P., Coventry, 6d.; E. J. P., do., 6d.; Mr. Roe, do., 1s. 6d.; Mr. May, do., 1s.; J. L., do., 1s.; H. B., do., 1s. 6d.; C. S., 6d.; John Carter, 6d.

Reasoner Propaganda.

To promote the efficiency of the *Reasoner* as an organ of Propagandism, one Friend subscribes 10s. weekly, another 5s., two 1s. each, weekly—and so on according to ability and earnestness. An annual contribution of One Shilling from each reader would be easy, equitable, and sufficient. What is remitted, in whatever proportion, is acknowledged here and accounted for at the end of the Volume.

Acknowledged in No. 15, 934s.—W. J. B. (Nos. 17 and 18) 20s.—A Friend of Reason (for February) 20s.—J. P., Everton, 1s.—J. P. Hinsey, Manchester, 1s.—H. C., per Mr. Watson, 1s.—W. Alexander, Aberdeen, 3s. 6d.—G. F. W., 1s.—Thomas Potts, Sunderland, 1s.—N. S. (half-yearly) 10s.—S. G. W., Liverpool, 1s.—J. W., do., 1s.—H. H., do., 1s.—J. Brisk, do., 1s.—Mr. Bunyon, 6d.; E. Love, 2s. 6d.—E. J. P., Coventry, 2s.—Mr. May, do., 1s.—J. P., do., 2s.—C. F., London, 10s.—C. S., 1s.—J. L., 1s.—H. B., 1s.—A Freethinker, 1s.—A. P., per publisher, 2s. 6d.—S. Morton, A. Boyd, Oldham, J. Greaves, Mr. Love, John Carter (proceeds of Shaksperes), 16s.—J. C. Blumenfeld, 6d.—John Carter, 1s.—Total, 1039s. 6d.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—Feb. 9th [5], Paine Celebration.

Hall of Science, City Road.—Feb. 9th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper will Lecture.

South Place, Moorfields.—Feb. 9th [11 a.m.], Mr. Ireson will Lecture.

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—Feb. 9th [7], Mr. Benny, 'The Working Associations of London and Paris.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Feb. 9th [7], a Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Feb. 7 [8], a Discussion. 9th [7½], Mr. C. F. Nicholls, 'Poems of Tennyson.'

South London People's Educational Institute, 14, Great Guildford Street, Borough.—Feb. 9th [7½], a Lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Now Ready for the present Month, No. 1 of a New Series of

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The Free Inquirer is a fearless advocate of the freest expression of opinion on all subjects, and its avowed object is to propagate Facts in Science, seek utility in Politics, and combat the speculations of Theology with Reason.

London: J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row. Portsmouth: G. R. Vine, 21, Brighton Road, Landport; and may be had, by ordering, of all Newsvendors.

Our Open Page.

A PUBLIC meeting was held in Golden-lane, City, on June 20, Mr. G. J. Holyoake in the chair. After speeches by Messrs. Elliott, Mandley, Bezer, Finlen, Leno, Crowe, and Le Blond, a vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Le Blond, when a curious discussion ensued as to whether Chartists could give thanks to gentlemen. On its being resolved on, the chairman observed that were the audience as careful in their censure as chary in their praise, they would be the fairest and most exemplary locality in the metropolis.

On January 23rd, a political meeting was held in the Carlisle-street Institution, Marylebone. Messrs. O'Connor, Holyoake, Bezer, Stallwood, and others, addressed the meeting. Mr. Hannibal was in the chair. On the 27th a similar meeting was held in Cowper-street School Rooms; Mr. Le Blond in the chair. Messrs. Holyoake, Bezer, Ernest Jones, and others, spoke to the resolutions, which included the recognition of social rights. The meetings have been numerous in nearly every instance wherever held the last few weeks, and is a more substantial sign of interest: larger funds have been placed at the disposal of the Executive than formerly.

Mr. Brindley, now styled, we know not why, *Dr.* Brindley, has been delivering a lecture in Liverpool—his old topic. Has he complied with our request? His address was as incoherent, self-hurtful as ever. We wish he would make a tour through the country again.

At a public meeting held in Manchester, for the purpose of hearing a statement from the Mayor respecting the purchase of the Hall of Science, it was announced that that Hall in future would be devoted to a Free Library and Museum. The Mayor mentioned that Dr. Watts first suggested that use for this Hall. As it has passed from its original employment, we are glad that it is secured for this noble use.

The first General Meeting of the members (and their friends are invited to attend) of the Metropolitan Working Builders' Association, will take place at the rooms of the Progressive Carpenters' Association, Progressive Coffee House, Ryder's-court, Leicester-square, on the evening of Tuesday, February 11th, 1851.

We are desired to say that any persons in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or Gateshead, can obtain 'Birch's Inquiry into the Religion of Shakspere,' of Mr. Chambers, bookseller, High-street, Gateshead.

The *Freethinker's Magazine* does not appear this month. It was intended to complete the reprint from Gibbon in the February number, but that not being possible within the time, it will be given in the March number, and also an Index and Title-page to the volume.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The amount of correspondence which we receive is so great, that we are not able adequately to acknowledge it all. That which requires private response we answer by post—that which is publicly useable appears in due course. Much that is not directly available is indirectly of service, and though in some cases correspondents may not be able to trace signs of their communications, being incorporated, we assure them they are frequently of great service, and always afford us gratification. It is always pleasant to receive a letter in handwriting which you know; it is a memento of a friend of the past—next to which is welcome the pen of the stranger, who may become the co-worker of the future.

☞ Next week will appear a letter to Arthur Trevelyan, on Modes of Controlling Public Opinion for Rationalist Purposes. By the Editor.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

MODE OF CONTROLING OPINION FOR RATIONALIST PURPOSES.

TO ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

DEAR SIR,—When a man, whose conventional place is in good society, or among the titled classes, bestows attention or renders generous help to the interests of the people, it is commonly said that he does so because it brings him that distinction in another class which he cannot command in his own. This species of remark has been very successful. The weak or the sensitive gentleman rarely resists it. It has deprived the people of many able friends, and condemned to impotence many wealthy men. Yet a moment's reflection will show that those who make the remark in question pay themselves a most immodest compliment. They suppose that *their* good opinion is the only opinion worth having; they suppose that such distinction as is dispensed among themselves is the sole distinction a wise man can desire; that, in fine, nobody is worth consulting but themselves, and all life and duty are to be cancelled which happen not to lie in the direction of that society in which they move. Many have to thank you, my dear sir, that you have disregarded this blind and shallow theory, and have had the courage to take an independent course. To this resolution friends of progress in almost every department of popular exertion owe that earnest advocacy and liberal support you have so manfully rendered. On this account I address to you this letter, recounting some plans for the future, which will be all the more acceptable to our readers if they shall elicit your interest.

People will ask, and they have a right to ask, what we would do had we all the means we wish and all the civil equality we claim. Our answer is ready. So many who perpetually proclaim their desire and determination to accomplish public changes are inconvenienced when asked what steps they would take, that it is not strange if we are sometimes included in this indefinite class. We may not be able to realise all we aim at, but we at least have the merit of knowing what we intend.

One principal thing we want to accomplish, is the establishment of a general publishing agency. Those which exist are valuable to us indeed, especially the one from which the *Reasoner* issues, because it is select and confined by strict taste to works which illustrate freedom of opinion. It is no disparagement, however, to indicate that the wants of the times point to an extension of these facilities. The usual metropolitan houses which supply provincial agents, confine themselves to trade considerations alone. What is wanted is an agency business which shall create or connect a house with it in every principal town—if possible, one in every town. The central metropolitan establishment should be of such a character, comprehensive, punctual, and business-like in its arrangements, that any provincial house should find it a credit to be authorised to represent it. An indefinite number of such accredited agents would ensure the circulation of desir-

able works through the country. The next twenty years will give us a new race of writers, for whom no adequate medium of diffusing their thoughts exists; and unless one is instituted, much intellectual power will be lost to society and progress. We who have helped through many years to create the public liberal opinion of the future, are at least to that extent qualified, I might say best able, to direct it, and ought to provide to do it. A publishing machinery, such as that to which I allude, would become a power in the country. All mere trade concerns hitherto established, looking merely to profits, and not to influences for progress, leave yet to be attempted the organisation now suggested. Any working-class publication, any liberal newspaper, any progressive book of poems or essays, ought to find a medium of publication, sufficiently careful in its issues to guarantee the worth of the works it sent out, and sufficiently immense to secure the return of the first outlay. Reaching the public by newspaper, periodical, pamphlet, or volume, ought not to be so expensive, and often so ruinous, a thing as now. The Chambers Brothers exercise greater power in guaranteeing the quality and commanding the circulation of works of a satyr character—satyr-like in having two natures, and, like the traveller who astonished the satyr, blowing hot and cold, half and half in tone, following close enough on what is done for progress to seem to lend a hand, but never directly helping. Ready indeed they are to write an article on the advantages of anything that *is done*, but never doing it. When the Newspaper Stamp and Advertisement duties are repealed none will furnish abler papers, showing the excellences of the consequences—none will favour the public with more caustic exposures of the shortsightedness of rulers who kept the execrable laws on the statute book so long. But it is likely that no line of help will be vouchsafed towards getting them abolished. A greater power than theirs ought to exist in London for works of progress. The spirit of improvement, chilled and frozen oft by the northern winds of Edinburgh, ought to find expansion in the more genial atmosphere of London. No one is more ready than I am to admit how much we owe to the exertions of the Chambers, for the species of publications they have given to the people. I should even go so far as to say that they prepare the ground for the seed of perfect rationalism to be sown, if I did not fear that saying so would lead them to think that they were going too far, and induce them thereupon to draw back. All publicists have a perfect right to determine their own course of usefulness. The course the Chambers pursue is doubtless that which they think best; yet it may also be true that more remains to be done which they will not attempt, and no disparagement to them is intended in the declaration that more ought to be attempted.

Pleasantly and appropriately as we now are situated under the shadow of noble old St. Paul's, Fleet Street or the Strand would be a fitter place for our metropolitan house. All who visit England visit London, and all, of whatever clime, who visit London pass up and down these world-famous streets. Here we would erect the statue of Paine moulded by Edwards the government spy; here, too, another worthy should stand in our window, to mark with distinction the depôt of those works their genius produced and their endurance gave to the world. Such a house would become our Mecca, which many a pilgrim of Free Thought would visit from all parts of our own provinces, and, as occasion offered, from distant lands. An irreproachable centre, from which should issue the best Republican, Communist, Rationalist, and *Secular* books, would be of invaluable service. Excellent as are the educational works of the Chambers, I may here repeat, what I have said to them publicly and in various forms without any contradiction being ventured upon,

that their works are *not* secular. Notwithstanding the country has come to utter one universal cry for secular education, no secular school books exist to supply the rising want. A department of secular works—pure in its nature, select in its issues, of perfect integrity in its professions—would, therefore, be as essential as desirable. Nor are any so likely to supply such a desideratum as ourselves—it might be said that no one else seems able to do it, either as a matter of conscience or conception. In this there is no pretension, rather a sad truth. Nearly all discussions on secular education are false—nearly all profession delusive—hardly anybody means what everbody says. In all Acts of Parliament hitherto proposed, even by the Lancashire School Association, clauses are inserted in some parts which contradict all the professions made in others.

The comprehensive agency here so briefly sketched would also be available as a power for publishing opinion, locally as well as generally, in more ways than I can pause to describe. Its uses for political and propagandist purposes are striking and almost infinite. To attempt to enumerate them would be at present out of place. When the organisation to which they belong is initiated, their narrative shall follow. In the meantime, we wait for opportunity, which may be near—we detail our aims in justification of the claims we make on the tolerance of our readers, and the aid we accept at their hands. We add week by week something to the development of our views; before long we hope to make larger and more evident progress. But soon or late our duty is the same, to work, to watch, and wait—and we trust constantly to discharge it.

Opinion can never be a certain power until we have a power of diffusing it. Now and then a good book forces its way into notice and circulation by its own excellence—but even in these instances lucky accidents do much for its success. It depends upon whose hands it happens to fall into at first. If a good book will make its way unaided, how is it that so many authors have carried their productions all round the Trade for years, without one discovering the genius which was by the world afterwards recognised, or foreseeing the popularity publicity was destined to win for them? And the few authors who succeed by special help bear no proportion to those who have much to say of the highest value, and who are never heard. I know many cases of persons who have avowals to make of the greatest public interest and value, but who are kept silent because mediums of publication at present available would cost them hundreds of pounds. After publishing their criticisms of public and fashionable superstitions, they would want this money in self-defence, against the offended conventionalism of the day. No one can advise them, therefore, to spend it beforehand, and expose themselves defenceless to an unscrupulous and powerful foe.

He would betray gross ignorance who should pretend to lay the charge of this state of things at the doors of publishers. Besieged by impudent authors and bad writers, they have not often time to distinguish the deserving and the good, nor the means of serving one half if they do discover them. The whole system needs reforming—altogether. So far as any portion of it may fall into our management, it shall be placed on a simpler, more certain, and satisfactory footing.

To cite but one vexatious instance of the present processes of getting a book published. An author carries his MS. to a publisher. Perhaps, after six months' anxious calling and painful solicitation, he gets his MS. back again—probably unread. He then tries another house, who serve him the same. He repeats this process as long as he is able, or as long as he can bear the humiliation. The history of the Currer Bells, Ellis, and Acton, lately made public, illustrates this matter sufficiently. Mortifying as are such cases, they admit of no effective com-

plaint on the present plan of doing literary business. A publisher cannot be expected to keep an accomplished critical reader, at a great expense, to read the lucubrations of every writer who chooses to leave them on his desk. But if a publishing house, keeping a well-informed and competent literary reader, were to say to writers, We will undertake to examine your work, if you wish it—charging you one, two, or more guineas, according to the quantity of pages we have to read and the intelligibility of the writing, and according to the shortness of the time you give us to form the opinion you require. By an arrangement of this kind an author would be able to command opinions of the greatest value to him, which he has no right to expect gratuitously; and thus he would be saved from humiliation above all price, and from delays beyond all human patience. In any case in which the issue of examination should be in favour of the work, the organisation I have supposed being extensive enough to defray the first outlay, publication might be proceeded with at once, guaranteeing the author the fullest proceeds that the conditions of publication admitted.

On this head, however, as on others of detail, I am designedly brief. The main purpose of my letter is, as you will see—to explain the necessity of creating a publishing power such as shall enable us to help all to speak who on our side have something worth hearing to say, and to give to opinion that tone which cannot be given in the present desultory and unorganised modes of influencing it.

Yours in truth and respect,

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

ROCHDALE QUERIES.

MR. KENNEDY, of Rochdale, writes again, wishing answers to the remainder of his questions. The answers we gave invalidated some of the succeeding ones. If Mr. Kennedy fails to distinguish this, our replies must fail to be of service to him. Mr. K. must look to this, or we can take no interest in the matter. He states that I said in my Rochdale lecture that 'Matter *was* intelligent.' I think Mr. Kennedy must be mistaken. I never remember to have been in possession of that unqualified fact. G. J. H.

CURRENT DISCUSSIONS.

IN the last number of the *Christian Socialist* we see it announced that Mr. J. M. Ludlow has been appointed to lecture at the next Conversazione of the Society (Wednesday the 12th of February), on 'Christian Socialism and its Opponents—the *Reasoner*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *Eclectic*.' Should this lecture be made public, we probably shall have to notice it. We have received a rather long letter from Mr. Lloyd Jones respecting our 'Appeal to the Promoters of Christian Socialism.' The last number of the *Christian Socialist* contains a vigorous reply to the *Reasoner*, by Parson Lot, which will require a rejoinder from us. Next week we hope to give Mr. Jones's letter, and probably an explanation therewith, as this communication is the strangest we have received from that gentleman. A further letter from the Rev. Mr. Scott, of Norwich, is to hand. The *Liverpool Journal* has published an article on 'Ultra Literature,' from which we shall quote next week. Two other papers are in progress—one on 'A Library of all Churches,' and one on 'Organisation,' intended to complete the development began in the letter to Mr. Trevelyan this week—not as parts of that plan, but as Nos. 2 and 3 of the series of proposals, of which the letter to Mr. Trevelyan is No. 1.

MR. COBDEN ON THE SEPARATION OF RELIGION FROM POLITICS.—If we may believe the Rev. Hugh Stowell, in what he told us at a very large assembly, every political, social, fiscal, or reformatory question must be suspended until this one great question be settled by the House of Commons. What I want to ask is—'Is this a question that can be settled by politicians?' I may settle it in my own mind as a Protestant, and as a Protestant I may have my opinions. But I want to ask, if there is any reason why religious questions should not be removed out of the domain of politics, the same as in the United States of America? I am told the reason is that we have a State-church in England. Well, but does a State-church render the people of this country less able to protect themselves, by their own unaided judgment, knowledge, and sound sense, from aggression? Are the people less able to protect themselves against error because they have a State-church? Will that be the confession? No. But the State-church has been made the obstacle, or attempted to be made the obstacle, in every parish to the promotion of the same liberality that exists in America, and against every proposal with regard to liberty, whether civil, religious, or commercial. I do not stand here as the advocate or the partisan of the Roman Catholic body. As a politician I do not presume to offer my opinions on the faith of any man. I may be allowed to say that I am no friend to the organisation of the Roman Catholic body. It is too subduing to the intellect, and too centralising for me. But at the same time, let the Roman Catholics living in England judge for themselves, not only of their own faith and motives, but of the mode in which they have looked up to the organisation that will follow religious teaching. We shall be told, pretty often no doubt, that unless Government interferes, the privileges and prerogatives of the Queen of England will be invaded by the Pope—not by Cardinal Wiseman. Cardinal Wiseman is a British subject; he cannot invade the prerogative of the Crown without being guilty of high treason; and if he is so guilty let him be tried by law. But what prerogative has been invaded by the Pope? Not the temporal prerogative. Why, the Pope has at this moment in his army a few thousand French and Austrian troops; and I have it on the best authority, that if these troops were removed dire would be the dismay and speedy the flight of the whole body—Pope and Cardinals. It is not, then, the army of the Pope that is to threaten the temporalities of the Crown. Are the temporal prerogatives threatened by sea? You may have a list of the entire naval force of the Pope—it amounts to two gun-brigs and a schooner. Put one quarter of an effective service on the coast of Sussex, it would be quite sufficient to guard the whole island against it. We are told, however, that the spiritual dominion of the Queen is to be perilled. Now, are we, as politicians who are called upon to vote money for ordnance, and for shot, and shell, to meet and repel the aggressive enemy that meets us with similar weapons—are we to forge the spiritual artillery with which we are to meet this aggression? If we are, I beg you to consider how capitally we are suited in the House of Commons for that purpose. Admitting, if you please, that we are the great majority of us eminent for our piety, how are we constituted? Are we all Churchmen, owning to the spiritual authority of the Queen? Why, about forty or fifty of us are Roman Catholics; and mark me, you will have a great many more Roman Catholics returned from Ireland at the next election. We have an Independent or two, we have three or four Unitarians, and we have a Quaker I am happy to say, and I wish we had a good many more; and we have the prospect of having a Jew. Now, is not that a very nice body of men to uphold the Queen's supremacy as head of

England's Church? If you wanted to give us a task in the House which should last till Doomsday, then give us the task of settling the question of Papal aggression. I say, give it to the politicians to settle if you want it never to be settled at all. To their honour be it said, the greatest and most illustrious statesmen of the last sixty years were so far in advance of the latent bigotry existing in the country, that they were ready to sacrifice their fame, they were willing to forego place, patronage, everything which statesmen and politicians hold most dear, rather than lend themselves to the continuance of a system which, I very much fear, there are men in the Cabinet who owe all their distinction in public life to having been identified with the principles of toleration to which we are constantly more and more progressing, who are now ready to sully their fair fame, and belie, I had almost said, the whole of their past political career on entering into the political season of 1851. —*Nonconformist*, January 29.

Dissenting Liberality.—At a tea-party at Burslem, on Tuesday evening last, to present the Rev. S. B. Schofield, Independent Minister, with a purse of fifty sovereigns, after a ministry of seventeen years—one of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. Chambers, of Newcastle, alluded to some of the reasons which had prevented himself, and most of his brother ministers present, from taking part in the movement against Papal aggression. Concurring in the sentiment of Milton, 'Let truth and falsehood grapple,' he was fearless of the result, whether in relation to Popish superstition or the Rationalistic creed which so much prevailed in this age.—The Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Middlewich, dwelt upon the value to society of the services of the Dissenting minister, together with the man of letters and the schoolmaster, none of whom as yet occupied that position which was their due, and which would yet be adjudged to them. He especially dwelt upon the value of the Dissenting minister as not being appreciated, pointing out in what respects —more particularly as the advocate of civil and religious liberty, the promoter of education, and a valuable contributor to theological literature; concluding by expressing his belief that an age was drawing nigh which would be characterised by a regard to right before might, and which would be the age of charity to all and among all—resulting in a great league of brotherhood among men such as had not yet existed, and which the Dissenting minister would do much to contribute to, with such co-operation from his people as had been exhibited in the spirit of that evening's proceedings.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*, January 25, 1851. [We shall be glad to find Dissenters taking this part.—Ed.]

Pray for Rain.—On the other hand, if once admitted, it seems the obvious and most legitimate consequence, that they shall be extended from the physical to the moral world; and that human events, the formation of character, the growth of nations, the course of history, shall be regarded as matters in the direction of which God has no personal and active concern; which we cannot attempt to influence by prayer, or other impetration, without ignorant superstition; and which are the direct and (as one may say) passive results of that human character which God has impressed, once for all, at the beginning. Is this a result for which respectable and worthy Englishmen are prepared? And if not, may it not be worthy a thought whether the old-fashioned Catholic position, the prayers for rain and for fine weather, the deprecation of God's wrath during thunder, the regarding the cholera and other pestilences as messengers of God's wrath, may not be the safer and truer alternative to fall back upon?—*Dublin Review.*

Reasoner Tracts.

THE EDUCATION OF THE CONSCIENCE AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY UNDECIMUS.

INDIVIDUAL instances will prove to every inquiring mind how natural it is for man to form an extravagantly exalted idea of his intellectual endowments, and of the position and importance of his race in the universe. In a rude and uncivilised age man believes that every earthly and celestial object, the sun, the moon, the stars, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, were created by the supreme God solely for the use and delectation of the human race, and he imagines a long list of deities who only exist to preside over and regulate his passions, his virtues, and his crimes, and who interest themselves in the fortunes of nations, and the ambitious career of a few mortal favourites. This human pride, and a natural but unthinking horror of extinction after death, will sufficiently account for the invention and the ready and almost universal adoption as a divinely revealed truth, of the beautiful and captivating doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Pride, dread of death, and admiration of illustrious and unfrequent examples of intellect and virtue, have taught man to boast of the exclusive possession of a living soul distinct from the body, to place himself at the immeasurable height above all other animated beings, consigning them without compunction to a real mortality which he indignantly repudiates and spurns for himself.

Intelligence in the animal kingdom is always found to be in proportion to the more complex structure, and the size and weight of certain parts of the brain when compared with the size of the body. Every argument which asserts the immateriality of memory or reason, tends to nothing unless the dog, the elephant, and many other animals, are also admitted to immortality, for they undoubtedly possess memory and a certain amount of reasoning powers, with many of the passions and sentiments which are dependent upon reason and memory, such as affection, gratitude, and revenge.

Conscience, so often adduced as a clear proof of God's hand, of the divine origin of man, is entirely the result of early associations and education. Although every human being has undoubtedly a natural disposition, and a limit to its powers of reason and judgment, yet these can be modified, strengthened, and deformed in every conceivable way by its early instructors, who, during the years of childhood, are employed every day, every moment, in fixing the propensities of the growing mind, supplying motives and desires, and building up the conscience. Their task is indeed an awful one. The mind of the child of four or five years of age is susceptible of the slightest impression; it appears like clay in the hands of the sculptor —it may be moulded into almost any form, and these forms may even be frequently varied if time is not allowed to dry and fix them. Reason is the quality of the mind, which is the slowest in its development: the child's will must be fashioned, controlled, and directed, not by its own imperfect reason, but by the reason of its guardians.

Conscience is the result of education, and morality has its origin in human reason, which has agreed on certain deeds being virtues because they are beneficial, and on others being crimes because they are injurious to society. Differences in climates and in the state of civilisation have caused, and even in some cases rendered reasonable and necessary, striking variations in social customs and the rules of morality. With the progress of reason and civilisation morality has improved among us, while among other nations in a lower state the most revolting crimes and the most disgusting customs have been, and are, regarded as innocent and praiseworthy, solely from the force of early associations and education, and from the

small influence that reason has obtained in fixing their rules of action. As reason is the last quality developed in the minds of children, so it is the slowest in its operations upon the minds of nations.

The Arab Mussulman considers revenge as the most sacred of obligations —pursues the murderer of his friend, the defiler of his wife, and even the perpetrator of a much less important injury, with the greatest energy and perseverance; and doubtless feels his conscience relieved from a great weight when at last he wipes from his spear-point the lifeblood of his mortal foe: and were this holy duty omitted by him through cowardice, indolence, or pity, the punishment of his offended conscience would quite equal that of a Christian homicide. We have an instance in the Syrian assassins of the era of the Crusades, and one of our own times in the Indian Thugs, of bands of human beings who look upon treacherous assassinations as a lawful and religious employment. Were Bonner, Cranmer, or Calvin, conscience-stricken when they assisted in hanging or burning those whom they called heretics? or John Knox when he 'spoke merrily' with the murderers of Cardinal Beatoun? I believe not.

Does any one suppose that the London thief is at all troubled by his conscience when returning to his employer's house at night with his booty of handkerchiefs and pocket-books? Certainly not; he has been taught since he was able to walk to consider thieving as the most independent and honourable of professions, and to look upon the police, the magistrates, and the honest portion of society, as his natural enemies and victims. One of his associates, who has not been regularly brought up to the trade, but who has fallen into bad courses rather later in life, will not be able to shake off the impression made upon his mind by the imperfect instruction which he received in his youth, and will occasionally be severely troubled by that moral sense which his more accomplished comrade does not possess.

How can we reconcile all these contradictions? Can any reasonable person maintain that all these classes of men originally received in their minds the same eternal principles of right and wrong? Why should we adopt any such notion, contradicted as it is by every fact that bears on the subject, when we can so easily trace the actions of these men to the varied circumstances of their youth, and their general and religious educations?

Will any one attempt to deny that the soul grows with the body, and that the healthy growth of the human intellect always depends upon the healthy state of the material organs? Experienced teachers are always gladdened with the appearance of well grown, healthy children, as a promise that their labours will be less difficult, more successful, and more lasting. Undoubtedly there are exceptional cases in which a powerful and healthy intellect exists in a fragile and diseased body; but these instances rather serve to strengthen my argument, for the brain, the organ of intellect, will in all these instances be found in the best condition, and unaffected by the weakness or disease of the remainder of the body.

How easily can we trace through every age, in every occurrence and accident of life, the influence that the body exercises and maintains over the intellect and the desires. During disease we see the cheerful, sensible man become peevish, passionate, ridiculously fretful; he cannot apply his reasoning faculties, and at last he perhaps becomes delirious, his tongue babbles some incoherent nonsense, he recognises none of his most familiar friends, and all his gestures betray a total want of reason. Where is the immortal, immaterial spirit? Can an immaterial spirit be affected? can its powers be destroyed by the defects and accidents of the gross material flesh and blood of the body? Where is the immaterial spirit of the maniac or the idiot from birth? Can the juice of the grape, when received into the stomach, banish from the man the immaterial intellect, or change his immaterial reason and judgment into folly and brutish forgetfulness?

But what is the simple matter of fact in all these cases, abandoning all conjecture? In madness, in idiocy and drunkenness, the organs of intellect are diseased; in every case of mental derangement the skilful anatomist can point out the exact morbid spot in the brain—and frequently his experience will enable him, before dissection, to indicate to what extent and in what direction the disorganisation of the brain has

proceeded. No one can explain, or can make a reasonable attempt to explain, how the defects of the bodily organs can affect an immortal, immaterial spirit, which is supposed to be capable of a separate and independent existence.

When the period of vigorous manhood begins to glide away, and the season of old age approaches, the senses become dulled, the step falters, and man's whole deportment portends inevitable decay. In a few years the piercing sight, the quick ear, the deep-toned voice have gradually become weakened or lost; the boiling blood and hot passion of youth have given way to a stagnant and tideless circulation, and the active mind, the ready counsel, the wise reflection have passed away, for judgment and memory have failed. The last years of existence, though not devoid of tranquil enjoyment, are in most cases passed in a state of bodily and mental infirmity.

All the striking phenomena, and they are many, that can be adduced on the other side to prove the dependence of the body on the mind—in the other words, the ruling influence that the organs of intellect have over the remainder of the body—only serve to strengthen my proofs of their intimate and inseparable connection. During life we know that the body grows and changes without entirely losing its distinctive form and peculiarities, and we know that step by step with it the mind grows and changes without losing its character or identity; but mind has no perceivable or demonstrable existence independent of matter.

When we trace the progress of man from the cradle to the grave; when we watch the gradual development of his intellect from the nothing of the infant to the vigorous maturity of manhood, and its gradual decay during old age; when we find it to be in youth and in the prime of life, in health and in sickness, ever sympathetic with the body; when we find that the soul grows, lives, suffers, and decays with the body, what can be more reasonable than to carry the analogy a step farther, and to conclude that what we see is true, and that it also dies with the body? The intellect is a function of the brain, and we may leave it to future philosophical inquiry to explain, as far as may be possible, how the wondrous mechanism performs its glorious work.

I know well what an animated tirade, what a burst of indignant eloquence may be made against the base and grovelling minds of those who thus attempt to reduce mankind to the level of the beasts, and so on: but what is the use of your beautiful enchanting doctrine if it be not true? How much worse than useless is it if by its long train of artificial feelings, motives, and terrors, it leads to false practice and neglect of true human interests. Let man study this world and this life, and not speculate on Houris or lakes of brimstone.

Metaphysicians have been led into the most preposterous absurdities, even into denying the existence of matter—into resolving the entire external world into their own consciousness, into Ego; and they will ever be led into more intricate mazes of doubt and darkness, until men learn to have faith and patience; faith not in supernatural hypotheses, but faith in inevitable and obvious facts—and patience to wait for the philosophical explanation of these facts, without vainly attempting to cut impracticable knots which time and labour alone can unravel.

But, says a Christian, are you prepared then to say that dull, inert matter can think? Dull, inert matter! Do you know what matter is? Is light matter or is it spirit? Is the electro-magnetic fluid matter? Is it spirit? Is it a God? What is organic life? what causes it? What is the real difference between organised and inorganic matter? Have plants sensations? Who will dare to rule that they have not? The snowdrop closes its petals when a shower is impending, while its sister, snugly sheltered beneath a thick bush, or by a bank, still keeps them expanded. Go, man, observe nature more closely; wherever there is life there is intellect. Again I say, nature is infinite, nature is eternal, but nought that is definite is immortal. The Christian will turn with disgust from such a thought. Die like dogs, forsooth! But what if your imaginary belief in a future state makes you *live* like dogs? a few of you growling in your mangers over vast accumulations of wealth which neither you nor your young require, and occupying land, which you will neither cultivate yourselves nor let any one else cultivate, for the mere pleasure of possession, of proud and greedy contemplation. While the many, toiling wearily and hopelessly throughout the

livelong day, can hardly gain the daily coarse repast, are denied all access to the land, a share in which is the birthright of every human being, and can make no provision against sickness and old age. 'The poor shall never cease from the land, saith the Lord,' and Christians piously believe it, and perform even in this life the drama of life after death: the chosen few in eternal bliss, the sinful masses in everlasting misery. If rationalism does not offer to its adherents the chance of an eternity of perfect happiness for a few, still it does not consign the many to endless fiery punishments. Religion may teach men to die, though I believe it rather teaches them to dread death—but rationalism teaches them to live. It is silent where nothing is known, and where error and presumption lead to fear, folly, and sluggishness. It teaches that this life is no state of probation, but a real existence, to be passed boldly, honestly, and wisely, without reference to an imaginary future after death. It may safely be said, without abandoning prudence and foresight, that, at every moment of our existence, if we walk straightforward, and act well the immediate present, the future will take care of itself. Let us try to improve this life, and not to prove a life after death. Do not fear the consequences of a true thing—do not let any preconceived notions make you gaze with doubt and terror along the dark path of future practice to which an untried principle is tending. You are no prophet, none of us are prophets; but let us be well assured that no bad consequence will arise from truth, or from any approximation to truth, and no good will arise from submission to falsehood. Try a doctrine whether it be true or not, but when you have found it to appear true, do not draw back from the investigation from alarm as to where it will lead you. There is no danger in truth, there is no safety in falsehood, not even for women and children.

But atheism is cold and benumbing; it kills man's lofty aspirations, and drags him down to earth! Man's physical strength is limited and may be exhausted; the mental powers of any man may be temporarily overworked and rendered useless by intense exertion; every man has only a certain amount of passionate, sympathetic, or affectionate energy, and these feelings and affections may, by superstition or other false system of culture, be diverted into artificial, unnatural, and worthless channels. If a man habitually expends his sympathetic energy in weeping over a crucifix, kissing saints' relics, yearning after the love of Jesus, bemoaning his hardness of heart, praying for grace and holiness, and the like, instead of expending it in the animation of earnest and true labours of love and progress, of course in time all earthly matters will, to his perverted and distorted mind, appear base and contemptible in comparison with the things of God. The Catholic or the Methodist who excites himself to extatic rapture or agony, during his retreat or his revival, who gloats over his meditations on the bliss of heaven or the horrors of hell, can have but little sympathy left for the material progress of the human race, and will have nought but malignity in his heart towards all those who look with indifference or aversion on those doctrines and those practices in which he places all his hope, and which he believes to be of more importance than anything that the earth can afford. 'For what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' And in proportion to the strength of the superstitious influence will this contempt of worldly and human progress pervade the human mind; and while religious prejudices still linger around us atheism, or devotion to humanity, reality, and truth, will appear cold, cruel, and benumbing, because it will not be understood. But man must learn to love truth as truth, and not to doubt that from truth will spring happiness and beauty and glory. The progress of any truth ensures the progress of virtue and happiness.

Unreasoning Robert Southey, in the midst of his Tory fears and prejudices, said, with the instinctive judgment of a generous-hearted poet, 'I am fully convinced that a gradual improvement is going on in the world, has been going on from its commencement, and will continue, till the human race shall attain all the perfection of which it is capable in this mortal state.' Yes; the progress of improvement will still proceed onwards: men are not as wise, not as pure, not as good, not as happy as they are capable of being. Europe has been marching on ever since we have any record—each generation advancing, and sometimes, but only in localities, apparently retrograding. The invention of printing rendered progress more rapid and retrogression impossible. Whatever share the Christian religion may have taken in the work of civilisation was finished long ago, and will not be disputed here. Whether it ought to be called a symptom or a cause of progress is unimportant—its errand is done; and in this age of facts, of record, of inquiry and demonstration, less good and more harm must emanate every day from its false, erroneous laws and rules of conduct.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

A CATHOLIC ORGAN REASONING ON A MIRACLE.

Sir,—The following extraordinary article from the *Catholic Standard*, of Jan. 18, 1851, on the 'Miracle at St. Saturnin,' has great interest in its tone and its example. If the editor would but apply the same acuteness of analysis to the miracles of the Bible, and extend the same good sense, as respects caution, in accepting wonders attributed to supernatural agency, he would be able to enlighten his Catholic readers in a very striking manner. The italics in the first and third paragraphs of the quotation are my own:— A. H.

1. It has been a subject of marvel with many of our correspondents, that, as Catholic journalists, we have made no attempt to defend the miracle at St. Saturnin against the blasphemous and ridiculous attacks of the daily and weekly press. We beg, however, to assure our readers that this seeming neglect arises not from a designed indifference about ascertaining, as far as needs be, the varacity or falsehood of such reputed miraculous wonders, but is rather the consequence of *a large amount of idiosyncratic caution, which renders us extremely chary ere we place any faith at all in the first announcement of signs and wonders attributed to supernatural agency.* We are close observers of passing events; slow indeed to judgment; most fearful of jumping, without sufficient warrant, at conclusions; but by no means timid of speech, when authority or evidence justifies our expressing an opinion. We are also too sincerely attached to the truths of faith, and too jealous of the miracles of revelation, to think for a moment of enrolling in the same catalogue of revealed miracles an occurrence true or false, which has so little claim to our belief as the reported miracles at St. Saturnin.

2. We know, upon the best authority, that a *modern* miracle, whether substantiated or not, can, in no way, affect the sound principles of Catholic faith and morality. We know also that no wondrous work performed since the days of the Apostles, even though backed by the judicatory sentence of a Prelate, or of a synod of Prelates, or of the Pope himself, can have any other than a human authority, or deserve any specifically different credit than that attached to any other profane or sacred history. In one word, we know how cautious, in the extreme, the church has ever been ere she gives the weight of her authority to any *new* miracle. The Council of Trent, in the 25th session, *de Veneratione Sanctorum et imaginum*, gives strict charge to the pastors of the church to be watchful in removing all superstitions and abuses. 'If any abuses have crept into these holy and wholesome observations, the synod most earnestly desires that they should be wholly abolished,' and that all possible abuses may be the more surely removed, and her injunctions the more faithfully observed, the holy synod decrees 'that *no new miracles are to be admitted* except after the examination and approbation of the bishop, who, as soon as he has found anything certain in them, should consult with divines and other pious men, and then do what he shall judge agreeable to truth and piety; and if, in these consultations, any grave question should arise, the bishop, before he terminates the controversy, should wait for the sentence of the metropolitan and his provincial bishops assembled in provincial council.'

3. This prudent decree of the Council of Trent would be a sufficient reason for our evincing a great reserve in hazarding an opinion upon any miraculous event, even though presented before us under the strongest guarantee of human authority.

But with respect to the reputed miracle at St. Saturnin, we have thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution. For the arguments and facts in favour of this miracle are so trifling and suspicious, the testimony so scanty, and the effects upon the popular mind, both in England and France, so very *uncertain and unsatisfactory*, that we feel disposed rather to disbelieve it altogether, as a delusion or something worse, than to affix to it the sanction of our expressed conviction. In defence of this miracle at St. Saturnin we have as yet, in reality, no more than the documentary testimony of two persons—viz., Mr. Bontems, the Mayor of St. Saturnin, and M. Grave, the sub-prefect of Apt. M. Grand, the curè of the parish in which the miracle is said to have taken place, has made no official declaration. Monseigneur the Archbishop of Avignon, who is reported to have been an eye-witness, has given no authorisation for its publication. Dr. Clement and Lawyer Gay, both eye-witnesses, and both pronounced to be men of strong minds *without being blindly over credulous*, decline publishing their opinions. Even Dr. Camille Bernard, a *distinguished physician of Apt, and well known in the scientific world*, is silent; and yet he was expressly invited by the Archbishop and the curè to investigate scientifically the circumstances of the case, and for that purpose *he ascended the table of the altar* and examined the wound *with the light of one of the candles*. In fact we have not a single voucher for the truth of the related facts from persons of acknowledged strong judgment, beyond the above-named mayor and sub-prefect.

4. Nor do we altogether so completely relish the relation of the facts of the case, as appertaining to the girl, Rosette Tamisier, as to think her testimony, innocent and virtuous and pious as she no doubt may personally be, entitled to more credence than that of a *tete exaltee*. In the first place she is stated, when being alone in the chapel with one of her friends, to have *seen, and touched, and* KISSED *the real blood*, which she could not have done without entering into the sanctuary and *mounting upon the platform of the Holy Altar!* In the next place she is reported to have said *that her conduct had been calumniated, and that, also, of a priest, and that she had not sought for reparation from God*, wishing clearly to make us believe, that this miracle was wrought by God in vindication of her innocency, and of that of the priest from the imputed calumnies! We think it unnecessary to comment further upon these two facts.

5. In making these observations upon the miracle at St. Saturnin, we repeat that we are not setting ourselves up in judgment upon its truth or falsehood. All that we wish to convey to the minds of our readers is, that as far as we can judge from the present facts of the case, we are constrained to think, not only that there is not sufficient evidence to warrant our concluding its truthfulness, but that there are very cogent reasons, independently of the absence of all proper authority, to incline us to reject it altogether as delusive.

THE REV. MR. WOODMAN'S LECTURES IN LONDON.

On Monday evening the Rev. W. Woodman, of Kersley, near Bolton, delivered a lecture in the Mechanics' Institution, Chancery-lane, London. We received many requests to attend, one enclosing a ticket, from persons signing themselves 'Unbelievers,' who, if they were so in our sense, ought to be known to us, and would have had no reason to have written anonymously. Mr. Woodman professed to *demonstrate* the existence of God. His topics were the nature of evidence—the influence of prejudice and superstition, and the necessity of arguing from correct premises—evidence of the existence of God: 1. The nature of cause and effect

involves a supreme cause adequate to the producing of all the effects and phenomena of nature. 2. The general knowledge and acknowledgment of a God in the world. 3. The answer to the question, 'How has the idea of a God been obtained?'—Conjectures of infidel writers on the subject shown to have no foundation in fact—man not born with the knowledge of God—the knowledge of God *not* derivable from nature—digression on what is called natural religion, showing in what its fallacy consists, and how it has originated. Priestcraft no argument against the existence of God—infidel craft—objections against the existence of the Supreme Being considered and shown to be groundless.

His professed demonstration amounted to this—we have the idea of God, and therefore God exists, as unsatisfactory a Swedenborgian dogma as ever was palmed off as a 'demonstration.' The placard said, 'Questions might be asked the lecturer,' but this was reduced at the meeting to permission to persons who could not understand the speaker to ask for explanations. Argument was out of the question, and refused. We mention this that our friends may not mistake permission to 'question' to imply discussion.

The tone of the lecturer towards freethinkers was respectful and fair. Doubt, he said, was a proper state of mind in some cases, where evidence appeared to conflict, and he thought that Materialist, Infidel or Freethinker was as proper a name as Christian, where it described a conscientious state of belief. It was a strange contrast with this language to hear him retail stories about Richard Carlile and Mrs. Martin of the most ungenerous and suspicious character. He said that some Mr. Wilson, whom he described as an uneducated man, had driven Richard Carlile out of Lancashire. Mr. Holyoake denied the likelihood of this story. Mr. Carlile, whom nine years of imprisonment could not subdue, whom Castlereagh nor Sidmouth could intimidate, was certainly not likely to be exiled by an uneducated Swedenborgian. Next Mr. Woodman recounted, under the head 'Infidel craft,' how this same redoubtable Mr. Wilson has proved a terror to Mrs. Martin, which ended in her friends in Leeds being so inspired with disgust towards her on account of her defeat, that they absolutely pushed her out of the town. Mr. Holyoake refused the privilege of putting any questions, unless he was first allowed to rebut the allegations against this lady who had been libelled, and who [owing to protracted illness] could not be present. This was conceded. Mr. Holyoake stated that when lately on a tour, Mr. Wilson sent two deputations to him (in Leeds and Manchester) to debate with him, but that when he (Mr. H.) heard the conditions Mr. Wilson proposed, which were the same as those proposed to Mrs. Martin, he (Mr. H.) flatly refused to hold any communication with Mr. Wilson. That he (Mr. H.) had found that Mrs. Martin's friends in Leeds, so far from repudiating her, had defended her through the press since she left, and remained her good friends still. The meeting seemed satisfied with the explanation, and afterwards Mr. Holyoake put some questions concerning the lecture to Mr. Woodman, and several gentlemen did the same.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Martin, though still labouring under indisposition, attended and exposed the misrepresentations of Mr. Woodman, producing a placard which proved that she had delivered a long course of lectures in the town *after* the time she had been pushed out—according to his account.

G. J. H.

THE HAND OF GOD AND THE HAND OF THE DEVIL.

A CURIOUS remnant of the primordial, or supernatural, phasis of humanity lingers still among us in the vulgar notion of attributing different incidents to Providence. If a vessel is wrecked, and five hundred souls perish, the fortunate few who escape are looked upon as saved by the 'special mercy of Providence,' no one inquiring as to the 'special mercy' which drowned the five hundred! Yet, if Providence is to be seen at all in the matter, it is to be seen in the storm and the wreck quite as distinctly as in the wandering plank which floated one man in safety to the shore. The truth is, *all* events are providential, or *none* are. One would think that the proposition, 'God rules the world,' admitted of no dispute—at least among theists. But those who talk of Providence throw a doubt upon it: they imply that Providence does not *always* shape the course of events, but only on those occasions when the 'finger of God' is seen. Now, to any mind at all tinctured with philosophy, it must be evident that, starting from the proposition, 'God rules the world,' we arrive at a complete negation of Providence, in the vulgar acceptation of it. For, if God rules the world—either by incessant feats of an omnipotent will, or by simple *laws* incessantly operating, it is equally clear that the 'special interposition' which is understood by Providence implies an absurdity. If the interposition be incessant, it cannot be special. If the universe be left to its own laws, then an interposition implies that these laws have not been adequate to effect the Creator's purpose—or it implies that he did not *foresee* certain difficulties. Thus, whatever explanation be adopted of the mode by which God rules the world, we are forced to deny a 'special Providence.' When the whole universe is but a mode of God's action, why select a single atom in that universe as a revelation of His presence? Why say *this* is the mercy of God, when *all* is? Shall we imitate that old woman who piously ejaculated, 'I have but two teeth in my head; but, by the mercy of Providence, they're *opposite each other!*' If it be, as Plato says, that God alternately *governs* and *forsakes* the world, then we can understand this belief in Providence; but, for a Christian philosopher, the belief is singularly illogical.

As we said, the belief is current still. Old women find their teeth opposite each other, and cannot credit the laws of nature with power to perform such a miracle. On our table lies a work by an American clergyman, written with very American eloquence, on the great manifestations of the 'Hand of God' legible in history. He ransacks history to find teeth opposite each other. History (which he regards as a 'great moral enterprise' undertaken by God), furnishes him with a variety of illustrations. Nothing is too trivial for him—nothing but will fit in with his theory.

In biographical anecdotes our author boldly reads the handwriting he is so familiar with. Thus:—'John Newton was another chosen vessel; and how did God watch over him when calamity, pestilence, or disease was near, and shield him from danger, while yet his heart was enmity to God! We quote a signal instance: "Though remarkable for his punctuality, one day some business so detained him that he came to his boat much later than usual, much to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality. He went out in his boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, but the ship blew up just before he reached her." Had he arrived a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with those on board.'

Very comforting to John Newton; less so to 'those on board!' Read this also:—'An obscure female is born in Persia. At an early age she is left an orphan. An uncle adopts her, and hopes she may yet solace his declining years. She is

beautiful, lovely, modest—yet nothing points her out to any enviable station above the thousands of the daughters of Persia. To all human forethought, she would live and die unknown, as she was born. But the Church of God is scattered throughout the hundred and twenty and seven provinces of Persia. Esther is a daughter of the captivity; and God would raise up some guardian spirit to save his people from an impending danger, and honour them in the sight of the heathen. The palace of Shushan, and the gorgeous court of the Shah, shall stand in awe of Esther's God By a singular train of circumstances the obscure orphan is brought to the notice of the king—finds favour—and is called to share with him the honours of his throne. And what deliverances she wrought for her people—how she brought them out from their long obscurity, and gave them notoriety and enlargement, and prepared the way for their restoration to their native land and to the Holy Hill of Zion—is known to all who have traced the hand of Providence in this portion of Sacred History.'

How ineffably silly all such writing is, may be shown by employing the same method to the biography of a scoundrel. 'An obscure female was born in London. She was bred up by poor parents. In early life she married a Mr. Brownrigg. To all human forethought she would live and die unknown. But God's parish children are scattered around her neighbourhood. She takes some of them as apprentices, and history saith that parishes still stand in awe of her name.' Now, one *must* read the hand of God in Mrs. Brownrigg's career no less than in Esther's. And if one were to pursue the inquiry, no great amount of research would be needed to write a companion volume to this, entitled 'The Hand of the Devil in History.'—*Leader*, No. 44.

Mr. Holyoake's History.—(Additional Subscribers.)—Joseph Cowen, Blaydon Burn, 6 copies; W. E. B., 2 copies; George Keith, Newcastle; Arejid Kooez; J. P. Daret; Uriah Studdard, Huddersfield; W. Alexander, Aberdeen; John Brown, York, 4 copies; Mr. Palmer, Birmingham, 2 copies; C. S., J. L., E. T., and J. P., Coventry, 4 copies; Newenham Travers; James Body; Edward Hawks, Edinburgh, 2 copies; James Wilkie; William Scott; John McKenzie; John Magon; James Lawrence; Alexander McFarlane; George Miller; Robert Dobbie; John Faulds; John Finlay; John Hill; Alexander Dickson; Thomas Morrison; John Dobies.—[The last sheet of this work is now in the press, and subscribers will, as soon as a quantity have passed through the binder's hands, receive their copies.]

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—Feb. 16th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Socrates.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Feb. 16th [7], Mr. Thomas Shorter, 'Life and Genius of Byron.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Feb. 16th [11 a.m.], Mr. Ireson will Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Feb. 14th [8], a Discussion. 16th [7½], Mr. Nash, 'Poems of Shelley.'

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Feb. 16th [7], a Lecture.

ON Saturday, February 8th, was published
'SECTS and SECTARIES,'
being a verbatim report of an Oration delivered by Samuel Phillips Day, (author of 'Romanism the Religion of Terror,') on Sunday, January 26th, at the Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.

London: E. Truelove, 22, John Street, Fitzroy Square; J. Watson, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row; Purkess, Compton Street.

WORKS ON FREE INQUIRY.

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London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

On Friday, Jan. 24th, a discussion took place between Dr. Sleigh and the Rev. Brewin Grant, at the Town Hall, Birmingham. At least 5,000 persons were present—some say there were 8,000 there. Dr. Sleigh maintained that government should enact laws to prevent Catholicism spreading its pernicious doctrines. Brewin Grant contended that government has no right to interfere in matters of religion; religion should be an open question. The Rev. Brewin Grant takes the Bible as containing his acts of parliament. It appeared at the early part of the proceedings that Dr. Sleigh would carry the meeting with him; but Brewin Grant brought arguments to bear so forcibly for liberty of opinion, that the tide turned in his favour. No vote was come to. The organ gallery was well filled with the friends of both parties. The ministers of the Church of England, and their immediate friends, supported the doctor, and J. Sturge and G. Dawson, and others favourable to liberty of conscience, supported the Rev. Brewin Grant. The meeting was presided over by the mayor, Mr. C. Lucy. E. N.

If the author of 'Twenty-Five Reasons for being an Atheist' will communicate his residence to W. Chilton, under cover to the editor of the *Reasoner*, W. C. will show him a number of serious faults in that production, which are calculated to do atheism a great deal of harm in the hands of unscrupulous opponents.

Mr. Andrews, of Wisbeach, will be able to obtain copies of the pamphlets published in Newcastle-on-Tyne in reply to Mr. Holyoake, on application to Mr. Chambers, High Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A proposal is made to us by W. T. M. to place on our Platform a plan for a Co-operative Book Store. We object to publish casual suggestions. A well-devised project, likely to be realised, would receive our attention.

The Committee formed to disseminate Mr. Owen's views during the great Exhibition met on Wednesday evening last, when communications were read from Paisley, Halifax, Derby, and other districts, highly favourable to the objects of the Committee. Parties desirous of promoting this propaganda, will please address the secretary, Henry A. Ivory, 52, College Place, Camden Town.

A Letter by Trevelyan to Cardinal Wiseman is in the press.

A friend in Bristol sends the following note, which, though private, we take the liberty of using, suppressing the name, in order to do justice to the rev. gentleman whom we may have wronged unknowingly:—'I was sorry to see a notice in the *Reasoner* respecting a Mr. James, who has been *misrepresenting* atheism here. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. W. James, Unitarian Minister, whose discourse (on the 19th) I attended and took a few notes; and I certainly consider him libelled by the above term. With the exception of one slip, in which he spoke of it being a bold thing to *deny* the existence of God, he did not, that I remember, tell any falsehoods of us. Misunderstand us he certainly did, and his lecture was not above mediocrity.'

The members of the Rational Progressive Society, in Leeds, celebrated the birth-day of Thomas Paine, on the 29th ult., by a Public Dinner at the Temperance Hotel, Leedgate Hill.

On the 18th, 19th, and 20th, Mr. Holyoake will lecture in Nottingham. Any persons requiring his services in the northern provinces, will please write to the *Reasoner* office without delay.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

ON CONDITIONS OF PUBLIC DEBATE.

TO THE REV. J. R. RUTHERFORD.

REV. SIR,—The pleasant intercourse I had with you in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the earnest manner in which you preached on one occasion on which I heard you, induce me to solicit the fulfilment of your pledge to publicly debate with me the Intellectual and Moral Character of Christian Doctrine. At whatever time it may be convenient to you, I will endeavour to be at your service. To prevent the possibility of the same difficulty being raised again, which your Committee (without your concurrence, I am informed) raised before, I will state the grounds on which I will meet you.

When last in the provinces, a Mr. Wilson, represented to me as a Swedenborgian preacher, sent deputations to me in two towns to request me to debate with him. I asked what terms he proposed. The reply was that the entire proceeds were to be given to some charitable institution. I answered, I had no communication to make to Mr. Wilson, and I refused to have any further intercourse with the deputation. My reason was this. If Mr. Wilson was able to live without work, he was more fortunate than I was. If he was in the secret of living without paying his bills, I did not wish to share that secret with him. If he could travel by railway without paying for his tickets, it was more than I could.

Once for all, I say that I will debate with no one who refuses me the means of living while I do it: and if, when I make the reasonable demand of the supply of my wants and those of my home, it is imputed to me as venality, then I will not debate with any one who makes the imputation. Your Committee, on the occasion on which we were to meet before, required me to travel three hundred miles, from London to Newcastle, pay for the discharge of my duties in London, which must be done by delegation in my absence, to debate ten nights in Newcastle, without inquiring or caring whether I had the means to support these expenses. They proposed to give the proceeds to some charitable institution. Why should I be called upon to subscribe so largely to the charitable institution of a town to which I did not belong? Why should I be called upon to subscribe many pounds, while the audience were called upon to subscribe only twopence or threepence per night? If the printer who prints, if the poster who puts up the bills, if the proprietor who holds the room, are paid for their services, why should I be required to do more work than all of them put together for nothing? If I speak without premeditation I speak to no purpose, and if I speak to no purpose I need not be required to discuss at all; but premeditation is a cost, and if it leads to other people's advantage, there is no reason why it should not be reasonably paid for.

You who live in the same town are not required to travel: you who receive a salary may not need remuneration during the discussion—but another without these advantages must supply the same wants by other means. Your Committee tell me to apply to my friends to support me; but I refuse to live upon any man's

charity while I can legitimately supply my own wants by useful exertions. Why should I receive charity, and allow other persons to carry away at their pleasure and dispose at their caprice that share which I have earned, and which is my right? By what authority does any religious Committee arrogate to itself the right of disposing of my services, and exposing me to mendicancy? I repeat again, I will not debate with any man who proposes to subject me to this necessity. I am willing to go to any town in England to debate two or three nights in the week, provided the Committee of management guarantee me two guineas each night, which I shall consider an equivalent for travelling and all other expenses which I may incur. My opponent may make the same stipulations if he pleases, and any surplus may then, if it seem the juster course, be devoted to a charitable institution, as the Committee may see fit.

Wherever I may be, a communication addressed to me at the *Reasoner* Office will be sure to reach my hands.

I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir, yours faithfully,

G. Jacob Holyoake.

'HARD HITS' BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'CREED OF ERROR.'*

A few Saturday evenings ago I attended a discussion upon the 'Creed of Error,' at the Carlisle-street Institution, Marylebone. Mr. Williams, a City Missionary, was present, but he declined to be considered the author of the pamphlet. Indeed no one would own it, and every Christian who spoke found fault with its imputations and tone. The writer says Freethinkers 'exult' in their supposed freedom from superstition, which is untrue as a description of our feeling. He says we state that Christians believe in a '*lie*.' He cannot find any instance in which the *Reasoner* has done so—nor do we think it is the language of our friends. He tells us that the character of the author of the 'Logic of Death' is '*assumed*, artificial, and hollow,' that 'the development of Truth is not his sole object, but rather its *wilful perversion*.' On page 17 he represents Mr. Holyoake 'as a man capable of saying *anything* to serve his cause.' 'We do not,' the pamphlet proceeds, 'charge his perversions to ignorance of Christianity, so much as to the *malignity of a corrupt heart*.' These are specimens of the style and language of the 'Creed of Error,' and are what the author boasts of as 'hard hits.' To a gentleman who, at the discussion, told me that all this was justifiable as 'plain speaking,' I answered that it was indeed plain speaking, and also *false* speaking; and that it was no justification of speaking to say it was plain, unless it was at the same time *true*. Gregory, of the *Satirist*, could always plead that his libels were *plain-spoken*, but we never heard of the Judge mitigating his sentence on that account.

We append remarks upon the arguments of this pamphlet by a friend whom we asked to examine it, and which I give, not as an attention due to the pamphlet itself, but on account of the respectability of the firm (Partridge and Oakey, Paternoster Row,) which publishes it. It is necessary to show to what respectable houses will sometimes descend in the name of religion. Editor.

This pamphlet commences in what is evidently intended to be a strain of irony against the pretensions of modern Rationalists to a pure love of truth and mental freedom. In the first page we find denouncements of the presumption of these 'giants of intelligence,' who look with contempt on illustrious Christians, such as Luther, Calvin, Locke, and Newton, as 'dupes of superstition and ignorance.'

* The Creed of Error, a Reply to Holyoake's 'Logic of Death.' Partridge & Oakey.

The author mistakes or misrepresents us; we do not look with contempt on either past or present believers, but we really *do* think that, thanks to our enjoyment of the accumulated genius and labour of the human race, we men of the nineteenth century are indeed 'giants of intelligence' in comparison with the men of any former known time. We do not compare individual intellects. And perhaps on mature reflection our Christian friend will confess himself to be of much the same opinion. Will he deny that good Sir Matthew Hale, a well-known model Christian, was the 'dupe of superstition and ignorance' when he condemned an innocent old woman to be hanged for an imaginary dealing with the devil? Will he deny that Calvin was the 'dupe of superstition and ignorance,' when he instigated and defended the burning alive of his virtuous and honest opponent, Servetus? Will such a good Protestant deny that the vast majority of our ancestors before the Reformation, including a host of immortal names, were the 'dupes of superstition and ignorance?' Now-a-days men of very ordinary capacity laugh at the superstitious and ignorant notions of the wise and learned of bygone times, without despising the work they performed, or denying their talents and good intentions. This appeal to the wisdom of our ancestors is worth as little in discussing the truth of religion as in a matter of science or politics.

In page 6 of the 'Logic of Death,' to which our friend objects, it is asked, 'If man fell in the garden of Eden, who placed him there? It is said, God. Who placed the temptation there? It is said, God.' After deciding that the words of Satan were the temptation, and not the tree itself, the author concludes, apparently very much to his own satisfaction, for he prints the words in italics, '*that the temptation was from the devil and not from God.*' Does our Christian friend seriously intend to say that his devil is an independent evil being, and that his movements are uncontrolled by the Providence of his God? If such are his opinions he is a Manichean. But no doubt he will repudiate such heresy, and will allow that the devil, as a created being, is dependent on the will of his God, and can do nothing without his knowledge and permission. We therefore proceed to the next objection.

'But the writer of the "Logic of Death" may ask, if the words of Satan constituted the temptation, who placed him in the garden? Let him ask, and let him also answer. Will he dare to say that God placed him there? If he does, he will say it on his own authority.'

If the owner of a ferocious bull-dog, or other dangerous animal, deliberately lets him loose when he had every facility for tying him up at home, is he not the principal cause of the pain and injury which the beast may inflict, although he may not have accompanied it in its wanderings, or have personally incited any of its attacks? Now, except under a Manichean creed, God must be supposed capable of tying up the Devil if he pleased. Having himself created the Devil, he must have been aware of all his bad propensities; being omniscient he must have known of his going into the garden, and of his purpose in going there. And as God deliberately permitted this dangerous Devil to enter into the Garden of Eden, he may very reasonably be said—as an Almighty Being who never can have lost sight of the Devil for a moment—to have 'placed him there.'

But our Christian author inquires, 'Did God *force* Eve to eat the fruit? Did he even countenance her eating of it? As we have said, did he not furnish her with motives sufficiently powerful to make her carefully avoid the tree?' Granting that the motives furnished by God were powerful enough to keep her guiltless in the absence of temptation, it is proved by the very fact of her having been persuaded by the Devil to eat the fruit that she was *not* furnished with motives suf-

ficiently powerful to enable her to repel the tempter. God made her will so weak that she *did* give way to temptation; he also made the Devil, and turned him loose, well knowing that he would tempt Eve, and that she would yield to his seductions; and therefore, reversing the verdict of our Christian friend, 'common sense cannot acquit God of conniving and participating in man's fall.'

Our author argues that if God had made man incapable of sin (p. 8), he would have been a mere moral machine, 'moving at the will of its maker.' Well, and would it not be much better in every way to be a machine in the hands of a beneficent God, than to be a puppet in the hands of a powerful and malignant Devil, appointed to tempt us by the express providence of God? He then says, 'It is hard to conceive in what sense he could be called a *moral* being, without moral freedom. And in that case, who could have called him a perfect being? He would have been as incapable of virtue as of vice.' Indeed! then, my Christian friend, tell me this: Is your God capable of vice? If not, he is incapable of moral freedom, and is therefore neither a moral nor a perfect being.

We need not follow our author into his wanderings in the regions of the atonement, the vengeance of God for the sin of unbelief, faith derived from the spirit of God, or his notions of the evidence of our senses, which he supposes to be the only evidence to which Rationalists will submit; these subjects receive no new light from our author. He offers his readers some reflections of a working man on the 'Logic of Death,' in refutation of atheism. The only noticeable point is a quotation from Whewell's Bridgewater treatise, which is as follows:—'We can no longer maintain the infinite past duration of the Earth; for chemical forces as well as mechanical tend to equilibrium. If, for instance, a large portion of the earth's mass were originally pure potassium, we can imagine violent igneous action to go on so long as any part remained unoxidised; but when the oxidation of the whole has once taken place, this action must be at an end; for there is no agency (physical) which can reproduce the de-oxidised metal. Thus a perpetual motion is incapable in chemistry, as it is in mechanics; and a theory of constant change, continued through infinite time, is untenable.' 'To such a testimony,' says our Christian friend, 'inferior minds such as ours and the author of the "Logic" must bow.' With all due deference to Professor Whewell, whose theories have been combated and ridiculed perhaps more than any other philosopher of this century, and who certainly is not infallible, we shall venture to dispute the accuracy of his reasoning. He assumes that what cannot be performed by human chemistry, cannot be done by the chemistry of nature—a large assumption! Alchymy is derided and abandoned by modern science, but will Professor Whewell assert that nature cannot make gold? Potassium is a compound of certain elements which exist abundantly in nature: the operations of nature can resolve potassium, or gold, or man, into their elements, and build up new gold, new potassium, and new men, by laws unknown indeed to human chemistry, but which we must (arrogantly or not) for the present hesitate to pronounce undiscoverable.

E. B.

ST. PETER IN ROME.

(From the *Times*.)

The throne of St. Peter is—Rome!
  Kings and prophets must bow to him there;
Even Jupiter gives him his statue,
  And Mahomet hands him his chair.

Examination of the Press.

Ultra Literature.—'The artizans and mechanics of the great towns—men of knowledge and reflection, men who read and think through all difficulties and amid all disadvantages—are utterly above the petty politics and wretched nonsense conveyed in the best known of the popular publications. These men are the real politicians of their class; and, however objectionable the rest of the world may consider their politics, it is well to know the principles they hold, which may be inferred from the sort of literature they read. That sort of literature has been described more than once. But there are ultras among the ultra; and *their* literature is not known. We will refer to a few specimens.'.....'A society, subscribed to and directed by working men, exists in London, called the "Political and Social Tract Society," the business of which is to write, sell, and circulate lucubrations of the extremest character upon all the "first-principle" topics likely to secure notice. An account, which we take from a publication, to which we shall afterwards allude, entitled the *Reasoner*, will show how this society is working.' Here follows an extract from the *Reasoner*, then the reviewer continues:—'We have not been able to obtain any of these tracts, never having been to "the Institution, John-street," which is the hall where the oratory of Mr. Cuffey was once heard with applause; and they are perhaps, like other oddities, better imagined than described.'—Samples of the Tracts have been forwarded to the editor. 'We have before us,' continues the review, 'No. 12 of *Robert Owen's Journal*, which is a periodical "explanatory of the means to well-place, well-employ, and well-educate the population of the world." Celebrated authors have taken to the fashion of weekly appearances. Howitt, Eliza Cooke, Dickens, and Hunt have got their "journals" and "words;" and why not Mr. Robert Owen? He charges only one penny, which is not too much, considering what the world is to get in return. The contents are worth enumerating. First, we have "Letter Second to Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of the English Empire, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert." We hope it will duly reach Windsor. Next comes a reprint of the well known "Report of a Deputation from Leeds which visited New Lanark." Next comes, at least "part first," "Truth," rather an extensive subject, and which is initiated with these words:—"The nations of the world are in utter confusion on religion, politics, political economy, commerce, and all social arrangements." The fourth article is astoundingly headed "Proofs that the World is a great Lunatic Asylum." The last article is on "Spade Cultivation," the moral of which seems to be, that, if properly handled, spades will always turn up trumps. This *Robert Owen's Journal* is in all, merely a reproduction of the ipsissima verba which the author first tendered to the world about the year 1790, and which, in all forms, and in differently sized books, he has been repeating ever since, so far, it must be confessed, with no very encouraging success. One merit he at least has—that he has thought out his system for himself, writes good English, and does not believe that a hero for general worship must be a Frenchman; and, luckily for himself, he is still rich enough to meet patiently the diffidence of the inhabitants of the lunatic asylum in procuring and reading his comments upon their lamentable condition.'.....'This doctrine of Communism is being actively developed into organisations in London. There exist, in the metropolis, no less than six societies of working men and women based upon the principle of Communism. They are the "Working Tailors," the "Working Needlewomen," the "Working Shoemakers," the "Working Printers" (who turned out the pamphlet above quoted,) the "Working Bakers," and the "Working Builders" Associations; and, being apparently under one

management, they have an executive at a central office, 76, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square—at which address, the advertisement tells us, "the tracts on Christian Socialism" may be procured. The organ of these bodies is a penny weekly publication, called the *Christian Socialist*, a "journal of association." Its leading doctrine is thus stated:—Man, not wealth, is the end of political economy; and, consistently enough, the articles tend to show that political economy, as now understood, is rapidly making an end of man. The papers are written with terse ability in dilation upon the evils of competition and the necessity of association. In direct violation of the suggestions of the Stamp-office, this publication gives news of the progress of the "movement," and contains, in the numbers which we have seen, notices of "co-operative labour" meetings and tea-parties in various large towns. A Mr. Lloyd Jones seems to be the principal orator on these occasions; and we conclude (of course, in association with a few others) that he officiates editorially in the manufacture of Christian Socialism for the million. We have adverted to the Republican and Communistic literature. We now come to the "Infidel" literature. *The Reasoner and Theological Examiner*, which, we believe, has a considerable sale, both in London and the provinces, is published weekly, and is produced for the small sum of one penny. We find, from the initials appended to the first article, which is upon the subject of the "Taxes on Knowledge," that the editor is the Mr. Holyoake, who, at the public meeting held recently in London, for the promotion of the repeal of the duties on paper, made a most able speech, and carried a most telling amendment against Mr. Cowan, who was in the chair, the effect of which was to pledge the movers against the paper duties to attack simultaneously the stamp restriction upon newspapers. We will only describe the character of the *Reasoner*. It is a literary platform for religious controversies; and though the chairman and the body of the meeting are dead against the presumption, any gentleman is at liberty to propose a resolution in favour of revealed religion. The language is very plain; the arguments perfectly explict. *The Freethinker's Magazine* is a monthly publication: it is edited by "friends of truth and progress," who, however, require sixpence to go on. Its contents (No. 8) are varied: from an assault upon the half century to a report of a speech upon the freehold land scheme, and an eulogium upon the microscope. We have very little doubt that the editor of the *Reasoner* has something to do with the editing of the *Freethinker*. Mr. Holyoake has had his principles commented upon in a court of justice, and has elsewhere spared no pains to make his contemporaries understand that he is not afraid of being put down. He is a self-educated man, and he addresses himself nearly altogether to a class who are educating themselves. His influence among the working classes in London is enormous; and where politics are concerned he is entitled to this influence. To the extremest ideas he gives the charm of the most moderate expression; and where he is most outrageous he is most logical. A bad voice and a defective physique do not prevent him succeeding as a public speaker—for, even in assemblies accustomed to the bayings of O'Connor, what are such drawbacks against the fascination of temperate style, modest manner, and keen and powerful argument? Mr. Holyoake, in our opinion, less because of his talent than because of his tact, is at once the safest and the most dangerous of all the Chartist tribunes. Such are some of the most notable specimens of the literature which circulates by thousands weekly, monthly, and yearly. They are read, as a moment's consideration will show, not by the idle, the dissolute, the worthless, or the uninformed; but by the thinkers, the workers, and the much-reading members of the working class. The moral is just as obvious as the fact. The no popery agitation clearly does not embrace the "question of the day."—Extract from the *Liverpool Journal*, Feb. 1, 1851.

Reasoner Tracts.

AGE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF BUDDHISM.*

[FROM THE 'EXAMINER.']

CHRISTIANITY in Ceylon can hardly be the most Christian thing extant in that part of the world if what has oozed forth of committee-disclosures concerning reverend, venerable, and right-reverend disputants, be not very greatly exaggerated. But that part of his subject is altogether avoided by Sir J. Emerson Tennent. His book is the book of a scholar, and a man interested in the civilisation of the races brought under English sway—not in any manner the book of a polemic or a partisan. We have seldom read a more temperately written volume upon a subject which *in*temperance too often unhappily seizes for its own. It is excellent in style and arrangement, and even more so in its tolerant spirit, its thorough liberality of tone, and the views which are taken throughout it on the all-important subject of 'secular education.'

Sir J. Emerson Tennent informs us in his preface, that during a residence of some years in Ceylon he has devoted the leisure won from official pursuits to the preparation of a comprehensive work on that most interesting island, 'its history, its topography, its capabilities, its productions, its government, its present condition, and its future prospects as a colony of the crown.' Of that forthcoming work the volume before us is a fragment, or rather an offshoot. In the plan which he had sketched out for himself, the religion of the Singhalese and the progress of Christianity necessarily occupied a prominent place; but as he proceeded, the interest so increased, and his materials so expanded, that, whilst they were too important to be thrown aside, they became at the same time too extended to form a subsidiary portion of the more comprehensive work—and hence their appearance in this separate volume.

Sir Emerson has cleared away a mass of fondly invented fable, as to the early establishment of Christianity in Ceylon by the apostles and their immediate successors; and whilst almost every author of modern date who has written of Christianity in India, has been amusing his readers by speculations upon the antiquity of a Church, which, on the supposed authority of Cosmas Indopleustes, has been presumed to have existed there from the time of Justinian, Sir Emerson, by the simple expedient of looking into the original text of this mediæval geographer, has suddenly dissipated the illusion by showing that Cosmas has made no statement to that effect,—and that, till the Portuguese in the sixteenth century introduced the religion of Rome, the inhabitants of Ceylon had been uninterruptedly professors of the religion either of Brahma or of Buddhu.

Of this remarkable religion (of which so little, comparatively speaking, is known to Europeans), and of its extraordinary ascendency and prevalence throughout the nations of Eastern Asia—Sir Emerson adduces some startling facts:—

'The antiquity of its worship is so extreme, that doubts still hang over its origin and its chronological relation to the Brahmanical religion. Whether it took its rise in Hindostan or in countries farther to the West, and whether Buddhism was the original doctrine of which Brahmanism became a corruption, or Brahmanism the original and Buddhism an effort to restore it to its pristine purity—all these are questions which have yet to be adjusted by the result of oriental research. It is, however, established by a concurrence of historical proofs that, many centuries before the era of Christianity, the doctrines of Buddhu were enthusiastically cultivated in central India, and at a still later period in Bahar, the *Magadha*, or the country of the Magas, in the ancient geography of the Hindoos, and whose modern name is identified with the *Wihares* or monasteries of Buddhism. Thence its teachers diffused themselves extensively throughout the

* Christianity in Ceylon: its Introduction and Progress under the Portuguese, the Dutch, the British, and American Missions; with an Historical Sketch of the Brahmanical and Buddhist Superstitions. By Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D.

Indian continent, and the countries to the eastward of it; upwards of two thousand years ago it became the national religion of Ceylon and the Indian Archipelago; and its tenets have been adopted throughout the vast regions which extend from Siberia to Siam, and from the Bay of Bengal to the western shores of the Pacific. Looking to its influence at the present day over at least three hundred and fifty millions of human beings—exceeding one-third of the human race—it is no exaggeration to say that *the religion of Buddhu is the most widely diffused that now exists, or that ever has existed since the creation of mankind.*'

To the observation of Sir Emerson Tennent on the *prevalence* of Buddhism, we would just add the singular fact illustrative of its *permanency*—that every country and nation with whose history we are acquainted has changed its religion within the 1850 years which have elapsed since the birth of Christ, with the single and remarkable exception of those countries alone in which Buddhism is ascendant. What is there in the genius of the Buddhist religion to explain this striking fact?

Buddhism, as it exists in Ceylon, is a bold system of atheistic morality, asserting the eternity of matter, maintaining the absolute perfectibility of human virtue, denying the existence of a future state, and centring all the bliss of reward in the anticipation of annihilation. Its code of morals, next to those of Christianity, is the most perfect the world has ever seen; and in consistency with the liberality of its theories of human exaltation, it repudiates the Brahmanical doctrines of *caste*, and preaches the absolute equality of every virtuous aspirant.

A chapter of Sir J. Emerson's work is devoted to a lucid sketch of the peculiar tenets and practices of the professors of this remarkable creed—and another to the national character and moral actions of the people, who, for two thousand years, have been living under its influences, and brought up under its imperfect tutelage. Both these chapters are admirably executed.

Another chapter contains an epitome, equally concise and important, of the doctrines of Brahma, and the forms of worship and moral status of the large section of the Tamil inhabitants of Ceylon, who are professors of that faith; and the rest of the work is devoted to a narrative of the results which have followed from the successive attempts to introduce Christianity by the Portuguese in the form of Catholicity—by the Dutch under that of the Reformed Church of Holland—by the British in behalf of the Church of England—and by the several Christian Missions, each recommending the peculiar tenets of the Baptists, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the American Independents.

The operations of each have been distinguished by the most opposite characteristics. The system of the Portuguese priesthood was that of fraud and corruption, assimilating the worship of the Roman Catholic ritual to the ceremonies of the Buddhists and Brahmins (to which it presents many points of outward resemblance), and purchasing professions of conformity by distributions from the treasury to needy converts to the true faith. The Dutch, on their conquest of the island, attempted to eradicate by persecution what their predecessors had insinuated by deceit; and by combined coercion and cajolery, they exhibited almost as many converts to Presbyterianism as the Portuguese had boasted adherents to Popery. The British, on their arrival in 1796, rejected equally both systems; they employed neither artifice nor discouragement; the ministers of all religions were left to the unimpeded exercise of their functions, and equally protected in their discharge; and the sudden result was one somewhat remarkable, though by no means to be wondered at.

'The Singhalese and the Tamils, accustomed as they had been for nearly two centuries to a system of religious compulsion, expected to find on the part of their new masters a continuance of the same rigour which had characterised the ecclesiastical policy of the Dutch. Under this apprehension they prepared themselves to conform implicitly to whatsoever form of Christianity might be prescribed by the new government. By degrees, however, they began to regard the withdrawal of conformity only as evidence of religious indifference on the part of their new rulers; and they became still more firmly convinced of the justice of this conclusion on discovering that they were no longer to be *paid* for apostasy, and that a monopoly of offices and public employment was not, as theretofore, to be jealously preserved for the outward professors of Christianity. Almost with greater rapidity than their numbers had originally increased, they now commenced to de-

cline. In 1802 the nominal Protestant Christians amongst the Tamils of Jaffna were 136,000; in 1806, Buchanan, who then visited Ceylon, described the Protestant religion as *extinct*, the fine old churches in ruins, the clergy who had once ministered in them forgotten, and but one Hindoo Cathechist in charge of the province.'

The defection among the nominal converts from Buddhism was equally sudden and sweeping; and those who continued to exhibit even an outward conformity to the reformed religion, practised *along with it* all the ceremonies of Buddhu; and had no higher idea of the new form of Christianity than was expressed by their designating it 'the *religion of the East India Company*.' To the present hour every district of the island abounds with these anomalous Christians, or as they describe themselves 'Baptised Buddhists,' who profess equally both religions. They bring their children in crowds to be baptised by the Protestant clergy, because the registry of their baptism is legal evidence in the courts of law to establish succession to property. The whole of the details in this part of the work, as well as the reasoning founded on them, seems to us highly curious and important.

'The Singhalese term for the ceremony (Baptism), is *Christianikarenewa*, or "Christian making," but it is far from being regarded as anything solemn or religious. It had been rendered *profitable* by the Dutch; and, after three hundred years' familiarity with the process, the natives were unable to divest themselves of the belief that submission to the ceremony was enjoined by orders from the Civil Government. Of baptism itself they have no other conception than some civil distinction which it is supposed to confer. If two Buddhists quarrel, it is no unusual term of reproach to apply the epithet of an "*unbaptised wretch*;" and when a parent upbraids his child in anger, he sometimes threatens to disinherit him, by saying he will "blot out his baptism from the thombo." Prodigious numbers of nominal Christians who have been thus enrolled, designate themselves "Christian Buddhists," or "Government Christians," and with scarcely an exception they are either heathens or sceptics. There are large districts in which it would be difficult to discover an unbaptised Singhalese, and yet in the midst of these the religion of Buddhu flourishes, and priests and temples abound. The majority ostensibly profess Christianity, but support all the ceremonies of their own national idolatry, and more or less openly frequent the temples, and make votive offerings to the idol. The rest are alternately Christians or infidels, as occasion may render it expedient to appear; and in point of character and conduct they are notoriously the most abandoned and reckless class of the community.'

Sir Emerson Tennent recounts an amusing illustration of this facility of conformity, which is by no means confined to the lower orders of the Singhalese.

'A Singhalese chief came a short time since to the Principal of a Government seminary at Colombo, desirous to place his son as a pupil of the institution, and agreed, without an instant's hesitation, that the boy should conform to the discipline of the school, which requires the reading of the Scriptures and attendance on the hours of worship and prayer; accounting for his ready acquiescence by an assurance that he entertained an equal respect for the doctrines of Buddhism and Christianity. "But how can you," said the Principal, "with your superior education and intelligence, reconcile yourself thus to halt between two opinions, and submit to the inconsistency of professing an equal belief in two conflicting religions?" "Do you see," replied the subtle chief, laying his hand on the arm of the other, and directing his attention to a canoe, with a large spar as an outrigger, lashed alongside, in which a fisherman was just pushing off upon the lake, "do you see the style of these boats, in which our fishermen always put to sea, and that that spar is almost equivalent to a second canoe, which keeps the first from upsetting? It is precisely so with myself: I add on *your* religion to steady my *own, because I consider Christianity a very safe outrigger to Buddhism.*" '

For details of the system which has been found effectual by the various missionaries in Ceylon in overcoming this indifference, and inducing a firm conviction and abiding adoption of the great truths of the Christian religion, we must refer our readers to Sir Emerson Tennent's volume, where they are given with an evident absence of all sectarian pre-

dilections, and an earnest impartiality which entitles them to every confidence.

The chief result which they demonstrate is the important fact, that nothing but the *preliminary cultivation of the intellectual faculties by education and secular teaching* has as yet succeeded in India, in awakening that spirit of inquiry and that eagerness for knowledge which is indispensable for the displacement of error and the permanent substitution of truth. Preaching and reading the Scriptures, however they may render valuable service after the mind has been thus prepared for their influence, have been found delusive and ineffectual, if unaccompanied and even *preceded by intellectual culture*—and the experience of what is now in actual progress in Ceylon is as conclusive as anything that is passing in Ireland or in any other uneducated country, as to the practical unsoundness of those well-meant enthusiasts who would insist upon making spiritual instruction the only vehicle for secular teaching; whereas secular education, and the arousing of the torpid faculties by its means, has been shown by striking experience to be the only safe expedient at once for the introduction of Christianity and for its permanent retention.

'Mental debasement is unfavourable in the least degree to the access of Christian truth. Christianity reveals doctrines of the loftiest sublimity based upon truths of the sublimest comprehension, and to induce their reception, but still more to effect it in substitution of ancestral delusions, implies an exercise of *thought* and an exertion of *intellectual power* which seems almost beyond the capacity of the lethargic Singhalese. There must be volition and effort in such a process, and not mere passiveness and plasticity; he that would "find" must first exert the energy to "seek;" and looking to the reluctance and almost compulsion with which the Singhalese can be induced even to *listen*, the task to an ordinary observer appears all but impracticable, to awaken their interest and excite the operation of reflection and inquiry by which the unwilling auditor may, in process of time, become the deliberate student and the convinced and reconciled Christian. Education is indispensable not merely to prepare the way for the reception of the truth, but to lay that solid foundation which is essential to the stability and permanence of the structure. Where schools have never effected a single conversion amongst the natives, they had nevertheless served to diffuse preliminary that general intelligence which is its surest forerunner; and even in this secondary relation their social importance is extreme. The objection to merely secular education may be so far well founded, that in insulated instances it may render the individual more accomplished as an evil-doer, and refine his sagacity for mischief; but education has never yet been productive of these effects upon a general scale—never aggravated the defection of a nation, or precipitated the general deterioration of a community; on the contrary, whilst ignorance gives eternity to vicious custom and perpetuates depravity, education, by arousing the energies and stimulating the improvement of the few, leads eventually to the enlightenment and social elevation of the mass. Not only have the most civilised races been the first to receive Christianity; they are likewise the most enduring and consistent in retaining and preserving it in its pristine integrity. Neither history nor more recent experience can furnish any example of the long retention of pure Christianity by people themselves rude and unenlightened. In all the nations of Europe, embracing every period since the second century, Christianity must be regarded as having taken the hue and complexion of the social state with which it was incorporated, presenting itself unsullied, contaminated, or corrupted in sympathy with the enlightenment, the ignorance, or debasement of those by whom it had been originally embraced.'

We earnestly recommend this plea for education to the attention of those benevolent masses whose annual munificence supports the multitude of British missions in every quarter of the earth; and we would as earnestly press the example of what has been actually effected by it among the dense and ignorant population of Ceylon, as a practical demonstration of the only sound process on which reliance can be placed to substitute Christian enlightenment for gross ignorance *at home*.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

MR. LLOYD JONES ADDRESSETH THE EDITOR OF THE 'REASONER' AS A GOD.

Sir,—In your paper for January 15th, you take some trouble to prove to your readers that I am not what you consider a consistent man.

I dare say I have much to answer for on that head; I should be sorry to look upon myself as infallible, either in doctrine or practice: I may, however, be allowed a word of explanation in relation to the charges you have brought against me.

You say that I, at the Congress of the Social Reform League, assisted to carry the following resolution:—'That this society eschew the identification of Social Reform with *any* peculiar theological creed or speculations, such identification being calculated to commit all who accept the economical, educational, and practical doctrines of Socialism to theological or speculative opinions which they may not hold, and tending, in the existing state of public opinion upon such subjects, materially to retard the acceptance of the practical views of Socialism by society.'

You then go on to say that notwithstanding this pledge of neutrality, the *Christian Socialist*, which is not satisfactory to you, and which, as you state, abounds in proselytising articles, is allowed to lie on the counter of the Charlotte-street Store, of which I am the manager.

To both these charges, with such qualifications as I shall indicate, I plead guilty. I admit I supported the resolution quoted, and for the following reasons:—

Previous to the assembling of the Congress alluded to, many simple-minded people thought that as the late revolutions on the continent of Europe had brought the economics of Socialism under the notice of great numbers in this country, that a good opportunity offered for a junction of all who called themselves Socialists, for the purpose of urging (if I may use the expression) the secular parts of the system upon the attention of the public. I was one who looked at the matter in this light, because Socialism was always with me a primary question. I never had any pet philosophical or theological crotchet of my own that I nursed at its expense; I ever regarded it as the question which above all others required to be settled, and I always endeavoured to work in the best way I could for such settlement.

In this spirit the neutral ground offered by the resolution was accepted and occupied by me as long as it was tenable. I appeal to the members of the Committee who were appointed to watch over that movement, and ask them if I did not do my duty in good faith as long as there was the least chance of carrying it on? And I also ask them if you, and the other celebrities, members of the Congress, did not, as soon as the Congress broke up, go home, leaving the netural ground unoccupied, and allowing poor Socialism to shift for itself? Surely, sir, you could not seriously think of fastening me down to a barren neutrality which was totally disregarded by yourself! I am not going to condemn you for this—it would be presumption in me to do so: I am only a mortal, you are a God. I know I must be content with criticism and rebuke—to you belong adoration and incense. I only ask that you may look with a pitying eye and a forgiving heart on one who, being but a man, and living in a world where there is much work to be done, and much sin to be avoided, cannot afford always to keep his eyes upon himself. The Gods only, by being continually the subjects of their own contemplation, can keep themselves in a state of entire and complete consistency.

The second part of your censure is easily disposed of. The proprietor and editor of the *Christian Socialist* offered a portion of his space to the 'Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations.' The offer was accepted, and that journal contains, every week, a history of the co-operative movement. The Store is part of that movement, and therefore the paper is sold at the Store, as well as at all the Working Men's Associations. I think this reason will satisfy a mere mortal—you can best tell whether or not it will be satisfactory to a God.

The proselytising articles you speak of I have not seen. I do not believe they are there, in any bad sense. Whether they are or not, I have nothing to do with them; I am not asked to read them, much less to believe in them. I am strongly inclined to think they are like the halls which you so liberally advise your followers to throw open—they exist only in your own imagination.

I have no more to say. I have, I hope, admitted your greatness and my own littleness with sufficient frankness. All I now ask is, permission to do my work in my own way; I have no desire to meddle with yours. Groping for logical nothings in a philosophical puddle is not in my line; refined abstractions were always above my reach. LLOYD JONES.

P.S.—You say you told me, that the resolution for a neutral ground 'would never be carried out.' If you did so, pray why do you, on the same page, ask those whom you call Christian Socialists to 'let Socialism be the neutral ground on which all men can work for the common good?' I suppose the want of sleep you complain of at the commencement of your article caused you to nod—divinities do so sometimes. L. J.

HOW DID ANIMALS ORIGINATE?

[THIS correspondence has been interrupted by no fault of Mr. Chilton's. The reply given below has been to hand some time, but we have delayed it for an opportunity of comparing the whole of the letters, and two also from D. W. H., Nottingham, and Mr. Bickerton, of Leeds. Continuing with Mr. Chilton's, we must request the reader to refer to 'Inquirer's' letter in No. 233.]

SIR,—I thank 'Inquirer' for helping me in his letter (ante 233) to that very pertinent remark of Lucian's; I was not aware of its existence before.

'Inquirer' says, 'In the idea of an intelligent entity, an organism is not included—they have ever been distinct in the mind.' Emphatically, I deny this. No human mind (so it appears to me) ever had an idea of intelligence with which shape or form was not associated. Body without mind, as 'Inquirer' shows, we know of; but not mind without body. So far as our experience teaches us, it is an impossibility. Again he says, 'though we had no experience of intelligence without an organism,' &c. We have no experience of anything of the sort. But if we have, where and what is it? I have never heard of it.

The answer to the extract from Bacon is the same answer which sufficeth for Paley and all natural theologians: the analogy sought to be set up is erroneous in its first principles, and no amount of subsequent elaboration can ever correct the error.

I have no objection to any man having '*faith*' in the existence of a God, because I know then he has no *reasons* for such belief. I have no faith in such an existence, because I have reasons which prevent my entertaining such belief.

'Inquirer' says that it is not an assumption on the part of the theist that animals were made, but only an 'inference.' I shall not dispute the matter. The atheist 'infers' from what he knows that they were not made.

As no man ever saw an animal made, and as no man ever saw an animal naturally or spontaneously generated, the common ground upon which all men stand in reference to the origin of animals, is their entire ignorance or absolute non-knowledge of how animals did originate. One man, seeing that all animals produced now are a result of sexual connection, and finding nothing in history or tradition of a time when they were not so produced, and believing, moreover, that there was a time when they were not in existence upon the earth, he infers that they are the offspring of pairs, similar in all essential particulars to themselves, which were made by some powerful, intelligent cause. But a neighbour of his starting from the same point, his own experience, and going back in imagination to the time when he sees reason to believe there were no animal existences here, asks himself also how they came here in the first place—he asks, but he gets no answer. Neither his own experience nor the experience of all the wise men that have lived gives him any positive information on the subject. He then endeavours to ascertain what are the processes which take place in the production of animals as he sees them now produced; and he finds that the building-up of animal organisms can be traced almost from the very commencement to the last stage of perfection at which they can arrive, and that their gradual wearing out and decay, till they fail to be sensitive and animated, can also be traced with like certainty. And he sees in the whole of the processes, from beginning to end, nothing but purely material forces in operation, to which he can refer the phenomena which he has investigated. Seeing this, he infers, unlike his neighbours, that matter must be capable of doing it all, though how it is done he cannot tell.

Up to this point he is not an atheist, for the idea of a God has not entered his mind; but here his friend steps in, and tells him that he has found out how animals originated—that they were made. When asked who or what made them, he answers that they were made by a powerful and intelligent being. Our friend next investigates the data furnished by his neighbour for his belief in the existence of such a being, but soon finds that unless he can accept matter as being the powerful and intelligent being believed in by his neighbour, there is nothing else in the universe—so far as he can ascertain—which can be such being. Now, inasmuch as making matter a God appears to our friend no better than having no God at all, because it makes the creator and the creature one and the same—and, inasmuch as there is no other substance or thing in the universe that he knows of or can conceive of but matter—he concludes there can be no powerful and intelligent being called God, the author of animals, in existence; and takes his stand as a no-God believer, in contradistinction to his friend, who is a God believer.

'Inquirer' says, 'Mr. Chilton asks how I can account for the origin of the first pairs of animals? I, of course, answer, "all nature is but art," they were made. 'Inquirer' does not mean, I am sure, dogmatically to assert that they were made; but merely that, in his opinion, they were made. Well, sir, assuming an equal right to hold an opposite opinion to 'Inquirer' on the subject, I assert that they were not made. I wish 'Inquirer' had told us *how* he thinks animals were made, as I asked in my notice of Agassiz. As I said in a recent article, if no one had ever asserted that animals were made, no one else could ever have had any motive or inducement for questioning the truth of such assertion. A belief in the action of invisible intelligent agency in the production of natural phenomena, appears to me to flow naturally and easily from men's ignorance of the purely material causes in operation in the universe.

'Inquirer' says, 'The sentiments of veneration and worship cannot exist in the mind without a sufficient cause.' Granted; but the sentiments of veneration and

worship do not exist in my mind. From this fact I should imagine that 'Inquirer' cannot fail to see—for I know he will not question my sincerity—that I *cannot* believe in a God, there being no sufficient cause apparent to my mind for such belief.

'Inquirer' is a little wrong when he says, 'Since all that is necessary for a man to be an atheist [according to my 'Definition,' I presume he means], is to have examined and found the fallacy of the theist's arguments, how does this bring him to the knowledge of that grand cardinal article in atheism which we are told (quicunque vult) "to be an atheist, every atheist must believe" that matter is the only thing in existence?' I said a little more. I defined atheism to be a positive disbelief in the existence of a God 'after a *fair and honest consideration of the phenomena of nature, the properties of matter*, and the force of logic,' &c. *Quicunque vult* means, I believe, 'whosoever wills or wishes;' now no man, I should think, wills or wishes to be an atheist. Does 'Inquirer' 'will' or 'wish' to be a theist? The atheist finds no other *thing* in existence but matter, therefore he 'infers' there is no other *thing* in existence. He is open to conviction: can 'Inquirer' convince him?

W. Chilton.

'THE BIBLE AND THE PEOPLE.'

The 'suspense' to which we alluded some time ago has been put an end to by the appearance of the *Bible and the People*. We should not have been aware of the existence of this work, had not a friend in Market Harborough written and apprised us of it. One department is entitled the 'Sceptic's Religion,' under which head, we presume, no notice of the *Reasoner* will find a place, as we do not profess to have any religion. The first article is the examination of a paper which has appeared in the *Freethinker's Magazine*, to which we are not called upon to reply. The writer of the article in question is a theist, who takes a view of Christians and Christianity such as we have never been able to take. The second article is a letter from a correspondent, who talks in a very ambiguous way of two freethinking publications, one of which he designates the 'elder brother,' by which title is probably meant the *Reasoner*. Quoting some words from our 'Appeal,' the writer says we 'little thought what was coming.' What has come, however, is very like what we expected; and, if all yet to come is of the same quality, it will not require any attention from us. The writer under the name of John Knox retails the accusation brought against us by James Grant, in the *Reasoner*, a few weeks ago—namely, that we 'slandered' Mr. Baines by representing him as denying public knowledge; and, although we have answered this imputation, the editor of the *Bible and the People* repeats the charge, and intimates, in allusion to us, that 'some writers can succeed best either in *misrepresenting* the cause, or *slandering* the characters of those they should refute.' We shall wait to see whether this is to be the fashion in which the *Bible and the People* proposes to controvert our views. If so, we shall consider it not at all a matter of necessity to reply.

A year ago, at Aliquis's request, we forwarded to the Rev. Brewin Grant an article upon the Design Argument. This article Mr. Knox, a correspondent of the *Bible and the People*, quotes, and appends to it what is intended as a reply. When Aliquis returns to England, he will probably write to Mr. Knox upon the subject.

G. J. H.

CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF THOMAS PAINE.

On the 9th instant, at John-street Institution, the birth-day of this politician and theological writer was celebrated by a very numerous meeting. James Watson, the publisher, occupied the chair. 'The Development of Reason in Politics and Religion,' was spoken to by Mr. Holyoake and Mr. Campbell. Mr. Ernest Jones, Mr. Kydd, and others spoke to the memory of Paine and kindred sentiments. A letter was read from Mr. Linton, saying that he was commemorating Paine's exertions in his advocacy in his *English Republic*. Mr. Holyoake stated that he had received a letter from a Minister of a German Church, expressing the desire of his German brethren for communication with the English friends of Paine.

Much is said about the vulgarity of the writings of Paine; but, taking into account the unscrupulousness of his opponents, he came out of the conflict purer than Dr. Cumming, who writes sixty years later. Paine gave the inspiration of freedom to the New World. The sword of Washington had never won the liberty of America, had not Paine inspired its people with the spirit of resistance, and filled the armies with recruits. A people, therefore, owe their emancipation to Paine, which is more than can be said of any priest that ever lived, or is likely to live. Paine foresaw that the end of political reformation is *Republicanism*, as the end of religious reformation is *Rationalism;* and this was the source of the disquietude he gave to pulpits and thrones the world over.

A concourse of people waited at the Hall doors an hour and a half for admission. The insufficiency of the Hall to hold the audience, both at the Tea and Soirée, attests the necessity of the Temple of Free Thought being promptly proceeded with.

☞ Next week we shall vouchsafe a Celestial Reply to that Abject Worshipper who this week presents himself so lowly before our Throne.

The next *Reasoner* Tract will be from No. 2 of the *English Republic*—article, Organisation.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—Feb. 23rd [7], Mr. Ernest Jones, 'The Gracchi.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Feb. 23rd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Roman History.'

South Place, Moorfields.—Feb. 23rd [11 a.m.], Mr. Ireson will Lecture.

Institute of Progress. 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Feb. 21st [8], a Discussion. 23rd [7½], a lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—Feb. 23rd [7], Paine Celebration.

ON Saturday, February 8th, was published
'SECTS and SECTARIES,'
being a verbatim report of an Oration delivered by Samuel Phillips Day, (author of 'Romanism the Religion of Terror,') on Sunday, January 26th, at the Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.

London: E. Truelove, 22, John Street, Fitzroy Square; J. Watson, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row; Purkess, Compton Street.

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London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

Dr. Cockburn, the Dean of York, has published in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* a memoir of his brother-in-law, the late Sir Robert Peel. The following is the Dean's estimate of the private character of his distinguished kinsman:—'It may be expected that, in concluding such a memoir of a decidedly great man, some account of his private character should be given by one who knew him so long and so well. Sir Robert Peel was a pious Christian, a firm believer in revealed religion, scrupulously attending public worship, and encouraging private prayer. He was exemplary in all domestic duties—a dutiful son, a kind husband, and an indulgent father; he was brave, generous, placable, honourable, and true; and all these qualities he possessed in the highest degree. Had he, then, no faults? Nothing in this world is perfect; but the faults of Sir Robert Peel were the almost necessary consequence of his position in the world. He was cold, unfriendly, proud, (no wonder.) He was selfish—no, not selfish as coveting the blessings of others, but he seemed doomed to live by himself and for himself. His great talents, his extensive learning, his immense wealth, his high station, raised him above the common race of mortals. He stood like a statue on the top of a lofty column for men to gaze at, but not to approach. Goldsmith, in describing an amiable man, says that "His pity gave ere charity began." The very contrary was the case with Sir Robert Peel. He gave from a sense of duty, not from feeling. The head dictated, not the heart. Sir Robert built churches, endowed schools, gave money to hospitals, and joined all public subscriptions. Reason and revelation both assure us that such donations, produced by genuine Christian charity, are far more beneficial to society than the mere ebullitions of pity; but such donations proceeding from no sympathy, they excite no sympathy. They fill no eyes with tears of gratitude, no mouth with shouts of praise. Thus stood this great and good man, alone amidst an astonished crowd, surrounded by many followers but few friends—universally admired, but rarely loved.' [We quote this as being instructive and also remarkable for the candour which refuses to flatter the dead.]

If the gentleman who signs himself a 'Defender of the Faith' will oblige us with his name, we shall publish his second letter. Our Oxford correspondent 'Against Atheism' must oblige us with his name also.

We have received 'Christianity and its Evidences,' a neat volume by the Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A., of Newcastle-on-Tyne. We are glad to find that Mr. Rogers includes in his work Professor Newman's Views, and those of Strauss and Parker.

The 'Mystagogue' is a work by Mr. T. Watson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The author presents it as a 'Key to the Mysteries of all Religions.' They have not all one lock we know, therefore the skeleton key which will pick them ought to be bought up by our spiritual police, lest the public break in and steal. The key can be had of the maker, or through our publisher.

A friend writes:—'Yesterday I was told that the Archbishop of Canterbury was catechising a boy at Canterbury, the other day, and inquired of him who was the mediator between God and man; and he replied with more truth than perhaps he would take credit for—"The Archbishop of Canterbury." This was with no apparent intention of mistake, or consideration that he was in error.'

N. S. suggests that a translation of the Anathema of Excommunication of the Church of Rome would form an excellent Tract for the *Reasoner*. 'Our army swore terribly in Flanders—but nothing like this,' says Tristram Shandy. We should be glad to be furnished with an authentic translation.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, February 19th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

AN ANSWER TO 'OUR SERVANT JONES.'

WHEN No. 245 of the *Reasoner* was in the press, in which was quoted the reply of the *Christian Socialist* to my 'Appeal' to the promoters of that journal and its bifold advocacy, I supposed that I had done with the subject—and I desired to have done with it; but those gentlemen will it otherwise, and there is no motive to avoid a discussion which they are disposed to continue. The letter has been received from Mr. Lloyd Jones which was found on 'Our Platform' last week. As to the tone in which it is expressed, I will only say, that it must be a particularly unpleasant thing to be a God, if being addressed as one gives them the sensations which reading this letter gave me, and has given others.

But turning to the arguments, or rather the assertions, of that letter, which are all that concern me, Mr. Jones is found declaring that I have taken 'some trouble to prove him not to be what I consider a consistent man.' My hasty correspondent very much mistakes me. I took no 'trouble' of the kind. Indeed, I scarcely thought upon the question whether he was consistent or not, it not appearing in any way material. What I had in view was not to contrast what he now does with what he lately earnestly advised to others, but to show that that advice might be advantageously followed now by the society in which he is Manager. His opinions may have been changed since the Congress of the Social Reform League, in which case his consistency would be a crime. Whether any alteration *has* taken place in his views I never inquired, because it was in no way relevant to what I had to urge. The purport of my remarks went to show, that the principle so well expressed in his resolution at that Congress would be of desirable application to his present excellent colleagues. All that was necessary on his part, if he took notice of my representation, was to show that Socialism mixed up with Christianity is justifiable. To this representation Mr. Jones's reply is brief—I cannot say that it is satisfactory; it is—'you are a God.' Macaulay relates, in one of his inimitable essays, that when a certain ancient general was accused in the Senate of some defalcation, his answer was—'On this day twelve months I won the battle of Talma' (I think), which he thought a sufficient account of the matter. Mr. Macaulay observes, that this rhetoric is obsolete. My gratuitous adulator, it would appear, thinks differently—since, in refutation of an argument for the application of a secular principle to a Co-operative Store, he deems it sufficient to apostrophise the writer as a Divinity.*

Mr. Jones nowhere ventures to deny the truth of the secular principle; but he

* The *Christian Socialist*, noticing our remarks upon the article we quoted from it, falls upon the same figure of rhetoric. We offered them an argument, and they answer by an accusation—viz., by calling it 'old world orthodoxy.' What does it matter what it is if it be true? We shall not be disconcerted by this species of rejoinder.

further pleads his fallibility for his present silence upon it. But if fallibility be the rule this gentleman sets up as the justification for neglect, he offers indeed a comprehensive excuse, one wide enough to embrace all human defaulters of every kind—past, present, and to come.

My disquieted friend alleges that he occupied the neutral ground offered by his resolution as long as it was 'tenable.' But does he not know that the right is always 'tenable?' All that is necessary for him to do now is not to abandon a sphere where he is no doubt an able and a valued officer; but to bear his testimony to secular truth, if he thinks it truth, that it may the better and the sooner come to prevail.

Mr. Jones takes credit to himself for never having any pet philosophical or theological crotchet of his own that he 'nurses at the expense of Socialism.' From the relish with which he delivers this self-gratulation, there is hope that he will come to appreciate the suggestion I made to him not to nurse (so passively) Christian Socialism at the expense of his own—which Christian Socialism, I believe, neither includes the Formation of Character nor Communism.

My excited respondent, with whom backwardness in accusation is not a failing, whatever mortal frailties else he may have to confess to, says that 'when the Congress broke up I went home, leaving the neutral ground unoccupied, allowing poor Socialism to shift for itself; and that I attempt now to fasten him down to a barren neutrality disregarded by myself.' Let us see. The first thing I did when I reached home was to write that Address to the Country which Mr. Jones afterwards signed as Chairman of the Congress. Next I enforced in the *Reasoner* the importance of the neutral ground being kept intact—not as a 'barren,' but as a fruitful principle—fruitful in alliances because just, fruitful in success because a principle of peace. Next I wrote Tracts in advocacy of Socialism. In several parts of the country I delivered Lectures on Secular Socialism, and every week since that time I have maintained an advocacy of the same principle in the columns of the most influential newspaper to which I had access. It does not appear from any results or reports before the public that Mr. Jones has done more than this. If indeed he has done more, more was to be expected from him, as he accepted the sole appointment made by the League as their agent; and while there were funds, I suppose he received payment for his services. If I had 'abandoned the neutral ground,' as Mr. Jones represents, how came I to make that appeal for its recognition which has drawn forth the reply which he has forwarded? It is certainly an oversight that Mr. Jones should accuse me of abandoning this 'neutral ground' in the same letter which he writes to reproach me for maintaining it!

My equivocal critic may be unaware of the extent of my exertions, because they have been made anonymously. My name has been omitted to my Tracts that they might not, even by association of ideas, be supposed to have a theological origin or bias. What is more than lecturing, I have imposed silence upon myself, and refused to lecture (when asked) upon Social Reform in towns where I happened to be engaged to speak upon Theological subjects, that I might not contradict the secular character I had agreed Socialism ought to maintain. Mr. Jones will find, upon inquiry, that when last in Bradford—where I found he had just preceded me—I refused a requisition to lecture on Communism, because I would not, in any way, appear to invalidate the impression of unmixed Social Reform which he was understood to have made. Mr. Douthwaite, now at the Co-operative Store, Charlotte Street, with Mr. Jones, can testify to the truth of this. My weekly advocacy of Socialism has been done under a *nom de plume*, in order not to impair the secular character of the principles to which I had pledged myself. For the same

reason I have taken out of the *Reasoner*, and kept out of the *Reasoner*, that department of Communism which was formerly a distinctive feature in it. These are facts not wholly unknown to my accuser, and incapable of contradiction by anybody —which will serve to show how far Mr. Jones has spoken advisedly in declaring that I try 'to fasten him down to a neutrality disregarded by myself.'

The account given in the letter under consideration of the alliance of the Co-operative Store with the Christian Socialists is natural enough; but as the Store was rich enough to maintain its own organ (if it needed one), it might have done so more advantageously than accepting a union which has the practical and public effect of a compromise.

My bounteous laudator, with whose incense very little reverence appears to mingle, represents himself as not believing in the existence of the articles I objected to in the *Christian Socialist*—which publication, by the way, he is injudicious enough to tell us he has never read. He regards the articles alluded to as 'imaginary'—as much, so he says, as the Halls which I wished might be thrown open to the writers. These Halls are *not* so 'imaginary' as my incredulous worshipper supposes. But my purpose in my allusion to the Halls was mainly an expression of my desire that every facility should be placed at the disposal of our Christian Socialist friends. It often happens that men strongly of one opinion think it a conscientious duty not to aid in the diffusion of what they deem mischievous and misleading error. On this ground many of our friends might in conscience hinder the advocates of this new sect from appearing. Mr. Jones, I am sure, will be cordial for once, and admit our ability to obstruct, if not to help. It was to destroy the feeling which would obstruct that I made the observation which has so tried the believing powers of my managerial friend, the obstinate purveyor of Christian cheese and sacred saveloys. I have the pleasure of consuming some of these pious stores weekly; and have just now concluded a fraternal operation upon a slice of Christian bacon, and can testify to its being very good, but not better of its kind than an atheistical chicken which I had boiled with it.

Mr. Jones has the same contempt for metaphysics manifested by an illustrious countryman of his, Edmund Burke. Surely I was not far wrong in my impression that the union of Co-operation with Christian *Socialism* could not be gratifying to his taste. For, if his disinclination is so great to grope for 'logical nothings in a metaphysical puddle,' how much greater must be his contempt for the employment of those who grope for the *il*logical nothings of Christian Socialism in the same miry pool?—if, following the example Mr. Jones sets, we may descend to speak of metaphysics, that great science of human thought, in such contemptuous language.

Mr. Jones never appears to think that other persons may see something important in a different view of life and duty from that which he conceives. It does not seem to occur to him that there can be earnestness or solemnity in any speculation with which he happens not to sympathise. We will not learn of him in this respect; nor even to his present colleagues, the Christian Socialists—whose views are quite as intangible to us as ours can be to him—will we retort in words of scorn, such as those in which he describes the few broad and serious principles which we labour to enforce. Nor will we do them the injustice to suppose that they, in speaking of us, will imitate him in this respect. For if Christian Socialism manifest itself in all our friends as it seems to do in Mr. Jones, we shall not owe it much. Regarding him as a friend and old colleague, I had a right to count at least upon his courtesy if not upon his cordiality. One to whom we ever conceded the distinction of leader in that pure and noble Socialism, to which we all owe so much, and to the advocacy of which Mr. Owen has devoted his illus-

trious life, we certainly regret to loose. But as Mr. Jones chooses to abdicate the representation of principles which so many hoped and thought would always seem true to him, I shall not be restrained even by the *hauteur* with which he may meet it, from expressing the tribute of that sorrow for the disassociation he demands which the remembrance of his powers and former services inspire.

In parting from this subject, I have therefore only to notice the groundless alarm which Mr. Jones betrays lest I should stop him on his way. It is unnecessary for him specifically to request of me permission to take his own course. If he wishes it, his future proceedings shall be no concern of mine. What he has already taken for an interruption was not even an interrogation. I only suggested incidentally, that the course he was now taking was less useful than the one to which he had so lately pledged himself. Had I have asked him directly to have explained the grounds of his conduct, it seems to me no more than what one friend might, without offence, ask of another. Had he had occasion to have asked the same question of me, I trust I should have answered him without rudeness and without contempt. But whatever tone he may see fit to assume on such an occasion as this, I can assure him that I shall not be deterred from the performance of a public duty, nor from the just and necessary enforcement of a useful principle, whether he shall call me a God or address me as a Devil.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

P.S.—My unreverential critic indulges in a divine postscript, in order to notice my remark that the secular rule he proposed at Congress would never be carried out; and asks, how came I then to appeal to the Promoters of Christian Socialism to carry it out? Mr. Jones forgets that it was *he* whom I addressed when I said it would not be carried out. If at the end of my remark he supplies his own name, it will be complete and coherent. I supposed Mr. Jones would apply it to the Freethinking lecturers of the League, but hardly to his Christian Socialist friends, with whom he was then in alliance, and whom that rule would compel to pause. The principle once explained, they may come independently to act on its utility, though Mr. Jones may not feel himself free to call attention to it; and hence one (in divine secrets) considered the Appeal was valid to them, though it may not seem so to my profane friend. G. J. H.

THE MIRACLE AT ST. SATURNIN AN IMPOSTURE.

THE *Dublin Evening Mail* says the miracle at St. Saturnin of the *bleeding picture* has been detected to be an imposture, and the commissioners of the Archbishop of Avignon have been obliged so to report it. These officers have reluctantly adopted the following conclusion:—'My lord,—The commission which your lordship nominated for the examination of the events of St. Saturnin, has terminated its labours, and hastens to communicate to you the results. We find in these events several circumstances, at present unexplained, capable of making a strong impression on those who should examine them only on the sensible side; but whether we consider the condition on which they were made to depend—the different circumstances which, according to the witnesses, accompanied their production on different days—the expectations raised for particular days, and not realised: or whether we examine in the point of view of Christian perfection certain well-known details of the conduct of the person who has taken the principal part in these events, it is impossible, in our opinion, to recognise in them the characteristics of a true miracle.' [We should like to know what, in the opinion of the Catholic church, are the conditions of a true miracle.]

Examination of the Press.

TALKS WITH THE DEAD.—Some of our readers may still recollect an account transmitted by our New York correspondent of a set of ghosts who communicated with the men of this world by rapping upon floors or tables. They appeared to be a cross between 'Old Jeffrey,' who (see Southey) so long haunted the house of the Wesleys, and the Cock-lane ghost. They differed, however, from both in their readiness to change their place of residence when their earthly friends wished them, and to become subservient to fortune-telling speculations. This might be owing to a growth of the mercantile spirit in the spirit world analogous to that which has been witnessed of late years in our own. Not having heard anything lately of the Rappites and their serviceable spirits, we assumed that the manifestations had ceased. In this, however, we were mistaken, as appears clearly from the *New York Tribune* of 20th ult. The following minutes of a conversation held with the spirit of a departed friend, who left this mortal state in June, 1849, is not published as any evidence of the truth of the remarkable phenomena of alleged intercourse with disembodied spirits, known in our days as clairvoyance, mysterious rappings, &c. The young man who was the medium of communication in this case has been consciously clairvoyant but a few weeks, and the 'rappings,' so called, are also heard in his presence, though he is no connection of the Fox family, and has but the slightest acquaintance with any of them. We think none who know him would consider fraud on his part possible, though what delusion, hallucination or diabolic influence he may be subjected to, this deponent saith not. The deceased Mr. C., who purports to be the communicator through this medium, was a man of decided intelligence, energy, and philanthropy, and these responses are very like his manner of speaking while on earth. Question—Mr. C., had the human race a conscious existence before we came on earth?—Answer: Soul matter had an existence, but not a conscious existence. Are there any spirits which exert an evil or malignant influence on human actions and conditions?—Yes; but not because they desire to do so, but because of their inferior or gross organisation. Are there any human spirits which have passed from earth which are not in a state of progess or improvement?—No; but some progress slowly, having a very gross organisation to begin with. Do you know Edgar A. Poe, the poet?—Yes. In what sphere is he?—I have a different classification from others. (Question pressed)—He is in (what I consider) the third society, second sphere. [Note—In responses made through Rappings which purported to be from Poe himself, he is said to be in the sixth sphere.] Are there any spirits in a state of misery or pain, so as to feel their existence a burden?—There are some who have mental suffering, because they did not improve [or misused] their advantages while on earth. Are there any so separated from their friends as to cause them unhappiness—not being allowed the society of those they love best?—If they might (now) have been associated with those friends by improving their advantages (when) on earth, then they are unhappy. Are there any who despair of ever attaining the condition of the blest?—They may at times, but not lastingly. Does the state in which Mr. C. now is, seem more immediately, palpably under the Divine government than our condition?—Its inhabitants see more clearly, as they have progressed further. Are there any in that state who bisbelieve the existence of the Deity?—They do not disbelieve it, but some do not comprehend it. Then the Deity is not visible from that sphere?—He is nowhere visible. We receive impressions from Him, but do not see Him. Are the apostles and founders of Christianity visible to Mr. C.?—No: None who are in a higher sphere are visible to those in a lower. Can those in a higher sphere communicate to those in a lower?—Yes. When clairvoyants suppose that they see spostles, &c., are they deceived—or do they really see as they suppose?—Many of them think that they see the Apostle Paul, or whoever else they wish to communicate with, when they really do not. When a mother, who dearly loves her good child, but who has lived unworthily, goes to the spirit world, is she, or

is she not, permitted to see her child before she has attained his sphere?—She does not see him, but receives impressions from him. Does he see her?—Yes; he communicates to her, and watches over her. Have generations passed away, so that they cannot be seen from Mr. C.'s present sphere?—Some have, and some have not. Could Mr. C. see Adam and the ancient patriarchs?—No. Is this new ability on our part to communicate with the spirit world a consequence of any change or improvement in the human family?—Yes; the human race have become more refined and susceptible (to impressions from the spirit world) than formerly. Do children, who die in conscious infancy, live in the future state?—The moment an infant has been ushered into the world, an individuality has been formed, which continues to exist, provided the physical constitution was perfected—not otherwise. Then why do not animals also have an immortal existence?—Man has a peculiar formation, which animals have not. To all who have that formation, soul adheres—not to others. Can Mr. C. give us any idea of his present locality in space—whether it is on any particular planet, or around this earth?—Human spirits love to hover around this earth, but they are not confined to it. Do those born on the several planets usually remain each on that which was his birthplace?—[Answer not taken down, but believed to have been affirmative] Are the planets visible to Mr. C.?—Yes. Does Mr. C. see this outer material earth—does he see it as we do, with our material eyes?—He perceives the earth as a highly material body.—*Daily News*, Jan. 3, 1851.

Napoleon's Religion.—I have been at some pains to ascertain the little that can be known of the thoughts on such subjects; and though it is not very satisfactory, it appears to me worth recording. In the early periods of the revolution, he, in common with many of his countrymen, conformed to the fashion of treating all such matters, both in conversation and action, with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed half in jest and half in earnest a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and reproved infidelity, but both by action and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befal himself or any other man. He had more than tolerance—he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He grounded that feeling, not on their soundness to the truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, on the possibility of our being prevailed upon to admit and even to devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed that there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character, a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet a persuasion, or at least an apprehension, that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorise, the revival of La Trappe and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc and in the reason he alleged against suicide, both in calm and speculative discussion, and in moments of strong emotion (such as occurred at Fontainbleau in 1814), he implied a belief both in fatality and providence. In the programme of his coronation, a part of the ceremony was to consist in his taking the communion. But when the plan was submitted to him, he, to the surprise of those who had drawn it up, was absolutely indignant at the suggestion. 'No man,' he said, 'had the means of knowing, or had the right to say, when or where he would take the sacrament, or whether he would or not.' On this occasion he added that he would not, nor did he! There is some mystery about his conduct in similar respects at St. Helena, and during the last days of his life. He certainly had mass celebrated in his chapel while he was well, and in his bed room when ill.—*Lord Holland's Reminiscences.*

SPEECH OF THE MAYOR OF MANCHESTER ON TAKING POSSESSION OF THE HALL OF SCIENCE.

[Both on account of the interest which our readers will take in learning the destination of the Hall of Science, Campfield, and the tribute paid by the Mayor to our friend Dr. John Watts, we quote the speech following from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, of Jan. 11, 1851.]

On Wednesday, January 8th, an influential assemblage of gentlemen appeared in the large lecture-hall of the building, to hear from the mayor a statement of his proceedings and plans. The mayor occupied the chair; he was supported on his right and left by the Lord Bishop and the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester. The company present included Joseph Brotherton, Esq., M.P. Thomas Agnew, Esq., mayor of Salford; the Revs. William Huntington, rector of St. John's; T. R. Bentley, incumbent, and J. L. Pocklington, curate, of St. Matthew's; J. G. Robberds, J. J. Taylor, J. R. Beard, D.D., Thomas Bazley, president of the Chamber of Commerce; James A. Turner, president of the Commercial Association; Messrs. Joseph Ashead, Richard Birley, William Bowker, W. R. Callender, James Dunn, Thomas Fairbairn, J. E. Gregan, J. C. Gundy, A. Heywood, Joseph Heron, town-clerk; J. Harland, A. Ireland, George Jackson, Alderman Kay (Salford) John Leigh, Thomas Lings, Joseph Nall, G. Freday Smith, W. B. Stott, W. C. Williamson, and others.

The Mayor said: Gentlemen, I must beg to apologise if I am able to do only very imperfectly that which I am about to do—to give you an account of the proceedings that have taken place with reference to the establishment of a free library and museum in Manchester; but undoubtedly I do feel it a great personal satisfaction to myself, that I am to-day enabled to meet you in this room, and to announce that there is every reasonable hope that we may now be able to follow the example of our neighbours in Salford, and establish an institution which, I do hope, will result in a very great amount of good to our fellow-creatures. It will be necessary for me, perhaps, to detain you for a few minutes in explanation of what has already been done in this matter. You will all readily acknowledge that those who are interested in the welfare of the working classes of Manchester could not have viewed with anything like indifference the efforts that have been made in Salford for the promotion of their well-being. Ever since the establishment of the Peel library and museum, it as appeared to me to be a matter not of choice but of absolute necessity, that something of a similar description should be done in Manchester;—and for a considerable length of time I had not forgotten the matter, but I have been on the look-out for an opportunity to attempt something of the kind here. I am ashamed to say that the matter has rather hung fire; but really I have had so many other pieces of business on my hands, that I think I am entitled to some excuse at your hands if I have not been able to work quite as rapidly as I myself could have desired. But about this time last year (and I am very anxious indeed that the individual who deserves the credit should receive it), it was suggested to me by Dr. Watts, who, I believe, is at all times very anxious to promote the welfare of the working classes—who has been much associated with them, and who really has been a means of great usefulness in Manchester—it was suggested to me by Dr. Watts, that this hall was exceedingly well calculated for the purpose of a library and museum, and that it might be purchased extremely cheap. I had previously received an intimation from the overseers of Manchester, that they were themselves very anxious that something of the kind should be done here, and they further intimated that they were prepared to appropriate a sum of money which they had at their disposal for any good purpose which was essentially and entirely a public purpose, without distinction of any class in the community, and of any sect in the community; and that they

were willing to appropriate a considerable sum to aid in any good object of this kind. I then had further communication with Dr. Watts, and I ascertained from him that the history of this building has certainly been a melancholy one, as far as the working classes are concerned —that, I believe, from first to last, it has cost them very little less than between £5,000 and £6,000—very little less, I believe, than the latter sum; they have frequently been in very considerable difficulty, and have been anxious to dispose of this building; and I certainly felt it a gratification to myself to hope that the future purposes to which this building was to be adapted would be likely, in their results, at any rate to some extent, to repay the working classes for the sacrifices they have made in a pecuniary point of view. The sum mentioned was £1,200; and I then felt it my duty immediately to put myself in communication with Sir. Oswald Mosley, who owned a chief rent of £91 16s. upon the building. I felt that without Sir. Oswald Mosley's liberal assistance it was very doubtful whether the matter could be carried through; but Sir Oswald Mosley, in the most prompt manner, and with the most munificent liberality—for I do think it deserves no other term; it is an act of munificence on the part of Sir. Oswald Mosley—expressed his cordial approval of the objects to which this building was to be devoted; with an expression of regret, certainly, that the purposes to which it previously had been devoted had not resulted in good, in all probability, to the working classes, and he was glad the purposes were changed; and he at once said that he should value the chief rent at twenty years' purchase, and to show his sanction and approval, he would return one half of the purchase money. Now, I think we may scarcely regard this as a mere present of £913 from Sir. Oswald Mosley. I believe there is no doubt that every one acquainted with the value of property in Manchester, will at once bear me out that a chief rent, secured as this is, by the building in which we are now present, is worth fully 24 years' purchase; and, therefore, I do think Sir. Oswald Mosley has commenced this undertaking by giving us upwards of £1,200 in its aid. Well, I felt that this institution could not be successful, if I could not assure myself that it would always have the support and cordial concurrence of our excellent bishop—and the bishop, with that kindness which he has always manifested to me, and for which I cannot, I am sure, be sufficiently grateful—at once assured me of his hearty concurrence in my views, and also assured me he would do anything in his power to support the scheme. I mentioned it also to my other friends, and many of my friends amongst the dissenting ministers, and from all I received the same uniform encouragement; and feeling this I considered it to be my duty to devote what little leisure I had, at various intervals, to endeavour to progress this matter as much as I possibly could. I have not asked the assistance of my fellow-townsmen up to the present time in aid of this canvass—perhaps I may have taken a little personal pride in conducting the canvass myself; but I may venture to say, that I would not have done this had I not thought, as I happened to be mayor, that perhaps I could get rather larger sums of money than some of my friends. I do not know whether I am correct in that, but certainly I have met with a great deal of encouragement. I am exceedingly happy to say, that I have a list before me of seventy-six gentlemen and firms who have given me personally £4,319. Of course, to this must be added the sum of £2,000 which has been appropriated by the overseers to this purpose, believing as they do that it is essentially a public purpose, and for the public advantage. Now, gentlemen, from what I have previously stated, you will observe that the money which has already been paid amounts to £2,147. This building and the freehold is at present vested in myself; and I think it necessary—of course, I am anxious—I do not know whether gentlemen have seen the building as yet—I am anxious they should look at it before they leave the place, in order that you may see its peculiar adaptation (with the outlay of not a very large sum of money) for the purposes of such an institution as we contemplate. Our idea at present is, that the room underneath this room should be appropriated as a reading room, to contain newspapers and magazines, freely open to the public, and that in the lower room there shall also be a circulating library. Now, of course, the whole scheme is to some extent an experiment, but the circulating

part of the scheme is entirely an experiment in England at present. I cannot believe, myself, that any public library can meet the claims upon it—can be productive of its full usefulness, unless parties are not only able themselves to obtain information within its walls, but have also the opportunity of taking those books of interest and entertainment and amusement which they can consult here, and read them among their families. The experience of France and Belgium has already distinctly proved that public lending libraries are of immense advantage, and that they are not abused by the population in France and Belgium; that a very large number of works circulate in both those countries; that there is a circulating department in most of the large public libraries; and that the books receive uncommonly little damage. Now, I believe I am fully justified in that statement in the evidence of M. Guizot, &c., in the evidence laid before the House of Commons. Public institutions for the education and refinement of the people have not been so open in England as they have been abroad; but I think no one can have lived, particularly in this community, during the last twenty years, without feeling perfectly certain that a very great and most important change has taken place amongst our working classes—that they will appreciate any effort that is made for their advantage, and they will not abuse either works of art or works of literature which may be placed at their disposal for a certain time, and for their free use. I do not say at all that we should not expect that they will be as anxious to preserve those valuable works which may be entrusted to them, as the population either of France or Belgium; and I think, at any rate, that it is time we made the experiment. I think it would be very useful to the working classes, and peculiarly interesting to this community, if we could by a little effort get models of all the machinery which has been in use since the cotton trade commenced in these districts. I think it would be most interesting to see the gradual improvement that has taken place in these machines and in those models, and the gradual development of the intelligence of the producers of those models; and I think it would have a very good effect amongst our working population. We must make the building as perfect as its condition will allow us to do, and afterwards we must work the institution, and allow nothing, except absolute necessity, to interfere with its operations. I think the alterations of this building cannot be accomplished for less than between £1,700 and £1,800; I think that will be the very smallest sum that will be sufficient; so that the total cost of this building may be considered as £4,000; that would leave us at present a margin of £2,300 for the supply of books and periodicals to the library; and I thought a few days ago, that if we could raise the sum to £7,000 that it would be sufficient; but I am inclined to believe that we must necessarily increase that to 7,500; and I do not think that will be a matter of very difficult accomplishment. We have already 6,300—I have been enabled to get that amount myself; and I shall now venture to call upon the committee to assist me (I do not mean that I will relax in my own efforts; I will still do my best) to assist me in continuing that canvass, and make the sum total at least £7,500. Now, I have had the assistance of a very good friend of mine, and who is very well qualified to judge of the matter—Mr. Edwards—who has recently been connected with the British Museum, and whose services have been of very essential value to the library in Peel Park—I believe Mr. Brotherton will fully bear me out in that statement—and from his knowledge and experience in this matter, I have reason to believe that the average cost of the books which should be placed in this library of reference, which of course will necessarily be of considerably more value than the books which we must circulate, because there will be a great many valuable works in this room which it would be inexpedient at any time to allow to go out, as if they were circulated amongst the cottages of the poor they must necessarily receive very material damage; and my idea is that the circulating department and library of reference must be kept entirely and absolutely distinct—no connection whatever between the two. Well, we have already expended, say £4,000, which sum may perhaps be increased a little by the necessary fixtures for the shelves, and the necessary protection which must be afforded to the books. Say we appropriate £2,000 to this library of reference in that room;

I have reason to believe that that will give us at least 8,000 volumes of the very best works. That makes £6,000; we appropriate a thousand to the library of circulation; and, of course, the books there must be those that can very easily be replaced; they must not be one of a series which would be of immense value, and if one of which was lost it could not be replaced; and, of course, we must be prepared for some loss and damage in trying the experiment. Presuming that we apply a thousand pounds to the purchase of books for our circulating library, I have reason to believe that we shall have 5,000 volumes of good strongly bound books, fitted for circulation amongst the people. Therefore, I do hope that, at any rate before the first of July, if this scheme meets with the general sanction and approbation that it has received up to the present time, we may look forward to commencing operations in this hall—the hall in thorough repair, the architecture ornamental and creditable to the town, and the books of real *bonâ fide* value—not trash, not rubbish, not the worst parts of the fiction of modern days, but really useful books which cannot be read by any individual without improvement. We must commence, I hope, on the first of July, with a library having some 13,000 volumes. Now, I certainly think it would be very gratifying to every well-wisher to his fellow-creatures in this community when that day arrives. I do not see any reason to anticipate it will be delayed beyond that time. There is one other matter to which I may venture to allude. In canvassing for subscriptions, I have occasionally been met with the remark, 'we approve of your object, we think it a very good one, but you are engaged in an effort which will yield yourself personally, and those who assist you, nothing but disappointment. You will find that the working classes will not avail themselves of the advantages that you are prepared to place before them.' That is a matter of opinion—I think better of the working classes of Manchester and the neighbourhood. I believe that it has been proved beyond all doubt to every reasonable man that the working classes in these communities are industrious, and that they are an exceedingly well-disposed class of society. I think during the disturbances of 1842 and 1848, we might be fully convinced that the real feeling, the genuine feeling of the working classes, was sound at bottom, and that they did sympathise with those whom fortune may have placed a little above them—that there was no disposition amongst them to damage property or to interfere with the every-day working of the sources of wealth in Manchester; and I believe that they are peculiarly well disposed at the present time—that we cannot do too much for them. Every one will admit that England is far behind America, and, I am inclined to believe, far behind France and Belgium and Russia, and many parts of Germany, in our institutions for the education of the people; and I think all of us have a duty in our sphere to do what we can to endeavour to elevate and improve those who may not have the advantages which we ourselves enjoy. Now I believe they have an inclination to avail themselves of this institution. Is it not most important we should put these institutions within their reach? Have not the laws of the land, within the last year or two, very materially interfered with the previous daily arrangements of the working classes? Does not the practical operation of the Ten Hours' Bill afford to the working classes an amount of leisure that they little expected before? And is it not our duty to place within their reach the means of employing that leisure well? Now I believe they will employ it well; and I believe that such an institution as this will be of immense value to them—that it will be fully appreciated by them—that its results will be satisfactory to us at the present time, and of immense importance in the generation that is to come—*immense* importance.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

LETTER FROM J. D. PARRY, M.A.

Sir,—When I wrote a brief joint reply, several weeks ago, I expressed a hope of future opportunity, which I hope you will suffer me now to realise, aiming principally at novel points; and if the whole be something of an *Olla Podrida*, or 'hodge-podge,' it will the more offer 'food for reflection.'

The argument (of Undecimus) of an 'infinite succession of contrivers' is untenable, because it negatives the *possibility* of *perfectibility*, or of *commencement*. By it, if the employed in a firm, or masters in a large school, were progressively competent, the superior perfect for his place who selected or directs them, must have had an abler progenitor, whereas it is often quite otherwise, the chain ending with that link. And, if you rejoin that the schoolmaster was made so by 'love'-reaching, knowledge may have had a beginning.

And your own, also, sir, of 'plurality' or reciprocity of causes, though probably novel and certainly ingenious, does not by any means to me negative origination and superior organisation of existing things. There is plurality and mutual dependency enough in the works of a clock. But one subject of our early acquaintances, Haroun Alraschid, invented clocks after all; and I even think that plurality of causes is known to the instinct of animals, of whom Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, said, that man was the 'God of the dog,' and that the latter put the Christian—and it might be said the theist also—to shame. The dog does not seek, because he has no occasion, higher than man. But man knows very well that he is an imperfect being, having neither power over the elements nor over his own mind, being wayward and erring; and he has an instinct which leads him to seek higher than himself. And if some think prayers are not answered, others, and by no means perfect characters on 'religion' in the ordinary sense, have *felt* that they have been, especially if things over which they had no control have eventuated accordingly.

Having begun with 'adaptation,' allow me once more only to recur briefly to it. If the horse had the man's intellect, and the man the horse's muteness, there would have been no great use of the two; now there is a *little*. Or had man, the only *clothing* animal (which may be a new description, though I have seen him termed a 'cooking' one) been without that *particular* instinct, it would have been awkward, even in this particular weather. Wherefore I conclude with the pedlar in the 'Pyale'—'it was more than mortal that spa'ed that out.'

Of religion there have been weighty corruptions, though no candid atheist would term the Inquisition or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew *legitimate* consequences of the New Testament. But I submit to you that atheism being a simple negation of higher principle, must include, because it has no authority to forbid, any evil which it may, though not necessarily, occasion. Putting aside the dread of human laws, as an independent principle, though they generally appeal to superhuman belief.

If we lived in England, and in the nineteenth century, under a religious reign of terror, when a person dared only profess one form of creed, and Deism also, which was all that Spinoza professed before his judges, involved the most serious penalties, I should candidly think there was more temptation to atheism than there is now.

If atheism does for the reading or debating room, try it in pain-lingering sickness, or death, or in *the loss of beloved objects*, when the heart and soul pant with instinctive, therefore *true*, longing for further comfort and re-union. See the affecting language of Cicero, no bigot, on this subject.

London, Jan. 25th, 1851. J. D. Parry, M.A., Camb.

[Undecimus, to whose arguments Mr. Parry principally alludes in this letter, does not think, after a perusal, that any eminent Christian would like to depend for the defence of the existence of a God on the topics advanced by Mr. Parry, which appear to Undecimus to be vague, disjointed, and incoherent. In this opinion we coincide; but as Mr. Parry has manifested an anxiety to be heard again we comply with his wish, but do not think any further comment required from us.—Ed.]

THE REVEREND MR. SCOTT'S DEFENCE OF HIS PAMPHLET.

Sir,—I am rather surprised you should object to my adoption of the word popery, when you yourself used that very word in your lecture at Norwich. Besides, why object to the word? Is it not the only one by which that system, which the Pope of Rome supports, can be correctly described? Catholicism does not belong to popery, and it never did. Catholicism, as you know, means universality. But popery never was universal. The patriarch of Constantinople, who was at the head of the Eastern, or Greek church, was the first who arrogated to himself the profane and proud and false title of universal bishop. But I rejoice that neither he, nor the Pope of Rome, ever was a universal bishop. And right glad am I, for the sake of humanity, that neither of their systems ever will be universal, for if either of them were, the dungeons would soon be crammed to suffocation with the best men the world contains, and all liberty, whether civil or religious, would be trodden down by the iron heel of politics—ecclesiastical tyranny, a tyranny more dreadful than that of the most cruel despotism.

You misrepresent me when you say that I seem to have an idea 'that Christianity, such as is current among Dissenters, such as is the product of Bible reading among the multitude, is an unexceptionable compound of whatsoever is true, lovely, and of good report.' If you will refer to my tract, you will find I have said no such thing. I have spoken not of those who call themselves Christians, but of Christianity itself. A man may call himself a Christian, and be, at the same moment, a fawning sycophant, a deceitful hypocrite, a grinder of the faces of the poor, a despot, a tyrant. But a Christian *such* a man cannot be. Condemn *him* if you please, with all your heart; no measure of condemnation can, in such a case, be excessive. But unless you can prove that Christianity sanctions his villanies, and cruelties, why condemn Christianity?

You doubtless consider Chartism a good thing; but are all Chartists good men? And would you think that I acted fairly, or rationally, if I objected to Chartism on account of the badness of those who called themselves Chartists? Would you not tell me I ought not to look at the men, but at the system from which they took their name? And that if I honestly wished to know what Chartism was, I ought to examine the Charter, which embodies the principles of Chartism? Now, sir, what you would reasonably and properly require of me, in *that* case, I ask of you and every one else in regard to Christianity.

I hold the New Testament to be, to Christianity, what the Charter is to Chartism. The New Testament contains the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion,

and I am prepared to defend whatever is in harmony with that, for it breathes nothing but 'good will to man, and glory to God in the highest.'

Only let the principles of the New Testament be universally acted upon, and then despotism, persecution, oppression, tyranny, and vice, of every vile and varied form, will be entirely banished, and the standard of universal peace shall be unfurled to wave from generation to generation over the world's population, united together in one vast bond of sincere and affectionate brotherhood.

As you have annexed W. J. B.'s note to you to your reply to me, the propriety of a word or two on that will not, I suppose, be questioned. Your correspondent says 'Catholicism (*i. e.* popery) was the type of Christianity, which existed for nearly 1500 years before Protestantism began.' I ask, where was popery in the early times of Christianity? That the apostle Peter never was the Pope of Rome is known by everybody who knows anything of history; and more than that, he never was a pope at all. I ask, again, were not the Albigenses, the Waldences, the Lollards, the Wickliffites, and many others, opposed to popery? And were they not among the best men who ever lived? and was it not their decided love for Christianity, as revealed in the scriptures, that led them to brave persecution and death, rather than be enslaved by popery? W. J. B. asks, 'Into how many parts may Christianity be divided?' I reply, Christianity cannot be divided at all. It is homogeneous, and it cannot be divided without being destroyed. Those who profess to be Christians may be divided, and they are divided; but I would remind W. J. B. that Christianity is one thing, those who are called Christians are another, and, too often, a very opposite thing. Amidst all the diversities, among real Christians, there is unity of sentiment, of feeling, of purpose, and of action.

With the exception of the apocrypha, which in reality forms no part of the Bible, there is very little difference between the scriptures which the Church of Rome acknowledges, and those which are circulated among Protestants. All the difference consists chiefly in using different words of the same meaning, or in leaving certain words not translated at all. It has always been impossible for the Romish church to corrupt the scriptures without being detected, because, long before her dark reign of terror, copies of the scriptures were in the hands of Christians who were opposed to popery. What the Romish church would have done, if she could, has been but too plainly shown by what she has done, and in which the errors of her translation appear, and which are clearly proved by a comparison of them with ancient manuscript copies of the sacred writings. As to the notes which she adds, let them, like all other notes on the Bible, go for what they are worth. Whatever they be, the Bible is not accountable for them. Your friend W. J. B. says, the Romish church teaches that Christianity is a *continuous* revelation. I ask *not* 'What says Romish pretence?' but 'What says the New Testament?' It may suit the spirit of popery to pretend to continuous revelation, because that may be made a means to exalt the power of popes and priests. But the New Testament, which teaches no such thing, does not encourage the usurpation of priestly power. There we are taught that *one* is our master, even Christ. Not the Pope of Rome, *not* a so called priest, but the Saviour *himself*, is our only master, to the exclusion in all religious affairs, yea the utter exclusion of popes and kings, and the whole tribe of pretenders to spiritual power and domination. Whatever their office, or station, or attainments, all Christians are brethren, and no one has either the right or the power, on the principles of Christianity, to exercise authority over another. Every one is perfectly free to form his own opinion, and to follow the judgment of his own mind, in reference to divine truth,

I am not bound by any man's opinion, nor is any man bound by mine. It is neither to me nor to any man, be he what he may, either in church or state, that I, or any person, is accountable for the opinions which he forms. I am required, by the God of the Bible, to exercise my own understanding in reference to the meaning of his word, and the man who would dare to rob me or any one else of this right is a robber of the vilest and the basest cast. Your friend, W. J. B., says that Christianity is not contained in the Bible. If he means by this to say that the whole of the doctrines and precepts which constitute the system of Christianity are not contained in the New Testament, will he have the kindness to tell me where they are?

That the system of popery is not to be found in the New Testament is very true, because popery is not Christianity. The very fact that popery dares not trust the Bible in the hands of the people, and leave them to form their own free and unbiassed opinion of its contents, is an evidence that the Bible and popery are as opposed to one another as light is opposed to darkness; and that if the light of divine truth be allowed to shine upon popery, the wily deceit and craft of that system will be so clearly exposed, that it will speedily become the object of universal scorn and contempt. Such, sir, are the views which I hold, and if you think proper to publish them they are at your service, as a brief reply to your notice of my Tract, entitled 'Popery not Christianity.'

Norwich, Feb. 3rd, 1851. T. Scott.

N.B.—If you read the history of Henry the Eighth's time, you will find that he never was anything but a Papist; and while he cast off the yoke of the Pope of Rome, he himself became in fact the Pope of England. The connection of church and state is essentially Popish and not Christian.

[The word 'Popery' was used in my lecture only when I was explaining on what ground it was objectionable. Bishop Milner, in his Letters to a Prebendary, declares that the term 'Popery' is a nickname—that 'Roman Catholic' is the legal and chosen name of the Catholic party, and by their chosen name I proposed to call them. It will be useful to us if Mr. Scott will favour us with the received authority for holding, as he appears to do, that the *exclusive* meaning of the word Catholic is 'universal.' We cannot agree with our reverend critic, that 'the New Testament is to Christianity what the Charter is to Chartism.' The views of Chartists are generally inferior to the Charter-doctrine; but we think that modern Christians are much better than Christianity. The remarks on W. J. B.'s communication we leave to that gentleman, who will no doubt reply to them if he considers Mr. Scott's remarks of sufficient importance to justify him in doing so. We are glad to observe that in this communication Mr. Scott neither justifies nor repeats the language to which we called his attention, and therefore the pleasure of controversy with him is much increased.—Ed.]

THE GODS OF THE PRESBYTERIANS.

Sir,—I had occasion to visit the congregational practice of music in the church of Dr. Beattie, Gordon-street, here, on Thursday evening last. There was at least two hundred persons present, and apart from the congregation sat the elders or deacons of the church, who had honoured the company with their presence; and after the usual quantum of tunes had been sung over, one of the elders stood up and most reverentially informed the congregation that he was exceedingly happy at the progress they had made in their music. Another of the elders stood up, and said that Dr. Fletcher, of London, was to preach in the church next Sabbath;

and 'as the London folks like grand things, I propose that the leader of the choir select "Desert," or some other splendid tune, to be sung on the occasion,' which proposal received the unanimous approbation of the whole audience. 'Tis thus I show the God they worship is Dr. Fletcher, or any other D.D.

I merely lay this before you to receive your opinion on the subject.

Glasgow. ——— J. S. C.

[All we have to say is, we hope Presbyterian ambition may always take as innocent a turn.—Ed.]

THE REV. LUKE SYERMAN ON ATHEISM.

Dear Sir,—I attended the Lambeth Wesleyan Chapel on Sunday evening last, when the Rev. L. Syerman preached a 'Sermon to the Young.' In a former number, a correspondent remarked, that he thought the time was coming when difference in religion would be regarded in the same light as difference on politics is now. But I think that if the young are taught by the above rev. gentleman, it will be some time before that desirable object will be obtained. Speaking of King Solomon, he said, 'That for the young to be as great as King Solomon, they must be confident that God exists. Atheism is that vile set of principles that are supported only by penny lecturers, huge placards, and resorted to by beastly drunkards, prostitutes, and thieves.' And in another part, 'Atheism is supported only by beastly drunken scoundrels, who are to be seen with bloodshot eyes night after night rolling in the gutters, and by young prodigals and others who wish to believe there is no God.' 'I thank God atheism is now dead. Atheism is defunct. Atheism, as a system, is now extinct. There is no such a person as an avowed atheist. There is nothing in their principles and arguments; they have no philosophical men now to advocate their cause.' And for five minutes this vein lasted. The question arises—'Where did he obtain this information?' I intend sending a 'Logic of Death' to him, and also a note on what he said. E.

Reasoner Propaganda.

To promote the efficiency of the *Reasoner* as an organ of Propagandism, one Friend subscribes 10s. weekly, another 5s., two 1s. each, weekly—and so on according to ability and earnestness. An annual contribution of One Shilling from each reader would be easy, equitable, and sufficient. What is remitted, in whatever proportion, is acknowledged here and accounted for at the end of the Volume.

Previously acknowledged in No. 245, 1039s.—Mr. Thompson, 1s.—Mr. Thompson, jun., 1s.—A Friend, 6d.—Arthur Trevelyan, 100s.—Lucius, Dorchester, 1s.—W. Lambert, Oxford, 1s.—E. W., per publisher, 1s.—P. P. M., per do., 1s.—J. Billson and Friend, Leicester, 1s.—Freethinker, Burnley, 1s.—Mr. Roe, Coventry, 1s.—J. L., 1s.—H. Lucas, 4s.—Goosequill, Liverpool, 5s.—W. C., per Mr. Watson, 1s.—T. Whitehall, Burslem, 1s.—J. Bullock, 1s.—Total, 1161s. 6d.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—March 2nd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Roman History.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—Feb. 28th [8], a Discussion. 2nd [7½], a lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—March 2nd [7], Dr. Sexton, 'On Hell.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—March 2nd [7], Mr. Hunniball, 'Republican and Monarchical Governments.'

Soho Mutual Instruction Society, 2, Little Dean Street.—March 3rd [8½], Sartor, 'The Influence of the Beautiful.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Mar. 2nd [7], a Lecture.

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Contents:—Christianity and its Professors. By the Editor. The Theory of Progressive Development. By W. Chilton. Religion and Fanaticism. Think and Work. The Three Rings of Boccaccio. Down with the Tyrants. Reviews:—Twenty-five Reasons for being an Atheist. Catholicism, the Religion of Fear.—Facts, Scientific and Social. To our Friends, &c.

The Free Inquirer is a fearless advocate of the freest expression of opinion on all subjects, and its avowed object is to propagate Facts in Science, seek utility in Politics, and combat the speculations of Theology with Reason.

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Our Open Page.

Mr. Holyoake's lectures in the Assembly Room, Nottingham, were attended by increasing audiences each night. On the last night the entire room was thronged. The Rev. Mr. Collison, Curate of New Radford, and the Rev. S. A. Syme, M.A., delivered able speeches on each of the three nights. The assembly did not separate till nearly 12 o'clock. We shall present a much fuller report. Mr. Holyoake is to hold a special public Discussion with the Rev. Mr. Syme.

Mr. Truelove has published another pamphlet, entitled 'Sects and Sectaries,' by Mr. Phillips Day, lately a Monk. Apart from the aggregation of facts, told with rapidity and energy, considerable interest attaches to the treatment of such a subject by one who has been so strangely placed as the author of this pamphlet.

Idolatry is deducible from Deism, thus. According to common acceptation we have five senses. But we do not see God, we do not hear him, we do not smell him, taste, or touch him. Therefore, say some materialists, there is no God. But says the Deist, we see him in everything. Then, says the idolator, if we see him in everything, let us worship anything—and we shall worship him of course.

Mr. Roebuck says that he would, by negociations, have had the French troops withdrawn from Rome, and the Pope would have been a vagabond on the face of the earth. He would have the papal aggression combatted by secular education. Our readers will give us the credit of having advocated exactly what Mr. Roebuck advises. We would in this way resist papal aggression, as we have always resisted every form of superstition, and temporal or spiritual tyranny.

The *Times*, of January 20th, has the following advertisement:—'Wanted, a Chapel, in a populous neighbourhood, by an Independent Minister desirous of opposing the errors of the times, and of forming a Church, or receiving a call from one formed, on the New Testament model. Preference given to London or its vicinity. Satisfactory references reciprocated. Apply by letter, post paid, addressed to V. D. M., 32, University Street, Bedford Square.' [We should like to see this Model set forth.]

A German newspaper, in speaking of the alleged miraculous flow of blood from the wounds of the Saviour in the Saturnin Chapel, in France, says there are persons still living who remember that the illustrious Joseph II. was a great disbeliever in miracles, and that he actually prohibited the growth of a beard on a figure of Jesus Christ which is near one of the doors of the Cathedral of St. Stephen, in Vienna. He ordered a couple of sturdy grenadiers to mount guard on the spot, and so great was the fear which their formidable moustaches inspired that the wooden image did not venture to disobey the imperial mandate. It has long been a saying in Austria that Joseph was born half a century too soon.

An important theological question has been brought for decision before the Prussian Upper Tribunal. A man in Konigsberg was condemned for 'blasphemy against God,' in consequence of irreligious expressions regarding the person of Jesus Christ. The Court of Appeal decided that in this case no 'blasphemy against God' had been substantiated; because, even, according to the second article of the apostolical confession of faith, the person of Christ is not identical with the Deity; it was only an 'outrage against the Christian religious societies.'

In our last number we stated that this week's Tract would be upon 'Organisation;' but we give the one of this week first, as it has been to hand some time.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

ON LECTURING: ITS CONDITIONS AND CHARACTER.

THE letter lately published on the 'Conditions of Public Debate' has been productive of satisfaction and clear understandings. A similar explanation of 'Terms of Lecturing' may prove useful. The terms of lecturing are the same as for discussions, viz., Two Guineas each lecture, I paying my own travelling and personal expenses of whatever kind.

Travelling and personal expenses vary so much with exigency and persons, that few ever know what they will be; and the uncertainty felt as to the amount, and the dislike that friends naturally feel to sit inquisitorially on these points, cause many persons of refined feeling to decline to have anything to do with such matters. One fixed sum saves all this doubt and anxiety as to these estimates.

The reasons of the terms above named for lecturing are different in some respects from those which pertain to debates. An account of them all would be long; but the recital of a few will inform many not acquainted with the subject, and prevent their ascribing to venality what are actually but the indispensable conditions of efficiency.

As the 'Government trains' go only once a day, it is not often possible to travel by them; and they are so long on the way, that time does not always permit one to take them. Indeed the number of places to be visited in a short time often compels an 'express train' to be used. On some lines the 'third class' is so exposed that it cannot be employed in winter at all. The 'second class' is then a necessity. Sometimes the discussion after a lecture is prolonged to twelve o'clock—and this night after night, without interruption. To travel exposed to draught after so much fatigue has several times induced colds for weeks; and to be suddenly incapacitated in the midst of engagements involves disappointment, which too many Christians are quick to put down to the 'judgment of heaven,' or to the want of courage to appear. We must provide against, and fortify ourselves against, both cant and accident.

The sum named will pay ordinary expenses, and enable suitable care to be taken in more respects than one. Our friends will readily guarantee these terms (when they understand the reason for it) as they have done already in many places. Sometimes a day or two is profitably spent in a town making inquiries, and estimating the strength, temper, views, and forces of the enemy, before the attack. After such precaution, two lectures have been of more value than four delivered blindly. This expenditure of time cannot be represented by a varying sum. One fixed sum is better. Two lectures delivered on Sunday may seem a profitable day, but seldom desirable, as the consequent exhaustion on unusual labour and concentration of attention, involve the necessity of corresponding rest afterwards.

When my expenses used to be paid to a given district by one party, many in

neighbouring towns in that district have fallen into uncertainty as to any share they ought to contribute, or some demurring has arisen as to the proportioning of the advantage; and in some cases lectures have been arrested for months through such an incident. Hence I name a uniform payment to all places, *far or near*, which is the rule observed in London. Here you receive two, three, and four guineas for a lecture according to its value to those who hear it—although you may have only to step out of the next house to deliver it. Perhaps the proceeds of the next lecture you deliver may be all absorbed in travelling expenses. But there is no dispute about it, and your course is clear and pleasant in both cases, because you know what to expect.

Such surplus as has in some cases remained (oftener now than formerly) after the terms herein mentioned are paid, have been devoted to the society or the committee who sent for me, for private or public purposes. In some cases, both these courses have been taken. And when such profits have arisen, I have been the better pleased. Where loss accrues, the compensation is found in consideration of the public good done. Any who cannot find satisfaction in this reflection, of course do not have lectures twice.

It may seem unreasonable that the loss should ever fall upon those who initiate lectures; but, as they are many, it is less unjust than that it should fall on one, the lecturer, and he a stranger to the town.

If proper care is taken as to preparations, a suitable time chosen, a large-enough Hall secured, wide and efficient publicity given, a paying audience can now be secured.

The value of a lecture is often more to those who cause it to be delivered than the price they pay for admission. In some towns, twenty persons have joined together, and taken shares, in order to have lectures delivered; and manufacturers and private gentlemen have often sent subscriptions towards the expenses, where they had reason to think a useful agitation of thought would result.

Those, if any remain, (the number used to be considerable) who regard lecturing as the pastime of poor gentlemen, or the assumed vocation of artizans above their original calling, ought not to have anything to do with lectures, nor even to hear them delivered; and such I do not address. The better informed are aware that thinking is harder than mechanical labour. The hard-worked artizan commonly enjoys as much, if not more, health, strength, and as many days as the thinker, who is generally weak, pale, and short lived. Many of the working class are poorly paid for their own labour—some of them seem to think everybody else should be the same, and take what care they can that it shall be so. Perhaps the whole truth cannot be told on this question. Those are scarcely in a position to complain of their own small remuneration who, on principle, reduce all they employ to the same level. Their employers might say to them—'We, at least, pay you as willingly and as well as you pay your servants; that is, we give you the least we can.' This is the reproach that used to be uttered by half the masters of the kingdom, and it was true long after I commenced lecturing. Happily it has almost ceased to be applicable now. The majority of the people now take a more honourable, equitable, and just view of the remuneration of public service; and such will not dissent to the terms in this paper proposed and explained.

The limited means of the working class is the principal cause of their economy in the matter in discussion; but many of them have never even thought of the nature of the example they set against themselves, and others are not aware that cheapness in instruction may, as in slop-made clothes, be dear information. The

principle of 'Cheap Clothes and Nasty,' written upon so eloquently by Parson Lot, has more applications than that which he then had occasion to make.

Misapprehension sometimes arises from clashing the terms of one lecturer with those of another. This need not be done. In London, and among Mechanics' and Literary Institutions, each person is estimated *independently*, according to his value. And what one has, whether little or much, is never a rule for another. So with us a person's services are to be estimated according to their nature—according to the opposition he encounters, the care he takes, the trouble he is at, and the risks involved in his particular advocacy.

Our audiences in every town now include religious representatives, Clergymen and Ministers, class leaders, openly and incog. Reports too are made for persons absent, who choose, for some motive or other, to watch our proceedings—so that it is of importance to present the most advised statement of our views we can. Indeed, it is better to preserve public silence, and work only by Tracts and periodicals, rather than afford the triumph which follows the discovery of an ill-considered, ill-qualified, or imperfect statement. After our Lectures are over, it is no uncommon thing for the arguments to be canvassed in Vestries, in Members' Meetings, and in religious Classes; and whatever is found defective is charged upon us, not as an individual error, but as the pervading fault of the *Reasoner's* entire advocacy. Such of our opponents as know us only from report, are full of prejudice, and that makes them unscrupulous. We have no just ground of complaint unless we leave them without pretext for misrepresenting or mistaking us. Zeno used to say, 'Take more care of slips of the tongue than of slips of the feet.' This is much more important in our day than in Zeno's—for while the slip of the foot affects only him who falls, the slip of the tongue affects all who hear and all who read—in some cases for years, and even for centuries after he who made the *lapsus linguæ* is in the grave.

Many think that as the time occupied by a lecture is not long, its remuneration might be very small. But with me a lecture sometimes involves three hours' debate after, and subsequent labour in correcting unfair reports in newspapers; and if I cannot attend to these things throughout, they had better not be incurred. Sometimes the labour of preparation is more than the stranger can guess at. I have spent six weeks reading upon and examining the value of a statement which, when verified, I have delivered in a quarter of an hour.

Besides, one who holds himself ready, as I have done, for ten years, to travel at the summons of any clergyman to any part of the country, or wherever there is necessity for agitation, can never take a fixed engagement in town, which I have frequently refused, even when the offer has been profitable, and I have had no income. The precariousness of income resulting from this course ought to be taken into the account of any terms named.

Let me say, once for all, that I shall never consent to put public instruction on a mendicant footing. Imparting knowledge is of as much value and of as much dignity as any trade whatever; and the teacher deserves good wages as much as any weaver or mechanic in the kingdom. I am quite content that any who arrange with me for lectures shall try them by the most commercial test. They may ask, what do we get for our money? and if any man does not get value received, he has the remedy in his own hands. Let him have no more of them.

If lecturing consisted in making *ad captandum* statements, in delivering invectives against opponents, in vague praises of freedom, in pouring forth torrents of indignation against upholders of error, in diatribes against a partial press and a venal priesthood, in retailing the common-places of the day, in inventing ideas

which are poor, in borrowing quotations which are incorrect, and in suggesting trains of thought which lead to nothing,—then, indeed, precarious payment might be sufficient, as the less there is of such lecturing the better. But very different is the course *we* must take, who have to overcome cherished prejudices and powerful enemies, and advance a cause imperfectly understood. Being accurate is by some considered being dull. Being just is by some considered being tame. Pursuing a distinct purpose appears to many unpopular. But success lies alone in these directions, and we must take them. G. J. Holyoake.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S LECTURES IN NOTTINGHAM.

At length I have had an opportunity of visiting Nottingham, that city of cellars—a town where they hang one and kill twelve in the operation. Nottingham formerly had an agricultural reputation, being remarkable for its breed of '*lambs*;'* but I found the people commercial, peaceful, and reasonable. My visit was made at the request of a number of young men, meeting at Smith's Coffee-house, on the Pavement. Mr. Smith is an ancient radical of Nottingham, who marvellously resembles the Rev. Angell James, of Birmingham, excepting such difference as arises from Mr. Smith's 'lives not having fallen in such pleasant places,' and not having had quite so goodly an heritage. At this Coffee-house a triple coterie of Chartists, Socialists, and Theologians are nurtured on ginger beer, coffee, and lemonade. One party asked me for Political lectures, another claimed an exposition of Socialism, a third made a demand pertaining to Theology. Before long I am to return to deliver lectures on each subject. The present course was Theological. To enable them to be delivered, some twenty persons took shares. The town was well placarded, and every resident minister invited to discussion. When Mrs. Martin was last in Nottingham, the Assembly Rooms were closed against her. To Mr. Joseph Barker, and to the Chartists, the Rooms have been closed; but for the purposes of these lectures they were liberally opened, and we were indebted to the courtesy of the proprietor for a lengthened use of them owing to the discussions, which lasted to a late hour every night. We were not, as in Leeds, forced into an inferior Hall, and then reproached concerning our low haunts as emblematical of our principles.

My first lecture was upon the 'Philosophic Type of Christianity, as developed by Professor Newman. The second was upon 'Catholicism compared with Rationalism in its Nature and Influences.' The third was an 'Inquiry into the causes why the Clergy (Catholic and Protestant) avoid Discussion.' The audiences increased each night in numbers and respectability. There was more of decorum of tone observed by the gentlemen who took part in the discussion, than I have before observed. Dissenting as they did from many of Professor Newman's views, they yet spoke of him with uniform respect. On the opening night the first gentleman who came forward I saw, by his manner and dress, was a clergyman of the Church of England. He gave his name as the Rev. Mr. Collison, Curate of New Radford. At the instant at which he stepped forward, the Rev. G. A. Syme also came forward; but as soon as he found it was the Rev. Mr. Collison who wished to speak, he delicately and courteously gave way. This circumstance interested me in Mr. Syme, and made me anxious to hear him, as this was a manifestation of superior taste. In his giving way to Mr. Collison, there was an ab-

* A body of men of courage, ferocity, and activity, who were hired to fight at elections with short sticks of respectable toughness, entitled '*lambs'-tails.*'

sence of that professional jealousy which is so often to be observed among the Dissenting clergy. Each night Mr. Syme gave the precedence to his rev. brother, and both gentlemen spoke each evening. There was a certain classic repose about Mr. Collison's speeches which made them very agreeable to hear. Mr. Syme did not speak well the first night; the limitation of time seemed to embarrass him. On other nights I abolished the regulations as to time, and he spoke with considerable power, rising in some passages to eloquence. Some noisy manifestations being made by a few persons during the speeches of these gentlemen, I announced that 'I should regard any man who interrupted in any manner, or on any pretext whatever, as my personal enemy.' On subsequent nights I explained at the commencement that 'I should take it as a particular favour if every person who had any noise to make, any ejaculation to utter, or any demonstration of any kind to enter upon, would be good enough to do it while I was speaking, and hear my opponents in respectful quietude.' There was not the slightest cause of complaint afterwards.

The incidents of the debates have some interest, and I shall return to the subject.

On the Sunday before going to Nottingham, I was at Gavazzi's Oration. The doors of the Concert Room of the Princess's Theatre are so disposed that cold draughts are let in, not only when they are open, but when they are shut. Perhaps the proprietor will attend to this. Whoever happens to sit on the sides of the Hall are in danger of colds. On the first Sunday I went, a gentleman with me incurred a cold, from which he has suffered ever since. On the last Sunday, I came in for the influenza (prevalent at this period), which, when I came to set out for Nottingham, caused me painful inconvenience. Everybody knows how this malady enfeebles, and, after three long nights' speaking in this state, I found myself unable to proceed farther than Derby. A physician whom I called in there ordered me to remain inactive a few days, which obliged me to disappoint my friends in Padiham, to whom I was engaged to lecture twice on the Sunday. I applied to my friend, Dr. Watts, of Manchester, to go and speak for me; but his engagements prevented him. Another gentleman to whom I sent was not able to comply. I trust the friends who travelled so far to be with me on Sunday will consider this explanation sufficient. My letter, posted by the morning mail on Saturday from Derby, was not delivered in Padiham till Monday morning. Could I have foreseen this, I should have gone at all risks. The people on the continent, it is said, believe draughts to be an English superstition; after the cold from which I have just recovered, I am obliged to believe differently.

G. J. H.

FATHER GAVAZZI'S ORATIONS.

Father Gavazzi is about to form a Church in London. He delivers Orations now on Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evenings. We have had the pleasure of hearing him on two occasions. We certainly have no oratory like it in this country. To those acquainted only with British public speaking, the execution of this Friar will give a new idea. His spontaniety, pathos, and passion are so marvellous, and his attitude so unique and diverse, that you may say of him, as Antony said of Cleopatra, his 'infinite variety never stales.' The test of his classic grace is, that though we are unaccustomed to his freedom of manner, it appears neither rant nor affectation. As he speaks in Italian, the charm of meaning is lost to the mere English hearer; but his noble acting is still a sufficient reward for many visits.

We have given the substance of one of his orations, and are asked why we do not give others; partly because we do not attach importance to some, and partly because we do not think others useful. This Barnabite orator is very religious, and in much of this we cannot be interested. In politics, so far as we can learn at present, Gavazzi takes no defined part, and his tendencies cannot be calculated upon. We can, therefore, only quote those passages which have intrinsic value, at least not depending entirely on the personal reputation of the speaker. Such we shall use as often as they come before us, both as a matter of gratitude and public interest; for it is so rare a thing to find a priest, especially a Catholic priest, having a generous word to say for the people, and of sympathy, even though indefinite, for the great Italian and republican nation. G. J. H.

THE LOSS OF THE 'JENKINS INSTITUTION.'

We could name half a dozen gentlemen of fortune who, for some years past, have publicly avowed their intention of leaving bequests, in some cases to individuals, in others of founding Libraries, Museums, and erecting Public Institutions. We pray those who thus mean well to Free-Thought to profit by the serious failures that from year to year are recorded. In America, Institution after Institution is wrested from its intended purpose. In England examples are also numerous. Where is now the Beaumont Chapel? Where the Russell School? How is Owen's College of Manchester being managed? To the catalogue that might be filled up we may add—Where is the 'Jenkins Institution?' Not long since we announced how ten thousand pounds had been left to erect a People's Institution in London. The Committee were appointed, Trustees were named, the worthy old gentleman did whatever he could be advised to do, and he died in the certain hope that the 'Jenkins Institution' would be a noble and useful monument of his life. The law has stepped in—taken it all away—and not one brick will ever be laid in commemoration of his name. Again we say to all those gentlemen who meditate anything munificent for the people—'Do what you intend while you live—nothing can be depended upon that is to come after death.' G. J. H.

MR. OWEN AND THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The disciples of Mr. Owen, anxious to take advantage of a great opportunity for the dissemination of his views of Social Reform, intend joining their efforts and centreing them in London during the Exhibition of 1851. To print Tracts in English, and other languages, for gratuitous distribution amongst the persons of various nations assembled there—and to have lectures delivered in public halls there also, by Mr. Owen and other lecturers—are their intentions. A central Committee is formed in London to carry out their objects, and branch ones in other towns, to gain all the assistance they can for the undertaking. The Derby Committee earnestly call upon all friends to aid, for it is the duty of, and must be a pleasure to, the lovers of reform to aid in all good works. Each sum given, however small, will show an earnest hope that your children's future may be brighter than yours.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

Benjamin Hagen, Chairman.

Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Poynton, News Agent, Brook Street; Mr. Brooks, News Agent, St. Alkmund's Churchyard; and Mr. Wilkinson, News Agent, Park Street.

Reasoner Tracts.

REPUBLICAN ORGANISATION.

BY W. J. LINTON.

[From the second number of the *English Republic* we take this plan of Organisation. Our readers will find in this new monthly the infusion of new blood, warm and generous, into British politics. We quote this plan on account of its suggestiveness to all who seek to make the principles a power. Freethinkers may learn a lesson from it.—Ed.]

.....Their hearts were tenanted by faith, they had not merely political calculations in their heads; they aspired to be not simply revolutionary, but also regenerative; they felt that, at bottom, the question was no other than the grand problem of *national education*.....

.....Every work of regeneration implies a belief in those who undertake it; every soldier of the revolution who has none is a fomenter of discord, a provoker of anarchy, without having the remedy to still it.....

.....The first step taken, it did not recoil before the difficulties, whatever they were, of its subsequent steps. *A principle and its consequences*—all its revolutionary logic was comprehended in these words. It felt that the most powerful party was the most consistent party, and it was this. It was not satisfied with simple views of reaction, with vague professions of liberalism; it demanded *his belief* of every one who presented himself, and only accepted those as members who had a belief in conformity with its own. It did not speculate on the number, but on the unity of its forces; it thus made a first experiment on the nation.....

.....Rearing a standard which had never yet been reared by any political association, it felt the necessity of planting it in the midst of new and pure elements. .....it addressed itself, consequently, more particularly to the young, for amongst them was capacity for enthusiasm, zeal, devotion, and energy. To them it told the whole truth without reserve or disguise. The grand error which had ruined all previous efforts had been the custom of confiding rather to *men* than *principles:* it was a reaction against this custom;.....it preached thus —'Have no faith in names, but in yourselves, in the masses, in your right, and in God.'.....

.....The.....youth had found its men. The language which was addressed to it expressed all which it had long felt, all the secrets of its hearts. It caught the inspiration; it took its fire. *Organisation commenced at every point;*..... everywhere the principles.....were preached; everywhere its standard was recognised and hailed. Its members continued to increase.....Every day the demand for its publications became louder.....Fear was unknown. There was no doubt of success. *All this was the result of principles; and all this effected*

by some young men without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force.....'

HISTORY OF YOUNG———

Why not of Young England? Why should not that which is no boastful, but a true and most exact account, of '*La Giovine Italia*,' the association founded by Mazzini in 1831, be also true of the Associated Republicans of England? By what means the history of one association may become a prophecy of the other is what I shall now endeavour to set forth.

Zeal first, and then organisation: these are the necessary elements of success. Even in a bad cause these elements but too often procure a triumph: in a good cause they could never fail. Zeal, and then organisation.

PLAN OF REPUBLICAN ORGANISATION.—In whatever place any one of you who hold our republican faith may be, look directly for such of your townsmen or neighbours as you know may be depended on to join you. If you know of none, begin the work of propagandism alone!—labouring like some zealous, indefatigable missionary, till you shall have won some one of those in your reach to a recognition of your creed: not a mere formal recognition, nor the poor assent of one over-persuaded to allow himself to be called a Republican,—but the valuable recognition of the convert, who, having thoroughly examined and maturely weighed the principles of Republicanism, finds himself convinced of their truth; and who, being a true man (one who acts as he thinks, whose life is built upon his conscience), is consequently anxious to carry his principles into practice.

So soon as you can meet with one such man,—whether of your converting or only waiting your inquiry—consider yourselves as the nucleus and provisional Committee of a Republican Association to be formed by you in that town or neighbourhood,—and set zealously to work to add to your number. Be careful that none associate with you except those on whose private character you can depend. A bad man can not make a good republican. Better work slowly and surely than enlist the unfit. But be as persevering as careful, lest the sometime discouragement of great carefulness unduly retard your progress. Take three qualities as essential to the making of good republicans,—sobriety—honesty—self-reliance. If your proposed associate is a man, be sure that he is honest towards women as well as with his fellow-men; if a woman, be sure that she is sufficiently self-reliant to act in virtue of her own humanity, not merely as the creature of another.

When your numbers in any place are such as to require organisation,—and the sooner that is set about the better, even so soon as you number ten or twelve,—then let your committee call a meeting of all its members, and constitute yourselves an Association for your locality, with some such rules as these here following:—

NAME.—The Plymouth Republicans, or Plymouth Republican Association. Or Manchester Republicans, or East London, or Chelsea, etc.

OBJECT—To teach the Principles of Republicanism.

MEMBERS.—All persons (men or women) desirous of promoting the object of the Association shall be eligible as members, upon signifying their adhesion to the subjoined profession of faith*—provided that they are well known to some one of the members who will answer for their sobriety, honesty, and self-reliance.

* The profession of faith would be that given at pages 8, 9, of the *English Republic*, commencing with '*We believe in the progressive development of human faculties and forces*,' and ending with '*the example of those peoples most loving and most devoted for encouragement on the way*.'

ELECTION.—Open, and by a simple majority.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS.—I. To teach to themselves the principles of Republicanism, in order to render their own lives thereunto conformable ; to teach one another, as the best aid they can render; and, by precept and practice, unceasingly to endeavour to win proselytes.

II. To regard the members of the Association as brethren in the closest bond, closer than even the brotherhood of blood ;* and to rule their conduct toward each other by this principle.

MEANS. — Regular, frequent, and friendly communication between the members (perfect equality being observed among them, however different their station in society), the publication of a periodical openly advocating the republican principles of the Association,† the dissemination of tracts as opportunities occur, and such other means of constant or occasional propagandism as time or circumstances may afford.

GOVERNMENT.—A President and Secretary (either of whom might also be Treasurer), and a Committee (when the Association has so many members as to require it) chosen annually by open voting‡ of the Members present at the place of election.

The course of proceeding in the Associations might be much as follows :—

First: The formation of the Association would by no means exonerate any member from active exertion as an individual. As to having 'nothing to do' except when at the meetings, or when appointed on some special Committee of the Association,§ that is impossible so long as a man has the use of his limbs to carry him among his fellows, and the use of his tongue to preach to and converse with them. One may lecture ; another may write tracts ; a third may distribute them ; another go out with bills ; another collect subscriptions ; another, evening after evening, unweariedly endeavour to gain the ear of this or that friend or shopmate ; another, less advanced, less able to teach, may be studying in his chamber some yet not thoroughly mastered principle ; and another be even better employed, discussing the point of difficulty alongside of some fellow-republican, so helping and being helped at once. 'Nothing to do' will be impossible if men are in earnest. If they are not in earnest, they had better cease talking about the English Republic.*

For matters to be avoided—beyond the general caution, on which too much stress cannot be laid, of associating only with the trustworthy (those of good character)—all that need be pointed out as dangerous will be, firstly, *the corresponding of one association with another*,† which is an offence against the law, *involving every member of the offending association ;* and, secondly, *any action, overt or secret, or recommendation of action, against the royal authority.* Of this last there can be no fear, if the Associations will constantly bear in mind their object, which is not to act

* I would have this fully carried out. Let the republican aid, associate with, trade with, work for and with, the brother republican in decided preference to any other, even to the brother of his blood.

† By this I of course do not intend that each society shall publish a periodical, but that each shall do its utmost to maintain at least one avowed republican journal in England. If, however, one could be established in every town, so much the better.

‡ The worth of the ballot is as a protection. But in a republican association no protection could be needed. And the education of frankness and moral courage would be desirable.

§ An error into which associated men so frequently fall, thinking foolishly that because they are combined they need no longer be self-reliant.

* Let it always be borne in mind that these republican associations are by no means intended to supersede other associations for special objects. One portion of their business would be to throw their weight in favour of any agitation of the day in which their principles were involved, and so indirectly, as well as directly, to work for the republic. As to the Chartist agitation, they must help that, seeing that it goes for the very first principle of republicanism, viz., equal right.

† Private individuals, or individuals acting in their private capacity, may of course correspond with whomsoever they please. But the officers of a society, *as such*, *or any persons in the name of a society*, are forbidden to correspond with the officers of any other society, or with any persons acting for it. But it is not illegal to publish the resolutions of associations ; nor for me, or any other, as an individual, to make proposals based upon these resolutions.

but TO TEACH REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES. The Associations are for mutual instruction and for propagandism. That will be the business of the Associations I am anxious to form. Their aim is not to conspire or rebel for the Republic, but TO MAKE REPUBLICANS.

Action will not depend on them. Of course as independent bodies, they will be able to attempt any kind of action for which they have a mind, without caring to consult similar bodies of their brethren throughout the country: but they will have learned very little of republican devotion (in which word discipline is included), have very poorly comprehended the necessity of republican unity and organisation, to be guilty of so gross a blunder. Action should only be determined by a Central Committee chosen by all the Republicans throughout the country. Any partial action is a treason against the whole.

Through whatever republican journal the proceedings of the Associations are published, the formation of the central committee can at any time be proposed, and its election take place so soon as an absolute majority of the enrolled members of associations throughout the country can be obtained. That is to say, it will be formed so soon as a majority of the English republicans require it. Not till then. The central committee should consist of as many men as can muster fifty votes in any part of the country. The central committee of the English republicans would conduct the future organisation of the whole party. Up to this time everything will be merely provisional.

Does all this seem a work of so much time and difficulty that you are disheartened? Take away your hand from the plough! Do not lay hold of it, to halt in mid-furrow. Time! the veriest weed must have time to grow. Difficulty! no great work ever was done without it. Difficulty is the seed of triumph, and time its necessary fructifier. Mazzini and his compatriots, and how many of them exiles, wait patiently for twenty years. Recollect again what has already been effected '*by some young men without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force!*' In Italy they are keeping the Eve of the Republic. When shall we do so in England? When we are as brave and as devoted. Three herdsmen made Switzerland a republic. Twelve poor fishermen and mechanics, unlearned and despised, by the energy of their faith, revolutionised the world. Twelve apostolic men in England, be they never so poor in station, one for each of as many of our English towns, working as apostolic men do, without fear, without ceasing, and without counting their own sacrifice—and in twelve months we would have the strongest party in the country; the strongest because the most zealous and the best organised. Which of you who have declared your readiness to join me, which of you who now reads these words, will be the twelve founders of the English republic?

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

THE NEW REFORM IN GERMANY.

[We have great pleasure in introducing our German friend and co-worker (of whom mention was made at the Paine celebration at John Street) to the readers of the *Reasoner*. Mr. Soholl, who is a preacher of the German Church of Humanity, sent us a letter a short time ago. A request being made to him to communicate more freely with us, we have had the pleasure of receiving this letter, which we shall be glad to find an introduction to others.—Ed.]

Sir,—The splendid assembly of February 9th, to the memory of Thomas Paine, in the London Literary and Scientific Institution, having accepted with so decided an assent the idea I communicated to you in my first letter, concerning the fraternisation of the English with the German Freethinkers, I am induced to submit to your readers the history and principles of that reformatory movement which has associated, during the last few years, the unsatisfied of all churches and sects in my native country.

As for myself, I am unknown to you and your friends; but, however different my opinions may be, I trust you will find that I am one of you. At the end of these explanations I shall, if you will allow me, tell you who I am, now confining myself to saying that I have been banished from Austria for the sake of my exertions for religious Freethinking; and that therefore I intend to continue those efforts on the other side of the Atlantic, in America, because even in those parts of my country where I am yet allowed to live, the Russian absolutism is increasing from day to day.

The Russian absolutism! I may begin by stating that the Emperor of Russia told the Bishops of Poland that 'the new religious reform in Germany was his greatest antagonist, and the members of our "free congregations" the most dangerous radical agitators and rebels.'

And as for our principles, the Russian Emperor is in the right; we are the decided opponents not only of the old, priestrotten churches and sects, but of the whole political and social state of the world, as being founded on the very antiquated and wormeaten principles of the old religion.

We do believe in liberties, not in gods; we profess only one God, and this God is the liberty of all, the one and whole liberty, the religious, political, and social together.

Notwithstanding, we are not political or social clubs; we are religious societies united in one great confederacy. Proceeding from the conviction that the real source of all true and solid liberty is the self-knowledge of man, and knowing that the result of all religions, the Christian not excepted, has been the very contrary of it, we have proposed to ourselves, as the main purpose of our confederacy, to further the knowledge of ourselves, of our nature, being, and destiny; the knowledge of man, nature, world, and according to this knowledge to reform and regenerate ourselves and others.

Regeneration, re-creation, in the very meaning of the word, re-creation of mankind is what we intend.

To accomplish this sublime aim, we thought it our first duty to leave our churches and sects of all persuasions, and place ourselves on the very soil of a new creation. The question is not whether Catholic or Protestant, Westminster or

Canterbury, Christian Churchmen or Christian Dissenter,—the question is whether the old, priestrotten Christianity or humanity, whether the old or the new world, the new creation? Humanity is our watchword, humanity is the watchword of the century! No church, no sect, no priests, no sacraments, no letter of Bible, no articles of faith, no faith, but knowledge, reason, free inquiry, clear maxims, founded on the endeavouring. Our object is to make this life a happy, useful, beautiful, and blessed one: as for ourselves, so for all our brothers, whatever they may believe.

The mission of the old religions, of the time past, is finished; we are the free-thinkers and freeworkers of the future, the working men of humanity, and humanity is the very religion of the future.

London, February 15th, 1851. CARL SOHOLL,
Speaker of the 'Freien Gemeinden,' in Germany.

THE MEANING OF ATHEISM, AGAIN.

MY DEAR HOLYOAKE,—Your note appended to my 'Meaning of Atheism' (*Reasoner*, Feb. 5) compels a few more words from me, as I cannot consent to let the matter rest where you leave it—submitting to your charge of 'inaccuracy and injustice.' The inaccuracy is your own; the injustice, if there is any, not mine.

I did not 'compare atheism' (by which word you mean in this place, I presume, only the speculative atheism of yourself and friends) 'with the let-alone and get-what-you-can doctrines.' I called those doctrines atheisms, using the word in its *general* signification. If I should say, Mastiffs are dogs, would you call that comparing dogs with mastiffs? or would the keenest *pointer* have a right to object? We are dogs, too; are you finding fault with *us?* Do you mean *us* when you say *mastiff dogs?* I said certain doctrines are atheistical: are they not so? What the conduct of *other atheists, who do not consent to those doctrines,* can have to do with the matter, I am at a loss to guess.

The 'calumnious mood of the old theologians' is nothing to me. I know you to be a man of truth and morality, though I do not see that your truth is a consequence of your atheism. I know, also, that *you* do not ignore the order and solidarity of the universe—in which, it seems to me, your 'atheism' is incomplete. But none the less I must persist in accusing the 'non-interventionists' and 'free-traders' of ignoring that order and solidarity; which ignoring justifies me in calling them *atheists,* and their systems *atheisms.* What your conduct can have to do with my judgment of them, I repeat, I am at a loss to guess. I *have not* attacked theoretical atheism, but practical. I look upon you as only a theoretical atheist—one inconsistent enough to *act* as religiously as the most earnest believer. The 'non-interventionists' and 'free-traders,' on the other hand, are *practical deniers of God,* whatever theological dogmas they profess.

For the 'legitimate' use of the words, I will say only this more. I use them in a sense, I will venture to say, intelligible to all except a small sect of men who seem to want to appropriate the words to themselves—like some Christian sects, who allow none to be Christians out of their own chapels. I use the words in their common acceptation—that common acceptation being true to their derivation, which I quote, at your service, from Bailey's excellent Dictionary:—

'ATHEIST (*Atheos,* Greek, of a privative or without, and *Theos,* God) a person which denies or disbelieves the Being of God.'

'ATHEISM, a denying or disbelieving the Being of God.'

The practical ignoring seems to me a more atheistical denial than the mere verbal. The first I will ever do my utmost to oppose; with the last I very little care to meddle. Yours faithfully,

W. J. Linton.

[This explanation puts the matter in the light in which we wished to see it.—Ed.]

THE POPE'S PLEASANT CURSE.

Sir,—Seeing, from a suggestion of N. S., that you would be glad of an authentic translation of the Anathema of Excommunication of the Church of Rome, I send you the following, which I have copied from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for September, 1745.

Sunderland. Veritas.

The Pope's dreadful curse; being the form of Excommunication of the Church of Rome. Taken out of the ledger-book of the church of Rochester, now in the custody of the dean and chapter there. Writ by Ernulphus, the bishop.

By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and of the holy canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, the mother and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cherubins, seraphins, and of the holy patriarchs, prophets, and of all the apostles and evangelists, and of the holy innocents, who in the sight of the holy lamb are found worthy to sing the new song, of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the saints, and together with the holy elect of God,—we excommunicate and anathematise him or them, malefactor or malefactors; and from the thresholds of the holy church of God Almighty we sequester them, that he or they may be tormented, disposed, and delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord God, Depart from us, we desire not to know thy ways. And, as fire is quenched with water, so let the light of him or them be put out for evermore, unless it shall repent him or them, and they make satisfaction. Amen.

May the Father, who created man, curse him or them. May the Son, who suffered for us, curse him or them. May the Holy Ghost, who was given to us in baptism, curse him or them. May the holy cross, which Christ for our salvation triumphing over his enemy, ascended, curse him or them. May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him or them. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him or them. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers, and all the heavenly host, curse him or them. May St. John, the chief forerunner and baptist of Christ, curse him or them. May St. Peter and St. Paul and St. Andrew, and all other Christ's apostles, together with the rest of his disciples, and four evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universal world, curse him or them. May the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty, curse him or them. May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who for the honour of Christ have despised the things of the world, curse him or them. May all the saints, who from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages are found to be the beloved of God, curse him or them. May the heavens and earth, and all the holy things remaining therein, curse him or them. May he or they be cursed, wherever he or they may be, whether in their house or in their field, or in the

highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the water, or in the church. May he or they be cursed in living, in dying, in eating, in drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in slumbering, in waking, in walking, in standing, in sitting, in lying, in working, in resting, and in blood-letting. May he or they be cursed in all the faculties of their body. May he or they be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he or they be cursed in the hair of his or their head. May he or they be cursed in his or their brain. May he or they be cursed in the top of his or their head, in their temples, in their forehead, in their ears, in their eyebrows, in their cheeks, in their jaw-bones, in their nostrils, in their fore teeth or grinders, in their lips, in their throat, in their shoulders, in their wrists, in their arms, in their hands, in their fingers, in their breast, in their heart, and in all the interior parts to the very stomach; in their veins, in the groin, in the thighs, in the genitals, in the hips, in the knees, in the legs, in the feet, in the joints, and in the nails. May he or they be cursed in all their joints, from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. May there not be any soundness in him or them.

May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty, curse him or them; and may heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise against him or them, unless it shall repent him or them, or that he or they shall make satisfaction. Amen, amen. So be it.

CHRISTIAN FOOD.

Sir,—In Judge Coleridge's address to Mr. and Mrs. Sloane, he adverts to Jane Wilbred not being supplied with proper '*Christian* sustenance' (see *Daily News* report). Whether this is a slip of the reporter's pen, or a *lapsus linguæ* of the judge's, I know not, but such a remark, if made in steadfastness, betrays a misapprehension as to the nature of terms, and reminds one of the remark of him who stoutly maintained that Musselmen were Christians, he never having heard human beings addressed by any other term.

I have always understood Christian food to be spiritual, as far as it is Christian, as Bibles, Prayer Books, and such things as nourish the soul, and not the gross part of man. To hear of Christian material food, makes me imagine that the poor girl's treatment would have been good enough in Christian eyes for a heathen, an infidel, or an atheist, but not for a Christian, which there is no reason to suppose was the judge's meaning. Era.

THE FLOURISHING STATE OF THE HEYWOOD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

There is much talk of the decadence of England: Ledru Rollin has written a book upon it, but judging from what has just taken place in Heywood, the decline does not reach the Mechanics' Institutions. A placard has just been forwarded to me, by which it appears that £16 13s. 8d. are the terms of committee for a single lecture in the Heywood Mechanics' Institution. Mr. Butterworth applied to Mr. Schofield for the delivery of three lectures on the following subjects:—1. Philosophic Type of Christianity as developed by Francis William Newman, examined and compared with Pulpit teaching. 2. Why do the Clergy (Catholic and Protestant) avoid discussion, and Free Inquirers seek it? 3. The case stated between Atheism and Theism. In answer to this application, the following letter was received, which we copy from the placard verbatim:—

Copy of Resolution.

Heywood Mechanics' Institution,
Feb. 19th, 1851.

Res.—'The application of James Butterworth for the loan of the Lecture Hall in which to deliver a course of lectures on Atheism, by G. J. Holyoake, having been referred to the directors, they agree to charge such a course £50, paid in advance.' THOMAS SCHOFIELD, Secretary.

(The above passed unanimously.)

Either my lectures must be particularly valuable to realise such terms, or this Mechanics' Institution must be in a fortunate state to be able to demand such payment for the hire of its Hall. If this Institution was neutral as respects religion—if no reverend gentleman was permitted to speak in it—if no lectures with religious passages in them were allowed to be delivered—if the library had no religious books in it, I could understand that these terms might be charged as a mode of rendering impossible the delivery of lectures which the committee were restricted from allowing, but had too much courtesy to refuse. As it is, we must presume that they have not dealt partially or rudely to me, as a stranger, but that these are the terms they are enabled to command. The City of London Tavern can be had for less money; Exeter Hall for a trifle more. This fortunate Institution should communicate the secrets of its management to its less luckly brethren of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and London. G. J. H.

DEATH OF MR. ANTHONY HODLEY.

DIED, Feb. 4th, 1851, Anthony Hodley, of consumption, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, in Clifton-place, Finsbury-square; he was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Mr. Hodley was an earnest and consistent freethinker; he lived, suffered, and died manfully. A few days before his death, a young friend calling in to see him, he observed that Addison had said, see how a Christian can die: you see how a freethinker can die: I have lived one and die one, believing one day they will be gloriously triumphant. A.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—March 9th [7], Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, 'Why do the Clergy (Catholic and Protestant) avoid Discussion, and the Friends of Reason seek it?'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—March 7th [8], a Discussion. 9th [7½], Mr. Robinson, 'Tragedy of Hamlet, with Illustrations.'

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—March 9th [7], Dr. Sexton, 'On Hell.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—March 9th [7], Mr. H. Long, 'Martin Luther, the Reformation, and the Modern Christian Church.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Mar. 9th [7], a lecture.

WORKS ON FREE INQUIRY.

	s.	d.
Just published, the Fourth Edition of ROBERT COOPER'S Holy Scriptures analysed	0	8
R. Cooper's Infidel's Text Book, cloth bds. Or in 13 numbers at 2d. each.	2	6
Heterodoxy v. Orthodoxy. By R. Cooper ..	0	3
Scripturean's Creed. By Citizen Davies ..	0	2
Important Examination of the Scriptures. By Voltaire	0	6
The Connection between Geology and the Pentateuch. By Thomas Cooper, M.D...	0	9
Right of Free Discussion. By T. Cooper, M.D.	0	3
Theology Displayed. By S. Curtis, bds.....	1	0
Ditto ditto wrapper	0	9
Protestant's Progress from Church of Englandism to Infidelity. B. Griffith	1	0
Palmer's Principles of Nature, 1 vol., bds.	2	0
Ditto ditto wrapper	1	6
John Clark's Letters to Dr. Adam Clark on the Life, Morals, &c., of Jesus Christ, 1 vol., cloth bds.	5	0
Haslam's Letters to the Clergy, 1 vol.	2	6
Ditto to the Bishop of Exeter, 1 vol.....	2	6

London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

THE following passages are taken from the Will of the Earl of Pembroke:—*Imprimis.*—For my soul, I confess I have heard very much of souls; but what they are, or whom they are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not: they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the king stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop; then came the Scots, and made me a Presbyterian; and since Cromwell entered, I have been an Independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one; therefore, if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me. *Item.*—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who, I know, will preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks. *Item.*—I give nothing to Lord Say; which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor. *Item.*—To Tom May I give five shillings: I intended him more; but whoever has seen his History of the Parliament, thinks five shillings too much. *Item.*—I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own. *Item.*—I give——up the ghost.—*Concordat cum Originati.*

This evening, at half-past eight, a public meeting will be held in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, to promote the repeal of all the taxes on knowledge, and, in particular, of the penny stamp on newspapers. Professor T. H. Key in the chair. Messrs. R. Cobden, M.P., T. M. Gibson, M.P., W. Scholefield, M.P., John Cassell, and other gentlemen, will address the meeting.

Mr. Owen has written to the International Exhibition Social Tract Society saying—'I approve the plan proposed by the Committee. I hope they will succeed in their object. The opportunity to disseminate important truths to nations in a short period has never before occurred under such favourable auspices. Whatever I can do to promote this object will be most willingly done, and I will with pleasure write the Tracts requested by the Committee.' The weekly meeting of the Central Committee was held on Wednesday evening, at the office, 52, College Place, Camden Town. An address, explanatory of the objects of the Committee, was agreed upon, and also a subscription list, to be sent to various friends and local committees throughout the country.

We have forwarded Mr. Caffley's letter to Mr. Chilton.

In the 'String of Pearls,' in this month's (Feb. 7) *Baptist Reporter*, we read—'There are two S's, which match well together, Sinner and Saviour? What would a Sinner do without a Saviour? And how could Jesus be a Saviour without the Sinner? The Saviour is necessary to the Sinner; and if Jesus is to be a Saviour, the Sinner is necessary to him.'

The Chaplain of the Preston House of Correction announces that more than sixty per cent. of the degraded persons committed to Preston gaol were, at one time or other, Sunday scholars.

The *Times*, of Feb. 14, says 'An association has been formed at Sheffield, for the political enfranchisement of women—adult females. In the House of Lords on Thursday, the Earl of Carlisle presented their first petition, praying for an enactment of a law giving them electoral privileges.'

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

INCIDENTS IN THE NOTTINGHAM DEBATE.

II.

THE Rev. Mr. Collison admitted 'Mr. Newman's theory of religion was a philosophic system, but it was not Christianity'—to which I rejoined that 'it was better than Christianity. Christianity could hardly pretend to be philosophical.' He said he had a mission from God, and believing the Bible to be the word of God, of course he was bound to proclaim the Christianity he found in it. I put it to him whether that could be regarded as the word of God which contained statements which he would not venture to read in a public assembly? could that be a record of divine facts which he could not debate without indecency upon that platform? Assuming there to be a God, it was certainly more respectful to him not to consider the Bible as his word. Mr. Collison objected to my statement, that in matters so momentous as religion, we ought not to be called upon to believe what we could not understand. He pointed me to the fact that I believed the world moved, although I could not understand it. I answered that I *could* understand that the world moved. Physical astronomy demonstrated the thing to us. What I could not understand, was the original cause of its motion. When Pascal learned that we were to do no work on the Sabbath, it occurred to him to inquire whether Nature worked on that day, and, having a mathematical turn, he measured a blade of grass on Saturday night and again on Monday morning. The result showed him that the grass grew on Sundays. He therefore understood that it grew, and he believed it; but *why* it grew was altogether another question, and there his belief would be limited by his want of understanding. Mr. Collison fell back upon the Miracles and Prophecies, and the historical facts, such as the late Layard exhumations. I demanded to know what stone had been turned up in Nineveh or Babylon which established the truth of the many propositions in the Bible which were contrary to our moral sense? But I would not discuss with him the authority of the Scriptures. I would not be drawn into a debate upon the inspiration of the Bible. The reverend gentleman smiled—he smiled incredulously—his followers indulged in a note of exultation. I said I did not wish to disturb their satisfaction with the authorities of the Church. He (Mr. C.) might say if he pleased of Miracle and Prophecy. His friends were welcome to announce that historical evidence and Inspiration were too strong for me. They might say what they pleased—the more they said the better—if they would leave me undisturbed to make my own appeals to the moral sense of the people. If they would leave me the moral argument, I would leave them all the others. Let me show the people that God was described as doing that by his erring creatures which no man would do by his enemy—which no parent would do by his child—which no one could execute without brutality, nor contemplate without demoralisation; leave this appeal to me, and I would defy all the evidences and all the Fathers of the church to invalidate it. The course we had marked out for ourselves was an independent one

The old cavil about Evidences and Inspiration was out of date. Only Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Sanscrit scholars could know what it was all about. The common people must always believe *second hand.* It was a contest where people were confounded, not convinced, and in which time, temper, and charity were lost. It was an arena where nobody learned good will, nobody acquired a higher ideal of life, or gained moral wisdom.

Mr. Collison defined God as being love. The Rev. Mr. Syme justified the eternal punishment of sinners. Mr. Syme demanded of me a definition of Christianity; he said he never knew a Freethinker who could give one. A somewhat presumptuous speech. He paused for a reply. I answered we had a definition before us, out of the mouths of the two reverend gentlemen who had spoken. It was this—*God is love, and he will punish his ignorant and erring creatures in hell fire.*

Mr. Collison disclaimed any idea of persecution, and denied that it was any product of Christianity. I reminded him that there were various statutes which could always be used by the persecutor—that, in fact, we continually incurred serious injury by not being able to take an oath. My reverend friend could give us a practical proof of his sincerity, by drawing up a petition, and signing it in his capacity of curate of New Radford. I would ask some Member of Parliament to notify to me its receipt, which I should be happy (when next in that town) to report to the people of Nottingham had been presented. Whether he said he would do it, I forget; but he did another thing equally brave. Upon his noticing with approval the advice I had given my friends to read the best books on the Christian side they could get access to, and hear the best preachers, avoiding as far as possible inferior statements, that they might know the full strength of Christianity,—Mr. Collison said he should be glad to see my friends at his church, and I advised them to go. I, however, asked Mr. Collison whether he was prepared with equal liberality to advise his friends to do the same with regard to us. Would he say to the ladies and gentlemen present, that they ought to read our books and hear our lectures, as far as they had pretensions of being a clear statement of our case? He answered very manfully, that he saw no impropriety in it. At this point I reminded him, that I had done more than that. I had said it was the *duty* of my friends to hear the Christian side. Would he, on his part, say it was the duty of his Christian friends to hear the freethinking side, to read their books and hear their lectures? The Rev. Mr. Collison again rose up, and said—audibly, frankly, and without hesitation—that '*it was their duty.*' The large audience heard this with great approbation. After this there could be no question as to the propriety of our lecturing, or the respectability of our assemblies. I told Mr. Collison that I would travel every week a distance great as that from London to Nottingham to hear a clergyman of the Church of England say as much to the public.

Mr. Collison produced some instances of Prophecy and Miracle not unlike a remarkable one recently offered to me in a late discussion which I attended in the Marylebone Institution. A gentleman said, Europe had lately witnessed the wonderful fulfilment of a prophecy, namely, that 'kings should fall and the nations should tremble,' to whom I pointed out the serious discrepancy, that the kings had indeed fallen, but the nations had *not* trembled—kings had fallen and the nations had *rejoiced;* and would rejoice much more if all the kings and queens remaining should fall.

At the conclusion of my third lecture on the Reasons why the Clergy avoid Discussion, Mr. Syme said that his first impulse was to thank me for the whole of my lecture, excepting that portion which related to the conduct of the clergy at the bed of death. He said he quite agreed with me that the refusal of the clergy

to enter into discussion with us, lest they should give us importance, proceeded from dishonourable motives; he agreed with me, also, that we should not get importance by it unless we were in the right.

Mr. Syme announced that he was desired by the Rev. Mr. Baynes to state, that he should have been present at these lectures had he not been called out of town. For the reasons of the known ability and liberality of this Minister, it would have been a pleasure and an advantage to have met him. With respect to the petitions before referred to, for the abrogation of our blasphemy laws and substitution of affirmation for oath, Mr. Syme said he would sign them that night if I had them there. There is no reason to distrust his word, and when I next go to Nottingham I shall be provided with such petitions, and shall be happy to take the signatures of these reverend gentlemen if they have not then forwarded such to parliament.

Mr. Syme took the course of defending the doctrine of eternal punishment upon the usual evangelical theory, that the infinite economy of Providence requires it. His arguments were no doubt sound in faith, but the audience did not appear to understand them. Like the cheers described by Pope, they played round the head but came not near the heart, To all his elaborations I gave but one answer—that the atonement was in a moral sense a bloody and ferocious spectacle; that it could never benefit the moral feelings of the people to represent God making a spectacle more horrible than the most brutal parent could think of making of his own child. These scenes of blood belonged to a barbarous age and to a barbarous religion.

Mr. Syme said many generous things, both on behalf of political and intellectual liberty. He went so far as to thank me on account of the propriety of much that I had urged, and the beneficial results which he believed would accrue. He made acknowledgments for the general part I had taken in defence of religious liberty, and expressed his indignation at the imprisonment to which I had once been subjected. He said, 'If I would give him my hand, he would shake hands with me as a man and a brother.' I rose and gave him my hand instantly, and the audience manifested considerable gratification at his cordiality.

G. J. Holyoake.

P.S.—Further incidents in these debates will occupy another article.

NEW WORK BY MISS MARTINEAU AND MR. ATKINSON.

As yet we have had no opportunity of examining the remarkable work on 'Man's Nature and Development' issued by the two authors named above. We suspect all the accounts rendered of it which describe it as being atheistical; but it is the nearest approximation to it of any work published in this country by religious authors, and it will have the merit and the effect of elevating Atheism into the rank of those subjects into which it shall be necessary and respectable to inquire. We cannot express the obligation freethought is under to Miss Martineau for her share in this work. The coarse notice in the *Athenæum*, so unlike the general justness of their reviews, the brutal critique in the *Daily News*, the unexpected rudeness of the *Nonconformist*, sufficiently attest that a great work—one conventionalists and the pulpits consider dangerous—has been given to the public.

G. J. H.

PUBLICATION OF THE 'HISTORY OF THE LAST TRIAL BY JURY FOR ATHEISM.'*

I HAVE to acknowledge the patience with which the subscribers to this work have waited. It is now ready, and several days ago all the copies were forwarded by post or parcel to the parties who had sent direction to that effect. Any failure in the receipt of copies, if notified to me, will receive prompt attention. Copies required after this announcement must be ordered of booksellers, or of the London publisher. The end for which subscription copies were accepted has, of course, been fulfilled by the issue of the work, and there remains no necessity for any more being taken in that way. To those who sent subscriptions in advance, I here tender my thanks. If any upon reading this 'History' think its pages calculated to be useful as a testimony against persecution and as a vindication of our opinion, are able to present a copy to members of the local press, or to libraries not likely to buy it, or to ministers, clergymen, or private individuals having public influence, as good may result. For myself I shall present One hundred copies to the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly press of the metropolis, to persons mentioned in the work, and other parties; but this may be the extent of what I shall be able to distribute. G. J. H.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S TOUR.

As the Chartist Convention will sit March 31st, Mr. Holyoake will remain in town until after it has been held; but early in April he will be ready to visit the northern towns. Any further communications than those already before him will be more useful if sent in early, that a consecutive journey may be arranged beforehand.

PUBLIC MEETING FOR THE REPEAL OF THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

A PUBLIC MEETING, much too large even for St. Martin's Hall, was held on Wednesday, for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge. Professor Hewitt Key in the chair. The speakers were John Cassell, E. Miall, G. H. Lewes, R. Cobden, M.P., Mr. Shaw, W. E. Hickson, E. Edwards, Milner Gibson, M.P., Dr. Lee, C. D. Collet, and G. J. Holyoake. The following were the resolutions passed :—

'That all taxes which impede the diffusion of knowledge are highly injurious to the public interest, and are most impolitic sources of revenue—and that their retention by the Legislature is utterly inconsistent with the opinion now universally professed in favour of popular education.

'That the excise on paper, the tax on advertisements, and the stamp on newspapers, though apparently unconnected taxes, are in reality parts of one system, which restricts the freedom of the press by hampering it with fiscal burdens.

'That, by allowing a number of registered newspapers to circulate a portion of their impression without stamps, and denying the same privilege to others; and by permitting news and political comments to be inserted in the unstamped publications of the metropolis, while suppressing similar publications in the country —the Board of Inland Revenue has invested itself with the powers of a censorship equally foreign to the laws of the land and the feelings of the people of this country.'

* Cloth lettered, 1s. 6d. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage.

Examination of the Press.

Logic of the Inquisition—I do not know what to think of the impudence of a certain writer, unquestionably not an ordinary personage [Cardinal Wiseman] who published an article in the *Dublin Review* (July 1850,) entitled 'The Inquisition,' the object of which was to persuade the world that, after all, this Inquisition, respecting which so much *unjust clamour* had been raised, contained nothing but what might honestly be considered necessary for the present state of society and the interests of religion. Every religion, it was stated, had been intolerant. What by us, in the present day, is denominated intolerance, 'entered into the very spirit of the Jewish religion.' (p. 423.) The learned writer, who, by the way, we verily believe to be at this present time a cardinal, and, to his shame, an Englishman, leads the reader to the conclusion that the Almighty himself, the true founder of the Jewish religion, has countenanced intolerance. He then proceeds to observe, 'Of the five great religions which divided the Gentile world—the Greek, the Roman, the Egyptian, the Persian, and the Indian—there is not one which can claim exemption from the charge.' (*Ib.*) His inference, therefore, is, that it is no wonder that Christianity also is in a similar state; and this involves the further conclusion that Christianity itself, in this respect, is a system of religion similar to those five great religious systems which divided the pagan world. This is the doctrine held out to us by a cardinal archbishop. Like the preceding religions, Christianity, according to him, has always been more or less intolerant. With respect to papacy, it is most true that in practice it has always been more or less so; but in theory it has been always the same. In fact, Thomas Aquinas, the leading theologian and doctor of the Church of Rome, lays down the following doctrine, which his eminence and others of his school seem very ready to act upon. 'It is,' says he, 'much more grievous to corrupt faith, which is the source and life of the soul, than to corrupt money, which but tends to the relief of the body. Hence, if coiners and other malefactors are justly put to death by the secular authority, much more may heretics not only be excommunicated, but even justly put to death.' For example, if you, reader, a Christian of intelligent mind, should deny that the bread and the wine, in consequence of a few words uttered over them, should cease to be actually bread and wine,—you, in that case, have corrupted the faith of the Thomasine school, which is that of the Church of Rome; and the reverend inquisitor speedily lays hold of you, with sufficient argument before him to condemn you to death for the glory of God.—*Dealings with the Inquisition.* By the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D.D.

Taxes on Knowledge.—It will be seen with pleasure by the lovers of knowledge that various influential meetings are being held to abolish the paper tax, which amounts to forty per cent.—that is, if I pay £100 a year for paper, the tax amounts to £40. Its removal would reduce the price of books one-half or more, because more would be published, and therefore they would be cheaper. To tax knowledge is to foster ignorance, and ignorance produces crime. They should be opposed by all lovers of mankind. The advertisement duty hinders many from advertising their goods. Servants out of employment could easily advertise and get into a situation, if they had not three or four shillings to pay for an advertisement. Let the 1s. 6d. duty be taken off, and a servant may advertise for a shilling or less. The *penny stamp* on newspapers seems to have been intended to transmit them by post, but as many of them are never posted, it is useless to proprietors and readers; a small sum for all papers posted should be charged, and this only to support the extra hands required in the post office. If the penny postage has been a great blessing to all classes, the abolition of the *paper tax*, the *advertisement duty*, and the *newspaper stamp* would be a still greater blessing. All who can forward this useful measure should do so.—*The Truth.*

Seven Reasons for not Being a Churchman.—1. Although the Church of England is by law established in this country, I am not a churchman, because there is no divine law which commands my adherence to this or that particular form of worship. It may be said that I ought to 'avoid divisions;' but there is nothing in that injunction to oblige me to bind my conscience to any one specific communion; nor should I 'avoid divisions' by entering the Church of England, since within the pale there is as much diversity of opinion, strife and contention, rancour and uncharitableness, as between rival sects. 2. I am not a churchman, because I believe the principle of a state church under any circumstances to be bad, that it is in itself contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and being antagonistic to justice and tolerance is a blot on the freedom of England. I believe I am as well able to honour the Deity without the aid of an episcopally ordained priest, as I am to walk unassisted by the leading-strings of my childhood. I should rejoice at the downfall of this and every other hierarchical dominion, because I have read in the Scriptures that God 'will have mercy and not sacrifice;' and because the Church has no 'mercy' towards the consciences and pockets of non-conformists—continually requiring them to make great 'sacrifices' of both for her own aggrandisement. Moreover, I should tremble at the thought of regarding all men who were not of my own creed as doomed to eternal punishment in the flames of hell. 3. I am not a churchman, because, admitting for the sake of argument that the Bible is to be our only rule of faith and moral conduct, I cannot find therein any authority given to one denomination of Christians rather than another, which can justify its arrogating to itself the right of dictating a religion to the rest of mankind. Therefore, in dissenting from the Church of England, I but act upon one of her own fundamental principles, which declares that nothing shall be required of any man that it should be believed as an Article of Faith, or be thought requisite and necessary to salvation, that cannot be proved by scripture. Belief in the Church of England is not 'necessary to salvation,' and cannot be proved to be so from scripture, *ergo*, I am at liberty to abandon that form of worship if I please. 4. I am not a churchman because, in common with every intelligent being, I am free to exercise a natural right—the right of private judgment in religion. Many of the doctrines which the Church of England considers 'leading' and all-important, are not held in like estimation by other Christian sects, who all rely on the 'Word of God,' but interpret that 'Word' differently. The Church of Rome declares itself to be built upon an Apostolic foundation, and thence derives its title to infallibility. The sister church in this country boasts the same foundation, and virtually admits the Romish presumption. 5. I am not a churchman, because I really cannot see that a truth becomes more sound, or receives any additional force, by being taught by one body of men rather than another. Truth is truth, whether it be spoken by an Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Unitarian, or Atheist, and not all the established churches in the universe can make it otherwise. 6. I am not a churchman, because I do not require any archbishop, bishop, priest, or deacon to prescribe a set form of words for me to repeat at a periodical prayer-time. The wants of each man's heart, and the genuine impulses of a spiritual nature, will never fail to dictate appropriate expressions at the fittest and most seasonable moment—that is, when the want is strongest felt, and the impulse most powerful. 7. I am not a churchman, because were I to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles it would be utterly impossible for me to be faithful to all and each of them, containing, as they do, many contradictory propositions. I am opposed to the legal maintenance of an exclusive priesthood, its influence being invariably exerted to perpetuate state abuses, however obnoxious and grievous, and to propagate dogmas tyrannical in their tone and slavish in their effects. And I perfectly agree with the great Lord Chatham, when he said, in the House of Lords, 'We have a Calvinistic Creed, a Popish Liturgy, and an Arminian Clergy.'—F. G. [We give these reasons as evidence of opinion; the writer being well able to judge the case of the Church. For ourselves, we approve of scarcely any one reason.]

Reasoner Tracts.

THE RED NOSED SHEPHERD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[This inimitable portraiture of certain worthy Evangelical characters, bred of rude Dissent, among our population; left without proper public instruction, and kept ignorant, fanatical, and imbecile by Taxed Knowledge; will be instructive to Foreigners who visit the International Exhibition, where this number will, among other 'Reasoner Tracts,' be circulated. We need not inform the English reader that this sketch is taken from the 'Pickwick Papers.'—Ed.]

'How 's mother-in-law this mornin'?' inquired Sam.

'Queer, Sammy, queer,' replied the elder Mr. Weller, with impressive gravity. 'She 's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy; and she is uncommon pious, to be sure. She 's too good a creetur for me, Sammy—I feel I don't deserve her.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Samuel, 'that 's wery self-denyin' o' you.'

'Wery,' replied his parent, with a sigh. 'She 's got hold o' some inwention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new birth, I thinks they calls it. I should wery much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should wery much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse!'

'What do you think them women does t' other day?' continued Mr. Weller, after a short pause, during which he had significantly struck the side of his nose with his forefinger some half-dozen times. 'What do you think they does t' other day, Sammy?'

'Don't know,' replied Sam, 'what?'

'Goes and gets up a grand tea drinkin' for a feller they calls their shepherd,' said Mr. Weller. 'I was a standing starin' in at the pictur shop down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it: "Tickets half-a-crown. All applications to be made to the committee. Secretary, Mrs. Weller." And when I got home there was the committee a sitting' in our back parlour—fourteen women. I wish you could ha' heard 'em Sammy. There they was a passin' resolutions, and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games. Well, what with your mother-in-law a worrying me to go, and what with my lookin' for'ard to seein' some queer starts if I did, I put my name down for a ticket. At six o'clock on the Friday evenin' I dresses myself out, wery smart, and off I goes vith the old 'ooman, and up we walks into a fust floor, where there was tea things for thirty, and a whole lot o' women as begins whisperin' to one another, and lookin' at me, as if they'd never seen a rather stout gen'lm'n of eight-and-fifty afore. By and bye there comes a great bustle down stairs, and a lanky chap with a red nose and white neckcloth rushes up, and sings out, "Here's the shepherd a coming to wisit his faithful flock;" and in comes a fat chap in black, vith a great white face, a smilin' avay like clock-work. Such goin's on, Sammy! "The kiss of peace," says the shepherd; and then he kissed the women all round, and ven he'd done the man vith the red nose began. I was just a thinkin' whether I had'nt better begin too—'specially as there was a wery nice lady a sittin' next me—ven in comes the tea, and your mother-in-law, as had been makin' the kettle bile down stairs. At it they went, tooth and nail. Such a precious loud hymn, Sammy, while the tea was a brewing: such a grace, such eatin' and drinkin'! I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink—never. The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract, but he was nothin' to the shepherd. Well; arter the tea was over they sang another hymn, and then the shepherd began to preach; and wery well he did it, considerin' how heavy them muffins must have lied on his chest. Presently he pulls up, all of a sudden, and hollers out, "Where is the sinner? where is the mis'rable sinner?" upon which, all the women looked at me, and began to groan as if they was dying. I thought it was rather sing'ler, but hows'ever, I says nothing. Presently he pulls up again, and, lookin' wery hard at me, says, "Where is the sinner? where is the mis'rable sinner?" and all the women groans again, ten times louder than afore. I got rather wild at this, so I takes a step or two for'ard, and says, "My friend," says I, "did you apply that e're

obserwation to me?" 'Stead of begging my pardon, as any gen'lm'n would ha' done, he got more abusive than ever; called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath—and all sorts o' names. So, my blood being reg'larly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wish you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the shepherd from under the table.'

* * * * *

Sam Weller paused, when he dismounted from the coach [in front of the Marquis of Granby], to note all the little indications of a thriving business, with the eye of an experienced traveller; and, having done so, stepped in at once, highly satisfied with everything he had observed.

'Now, then!' said a shrill female voice, the instant Sam thrust in his head at the door; 'what do you want, young man?'

Sam looked round in the direction whence the voice proceeded. It came from a rather stout lady, of comfortable appearance, who was seated beside the fire-place in the bar, blowing the fire to make the kettle boil for tea. She was not alone; for, on the other side of the fire-place, sitting bolt upright in a high-backed chair, was a man in thread-bare black clothes, with a back almost as long and stiff as that of the chair itself, who caught Sam's most particular and especial attention at once.

He was a prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long, thin countenance, and a semi-rattlesnake sort of eye — rather sharp, but decidedly bad. He wore very short trousers, and black cotton stockings—which, like the rest of his apparel, were particularly rusty. His looks were starched, but his white neckerchief was not; and its long, limp ends straggled over his closely-buttoned waistcoat in a very uncouth and unpicturesque fashion. A pair of old, worn beaver gloves—a broad-brimmed hat—and a faded green umbrella, with plenty of whalebone sticking through the bottom, as if to counterbalance the want of a handle at the top,—lay on a chair beside him; and, being disposed in a very tidy and careful manner, seemed to imply that the red-nosed man, whoever he was, had no intention of going away in a hurry.....

A small tray of tea-things was arranged on the table; a plate of hot buttered toast was gently simmering before the fire; and the red-nosed man himself was busily engaged in converting a large slice of bread into the same agreeable edible, through the instrumentality of a long brass toasting-fork. Beside him stood a glass of hot pine-apple rum and water, with a slice of lemon in it; and every time the red-nosed man stopped to bring the round of bread to his eye, with the view of ascertaining how it got on, he imbibed a drop or two of the hot pine-apple rum and water, and smiled upon the rather stout lady as she blew the fire.

Sam was so lost in the contemplation of this comfortable scene, that he suffered the first inquiry of the rather stout lady to pass unheeded. It was not until it had been twice repeated, each time in a shriller tone, that he became conscious of the impropriety of his behaviour.

'Governor in?' inquired Sam, in reply to the question.

'No, he isn't,' replied Mrs. Weller, for the rather stout lady was no other than the quondam relict and sole executrix of the dead-and-gone Mr. Clarke; 'No, he isn't, and I don't expect him, either.'

'I suppose he's a drivin' up to-day?' said Sam.

'He may be, or he may not,' replied Mrs. Weller, buttering the round of toast which the red-nosed man had just finished, 'I don't know, and, what's more, I don't care. Ask a blessin', Mr. Stiggins.'

The red-nosed man did as he was desired, and instantly commenced on the toast with fierce voracity.

The appearance of the red-nosed man had induced Sam, at first sight, to more than half suspect that he was the deputy shepherd, of whom his estimable parent had spoken. The moment he saw him eat, all doubt on the subject was removed, and he perceived at once that if he purposed to take up his temporary quarters where he was, he must make his footing good without delay. He therefore commenced his proceedings by putting his arm over the half-door of the bar, coolly unbolting it, and leisurely walking in.

'Mother-in-law,' said Sam, 'how are you?'

'Why, I do believe he is a Weller!'

said Mrs. W., raising her eyes to Sam's face, with no very gratified expression of countenance.

'I rayther think he is,' said the imperturbable Sam; 'and I hope this here reverend gen'lm'n 'll excuse me saying that I wish I was *the* Weller as owns you, mother-in-law.'

This was a double-barrelled compliment. It implied that Mrs. Weller was a most agreeable female, and also that Mr. Stiggins had a clerical appearance. It made a visible impression at once; and Sam followed up his advantage by kissing his mother-in-law.

'Get along with you,' said Mrs. Weller, pushing him away.

'For shame, young man,' said the gentleman with the red nose.

'No offence, sir, no offence,' replied Sam; 'you're wery right, though; it ain't the right sort o' thing wen mothers-in-law is young and good looking, is it, sir?'

'It's all vanity,' said Mr. Stiggins.

'Ah, so it is,' said Mrs. Weller, setting her cap to rights.

Sam thought it was, too, but he held his peace.

The deputy shepherd seemed by no means best pleased with Sam's arrival; and when the first effervescence of the compliment had subsided, even Mrs. Weller looked as if she could have spared him without the smallest inconvenience. However, there he was; and as he couldn't be decently turned out, they all three sat down to tea.

'And how's father?' said Sam.

At this inquiry, Mrs. Weller raised her hands, and turned up her eyes, as if the subject were too painful to be alluded to.

Mr. Stiggins groaned.

'What's the matter with that 'ere gen'lm'n?' inquired Sam.

'He's shocked at the way your father goes on, in,' replied Mrs. Weller.

'Oh, he is, is he?' said Sam.

'And with too good reason,' added Mrs. Weller, gravely.

Mr. Stiggins took up a fresh piece of toast, and groaned heavily.

'He is a dreadful reprobate,' said Mrs. Weller.

'A man of wrath,' exclaimed Mr. Stiggins. He took a large semi-circular bite out of the toast, and groaned again.

Sam felt very strongly disposed to give the reverend Mr. Stiggins something to groan for, but he repressed his inclination, and merely asked, 'What's the old 'un up to now?'

'Up to, indeed,' said Mrs. Weller, 'oh he has a hard heart. Night after night does this excellent man—don't frown, Mr. Stiggins: I will say you *are* an excellent man—come and sit here, for hours together, and it has not the least effect upon him.'

'Well, that is odd,' said Sam; 'it 'ud have a wery considerable effect upon me, if I wos in his place; I know that.'

'The fact is, my young friend,' said Mr. Stiggins, solemnly, 'he has an obderrate bosom. Oh, my young friend, who else could have resisted the pleading of sixteen of our fairest sisters, and withstood their exhortations to subscribe to our noble society for providing the infant negroes in the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs?'

'What's a moral pocket ankercher?' said Sam; 'for I never see one o' them articles o' furniter.'

'Those which combine amusement with instruction, my young friend,' replied Mr. Stiggins; 'blending select tales with wood-cuts.'

'Oh, I know,' said Sam; 'them as hangs up in the linen-drapers' shops, with beggars' petitions and all that 'ere upon 'em?'

Mr. Stiggins began a third round of toast, and nodded assent.

'And he wouldn't be persuaded by the ladies, wouldn't he?' said Sam.

'Sat and smoked his pipe, and said the infant negroes were—what did he say the infant negroes were?' said Mrs. Weller.

'Little humbugs,' replied Mr. Stiggins, deeply affected.

'Said the infant negroes were little humbugs,' repeated Mrs. Weller. And they both groaned at the atrocious conduct of the old gentleman.

A great many more iniquities of a similar nature might have been disclosed, only the toast being all eaten, the tea having got very weak, and Sam holding out no indications of meaning to go, Mr. Stiggins suddenly recollected that he had a most pressing appointment with the shepherd, and took himself off accordingly.

The tea-things had been scarcely put away, and the hearth swept up, when the London coach deposited Mr. Weller senior at the door, his legs deposited

him in the bar, and his eyes showed him his son.

'What, Sammy,' exclaimed the father.

'What, old Nobs,' ejaculated the son. And they shook hands heartily.

'Wery glad to see you, Sammy,' said the elder Mr. Weller, 'though how yov've managed to get over your mother-in-law, is a mystery to me. I only vish you'd write me out the receipt, that's all.'

'Hush!' said Sam, 'she's at home, old feller.'

'She ain't vithin hearin',' replied Mr. Weller; 'she always goes and blows up, down stairs, for a couple of hours arter tea; so we'll just give ourselves a damp, Sammy.'

Saying this, Mr. Weller mixed two glasses of spirits and water, and produced a couple of pipes. The father and son sitting down opposite each other: Sam on one side the fire, in the high-backed chair, and Mr. Weller senior on the other, in an easy ditto: they proceeded to enjoy themselves with all due gravity.

'Anybody been here, Sammy?' asked Mr. Weller senior, drily, after a long silence.

Sam nodded an expressive assent.

'Red-nosed chap?' inquired Mr. Weller.

Sam nodded again.

'Amiable man that 'ere, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller, smoking violently.

'Seems so,' observed Sam.

'Good hand at accounts,' said Mr. Weller.

'Is he?' said Sam.

'Borrows eighteenpence on Monday, and comes on Tuesday for a shillin' to make it up hull a crown; calls again on Vensday for another half crown to make it five shillin's; and goes on, doubling, till he gets it up to a five pound note in no time, like them sums in the 'rithmetic book 'bout the nails in the horse's shoes, Sammy.'

Sam intimated by a nod that he recollected the problem alluded to by his parent.

'So you vouldn't subscribe to the flannel veskits?' said Sam, after another interval of smoking.

'Cert'nly not,' replied Mr. Weller; 'what's the good o' flannel veskits to the young niggers abroad? But I'll tell you what it is, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller, lowering his voice, and bending across the fire-place, 'I'd come down wery handsome towards strait veskits for some people at home.'

As Mr. Weller said this, he slowly recovered his former position, and winked at his first-born in a profound manner.

'It cert'nly seems a queer start to send out pocket ankerchers to people as don't know the use on 'em,' observed Sam.

'They're always a doin' some gammon of that sort, Sammy,' replied his father. 'T'other Sunday I wos walkin' up the road, wen who should I see, a standin' at a chapel-door, with a blue soup-plate in her hand, but your mother-in-law! I verily believe there was change for a couple o' suv'rins in it, then, Sammy, all in ha'pence; and as the people come out, they rattled the pennies in, till you'd ha' thought that no mortal plate as ever was baked, could ha' stood the wear and tear. What d'ye think it was all for?'

'For another tea-drinkin', perhaps,' said Sam.

'Not a bit on it,' replied the father; 'for the shepherd's water-rate, Sammy.'

'The shepherd's water-rate,' said Sam.

'Ay,' replied Mr. Weller, 'there was three quarters owin', and the shepherd hadn't paid a farden, not he—perhaps it might be on account that the water warn't o' much use to him, for it's wery little o' that tap that he drinks, Sammy, wery; he knows a trick worth a good half dozen of that, he does. Hows'ever, it warn't paid, and so they cuts the water off. Down goes the shepherd to chapel, gives out as he's a persecuted saint, and says he hopes the heart of the turncock as cut the water off, 'll be softened, and turned in the right vay: but he rayther thinks he's booked for somethin' uncomfortable. Upon this, the women calls a meetin', sings a hymn, wotes your mother-in-law into the chair, wolunteers a col-lection next Sunday, and hands it all over to the shepherd. And if he ain't got enough out on 'em, Sammy, to make him free of the water company for life,' said Mr. Weller, in conclusion, 'I'm one Dutchman, and you're another, and that's all about it.'

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE 'CREED OF ERROR.'

SIR,—My attention has just been directed to your observations on the 'Creed of Error,' in No. 247 of the *Reasoner*.

Your remarks only furnish additional proof of the truth of the 'imputations and tone' of my pamphlet. You state, when speaking of your visit to the Institute in Carlisle Street, that 'every Christian who spoke found fault with its imputations and tone.' You heard but *two*, and both spoke in favour of the 'Creed of Error,' while one defended the propriety of the language, or, as you say, 'said *all was justifiable as plain speaking*.' I acknowledged my authorship of it the following Saturday evening, and should have done so then had I spoken in reply. Had you been there the three successive evenings, you would have heard (not from Christians) some not very palatable comments upon the 'Logic of Death,' and also upon its author.

You next deny what infidelity says of Christianity. I confess I am surprised at this. What does infidelity say of Christianity? Do *you*, or any other class of infidels, say it is a *true* religion? If so, why are you infidels? (I do not use the term '*infidels*' opprobriously). Say that Christianity is true, and I will gladly retract the assertion. But all your teaching and writing go upon the assumption that it *is false*. Christians believe in the truth of this system of religion, which you say is a *false* system, and what is that but saying that they are in 'belief of a lie?' Why all your zeal in travelling about the country, to expose the errors of Christianity and to lead men to abandon it, if you do not in reality believe it to be a lie? Don't turn round and exclaim, 'We do not say that *Christians* believe *it* to be a lie.' You would teach them to believe this, if consistent with your own professed principles.

In reference to the 'hard hits,' of which you have spoken more than once, allow me to say that you must be conscious of mis-statement when you assert 'these are specimens of the "Creed of Error," and are what the author boasts of as "hard hits."' When in my note to you I said if the 'hits are too hard,' &c., any candid reader would know that I had reference to the arguments, not to mere *words*, as you say. I am too sensible of the defects of my 'Creed of Error' in regard to its style, &c., to boast of it; but surely I may be allowed the pardonable vanity of all writers, when a few words only are assailed, and its arguments are untouched, for I do not consider what your '*echo*,' E. B., says, as anything more than a repetition of some parts of your 'Logic of Death,' which those capable of judging deem fully answered in the 'Creed of Error.' You will therefore excuse me wasting my time, and your space, with further notice.

I ought to remind you, that Partridge and Oakey can well afford to dispense with your sympathy expressed at their 'dissent in the name of religion.'

In conclusion, permit me to say that both my pamphlets against your 'Logic of Death'—'The Fear of Death' and 'The Creed of Error'—were not written with any personal feelings of hostility towards you, but against your teachings, which I conscientiously believe ruinous to the welfare of mankind. Trusting you will early insert this, I remain, yours respectfully,

S. WILLIAMS.

[The speaker to whom Mr. Williams alludes, certainly spoke with qualifications as to his approval, notwithstanding that he offered a justification on the score of 'plain speaking.' But it is of little consequence what was said at the time, or what has been said since I was present at the debate; we have sufficient evidence of the truth of my representations, in the fact that Mr. Williams himself no longer feels inclined to persist in the gross language he employed in his pamphlet. He tells us now that he is 'too sensible of the defects of his Creed of Error.' He no longer uses the word infidel 'opprobriously.' Before, he employed it in the most objectionable sense. In his former note he replied to my objections to his language, and whether it was not that language which he called 'hard hits,' we leave our readers to judge who please to refer to his note. As far as his arguments are concerned, we have given our opinion upon them, and see no reason to add anything thereto. We will readily excuse Mr. Williams 'wasting more time,' as the character of his opposition does not interest us, and we see no reason to think that it will affect us.—G. J. H.]

THE POPE'S CURSE, BY BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE.*

'A FRIEND has favoured us with a copy of a Popish bull, issued in the year 1758, against a person named Henry Goldney, residing in Dorsetshire, and as the Pope "never has done wrong," and therefore would as willingly denounce heretics of the present time in the same manner as in days gone by, we insert it for the edification of our readers. It may be added that the authenticity of the document has been established, and we believe the original is now in the iron chest of the parish church in Hampreston, Dorsetshire.

'By the authority of the blessed Virgin Mary, of St. Peter and Paul, and of the holy saints, we excommunicate, we utterly curse and ban, commit and deliver to the devil of hell, Henry Goldney, of Hampreston in the county of Dorset, an infamous heretic that hath in spite of God and St. Peter (whose church this is), in spite of all holy saints and in spite of our holy father the Pope (God's vicar on earth), and of the reverend and worshipful the canons, masters, jesuits, and clerks of our holy church, committed the heinous crimes of sacrilege with the images of our holy saints and forsaken our most holy religion, and who continues in heresy, blasphemy, and corrupt lust. Excommunicate be he penally, and delivered over to the devil as a perpetual malefactor and schismatic, accursed be he, and given soul and body to the devil to be buffetted, accursed be he in all holy cities and towns, in fields and ways, in houses and out of houses, and in all other places, standing, lying, or rising, walking, running, waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, and whatsoever he doth besides. We separate him from the threshold, from all good prayers of the church, from the participation of holy mass, from all sacraments, chapels and altars, from holy bread and holy water, from all the merits of our holy priests and religious men, and from all their cloisters, from all their pardons, privileges, grants, and immunities, all the holy fathers (Popes of Rome) have granted to them, and we give him over utterly to the power of the devil, and we pray to our Lady and to St. Peter and Paul, and all holy saints, that all the senses of his body may fail him, and that he may have no feeling, except he comes openly to our beloved priest at Staplehill in the time of mass, within thirty days

* Copied from the *Western Flying Post, or Sherborne Mercury*, Vol. CXV., No. 5923. Tuesday, Feb. 25th, 1851. Price 5d. Published by the proprietor, Joseph Brittan, Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

from the third time of pronouncing hereof, by our dear priest there, and confess his heinous heretical and blasphemous crimes, and by true repentance make satisfaction to our Lady, St. Peter, and the worshipful company of our holy Church of Rome, and suffer himself to be buffetted, scourged, and spit upon, as our said dear priest in his goodness, holiness, and sanctity shall direct and prescribe.

'Given under the seal of our holy Church of Rome the 19th day of August, 1758, and in the first year of our pontificate.—C. R.

'The 8th of October, 1758, pronounced first time; 15th ditto, second time; 22nd ditto, third time.'

HELP TO REPEAL THE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

Sir,—Appreciating the efforts you have made on behalf of the workers in asserting their rights and enforcing their claims at all great movements intended for their special benefit, as at the Manchester Secular Education Conference, and again at the public meeting held recently at the City of London Tavern for the promotion of the repeal of the duties on paper, where you and Mr. Collet pledged movers against the paper duties to attack simultaneously the stamp restriction upon newspapers, we send another subscription on our part, to enable you to meet an obligation under which you labour—the pledge made to the Stamp Abolition Committee some time ago in the *Reasoner*. Our subscription now is 30 sixpences. Trusting it may bring forth assistance from workers in other places, as well as stimulate those editors and readers who have not yet given their aid to remove all taxes which obstruct information to the people:—Samuel Catlow 2 sixpences, Charles Tempest 2, Samuel Howard 1, James Greenwood 1, J. B. 1, Samuel Shaw 1, Joseph Thornley 1, Joseph Hall 1, Edward Whitehead 1, Benjamin Johnson 1, John Smith 1, Richard Hunt 2, Willis Knowles 2, Joseph Stewart 1, Green Ramsden 1, Thomas Bowker 1, Horace Jackson 1, James Fletcher 1, James Bent 1, Robert Savage 1, Joseph Gough 1, James Garnham 1, Jesse Lee 1, John Hopkinson 1, Joshua Wood 1, Samuel Cheetham, 1. Total, 30 sixpences. Many of these names have appeared in the Sixpenny List before to this cause.

Hyde. Willis Knowles.

We can assure Mr. Knowles that the subscription to this object do his friends great credit, and the *Reasoner* great service, in enabling us to render substantial sympathy with so important a public object. At several public meetings, it has lately been said that if each newspaper would do as much as the *Reasoner* has done, the iniquitous taxes would soon be repealed. I never doubted that the readers of the *Reasoner* would complete the 1000 sixpences, and the Secretary of the Society for Repealing the Taxes on Knowledge has drawn upon me in advance when he needed immediate cash. With the further handsome help from Arthur Trevelyan, acknowledged below, and other subscriptions, we have now nearly completed our proposed sum. At reaching the 1000 sixpences we shall close the subscription as at first intimated. At the great meeting at St. Martin's Hall, noticed elsewhere, the subscription of £100 was announced by the Editor of the 'Westminster' from Mr. Loombs.

Additional subscriptions towards the repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge:—Arthur Trevelyan, 80; A. J., Barrhead, 2; H. Lucas, 2; Goosequill, 1; Mr. Kneller, 1; John Kincaid, Dundee, 1; Mr. Willis Knowles, Hyde, 30, which, with 815 acknowledged in No. 245, make a total of 932 Sixpences towards the One Thousand.

BOOK CLUBS.

SIR,—In your notice of my former letter, you say that I propose the establishment of a co-operative book store. In this you are mistaken; my proposition is to establish a co-operative book club. I will now endeavour to give you a more detailed plan, in compliance with your request. I propose, then, to obtain a number of subscribers of 12s. per annum, payable in monthly instalments. This money, as it comes in, to be expended in the purchase of such books as shall be elected by the whole body of subscribers from a list, which would be prepared by the managing committee, and to which list it would be competent for any individual subscriber to propose any addition he thought advisable. These books would be read in turn by all the subscribers, the turns being decided by ballot. At the end of twelve months we should have a good many books, which might be either divided among the subscribers by ballot, and thus secure to each individual a substantial return for his subscription, in addition to the advantage of reading a large number of works which would otherwise be beyond his reach. Or, they might be allowed to accumulate each year, and form the nucleus of what would one day be a 'Public Freethinker's Library.' This would of course be a matter for the subscribers to decide for themselves.

I think I could obtain among my own circle of acquaintances about ten or fifteen subscribers, and if we could make the number forty or fifty, we could work it very well, and it would be the means of very greatly extending valuable information, which at present is confined to the few, and of qualifying those who join it for the more effectual propagation of the principles of free thought, and for contending with the most talented of our opponents. If you think the proposition worthy of notice, and will place it either in the shape of this letter, or in an article of your own, before the readers of the *Reasoner*, you will render valuable assistance to what I, and several other persons to whom I have named it, believe to be a measure likely to be productive of very beneficial results. W. T. M.

P.S.—If those of your readers who approve of the plan, and wish to join in carrying it into effect, will send their names and addresses to C. F. N., 8, Hemsworth-street, Hoxton, notice will be sent them of our first meeting.

THE NOTICE OF THE 'LIVERPOOL JOURNAL.'

SIR,—An article in the *Liverpool Journal*, a short time ago, upon the 'Ultra Literature of the Day,' called my attention to the *Reasoner* and other publications, of whose characteristics the public generally are ignorant. I took some trouble to find out a vendor who sold the *Reasoner*, and got a few numbers as sample, which I have read attentively; and, although I think myself wiser, and therefore am not one of *you*, I am so much pleased with your apparent truthfulness of purpose, your spirit, and your style, that I request acceptance of the enclosed trifle towards the expenses of the publication (5s., and 6d. to the Stamp movement) [before acknowledged].

These contributions do not indicate *my* opinions or hopes, but spring from a lively faith in *Magna est veritas*, &c., and love of fair, stand-up fight.

I am, yours cordially,

Liverpool. GOOSEQUILL.

THE TEMPLE OF FREE THOUGHT.

THE following are the officers of the Metropolitan Building Club, established December, 1850, to be enrolled pursuant to 13 and 14 Victoria, cap. 115, for erecting or purchasing a large and commodious Hall or Institution, capable of accommodating at least 3000 persons, to be called the Temple of Free Thought. Capital £10,000. Shares £1 each, deposit 1s. per share; calls not to exceed 1s. per share per month. Trustees: W. D. Saull, Peter Ludgate, Thomas Cooper, D. W. Ruffy, Michael Hanhart. Treasurers: Wm. Devonshire Saull and Peter Ludgate, Esqs. Bankers: Messrs. Curries & Co., 29, Cornhill. Directors: Mr. John Reed, Mr. James B. Tiffin, Mr. Hoppey, Mr. W. Baldwin, Mr. Love, Mr. W. J. Young, Mr. W. Beeby, Mr. Samuel Palmer, Mr. James Emms, Mr. C. Speight. Secretaries: Mr. Thomas Cooper, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Thomas Whitaker, Financial Secretary. Office: 23, John-street, Fitzroy-square, London.

The object of this society is by means of donations and shares to raise a fund for erecting or purchasing a large and commodious Hall or Institution in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street, or some other central part of London, wherein the industrious classes may assemble to acquire and communicate useful knowledge, and where they may have innocent recreation and amusement at a trifling expense—such Hall or Institution to contain a lecture room capable of accommodating at least 3000 persons, with committee room, library, and depôt for books, reading room, class rooms, school rooms for children of both sexes, shop for the sale of publications, and other conveniences.

MRS. MARTIN AND THE REV. MR. WOODMAN.

MR. BOWES, of Leeds, and other friends of Mrs. Martin's, have sent me lately various communications in vindication of that lady. We have not thought it necessary to use them. Mrs. Martin fully answered the Rev. Mr. Woodman to his face, and that gentleman has not given publicity to his imputations; it would therefore be a work of supererogation to make a further reference to the matter. Various communications have been sent me by persons whom I suppose to be partisans—sometimes appealing to my vanity, and sometimes to my pride—to induce me to challenge him to a discussion; but his remarks upon Mrs. Martin gave me such an unsatisfactory impression of the man, that I should have no pleasure whatever in a controversy with him. G. J. H.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—March 16th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Greece.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—March 14th [8], a Discussion. 16th [7½], Mr. Peter Jones, 'On Phrenology.'

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—March 16th [7], Dr. Sexton, 'On Hell.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—March 16th [7], Mr. J. Bowen, 'On the Life of Henry Hetherington.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—March 16th [7], Mr. Samuel M. Kydd, 'The English Patriots—Whitbread, Cartwright, and Cobbett.'

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Our Open Page.

Since the elevation of the editor of this paper to the rank of a Deity, some correspondents have expressed uneasiness as in what language to address him. Such may be assured that he is only a God to Mr. Jones, with all others he has the happiness of retaining his human relations.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Mr. James Myles, of Dundee, bookseller. Though he had long cut himself off from communion with his earlier friends, yet there is reason to suppose that he worked in his new sphere for the public good as far as he was able.

Mr. Woolley, of the Potteries, writes, proposing a monument to Robert Owen. Many in the vicinity of our correspondent would assist. Would not the most appropriate monument be some Temple of Freethought called 'Robert Owen's Institution?'

The Council of the National Reform League will hold a public meeting at the Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho, on Wednesday (this) evening, at eight, called for the purpose of discussing what is the best course to be adopted by the unenfranchised classes in the present state of parties, and especially with reference to the contingency of a change of Ministry, or a dissolution of Parliament. Mr. Reynolds is invited to take the chair.

Mr. Bowes, of Leeds, desires us to say that he has yet a few volumes of Birch's 'Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere' on hand. Any friends in Leeds or its neighbourhood desiring them, can apply at No. 2, Waterloo Court, Quarry Hill, or at the Rational Progression Society, in Kirk Gate.

On Thursday, February 13th, a meeting of gentlemen, anxious for the freedom of the press, among whom were Joseph Hume, M.P., Richard Cobden, M.P., John Bright, M.P., Milner Gibson, M.P., William Scholefield, M.P., and William Ewart, M.P., was held at the Exchequer Hotel, New Palace Yard. The chair was taken by Mr. Milner Gibson, and the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—Moved by Mr. Cobden, seconded by Mr. Scholefield, '.. ...The persons now present, desirous of liberating the press from all taxation and from all control, except that of a court of law, form themselves into a society, to be called an Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge.'—Moved by Mr. Thornton Hunt, and seconded by Mr. Campkin, 'That the officers of the Association be a president, treasurer, sub-treasurer, chairman, and secretary, and a committee with power to add to their number.'—Moved by Mr. W. A. Wilkinson, and seconded by Mr. W. Hickson, that the following be elected the officers and committee of the Association:—'President, T. Milner Gibson, M.P.; Treasurer, Francis Place; Sub-Treasurer, J. Alfred Novello; Chairman, Richard Moore; Secretary, C. Dobson Collet.—Committee:—William Addiscott, Thomas Allan (Edinburgh), James Baldwin (Birmingham), John Bainbridge, J. C. Beaumont (Wakefield), Dr. Black, Dr. Bowkett, John Bright, M.P., C. J. Bunting (Norwich), Henry Campkin, W. J. Carloss, John Cassell, R. Cobden, M.P., George Dawson (Birmingham), Thomas Donatty, Passmore Edwards, W. Ewart, M.P., Samuel Harrison, William Hickson, G. J. Holyoake, Joseph Hume, M.P., Thornton Hunt, Joseph Hyde, Rev. E. R. Larken, Dr. Lee, G. H. Lewes, Christopher McGuinness, W. K. Norway, John Parker, William Scholefield, M.P., Edward Wallhouse, W. A. Wilkinson, Thomas Wilson.'—Moved by the Rev. E. R. Larken, and seconded by Mr. John Bright, 'That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Chairman.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, March 12th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

PAMPHLETS OF OPPONENTS.

I.

[THOUGH I replied personally in Newcastle-on-Tyne to several pamphlets which will now be noticed, it was always my intention to mention their leading peculiarities in this place. Occupied this week with the transmission of the 'History of the Six Months' Imprisonment' to various persons who have at various times asked for an authentic record of that event, I borrow the hand of a friend for the criticisms which follow. Next week I hope to complete the narrative of the Nottingham Debates.—ED.]

The 'Logic of Life,' by Mr. J. Harrison, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the best of those pamphlets in reply to the 'Logic of Death' that we have as yet examined—the most ably written, and but partially faulty in imputation; and, if the author will accept our tribute of commendation, we should say, in reference to the modest little preface, that the 'Logic of Life' is very far from 'discreditable' to a 'member of the industrious classes.'

Mr. Harrison observes (pp. 3, 4) that 'Mr. Holyoake, as a sceptic, is serious, earnest, and sad. A change has come over the spirit of the system. The scepticism of Byron, Shelley, and Holyoake is widely different from that of Voltaire and the early French school, or even of Hume. Gay and frolicksome as the fawn, it entered the world laughing. It luxuriated in its stores, nor feared their premature expenditure and exhaustion. And now it stands before us as a "used up" libertine. Its vitality is exhausted. Wit and humour, formerly to them a source of pleasantness and joy, is now almost exclusively used as a weapon of offence. No man can read the mental revelations of the trio above mentioned, nor those of the article we are now referring to, without perceiving that, whether right or wrong in their opinion, they certainly belong to the "unfortunate" of mankind.'

This language shows, that though our author has observed the change that has taken place in the character of infidelity, he has totally mistaken its cause and nature. We are more grave and serious than the sceptics of the time of Hume and Voltaire perhaps, because we see our way better, and are consequently more in earnest. Infidelity is no longer a barren system of negation; we are working towards what we believe to be a positive and demonstrable good. Engaged in deliberately and openly propagating our principles, we use that style and manner of treating religious subjects which we consider at once the most fair and the most convincing.

The author of the 'Logic of Life' has 'arrived at the conclusion, that the Christianity of this age, in its prevailing constitutional forms and practices, is *wrong*.' And, with respect to the 'Logic of Death,' he says, 'Some of the matters contained in this treatise will require a very careful consideration. Some referring to states of feeling and assertions of integrity of purpose will require no comment, as I have no wish to call them in question. While there are some moral principles

from which the narrow-minded sectarian (whose religion is formalism and the belief of certain doctrines, every practical result of which eludes his observation) might either receive instruction or rebuke' (p. 4). And at p. 6 he quotes from the 'Logic of Death' this sentence—'The gates of heaven are considered open to those only who believe as the priest believes.' 'If so,' says our author, 'they are closed to me. For I do not believe in the priest. I regard him as an exotic—as an excrescence that has grown upon the Christian system, marring its beauty, exhausting its vitality, and destroying its liberty. If this is to decide the case, then my doom is sealed, and my portion will be with Holyoake and the unbelievers.' And at p. 17 he says, 'The grand desideratum in this age is the restoration of the true moral idea of Christianity. We have lost it amid the conflict of sectarian interests and theological principles.'

The state of religious feeling indicated by these passages is becoming every day more common, and is an unmistakeable symptom of the breaking up of Protestantism by the agency of its fundamental principle, private judgment. Convinced of much of the absurdity and evil tendency of popular Christianity, Mr. Harrison, and many other honest men, yearn for the restoration of an ideal and indefinite system of primitive Christianity. Yet, unless Mr. Harrison has good reason to believe himself inspired, or expects the second advent of Christ or some great prophet, it is difficult to understand how this new reformation is to effect the conversion of the world. We have had three hundred years' experience of Bible Protestantism, and that experience has amply demonstrated the impracticability of extracting a Christian religion for mankind from a book, when every man is permitted to interpret that book for himself. Mr. Harrison objects to a priesthood—he regards it as 'an excrescence that has grown upon the Christian system, destroying its liberty.' Now it appears to us that a priesthood is as essential to a religion, as a bench of judges and courts of law to explain and interpret the law. The simplest Act of Parliament frequently contains passages that will bear different senses, and an erudite and authorised body of administrators is the only means for obviating anarchy and confusion. Imagine a country where every man claimed a right of interpreting the law for himself! It would be involved in a senseless anarchy, to which despotism would be far preferable. And it is undeniable that the Protestant rule of faith has produced this effect. Protestants are split into innumerable sects; the most absurd and revolting doctrines have been drawn by private judgment from the Bible; doctrines generally deemed fundamental to Christianity have been rejected by some sects, and their rejection justified by an appeal to scripture; while some religionists, calling themselves Christians, asserting the inspiration of the Bible, and exercising their right of private judgment, have pared away the peculiarities of the Christian system until it is difficult to perceive in what they differ from Deists. And Protestantism is now breaking up, in consequence of this radical weakness in its constitution; it is undergoing 'a process of decomposition' (as the Catholic Archbishop of New York said lately, in one of his lectures), 'and while all the positive particles cluster round the pole of Catholicism, all the negatives gather round the negative pole of Rationalism.' The Church of Rome is built upon the reasonable and practicable basis of an authoritative interpretation of the written and unwritten law by a regularly-appointed priesthood, in the same manner that the public law is explained and administered by the authorised judges. Protestantism is a system of attempted compromises and inextricable contradictions. And what, let us ask, is Mr. Harrison's 'restoration of pure Christianity?' Will he really pretend to show it to us in the Bible? He cannot pretend that the Bible is a

supernatural oracle, the meaning of which no one can misunderstand. And, if is not, of what use is a book of law without an authoritative interpreter to claim obedience? If a God has made a revelation of his will to mankind, it is only natural to suppose that he must have appointed a Church to be the depository and witness of his truth, and a guide to all mankind—since there can be but one truth, and a God must be invariable. The system of private judgment is, therefore, impracticable; and both reason and experience prove that nought but endless divisions and scepticism can arise from it. There is but one logical choice for the earnest truth-seeker—Romanism or Rationalism. And while Romanism is advancing rapidly in England every day, Rationalism is receiving its recruits from the ranks of all the Protestant churches, and in a less degree from the Catholic Church. For there is no faith so difficult to escape from as the Catholic—because its fundamental principle, or rule of faith, is the only reasonable one, supposing that the Christian revelation were true.

Mr. Harrison defends the doctrine of future punishment from the arguments in the 'Logic of Death,' by investing the Deity with the office of 'Moral Governor and Conservator of Universal Order,' and likens him to a 'judge who passes sentence on a criminal in strict accordance with laws made to serve the general interests of society.' Now, at the day of judgment, as the world is to be burnt up, society will be at an end, and therefore the torments of the damned can be no example to any one—and, as they are to be eternal, can have no reformatory effect on the sufferers; so that eternal punishments can in no way 'serve the general interests of society,' but would be a barbarous vengeance taken by the 'Moral Governor' on his own children on account of the imperfections of that human nature which was his own manufacture. The civilised judge has a benevolent object in view. Retributive punishment after death was a natural doctrine in those days when justice was supposed to consist in the expiation of crime by punishments in proportion to the enormity of the offence, without regard to any useful purpose. For daring to deny the right of a God, supposing one to exist, to inflict such revengeful tortures on his own creatures, the author of the 'Logic of Life' is excessively, perhaps ludicrously, indignant with Mr. Holyoake. 'Oh! Holyoake,' says he, 'you have libelled the Deity. You have winged a poisoned arrow to the heart of your Eternal Parent' (p. 11).

We are rather surprised at our author's candid admission of the very suspicious and close agreement of Christian doctrines with those of Paganism. He says, 'You tolerate Paganism, and you even speak with enthusiasm of the characters formed under its influence. And yet, strange to tell, Paganism contained every one of the elements which you consider so shocking in Christianity.' And then he enumerates the fall of man, the atonement and sacrifice, the sin of unbelief, and the application by Pagans of the term 'infidel' to the early Christians, 'and in millions of instances it exacted a horrid penalty for the offence' (p. 13). No doubt Paganism is very like Christianity in doctrines and in its persecuting spirit against unbelievers. We do not doubt it. But, as Mr. Harrison says, we tolerate Paganism—we do not despise or abuse the believers, past or present, in any religion; and, as we can speak with enthusiasm of the characters formed under the influence of Paganism, and in spite of its bad tendency, so we can also admire the numerous illustrious professors of Christianity, both in former centuries and in the present day. But we believe that 'the attainment of truth, and of the virtue and joy to which it leads,' can only be expected by an earnest attention and submission to reason and the realities of the universe.

E. B.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S LECTURES.

On the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 18th, 19th, and 20th instant, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, of London, and editor of the *Reasoner*, delivered a series of three lectures in the Assembly Rooms, Low Pavement, in this town, to very crowded and attentive audiences.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Henry Cope was elected to preside as chairman, who briefly stated that he hoped, if any gentleman thought proper at the close of the lecturer's address to interrogate him upon any question, the strictest order and decorum would be maintained. Mr. Holyoake, on rising, was warmly applauded. He commenced by demonstrating the true type of Christianity, as expounded by Professor Newman, in his admirable treatise. The lecturer contended that morality was allied with man's nature—it was planted in his soul—it was inseparably connected with his feelings—it was the fruit of the mind, and the essence of humanity. He regarded it as existing primarily, that it was not dependent upon secondary causes for its noble development—and that society was not indebted to the Scriptures or biblical lore for its present enlightened state. At the close of the lecture, the Rev. J. Collisson, curate of Christ Church, New Radford, and the Rev. G. Syme, Baptist minister, disputed several of Mr. Holyoake's statements—contending that Christianity was the promoter and upholder of morality; and that, without the Revelation, society could never be happy; and that, if Christianity were banished, it would be supplanted by lawlessness and its concomitant evils. After which, the lecturer briefly replied, energetically enforcing his previously-expressed opinions.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Holyoake contrasted 'Catholicism' with its legitimate opponent, 'Rationalism.' He disputed the divine authenticity of the Old and New Testaments, and considered the working of miracles as nothing but records of legendary anecdotes. At the close of the lecture, the Revs. J. Collisson and G. Syme controverted the different positions of Mr. Holyoake, and asserted the divine origin of the Bible—referring to the testimony borne to its truthfulness in the recent discoveries at Nineveh, &c.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Holyoake at great length explained 'why the Catholic and Protestant clergy avoided discussion, and the friends of reason sought it,' on the ground that the friends of reason were striving to enlighten the people, to enable them to detect that collusive system by which they were plundered of their peace of mind and worldly prosperity, and hourly menaced with outrageous threats about a future state. The Rev. J. Collisson and the Rev. G. Syme opposed the lecturer very forcibly.

The room was crowded to suffocation almost each evening, and the greatest attention was paid to each party throughout the proceedings—Mr. J. Sweet occupying the chair. The meeting dispersed between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Mr. Holyoake's style is cool and deliberate. He cannot be termed a very eloquent speaker, but he is an acute and able reasoner. Mr. Holyoake is the author of many works; his 'Logic of Death' is a singular production.—*Nottingham Mercury*, February 26th, 1851.

THE REV. ARTHUR PERCIVAL'S RETIREMENT.

The Rev. Arthur Percival, one of the most aristocratic of her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary, having addressed, on two several occasions, letters to her Majesty, protesting in the most solemn terms against the worldliness of the court, has seen fit to request that his name be struck off the list of chaplains in ordinary.

Examination of the Press.

A Coster Boy's view of Religion.—Religion is a regular puzzle to the costers. They see people come out of church and chapel, and as they're mostly well dressed, and there's very few of their own sort among the church goers, the costers somehow mix up being religious with being respectable, and so they have a queer sort of feeling about it. It's a mystery to them. 'On a Sunday,' said one of them, 'I goes out selling, and all I yarns I keeps. As for going to church, why, I can't afford it,—besides, to tell the truth, I don't like it well enough. Plays, too, ain't in my line much; I'd sooner go to a dance—its more livelier. The "penny gaffs" is rather more in my style; the songs are out and out, and makes our gals laugh. The smuttier the better, I thinks; bless you! the gals likes it as much as we do. If we lads ever has a quarrel, why, we fights for it. If I was to let a cove off once, he'd do it again; but I never give a lad a chance, so long as I can get anigh him. I never heerd about Christianity; but if a cove was to fetch me a lick of the head, I'd give it him again, whether he was a big 'un or little 'un. I'd precious soon see a henemy of mine shot afore I'd forgive him,—where's the use? Do I understand what behaving to your neighbour is?—In coorse I do. If a feller as lives next me wanted a basket of mine as I wasn't using, why he might have it; if I was working it though, I'd see him further! I can understand that all as lives in a court is neighbours; but as for policemen, they're nothing to me, and I should like to pay 'em all off well. No; I never heerd about this here creation you speaks about. In coorse God Almighty made the world, and the poor bricklayers' labourers built the houses arterwards—that's *my* opinion; but I can't say, for I've never been in no schools, only always hard at work, and knows nothing about it. I have heerd a little about our Saviour,—*they seem to say he were a goodish kind of a man; but if he says as how a cove's to forgive a feller as hits you, I should say he know'd nothing about it.* In coorse the gals the lads goes and lives with thinks our wallopping 'em wery cruel of us, but we don't. *Why don't we?—why, because we don't.* Before father died, I used sometimes to say my prayers, but after that mother was too busy getting a living to mind about my praying. Yes, I knows!—in the Lord's prayer they says, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgives them as trespasses agin us." It's a very good thing, in coorse, but no costers can't do it.'—*London Labour and the London Poor.*

The Bishop of Exeter Quoteth Scripture.—When the shop-boy, in the old story, ascended demurely into his master's chamber for family prayers, after having at the command of that worthy, put sand in the sugar, horsebeans in the coffee, chalk in the milk, and dust in the pepper, he was not, we fear, in a condition to be very correct in his applications of scripture. In like manner, it can scarcely be expected that his Grace of Exeter, after imprisoning Shore, worrying Gorham, excommunicating the Archbishop, and badgering half the curates in his diocese, will be quite up to the mark in his references to the Old and New Testament. In fact, his lordship's law is generally more correct than his gospel, both literally and metaphorically. We were, however, scarcely prepared to hear, even from the Bishop of Exeter, such a limping scriptural argument as is ascribed to his lordship in the report of the debate on Tuesday night. On the question whether marriage within prohibited degrees was forbidden in the New Testament, the Bishop answered in the affirmative, in opposition to the Earl of St. Germans, 'Holding that the prohibition of marriage with a brother's widow was laid down by the Almighty in the 18th chapter of Leviticus, he (the right rev. prelate) also held that it was repeated in the New Testament. There was, for instance, the

case in which John the Baptist proclaimed to the tyrant Herod that he was living in incestuous intercourse with Herodias, the widow of his deceased brother.' Did it strike the learned prelate after delivering himself of this profound argument, that John the Baptist was a Jew? that he was executed almost immediately after Christ had commenced his mission, before any formal Christian laws were promulgated?—if,indeed, it can be said with truth that any such ever were promulgated. If the Bishop could have cited any example of the kind in which one of the apostles had given utterance to a similar denunciation at a period when they had become thoroughly instructed as to the nature of their Master's mission, the argument might have been worth considering, although far from conclusive. For there can be no doubt that others of the apostles besides Peter retained a reverence for the civil enactments of the Mosaic law, which the words and actions of St. Paul utterly discountenanced. The latter, in his rebukes to the Corinthians, on the subject of a case of undoubted incest, never falls back upon the authority of the Mosaic legislation.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Continued Progress of Freethinking.—It resulted from the inquiry into the state of education in Glasgow, above adverted to, that the proportion of the population of that city found attending school, was only 1 in 12, or just one-half of what it ought to have been, had the instruction of the young been properly attended to. In this respect, there is no reason to believe that the condition of Glasgow is worse than that of our other large manufacturing towns, or mining and manufacturing villages. But the insufficient amount of our education is not the heaviest charge to which it is exposed. It is not of mere ignorance that we have to complain, but, in too many instances, of a heartless, reckless, and unblushing infidelity. Whether this arise from the want of parental godly training, from a merely secular school education, or from a cultivation so imperfect as to make no provision against the assaults of infidelity,—the fact is ascertained beyond dispute, by the wide circulation of immoral and sceptical publications. It is well known, that the issue of such publications from the British press alone, far exceeds that of works of a directly religious character. Of the former, copies to the amount of many millions have been published within the last twelve months.—Dr. Robertson's paper on the General Assembly's Endowment Scheme, quoted in the *Home and Foreign Missionary Record*, No 11, vol 6, March 1, 1851.

Impartial Inquirers.—It appears to me that men come to the subject with antecedent notions of 'dignity of origin' for man; with words upon their lips about man being made in the image of God; and then, in the fear of impiety, if this notion is invaded, they lose their freedom, and desire to find the truth lying in one direction rather than another. Now, from the moment a man desires to find the truth on one side rather than another, it is all over with him as a philosopher. I doubt whether I have ever met with any one but yourself who was perfectly free from such leaning. I have sometimes supposed that I had met with a truly impartial inquirer—judging him by the sacrifices he had made for his convictions. But, sooner or later, out it comes! He lets out, in one connection or another, *that he should be sorry to believe this or that, which he has not yet the means of fully comprehending.* He may have gone further in free inquiry than his neighbours, and he rejoices in what he has attained; yet not the less does he pity those who have outstripped him, as the brethren and friends whom he has outstripped are pitying him. He says that his brethren and ancient friends cannot judge for him, because they have never been in his state of mind—have never looked from his point of view; and he straightway forgets that this is precisely his own position with regard to those by whom he is outstripped.—*Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, by H. G. Atkinson, F.G.S., and Harriet Martineau.

Reasoner Tracts.

THE AGE, AUTHORSHIP, AND AUTHENTICITY, OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

BY W. J. B.

An important writer, who displays great learning and candour, has entered the field of Biblical criticism. We proceed to render an account of the facts which he adduces; and that they may be the better distinguished, we shall recite them in a rapid exposition, without any comment by the way.

Dr. Giles declares his work to be purely historical, and not theological. He enters not into the question of the divine inspiration of the sacred scriptures. Concerning the age of the Old Testament, he presumes the Pentateuch to have been compiled about 500 years before Christ, instead of 1500, the date usually assigned to its production. He gives the same date to the books succeeding the Pentateuch up to Chronicles, which are generally acknowledged to have been the work of Ezra.

Dr. Giles does not assert that they were invented by Ezra and his associates, but were compiled from various writers and traditional recollections. He thinks Moses only wrote the ten commandments on the two tables of stone, which he carried in his hands.

In support of his opinions, Dr. Giles gives a great variety of evidence, of which we will endeavour to present a summary view.

The books of the Old Testament are divided into twenty-two by the Jews; but of these the five first, the Pentateuch, are properly one book, and are so included in the public copies of the synagogues. The books can be therefore reduced to seventeen. These seventeen moderns have made into thirty-nine and upwards.

The Pentateuch was called in honour the law. The rest of the books that we call historical and prophetical, were by the Jews all called the prophets. Prophets with them did not mean foretellers of events, but teachers or poets. Those whom we designate as prophets, were originally called seers. The title of 'book' was indiscriminately used sometimes for one, sometimes for many; sometimes for cantos or chapters.

This statement serves Dr. Giles to show the real unity of a work which has lost that character by arbitrary subdivisions and appliances for theological purposes never intended. That it is the work of one or more, the work of about the same age, being a collection from many writers, is the view Dr. Giles takes of all the sacred scriptures.

The continuity of the historical books of the Old Testament, Dr. Giles proves by every book beginning where the preceding left off.

That the Old Testament is compiled from more ancient works, Dr. Giles says is observable in Genesis, where there are three separate histories of the beginning of the world and man. The first gives an account of the material creation and of all life, male and female. Then follows, secondly, a separate account of the creation of Eve, the garden of Eden, and the fall of man. Thirdly follows genealogical tables of pedigrees from the day of creation. These must have been collated, says Dr. Giles, from ancient records.

Dr. Giles quotes Davies' 'Celtic Researches' in corroboration of the same views. Davies also refers to the exact chronology of the Pentateuch. He says it is impossible this could have been rendered so minutely by tradition, but must have been gathered from *written* documents.

Dr. Giles remarks that the history of creation repeated three times over, and each time in a somewhat different light, is far from being a solitary instance. Similar repetitions are so numerous, that if duplicates were rejected, the Pentateuch would not occupy more than half of its present compass.

The Jewish law is twice repeated, with different incidents in its promulgation.

* Hebrew Records. An historical inquiry concerning the age, authorship, and authenticity of the Old Testament. By the Rev. Dr. Giles. London: Chapman.

Two different reasons are given for the observance of the Sabbath. There is an instance in Isaiah repeating the same history of Hezekiah to be found in Kings. A genealogy of Esau in Genesis occurs almost verbatim in Chronicles. The first has the remarkable reference to kings reigning over Israel, which has induced Paine to say (copied by Dr. Giles) that Genesis was written after Chronicles.

It appears, however, that a compilation that so often repeats, could not have been made by one, but by many. As Dr. Giles remarks, what single compiler would have given himself the unnecessary labour of frequent repetition? 'Original authors seldom abound in repetitions; two independent authors never use the same words to any great extent; but compilers, out of respect to early and valuable records, retain them in their first shape.' Therefore Moses did not write the Pentateuch, nor Ezra compose the Scriptures to the end of Chronicles, but compilers at different times from earlier writers. Earlier writings are quoted in the Old Testament. The 'book of the wars of the Lord' is mentioned in Numbers. Joshua commanding the sun to stand still, 'is written in the book of Jasher.' How could Joshua, therefore, be the author of the Book of Joshua, as is supposed, when it refers to another book for authority? Samuel mentions the book of Jasher, as a record of David. In Kings, we have mention of 'the book of the acts of Solomon,' and in Chronicles, of the acts of David, written by Samuel and Gad; also of the chronicles of King David.

In the second book of Chronicles we have mention of three historians of the acts of Solomon, Nathan, Ahijah, and Iddo. Shemaiah recounts the acts of Rehoboam. Iddo's history is concerning genealogies. History probably originated in genealogies, which were amplfied into particulars concerning families, but kept the titles of their first intentions. The acts of Jehoshophat were written by Jehu, the acts of Uzziah by Isaiah. Songs are attributed to Asaph, as well as to David. Isaiah is also mentioned as the historian of Hezekiah. The chronicles of the kings of Israel and Judah are referred to thirty times at least.

'An argument in favour of the theory that the Pentateuch is a compilation from earlier records, has been founded on the variation of name given to the Supreme Being.' Dr. Giles proceeds to give examples of Him being called Elohim, Jehovah Elohim, Adonai and Shaddai, which appellations, he says, cannot be reduced to one origin, and are independent of one another.

Tradition, or universal supposition, has ascribed the authorship of the Pentateuch to Moses. Dr. Giles shows that this universal consent cannot be traced during the fifteen hundred years which elapsed before the Christian era, and after the death of Moses.

The internal evidence against Moses being the author of the Pentateuch, is stated by Dr. Giles to be the fact of the two tables of stone being the book of the law. Joshua set up similar or larger stones, on which were written the words of the law, to the view of the people.

Moses is always mentioned in the third person, which would not lead any one to suppose he was the author of the Pentateuch Besides, he is frequently spoken of in terms of high praise, and it cannot be supposed that the author himself pursued such a style of self-glorification. The books of the wars of the Lord described the same events as the Pentateuch, which the author speaks of as before him, therefore the author could not be Moses.

Genesis mentions the hatred of the Egyptians to shepherds. The facts related do not coincide with this antipathy. This characteristic of the religion of the Egyptians did not occur till a thousand years later. 'In short, the Egyptians held shepherds in aversion in the fifth, but not in the fifteenth century before the Christian era.' Dr. Giles mentions the well-known anachronism of Moses recording his own death. But he produces other proof. In Samuel's time a prophet was called Nabi, in farther times Roech. It appears that Moses was designated by the modern term. Neither did Joshua probably write the death of Moses, as Joshua is mentioned as 'full of the spirit of wisdom,' and not knowing where Moses was buried. 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this time,' indicates a history written a long time after the death of Moses. 'There arose not a prophet *since* in Israel like unto Moses,' is an indication of the same kind that it was not written till long after Moses's death, and until the

had had the experience of many other prophets. It appears that the names of places that could not have been known till after the time of the settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, are given in the Pentateuch. Evidently showing that it could not have been written by Moses, and, as is oftentimes the case, from the name, and therefore date of the place, not till long after—Dr. Giles says 1000 years afterwards.

Allusion is made to events that are known to have happened after the death of Moses. Thus in the time of the Patriarchs, the Canaanites are mentioned as being *then* in the land. The writer must therefore have written when they were exterminated. Similar mention is made in Genesis of the times when a king reigned over the children of Israel. Now Saul was not elected the first king of Israel till about 500 years after Moses. Mention is made of the ceasing of the manna in the Pentateuch, which happened after the death of Moses. Moses ordered that the Israelites should not eat of the sinew that shrank. The argument of Dr. Giles is, that it would scarcely have been commanded to do what was already observed. But mention being made of it is proof that it was written after Moses's time. The knowledge displayed by Moses is superior to what we should suppose compatible with the state of the Jews. Besides, it is of a sort that would more properly belong to the Jews after the Babylonian captivity than after the bondage in Egypt. The description of the rivers which watered the garden of Eden, shows a writer addressing people familiar with the geography of his story, and when he comes to the Euphrates he mentions it as too well known to be more than stated. In the same way the ark is made to rest upon Mount Ararat in Armenia—probably well known to the Babylonians, but not to the Egyptians or the Jews in the wilderness.

Nor would Damascus, mentioned Gen. xiv. 15, be known to the Israelites in the time of Moses. Ham is made to be the father of the Canaanites, not known to the Israelites till after the death of Moses, when they were conducted by Joshua over the Jordan. Joseph is sold by his brethren to a company of merchantmen, called three times Ishmaelites and once Midianites. Very improbable, says Dr. Giles, there was a nation of Ishmaelites trading with Egypt, when Ishmael was Jacob's uncle. Midian, also, was one of the sons of Abraham, and fifty-four years younger than Isaac. The Sidonians are mentioned in Deuteronomy as well known to the Israelites. Accurate mention is made of places such as Meribah and Beer, which would be necessary, if written many years after Moses, but not if they were contemporary and knew all about it. Jericho is mentioned before they crossed the Jordan, and Og the king of Bashan's bedstead in the town of Rahab—which were not taken, town and bedstead, until by Joab in the time of David. The father-in-law of Moses is called by three different names—Renel, Jethro, and Raguel. It is not probable that this would be done by Moses, says Dr. Giles, and is therefore taken from three separate genealogies. Not so great variation may be found in the three Hebrew names of Joshua. Dr. Giles also remarks the frequent repetition of 'unto this day,' in reference to circumstances which were known after, but could not have been known in the time of Moses. Dr. Giles says it is very unlikely that the Israelites did as it is said, 'every man whatsoever is right in his own eyes,' when the measures of Moses were so prompt and severe in the execution of the law. Dr. Giles would rather refer this passage to the state of the Jews after the captivity, when Ezra and others had proposed to restore the institutions of the Jews. Dr. Giles proceeds to test the book of Joshua by the same evidence, to prove that it was not his book. The twelve stones which Joshua is said to have set up, are also reported to be 'there unto this day.' Proof that stones were probably there standing some hundreds or a thousand years afterwards, to which the story was attached by the writer, and not by Joshua. Joshua, too, is always spoken of in the third person, and as often spoken of by another than himself. Other localities, natural and artificial phenomena, are appealed to as monuments of Joshua, existing for a long time.

Names are given to towns and places which are to be found many years after the events ascribed to Joshua. Joshua is made to refer for his own miracles to Jasher, who is also mentioned as an historian of the times of King David. Jebusi is mentioned as Jerusalem, which

latter name was not given to it till the time of David. More modern names are similarly given to two other places. Joshua, as Moses, is made to record his own death, and more, what was done after his death. The book of judges is acknowledged not to have been written till the reign of Saul or David, that is 300, 400, or 500 years after the passage of the River Jordan. A long interregnum for the books of the Pentateuch and Joshua to survive. But Judges points to a later date for them all, the captivity of Babylon, which is mentioned c. xviii., 30. Ruth is an episode of the Judges; but it says, 'when the judges ruled,' and therefore was written after Ruth, and after the book of Judges. There is a genealogy which gives four generations to about 400 years, a want of probability which Dr. Giles supposes to arise from the writers writing long after the event, and who put down the tradition as they found it, right or wrong. The book of Samuel, says Dr. Giles, owes its origin to a date later than that of Samuel. Several examples occur of the oft-repeated 'unto this day,' showing that it is not a contemporary writer, but one accounting for the present by the past. What is 'now,' and what was 'beforetime,' is explained. In the first book of Samuel, we are told that a prophet was *now* called Nabi, who was beforetime called Roech, a seer. But Moses is called Nabi, therefore admitting the use of a modern word in a reputed ancient work 500 years before, said to be by an author living at that time. Dr. Giles says it was a word introduced after the Babylonish captivity. The separation of Judah and Israel is mentioned, and Samuel gives the account of his own death. The second book of Samuel is written after his death. Again allusions are made to the separate kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Instances of inversion of order, extraordinary repetitions, occur, says Dr. Giles, only to be accounted for by a compiler copying records, making insertions, and joining together.

The two books of Kings are generally admitted to have been written after the return of the Israelites from Babylon. Their similarity to those preceding them, says Dr. Giles, points to their common date and origin. It speaks of Israel and Judah before their separation in language similar to that which is employed in preceding books. At the same time is mentioned 'the river,' meaning the Euphrates. Some light is thrown upon the nature of prophecy, says Dr. Giles, by the facts that several of them are made in this book, which was written after the events. Josiah is mentioned by name, and what he would do, in the history of Solomon. The rebellion of Israel and the revolt of Edom, are also spoken of, the latter 400 years before it took place.

Having separately examined the historical books of the Old Testament, Dr. Giles proceeds to notice the errors, discrepancies, anachronisms, &c., generally, showing that they are not contemporary records. He argues that the writer of the commandments in Deuteronomy could not be the same as the writer in Exodus, nor does he think they could have seen each other's copies. The difference is more in phraseology than in fact, till the fourth commandment, where occurs, says Dr. Giles, the 'inconsistent reasons for the observance of the seventh day.'

Abraham laughs at the idea of Sarah bearing a child at 90 years of age, and she is taken from him by Abimilech, 'no doubt,' says Dr. Giles, 'on account of her beauty.' Abraham says at the same time, 'shall a child be born unto him that is an hundred years old?' and after the death of his wife, when he is 137 years old, marries Keturah and has six children.

(To be concluded in the next Tract.)

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

'TWENTY-FIVE REASONS FOR BEING AN ATHEIST.'

Sir,—Some few weeks since I learnt that an Unitarian minister of Bristol would deliver a discourse on Atheism on a certain Sunday. I determined to go. On the Saturday night immediately preceding the appointed time for the lecture, an old friend called on me to explain what had moved the rev. gentleman to preach on the subject—to wit, a copy of the above-named broadsheet had been sent him. My friend gave me a copy, which was my first acquaintance with it. I read it, with what feelings may be imagined from my examination of a portion of it which I give below. I mentally prayed the rev. gentleman would not make the paper sent him the ground-work of his discourse—fortunately he did not, but took his stand upon the manifest evidences of design in man and the universe. Dreading the consequences of an extensive circulation of the 'Twenty-five Reasons,' I sent a notice to the *Reasoner* (No. 246), that if the author would communicate his address, I would point out serious errors in his production. I have received a letter from him, as well as one from a young friend in London, who has purchased some quires for circulation, asking for information; whilst in Bristol, I am told, some half gross have been sold. Fearing the plague may spread, consequent upon an increased demand, in compliance with the wishes of my friend, the editor of the *Reasoner*, my original intention is changed of writing privately to the author, and consider that the best course I could take would be to examine the 'Twenty-five Reasons' publicly,* that all who take an interest in the spread of atheism, and who read this work, may be warned *how* they do it. 'Twenty-five Reasons' professes to be published by 'The Society of Rational Pioneers,' and the author says it is his 'first attempt;' I am glad to hear it, and hope he will pause before he tries again. I have no doubt he meant well; but I cannot accept good intentions as a valid excuse for damaging a cause. 'Save us from our friends,' is a trite but very apposite proverb; in the spread of heterodox principles, better to stand alone, than to have a multitude of injudicious supporters.

The words between brackets, in italic, in the text, are grammatical corrections. The author's 'reasons' will speak for themselves, by the numbers before them; his 'inferences' are preceded by the word in italic.

'1. Reason convinces me that I exist; the proofs are so strong, that no man endowed with the least particle of reason can doubt the fact of his own existence.' Descartes said, 'I think; therefore, I am.' He did not say, because his own capability of thinking was proof to *him* that *he* was, that, therefore, every one else who thought, *must* hold the same opinion as himself as to that faculty proving *their* existence. *Inference.*—'From which I infer that some superior power has brought me into existence.' This is no legitimate inference from the premises laid down. 'I am,' says the author, 'therefore something made me.' Why so? could not you have made yourself? 'No.' Then why not have said so in the 'reason?' as thus—I think: therefore, I am; and I am without any consent or will of my own. From this I infer, that I owe my existence as a thinking being to

* When Mr. Holyoake was shown these 'Reasons' in Leeds, he remarked their want of relevance, but considering them got up transiently in reply to a casual opponent in the streets, he passed them by, but since he has learned that they are being circulated in our name, he has requested me to send him my remarks for publication.

some principle or power in nature, though what that principle or power may be I know not. But I (the critic) have a more serious objection: the words 'some superior power,' &c., are the express language of theism, not of atheism. The man who believes that the material universe is all in all, *necessarily* ignores the possible existence of any superior power; such a lax use of words is more damaging to a cause than the non-sequential character of the inference.

'2. Reason convinces me that man is but an insignificant or inconceivable small portion of nature when considered with the aggregate whole.' *Inference.*—'From this I infer that it is physically [*mentally*] impossible for the most intelligent man the world ever produced, to comprehend more than a very small portion of nature.'

'3. Reason convinces me that every thing that I can see, hear, smell, touch, taste, or, in short, comprehend, is nature' [*natural*]. *Inference.*—'From this I infer, that [every thing I know of is perfectly natural; there is nothing unlike nature: there are things horrible, brutal, and debasing, but] there is nothing supernatural or unnatural.'—The part which I have placed between brackets has no business in the inference.

'4. Reason convinces me that every thing I can comprehend is material or something.'—Thought is not material or something, yet we can comprehend it, we know how to produce it; the *shapes* of things are not entities, though they enable us to comprehend the nature of entities; though we cannot comprehend shape without substance, neither can we comprehend substance without shape. Reason convinces *me* that everything I can comprehend is either matter or a *mode* of matter. *Inference.*—'From which I infer, that what is spiritual or immaterial is nothing.' For this I would substitute:—From which I infer, that non-materialities are fictions, wholly incomprehensible by the human mind.

'5. Reason convinces me that I cannot conceive a time when nothing was. 6. Reason convinces me that not the smallest atom can be annihilated, man can only change its form. 7. Reason convinces me that something cannot be made out of nothing. 8. Reason convinces me that nature, or matter, is self-existent. 9. Reason convinces me that all nature consists in matter and motion, a perpetual chain of causes and effects. From which I infer, that nature, or matter, has existed from all eternity past, and consequently cannot have had a beginning. From which I infer, that which cannot be destroyed cannot have had a beginning. From which I infer, that no such thing as creation could ever take place. From which I infer, that self-existence being the highest state of existence man can possibly conceive, nature does not require the assistance or control of any other power. From which I infer, that matter and motion has [*have*] existed from all eternity past, are co-existent, one could not exist without the other, and also that everything is produced by natural causes and effects.'—These five reasons and inferences might be condensed into this:—I cannot conceive a time when nothing was; matter is the only something that I know of, and experience teaches me that not the smallest particle of matter can be annihilated; also, that something, as matter, could not have been created, or made, out of nothing. From which I infer that matter and its modes are self-existent, never having had a beginning nor can have an end.

Reasons 10, 11, and 12, and the inferences, besides many great faults, have but a very remote connection with atheism.

The 13th reason and inference contain so many grammatical errors and faults of construction that I shall not attempt an exposition of them, the more especially as the whole of the remaining reasons are open to like objection, or abound in errors similar to those which I have pointed out in what I have examined.

W. Chilton.

REV. W. JAMES, UNITARIAN MINISTER OF BRISTOL.

[When the Rev. Mr. James, of Bristol, lately lectured upon atheism, a correspondent of ours sent him a letter upon the subject. It was forwarded to us as a matter of information; and as it has intrinsic merit and some public interest, we requested permission to publish it.—Ed.]

Rev. and Respected Sir,—As one who has for many years held that atheism is more reasonable or more rational than theism—inasmuch as, in my opinion, it contains more of probable truth—I considered it my duty to attend at Lewin's Mead Chapel, on Sunday, the 19th of January, to hear your lecture on atheism.

As a Unitarian divine, I looked for more justice at your hands for myself and those who hold similar opinions, than my experience has led me to expect from Trinitarians. It affords me pleasure to be able to say that I was not disappointed. You were neither savage nor grossly illiberal: if you did not convince me by your reasoning, you did not shock or pain me by your language. Still, it struck me as being somewhat inconsistent, that you should say at the commencement of your discourse that you would not resort to anything but reason with the atheist, though atheists were men so mentally and morally diseased as not to be moved by argument; and then to say, further on, that a man who could deny the manifest evidence of design in the universe had no right to be heard as a rational being, and that no censure could be too strong in denunciation of atheism.

As a Unitarian divine, I expected a more original treatment of the subject; in this respect I was disappointed. You confined yourself to what you will excuse my terming the hackneyed and now effete mode of referring to the *assumed* manifest evidence of design in all natural phenomena, as *proving* the existence of a great designer; at the same time that you spoke of our having *faith* in such existence, and of *hope* in a futurity. Permit me, sir, to say, that where we have faith we have no proof—where we have hope we lack certainty. I say this advisedly. If you are right and I am wrong, I know full well, have considered for years, the deep responsibility I incur in the opinions I hold.

Sir, as you did not attempt to refute, or rather evade, the reasonings of the atheist by simply asserting the all-sufficiency of revelation and faith, but took the higher ground of appealing to reason and inference, you will pardon me for reminding you that you were not justified in stopping where you did. You led your congregation from a consideration of the marks of design in plants, animals, &c., to the conception of a great designer—for, as you said, there could not be design without a designer. This proposition the atheist declares to be self-evident. But the atheist says, also, that if the organisms on this earth evince evidence of design, they must have been designed by *another* organism; and that, if organisation be proof of design, then the great and powerful organism that designed earthly organisms *must*, by a parity of reasoning which can never be subverted, have been designed by one more powerful still, and that one by another, and so on without end. The design argument, in fact, if it proves anything, proves too much. You cannot, sir, arbitrarily elect to take your stand where you did on Sunday without dogmatism, and an utter subversion of that reason which you called to your assistance.

One portion of your remarks occasioned me much surprise, I mean those in which you deplored and deprecated the propagandism of atheism. You said you thought it sufficiently dreadful for a man to be an atheist without his wishing to make others like him. I presume, sir, you believe the atheist *thinks* he has the truth. Now, sir, taking this for granted, surely the atheist is as much justified in

spreading what *he* conceives to be true as you are in doing the same thing. It cannot be an argument against atheism that there are few who embrace it, for the same may be said of Unitarianism. Further than this, a great portion of the Trinitarians believe your views to the full as dangerous as mine; and in this belief I was educated. If you reject the Son, as being one with the godhead, why may not I reject the godhead altogether, if I can see no reason for accepting it? And, of course, I cannot, or else I should.

At the commencement of your discourse you defined atheism to be a disbelief in the existence of God the Father; yet you shortly afterwards said it was a bold thing to *deny* the existence of a God. Now, sir, the atheist does not *deny* the existence of a supreme being—he *disbelieves* it. Yet I have no doubt the majority of your hearers were more impressed with the latter remark of yours, as applying to atheists, than with the former, because it accords with the popular belief; and I am therefore sorry you should have made such a slip.

You said, sir, that man was essentially a religious being—that the idea of a God universally exists. Such idea does, undoubtedly, very generally exist; but there have been found, as I have read, whole tribes or nations entirely ignorant of any such existence. You said further that there was an equivalent for the word God wherever man exists; yet the deputation to the Bristol Auxiliary of the London Missionary Society recently said of the Chinese, that it was a 'melancholy fact that in a language spoken by three hundred and sixty millions of human beings there was no word found to answer for the name of God.' Sir, the atheist attaches no importance to these things, as in any way helping to prove his position; but values them simply as disproving theistic assertions and assumptions.

You spoke of immortality as a condition to be hoped for; I hope for it, but I do not believe in it. You, sir, have no more certainty of living hereafter than I have of the contrary. You believe we shall—I believe we shall not; neither of us *know* anything on the matter.

Sir, I shall not trouble you with any farther remarks, though I might have taken up many other points in your discourse. As I am but a working man, with very little leisure time, and plenty to occupy it, I have no desire to draw you into a discussion, and therefore do not append my name, which could be of no use. Still, if you should particularly desire to communicate with me, a letter addressed, &c., shall receive my respectful attention. [Mr. James has not communicated with the writer.]

THE NEW REFORM IN GERMANY.

II.

Sir,—When the Reformation of the sixteenth century arose, Luther did not intend in the beginning to go farther than to attack the abuses of indulgence. Not till the third year afterwards did he resolve to renounce the whole popedom. The present religious movement of my native country, taking the same way of development, it would be very unjust to judge or condemn it for the first phasis of its appearance. And I am compelled to say that, the more as I am afraid that the most part of your countrymen know that movement only from its first documents and publications, or from that *Cersky*, who, five years ago, had been invited by one of your holy sects to preach in this metropolis, though he being ranked amongst the representatives of our new reform only by mistake. That holy sect which called *Cersky* to this country, presumed

that we are intending nothing more than to renounce errors of Catholicism, and to go back to the bygone days of the *Symbolum Apostolicum*.

But let me state that even in my country there have been many, especially Protestants, who in the beginning were presuming the same. They joined the triumphal procession of the first leaders of the reform, and furthered it by all means—thinking to further their own views. So they did till the idea of the reform began to present itself more clear, distinct, and positive, and till they convinced themselves that their enthusiasm had been an illusion. From that moment, when they saw that the very aim of the movement was quite another and grander than they fancied, they gave it up, and either became neutral or our opponents.

Even the different governments shared in the beginning that illusion. But, disabused, they took measures afterwards against the adherents of the movement. Not only did they forbid their meetings to be public, but they attemped to alter their name and to deprive them of the equal civil and political rights of their fellow-citizens. The revolution of 1848 annulled that measure; but now, alas! they are restored, and that with such an odiousness, that one would think the days of the Inquisition are to be re-established! How much happier are you, brothers of England! But whatever kind of persecution may be directed even in future time against us, we trust that the day will come when the truth of our idea will gain the victory! And now let me remark, that for the right understanding of the real nature of our reform, it must be borne in mind that the two branches, one arising from the Catholicism and the other from the Protestantism, *must be taken together*, as representing the two halves of the one and whole movement. As for the time when they arose, there is only a difference of one year, or if we will of two—the former joining his adherents to a free, independent congregation in the year 1844, the latter in the year 1846. In the beginning they had some misunderstandings each with the other, but in the last year, in the month of May, 1850, the confederacy was concluded which unites both as the 'Union of the free congregations.'

CARL SCHOLL,
Speaker of the 'freien Gemeinden' in Germany.

London, February 6th, 1851.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—March 23rd [7], Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, 'Convent Life: its Moral, Social, and Physical Evils.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—March 23rd [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'History of Rome.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—March 21st [8], a Discussion. 23rd, [7½], a Lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—March 23rd [7], a Lecture.

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—March 23rd [7], a Lecture.

WORKS ON FREE INQUIRY.

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Ditto to the Bishop of Exeter, 1 vol.	2	0

London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

THE proverb, that 'Cheating never prospers,' would seem, from the following extract, to be no more part of the faith of modern Christians than of the ancient ones (as we learn by Mosheim.) At the Lodge-street (Bristol) Sabbath School meeting, on the 5th of March, the Rev. Mr. Beighton 'urged the importance of improving their Sunday schools so as to make them keep pace in organisation and efficiency with the secular schools around them. He thought, too, that their Sabbath-school teachers ought not to lose sight of the *power of imagination*, which was always strong in children, and he advised the distribution among them of such works as the "Illustrated Life of Christ," with all the interesting scenes connected with it, so as to CHEAT them by their imagination into thinking upon subjects which they would otherwise disregard. Let them do this and they would be more than a match for all the machinations of Rome.' Take the reason of the young entrusted to our care captive by a cheat if you can, says this holy and moral man, so that you keep them in our church, and do not let the pope cheat them into joining his. 'See fire fight fire,' said the old man on the prairie; 'See cheat fight cheat,' says our reverend friend—and *he* ought to know.

Mr. Pobjoy will oblige us by the remittance of the articles mentioned.

The Central Committee of Social Propaganda for diffusing Social Tracts at the International Exhibition, have issued a Second Address, in which they say they wish it to be understood, that in the various tracts and publications they contemplate issuing during the Exhibition, Socialism will be developed in a sincere and charitable spirit. It will be their object to show to the world that Socialism is a *science* rather than a *creed*, and therefore to attach to it any sectarian appellation is as absurd and ill-advised as to speak of Christian Mathematics, Mahometan Chemistry, or Infidel Anatomy.

A course of lectures is being delivered in Leeds, by Mr. R. Shaw, late Mormon preacher. He challenges to public discussion Mrs. Martin, Mr. Holyoake, Mr. J. Smith, or any other 'pretended' atheist in England. As he considers their atheism only *pretended*, we suppose Mr. Shaw wishes a *pretended* opponent.

The *Examiner*, of March 1, says that in the Navigator's Islands the sole dress of the natives is a titi, or circlet of leaves about the middle. But the missionaries, zealous on behalf of the text which forbids woman to worship with her head uncovered, introduced bonnets, at a time when bonnets were of the coal-scuttle configuration. A recent traveller records with especial astonishment one pious old woman whose dress consisted of nothing but a portentous bonnet in addition to the titi.

Southey once wrote, 'I incline to think there will come a time when public opinion will no more tolerate the extreme of poverty in a large class of the community than it now tolerates slavery in Europe. Meantime it is perfectly clear that the more we can improve the condition of the lower classes, the greater number of customers we procure for the home market; and that, if we can make people pay taxes instead of poor-rates, the wealth as well as the security of the State is increased.

The volume is now ready to which many readers subscribed, entitled

THE HISTORY OF THE LAST TRIAL BY JURY FOR ATHEISM.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, March 19th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF THE 'LEADER.'

[THIS letter was addressed to the editor of the *Leader*, and appeared in last Saturday's impression. It is quoted here because it will be explanatory to our readers of matters which have been enigmas to some of them.]

SIR,—In *Leader* No. 50, your correspondent 'W. D. S.' supposes 'H. B.,' your correspondent who writes in No. 49, to be 'no exaggerated type of a large class who, having emancipated themselves, as they fancy, from the tyranny of dogmatism, can make no better use of their newly-acquired liberty than that of becoming dogmatisers themselves.' As 'H. B.' has written to you upon the 'Spread of Atheism,' he will be regarded as an Atheist (although in his second letter in No. 51 he writes as a theoretical Pantheist, though no Pantheist would, in other respects, write in the same way). I am concerned to show that every atheist will not write as 'H.B.' has done. So long as all the theological passages occurring in your *Leader* were written in *opposition* to atheism, I saw no reason to trouble you with any remarks; but when atheism is ostensibly *defended*, we are involved in the defence put in, when it is pointed out to your readers as '*typical* of a large class'—if not of all of us. My own silence has been owing to the circumstance that what has appeared against us seemed to me founded upon a misunderstanding of atheism, and therefore not likely to do harm to the instructed in such matters. Besides, we do not solicit controversy with the *Leader* for the same reason that we have declined it with the *Christian Socialist*. With you, religion seems to be regarded as a sublime inducement to work for humanity; and I will do you the justice of saying that your practice is consistent with that conception, for never was religion so daring and so generous as it has manifested itself in the *Leader*. If it does not win the conviction of the atheist, it certainly commands his respect. It is therefore that we will not combat with you, except special need of self-defence should compel us. When we want to do battle for our opinions, we will rather turn to those lower types of the Christian faith, which so widely abound—to those tenets which are unchangeable protests against freedom of conscience—to those practices which are a systematic warfare against human progress.

W. D. S., in No. 50, rebukes H. B. for his 'dogmatism.' Had I written I should have rebuked him for his *accusations*. H. B. commences by saying that 'the greatest vice of the age is *pandering* to low and debasing superstition.' It is 'unaccountable' to H. B. that 'the *Leader* should attempt to palliate error and defend an untenable position.' He praises the 'mental courage of those who avow a great principle regardless of prejudice,' and then remarks that you '*pause* at the denial of immortality and the open avowal of Atheism.' The whole purport of this is that you hold (what he supposes to be) Miss Martineau's principles (to whom he alludes,) but lack her courage to say so—an accusation of insincerity so unwarrantable and uncourteous that I trust no atheist would make it. *He* must

be little competent to criticise opinion who can have read the *Leader* without perceiving that its chief writers are religious men, abounding in expressions which atheists could never employ.

It seems to me that the *Leader* neither 'palliates' truth nor error, but simply states its own convictions. That which you 'defend as tenable' is that which is tenable to you. Your journal does not avow atheism because its chief writers have not any atheism to avow. At the same time, after the example the *Leader* has given of a chivalrous utterance of proscribed opinion, there cannot be the least doubt that it would avow atheism *if* atheism were one of its convictions.

The review of Miss Martineau's work is a striking instance of the *Leader's* anti-atheistical tendencies. It is not possible that a believer in atheism could have written it. As a vindication of Harriet Martineau's right to utter her convictions, that review was worthy of the *Leader*, but as a refutation of her opinions it was (to us) the least cogent; the least satisfactory article that has appeared in the *Leader's* columns. But allow me to remark that there is some misunderstanding with the press generally as to Miss Martineau's views as developed in her 'Letters.' Reconsideration will show that she is *not* an atheist.

Not wishing to write to you again on this subject, I will take this opportunity of observing, that if H. B. is anxious to serve atheism, he will not regard as of consequence any passing numerical depreciation of atheists. To appear to obtrude our increasing numbers (which others will find out in due time) ourselves, may intensify bigotry by alarming the timid, or it may sound as a vaunt in the ears of those who examine the vague assertion that there are 'thousands' of us among the working classes, and thousands more in the transition state. The subscribers to the *Reasoner* very little exceed three thousand persons, and it is by no means clear that these are all atheists. Some of these are clergymen, and other religious persons, merely curious to learn what we are about. Beyond these facts we have no statistics. What I am anxious to guard against is the impression that we acknowledge as of our party that numerous class of persons in this country who are simply ignorant of, or indifferent to, religion; who will cavil at a prophesy, or sneer at a humble believer; but who are susceptible of no generous inspiration of moral truth, nor make any sacrifices to enlighten those whom they affect to regard as superstitious. This class of men are the unsatisfactory offspring of personal antagonism—not created by our teaching, but generated by the inconsistencies of Christian professors; and they may be known by their objections being levelled against the abuses of Christianity. If poor, they are consistent in nothing but captiousness; if respectable, they go to church, not merely to hear special sermons or remarkable preachers, which is useful, but as a custom in deference to the opinion of their neighbours or their business connections—not having the courage to brave the priest whom they despise. These we do not count, nor even another class who are simply neutral and *negative*. We only include those whose atheism is active and fruitful—those who are atheists, not from reaction, but from examination and conviction, and whose rejection of Christian tenets is translatable into a clearer moral life, and into systematic and patient endeavours for the information of others. What numbers there are of this class it will be easy enough and time enough to calculate when we have influence enough to remove from the statute book that law of oath-taking, which one who signs himself 'No Disciple of Miss Martineau' so opportunely shows in your last number, is a statute of outlawry to us.*

* The communication here referred to is worth citation, and is as follows:—

Sir,—In treating of the recent work of Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson you have

In the classification of atheists which I have sketched, possibly your correspondent H. B. may agree. Possibly he intended to include only those whom I here include; but on this point his letter was silent, and where silence may countenance a prevalent misconstruction it is virtually a misrepresentation—I therefore take the liberty of supplying the omission.

The position of the *Leader* with respect to religion admits of clear indication. Several appeals have been made in it in favour of a new religious reformation. Those who read those articles could hardly help feeling that they were as earnest as they were eloquent. The writers asked for a religious faith and a religious bond of union. All they demand is to be found in Francis William Newman's work upon the 'Soul'—so far as my reading extends the noblest contribution to religious literature made in this country. All *beyond* that is atheism. That book is the highest landmark yet furnished—an inimitable delineation of Freedom, Progress, and Religion, and of unity for all who stand on Mr. Newman's ground, and none of the *Leader* writers I have referred to go beyond that. And, let me add, if the Church of the Future cannot be founded there, a Church of the Future is not possible.

Having thus explained in what manner (in our estimation) you stand upon the religious side, I have conscientiously testified to the integrity of your advocacy, which will not be impugned by any who advisedly call themselves atheists.

Yours respectfully,

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

PAMPHLETS OF OPPONENTS.

II.

'HOLYOAKE REFUTED; being a review of his pretended Refutation of Paley,' by the author of the 'Logic of Life,' is another pamphlet by Mr. Harrison of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. Holyoake has good reason to complain of the author of the 'Logic of Life;' there is no pleasing him—he blows hot and cold. In the before-mentioned tract he says that Mr. Holyoake is 'serious, earnest, and sad,' and complains of the 'gloom' which overspreads his writings; in the little work now under consideration he condemns him for 'a levity that ill accords with the grand and awful

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omitted to advert to a circumstance of no small social importance. By the law of England no person (except Quakers, and the members of one or two other sects named in a statute of exceptions) can be admitted to bear evidence in a court of law or equity, except on taking an oath acknowledging the existence of a God and of a future state of reward and punishment. By publishing their disbelief in a God and in a future state, these two individuals have incapacitated themselves from giving evidence. A set of burglars may, therefore, with perfect safety, rob Miss Martineau's cottage before her eyes, and she may know them all by name and surname, and be able to identify them; but her testimony cannot convict them. Unless other evidence could be procured, they would be perfectly safe. Or a highway robbery may be committed in broad daylight on any of her Majesty's subjects, in presence of Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson, and, if there were no other evidence, the robber could not be convicted. In repeated sessions a bill has been introduced into Parliament to repeal this barbarous and dangerous law, and to accept of an affirmation from every person who declined, on grounds of conscience, to take an oath; the reason for declining to be declared and registered in a County-court six months before the benefit of the exemption could be claimed; but the bill has constantly been defeated by the spirit of bigotry which pervades certain members of both Houses of Parliament.—I am, &c.,

NO DISCIPLE OF MISS MARTINEAU.

character of the subject.' These objections appear rather inconsistent. The author does not comprehend the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum* such as the argument of 'Paley Refuted,' and repeats more than once with apparent triumph that Mr. Holyoake admits design requires an intelligent designer. Certainly he admits it, for the purpose of demonstrating that the hypothesis of design, when presumptuously applied to the material universe, leads to a complication of undeniable absurdities.

'All things,' says Mr. Harrison, 'in which design is manifest must be *effects*; and if effects, they must have had a cause; and if a cause, they must have had a *first* cause. Mr. H. has demonstrated that an organised being *cannot be a first cause*, and by that act he has demonstrated that the first cause *cannot be an organised being*.' Very true; but Mr. Holyoake has proved that a designer must be an organised being, and requires a designer for himself, and so on for ever. And, with regard to every effect requiring a cause, and an ultimate first cause, we deny it entirely; no effect, motion, or change can be produced by a cause, but by causes —and all effects are reciprocal. This argument will be found at greater length in a previous number of the *Reasoner*, and has been used by Mr. Holyoake in some of his provincial lectures.

The reply to Mr. Harrison's tract by a 'Newcastle Atheist' is very clear and concise—every assertion in the former being embodied and answered in the rejoinder to Mr. Harrison in the tract entitled 'Atheism Defended.' Mr. Holyoake was defended in his absence by an unknown writer, who, under the name of a 'Newcastle Atheist,' published an effective refutation of Mr. Harrison's second pamphlet.

Mr. Holyoake, however, has not been quite denuded in this controversy. His opponent, Mr. Harrison, gracefully concedes him the possession of a soul, in this passage:—'And Holyoake himself has a soul, or else he is not all there—there is something wanting. In that case, when he appears we would behold what Lord Brougham would call a psychological curiosity, a man without a soul. But that he does possess this highest and noblest part of his being, I think the difficulty and embarrassment which he has inflicted on the theologic faculty must be held as ample evidence.'

We must acknowledge the good nature of this remark, though not able to assent to its metaphysical accuracy. E. B.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS EFFECTED BY SCIENCE.

A REVEREND Christian minister thus writes: The appearance of almost every work of science has involved some modification of the popular idea.....The notion that the whole family of man was collected together in the neighbourhood of Mount Ararat, about 2000 years only before the Christian era, is irreconcileable with any rational account of the endless varieties of the American races, of those of Australia, Polynesia, and the interior of Africa. 'However high,' says Niebuhr, 'we may rise to the epoch of the beginning of the human race, still the annals of the Egyptians and Babylonians would fill up but a small part of the inscrutable period during which nations must have been in no less active collision than in after times.' In short it is absolutely come to this, that we must altogether abandon science, or modify our ideas of the inspiration (or I must at least say the interpretation) of the Mosaic records.—*God in Science: a Letter to Dr. Cumming.* By W. D.

Examination of the Press.

MAZZINI, THE ROMAN TRIUMVIR.—The Conspirator Mazzini, as he was called, was for thirteen years the marked man of European despotism. Had he dared to set his foot in his native Genoa, or in any other spot of the land which had exiled him, death by the halter or by the bullet would have been his inevitable fate. In Austria, in Russia, or in any other part of eastern Europe, his capture would have been paid for by purses of gold. France, Switzerland, and England were the only countries that could receive the fugitive. Now here, now there—watched, proscribed, feared—he still pursued his design, *a wandering myth of insurrection*, the very spirit of conspiracy incarnate. Wherever a plot against despotism was going on, there was Mazzini, either by person or by correspondence; sometimes to stir up, at other times to repress, and inculcate prudence. Across the Alps, all Italy looked to him; Young Italy, that dared not speak his name, thought of him and prayed for him. At last, neither Switzerland nor France would give asylum to such a man; England alone could afford him a refuge. For some years, accordingly, he was an inhabitant of London—a poor obscure Italian, as it seemed, earning a livelihood by literature. The great mass of the people he lived amidst knew nothing about him. Sometimes his name would appear in a newspaper, coupled with a calumny. Sometimes, in a room, one person would whisper to another, 'There is Mazzini;' and the eye of the person so addressed would rest, with more or less of interest, on the slight figure of a man remarkable among a thousand for the burning keenness of his eye, and the intense and earnest melancholy of his pale countenance. Of those that knew him more intimately, we never knew one that did not speak of him as a noble and true man; a man of irreproachable rectitude, and the most exquisite sensibilities; the very soul of chivalry and honour. Even those who disagreed with him in the whole tenor of his speculations, and who were disposed to regard him as one misled by a restless enthusiasm that had nothing to do with facts, and that facts would never acknowledge, admired his indestructible magnanimity and his heroic perseverance. And over such as were at one with him in political faith his power amounted to absolute fascination. They were never tired of talking of him, of seeing him, of listening to him. They worshipped him with a fervour all but religious. —*British Quarterly Review for February.*

THOMAS PAINE RECALLED TO LIFE.—Our Milwaukee 'spirits' are a long way behind those of Cleveland in their curious revelations and doings. The *Plain Dealer* publishes a column and half of 'experience'—the spiritual agent being rather an aged lady in Ohio city, and a stranger in those parts. She calls up the spirits of most of the great men of our country, who have long since departed this life, and converses with them as freely as with the living. We copy the conversation which was had at one interview with the spirit of Thomas Paine: 'I died in great bodily agony, but in the faith that that was the last of me. Judge my surprise on finding myself in the spirit land, among friends and acquaintances who seemed overjoyed to see me. I could not believe I was dead. I supposed my spirit must have entered my body, but on looking, I saw I had no body. It was some time before I became reconciled to my new condition.—But here I am, happy in the enjoyment of progress and truth. My friends here do not condemn me for my belief on earth. I was honest in that belief. I could not help it. You will soon believe as I now do, for you will mark that infidels, as they are called on the earth, will be first to embrace the truth, having no opposing creeds or prejudices to prevent them.' Thus in substance spoke the spirit of Thomas Paine. Q.—Who were the two spirits conversing with Mr. P.? A.—They were George Washington and Ethan Allen. Q.—How does Mr. P. feel in reference to the annual Festivals got up in honour of his birth day? A.—He would like it better if the money expended on such occasions was distributed among the poor. Q.—Will Mr. P. give us a sentiment to be read in

his name at the coming Festival? A.—He says the sentiment that would please his friends would not be *his* sentiment.—*American Paper.* [We are sure this last sentiment cannot be Paine's. He would not have spoken so ambiguously. He would, as of old, have given his sentiment frankly and explicitly.—Ed. of *R.*]

Gotama Budha.—One-third of the human race believe the doctrines and practise the morals taught by Gotama Budha. A religious system so widely diffused must of necessity have many points of interest for European readers. Queen Victoria has more subjects who profess this faith than who bend at the shrine of Nazareth; this fact should give rise to some curiosity on the part of the Englishman. Yet the fact is, we know little or nothing of Gotama Budha—of the religion which he founded a few centuries previous to the opening of the Christian era—of the spiritual influences which are at work in the vast territories of Hindustan, Tartary, China, Thibet, Ceylon, and other islands. Of Mahommed and Brahma we know a great deal—almost enough to comprehend the mysteries of their career, and to adapt our intercourse with their followers to useful ends; but of Budha and his ideas we remain in almost total ignorance.—*Athenæum*, Aug. 31, 1850. Review of *Eastern Monachism.*

The Late Mr. James Myles of Dundee.—On Wednesday the 25th ultimo, at his house in Lindsay Street, died of typhus, James Myles, bookseller and stationer, Overgate. Mr. Myles was born in the parish of Fowlis, in the November of 1818, and hence, at his death, was little more than thirty-two years of age. He received the rudiments of his education at his native parish school, and was apprenticed by his father, David Myles, at the age of fourteen, to David Gibson, shoemaker, at the village of Fowlis; but on account of exercising his wit, in a poetical lampoon upon his master, he had to run away in about eighteen months, after his beginning to be initiated into the mysteries of the Crispian craft. Soon after his flight from Fowlis, he agreed to learn the trade of a stone mason under William Reid, Lochee. He married, while in this place, when little more than eighteen years of age. Shortly afterwards he went in pursuit of his trade, to Glasgow; but returned, after a sojourn of two years in the west, to Dundee. Because of dull trade, he flung away hammer, trowel, and apron, and commenced lecturing and debating on religion and politics—deserted the platform, and in 1843 took up a small bookshop in the Overgate, where, by dint of perseverance, and fair and generous dealing, he gradually extended his trade, and finally removed to other, and more eligible, premises in the same street, where, amidst a rapidly increasing business, and while rising into fame, and daily gathering around him a circle of esteem and love, he suddenly fell a victim to that malignant fever which, so frequently, 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day,' converts our cities and towns into houses of bereavement and places of weeping.—*Dundee Courier.*

Dr. Croly on the Present Time.—The present time is acknowledged to be one of unsettled opinion; of arrogant unbelief on the one hand, and on dangerous credulity on the other; both assailing the Church of England; while between both lies a large body of indifference. It must appear an especial duty, at such a time, to defend the truth; and that this is best to be done by elucidating of the doctrines of a church, which is founded on Scripture, which admits no authority for its faith but Scripture, and which urges every man, for the confirmation of his own belief, for the encouragement of his perseverance, and for the vigour of his virtue, to rely alone on Scripture. Perhaps, of all the ordinances of Christianity, the one most disputed by the infidel, [who disputes it, or thinks it worth while?] most distorted by the papist, and most disregarded by the multitude, is the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It appears to me that this ruinous result has arisen from singular inattention to the nature, the purpose, and the history, of this holy communion.—*Dr. Croly on the Lord's Supper.*

Reasoner Tracts.

THE AGE, AUTHORSHIP, AND AUTHENTICITY, OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

BY W. J. B.

[Concluded from last Tract.]

THERE are different accounts of the length of time which the Israelites sojourned in Egypt. The time foretold to Abraham in Genesis was 400 years. In Exodus the number is stated at 430. In the New Testament this difference is repeated. The variation of thirty years is not important, says Dr. Giles, in historical works, but militates against any pretensions they may have to infallibility. In the first book of Samuel there are two separate histories of the introduction of David to Saul, which mutually exclude each other. In the one David the shepherd becomes harper to the king. In the other David arrives in the camp to offer his services against Goliah to the king, who did not, or any of his officers, know David. A dialogue is given between David and Goliah, when in a chapter of Nehemiah, 400 or 500 years afterwards, the children of Jews by Philistine women 'could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people.'

It appears there is great confusion in genealogies, and accuracy in numbers is little thought of in the Old Testament: the sons of Jacob are given, 'which were born to him in Padan-Aram.' Benjamin was born some years after Jacob returned to Canaan. Jacob's family in Egypt is given at sixty-six, added up they make sixty-seven. In another verse, according to the Hebrew text, they are seventy—according to the Septuagint seventy-five. The Acts of the Apostles follow the Septuagint, and the number, seventy-five, is repeated.

David's army is asserted to be one million three hundred thousand men, making the population to be eight millions. The above is from Samuel. In Chronicles the population is made greater —about nine millions and a half.

The number of Solomon's officers are very differently given in Kings and Chronicles. The two accounts of the ships from Ophir differ in the number of talents they are said to have brought. The situation of Tarshish is at one time described to be on the Mediterranean, at another time on the Red Sea. Dr. Giles argues that the law of Moses could not have been known to the kings from the rare mention, non-observance, and direct violation of them in the three particulars of horses, wives, and copying out the law.

The description of a king given in Deuteronomy is irreconcileable with the picture drawn by Samuel, and leads to the inference that he could not have seen it. The former gives regulations as to the choice and behaviour of a king, the latter disapproves of a king on the part of God, nor does he command to Saul the observances of Deuteronomy. There are many other inaccuracies and contradictions in the Old Testament. Of these the most remarkable is in Ezra 11, 64, giving the example of another wrong total, considerably more than the several items before enumerated amount to. 'The chronology of sovereigns given in the books of Kings, will also be found in many instances so contradictory to that given in Chronicles, that it is impossible to harmonise them, and a forcible impression is left upon the mind that both may be wrong, because neither is contemporary.' References are made to facts in the later books of the Old and New Testaments which are not to be found in the preceding books. Samuel mentions a judge not to be heard of in Judges. Nehemiah speaks of the election of a captain by the Israelites to lead them back into Egypt. A ceremony is ascribed by Paul to Moses, typical of the sacrifice of the Saviour, which is not to be found in the Old Testament. There is the curious history in Jude of the contest between Michael and the Devil over the body of Moses, not a word of which occurs in the Old Testament. The magicians of Egypt are mentioned by name in the

New Testament, who contended against Moses, but not in the Old Testament. We are likewise told in Acts that Moses was learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians, that his age was forty, and in Hebrews that he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. All which particulars are not to be found in the Old Testament, and therefore show that there were other records or traditions known and referred to by the Jews in the time of the New Testament.

Another proof of a later age Dr. Giles deduces from grammatical subtleties to be found in the composition of the Old Testament. He refers to the noble simplicity of Homer compared with the subtleties of language which were introduced in later ages into the Greek poetry. He gives examples in the later Greek and Latin poets, and then says—'These facts have their parallel in the Hebrew writings. Thus, in the 3rd chapter of Zephaniah, verse 8, are found all the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, together with the vowel points, and almost all the grammatical marks invented to facilitate the reading of the Hebrew language. It can hardly be supposed that this curious circumstance was the result of accident; and that not quite all the grammatical marks are found there, seems to imply that those which do not occur have been invented since.' He gives other instances, which are chiefly confined to alphabetical distinctions. The division of the Old Testament into twenty-two books, corresponding to the number of letters in the alphabet. The 119th Psalm is also divided into twenty-two alphabetical parts. The same is to be found in many other of the Psalms, in Proverbs, the prophesy of Zephaniah, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. It occurs in Psalms ascribed to David; therefore Dr. Giles supposes that not all those of which he is the reputed author belong to him. In answer to the probable remark, that these are poetical not historical works, Dr. Giles says, that it is in poetry, not in prose, that these tests of time in literature occur; and some of these Psalms are interwoven in the historical books, showing a similar epoch to them all.

Dr. Giles has a chapter, distinguished by its learning, on the different changes the language of the Jews must have undergone. He asserts, with the author of the 'Celtic Researches,' that it was not the same language from the creation to the time of Moses, but the Hebrews adopted the language of the country in which they lived, and with the inhabitants of which they intermarried. He gives proofs of what he states from admissions of the fact in the Old Testament. The language, therefore, of the Jews when they left Egypt, being not threescore and ten when they entered it, after the lapse of 400 years must have been Egyptian. It must have undergone a change, by admixture with the Canaanitish tongue. Nine hundred years elapsed from the entrance into Canaan to the return from the captivity, which must have, says Dr. Giles, 'effected another change of dialect so decided, that two persons living, one at the beginning, the other at the end of this period, could not have understood one another.' The Pentateuch, if the work of Moses, was written in the Egyptian language, which it is not; therefore the Pentateuch, which we now have, is not the original work of Moses.

Dr. Giles proceeds to prove that the Hebrew in which the holy scriptures are written was the living language of the Jews at the time of Christ, and that the Chaldee was the result of the Roman conquest of Judea, and not of the Babylonish captivity. He says (p. 197), 'In short, the language of the Israelites, like that of every people upon earth, was a flowing and changing stream of words and thoughts, gathering from all sides as it went—until the Egyptian which they spoke in Egypt became, a thousand years after, the Hebrew, the last form of the language spoken by the Jews before the Romans subverted their common wealth never to be restored.'

He says of the prophets, 'If these books were written by the supposed authors, and at the periods of time here assigned to them (between 606 and 456), that the Hebrew was then a living tongue, and the purity of style in their writings is not surpassed by that of the books of Moses, Joshua, or Samuel.' There are about 283 verses of the Old Testament written in Chaldee, but Dr. Giles accounts for this in the circumstance of their relating to the affairs of the Syrians. He also adduces it as an argument in his favour, that all the rest would not have been written in a language unknown to the people.

It happens that, in 2 Kings, c. xviii., v. 13, there is a verse to the effect that the leaders of the Jews knew or could have interpreted to them the Syrian language, which they begged might be addressed to them by the enemy, and not the Jews' language, which they said would be heard by the people on the wall. This was at Jerusalem, besieged by Rabshakeh, and is a proof that at that time Hebrew was then the living language. The Chaldee paraphrases are later than the Christian era, because not wanted till then. Dr. Giles gives evidence that they were not probably written till the fifth century after the Christian era. This is further proved by the opinion of Professor Steward, 'that the whole system of diacritical signs, vowel points, and accents, was not completed so as to exist in its present form, until several centuries after the birth of Christ—pretty certainly not until after the fifth century.' Hebrew had then become a dead language, from the dispersion of the Jews attendant on the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. But it was more or less a living language many centuries after that epoch. That Hebrew was spoken in the time of Christ is evident from Jesus himself using it in the New Testament. Mention is made of the Hebrew tongue when the writers of the New Testament have to particularise places, such as Bethesda, Golgotha. The superscription on the cross was written in Hebrew, as the living language of the people. Boanerges, Hosanna, Abba, Tabitha Cumi, Aceldama, Cephas, Beelzebub, Rabbi, Rabboni, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani—are all Hebrew words—are either mentioned as Hebrew, or some of them, says Dr. Giles, are the same as they would have been if they occurred in the Pentateuch, or the books of Joshua and Judges. Proper names of places and persons are of the same character as those which occur in the Old Testament.

From the changes of religion observable in the Hebrew scriptures, Dr. Giles would argue that they were composed long after the events and the time ascribed to them. The Jerusalem Talmud says that the names of angels, as well as of the months, came from Babylon with the Jews who were returning from captivity. That the books of the Old Testament are later than the Babylonish captivity, Dr. Giles would prove from the close connection of the narrative from Genesis to the second book of Kings, allowed to have been written after that event. He says (p. 235), 'For the whole of a book which is supposed to be one and complete must have been written nearly at the same time. Such, at least, is the generally-received opinion of those who are conversant with books, and the various questions which relate to them.'

In the different pillages to which the temple of Jerusalem was subject, no mention is made of the Pentateuch or book of the law, or how it was preserved during the captivity. The reference to Babel being built of bricks and bitumen, is another proof Dr. Giles gives of the knowledge in the writer of the Babylonian method of building. To which it may be said the story altogether of Babel, as the fall of man, the Deluge, Nimrond, &c., bear a Babylonian impress. But the captivity and Assyria are actually mentioned in the early books of the Old Testament. Balaam in his parable prophecies wants 'until Asshur shall carry thee away captive.' In its turn, he says, 'ships' 'shall afflict Asshur.' In Deuteronomy are described the evils which should happen to the Israelites in case of their not observing the law which had been given by Moses. Amongst other things to be said of them is the following--'And the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast them into another land, *as it is this day.*' This style of speaking, which frequently occurs, regarding what other people will say of them, seems a convenient method of uttering what the writer is conscious has happened to them.

Dr. Giles reviews the progress of writing till it arrived at the alphabet. He thinks the earliest was picture writing found amongst the Mexicans. Next was the hieroglyphic to be seen in Egypt. After it in probable precedence was the word writing of the Chinese. Then followed the consonontal or Hebrew, in which the Old Testament was written; and after it the consonants and vowels, the full alphabet necessary to determine sounds. Dr. Wall, the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin, is of opinion that the Egyptians in the time of Moses had no other writing than

the hieroglyphic, and that the consonontal or Hebrew was inspired by God to Moses. Dr. Giles agrees with the premise of Dr. Wall, but not with his conclusion, and argues that if Moses could not write Hebrew, the Pentateuch was not his but a composition of a later date.

Dr. Giles next enters into the proof that alphabetic writing was unknown to the early Egyptians, and consequently to Moses (pp. 263-85.) Though Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus mention a popular writing as well as the sacerdotal, yet Clemens Alexandrinus particularises those kinds of writing, all of which were hieroglyphic. There is an absence of all mention of phonetic or alphabetic legends belonging to the Egyptians in the writings of the ancients. There is a sameness of the written language in the various parts of ancient Egypt. Clemens Alexandrinus lived about 200 years after the Christian era, and he still speaks of the hieroglyphical language as the only one known among the Egyptians. There is proof that it did not cease till about the fifth century after Christianity; and the introduction of the Greek alphabet into the Coptic, or Latin Egyptian, language, shows that there was no previous Egyptian alphabet. Dr. Wall coincides in the opinion of Dr. Giles, that the Egyptians derived alphabetic writing from Greece.

Such is the legend of ancient Greece. Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus relate, that Psammaticus had the Egyptians instructed in Greek letters. Dr. Giles proves that the style of the Old Testament is the same throughout, therefore all written or compiled at the same time. To prevent this inference, the commentators on the Bible have asserted a difference, but have not brought any proof of it. Dr. Wall says, 'there is scarcely more variation of orthography in the different parts of the Hebrew scriptures than if they had been written by different authors in the same year.' It appears that the Hebrew and Chaldee dialects are the same. One dictionary does for both, and the same grammar with a few additions. Philo Judæus, in his life of Moses, says the laws were formerly written in the Chaldee tongue. It is the opinion of Colonel Rawlinson, that the Hebrew is a bastard Babylonian.

The result is, as Dr. Giles says, the Hebrew scriptures were written after the Babylonian captivity, in the common language of the Jews at that time. Moses' authorship is confined to the two tables of stone, similar inscriptions on which for the purpose of promulgating laws were practised at Rome and Athens. It was not different with the Israelites, who, says Dr. Giles in the last words of his work, were 'endowed with no peculiar development of intellectual genius, that might enable them to outstrip the rest of the world in arts, letters, or general civilisation.'

We have endeavoured to give an analysis of a very important work, which must be closely studied to be appreciated. The learning and the argument displayed in the book of Dr. Giles renders any exposition in a review imperfect. We cannot sufficiently admire the fairness and candour of Dr. Giles, which makes him array against himself the objections of his opponents, and, from their admissions, extracts evidence in favour of his own theory. His book has performed for the Old Testament what has been done for the New by Strauss, and, to the English reader, is clearer in its composition. Dr. Giles proposes to give us a work of the same character on the New Testament, which we shall gladly welcome for many reasons, and hope ourselves and our readers may live to peruse it, as well as the author have health and leisure to complete it.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

REPUBLICAN ORGANISATION.

My Dear Holyoake,—In No. 249 of the *Reasoner* you have printed a tract on 'Republican Organisation.' You may be sure I do not doubt the kindness of your intention in so doing; and nevertheless I must (at the risk of seeming unthankful) find some fault. You commence—'From the second number of the *English Republic* we take this plan of Organisation;' and there is nothing throughout the tract to lead your readers to suppose that *you have not given the whole of the plan.* To have this fragmentary version go forth to your numerous readers as my plan of organisation will be rather mischievous than serviceable to me. I do not complain of any minor incorrectnesses or omissions, but of your leaving out the very *course of proceeding of the Association,*—nearly all, in fact, for which it can claim any distinctive character. The paragraphs to which I allude are the following, coming immediately after the paragraph referring to the duties of individual members, that ending—'*Nothing to do will be impossible if men are in earnest. If they are not in earnest, they had better cease talking about the English Republic.*'

'Beyond this individual sphere of duty two courses of combined action would arise: one through the general meetings of the Associations, and one which I will explain here.

'In addition to the ordinary general meetings of Associations, it seems to me that it would be well to hold separate meetings, certainly not less often than once a week. For this purpose divide the Association into small parties or knots of four, five, or six members (according to circumstances), which knots might be called *families.* Let these "families" meet at each other's houses. The object of this method of meeting is to insure a more frequent and a more friendly intercommunication of the members than would take place if there was no regular meeting except of the whole Association. Personal friendships would thus grow up between the members: even between those of different stations in society. The great expense, too, of frequent meetings would be avoided. The classing of the "families," the determining how many and who of the members should compose such and such a "family," would depend mainly on locality. But the "family" should never exceed six or seven members—better be only five; and it would be well to change occasionally,—that is to say that at least one old member of each "family" should be transferred to another, and one new one be admitted in the vacant place, every month: so that the friendship thus formed and the knowledge thus acquired might circulate as speedily as possible throughout the Association, making the whole one band of friends and brothers. The business of these weekly meetings of "families" would be to hear the accounts of the four or five or six members, of how each had been bestowing himself during the week, what work he had done, what proselytes made,—as it were "taking stock" of the republican progress of the "family;" and discussing points of interest or difficulty, perhaps maturing some important question for the general meeting. So the four or five would act as mutual encouragers and advisers, wholesomely inciting each other to persevering action, or checking each other in any false course. At these meetings one would act as "head;" and it would be his business to condense the individual report and the proceedings of the meetings, and to forward this condensed report to the Secretary of the Association.

'At these and, indeed, at all meetings strict punctuality should be observed as a matter of conscience.

'The aggregate meetings of the Association should take place at least once in every month. Their principal business would be to hear the reports of the "heads of families," and to advise together as to what means might be necessary, either to render their regular operations more effective, or to take any particular course required by the need of the hour. At these meetings also would be discussed and decided any doubtful points of doctrine which had already been debated in the "families." Subscriptions would be paid at these meetings, either by individuals or through the "heads of families." Special meetings might be called by the Secretary at the bidding of the President, or upon the written requisition of the majorities of any two "families."

'An account of the proceedings of all general and special meetings should be published, for the information and encouragement of the Republicans of other places, in the "English Republic," or any other Journal which may advocate the principles of the Associations.

'I give here only such regulations and arrangements as seem advisable to be common to all the republican associations. Other matters, such as lecturing, calling public meetings, fixing amount of subscriptions, establishing libraries, reading-rooms and clubs, may all be left for future consideration, and then determined on according to the various means of different localities. What I chiefly aim at here, is to put forth something like the model of an association which in its most essential features might be adopted by all localities. Some little difference would of course obtain, in this or that place, necessitated by peculiar circumstances. There could be no need either of retaining the wording of the Rules given here. No circumstances however could overrule the necessity of having one common *profession of faith*, assented to by every member. The object is to found a Republican Church, in harmony with the European Republican Party; not to add to the too great number of Republican sects already existing.

'For this purpose, so soon as any associations are formed, reports may be sent to me, at *Miteside, near Ravenglass, Cumberland:* such reports to reach me not later than the 17th or 18th of every month.'

Will you oblige me, and serve the cause for which I believe we both are equally anxious, by inserting this? Yours faithfully,

W. J. Linton.

[Our object was not to quote a *political* paper, which is not in our way, but to give such portions as might be applicable or suggestive to our friends, whom we doubted not would consult the *English Republic* if they desired (as we trust they all would) to see the editor's republican views at length—and on this account we readily add the deficiency supplied.—Ed.]

OBJECTIONS TO THE NAME OF THE 'CATHOLICS.'

Sir,—In the *Reasoner*, for Feb. 26th, I see you have made some remarks on my letter, which require a passing notice.

You say you used the word Popery, when you were showing on what ground it was objectionable. Have you then forgotten, that when I told you I understood you to say 'Popery is the most perfect type of Christianity,' you said yes? I assure you, there is not one fact of which I have a more distinct recollection than I have of that.

No doubt Bishop Milner said what he thought, when he declared that Popery was a nickname. I am quite willing he should have his opinion, but am quite unwilling to adopt it. Words are intended to be signs of ideas, and on this principle I am disposed to call a spade a spade, a pope a pope, and the system of which the Pope is the head I call by its strictly proper name when I call it Popery. And, if there is nothing shameful in Popery itself, why should those who espouse it be ashamed of the name? But if, by assuming a name which conveys a false idea, they are attempting to practise a cheat, am I justified in helping forward the cheat? In the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the word Catholic, are the following statements:—'In the *strict sense* of the word there is no Catholic Church in being—that is, no *universal* Church. The Romish Church distinguishes itself now by the name of *Catholic*, in opposition to all those who have separated from her, and whom she considers as heretics, and herself only as the true Christian communion.' Here, then, by applying the term Catholic to herself, the Romish Church claims to include within her pale *all* who are Christians. In other words, by this term Catholic she pretends to be the *universal* Church. And this pretence is in perfect keeping with her lying doctrine taught in the land of Pope Pius, where she declares that out of the Church of Rome there is no salvation. That Catholicism, strictly and properly, signifies universal, is evident from the origin of the word, and from the testimony of our Lexicographers. Bailey, in his Dictionary, gives the following explanation:—

'CATHOLICK, of Katholikos, of Kato, through and olon, the whole, general, universal.

'CATHOLICISM, universality.

'CATHOLICON, which comes from the same Greek roots, signifies a supposed universal remedy.'

Dyche, in his Dictionary, gives the following explanations:—

'CATHOLICISM, universality, or something common to all of the same kind.

'CATHOLICON, A universal medicine.'

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says—

'CATHOLIC, in a *general* sense, denotes anything which is universal or general.

'CATHOLICON, a kind of electuary, so called as being supposed a *universal* purger of all humours.'

In Walker's Dictionary is the following:—

'CATHOLICISM, adherence to the Catholick Church.

'CATHOLIC, universal, general.'

If you require farther evidence that the strict and proper meaning of Catholicism is universal, you may doubtless obtain it by consulting various dictionaries which explain that and kindred terms. For myself I am perfectly satisfied on the point, and that the Romish Church is practising a cheat when she arrogates to herself the term *Catholic*. The term Catholic neither has nor can have any proper application when applied to her, for she is neither general nor universal.

You say you cannot agree with me, that the Charter is to Chartism what the New Testament is to Christianity. And yet you proceed to adopt the very principle which I have laid down, by appealing to the Charter as the standard by which you measure the Chartist, and to the New Testament as the standard by which you measure the Christian. Whether the one or the other is better or worse than the standard is not the question. The fact still remains, that as the Charter is the standard of Chartism, so the New Testament is the standard of Christianity. In other words, 'The New Testament is to Christianity what the Charter is to Chartism.' As the one is the standard in the one case, so the other

is the standard in the other case. And as you learn what Chartism is by the contents of the Charter, so must you learn what Christianity is by the contents of the New Testament.

You say you think modern Christians are much better than Christianity. If so, what you call Christianity must be a very different affair from what I take it to be, and from what the New Testament declares it to be. There will, doubtless, be many wonderful things brought together this year to be exhibited in the Crystal Palace; but any man whose virtues and excellences exceeded what Christianity enjoins would cast all the wonders of the world into the shade.

To prove from the New Testament that no man can possibly be better than the New Testament teaches him to be, would prove a most easy task; but I choose to adopt another course, by requesting you to *point out one vice which the New Testament does not condemn, or one moral virtue, individual or social, which it does not enforce.* And then point out any Christians who are entirely free from every vice which the New Testament condemns and forbids, and who constantly, in every instance, practise every virtue which the New Testament enjoins.

Assuring you that my object is not mere victory, but the advancement of the truth, I am, sir, your opponent,

Norwich, March 4th, 1851. T. Scott.

[We are as far as Mr. Scott from thinking that the Catholic Church is Catholic in the sense of being *universal.* We do not even think that Christianity can so well claim that distinction as Buddhism. What we asked, however, was on what authority the term 'Catholic' *exclusively* means 'universal.' Reid, to quote the first dictionary at hand, defines Catholic, as an adjective, as Mr. Scott does; but as a noun he says it means 'papist.' I expected Mr. Scott would cite proof that the Roman Church had not the right which other churches exercise of giving itself its own name, and to be called by it as a matter of courtesy. The Methodists are not *methodical,* the Independents are not *free*—yet we call them by their chosen name. Why not be as respectful to the Catholics?—Ed.]

THE 'DEFENDER OF THE FAITH' AND DR. CUMMING.

Sir,—Contrary to my expectation you gave insertion to a communication I sent you a little time ago. Since then I have not seen your paper until yesterday, when I saw outside a periodical seller's door a poster, setting forth the contents of the number (No. 242). Seeing that you had something more relative to Dr. Cumming, I bought it, and find it to be an extract from the *Nonconformist* of an ill-tempered criticism on one of the doctor's works by an equivocal reviewer. I am disposed to think the slighting of Moses Stuart as a biblical critic, or may be some private pique, has had much to do with the general tone of the review. Be this as it may, there is one thing that looks as if the writer's taste had been affected by a splenetic judgment, when he styles the fine allusion to Sir Isaac Newton a 'blot' and 'disfigurement;' to my mind it is an outburst worthy of Disraeli.

It was not my intention to write to you any more—knowing that controversies in religion tend to little good, and this must be my position if I continued your correspondent. But there is one article in the *Reasoner,* No. 242, that has provoked me exceedingly; it is that on the New Testament. Why the arguments against it are nothing more than the stale echoes of Paine, that have been answered a hundred times. 'Undecimus' (whom it is only charity to hope may be saved in the *eleventh* hour, if not before) knows full well that his cavils can make no way

but among raw disputers. The 'discrepancies' that he would set up as stumbling-blocks against a reception of the truth have been reconciled by the labours of Lightfoot and others. His classing the gospel miracles among the 'lying legends' of all ages only shews the miserable state to which unbelief brings a man. There is this difference, the one *touch the conscience*, the other stare with falsity on the face of them—the one pregnant with holy truth, the other the figments of the fatuous brain.

When will unbelievers leave the Bible alone? They can make nothing of it; it is the believer's book—to him it is meat and drink to his soul. I know that this language sounds like rhapsody to the infidel; but he does not know the difference, whatever he may pretend to, between himself and one having faith in Christ. Unbelief arises from something more than want of sufficiency of evidence; belief is something more than nominal assent. Unbelief dwells deeper than the human breast—it got entrance into this world through the first *woman*, and has continued ever since; belief dropped from the skies, and will assuredly take the believer there. The one is from hell, the other is from heaven.

Sir, it is a sad sight to see you and others proceed so week after week. You too plainly declare whom you belong to. He is a subtle master whose service you are in. As we are told, he 'can transform himself into an angel of light;' we may, therefore, expect his emissaries to reflect his shining deception. You are bound hand and foot to him. Every avenue to heart and mind he has possession of, and will continue to have, unless a 'stronger than he' shall break the bonds.

Saturday, February 8th. A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

[We should have more pleasure in publishing this species of contribution if we could induce the writer to give us his name. But though anonymous it is written with the hand of a master in polemics. The conceit that suggests a comparison between Cumming and Disraeli is as artful as it is false. The remark that Paine has been answered a hundred times is founded upon the common mistake that an answer is always a refutation. There is some truth in the admission that the 'unbeliever can make nothing of the Bible;' but is that the fault of the unbeliever or the fault of the book? In reply to our rebuke of the offensive language of the last letter from this writer, he suggests that the Devil inspires the sentiment of decorum to which we gave expression; but we still think it preferable to be an 'angel of light' to being an angel of rudeness. As our ungallant correspondent ungracefully says that sin 'got entrance into the world through the first *woman*,' we have cut out the last paragraph of his letter as a punishment.—ED.]

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—March 30th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Life and Genius of Handel.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—March 30th [7], Mr. Walter Cooper, 'Progress of Association in England and Scotland.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—March 28th[8], a Discussion. 30th, [7½], Mr. Beale will Lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Temperance Hall, Warner Place, Hackney Road.—March 30th [7], a Lecture.

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—March 30th [7], Mr. H. Long, 'Martin Luther and the Reformation.'

WORKS ON FREE INQUIRY.

	s.	d.
Just published, the Fourth Edition of ROBERT COOPER'S Holy Scriptures analysed	0	8
R. Cooper's Infidel's Text Book, cloth bds. Or in 13 numbers at 2d. each.	2	6
Heterodoxy v. Orthodoxy. By R. Cooper	0	3
Scripturean's Creed. By Citizen Davies	0	2
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The Connection between Geology and the Pentateuch. By Thomas Cooper, M.D.	0	9
Right of Free Discussion. By T. Cooper, M.D.	0	3
Theology Displayed. By S. Curtis, bds.	1	0
Ditto ditto wrapper	0	9
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Palmer's Principles of Nature, 1 vol., bds.	2	0
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John Clark's Letters to Dr. Adam Clark on the Life, Morals, &c., of Jesus Christ, 1 vol., cloth bds.	5	0
Haslam's Letters to the Clergy, 1 vol.	2	0
Ditto to the Bishop of Exeter, 1 vol.	2	0

London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

The Rev. Mr. Collisson, of New Radford, who lately took part in the discussion with Mr. Holyoake, has delivered three lectures on 'Infidelity,' etc., in the Assembly Rooms, Nottingham. In his first lecture Mr. Collisson endeavoured to prove 'the historic truth of the Bible' by internal coincidences. 'The divine origin of the Bible' he attempted to establish from prophesy and miracles. In his third lecture, on 'The Causes of Infidelity,' he stated the first to be 'immorality,' but to this 'there were some exceptions.' The second cause assigned was 'the pride of knowledge,' or, as the lecturer said he might more correctly term it, 'the pride of ignorance.' Several other causes were named. At the close of each lecture a young man named Stark made a few observations, as did also an elderly man named Barker; but the uproar, says our correspondent, was so great each time, that it was with difficulty they obtained a hearing.

A discussion is going on in the Sheffield theatre, between Dr. Sleigh and Mr. Ottley, twice a week, on 'Divine Revelation.' Mr. Holyoake will probably lecture in Sheffield the second week in April. Last Sunday and last night Mr. Holyoake lectured in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He has two more lectures to deliver in the same place.

The Political and Social Tract Society, of John Street, has issued another tract, which is a spiritedly written 'Dialogue on Competition.'

The Freethinker's Magazine for March contains a title-page and index, which complete the volume. The pledge of the editor has been fulfilled, and the inimitable chapters of Gibbon are completed, with all the notes.

'Don't Burn Us' is the title of a small book by L. Tynman, on the 'State Church and the Catholics.' It contains a slap-dash chapter on 'that king who never spared a man in his fury nor a woman in his lust.' It seems to state many pertinent facts, but as usual in these little books, their source is not mentioned.

Mr. Benjamin Glover has published a pamphlet entitled 'Education the Hope of the World.' It contains six chapters, in which this important subject is discussed in a very careful manner, bearing marks of maturity.

The Redemption Society, the sole Communistic effort of the country, has published its Fifth Annual Report, presenting the facts of its own progress and calling for support, to which it is justly entitled.

'God in Science' is the name of a letter addressed to Dr. Cumming, containing many facts and well expressed arguments, of interest to those who watch the polemics of this Scotch Pope.

The English Republic for March opens by an article entitled the 'Pope *or* the Republic.' 'The Party of Order' is an article illustrated by a wood cut of the heads of Metternich and Szela. 'Chartism a matter of History' is a valuable historical record. 'Republican Measures' is a paper addressed 'to men of action,' who are called upon to 'clear the way' in a very effectual manner. It has also the following epitaph on three of the party of 'Order:'—

> Beneath yon unhewn stone, o'er-writ with slime
> Of loathliest vermin, who crawl there to die—
> Where silent Scorn points till the end of time,
> Szela and Metternich and Görgey lie.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

INCIDENTS IN THE NOTTINGHAM DEBATE.

III.

THE Rev. Mr. Collisson indulged in one speech, and in one speech only, with a few gentle imputations. In one instance he accused me of quibbling, in another of evading, and in another of something else—which I forget; but when I reminded him that though that language was common and accredited in Christian controversy, it was not the language which usually passed between gentlemen, he rose, and in a very handsome manner withdrew the expressions, saying he did not intend making any remark which could be personally offensive to me.

The Rev. Mr. Syme said that in my 'Logic of Death' I had *denied* the existence of God. I suggested that there must be some mistake, and desired him to read the passage. He read two or three, but the more he read the farther he got from the proof. He then said that my language amounted to that. Of course it was not necessary for me to show to a man of Mr. Syme's information the difference between the fact of what I had stated, and an *inference* from it. To say you *deny* the existence of God, is a form of expression which at once involves you with the divines from Chalmers and Foster downwards, who immediately demand to know if you have travelled through all space, and made a more than geographical survey of the infinite universe. But when we employ that statement of the case in which we say we do not see sufficient reason to believe, opposing argument must turn upon evidence, upon its nature and quantity, and the ingenious divine is no longer able to make his logical escapades. Inattention to these matters exposes us, in the eyes of well-informed people, to the suspicion of not knowing the technicalities of our own arguments. I alleged this reason to Mr. Syme for my particularity in the matter.

In one of his speeches, Mr. Syme said 'laugh to scorn as the meeting might the doctrines of Christianity,' &c. I asked him why Christians must always assume for us the offensive habit of meeting with levity and scorn the serious statements with which he was pleased to favour us? He (Mr. S.) would always find that we heard with respect what was tendered with earnestness. In allusion to a remark that I made, that the Christian could not know our case for he would not read our books, Mr. Syme said that I was mistaken, that our works were reviewed by the press much more frequently than I supposed, and even read in the pulpit. Certainly his own conduct bore out the truth of his remark, for he produced several himself, and seemed to have a pocket full. He also said that he had read from my 'Logic of Death' in his pulpit, that he had asked his congregation if they had read it, and told them that if they had not they ought not to stigmatise me till they knew what my opinions were. Another instance of his liberality deserves to be related. He said that when I was gone he should deliver some lectures in his own chapel, in reply, and he would invite my friends to hear them; and it should

be no fault of his if they were not allowed to reply, if they desired. The chapel not being his own property, he could not guarantee such a use of it—but he would promise to ask it of the proprietors. When I came to reply, I declined to combat at that time particular points of difference between us. So much liberality demanded some acknowledgment from us. It is the establishment of goodwill which we primarily seek—and on that night it was attained. I observed to the religious people present, that some of them, like myself, might be unaccustomed to hear such generous speeches from a Minister; but any who might think it incompatible with Christianity, should remember that Christianity could never lose anything by commanding the respect of its opponents, which Mr. Syme had certainly won for it that night.

The point upon which our Discussion will turn might be thus explained. Mr. Syme said that the great feature of Christianity was 'the *sympathy* of God with individual man.' In reply to this extraordinary assertion, I asked Mr. Syme—'If God was to show that sympathy on that day when he would turn his helpless and erring creatures into outer darkness, where there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth?' The case was similar to that celebrated syllogism of the Vicar of Brighton, discovered by the *Leader*—'God is *Love* and—demands Church-rates.'

Our public discussion will probably take place in the autumn. Mr. Syme is not in good health at present, and I shall consult his convenience.

On the second night of my Lectures the discussion was closed by the appearance on the platform of a tall, hale, hungry looking gentleman, who announced himself as 'Mr. Wallace, of Peck Lane.' His chief failing seemed to be that he was dreadfully in want of his supper. He did nothing but talk about it. The muscles of his jaws hung on carnivorous processes, and vibrated tremulously at the prospect of sandwiches. The delightful old gentleman evidently took his supper at nine o'clock, p.m., without fail; and as the discussion had prolonged the meeting three hours beyond that time, he rose up under the influence of *aggravated* intestinal disappointment. His speech was an incoherent alimentary rebellion, in which Freethinking, Christian Evidences, and mutton chops were grouped in marvellous confusion. I did not reply to him; remembering the text, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,' I feared a similar fate if I kept him any longer from his larder.

In these Incidents I have written from memory, at many intervals and in distant places (at this writing I am in Newcastle). I profess only to give the substance of what remains in my recollection that seems interesting. Any inaccuracies into which I may accidentally or unconsciously fall I shall cheerfully correct, if any of the parties of whom I have spoken shall point them out

Called unexpectedly to Newcastle-on-Tyne, I have spent a week there. On Monday I shall return, to be present at the Chartist Convention. My visit to Sheffield is fixed for the second week in April. G. J. Holyoake.

THE LAST TRIAL BY JURY FOR ATHEISM.

(SECOND EDITION.)

This work, which has been sold more rapidly than was expected, has been reprinted, and is now ready for delivery again. The contents comprise four chapters. Chap. I. Before the Imprisonment. Chap. II. The Trial. Chap. III. After the Sentence. Chap. IV. After the Liberation.

GOD-MAKING.

It has often been said, at least in substance, in this journal, that it is far more probable gods were made by men, than that men were made by gods; and No. 45 of Dickens's *Household Words* details a veritable case of god-manufacture in modern times. In 1818 the French ship *Dido*, on a voyage from the Mauritius to Sumatra, was becalmed for so long a period, that no luxury was left at last for the cabin passengers but an old cock, which was entrusted to the negro cook, Neptune, to prepare for dinner—the chief mate carefully watching the caboose during the process, lest any hungry spoiler should carry off the dainty. The precaution, alas! was unnecessary, for the cook fell asleep, and the cock was burnt to a cinder. In a fit of rage the mate seized a knife, and rushed upon the negro to slay him. A passenger, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow, and received a wound in his wrist. When peace was restored, Neptune fell upon his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector. Some years after, M. Bergaz had occasion to visit a part of Madagascar, when, in the course of a ramble, he was astonished to see a number of natives prostrate before a large hut, and hear them singing a monotonous hymn, the burthen of which was 'Bergaz.' Upon looking into the temple, he saw a very decent attempt, for the people, to represent a male European, in the act, apparently, of warding off a blow, with the right hand stained by blood; this divinity had, moreover, a cravat on marked L. B., and he saw the natives offer up a sacrifice to it of a dead cock. Upon the arrival of the chief—in whom M. Bergaz recognised Neptune, the cook of the *Dido*, whose sister, the queen of the Anas, had made him chief of Simpai—he learnt that the figure he had seen was intended to represent himself, for that Neptune's 'first act of authority was an endeavour to manifest his gratitude, after the strange manner of his people, to his protector Bergaz.....Probably to this day the god Bergaz may still be worshipped in Simpai; and the Esculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the note-books, of travelling philosophers.' W. C.

NEW ASSURANCE SOCIETY AGAINST PURGATORY.

In the present day, when every encouragement is afforded by the many Assurance offices and loan associations to the industrial classes of the community, whether Catholic or Protestant, to lay by a sum sufficiently large to ensure their posterity some consolation when they have departed from the scene of their toils,—it is a fact, no less remarkable than true, that such things as concern the future happiness of every Catholic, and are equally susceptible of economic financial arrangement, have been hitherto generally much neglected.

The state of purgatory being unavoidable, and as common as death itself, it follows that the prayers of the Church are as requisite to relieve the souls of the poor as of the rich; but it is the rich man only who can now afford to pay a priest a suitable recompense for his indispensable services. With a view of removing the disabilities of the middle and lower orders in this respect, it is contemplated to establish a Society, based on mutual principles, by means of which they may, on the payment annually of a mere trifle (to be reduced in manner hereafter mentioned), be enabled to ensure for any member of their families, and for themselves, the much-desired benefit of purgatorial relief.

In the year 1841, the population of Great Britain and Ireland was about thirty millions; the average increase since that time has been one million yearly. On a very moderate computation, it is believed that in that number there cannot exist less

than three millions of Catholic souls. Supposing that of this number 120,000 were to avail themselves of the benefits of the association, at the rate of ten shillings each per annum, this would produce, in one year, the sum of £60,000; and supposing, further, that these payments were to be continued for five years before any reduction should be made in them, the result would be—an accumulation to the amount of £300,000, without taking the additions of interest into the calculation.

The expenses of working such a Society could not be great. If the energies of ten or fifteen pious priests were directed—on behalf of deceased members—exclusively to purgatorial prayers, it is allowed by the most competent Catholic authorities, that such prayers would be wholly effectual—especially if accompanied by offerings to the Church. It is calculated that these priests might be supported, and the general business of the association carried on, at the comparatively small outlay of £10,000 per annum; so that if the excess of profits over the expenditure were, after five years, to be distributed rateably among the shareholders, it is a perfectly patent fact that the recipients of spiritual relief after death would also be considerably benefited during life.

It is confidently hoped that the above proposal and statement of facts will induce many to co-operate in forming a Society of which the benefits are so obvious. Should such be the case, a prospectus, with details, will be shortly published.

London, 1851. PETER M. J. TOPLADY, Promoter.

THE ARGUMENT FROM UNIVERSAL CONSENT.

THEOLOGIANS and philosophers—among the proofs, to the number of three, that they have been accustomed to offer in support of a Deity—place in the first rank universal consent. I have given an account of this argument, when, without rejecting or admitting it, I have also immediately asked—*What* does universal consent affirm in affirming a God? An argument of another kind is that which is drawn from the *order* of the world. I have observed with respect to this, that nature affirming spontaneously, by the voice of man, his proper distinction into spirit and matter, it remained to know if an infinite spirit, a soul of the world, governed and agitated the universe—as conscience, in its obscure intuition, tells us that a spirit animates man. *If* then, I have added, *order* was an infallible index of the presence of mind, one could not misunderstand in the universe the presence of a God. Unfortunately this *if* is not demonstrated, and knows not how to be so. For, on one side, pure spirit, conceived in opposition to matter, is a contradictory entity, of which nothing in consequence can attest the reality. On the other side, ordained in themselves, such as crystals, plants, the planetary system, which, in the sensations that they make us experience, do not give to us, as the animals do, sentiment for sentiment, appearing to us altogether deprived of conscience, there is no more reason to suppose a spirit in the centre of the world than to place it in a rod of sulphur; and it may appear, that if spirit, conscience, exists somewhere, it may be only in man.

Although the order of the universe can teach nothing upon the existence of God, it reveals something not less precious, perhaps; and which will serve as a starting point in our researches. It is, that all beings, all essences, all phenomena are enchained together by an assemblage of laws resulting from their properties—an assemblage that I have named fatality or necessity. Let there exist, then, an infinite intelligence, which embraces all the system of these laws, all the field of fatality—that to this infinite intelligence is united an intimate penetration, a supreme will, eternally determined by the assemblage of cosmical laws, and in con-

sequence, infinitely powerful and free—that, finally these three things (fatality, intelligence, will) may be contemporary in the universe, adequate one to the other, and identical. It is precisely this hypothesis, this anthropomorphism, which remains to be shewn.

Thus, whilst the evidence of the human race reveals to us a God, without saying *what* this God may be, the order of the world reveals to us a fatality—that is to say, an absolute and peremptory assemblage of causes and effects—in one word, a system of laws which would be, if God exists, as the view and science of this God.

The third and last proof of the existence of God proposed by theists, and named by them metaphysical proof, is nothing else than a tautological construction of categories, which prove absolutely nothing. Something exists—then there exists something. Something is multiple—then something is one. Something arrives after something—then something is anterior to something. Something is more little or more great than something—then something is more great than all things. Something is moved, then something is mover, &c., &c., *ad infinitum*.

See what is called even to-day, in colleges and seminaries, by the minister of public instruction and by messieurs the bishops, proving metaphysically the existence of God! See what the select of French youth is condemned to bray out, following the professors, during a year, under pain of not getting their diplomas, and not being able to study the law, medicine, polytechny, and the sciences! Surely, if anything has a right to surprise us, it is that with such a philosophy Europe is not yet atheist. The continuance of the deistical idea beside the jargon of the schools is the greatest of miracles—it forms the strongest prejudice that one can allege in favour of divinity. I am ignorant what it is that humanity calls God.

I cannot say if it is man, the universe, or some other invisible reality, that under this name we are to understand; or if this word expresses only an ideal—a being of reason,

Though to give substance to my hypothesis, and a point of departure to my researches, I will consider God, according to the vulgar opinion, as a being apart, present everywhere, distinct from the creation, endowed with an imperishable life as well as knowledge and activity infinite, but above all foreseeing and just, punishing vice and recompensing virtue. I will dismiss the pantheistic idea as a heartless hypocrisy. God is personal, or he is not; this alternative is the axiom whence I shall deduce all my theodicy.—*From J. P. Proudhon.*

THE CENSUS OF 1851—INSTRUCTIONS TO FRIENDS.

We have not seen the schedule to be issued by the Census Commissioners, but we understand that there will be a department to be filled up with the *religion* of each person with whom it is left. Several correspondents have asked what they ought to say. We answer, that all who are atheists, and are able to say so, had better put down that designation. Another name, which sufficiently describes us, is that of *Evidentialists*, which means persons who proceed by evidences, and accept whatever evidence establishes. Those who do not care to use these names, may write down 'no religion.' Others who do not feel free to describe themselves, should refuse to answer. Rationalist is a term which we might use, provided it is not understood that we claim exclusively to be considered *rational*. In the same manner Moralist might be used as our designation, provided people would understand by it that we were friends of Morality, and not as making the pretension of the purest to be alone moral. We believe the forms will make no inquiry as to religion, if we may judge by those just delivered in Newcastle.

G. J. H.

Examination of the Press.

Free Discussion Vindicated.—Mr. Holyoake has done well in publishing this 'fragment of autobiography,' ('The History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism in England,') which is worthy the attentive 'perusal,' not only of her Majesty's Attorney-General and the British Clergy—'to whom it is especially submitted'—but of all classes of her Majesty's subjects. During the eight years that have elapsed since the trial took place, considerable progress has been made in the appreciation of the true principles which ought to guide national action, with reference to matters of opinion, on subjects purely speculative and dogmatic. It is probable that the alteration in the law, which takes the initiative of instituting prosecutions for Blasphemy out of the hands of common informes, and vests it in the Law Officers of the Crown, will make this not only the 'last trial for atheism in England,' but prevent the recurrence of any similar trial in future. The only way to arrive at the truth on any subject is, to permit all to be said that can be said upon it. Error is the result of partial or imperfect knowledge; and it can only be removed by having a question presented in all its possible bearings; or, in other words, submitting it to unlimited discussion. To deny this open and unrestrained examination is, in effect, to declare at the outset that we are determined not to take into consideration all the possible arguments that may be presented, but wilfully to shut our eyes upon all but our pre-conceived notions. This is the way to perpetuate error, where it exists, and it is by no means the best way of protecting or strengthening truth. Granting the sincerity of those who believe that legal prosecutions for obnoxious opinions are necessary for the benefit of the community, it remains for them to show not only that the truth has been attained, but that it stands in need of the aid of secular power, in its contest with error. Some, we are aware, who concur in these prosecutions, do so on the far lower ground of expediency. The unpopular opinions *may* be true, but they think their open promulgation—in existing circumstances—prejudicial to society. Now without for a moment admitting that the prevalence of truth can ever be productive of pernicious results, it is only needful to remark, that if this expediency had succeeded, in the case of our predecessors, in stifling investigation, the world would not have made the progress it has done—the sum total of human knowledge would have been lamentably small, compared with what it now is. But the assumption that any kind of external power is required to protect truth, in its contest with error, is a pure fallacy. It is equally fallacious to suppose that any amount of protection from the State can guarantee permanence and supremacy to error. The interference of authority in questions of mathematical and physical science, would be scouted as ridiculous. We are learning, we trust, that a similar interference in speculative, moral, or political inquiries is equally unjustifiable, irrational, and impotent, as far as the settlement of any point at issue is concerned. Argument must be met by argument—demonstration by demonstration; or if—as in the case of Mr. Holyoake—the question does not admit of demonstration on either side, each party ought to be content to make the best of their respective cases, and to respect each other as sincere inquirers into a matter, which, in the present knowledge of the world, is a mystery.—*Northern Star*, March 15.

The Dreamer and the Worker.—The twofold condition of our nature, sensual and spiritual, practical and theoretical, with earthy needs and heavenly yearnings, with feet fixed on the ground and eyes following the stars, and the incessant combat waged between these two antagonists, may be said to be the source of all poetry and philosophy, and cannot be too often illustrated. It is a subject never old. It is a subject wherein all may behold their own struggles reflected as in a mirror. The Dreamer is in his sphere also a Worker, labouring with his soul as another labours with his hands; but his labour needs the labour of other men to fructify it, no less than the Worker needs the spiritual influence of a Dreamer ere he can become an intelligent, useful labourer.—The *Leader*, March 22, 1851.

Reasoner Tracts.

'INFIDELITY EXPOSED AND TRUTH EXHIBITED.'*

EXAMINED BY AUSTIN HOLYOAKE.

The Freethinker is in a helpless condition. When he is desirous of lecturing or writing, he is obliged to rely upon his own resources. He has no accommodating Angel or Holy Spirit to assist him. No wonder, therefore, that his arguments, springing alone from his own erring nature, should fail sometimes to convince. Yet, on the other hand, there are instances of arguments, said to have been divinely dictated, and that owe their existence alone to heavenly help, that have not that convincing character that might reasonably be expected.

Mr. Stenson, the preacher of the sermon before us, says that 'on Thursday, the 19th of September, he received the following note, or notice, the envelope bearing the post mark "Paddington:"'—

'September 18th, 1850.

'Sir,—I beg to present you with a copy of the "Logic of Death," which you will please to accept, and be kind enough to read it over, and, if you can, to answer it. Refute its errors, for by so doing you will act a nobler part than by burning it. He who would burn a book he could not answer, would perhaps, if he lived in a more barbarous age, not hesitate to consign its author to a similar fate.

'Hoping, however, you may yet see the error of your ways, and that you may yet be brought to a knowledge of the truth, is the sincere desire of your well-wisher, J. W.,

'*Late a Sunday-school Teacher.*

'P.S.—I am an infidel, and will attend your chapel next Sunday evening, when I shall be glad to hear anything against my principles or opinions.'

After the receipt of this letter he had 'a call' to contend against the principles of infidelity. The Lord having powerfully impressed his mind with the importance of the matter, he, after ervent supplication to the throne of heavenly grace for divine assistance, became perfectly satisfied that his path was made plain by the hearer and answerer of prayer. Accordingly, on the ensuing Lord's day he was helped of the Holy Ghost to deliver himself of the sermon on the 'Logic of Death.' Whether from the nature of the subject he had to consider, or from the consequences depending upon a refutation of atheism, or overwhelmed by the Ghostly coadjutorship he had sought, we cannot say; but true it is, that 'through excitement of mind and exertion of body, he was unable next day to leave his bed. All his strength seemed exhausted, and his every power appeared prostrate in the dust.' However, he was much refreshed in the afternoon by the receipt of an encouraging testimonial from a 'Brother in Jesus.' After this, Mr. Stenson received, from 'A Sinner Saved,' the following 'remarkable account relating to this matter:'—

'A short time previous to your receiving the "Logic of Death," I was

* Infidelity Exposed and Truth Exhibited: a Sermon, by Mr. John Stenson. Preached at Carmel Chapel, Westbourne Street, Pimlico, on Lord's day evening, September 22, 1850. (Being No. 13 of the 'Bible Preacher.') London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

informed by a youth, who was aware that I came to your chapel, of the intention of him and his companion to furnish you with one of those copies. It has done my heart good to hear from a friend of mine the noble defence of the truth from your pulpit on the occasion, at which the author of my communication was present to hear; but now—alas! alas!—I have a solemn statement to add, of which I wish you to be in possession. It hath pleased Almighty God that the poor companion of this youth, *since then*, should sicken and die, firmly maintaining those awful principles which make one tremble to think of. The youth is gone to follow his poor companion to the grave this afternoon.'

'Surely,' exclaims our pious preacher, 'the hand of the Lord is in all these things!'

There are the same disfiguring marks upon this sermon which characterise nearly all the pious polemics that come under our notice. It requires an effort on the part of most religious men to be courteous. We sometimes meet with a man who has the courage to *promise* not to be abusive while professing to argue with you; but rarely is this promise kept. Mr. Stenson is apparently aware of the injustice of abuse, for he remarks, in the opening of his sermon—'In attempting to assail the strongholds of infidelity, I am not unmindful of the fact that neither anger nor abuse can be taken for argument, no more than passion can be taken for principle.' Yet we find him saying, with great earnestness—'Infidelity is a spoiler—but religion is a supporter: the former would rob the soul of her very being—while the latter robes her with immortal glory! Infidelity is the hell-begotten offspring of depraved reason—but faith is the heaven-begotten offspring of divine revelation! Hence all carnal, unregenerate, mere reasoning men, are earthly, sensual, and devilish, being atheists, without God, or unbelievers and infidels.' We are again told, towards the end of his sermon, that 'Infidels, as long as they continue in infidelity, are not only distinguished from, and opposed to all "that will live Godly in Christ Jesus," but are fearfully characterised as "evil men and seducers, who wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived."'

Our 'servant of the adorable Immanuel' indulges also in a figure of speech which may be very musical, but it does not harmonise with fact. He couples 'iniquity, infidelity, and idolatry' together in several places; as though infidelity was the result of iniquity, and that idolatry belonged of necessity to infidelity. Infidelity flows from a far different source to that of iniquity, and idolatry springs alone from the worshipping tendency of superstition.

There is nothing original in this sermon—not even the abusive parts; and we can only congratulate Mr. Stenson on the assurance with which he retails them again. It is, however, as good treatment as we could expect at the hands of 'a worthless worm,' as Mr. Stenson assures us *he* is. There are two extracts given from what he calls the 'deadly' 'Logic,' but no attempt at refutation. The sermon is, like most of its class, a string of quotations from Scripture—and great is the confusion pervading the whole.

Our preacher says:—'Infidels deny the fall of man, then they must believe that man is just what he ever was from the beginning. And can it be possible that man, viewed in his beastial and brutish nature, as seen wallowing in his own filthiness—walking in the pride of his deceived heart—wandering in the paths of dissipation and vice—wilfully and willingly wronging his neighbour [is Mr. Stenson speaking from his own personal experience?]—and waging war against his Maker with a deadly hate—has never fallen from any higher degree? Is this the origin of man? If not, let

infidels make their own statement, and give their own account of him whose fall they deny, but whose faults they can never disown.'

To disbelieve the 'fall of man' in the Scriptural sense, is not to maintain that 'man is just what he ever was from the beginning.' Freethinkers cannot comprehend how it is that there should be any moral virtue and intellectual greatness in the world, if man is 'beastial and brutish by nature,' ever 'wallowing in his own filthiness.'

Mr. Stenson further remarks :—'Let me now proceed to inquire of our infidels, materialists, and atheists how matter came to assume the diversity of forms in which it is found? What ideas have they of the distribution of matter into almost infinite distinct natures? Or does infidelity, forsooth, reduce and resolve all into one common nature? And are we to conclude therefrom that there is no natural difference between stars and stones, man and beast, birds and reptiles, fishes and trees, fire and water? What bat-like blindness! What Babel-like confusion! What Pharaoh-like infatuation! Conceive, my hearers, if you possibly can, the whole mass of matter in its primæval form (whether created or eternal), from which imagine (if you have the ordinary measure of credulity possessed by infidels) you perceive rising up, breaking forth, creeping out, flying, leaping, jumping, oozing—the first man, the first elephant, the first worm, the first lark, the first frog, the first flea, the first stream, &c., and then ask how it cometh to pass that the like marvels are not witnessed now? What would you think of the sanity of that man that should boldly assert, "There is not a creature to be found upon the face of the whole earth, nor in the waters beneath, nor in the heavens above?" Would you not conclude that such a statement, proceeding from the lip or pen of any man, must, necessarily, prove him to be insane? And yet, beloved, such is the creed of infidels, who positively declare that a single creature cannot be found; for it is self-evident that if there be no Creator there can be no creature, as the one relates entirely to the other. Consider for one moment the amazing contrast between the absurd statements of depraved reason, and the simple, yet sublime, statements of divine revelation!'

Freethinkers, without wishing to monopolise a greater amount of insanity than our reverend friend is disposed to oblige them with, nevertheless confess their inability to *account* for the diversity of forms in which matter is found. They know that matter is 'distributed into almost infinite distinct shapes,' and by the aid of telescopes to assist their 'bat-like blindness' they suppose there is *some* difference between 'stars and stones;' but never having been close enough to the stars to ascertain, they are not possessed of 'Pharaoh-like infatuation' sufficient to state positively what they are made of. Though our religious friend believes in the 'chaotic brains of infidels,' infidels cannot believe they know the period when 'the whole mass of matter' was in its chaotic or 'primæval form;' and they do not consider themselves in a worse position than the Christian in reference to knowing how the 'first man rose up, or the first flea jumped.' It is to be feared the 'Babel-like confusion' of the latter part of this extract is sufficient to confound the reverend author himself. Even though it were possible to *prove* there is no Creator, still we should be conscious there were creatures in existence—even if Mr. Stenson only was left us to refer to.

'Having truth on our side,' remarks the preacher, 'we confidently challenge the whole infidel host to produce well corroborated evidence of one believer in the Lord Jesus Christ having regretted, on the dying bed, that he had received the Gospel of God.' We do not wish to find instances of it. Death is painful enough of itself, without the last moments of existence being embittered by regrets. The person who dies with the belief that he is going to enter a life of eternal bliss, will doubtless be happy. But religionists should not forget that innumerable persons who abandon the Christian faith, express at death the greatest satisfaction at having done so—as our own obituary records prove.

The time has arrived when the expression of the Rev. Robert Hall, that 'Atheism is a bloody and ferocious system,' may, with some propriety, be reversed; for we find Mr. Stenson saying, 'In the strength of the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, whom they [infidels] daringly defy, we must boldly resist them, *even unto blood*, striving against

their sin.' Mr. Stenson may rest assured that if he has the truth, he will be able to win the freethinker over to his side without resorting to any cruel or sanguinary means of convincing him.

'While infidels glory in their infidelity,' says Mr. Stenson, 'and boast of their irreligion, as evidential of their rationality, my first question to them is one that reason dictates, viz.: What are the future advantages proposed by infidelity, or what are the present benefits derivable therefrom?.....Can it be said, with any proof producible, or with any propriety whatever, that infidelity renders man more honourable, more happy, or more helpful to his fellow-man, than the religion which is based on Bible premises renders him?'

Christianity promises many things 'in the life to come,' at a time very indefinite, and in a place no one knows where. Rationalism holds out hopes of future 'peace on earth,' when fear and faith shall be superseded by reason and love. As the present generation enjoys the advantages arising from the efforts for good made in the past, so will the good deeds done in our time be the harbingers of peace and good will in the future. Christianity's blessings are to be found beyond the grave, of the issues of which no man is certain. Rationalism's blessings and rewards are to be reaped, not in the 'life to come,' but in the life that is. 'What are the present benefits derivable from infidelity?' We believe that all benefits possible to be enjoyed by man, must spring from man; hence infidelity teaches that most useful doctrine, self-reliance. Christianity tells men that they cannot do anything unless their 'heavenly father' wills it; and it is not unusual to see 'waiters upon Providence' miss glorious opportunities for doing good because they cannot find a 'divine sanction' for their actions. The 'religion based on Bible premises' renders men superstitious, intolerant, persecuting, fills the mind with vague fears, cramps the intellect, and saddens the heart and pales the cheek with thoughts of eternal torments too cruel and revolting to contemplate. Infidelity relieves the mind of superstition, of religious intolerance, invigorates the understanding by removing the fetters that cramp the intellect, and leaves man the free and untrammelled use of his faculties. It renders man 'more helpful to his fellow-man' by teaching him that the evils and suffering he sees around him can only be removed by his own exertions.

Mr. Stenson, in common with other Christians, vaunts the superiority of his religion, and quotes passages from Scripture to prove 'the preciousness and value of God's most holy word.' Great stress is laid upon the *promises* the Bible contains. A short and easy method of convincing the infidel would be by pointing to instances where these promises had been fulfilled. Priests beguile mankind by telling them what their 'heavenly father' has promised to do for them. But it is in vain to tell us that the Lord 'will save the children of the needy, and will break in pieces the oppressor.' The children of the needy perish by thousands in factory and mine, and the oppressor still gains strength and power. What consolation is it to the poor man to tell him that the Lord 'will deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper'— when he cries for help and receives no succour, prays for food and dies with hunger? Gaunt Famine rears its head, and a whole nation is decimated; thousands gradually waste away with disease and want, who in their sufferings implore assistance with a fervency none can doubt, but perish with prayers upon their lips—yet we are told that the Lord 'will deliver the needy when he crieth!' The feeling of patriotism and love of liberty, which seem inherent in man's nature, prompt peoples that have groaned for ages under the iron rule of despotism, to make efforts for national freedom. The philosopher, the patriot, and the poet teach men that liberty is sacred. The pious offer up prayers to heaven for it, and nations shed their blood in its defence. But tyranny is still triumphant. Men are tortured and put to death, and delicate women and helpless, innocent children are butchered that tyrants may maintain their thrones. Yet the Lord 'will save the children of the needy, and will break in pieces the oppressor.' The resolute cry of Reason and Experience is the wiser—'Man, trust thyself!'

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

LETTER FROM THE REV. G. A. SYME.

SIR,—Allow me to direct your attention to one or two inaccuracies which appear in your notice of the discussions at Nottingham.

You say, 'The Rev. Mr. Syme justified the eternal punishment of sinners;' again you say, 'Mr. Syme took the course of defending the doctrine of eternal punishment upon the usual evangelical theory, that the infinite economy of Providence requires it.' Neither of these statements are correct. The doctrine of *eternal* punishment was neither defended by me nor denied. I simply observed that it was considered a questionable doctrine by many Christians who in other respects are called orthodox. I mentioned John Foster, and I might have mentioned many others, as having doubted it. I was led to make this remark in consequence of an assertion of yours, that the doctrine of *eternal* punishment was held by *all Christians* except Unitarians.

I did not advance any opinion at all regarding the *duration* of punishment. It was the *fact* of punishment which I defended and justified. The one must be established before the other. It was the *fact* of punishment I had to debate with you. If you deny the *fact* of punishment, it is quite useless to enter upon any discussion regarding its duration. I therefore purposely avoided the doctrine of *eternal* punishment, and, in a debate with one professing your views, should always avoid it—not that I consider the doctrine indefensible, but simply because a logical discussion of the matter requires the *fact of punishment* to be settled first.

You say, 'Mr. Syme demanded of me a definition of Christianity: he said he never new a freethinker who could give one—a somewhat presumptuous speech.' I demanded of you a definition of the *Gospel*. In every discussion it is important to be precise in the use of words. I used the word '*Gospel*' because it is the word used in the New Testament, and, as used there, its sense can be easily ascertained. The word 'Christianity' is of more modern date. It is generally used in a loose sense; unless used as synonymous with the word 'Gospel,' it is not so easy to be defined. Now, I repeat that I never met with a 'freethinker' who could tell me what the 'Gospel' is. You may call this a presumptuous speech or no, as you please. It was made evident at the meeting that you did not know what it is; neither there nor in your periodical have you given a definition of it. The definition which you attempted to give at the meeting, and which you repeat in your periodical, is this: 'God is love, and he will punish his ignorant and erring creatures in hell fire.' This sentence contains two propositions: the first contains *a definition of God*—'God is love'—and if the second sentence were properly worded, it would contain *a definition of the consequences of rejecting the Gospel.* I beg you, therefore, to notice, that the Gospel is by you still undefined. And though to you it may seem presumptuous, to me it seems only charitable, to say that you have not given a definition of the Gospel because really you know not what it is.

You say, 'He (Mr. S.) said he quite agreed with me, that the refusal of the clergy to enter into discussion with us, lest they should give us importance, proceeded from dishonourable motives; he agreed with me, also, that we should not get importance by it unless we were in the right.'

I said it was true that many ministers refused to engage in public discussion with infidels. *The motive* I had heard assigned was a fear on their part lest they

should thereby give infidels undue importance. I regretted their refusal, and considered *the motive* (for there was only this motive referred to) as scarcely sufficient to warrant their refusal; for I thought that infidels, instead of getting importance by discussion, would only reap dishonour, unless they were in the right. You represent me as saying that this motive—viz., lest they should give infidels importance—proceeded from *dishonourable motives.* I used no such language. It would have been highly improper for me to have used it. To refer to *a motive* which they themselves acknowledge is one thing—to *impute motives* which they have never acknowledged, and by which they were never influenced, is a very different thing.

Trusting you will early insert this,

I remain, yours respectfully,

Nottingham, March 18th, 1851. G. A. Syme.

[Either I am or Mr. Syme is under error of recollection. The word 'Gospel' sounds strangely to me. It was respecting Christianity that I believed him to ask me. Had I have understood him to ask what is the Gospel, I should have answered, that the 'New Testament' is sometimes called 'Glad Tidings' but that this is a mistake. Will Mr. Syme oblige us with his own definition?—G. J. H.]

THE REV. MR. GUTTRIDGE AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.

Dear Sir,—Having at last received a few lines from the Rev. J. Guttridge, we take the opportunity of informing you of the circumstance. The rev. gentleman was so kind, a few weeks ago, as to send us a copy of the *Bible and the People* and a copy of the *Pathway.* When we returned the two copies, we sent a note along with them, stating that we could find nothing in them to alter our present opinions, also wishing to know the names and addresses of three young men to whom we had often heard him refer in his religious harangues. To our note, we received the following reply:—

'Heywood, Feb. 23, 1851.

'My dear Sirs,—The three young men to whom I have sometimes referred--as having had, not only *sour tempers,* but *shallow intellects*—I met with at Middlewich, in Cheshire, in 1841. But, as I did not ask you what your names were the first time I saw you, so neither did I ask them theirs.

'As you have such an ardent longing for "letter writing," a sort of literary showing off, I regret my non-acquaintance with the names of the parties, inasmuch as it will prevent you "opening up" a correspondence with them, and, if they have not grown wiser, of shedding upon their somewhat darkened understandings a little of the abundant light in which you yourselves are so haughtily basking. The intimation in your note that the ably-conducted monthlies, the *Bible and the People* and the *Pathway* cannot teach you more than you have long since known, is, to say the least, a pretty fair specimen of *matured egotism—full-grown vanity.* Dear me! Who are you? Where have you been? From what intellectual storehouses have you gathered your treasures? Will the machinery of things go on at your decease? Will wisdom die with you? Did you ever read "Bobby Burns?" if so, you will perhaps be familiar with the following couplet:—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

'Most sincerely wishing you a *slight advance*, a *little increase* in the triple qualities of *taste*, *manners*, and *modesty*,

'I am, my dear sirs, yours faithfully,

'Messrs. Butterworth, Warburton, & Oakes. J. GUTTRIDGE.'

The rev. gentleman would convey the idea that we stated, that 'none of the numbers of the *Bible and the People* and the *Pathway* could tell us more than we knew.' We did no such thing. We only stated that 'the two numbers sent (which were the numbers for February) contained nothing but what we had heard before adduced in favour of Christianity.'

'Bobby Burns,' to whom our rev. friend refers us, was a fine poet, and did not relish priestcraft in whatever form it manifested itself. Our rev. friend could not have quoted an author with whom we are better acquainted. We will complete the verse from which the rev. gentleman has taken the two lines in his letter:—

'O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us,
It wad frea mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad lea us,
And ev'n *devotion*.'

JOHN OAKES,
JAMES WARBURTON,
Heywood, March 10th, 1851. JAMES BUTTERWORTH.

REPORT FROM PAISLEY.

DEAR SIR,—To-day, at a meeting of our council, I was instructed to write to you, wishing you to state at what time you could make it convenient to be with us for a course of four lectures—say one on Sunday, two during the week, and one on the Sunday following. When you write you might give a list of subjects you may think suitable for lectures.

Our society is gradually increasing in numbers. There is a sprinkling of females among our new adherents. We meet regularly for public lecture or discussion every Sunday morning and evening. We have a school for children on Sundays, from four to six p.m. A course of lectures on Christian Superstition by members, has lately terminated. The concluding one, by our worthy president, Mr. David Glassford, on the 'Necessity of Social Reformers exerting themselves to reclaim their Christian brethren from the necessity of giving credence to such self-evident fables,' contained an able exposure of the absurdities in belief engendered by these superstitions, and concluded with an earnest appeal to all to assist in their exposure. Since then we have had an exchange of lecturers with the Glasgow friends, who lectured to us on a variety of topics. We believe the exchange conferred a mutual benefit.

We have lately lost by death a female member, Mrs. John Robinson. For many years before she became a member, she was a regular attender at all our meetings. She was a subscriber to the *Reasoner* and its fund since its commencement. Calmly and unobtrusively she bore herself through life—an exemplary wife, an attentive parent, and a zealous friend. She testified in her death to the fact that our principles are not only good to live with, but also to die with. Her death was as calm and peaceable as any of those so much vaunted by Christians.

The census is about to be taken, and I understand that there is a column in the schedule to be left in all houses for stating what religion you profess. Some propose to write 'none' in that column; others reason, and I think truly, that by

so doing they nullify themselves, and fail to convey correct ideas of the progress of free inquiry, socialism, or any other ism under which complete dissenters may choose to designate themselves.

It would be desirable if you would suggest and recommend—through the *Reasoner* or any other paper you may have access to—a name whereby all these parties might designate themselves in the census schedule, and thereby make known the progress of opinion.

Paisley, March 9th, 1851. JAMES MOTHERWELL.

REPORT FROM MORPETH.

DEAR SIR,—There is nothing, in my opinion, that shows the progress of Free-thinking more than when the ministers of Christ's Gospel become virulent in their denunciations. Such has, in a remarkable degree, been the case in Morpeth lately. The Rev. Mr. Anderson, Presbyterian minister, having, amongst others, attacked my family, denouncing the whole as atheists, I sent him the 'Logic of Death,' with the following note:—

'Rev. Sir,—As you have charged the whole family of Jordans with atheism, I therefore (to show you that I am not averse to the charge) send you the enclosed pamphlet, which embodies my opinions, and which I hope (unlike the Rev. Mr. Blandy) you will answer, not burn. WM. JORDAN.'

The following letter from my brother will show you how it has been met:—

'The note and pamphlet you sent the Rev. Mr. Anderson has occupied the substance of two lectures from the pulpit, where refutation is not allowed. His hearers boast that his answer is irrefutable. Taking for his argument the different revolutions the earth has undergone, he showed that man could not exist until the epoch of that period when the earth assumed a state fitting it for vegetable and animal life; hence man not existing from eternity, he could not make himself—he must have had a designer. Quoting mostly Paley, he went on introducing external nature and savage life, comparing it with civilised life,' etc., etc.

Sir, I have written to Mr. A., requesting him to publish his Sermons. Should you think this relevant to the *Reasoner*, you may use it. Should the Rev. Mr. Anderson publish his Sermons, I will furnish you with a copy.

Bidwell. W. JORDAN.

P.S.—Allow me, through the medium of the *Reasoner*, to thank Mr. A. Trevelyan for having for the last two years supplied me with the *Reasoner*. It is owing in a great measure to his generosity that I owe my knowledge of modern free-thinking. W. J.

A DIALOGUE ON SPACE.

SIR,—Some time ago I forwarded you the substance of a dialogue, which, under the heading 'Atheism Tested, in an argument between a Christian and an Infidel,' you inserted in No. 3, Vol. 9, of the *Reasoner*. In that dialogue the atheist having elicited from his Christian opponent that *every thing* was created by God, submits the following question:—'Where was God before he created *any thing?*'

The Christian declines making answer, on the ground that it is an impious inquiry. But in No. 7 of the same volume a correspondent, 'Z.,' affirms that Creator and creation are alike eternal. In a more recent investigation into the merits or demerits of atheism, by a Christian with myself, the following dialogue took place.

Christian. God is an immaterial spirit.

Atheist. Am I to understand that God is nothing?

Chris. God is decidedly something, the maker of every thing, and must have existed in space before he created matter.

Ath. By the term space, do you wish to signify something or nothing?

Reference to revelation and faith being the only reply vouchsafed, will you allow me, by means of the *Reasoner*, to endeavour to obtain a more direct (and to all truth seekers) a more satisfactory reply to my primitive question than any yet offered? H. Lucas.

[H. L. informs us that the Christian was a Dissenting Minister, but who does not wish his name to transpire.—Ed.]

Reasoner Propaganda.

To promote the efficiency of the *Reasoner* as an organ of Propagandism, one Friend subscribes 10s. weekly, another 5s., two 1s. each, weekly—and so on according to ability and earnestness. An annual contribution of One Shilling from each reader would be easy, equitable, and sufficient. What is remitted, in whatever proportion, is acknowledged here and accounted for at the end of the Volume.

Previously acknowledged in No. 248, 1161s. 6d.—Anonymous, Nottingham, 2s. 6d.—Anaxagoras, do., 2s. 6d.—A few friends in aid of the *Reasoner*, Ayr, 8s.—W. E. B., 12s.—W. Mallalieu, 2s.—Richard Hunt, Hyde, per W. Knowles, 2s.6d.—Willis Knowles, do., 1s.—Thomas Fyfe, Dundee, 2s. 6d.—Alexander Steven, per do., 1s.—James Calhols, per do., 1s.—John Lermoth, per do., 1s.—John Kincaid, per do., 1s.—Daniel McPheron, per do., 1s.—John Smith, per do., 2s. 6d.—For Birch's 'Shakspere,' from Mr. John Bowes, Leeds, 20s.—A friend, per Mr. Billson, 6s.—W. B., Camden Town, 1s.—C. A. B., Chelsea, 2s.—J. S., per Mr. Watson, 1s.—James Gray, 1s.—Total, 1233s.

LITERARY INSTITUTION, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—On Sunday, April 6th, at 11 o'clock, a General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Coffee Room, to receive a statement of the Half-year's Accounts, and the Auditors' Report.

On Monday, April 7th, the Eleventh Anniversary of the opening of the Institution will be celebrated with a Supper, Address, and Ball. Tickets 3s. each, including a Lady's Ball Ticket; Double 4s. 6d. each.

The Supper will commence at 7, the Address will follow, and the proceedings terminate with a Ball, commencing at 10 o'clock.

That the arrangements for Supper may be quite satisfactory, a limited number of Tickets only will be issued, and all applications for Tickets must be made on or before Friday, April 4th.

On Good Friday the Annual Tea Party and Festival will be held.

Edward Truelove, Secretary.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—April 6th [7½], 'The Last Moments of Great Reformers.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—April 6th [7], a lecture.

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—April 4th [8], a Discussion. 6th [7½], a lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—April 6th [7], Mr. James Benny, 'The Poetry of Professor Longfellow.'

Areopagus Coffee and Reading Room, 59, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture or Discussion.

R. DRAPER begs to inform his friends that he intends opening the

Areopagus Coffee & Reading Room,

59, Church Lane, Whitechapel,

On Monday evening, April 7th, upon which occasion Mr. Charles Southwell will deliver a Lecture 'On the Importance of Free Inquiry.'

On Wednesday evening, April 9th, Dr. Brooks will Lecture 'On the Social and Political Advantages of the Levitical Law.' Each lecture will commence at 8 o'clock. Admission Free.

The following newspapers and periodicals will be taken in regularly:—Times, Sun, Express, Leader, Reynold's Newspaper, Dispatch, Illustrated News, Bell's Life; Punch, Reasoner, Owen's Journal, Operative, Friend of the People, Chambers's Journal, London Journal, Family Herald, and Railway Guide. [Chess and Draughts.]

Our Open Page.

THE recent union of the middle and working classes in their efforts to repeal the taxes on paper, on advertisements, and on the diffusion of political knowledge, gives us hopes that one great barrier to success, the want of union between the middle and working classes, is gradually giving way. The antagonistic language of those who have written for the working classes, and the defiant tone of those who have written on the other side, and the mis-reports, or no reports, by the stamped press of the meetings at which working class objects have been especially advocated, have led to and perpetuated hostility. Both parties are beginning to think, and will soon, we trust, act as though they believed that we must cultivate men's virtues rather than reprove them for their failings. They must see in what they can agree, and go for those; and if there are those in which they cannot yet unite, let each party exert themselves to advance their own object without scolding, which is only the resort of the vulgar. E. S.

According to *Sharpe's London Magazine*, a village innkeeper, at whose house Voltaire on a certain occasion stopped, spared no pains in order to pay homage to his illustrious guest by a suitable reception, and at every minute despatched his *garçons* in all directions, to their no small discontent. One of the latter at length inpatiently observed, 'This M. de Voltaire, I suppose, must be a king!' 'My good fellow,' replied the master, with all the action of a Frenchman, 'there are twelve kings in Europe, and there is but one Voltaire in the world.'

The magistrate of a little village of Brandenburgh committed a burgher to prison, charged with having blasphemed God, the king, and the magistrate. The Burgomaster reported the same to the king. The following sentence was written by his Majesty in the margin of the report—'That the prisoner has blasphemed God, is a sure proof that he does not know him; that he has blasphemed me, I willingly forgive; but, for his blaspheming the magistrate, he shall be punished in an *exemplary manner*, and committed to prison *for half an hour?*'

John Rudge, in 1725, left various bequests to the poor, &c., of Trysull, Staffordshire; amongst others, an annuity of twenty shillings, payable at five shillings quarterly, to a poor man, to go about the parish church of Trysull, during sermon, to keep people awake, and to keep the dogs out of church.

On Thursday evening Mr. Holyoake lectured on 'Christianity and its Evidences,' a volume of Lectures by the Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. On Sunday Mr. Holyoake delivered his concluding lecture in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the subject being 'Atheism among the Literary Classes,' being a review of the Letters of H. Martineau and H. G. Atkinson.

Motions have been made in the Swedish Parliament for a complete emancipation of the Jews. A strong liberal feeling in favour of this persecuted sect is abroad in the country.

Mr. Holyoake has sent a challenge to the Rev. J. Flemming, of Lancaster, to discuss with him the principles avowed in the 'Logic of Death,' or the principles advocated in the *Reasoner*. The reason for this will appear in the *Reasoner* next week.

Will 'Julius Aspirant,' of Lancaster, send his address, in confidence, without delay?

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, April 2nd, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

ACCEPTANCE OF THE CHALLENGE OF THE REV. J. FLEMING, OF LANCASTER.

LAST week we gave a brief notification of this reverend gentleman, and made a promise of further explicitness. First we may quote a short note, which was forwarded to the editor at Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was as follows:—

'Mr. Holyoake,—Three weeks ago, a lecture was delivered by the Rev. J. Fleming, a Calvinist minister, who commands the largest audience in the town, on the "Life, Character, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton." Mr. Fleming boasted of Newton's being a Christian, and contended that his being a Christian spoke more for Christianity than all the objections infidels could utter. On account also of what he said of "infidels," I sent him a letter containing animadversions upon his lecture, also a *Reasoner* and "Logic of Death;" the *Reasoner* contained an article on Lord Rochester and Death-bed Repentances—a subject on which Mr. Fleming intended lecturing. Mr. Fleming pictured, in a striking manner, the bad conduct of Voltaire, Paine, &c.; whilst he exhibited the sublime conduct of Locke, Cowper, Bacon, &c. No one can judge of my surprise when he challenged me to a discussion. To have debated with him would have been hurtful in several ways. 1. A cause badly defended had better not be defended at all. 2. Atheists have no organisation here; I believe the *Reasoner* does not circulate many. 3. In a town like Lancaster opposition ought to be met well—hence I deem it better to work with Tracts. I wish to know if you approve of my conduct.

'Lancaster, March 23, 1851. 'JULIUS ASPIRANT.'

Certainly our young friend acted with much good sense. It is not often that we find the same enthusiasm united with the same prudence. But more light is thrown on the subject of the Rev. Mr. Fleming's proceedings by the annexed report, which appeared in the *Lancaster Guardian*, of March 8th, 1851:—

'LECTURES ON CHRISTIANITY AND INFIDELITY.—On Thursday evening last, the Rev. J. Fleming commenced a series of lectures addressed to working men, on the respective merits of Christianity and infidelity. A large and attentive audience, on Thursday, was an acknowledgment to the rev. gentleman, that the efforts he is making for the improvement of the class for whose benefit these lectures were more especially designed, are fully appreciated. He said the subject they had met to consider was one of overwhelming importance, and this all would allow who believed in the truthfulness and divinity of Christianity, who were aware of the efforts that were made to diffuse every where the doctrines of infidelity, and who looked upon the Gospel as the great thing needed to elevate mankind, to rectify the evils of society, and to establish among every people the blessings of peace and civilisation and prosperity. It might possess little of the novelty which other subjects did. The interest which attached to it might neither be thrilling nor

new, and yet he believed there was no question which he could have brought before them at the present moment of greater practical importance, and more deserving of their thoughtful attention, and more calculated to benefit and improve them. He would gladly have preferred a more popular topic, but necessity lay upon him. Christianity was assailed, misrepresented, and caricatured. Efforts were now put forth by many on every hand, to sap its foundations, to dislodge it from the hearts of those who had embraced it, and to banish it from the world. Publications were in circulation among them, whose teachings were the most demoralising and pernicious, which proclaimed death to be a sleep, God to be a nonentity, and heaven and hell to be figments of the imagination—which poured the highest contempt on all that Christians now held dear, mocked with intensest scorn the aspirations of the human soul, and told them to listen to the deep voices of their own nature for direction and encouragement, and not to the silent whispers of the Bible. Now of all this he could not be an idle spectator. He could not see their highest interests estreated, their immortal destinies so trifled, their highest hopes and their justest fears so invoked, and their noblest inheritance so despised and ignored, and stand by an unconcerned witness. He therefore placed himself that night to confront their common foe, and substantiate the claims of Christianity. Further he was most anxious that their views of Christianity should somewhat correspond with its exalted character, that they should experience some of its power, see more of its importance, discover more of its grandeur, feel more of the force of its claims, enjoy more of its aids and consolations, and be more firmly grounded in the belief of its truthfulness, and hence the subject he had chose on which to address them. And in these desires he indulged, and thus did he act, because he was fully persuaded of the truth of Christianity, because he was satisfied that it was all that it professed to be, and that it was eminently adapted to the nature of man, that it was capable of raising him from the lowest condition to a position of proud and enviable elevation. It had only to be universally disseminated and received, and injustice, oppression, barbarism, infidelity and idolatry would everywhere disappear, and that the more it was examined, the more it would be credited, valued, and loved. Christianity professed to be from God; but it was denied by infidels that it possessed any such character. It was maintained that its claims were groundless, and never was this done with more zeal than at the present moment, and on what grounds he would show them. He then entered his protest to the manner in which infidels had attacked the Scriptures, by selecting isolated passages instead of taking it as a whole. What they asked for at the hands of those who objected to Christianity was an honest dealing with the subject. They did not want any more, nor would they have less. They would have no caricature, no one-sided representation, no condemnation of the whole in consequence of parts which had been wrested from their context, and in their isolated character made to appear ludicrous. The lecturer then proceeded to examine the different objections urged against Christianity, which we are compelled to abridge. 1. Christianity had often been objected to on the ground that they were not in circumstances to judge of its truth—or, in other words, they were only to believe what they saw and heard; and he showed that any other historical fact must be rejected on the same reasoning. 2. Christianity was objected to on the ground of the mysterions character of some of its doctrines—or, they should believe nothing they did not comprehend. The connection of mind and body, instinct, &c., were equally incomprehensible; but we knew they did exist. Mr. Fleming then refuted the incorrectness and absurdity of the arguments that Christianity should be rejected because it contained many things contrary to known facts, that the Scriptures

represented Jehovah as sanctioning the most wanton cruelty, that the statements of the Scriptures were often contradictory—and then passed on to consider some of the arguments by which the claims of Christianity were triumphantly established. Its divine character was proved by its effects on individual man when it was fully embraced, and its early spread was conclusive evidence of its truthfulness. He also argued that Christianity was true from the candour and impartiality of the New Testament writers, the harmony of its several parts, and also of the character of Jesus Christ. He then enforced the claims of Christianity on their love and obedience. Towards the close of the lecture, Mr. F. pointed out more fully the necessity which there is for such lectures as those on whose delivery he had entered. He said that he had recently been inquiring into the extent to which infidelity prevailed in the town, and had found that it abounded to a very alarming degree--that many of the worst infidel publications of the day were widely circulated and read—and that there was no doubt whatever that the evil was on the increase. He had with him several of the publications referred to, and from one of the worst of them, called the "Logic of Death," read and refuted several passages. He also read a letter which he had received from an infidel, signing himself, "A Young Working Man," since his lecture on Sir Isaac Newton, containing an implied challenge to a free discussion on the respective claims of Christianity and Infidelity. He called upon the young man—whom, he said, he had no doubt was present—to give his name, and publicly avow what his letter implied. There was, however, no response to the call. Mr. Fleming then challenged any infidel present to such a discussion as that to which he had been partly invited. To this challenge, however, there was no reply.'

After reading this report, Mr. Holyoake addressed, from Newcastle-on-Tyne, the following

LETTER TO THE REV. J. FLEMING.

Rev. Sir,—From a report which appears in the *Lancaster Guardian* of your lecture on the 'Respective Merits of Christianity and Infidelity,' I read that you refer to the 'Logic of Death' in terms of serious censure. As on that occasion you called upon 'A Young Working Man' to give his name and 'publicly avow' his infidel principles, I conclude that you are willing to show their untruth in discussion. I am the author of the 'Logic of Death,' and am ready to explain before a public audience of the people of Lancaster my reasons for holding the sentiments contained in that publication; and I am prepared to justify them in public discussion, in your presence, on equal terms if you will, on unequal terms if you desire it.

The report to which I have alluded states that you read a letter from an infidel, containing 'an implied challenge to a free discussion on the respective claims of Christianity and Infidelity;' that you 'called upon the author to give his name and publicly avow what his letter implied;' that 'there was, however, no response to the call;' that you (the Rev. J. Fleming) then challenged *any infidel present* to such a discussion as that to which you had been partly invited;' that 'to this challenge, however, there was no reply.' I make the reply hereby. I beg to accept the challenge you then gave, as I should have done at the instant had I been present.

On receiving a reply from you, I will endeavour to make the arrangements you may indicate as necessary on my part.

Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

III.

'The Logic of Atheism,' by John Mackintosh, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is another pamphlet we have to notice. It is presumptive proof of the logical weakness of a controversialist when he loses his temper, when he begins to call names, to cast imputations of wilful blindness and base motives on his opponent. We trust that this ungraceful weapon will alone be brandished by the Christian against the Rationalist, with whom we hope the entire monopoly will remain. The greater or less use of it will be found in very exact proportion to the logical resources of the religious partisan. The pamphlet before us, written with especial reference to Mr. Holyoake's 'Paley Refuted,' affords a good instance of the accuracy of this rule. In the dearth of reason and argument, the devout disputant attacks Mr. Holyoake and all atheists, just as a foolish woman flies into hysterics, when she has tried all other means of persuasion in vain. Purists in diction might object to such flowers of rhetoric as 'enormous gullibility,' 'outrageous twaddle,' 'villanous stuff,' 'atheistic spiders,' 'wretched quibble,' 'chaff,' and 'spooney,' with some others that we shall have occasion to mention; but we will not deny that Mr. Mackintosh possesses considerable force of language and power of sarcasm—and if his talents in this line were kept in order, he might be of good service to his fellow-men.

In the first page of the preface it is stated that Newcastle has been 'deluged with atheism,' and lecturers of all kinds, elegantly catalogued as 'mongrel puppy, whelps and hound, and cur of low degree,' have repeatedly undertaken to prove the non-existence of God and the 'immoral tendencies of the Christian religion.' 'Beings with minds of atomic dimensions, have pronounced the existence of God to be a lie, Jesus Christ to be a myth, the human soul to be a sham, and all who differ from them either consummate knaves or else most egregious fools.' Are we not going on a little too fast here? Is Mr. Mackintosh quite sure that he has heard Mr. Holyoake call all Christians knaves or fools? In the next line he terms the unbelievers who listen to these lectures, 'gaping simpletons;' and at page 13 declares that Mr. Holyoake is on a level with 'a quibble-hunting, pettifogging attorney,' two appellations which are about equivalent to the 'knave and fool,' the use of which is imputed to freethinking lecturers.

Mr. Mackintosh introduces an argument, to which, from its extending through six pages of his pamphlet, we may well suppose he attaches considerable importance. He has heard that Moffat, a missionary in South Africa, has reported that some of the Caffre tribes have no notion whatever of a Deity. On this supposed fact he founds the following dilemma: 'If atheists should deny the statement of Moffat, and assert that the Caffres have the idea of a God, like the rest of mankind, *then* they must admit the universality of the belief in the Deity; and if they admit the truth of Moffat's narration, then they must abandon as untenable their darling hypothesis of the origin of the belief in a God.' Our answer to this may also be in the form of a dilemma, viz., that if the Caffres, as Moffat supposes, have not the idea of a God, then the ordinary Christian assertion of the universal intuitiveness of that idea is disproved; and if, on the contrary, they have the belief of a Deity, then they resemble the majority of the tribes of mankind who have formed the idea of a God or Gods from fetichism, or the personification of the material influences of nature.

There is a glaring display throughout this little work of the artificial habits of thought and feeling into which the religionist is thrown by his faith in supernatural agencies, and hope of supernatural assistance. Our author, like most Chris-

tians, judges his own and his adversary's doctrines by their accordance with what he has been accustomed to consider consoling and elevating, and not by the simple standard of their accordance with reason and facts. 'Atheism,' he says, 'is one of those monstrosities to which, if it were true, a *lie* would be infinitely preferable' (p. 52.) This Christian has been so long accustomed to associate every idea of virtue and goodness as necessarily connected with a belief in an invisible and supernatural 'Moral Governor' and a future state, that he can deliberately give vent to this conditional adoration of a 'lie.' He cannot separate the ideas of Virtue and God. We might expatiate at length on the objectionable nature of the thought that a lie under any circumstances can be preferable to truth, and that falsehood can ever be glorious, or ennobling, or grand, or elevating, or useful. If a false thing has ever appeared to be beneficial, it has only been in consequence of some precious truth which it enveloped, and adulterated, and defiled.

Under the influence of this indifference to truth, except so far as it may seem to accord with religion—the genuine Christian plan—our author heaps up every sin and every evil existing in the world, and charges them all to what he calls 'heart-atheism,' in eight or ten pages of supeficial declamation, founded on the assertion that 'the natural and necessary tendency of atheism is to make man selfish and rapacious' (p. 38.) Atheism, which means devotion to the interests of humanity, which teaches men that they are indeed all brethren, and that they are not divided into sheep and goats; which teaches men that they are indeed dependent for their happiness on one another, and not on the will of a 'Moral Governor;' which teaches men that happiness depends on a virtuous life, and not on belief and flattery of Invisible Omnipotence; which teaches men that sin and misery result from their neglect and ignorance, and not from natural depravity;—this atheism is 'brutish,' 'cold,' 'selfish,' and 'inimical to progress!' (p. 46.)

'Atheism,' says our Christian author, 'deifies brute force, and declares that might is right' (p. 50.) 'Despotism is Atheism incarnate' (p. 46.) 'It was by appealing to God that Kossuth evoked the slumbering energies of his countrymen.' 'It was by the cry of "God and the people" that Mazzini rallied the Italians to his standard.' Did God help them? Nicholas of Russia invokes God in all his most truculent proclamations. By overwhelming strength he crushed the Hungarians: did the God whom he adores help him? Did God help Mazzini and the cause of Italy? The freedom of Italy may be nearer at hand than despots imagine, but the might of Austria will never be conquered by a slavish or partial reliance on God's help, but by natural strength, and valour, and virtue. And if the Italians after their first success return thanks to God, rely on his favour, and neglect to pay an atheistical attention to their material defences, they will be exposed to another subjugation by Austria or France, and their faith will *not* save them. Let Hungarians and Italians trust in God if they will, but they had better keep their powder dry also.

As to Mr. Mackintosh's strictures on the argument of 'Paley Refuted,' they may be summed up in a very few words, and easily answered. He says, at p.13—'Holyoake has not attempted a refutation of Paley, by grappling mainly with the real point at issue, viz., does design imply a designer? but he has had recourse to a paltry trick of logicians, known as the *reductio ad absurdum*, by which he has reduced himself from the dignity of an earnest truth-loving philosopher, to the low level of a quibble-hunting, pettifogging attorney.' The *reductio ad absurdum* is a recognised process, and no trick; to apply such a term to it is indefensible. It is extensively used in Euclid, in the most delicate mathematical inquiry; and if Mr. Holyoake is accused of being a quibbler and a pettifogger for employing it,

Archbishop Whately and all the eminent logicians of this and former times can be called into court to justify him, by acknowledging that they have permitted the 'paltry trick,' and made use of it themselves on occasion.

But, says our author, Mr. Holyoake has not grappled with the point at issue, he has not attempted to prove that design does *not* imply a designer, nay he has admitted that design does imply a designer, but maintains that he must be an organised Being, and that in that case another designer is required, and so on *ad infinitum*. This is mere quibbling, why does he not attempt to prove that design does *not* imply a designer, and that 'the existence of contrivance proves the non-existence of an Intelligent Creator?' This is the drift of our author's objections to the 'paltry trick' of a *reductio ad absurdum*, from page 10 to 16. Now mark the answer, Mr. Mackintosh. In a *reductio ad absurdum*, as those well know who ever learned the first book of Euclid, the opponent of a theory grants the hypothesis for the sake of founding on it his exposure of its absurdity, he carries the hypothesis to its full length, and shows that it leads to something undeniably absurd. Mr. Holyoake grants that design implies a designer, applies the hypothesis of design to nature, and demonstrates that it leads to a palpable absurdity. What results from this? Not that design does not imply a designer, not that contrivance does not imply a contriver, but just this, that the natural theologian ought never to have affixed the idea of *design* or contrivance, a purely human idea, to the phenomena of infinite nature. Nature's operations, as far as we have yet observed them, proceed by inexorable atheistical laws, and every new discovery of natural laws is a new blow at the tottering dogma of a 'Moral Governor' and mechanical contriver, the offspring of dark and ignorant ages. E. B.

THE LETTERS ON MAN'S NATURE AND DEVELOPMENT.

Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson have just issued a work entitled 'Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development,' of which we intend to give some account, which will assuredly bring down upon them an immensity of vituperation, but which will do good to man, and honour to them in proportion to the abuse they will receive; but when the mud has dried it will blow away, and the respect and reverence they will receive will be seventy-fold. We heartily wish our publication and our readers' pockets were larger that we might notice at length many contributions to freedom of thought and speech which the press and the good and wise are constantly pouring forth in this our day, which we may truly say is the day of regeneration for the many.—*Eclectic Review.*

Let in the light upon the weak-sighted, and the visuals are uneasy for a time—gradually their vision improves, becomes clearer, and enlarges its range. So we mark amongst sectarians constant manifestations of the necessity of letting a little light into their faith, and that they must at least talk of philosophy as well as of faith, that the light of science must be let into and upon their creeds, and that religion, or rather their views of it, must take cognizance of the increase of knowledge, and their theologies be subject to change. This is very gently hinted, the writer having pretty evidently before his mind's eye the recollection of the wrath which certain 'holy' Boanerges thundered against the editor a short time since for inserting an article which went a trifle beyond the recognised creed, according to Boanerges, and for which the writer was obliged to relinquish his joint editorship, and both he and the editor felt it judicious to cancel a contract they had entered into for the sale and purchase of an interest in the Review.

Q.

EXTRACTS FROM CICERO 'ON THE NATURE OF THE GODS.'

BY W. CHILTON.

If you should ask me what God is, or what his essence, I should follow the example of Simonides, who, when Hiero, the tyrant, proposed the same question to him, desired a day to consider of it. When he required his answer the next day, Simonides begged two days more; and often desiring double the number, instead of giving his answer, Hiero, with surprise, asked him his meaning in doing so: 'Because,' says he, 'the longer I meditate on it, the more obscure it appears to me.'—*Cotta, speaking in Cicero 'On the Nature of the Gods.'*

'Concerning the Gods, I am unable to arrive at any knowledge whether there are any or not; for there are many impediments to our knowledge, the uncertainty, in particular, and the shortness of human life.'—*Protagoras;* for writing which the Athenians banished him, and burnt his books.*

'Our great author,' as the Translator calls Cicero, though himself an augur, or priest, does not appear, from his work on 'The Nature of the Gods,' to have had any faith in the existence of such beings, or much respect for the views of those who held a contrary opinion. In order, however, it would seem, to escape the almost certain penalty which an avowal of his real opinions on the subject would have entailed, he has ingeniously put his own thoughts into the mouth of another. Whether that person was a fictitious character or not, I cannot say. The origin of his work he ascribes to his having been present at his friend Cotta's (who was, like himself, an Academician, or Platonian), with C. Velleius (an Epicurean), and Q. Lucilius Balbus (a Stoic), when a dispute on the nature of the Gods took place. Cotta, by the consent of the others, acted the part of critic; for when asked for his own views on the subject, he said, 'It is easier for me to attack the opinions of others than to fix my own.' The extracts following are Cotta's remarks on the arguments of his friends.—The notes to the text, with the initials 'W. J. B.' attached, are that gentleman's marginal annotations in the copy of Cicero which he lent me; there were a vast number of others, which I could not use, because my space would not allow of my extracting the text to which they refer.

FORMATION OF THE WORLD.

Epicurus has taught us that the world was made by nature; that there was no occasion for a workhouse to frame it in; and that, though you deny the possibility of such a work without divine skill, it is so easy to her, that she has made, does make, and will make innumerable worlds. But because you do not conceive that nature is able to produce such effects without some rational aid, you are forced, like the tragic poets—at a loss for a conclusion—to have recourse to a deity, whose assistance you would not seek if you could view that vast and unbounded magnitude of regions in

* The Translator of Cicero says, in reference to this circumstance, 'From which we see that restraint to freedom of debate is not peculiar to Christian countries; but wherever it is, it is equally an offence to truth, and an obstacle to the discovery of it.'

all parts—where the mind, extending and spreading itself, travels so far and wide that it can find no end, no extremity to stop at. In this immensity of breadth, length, and height, innumerable atoms are in agitation, and with infinite power—which, notwithstanding the interposition of a void part of space, meet and cohere, and continue clinging to one another; by this union these modifications and forms of things arise, which, in your opinion, could not possibly be made without the aid of bellows and anvils. Thus you have imposed upon us an eternal master, whom we must dread day and night. For who can be free from fear of a deity who foresees, regards, and animadverts on every thing—one who thinks all things his own—a curious, ever-busy God?*

WHY DID THE DEITY CREATE THE WORLD?

What was it that incited the deity to act the part of an ædile [one who took care of the temples], to illuminate and decorate the world? If it was because God might be the better accommodated in his habitation, why did he dwell such an infinite length of time before in darkness, as in a dungeon? Do we imagine that he could afterwards be delighted with that variety with which we see the heaven and earth adorned? What entertainment could that be to the deity? If it was any, he would not have been without it so long; or were these things made by God for the sake of men? Was it for the wise? If so, this great design was for very few. Or for the sake of fools? First, there was no reason that he should consult the advantage of the wicked [Fools and the wicked are synonymous in philosophic language. To be guilty of wickedness is to act against reason; and to act against reason is folly.—*Note by the Translator.*]; and, further, what could he propose, since all fools are, without doubt, the most miserable, chiefly because they are fools? For can we name anything more deplorable than folly? Besides, there are so many inconveniences of life which the wise can soften by their consideration of the advantages they receive; but fools are unable to avoid them when they are coming, nor can they bear them when they are come.

UNIVERSALITY OF BELIEF IN A GOD.

You said, that the general assent of men of all nations and all degrees is an argument strong enough to induce us to acknowledge the being of the gods. This is not only a weak, but a false, argument; for, how do you know the opinions of all nations? I really believe there are many people so savage that they have no thought of deity. What think you of Diagoras, who was called the atheist, and of Theodorus? Did not they plainly deny the very essence of a deity? Protagoras of Abdera, the greatest sophist of his age, was banished by order of the Athenians from their city and territories, and his books were publicly burnt, because these words were in the beginning of his treatise—'Concerning the gods, I am unable to arrive at any knowledge whether there are or are not any.' This, I imagine, restrained many from professing their disbelief of a deity, since the doubt of it only could not escape punishment. What shall we say of the sacrilegious, the impious, and the perjured? If Tubulus, Lucius, Lupus, or Carbo—as Lucilius says—had believed there

* Modern naturalists have been much ridiculed for holding opinions somewhat analogous to the above; but science is continually accumulating facts tending to establish their truth. Considering the comparative ignorance of the most enlightened men of the time of Epicurus of natural philosophy, but especially of chemistry and physiology, the above hypothesis must be considered a most extraordinary evidence of clear-sightedness and close approach to correct reasoning on the part of some, at least, of the ancients.—W. C.

are gods, would either of them have carried his perjuries and impieties to such excess? Your reasoning, therefore, to confirm your assertion is not so conclusive as you think it is.

FORM OF THE GODS.

You have plenty of arguments by which you would show the gods to be in human form. The first is, that our minds are so anticipated and prepossessed, that whenever we think of a deity the human shape occurs to us. The next is, that as the divine nature excels all things, so it ought to be of the most beautiful form, and there is no form more beautiful than the human; and the third is, that reason cannot reside in any other shape. First, let us consider each argument separately. You seem to me to assume a principle, despotically, I may say, that has no manner of probability in it. Who was ever so blind, in contemplating these subjects, as not to see that the gods were represented in human form, either by the particular advice of wise men, who thought by those means the more easily to turn the minds of the ignorant from a depravity of manners to the worship of the gods; or through superstition, which was the cause of their believing that when they paid adoration to these images they approached the gods themselves. These conceits were not a little improved by the poets, painters, and artificers. For it would not have been very easy to represent the gods debating and executing any work in another form; and perhaps this opinion arose from the idea mankind have of their own beauty. But do you not, who are so great an adept in physics, see what a soothing flatterer, what a sort of bawd, nature is to herself? Do you think there is any creature on land or in the sea, that is not highly delighted with its own form? If it was not so, why would not a bull leap a mare, or a horse a cow? Do you believe an eagle, a lion, or a dolphin, prefer any shape to their own? If nature, therefore, hath instructed us in the same manner, that nothing is more beautiful than man, what wonder is it that we, for that reason, should imagine the gods are of the human form? Do you suppose, if beasts were endowed with reason, that every one would not give this prize of beauty to his own species? Yet, though I am fond enough of myself, I dare not say I excel in beauty that bull which carried Europa. For the question here is not concerning our genius and elocution, but our species and figure. If we could make and assume to ourselves any form, would you be unwilling to resemble the sea-triton, as he is painted supported swimming on sea-monsters, whose bodies are partly human? Here I touch on a difficult point; for so great is the force of nature, that there is no man who would not choose to be like a man; nor indeed no ant that would not be like an ant. But like what man? For how few can pretend to beauty.....To return to the gods. Can we suppose any of them to be pink-eyed or to squint? Have they any warts? Are any of them hook-nosed, flap-eared, beetle-browed, or jolt-headed, as some of us are? Or are they free from imperfections? Let us grant you that. Are they all alike in the face? For if they are many, one must necessarily be more beautiful than another; and some deity would not be the most beautiful. Or if their faces are all alike, there would be an Academy in heaven [*i. e.*, one god could not be distinguished from another; or, there would be the same uncertainty in heaven as there was among the Academics]; for if one god does not differ from another, there is no possibility of knowing or distinguishing them.....Do you think the deity is like either me or you? Really you do not think he is like either of us.....I cannot conceive why Epicurus should rather say the gods are like men, than men are like the gods. You ask what is the difference; for, say you, if this is like that,

that is like this. I grant it; but this I assert: that the gods could not take their form from men; for the gods always existed, and never had a beginning, if they are to exist eternally; but men had a beginning; therefore that form, of which the immortal gods are, must have had existence before mankind; consequently, the gods should not be said to be of human form, but our form should be called divine..... Or when you consider what is the use and advantage of limbs in men, can you help being convinced that the gods have no need of them? What necessity can there be of feet without walking; or of hands without grasping? The same may be asked of the other parts of the body, in which nothing is vain, nothing useless, nothing superfluous; hence we may infer that no art can imitate the skill of nature. Shall the deity be said to have a tongue, and not speak; teeth, palate, and jaws, and no use for them? Shall the members which nature has given to the body for the sake of generation, be useless to the deity? Nor would the internal parts be less superfluous than the external. What comeliness is there in the breast, the lungs, the liver, and the rest of them, abstracted from their use?* I mention these because you place them in the deity on account of the beauty of the human form. — [*Note by Translator:* These are strong arguments against the absurd doctrine of the deity being in human form; which the Muggletonians, and some other ignorant Christians before them, have asserted on the authority of Moses,† whom they misunderstood, when he says 'God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.' Genesis, i., 27.] You do not seem to be in the least aware what a task you draw on yourselves, if you should prevail on us to grant that the same form is common to gods and men. The deity would then require the same trouble in dressing, and the same care of the body, that mankind does. He must walk, run, lay down, lean, sit, hold, speak, and discourse. You need not be told the consequence of making the gods male and female.....How troublesome it is to have a finger too much! And why so? Because neither use nor ornament requires more than five; but your deity has not only a finger more than he wants, but a head, a neck, shoulders, sides, a paunch, back, hams, hands, feet, thighs, and legs. Are these parts necessary to immortality? Are they conducive to the existence of the deity? Is the face itself of use? Rather the brain, the heart, the lights, the liver—for these are the seats of life. The features of the face contribute nothing to the preservation of it.

GOD A PURE SPIRIT OR SOUL.

We are unable to conceive how a naked, pure mind can exist without any substance annexed to it.....Pythagoras, who supposed the deity to be one soul, mixing with and pervading all nature, from which our souls are taken, did not consider that the deity himself must be maimed and torn with the rending every human soul from it; nor that, when the human mind is afflicted (as it often is), part of the deity must likewise be afflicted, which cannot be. If the human mind was a deity, how could it be ignorant of any thing? Besides, how could that deity, if it is nothing but soul, be mixed with, or infused into, the world?.....Plato will have God to be without any body, what the Greeks call incorporeal; a being to us inconceivable—for he must then necessarily be destitute of sense, prudence, and pleasure, which are all comprehended in our notion of the gods.

[To be concluded in next Tract.]

* The same argument may be used against the resurrection of the body, if we are not to have the use of our parts. Thus all things artificial are to be reckoned, which to me are only beautiful as they are useful; and we should esteem things only in proportion to their utility. Thus poetry, if it is *vox et præterea nihil* (sound and nothing else besides), which has more of this than any other species of composition, is to be considered inferior to prose.—Note W. J. B.

† The Translator does not say what *should* be understood by the language of Moses, nor of *what* form the deity is.—W. C.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

AGAINST ATHEISM.

Sir,—Atheism, perhaps the greatest *progressive* evil of the nineteenth century—a fatal delusion, yet likely to gain converts—though truth is progressive and religion is progressive—because earth's inhabitants increase, and, as one cause, atheism increases also. But there is another cause of its increase—it is less difficult to oppose than to uphold—more chance for the besiegers than the besieged. And there is another cause of its success: theism is mainly dependent on faith, and all creeds of faith will perish. *Whether they be creeds of error or of truth, so they be creeds of faith, they must perish.*

But theism is not altogether upheld by faith: it is a reasonable inference from the productions of nature and the existence of reasonable man—an universal idea, at the bottom of every nation's heart, at the beginning of all earth's records. Nations, whether barbarous or civilised, have all the sublime and moral idea of a Great Spirit or a good God. It is plain, therefore, that the belief of God is not irrational, and I could prove that it is not immoral.

Atheists seem very sensitive about coupling their system with immorality; and moral atheists may naturally so seem. But to me, in vicious men atheism and immorality seem to be the same—the profession of atheism the doing of evil. Tell a vicious man his life is his own, or nature's, who is nobody, and if that life be burdensome he will rid himself of it—although, as the branches die if the trunk dies, twenty lives dependent on his should be sacrificed.

There are two great evidences of the existence of God—the revelation of scripture and the revelation of nature. The first is a sort of sandy pyramid—the second a more substantial and rocky height. To attack the one is to be bold—to assail the other is to be impious, thoughtlessly and thanklessly ungrateful. The natural revelation of earth gives evidence of a *super*natural power, almighty and omniscient.

The consideration of the nobleness of man's nature should confront the atheist. Man, who claims lineage direct from God, is degraded beyond conception by the conclusions of the atheist, who takes the arrangement and adaptation of earth, the splendour of other worlds, and, above all, the marvellous and divine gift of mind, to be but the revolution of matter, or the mysterious workings of a great power which he cannot understand, and which he will not settle by calling that *great power* God.

Atheists do not say it is impossible that God exists. They cannot *deny* his existence. Some say, If God exists, he does not properly show it; he may have called us into being—perhaps sustains that being, and has blessed us with many comforts; but he has estranged himself—a nature and a world divides us, and we will forget him. But, if God has blessed us in so many ways, showing himself to be bountifully good and sublimely great, may we not bow the proud head in awe, or lose the yearning soul in praise? May we not think of God, or thank God? In the name of gratitude, may we forget God? No; I will ever cry—whether by God deserted, or by man forgot; in ecstacy or in agony; in passion, poverty, or despair; in life or death—atheism avaunt! Go rise in some land where the sense of gratitude is small, and flourish where morality is great; or either thy creed or thy believers will perish. Oh atheism! atheism! thou art suicide's father, ingratitude's son.

T. L. A., Oxford.

[This correspondent writing from Oxford is one reason why we insert his letter. Oxford is always a little in extremes, and we are not therefore taken by surprise. Another reason of insertion is that our correspondent implores it; and if we pass it over, one so earnest will think that there is something in his protest. To us it is a rhapsody. In our turn we ask him to read the discussion between Mr. R. D. Owen and O. Bacheler, published by Watson, and we think he will never write in this wild way again.—Ed.]

THE REV. J. A. BAYNES'S LECTURE ON INFIDELITY.

Sir,—On Sunday evening, March 30th, 1851, the Rev. J. A. Baynes, B.A., delivered a discourse in the Baptist Chapel, Derby Road, Nottingham, on the moral and social influences of infidelity. The text was—'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.'

The reverend gentleman said he had chosen this text, not because it was the most appropriate to the subject, but because it accorded with his conviction that infidelity sprang from the heart and the affections rather than the mind, which *no reasoning could turn;* but it might be changed by some touching or affecting event.

This term infidelity, said Mr. Baynes, is vague and indefinite, and but too applicable to many who would soon retort were it charged upon them. It is a by-word, a reproach, a stigma, and a blot. I can only, in a discourse of this kind, apply the term infidel to those who disbelieve the moral government of God and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. A man may be an infidel and not an atheist. Again, it is not the coarser tap-room infidelity which we need fear, but the refined. The baser is comparatively harmless, being repulsive and abhorrent.

Setting out with the principle universally recognised, that selfishness is a natural propensity, and that all religion is based on dependence, dependence on God,—Mr. B. argued that a disbelief in the moral government of God is a renunciation of our dependence, and that disbelief in omniscience is tantamount to a withdrawal of moral restraint(!). What, asked Mr. B., are we better than the brute? Why not let us revel in mirth, the more the better, if these threescore years and ten are the sum of our existence, and the sublime idea of immortality a mere poetic fiction. Too often the wish is father to the thought, and the life accords with the doctrine. I find no infidel martyrs chronicled in history, nor do I recognise in the infidel system aught stimulative to heroic and noble acts.

Touching the lives of infidel authors, he charged Paine with adultery and drunkenness, and said that Paine himself would not admit himself to be an infidel. He (Mr. B.) cared little for the worth of death-bed scenes in general; he looked to the life. And yet Mr. B. gave us accounts of circumstances said to be connected with the dying scenes of Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and Voltaire. These, said he, found no support from their principles in their last moments.

In reference to the social influence of infidelity, the greater part of Mr. B.'s remarks referred to the horrible transactions of the French Revolution; how no God was voted to be the belief of the people; how Robespierre found that that would not do, and told the people they must have a God, and the Assembly voted it so; how 500 children we about to be destroyed; and how that 6,000 persons were butchered in one town, and all the while infidelity was rampant. He did not charge all these upon infidelity, but he said infidelity did not prevent all these.

I am not aware that I have overstated or omitted anything bearing on this

report. One thing will appear, that the speaker ignored the morals of modern atheism. Having listened to his 'True Hero' and his 'Social Development,' and some hundred or so sermons, I had hoped better things of Mr. Baynes. I have been charmed by his earnest eloquence and heroic addresses on subjects not theological; and it is with pain I find him, not merely ignoring atheistical morals, but treating his subject as though virtue and true excellency of life had not sufficient charms, and forgetting that in this life true cultivation of character should be attempted and the highest moral good sought after for its present intrinsic ineffable enjoyment. Z.

CONTROVERSY 'TENDS TO LITTLE GOOD.'

Sir,—In the last number (252) of the *Reasoner*, 'A Defender of the Faith' states, 'It was not my intention to write to you any more, knowing that controversies in religion tend to little good, and this must be my position if I continued your correspondent,' &c. Now it is a pity this should be the case in so important a matter, but the case may be like the man's who, in answer to a question whether the sun or moon was of most importance to the inhabitants of the earth, said the moon—and the reason of his faith was, that she cheered us in the darksome night, but the sun through the day, when his services could be dispensed with. The man of the moon would very likely find by experience (not by faith) that to get his tenets controverted would leave him in the impression that it would 'tend to little good.' Further on, a D. F. asks, 'When will unbelievers let the Bible alone? They can make nothing of it. It is the believer's book—to him it is meat and drink to his soul.' So might he have said, When will Christians let the Koran alone? They can make nothing out of it. It is the Mahomedan's book—it is meat and drink to the soul of the Mahomedan. R.

THE REV. MR. NELSON'S DISCOURSES ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Sir,—At all times anxious to promote the spread of what I consider to be the truth, I was the means of a copy of your 'Logic of Death' being forwarded to a Mr. Nelson, Presbyterian minister, of this town, a man of no ordinary capability. On Sunday, the 16th, he gave notice from the pulpit that he had been requested to preach a few sermons on the evidences of Christianity; and that he had had a tract put into his hand of a purely atheistical character, the contents of which he would not on that occasion notice. Last Sunday being the day appointed for two discourses on the above subject, I attended morning and evening. In the morning a great deal of his time was occupied in laying down plans by which he proposed to treat the subject. He stated, I think, that a student was allowed five months to prepare the whole of the evidences. He stated that he would adduce the same kind of evidence to show that the Bible was authentic as could be produced to show that Hume wrote the 'History of England.' Making reference to your 'Logic of Death,' he said, 'The man who could treat such a subject with levity was not in a suitable state of mind to examine it.' He said he would not defend religion as at present developed, but he was there to defend the Bible, and he would defend it. After some calumny of Voltaire, Paine, Rousseau, charging them with immorality—men, he said, for whom it would be well if there was no God—he concluded by praying that God would add his blessing to his expressions. In the evening, after

noticing at some length the historical evidences, he lifted up your tract, and stated you had been tried before Justice Erskine, and that your mind seemed to have been soured into such a course of procedure. He gave every credit for thinking for yourself, but stated that you blamed the whole Christiam community for what alone belongs to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Ever and anon he designated you the 'poor man,' and said he was restrained on account of the writer not being present. T. S.

CONVERSION OF CHINA BY BALLOONS.

Sir,—The *Hong-Kong Register* publishes, under the title of 'Suggestions to Missionaries,' a most eccentric project. It consists in organising a distribution of religious tracts, by the Biblical Society, all over China by means of balloons. Each balloon would be made to carry 2000 tracts, which, by means of touch-paper, would become detached one by one at stated intervals. These balloons would not be sent up till the South West Monsoon had set in, as at that particular time they would be driven across the country and not fall into the sea; so that the word of God would literally fall like a beneficent dew upon the incredulous flowered land. If after that the Chinese still remain pagans, it will be their own fault.

MULLIER.

INCREDIBILITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Credat Judæus Apelles (the Jew Apelles may believe it).—HORACE.

EVEN before Christianity, the old Roman poet expresses his contempt for the credulity of the Jews, which had become a bye-word of reproach among the more enlightened of the ancients. The Jews must have made reservations in the statement of their doctrines to account for the scorn in which they were looked upon by other nations, and by the learned and inquisitive among them who were not influenced by superstitious dislike. Thus it is narrated of the Jews by some historian, that they worshipped an Ass, which was the secret of their religion, and was therefore not made known to the profane vulgar. We must infer from this that the scriptures were very little known, if at all extant in their present form, or the people could hardly have such an idea of the Jewish religion. We must allow that—making allowance for the marvellous which was common to all nations, all religions, and all histories we have of those times—the scriptures contain some good laws, morals, and philosophy. Compare *some* of their sentiments with those of contemporaneous writers, and we find them equal, if not superior, in ideas to those generally held around them. Nor was Monotheism (the worship of one God), the spirit of their theology, one that called forth the contempt of ancient philosophers, who were either deists or atheists We must suppose that every one of the Jews did what was right in his own eyes; and we know that, from the patriarchs to the Christian era, the worship of roots, calves, serpents, and all nature represented by images, was as familiar to them as their devotion to one God. Therefore the people of other nations, seeing the superstitions only of the Jews, were puzzled to make out of what religion they were. But whether they were atheists or whether they worshipped an ass were the two extremes between which opinion might fluctuate.

We think it would be much the same now, if a sensible person were for the first time made acquainted with the present Christianity of the world. He would be puzzled to know in what consisted the Christian religion—whether its followers worshipped man, woman, or child—whether a piece of bread or a pair of candlesticks—whether they were bowing to a secret God, an unknown God, or no God at all. He would think them atheists or the most grovelling idolators; and would come, at the same time, to

the same conclusion as the Romans did of the Jews, from everything he saw, that they were under the influence of some extraordinary superstition. He would be still more astonished if, on inquiry, he was told that they worshipped one God, when he thought they paid their devotions to many Gods. His astonishment would increase when he was told, in the same breath, that though they worshipped one God they also worshipped three, and that three made one. He would be told, at the same time, that a piece of bread was a full-grown God—that they sacrificed him to himself, and eat him for their own consolation. He would certainly go away with the idea that, on one point, he had fallen amongst a people stark staring mad. Nor would he be better satisfied if he asked an explanation and authority for all these mysteries. He would be told that we all came from a pair of persons, who, being in a garden, very naturally ate an apple —that then God, in the disguise of a man born of a virgin, had himself crucified to make atonement for this fault, and ever afterwards was under the form of a piece of bread: all that he saw was only relative to this fact. When he asked the authority for all this, and was given the Bible, the history of four thousand years and more, he would think the task would be impossible to examine into such a space of time; he would think, if a religion were founded on all the foolish things done by and recorded of a people for four thousand years, there would be ample space and opportunity for fraud and faith. If he happened to have asked a Roman Catholic the reason of his faith, he would receive a reply which would still more astonish him as a foundation for religion. Instead of one book, he would be given a catalogue of the works of the fathers, of divines, and of controversy, thousands upon thousands of volumes; or he would be taken through a library, streets of books, and told to read all. If he confessed his inability, he would be told he must go on his knees, and in that attitude, by constant asking, reading would be dispensed with, and he would acquire a divine knowledge of the faith. Or the shortest way would be to leap before he looked, and be ready to believe all he was told. That there was also that which they had all been telling each other for near two thousand years, called oral tradition, or from mouth to mouth. That they did not want reasons for faith—it was all faith; their belief was in their church, and their church was founded upon a rock—Christ was a stone, St. Peter was a rock, and on stone upon stone, rock upon rock, was this second Babel built up to heaven. Written records or oral tradition he would think all alike a confusion of tongues.

Still we would suppose his very curiosity would be incited to examine into the foundations of this extraordinary faith. If he thought the followers of the faith were mad, he would be so far prejudiced as to think the founders of it were lunatics—and he would, we think, not be disappointed in his judgment. He would find the ways of God explained to man, and perhaps think them as inexplicable as the ways of man.

W. J. B.

THE LAST TRIAL BY JURY FOR ATHEISM.

(SECOND EDITION.)

THIS work, which has been sold more rapidly than was expected, has been reprinted, and is now ready for delivery again. The contents comprise four chapters. Chap. I. Before the Imprisonment. Chap. II. The Trial. Chap. III. After the Sentence. Chap. IV. After the Liberation.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—April 13th [7½], Thomas Cooper, 'Life and Genius of Thomas Campbell.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—April 13th [7], Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Letters of Harriet Martineau and H. G. Atkinson.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—April 11th [8], a Discussion. 13th [7½], a lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—April 13 [7], Miss Dyer, 'Ought Woman to be of any Party?'

Areopagus Coffee and Reading Room, 59, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture or Discussion.

R. DRAPER begs to inform his friends that he opened the

AREOPAGUS COFFEE & READING ROOM,

59, Church Lane, Whitechapel,

On Monday evening, April 7th, upon which occasion Mr. JAMES BENNY delivered a Lecture 'On the Importance of Free Inquiry.'

On Wednesday evening, April 9th, Dr. BROOKS will Lecture 'On the Social and Political Advantages of the Levitical Law.' Each lecture will commence at 8 o'clock. Admission Free.

The following newspapers and periodicals will be taken in regularly:—Times, Sun, Express, Leader, Reynold's Newspaper, Dispatch, Illustrated News, Bell's Life; Punch, Reasoner, Owen's Journal, Operative, Friend of the People, Chambers's Journal, London Journal, Family Herald, and Railway Guide.

[Chess and Draughts.]

Our Open Page.

Mr. Linton has addressed a communication to the following effect to the editors of Chartist newspapers and journals:—'I wisht oc all serious attention to some few important considerations respecting the 232 Poles who are now at Liverpool. They are all picked men—staunch and well tried republicans; who can ill be spared from the coming European war, and whose services meanwhile here, in spreading republican principles, were it only by example, will be of immense value to the cause of English freedom. There is one way in which we can ensure their support. Not by leaving them to chance subscriptions, which almost always fall short, but by *individuals guaranteeing the support of individuals.* If the Chartists of Great Britain will divide themselves into Relief Committees of twenty men, each committee undertaking *to guarantee the support oj one man,* the work is done. 20 times 232 is 4640. I believe there are 4640 Chartists, not one of whom ought to shrink from even the sacrifice of *sixpence a week to save his brother from starvation.* Sixpence a week is ten shillings a week for each Pole—till he can learn our language and obtain employment. We would not keep such noble guests on even the poor fare of the wretched of our own land. Recollect it is not a life-burden, but a temporary hospitality. We would treat them like guests. I say this, not wanting sympathy also for our own sufferers, and with a full knowledge of the poverty and scanty resources of my fellow countrymen. But there are emergencies when we can put forth an extraordinary strength. This is one. Let twenty after twenty, as rapidly as possible, forward their undertaking, signed with their names, or the name of one authorised by the rest, to the editor of the *English Republic,* who will forward the same to the Central Committee for the relief of the Refugees. I take twenty at sixpence each as an average, simply to show what may be done. But sometimes ten may be rich enough to guarantee the one man. Sometimes thirty may club their smaller sums. Each man, too, will undertake for what he can—one twopence, another sixpence, another a shilling. Let men everywhere set about the work, and soon as in any place a sufficient number can combine to guarantee *one man,* let their undertaking be sent in. Ten shillings, too, I only name because I must fix a sum. But let each committee make its own calculation. Simply all that is wanted is for 232 Chartists, in their own names, or the names of any number of their friends with whom they are joined, to guarantee the maintenance of 232 Refugees. Let me also be understood when I say *guarantee.* I do not ask for sixpence a week paid down; but for the *names of those who will undertake* to be ready with sufficient for the support of one man, or so much as may be needed to make up any deficiency, whenever subscriptions fail or fall short. So that whenever there is any lack of means, the Central Committee may know on whom to fall back for a certain supply, till subscriptions come in again.'

The central Social Tract Committee, for the Exhibition of 1851, held their usual weekly meeting on Wednesday evening, at 52, College Place, Camden Town, when communications, accompained by subscriptions, were received from Ashton, Bristol, Derby, Paisley, &c. The Committee are preparing a series of tracts written by Mr. Owen, of which they intend to circulate 60,000 copies in the English language, to be followed by translations in French and German, for distribution among our continental brethren. The Committee are also desirous of establishing a series of lectures by Mr. Owen and other gentlemen competent to develop the great principles of English Socialism. They trust, therefore, that their friends throughout the country well lose no time in sending in their contributions in aid of this work. A list of the subscriptions received will shortly appear.

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, April 9th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

THE PREACHERS AND PEOPLE IN NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THE people in Newcastle-on-Tyne had done something to the weather on my visit there on March 24th; it *would* do nothing but rain, and fog, and drizzle all the week; and when it gave over it tried a frost, which, from its suddenness, might have been a *blight*. But blights are all failures in Newcastle-on-Tyne. The whole 'country round-about' laughs at it. The principal vegetation there consists of coal-pits, forging hammers, blast-furnaces, and burning coke hills; and these are acacias not subject to blights, indeed they do not understand the thing.

Weather excepted, everything I found in the town and people was more satisfactory and pleasant even than before. Activity and power to work certainly dwell there in a large degree. Besides the four lectures I delivered in the town, I had an opportunity of visiting Tynemouth, whose shore, more *ragged* than rugged, it was pleasant to see—of taking tea at a Temperance Festival at North Shields, and of taking tea without a festival at South Shields—and of sailing down the Tyne in a very waddling boat. On the first Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. George Harris, whom I used to hear when a boy in every place in which he preached where I happened to be. He always seemed to me the highest type of Unitarian preaching, both as to manner and matter. Years have now lent majesty to his apostolic face, and it must be a great pleasure to hear him when he makes his best efforts. I heard him in the morning, when he was delivering a species of homily on Industry; it was well worth the trouble of the visit to hear, but not remarkable. I am told he is heard to the greatest advantage in the evening, when his views—bold, vigorous, and qualified—are delivered with that commanding, sonorous, and peculiar articulation which places him at the head of the school of Unitarian pulpit eloquence.

The Rev. Mr. Rutherford was at Peterborough. I forwarded, through a friend of his, a letter to him, but I received no answer, relative to our discussion. When I next go to Newcastle-on-Tyne I shall give that gentleman a month's notice beforehand.

On one night I examined the Rev. Mr. Rogers's volume on 'Christian Evidences,' of which the readers will see a review from the pen of a local critic. I took the opportunity of hearing the rev. author of the book preach; when I found, as often happens, that Mr. Rogers had not done himself justice in his polemics on 'Christian Evidences.' In his sermon he rose much superior to the spirit of disparagement displayed in his lectures. In his sermon he spoke of Mercy, and explained that the spirit of tender compassion should extend beyond our own circle, further than those who partake of our creed—wider than those of our own country—it should be universal as humanity—a strange contrast and quick censure on that rude feeling and ungentle speech in which his Six Lectures abound.

Mr. Rogers has the power of eloquence but not that of oratory. As a thinker, Mr. Rogers does not arrest attention by new thoughts. He seems to live in the association of his party, and never to have passed on the wings of inquiry beyond the literature of Doddridge and Watts—at least he remains a perfect specimen of that school. Mr. Rogers seems an *average* man, judged in reference to the preachers of his party in

other towns. One index of evangelism, to which I always look in a chapel, is the face of the child. The Sunday school I could not see, but the family children in the pews seemed to me more cheerful and less saddened than the children of the pious usually are.

After my last lecture, which was on Miss Martineau's Letters, a party assembled at Johnson's friendliest of hotels, where we had a useful conversation on Organisation.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

PAMPHLETS OF OPPONENTS.

IV.

THE Rev. J. Pottenger has either totally neglected to examine the modern arguments in favour of atheism, and the objects and aspirations of its defenders, or, for greater convenience, he has resorted to the old-fashioned orthodox invective, the style of which may be estimated by the following passage from the first page:—'Swayed by pride, and by the love of sin, they (atheists) spurn the moral restraints which a belief in the existence of a holy and religious God must put on their passions, and *hence* they live without God in the world.' Such opposition calls for no reply. The greater part of the pamphlet consists of a cold hash of stale illustrations of the design argument, taken by the author from Dr. Godwin's Lectures, the Bridgewater Treatises, and works of that description. These battered, old acquaintances of ours, the author garnishes in a style peculiar to himself, with a sauce of absurd misrepresentation and preposterous assertions which he calls 'the consequences of atheism.' Some of these consequences, however, we must acknowledge cannot be denied; for instance, the first one is, 'On the supposition that there is no God, it follows that the world had no Creator, and consequently there can be no such thing as divine providence' (p. 5.) The second consequence is that 'If the world had no Creator, it cannot have a Governor.' These two 'consequences of atheism' we suppose must stand.

In all Mr. Pottenger's direct arguments against atheism, he proceeds on the supposition that atheists declare the universe, with all its phenomena, to be caused by 'chance,' a position which, if it ever was adopted by any one, is never asserted now, and the meaning of which we do not ourselves exactly comprehend. After giving some illustrations of the argument of design and contrivance, he says (p. 8.), 'Atheism tries to shun the origin of the first man,' and concludes the paragraph by saying that 'upon the principles of atheism the existence of the first man must be a profound mystery.' Now we cannot see why a supernatural Almighty maker is required for the production of a first man any more than for an infant in the present day. Our author himself says 'There is no difficulty in accounting for the successive generations of men,' and only demands 'whence came the first man?' The atheist has no doubt that, if there ever was a first man on this globe, he was produced by a natural operation, and by no supernatural contrivance; but the fact of the causes being unknown, the fact of this 'profound mystery,' if Mr. Pottenger prefers that term, will not induce us to accept the clumsy, presumptuous hypothesis of a Mechanic God, still less the fictions of a Hebrew barbarian.

Mr. Pottenger revives the fallacy that atheism was the cause of the sanguinary excesses which stained the first French Revolution. The causes were of a very different nature; but we cordially agree with him, and repeat it with pride, that 'the men who, by their activity and talent, prepared the mind of the people for that great change, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Rousseau, and others, were avowed enemies of revelation—that in all their writings the diffusion of scepticism

and revolutionary principles went hand in hand.' We think that it is to the great honour of sceptics and enemies of religion that they are almost invariably attached to principles of civil freedom and human progress. But our author looks with alarm on the increase of infidel and democratic principles, and dreads the atheism of the day as 'the forerunner of divine judgments.' And he appropriately concludes with the following lines:—

'God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heavens
In tempests, quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation.'

What a pretty picture! And what an amiable Deity is here drawn. E. B.

TWO REPRINTS AND AN ESSAY.*

We have three pamphlets before us—two of general and one of local, and partially-general, interest.

Victor Considerant attempts to grasp the whole future of European progress, leaving out England—a thing, by the bye, much too common with continental writers. Mr. Rittinghausen deals with a political question affecting the future welfare of European democracy, also leaving out the practical development and fundamental principles which have determined the destiny of England in the matter of which he treats. Mr. Sunter, being an Englishman, and treating a local question, as a matter of course confines himself to local and English affairs.

Victor Considerant has written an able pamphlet. He considers that we are on the eve of a great European war, which will be the last (may his prophesy be fulfilled!); and that a definitive peace and alliance of peoples will be its direct consequence, based upon universal democracy. He manfully and justly regards the failure of the revolutions of '48 and '49 as the just and inevitable result of the selfish policy of nations. Vienna in triumphant insurrection, acquiesced in the slavery of Italy; and the Viennese democracy were vanquished. The Frankfort Diet committed the same crime, and endured a similar punishment. Hungary oppressed the Sclave and Roumane populations; and the Sclaves of Jellachich began what the Sclaves of Nicholas consummated. Not only this, but Kossuth gave no sign of favour to Italy in revolt. France invaded Rome, and France became the prey of the Reaction. Victor Considerant points out, that until the aliance of Peoples be accomplished the alliance of kings will prevail. He tells us that there is 'war, implacable war, between these two formulas'—feudalism, brute force, and despotism, on the one hand; and liberty, fraternity, and association, on the other. 'Feudal, barbarous, warlike Europe,' he says, 'had a monarchical, aristocratical, and military constitution. Europe is become *industrious*. She requires a free and pacific constitution.' And he declares, that 'the right of conquest and the warlike spirit

* 'The Last War and Definitive Peace in Europe.' By Victor Considerant. (London, Watson; Liverpool, Melsom. 1851.)—'Three Letters on Direct Legislation by the People; or, True Democracy.' By M. Rittinghausen. (London, Watson; Liverpool, Melsom. 1851.)—'Progress *v.* Stagnation in the Middlesbro' Mechanics' Institution.' By George Sunter, jun.

are no longer the spirit nor the right of modern society;' and, that 'all the modern interests of industry, commerce, labour, and liberty are conspiring for a new order.' It is so; and this simple statement of the question is worth a world of words. The motto of the new European order Considerant presents as—Association and Solidarity. The pamphlet is clearly written, and deserving of careful consideration.

Mr. Rittinghausen is a modest German, so favourably impressed with the infallibility of his own logic, and so profoundly convinced of the truth of his own conclusions, that he naively defies 'the entire world' to prove to him the contrary thereof, '*with the least semblance of logic or good sense.*' Mr. Rittinghausen propounds a simple panacea for all our evils—'direct legislation by the people.' Representation, he asserts with Rousseau, puts an end to liberty. His argument is very simple. Honest legislation is incompatible with private interest; delegated legislation, or legislation by representation, is infected with private interest; therefore honest legislation, the thing required, is incompatible with representation. His theory is one of the expediency of direct lagislation:—he does not demand it as a right. He endeavours to demonstrate its utility. The pamphlet is well worthy attention from all those who take an interest in the sayings and doings of continental democracy.

Mr. Sunter's essay is a stirring attack upon the spirit of patronage, exclusion, and *officership* which, like the spirit of dulness in the 'Dunciad,' tyrannised in a leaden way over the Middlesbro' Mechanics' Institution; and which, in fact, holds sway over nearly all like institutions. The language of the essay is strong, not always judicious, but doubtless honest. The writer could not have expected that his suggestions would be carried out. According to the author, his essay was read to the Committee, who were so shocked that two Quakers moved and seconded the burning of it—which, however, did not take place. If Mr. Sunter could manage to write a little less in the language of antagonism, especially when addressing, personally, those whom he writes to reform, his writings would have more effect, his intentions be more generously appreciated, and he would do less injustice to his opponents. E.

DEFINITION OF VIRTUE.

The other day I handed to a lady a sonnet of Southey's which had wrung tears from me. 'It is pretty,' said she, with a smile. 'Pretty!' echoed I, as I looked at her, 'Pretty!' I went home. As I grew composed, I could not help reflecting that the lady who had made this answer was universally esteemed for her benevolence. I knew that she was goodness itself. But still she wanted feeling. And what is feeling? said I to myself. I blushed when I thought more on the subject. I found that the mind was just as passive in that state which I called feeling, as when it received any impressions of sense. One consequence immediately struck me, that there was no *moral merit* in possessing feeling. Of course there can be no crime in wanting it. Well, continued I, I have just been treating with contempt a woman of *active* benevolence, for not possessing what I must own it is no crime to want. Is this just? I then went on to consider whether there were not many persons who possess this boasted feeling, but who were still deficient in *active* benevolence. A thousand instances occurred to me. I found myself among the number. It is true, said I, that I sit in my study and shed tears over human misery. I weep over a novel. I weep over a tale of human woe. But do I ever relieve the distressed? Have I ever lightened the load of affliction? My cheeks reddened at the question; a cloud of horror burst from my mind. I found that virtue did not consist in feeling, but in *acting from a sense of duty.—Channing.*

Examination of the Press.

THE TEACHER AND THE PRIEST.—I am here in the double capacity of a Truth-seeker and a Teacher, a conjunction of offices which many deem ridiculous and incompatible; but which, if I understand either of them aright, I believe to be but 'one concern.' A Teacher is not a Priest, else I had not said so. A Priest has certain dogmas poured into him, which he measures out in the same mechanical way, without increase of either quantity or quality. In the Teacher (worthy of the name), Truth is as a well of water springing up into life everlasting. He is supplied out of his own fountain, he drinks the water of his own cistern, and is satisfied. The well is deep, and the spring perennial, so that it soon, in virtue of its increase, flows into the wide wastes around. The Priest gets his 'divinity' in a 'body,' and, as it is perfectly dead, he cuts it up forthwith for the market; the Teacher gets his as a seed of life, which, in his own mind, grows *into* a body, living, and full of power. The Teacher is a Seer, who sees truth, as he sees the sun, by its own light. He is a Prophet, and waits upon his own thoughts, or, in Hebrew phrase, 'waits upon the Lord;' then cometh the word of the Lord to him, a 'burden' is upon his soul, and that must be his message to his fellow-men. Thus he speaks God's word. And is not this what the Priest does? I answer, No; it is not the word of *God* which he gives utterance to, but the word of the *Church*. If, in spite of himself, a true word from God come to him, he dare not trust himself: he has heard that Satan can appear as an angel of light, and the cloven feet he cannot distinguish from the feet—'beautiful, too, they are upon the mountains'—of him that bringeth good tidings. This man speaks much about truth, doubtless, and quotes the proverbs about digging for it as for precious treasure; but what matters it, if he does not know one metal from another, or is afraid to say that gold *is* gold, because there is another proverb which says that 'it is not all gold that glitters.' The Ecclesiastical Alchemist must analyse it, and the Ecclesiastical mint must stamp it: then, but not till then, has it colour or currency. Yet this man, so diffident at first—so sceptical in regard to truth as such—so soon as it is taken under the patronage of the Church and becomes popular doctrine, how strong his faith becomes, how warm his zeal, how astonished that people cannot see what is so clear, or will not believe what is so essential—how earnest is his demand for faith, and how insolently he damns them for their unbelief. And how otherwise could it be? How could a Priest preach dogma without damnation? when a man prostrates his reason before external authority, so as to distrust his senses or distrust his arithmetic, when they come into collision with the self-named Orthodox faith, how can he expect to impose the same yoke upon others except by threatening either in letter or in spirit, that whosoever doth not hold this the Catholic faith 'shall without doubt perish everlastingly?' Very different is the language of the Teacher. He says, 'This is how the matter strikes my mind: I have thought over it to the best of my ability, and what light I have upon it you shall have; but take it only for what it is worth—do not believe on my authority, nor on the authority of any man or body of men, but of yourselves judge that which is right—believe it if you see it to be true, reject it if you deem it to be false—prove all things, hold fast that which is good.' It is in this spirit that I wish to begin and carry on my ministry in this and the other places which my circuit of labour embraces. I wish to be free myself, I call on you to be free. I wish to speak what I believe, and to believe what I speak. With John Milton

I say, 'Give me leave to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to my conscience.' So certain am I that there is truth, and so satisfied of its buoyant power, that I venture to throw myself upon it, as a cork upon water, persuaded that I cannot sink in it, but shall be borne up by it, and borne onward upon it. I feel this morning that I am breathing a free atmosphere. Freedom in my own soul I have enjoyed always; freedom in utterance, hitherto, only when I could pay for it. But I am persuaded that I shall have it here, among those who are Truth-seekers even as I am, and more true, perhaps, to their noble principles than I could have anticipated. But should I be disappointed, I have this resource, I can go without the camp altogether, and, with the Galilean sceptic, bear his reproach. I have a firm faith in the divine origin and heavenly power of Christianity, and it is my heart's desire to live and die, bearing the honoured name; but I could easier forego that, and carry the brand of Infidelity with me to my grave, than submit to 'lie for God,' or bow my neck to the yoke of authority in matters of Truth but Truth itself—for that only is the authority of God. We have done with creeds, expressed, or understood, or misunderstood. We yield only to Truth; we are committed only to Truth; we are devoted only to the interests of Truth. I should like, on my death-bed, to be able to say with Thomas Belsham, that 'I never blinked a difficulty in my life.' Should I never earn reputation for anything else, I hope to earn one for a single eye, an honest heart, and for honest endeavour.—*Words at Starting*, from the Installation Address of the Rev. Ebenezer Syme, of Sunderland.

Dr. Channing's View of English Theology.—English theology seems to me, on the whole, of little worth. An established church is the grave of intellect. To impose a fixed, unchangeable creed is to raise prison walls around the mind; and when the reception of this creed is made a condition of dignities and rich benefices, it produces moral as well as intellectual degradation, and palsies the conscience as much as it fetters thought. Once make antiquity a model for all future ages, and fasten on the mind a system too sacred for examination, and beyond which it must not stray, and in extinguishing its hopes of progress you take away its life. One almost wonders that the intellect has advanced as far and as fast as it has done, when one considers the war waged against it by civil and ecclesiastical power, and the heavy chain under which it has been compelled to move. I conceive that the tameness, frigidness, and dullness by which thological writings are so generally marked are to be attributed chiefly to the cause now stated. The intellect, paralysed by authority and established creeds, has discovered less enegy in treating that sublimest and most exciting of all subjects, *religion*, than in the discussing the most ordinary interests of life. In England, the Established Church has been a dozing place to minds which anywhere else would have signalised themselves; and unhappily, Dissent in that kingdom began in a bigoted attachment to Calvinism, which, by exciting the mind, did occasionally call forth much energy of thought, but which still, by infusing unjust and degrading views of God and human nature, may be regarded as on the whole unfavourable to the progress of intellect. I think, therefore, that there is little in English theology to repay the attention or meet the wants of an enlightened mind. You will not often find broad views of Christianity, showing its harmony with human nature, and the great laws of the universe, as far as we understand them, and its tendency to secure the true perfection of the individual and the race. You will seldom find that union of reason and enthusiasm, without which a system is essentially defective in correspondence to the human soul.—*Memoirs of Channing* (Whitfield.)

EXTRACTS FROM CICERO 'ON THE NATURE OF THE GODS.'

BY W. CHILTON.

[Concluded from last Tract.]

SUPERSTITION.

You value yourself upon being free from superstition, which is a consequence attending the disbelief of the divinity; for do you imagine Diagoras or Theodorus, who absolutely denied the being of the gods, could be superstitious?* I do not suspect even Protagoras, who doubted whether there are gods or not. The opinions of these philosophers are not only destructive of superstition, which arises from a vain fear of the gods, but of religion also, which consists in a pious adoration of them. What think you of those who have asserted that the whole doctrine concerning the immortal gods was the invention of politicians, whose view was to govern that part of the community by religion, which reason could not influence?† Are not their opinions subversive of all religion.....P. Claudius, in the first Punic war, when the poultry were let out of the coop and would not feed, ordered them to be thrown into the water, and, joking upon the gods, said, with a sneer, let them drink since they will not eat; which piece of ridicule [says Balbus, the speaker], being followed by a victory over his fleet, cost him many tears, and brought great calamity on the Roman people.—[*Note by Translator.* Their not eating was regarded as an unlucky sign; and Claudius's turning this superstitious observation on the poultry into ridicule is called, by Balbus, joking upon the gods. In the same manner a person in some countries [England, to wit.—W. C.] would be accused of impiety if he should seem to ridicule any of the idle and impious stories which are esteemed miracles; for the weak and prejudiced part of mankind do not distinguish between speaking against God and against falsehoods told of God. Minds poisoned by superstition are too ready to ascribe effects to such causes as could no more produce such effects than they could make and unmake worlds.] In another note on the same subject, he says—[This story is told by Cicero in his first book de Divinatione: Attius Navius having lost one of his sows, made a vow that if he found her he would offer the largest grape on his vine to the deity; accordingly, having found her, he stood in the midst of his vine, with his face towards the meridian, and divided the vine with his staff into four parts, and found a grape of a prodigious size. This story is followed by another a little more wonderful in the same book de Divinatione, where we are told that Tarquinus Priscus, hearing of the affair of the sow, sent for Attius Navius to see some proof of his augural art, and bade him cut a whetstone asunder with a razor, which he did before Tarquin and a great number of spectators, and was ever after held in the greatest esteem; upon which, says Quintus, Cicero's brother, who is the person introduced disputing with our author on the subject of divination, if we deny all these let us burn our annals, and pronounce the relations to

* It appears strange that a man who should deny all supernatural influences should have superstitious feelings, yet it is told of a French infidel, that he was so superstitious that he constantly had an attendant by his bed side after he had seen a funeral.—Note by W. J. B.

† Whately has endeavoured to show that the impositions of the Roman Catholic church did not proceed from design, but from the nature of things; so I think religion impossible to have been wholly made by politicians, but rather to have been produced by the construction of mankind, regulated and encouraged by lawgivers, as it served their views with regard to the people.—Note by W. J. B.

be fictitious, &c. Hence we see what little credit ought to be paid to facts said to be done out of the ordinary course of nature. These miracles are well attested. They were recorded in the annals of a great people, believed by many learned and otherwise sagacious persons, and received as religious truths by the populace; but the testimonies of ancient records, the credulity of some learned men, and the implicit faith of the vulgar, can never prove that to have been, which is impossible in the nature of things ever to be.*]

REASON AND PROVIDENCE.

Private houses, public courts, the senate, the camp, allies, provinces, all agree that reason is the author of all ill as well as all the good we do; that it makes few act well, but many ill; and that, in short, the gods had shown greater benevolence in denying us any reason at all than in sending us that which is so pernicious; for as wine is seldom wholesome, but often hurtful in diseases, we think it more prudent to deny it to the patient, than to run the risk of so uncertain a remedy, so I do not know whether it would not be better for mankind to be deprived of wit, thought, and penetration, or what we call reason, a thing fatal to many and useful to few, than to have bestowed it upon them with so much liberality. But if the divine will has really consulted the good of man in this gift of reason, the good of those men only was consulted on whom a well-regulated one is bestowed; how few these are, if any, is very apparent. It is wrong to say that the gods consulted the good of a few only; it is better to think that they consulted the good of none. You answer, that the ill use which a great part of mankind make of reason, no more takes away the goodness of the gods, who bestow it as a present of the greatest benefit to them, than the ill use which children make of their patrimony diminishes the obligation which they have to their parents for it. We grant you this; but where is the similitude? It was far from Deinaria's design to injure Hurcules when she made him a present of the shirt dipped in the blood of the centaurs. Nor was it a regard to the welfare of Jason of Pheræ, that induced the man who with his sword opened his imposthume, which the physicians had in vain attempted to cure.* Thus it often happens that an intended evil has turned to advantage, and a designed good to disadvantage. So that the quality of the gift is by no means a mark of the intention of the giver; neither does the benefit which may accrue from it prove that it came from the hands of a benefactor. For, in short, what debauchery, what avarice, what crimes amongst men do not owe their birth to thought and reflection, that is, to reason? To right reason if their thoughts are conformable to truth; to bad reason, if they are not. The gods only give us the mere faculty of reason, if we have any; the use or abuse of it depends entirely upon ourselves; so that the comparison is not just between the present of reason, given us by the gods, and a patrimony left to a son by his father; for after all, if the punishment of mankind had been the end proposed by the gods, what could they have given them more pernicious than this seed of all evil, reason; this slave of fear, injustice, and intemperance?..... Can we then think that this plentiful fountain of evil sprung from the immortal gods? If they have given reason to man they have likewise given subtlety, for subtlety is only a deceitful manner of applying reason to do mischief. To them likewise we must owe deceit, and every other crime, which, without the help of reason would neither have been thought of nor committed. As the old woman wished

'That to the fir, which on mount Pelion grew,
The axe had ne'er been laid'—

so we should wish the gods had never bestowed this ability on man; the abuse

* Though the Translator had no such intention, the reader can, if he likes, apply these remarks to the natural 'impossibilities' contained in the Christian mythology, and see what they are worth when tested by this orthodox standard.—W. C.

* The story of Jason of Pheræ, a town in Thessaly, is this: he had an imposthume, for which he could get no cure; and the anguish of it was so great that he threw himself into the heat of battle, with the hope of being slain, to be rid of his pain; but he received from the sword of one of the enemy a stroke on the imposthume, which opened it, and the noxious humour discharging itself, he perfectly recovered.

of which is so general, that the small number of those who make a good use of it, are often oppressed by those who make a bad use of it. so that it seems to be given rather to help vice than to promote virtue amongst us. This, you insist on, is the fault of man, and not of the gods. But should we not laugh at a physician or pilot, though they are weak mortals, if they were to lay the blame of their ill success on the violence of the disease or the fury of the tempest? Had there not been danger, we should say, who would have applied to you? This reasoning has still greater force against the deity. The fault, you say, is in man, if he commits crimes. But why was not man endowed with a reason incapable of producing any crimes? How could the gods err? When we leave our effects to our children, it is in hopes they are well bestowed, in which we may be deceived; but how can the deity be deceived?.....If reason, which was bestowed on mankind by the gods with a good design, tends only to make men subtle and fraudulent, it had been better for them never to have received it. There could be no excuse for a physician who prescribes wine to a patient, knowing he would drink it and immediately expire. Your providence is no less blameable in giving reason to man, who, she foresaw, would make a bad use of it. Will you say she did not foresee it? I should be greatly pleased with that. But you dare not. I know what a sublime idea you entertain of her. If folly, by the unanimous consent of philosophers, is allowed to be the greatest of all evils, and if no one ever attained to true wisdom, we, whom you say the immortal gods take care of, are consequently in a state of the utmost misery. For that nobody *is* well, or that nobody *can be* well, is in effect the same thing; and, in my opinion, that no man *is* truly wise, or that no man *can be* truly wise, is likewise the same thing. But I will insist no further on so self-evident a point. Telamon, in one verse, decides the question. If, says he, there is a divine providence,

'Good men would be happy, bad men miserable.'

But it is not so. If the gods had regarded mankind, they should have made them all virtuous—or, at least, those who were virtuous happy.....Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, after he had pillaged the temple of Proserpine at Locris, set sail for Syracuse, and, having a fair wind during his voyage, said, with a smile, 'See, my friends, what favourable winds the immortal gods bestow upon church robbers.' Encouraged by this prosperous event, he proceeded in his impiety. When he landed at Peloponnesus, he went into the temple of Jupiter Olympius, and disrobed his statue of a golden mantle of great weight, which the tyrant Gelo, (of Sicily) had given out of the spoils of the Carthaginians—and, at the same time, in a jesting manner, said that 'A golden mantle was too heavy in summer and too cold in winter;' then, throwing a woollen cloak over it, said, 'This will serve for all seasons.' At another time he ordered the golden beard of Æsculapius of Epidaurus to be taken away, saying that 'It was absurd for the son to have a beard, when his father had none.'* He likewise robbed the temples of the silver tables, which, according to the ancient custom of Greece, bore this inscription, 'To the good gods'—saying 'He was willing to make use of their goodness.' And, without the least scruple, took away the little golden emblems of victory, the cups and coronets, which were in the hands of the statues—saying 'He did not *take*, but *receive*, them; for it would be folly not to accept good things from the gods, to whom we are constantly praying for favours, when they stretch out their hands towards us.' In short, what he thus pillaged were, by his order, brought to the market place, and sold by the common crier; and, after he had received the money for them, he commanded every purchaser to restore what he had bought, within a limited time, to the temple from whence they came. Thus to his impiety towards the gods he added injustice to man. Yet neither did Olympian Jove strike him with his thunder, nor did Æsculapius cause him to die by tedious diseases and a lingering death. He died in his bed, had funeral honours done him, and left his power, which he had wickedly obtained,

* Æsculapius was usually represented with a beard, as an emblem of sagacity, proper for the god of physic; and his father, Apollo, without any, as an indication of perpetual youth.

as a just and lawful inheritance to his son. It is not without concern that I maintain a doctrine which seems to authorise evil, and which might probably give a sanction to it if conscience, without any divine assistance, did not point out, in the clearest manner, the difference between virtue and vice. Without conscience man is contemptible; for as no family or state can be supposed to be formed with any reason or discipline if there are no rewards for good actions nor punishments for bad, so we cannot believe that a divine providence regulates the world if there is no distinction between the honest and the wicked..... Diogenes said, that the prosperity of the wicked destroys the idea of divine providence. But good men have sometimes success. They have so; but we cannot, with any show of reason, attribute that success to the gods. Diagoras, who is called the atheist, being at Samothrace, one of his friends showed him several pictures of people who had endured very dangerous storms. 'See,' says he, 'you who deny a providence, how many have been saved by their prayers to the gods.' 'Aye,' says Diagoras, 'I see those who were saved, but where are those painted who were shipwrecked?' At another time he himself was in a storm, when the sailors, being greatly alarmed, told him they justly deserved that misfortune for admitting him into their ship; when he, pointing to others under the like distress, asked them if they believed Diagoras was also aboard those ships? In short, with regard to good or bad fortune, it matters not what you are or how you have lived. The gods, like kings, regard not everything. What similitude is there between them? If kings neglect anything, want of knowledge may be pleaded in their defence; but ignorance cannot be brought as an excuse for the gods. Your manner of justifying them is somewhat extraordinary, when you say, that if a wicked man dies without suffering for his crimes, the gods inflict a punishment on his children, his children's children, and all his posterity. O wonderful equity of the gods! What city would endure the maker of a law which should condemn a son or a grandson for a crime committed by the father or the grandfather?*

'Shall Tantalus' unhappy offspring know
No end, no close, of this long scene of woe?
When will the dire reward of guilt be o'er,
And Myrtilus demand revenge no more?'

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Faith, society, justice (which are almost synonymous), and all human virtues, are immutable, abstracted from any consideration of a deity. No man that thinks rightly of moral truths, will say that justice would be destroyed, even if there was no such being as a god. Yet, so depraved are most men, I do not know, as Cicero says, whether the majority of mankind, would pay any regard to justice if they were not awed by some penalty. But, however the weaker part of mankind may be influenced by hopes and fears of futurity, right and wrong exist in the nature of things, and are immutable; as the Earl of Shaftesbury beautifully endeavours to demonstrate to mankind through his writings.

The Epicureans maintained the doctrine of plurality of worlds, with vacant spaces, intervals, between them. There is no doctrine more consistent with reason than this, when we consider the infinity of space, the quantity of matter in space, and the power of God. There is scarcely anything more absurd than to imagine that there should be but one world.

[Balbus says—'They who have interpreters must certainly exist themselves; now there are interpreters of the gods, therefore we must allow there are gods.' To which the Translator says]—If the existence of the deity could be no better proved than by this argument, it could never be proved. Strange logic, that a man's bare pretensions to a knowledge of the divine will should be a proof of the truth of those pretensions, or of the existence of a deity.—[Is not this the precise evidence advanced as proof of the truth of Christian revelation, and of the existence of the God of the Bible? —W. C.]

* Plutarch relates in one of his treatises, that Bion says, 'That if the gods punished the children of the wicked, it would be as ridiculous as the physician who should apply a medicine to a son or grandson for the disease of the father or grandfather.'—*Note by Translator.*

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

THE NEW REFORM IN GERMANY.

III.

SIR,—*Ronge*, the founder of the one branch of our reform—viz., that arising from Catholicism—being at present here, and lecturing in the Princess's Concert Rooms,* I think your readers will be disposed to give ear to some more particular notices thereof.

There was the 'holy coat' of Triers, the exhibition and adoration of which has given to it its origin. The letter written by Johannes Ronge to the bishop Arnoldi, in 1844, though containing nothing more than was said by Luther three hundred years ago, awoke anew the national feeling against that power the influence of which has been of the most dreadful consequence for all nations, and most of all for Germany. And however vague that other branch of our reformatory movement may have presented itself in its origin, yet the following ideas were to be marked in its very beginning :—

The first, principally represented by Ronge himself, was the *independence* of man in religious matters, in reference to any outward power, as to the organisation in his own country. There was the very *democratic* principle which the new reform congregations have been founded upon—all conclusions and arrangements proceeding only from the congregations themselves. In the first statutes issued by their first meeting at Leipzic, in Easter, 1845, it was therefore said, § 51—'All these determinations are not and shall not be fixed for all times, but may and ought to be altered every time by the congregations according to their consciousness then being.'

In consequence of that first principle of self-government, the *women* obtained the equal rights with the men; and there was also Ronge, who first of all endeavoured for the raising and enfranchising of that but too long neglected and oppressed sex. He founded for that purpose, in all parts of Germany, those 'unions of women'—Frauen-Vereini—the most of which are at the same time integrant parts of the reform congregations themselves.

The second idea, principally represented by *Kerbler*, was the *union of those sympathising in all churches*, especially in those of the Protestant and Catholic, gradually also with the Jews. Notwithstanding, it must be stated, that some of the leaders, at least in the very beginning, were anxious to conserve the Catholic character of the movement, not so much by religious shallow-mindedness as by reasons of prudence, they imagining to save by that the claims of church property.

The third idea, represented principally by *Doviat*, who afterwards abandoned his cause, was the foundation of the new reform upon the *very results of the modern* theological and philosophical *science*. He was the most eloquent and ingenious orator of us all; now, alas! on account of his political endeavourings, imprisoned for many years in the citadel of Dantzic.

These being the chief points which are to be borne in mind for the right understanding of that one branch of our reform in its first beginning,—in the present time we may add, that not only about 300 congregations in all parts of our country

* Since this was written, Ronge has removed his lectures to the Seymour Street School Rooms, Camden Town.

—even two in Austria—have been founded thereof, the one of them called *Germano-Catholic* the other *Free Christian*, but that, especially in some of them, those chief ideas have been continued, enriched, and verified, so that it would be very erroneous to deem a single one of the leaders as the representative of the whole movement. To have given to that one branch the origin by his letter—to have endeavoured to spread that movement by founding congregations throughout Germany—to have founded those unions of women within or united with the congregations—and, especially in the last years, to have answered for the solidarity of the religious reform for the political and social together, and now to suffer for those endeavourings, banished and exiled,—that will remain the undiminished merit of Johannes Ronge. But as for the continuation and the improving of the work began, there are the congregations themselves—and, first of all, those of Breslau (in Prussia) and Hamburg, which ought to be marked as the chief promoters of that reform.

They all—and that is their main difference from the other branch—yet retain the religious, or much more the *ecclesiastical*, character; that is to say, they have not yet completely abandoned all that inherited from the old churches, as baptism, confirmation, etc., although the nature and meaning of all these ceremonies in all congregations is quite different from that being obtained in the churches. Ronge himself, and many others, call that reform the '*Free Church*;' and those who are engaged as the leaders of these congregations are called, not only preachers, but also divines, or even parsons. That this ecclesiastical character is contrasting with the very aim and principles of that movement, as intending to be founded upon the very results of modern science, is clear; but many of the congregations have acknowledged it, and, as being independent, have endeavoured, or are endeavouring, to shake off that cover yet hanging on them like the last piece of chrysalis on the butterfly fluttering upwards to the pure breezes.

The reason why others yet retain that ecclesiastical character is chiefly the fear to leave behind that part of the people who are too intelligent to be satisfied in the old churches and sects, but not yet so intelligent as to go to the last consequences of the principles.

Notwithstanding this, one branch of our reform contains such a fullness of freedom, and so great results as with reference to the theoretical liberty as to the practical, that, however different the opinions of your readers may be, they—especially by a more particular knowledge of it—shall find that the way is another but the end is the same. To prove that by one of their own documents, I shall translate, in my next article, the chief passages of that appeal issued in the year 1849 by the congregations of Silesia to their German brothers at large.

London, March 20th, 1851. CARL SCHOLL.

THE LETTER OF 'H. B.,' IN THE 'LEADER.'

SIR,—Having been misrepresented by you in the letter from the *Leader* quoted in the *Reasoner*, I take the earliest opportunity of counteracting any false impressions your statement may have made.

You say 'H. B. has written to the *Leader* on the spread of atheism,' which is not true, as I do not believe Miss Martineau to be an atheist.

You are concerned to show, that every atheist will not write as H. B. has done. Probably they may not, but this is no reason why candour and honesty should be depreciated. To be consistent the defence involved upon you was to defend the opinions of free-thought, and oppose the advocates of error.

You prefer an accusation of insincerity to a rebuke, and then go on to say, 'that H. B. supposes the *Leader* to hold Miss Martineau's principles, but lacks her courage to say so.' An assumption so unjust and uncourteous, that I trust no sincere advocate of free-thought would be induced to make it.

You perceive that the chief writers of the *Leader* are religious men: a perception which has only been observed by a few who, like yourself, may have had an opportunity of knowing their private opinions and views.

It seems to you, 'that the *Leader* neither palliates truth nor error;' and what they defend as tenable is tenable to them—namely, the existence of a God, which they acknowledge they have no means of proving. Where I think they (the *Leader)* have become the apologists of error, is by such expressions as the following: the love of God with all our hearts, and that the soul is larger than logic, and that it is a transcendent question—which to me are undefinable absurdities. I think free-thought will not be advanced by impugning the opinions of those who are its most faithful advocates.

Not wishing to cloak error, I simply stated in the *Leader* my own views, what I considered to be truth; and, in conclusion, I will observe, that your letter appears to me to be an assault upon your own principles. H. B.

[We readily concede our friend H. B. the explanation he desires, nor will we diminish its force by comment. The reader who remembers, or will turn to the letter he complains of, will see whether Mr. Holyoake *did* misrepresent him. What the precise purport of his present letter is we cannot well tell. It is incomplete or unconnected.—Ed.]

THE 'LEADER'S' REVIEW OF THE MARTINEAU AND ATKINSON LETTERS.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to make a few remarks on the review of Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson's theological opinions in the *Leader*, of March 1, p. 201.

'The soul is larger than logic.' Soul being a word of uncertain and unprovable meaning, is much inferior to logic—the first may be called ideal, the latter fact.

'And that to hope to penetrate the inscrutable is a wild and baseless delusion;' to penetrate the (at this time) hidden laws of nature, and to attain an understanding of the Great First Cause, is neither 'a wild nor baseless delusion.' How unphilosophical this seems to me to be. I have no doubt but the day will come when man will comprehend everything—its source and nature; and, in the chemical laboratory, will be able even to create all things, both organic and inorganic.

'But, equally with a belief in a God, the belief in a future state is universal and instinctive.' The belief in a God and the belief in a future state is not 'universal' or 'instinctive.' Some tribes of Indians have no such belief; and in nations called civilised peculiarly-developed brains cannot attain any such belief, although attempted to be inculcated by education.

'The horror, the dread, or simply the vague uneasiness we feel at death in any shape.' I have neither 'horror,' 'dread,' nor 'vague uneasiness' at 'death in any shape.' To me, to die is gain, to live is pain. And why? Because my feelings of justice and benevolence are daily outraged. So little do I dread death, that were it not out of consideration for the feelings of others, and equally the hopes of furthering the moral and intellectual elevation of all, I would cease to live. I consider every man's life to be his own property.

At p. 208 the writer says, 'We regret the extension of atheism, because we regard it as an opinion untrue, hurtful to the happiness of most among those who entertain it, and tending to expunge the highest of all motives to doing good.' Why regret it? Atheists, as a body, are, I hope, as conscientious, as benevolent and inherit virtue as well as the religious world; besides, in performing good deeds they look not for reward hereafter. I need not repeat the favourable opinion of the great Bacon as to the great moral results of atheism, as it has already been quoted in the *Leader*. Why 'regard it as an opinion untrue,' when they cannot prove it an untruth? I cannot believe that atheism is 'hurtful to the happiness of most among those who entertain it.' Religion of all kinds leads to these results; the difficulty of inferior brains (and most brains are badly balanced) to act up to the moral precepts of Jesus, leads to a large amount of extra insanity and suicide. 'Can a good tree bear evil fruit?' No. Religion is not good; and when we consider the vice, crime, and misery that prevail in the world, the idea of an intelligent creator is chimerical. And as for religion, phrenology proving a man not to be a free agent, and all religions being founded on the idea of man's free agency, all religions containing such creed are erroneous. 'Atheism expunges the highest of all motives to doing good.' Nonsense; the 'highest of all motives to doing good' is to make a fellow-creature happy; and in making others happy is the reward we have, and the only one we look for, for allowing our existence to remain intact. I do not call myself an atheist, because we cannot yet understand the mysteries of nature; but to be called so by others I esteem a compliment—to be called a Christian the contrary.

Cambo, Morpeth. ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

A MODEL LAW.

UNTIL the 4th of July, 1776, the United States were British colonies. On that memorable day the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. At the same time they published articles of confederation, providing that each State should retain its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right not expressly delegated to Congress by the Confederation. The Legislative Assembly of Virginia, in the year 1786, honoured itself by enacting the following Law, in which the duties of legislators in relation to religion are defined with admirable clearness:—

'*An Act for the Establishment of Religious Freedom.*

'Well aware that all attempts to influence mind by temporal punishments or burthens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy [we omit the preamble], resolved—

'That to compel a man to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves, is sinful and tyrannical—that even the forcing a man to support this or that teacher of his own religious persuasion, is depriving him of the comfortable liberty of giving his contributions to the particular pastor whose morals he would make his pattern, and whose powers he feels most persuasive to righteousness, and withdrawing from the ministry those temporal rewards which, proceeding from an approbation of their personal conduct, are an additional incitement to earnest and unremitted labours for the instruction of mankind;

'That our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, any more than on our opinions in physic or geometry—that, therefore, the proscribing any citizen as unworthy the public confidence by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to offices of trust and emolument unless he profess or renounce this

or that religious opinion, is depriving him injuriously of those privileges and advantages to which in common with his fellow-citizens he has a natural right, and tends also to corrupt the principles of that very religion it is meant to encourage, by bribing with a monopoly of worldly honours and emoluments those who will externally conform to it—that though, indeed, those are criminal who do not withstand such temptations, yet neither are those innocent who lay them in the way;

'That to suffer the civil magistrate to intrude his powers into the field of opinion, and to restrain the profession or propagation of principles on the supposition of their ill tendency is a dangerous fallacy, which at once destroys all religious liberty, because he, being of course judge of that tendency, will make his opinions the rule of judgment, and approve or condemn the sentiments of others only as they shall agree with or differ from his own—that it is time enough, for the rightful purposes of civil government, for its officers to interpose when principles break out in overt acts against peace and good order;

'And, finally, that Truth is great, and will prevail if left to herself, and is the proper and sufficient antagonist to Error, and can have nothing to fear from the conflict unless (by human interposition) disarmed of her natural weapons, free argument and debate: error ceasing to be dangerous when it is permitted freely to contradict them;—

'*Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly, that no man shall be compelled to support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever; nor shall be forced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but all men be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinion in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities.*'

Reasoner Propaganda.

To promote the efficiency of the *Reasoner* as an organ of Propagandism, one Friend subscribes 10s. weekly, another 5s., one 2s. monthly, others 1s. each weekly—and so on according to ability and earnestness. An annual contribution of 1s. from each reader would be easy, equitable, and sufficient. What is remitted, in whatever proportion, is acknowledged here and accounted for at the end of the Volume.

Acknowledged in No. 26, 1233s.—W. J. B. (Nos. 19 to 28), 100s.—A Friend of Reason (for March and April) 40s.—H. M. (2s. per month, from November to March), 10s.—R., 1s.—J, Motherwell, Paisley, 1s.—S., Birmingham, 2s. 6d.—Mr. Evins, Sheffield, 20s.—Thomas Jackson, Fenton, 2s. 6d.—A Friend, do., 2s. 6d.—A Friend, do., 1s.—Joseph Tomkinson, Stoke, 1s.—William Poultney, do., 1s.—Thomas Nixon, 1s.—J. B., do., 1s.—A Friend to Free Thought, Shelton, 1s.—Total, 1485s. 6d. [In that solicitude for the efficiency of the *Reasoner* our friend W. J. B. has so frequently manifested, he has, in addition to his weekly subscription, instructed me to forward £2 to one of our writers who is not in a position to devote his time to our service wholly unremunerated.]

☞ In order that the next half-yearly volume may conclude at Christmas, the present volume is extended to 32 numbers.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—April 20th [7½], Mr. St. Clair, 'Language.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—April 20th [7], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Roman History.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square,—April 18th [8], a Discussion. 20th [7½], Miss Dyer will lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—April 20 [7], a lecture.

Areopagus Coffee and Reading Room, 59, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture or Discussion.

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London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

We need hardly say that we are fully aware of the difficulty and even peril of that task [*the formation of a Conservative government*]; we are prepared to see another proof of the different effects of a Tory opposition and a Whig opposition on the too-easily agitated surface of public opinion. We expect to find what is now represented as a halcyon sea of general prosperity become suddenly angry and agitated, without any other cause than there being a Conservative pilot at the helm. We are aware of all this. It is the old opposition game; but though it may now-a-days appear additionally formidable for the bolder spirit of the revolutionary party, it will, on the other hand, be overbalanced and mitigated by the admission of all that the country must have a government, and by the proof that we are confident experience of the next few months will give, that there is no other than a Conservative government *possible*, or, to speak plainly, no alternative between a strong Conservative government and—a *Republic*. We conscientiously believe that the crisis of the *Monarchy*, long approaching, cannot be far distant. [The italics are in the *Quarterly Review* of April, 1851 (p. 577), from which we quote.]

No. 4 of the *English Republic* contains 'Our Martyrs,' No. 2, by Joseph Mazzini. If it contained nothing else, the purchaser would possess more inspiring words than a six shilling Quarterly contains in twelve months.

Application was made for the Sheffield Theatre for the delivery of lectures by Mr. Holyoake. Mr. Edwin Unwin replied—'The Theatre Committee do not approve of the lectures which Mr. Holyoake proposes to give, which is the cause of my refusing to let it.' The lectures are therefore being delivered at the Hall of Science. Mr. Holyoake delivers the third to-night.

Our active friend, Mr. J. Morris, of Coventry, has become a news-agent, adding another to the list of those who will consider it written down in his duty to give Rationalist publications fair play.

The correspondents of the *Record*, who invariably hasten to cry down any symptom of free thought amongst the clergy, have brought the charge of infidelity against the Rev. C. Kingsley, author of 'Alton Locke,' and, by their hurtful insinuations, have induced him to resign his connection with the Queen's College. Mr. Kingsley has thought it worth while to answer them. He firmly believes, he says, in the fall of man and the corruption of human nature. 'Whosoever says that I overlook the "necessity of being utterly and radically converted, and becoming as a little child," in the strictest and fullest Evangelical sense, invariably states a falsehood; for it is a constant subject of my preaching. Whosoever says that I "confound the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit with the extraordinary ones worked by him on the hearts of true believers," also states a falsehood; for I deeply feel and constantly preach the absolutely *infinite* difference between them.' [Quoted in the *Nonconformist*, Nov. 13. We quote it here, as it will serve to show our readers the religious views of Mr. Kingsley.]

When Fauntleroy was under sentence of death, one Edward Angelini petitioned the Lord Mayor to be permitted to take that sinner's place. When being told that it was against all justice for one man to be hanged for another, he replied, that our Saviour had died as an atonement for the sins of others, and he did not see why he could not be allowed to do so too. He was dismissed as being little better than mad.

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S LECTURES IN SHEFFIELD.

I.

THE people of Sheffield are as sharp as their razors—so keen, indeed, that a stranger can hardly tell which is which; it will therefore easily be inferred that they now and then turn a weather eye to the theological horizon, and, like Captain Cuttle, take a note of the strange craft ever floating on the wide sea of speculation.

Mr. Otley, who was chairman the first night of the lectures, stated that the town was sprinkled with 'Young Men's Associations.' It appears much practical Communism exists among the authorities of the town. While Manchester scoured its streets in dread of the 'striking' sailors, Sheffield, more fraternal and courageous, admitted them into the town. Fourteen Hungarians were the guests of the people while I was there, and in all directions there exists the most diversified fermentation of opinion.

The Theatre has lately been occupied by the discussions between Mr. Richard Otley and Dr. Sleigh. Even from persons who stand on the Doctor's side complimentary remarks were made to me on the manner in which Mr. Otley acquitted himself. The Freethinkers of Sheffield feel indebted to Mr. Otley for the defence which he made on their behalf; and as Mr. Otley has long maintained and defended in his own person freedom of opinion, at pecuniary cost, some entertain the idea of getting up a Testimonial to that gentleman. If attempted, it should be done in an efficient manner, so that others in the provinces, who do the public freethinking service, may be encouraged in their course.

My invitation to Sheffield was by a Young Men's Association, not one of whom was known to me. Mr. Ironside said that the ancient Freethinkers of Sheffield were surprised that the invitation was given by an unknown party, and gratified to find that a new body existed. As one proof of their business notions I may relate that they handed to me the following list of the Clergy and Ministers whom they had invited by a special circular to my lectures:—

CHURCHMEN.

St. Peter's	Rev. Mr. Sayles, vicar.	St. John's	Rev. R. Telvus.
,,	Rev. S. R. Spicer.	,,	Rev. G. Trevor.
,,	Rev. E. S. Murphy.	St. Philip's	Rev. Mr. Livesey.
,,	Rev. S. Earnshaw.	Trinity Church	Rev. Wm. Bruce.
,,	Rev. W. Crawford.	,,	Rev. Mr. Hathaway.
St. James's	Rev. T. Best.	Christ Church	Rev. H. Barlow.
,,	Rev. Dr. Kerns.	St. Jude's	Rev. G. Sandford.
St. Paul's	Rev. Mr. Knight, sen.	Moor Fields'	Rev. Mr. Lyons.
,,	Rev. Mr. Knight, jun.	Chookes, St. Thomas's	Rev. Mr. Owen.
St. Mary's	Rev. H. Farish.		
,,	Rev. W. Smith.	Tulwood Church	Rev. Mr. Chalmer.
St. George's	Rev. Wm. Mercer.	Ecclesall	Rev. Mr. Vale.
,,	Rev. T. Clark.	Heeley	Rev. H. D. Jones.
St. John's	Rev. E. G. Kelly.	Bradfield	Rev. Mr. Fletcher.

DISSENTERS.

Wesleyans	Rev. Wm. Allen.	Independents	Rev. Mr. Clarkson.
,,	Rev. Thomas Clarke.	,,	Rev. Mr. Loxton.
,,	Rev. J. Hornby.	Baptists	Rev. R. Giles.
,,	Rev. Josiah Wood.	,,	Rev. Charles Larom.
,,	Rev. S. D. Waddy.	,,	Rev. Mr. Batey.
,,	Rev. J. McLean.	,,	Rev. T. Horsfield.
,,	Rev. J. Manners.	New Connection	Rev. J. H. Robinson.
,,	Rev. William Smith.	,,	Rev. J. L. Stokoe.
,,	Rev. M. Milner.	,,	Rev. J. Poxon.
,,	Rev. E. Jones.	Primitive Methodist	Rev. Wm. Jefferson.
,,	Rev. William Griffith.		
Independents	Rev. T. Smith.	Catholics	Rev. E. Scully.
,,	Rev. J. H. Muir.	,,	Rev. Mr. Hill.
,,	Rev. Mr. Landells.	Sect not known	Rev. Mr. Atkinson.
,,	Rev. Mr. Bellamy.		

Dr. Sleigh, Mr. Otley's opponent.

At a recent celebration of Paine's Birthday, in Sheffield, the Rev. Dr. Kerns, a clergyman in the town, appeared and delivered a speech against Paine. The *Sheffield Free Press* reported the reverend doctor's speech. He subsequently delivered himself of views on the Christian side in the Hall of Science—an act of earnestness and courage which did him great credit. But at the lectures he did not put in any appearance, although Mr. Ironside specially wrote to him and invited him. Dr. Kerns was a missionary in Syria. He went all that long way, in the generous hope of converting a few obscure and uncertain heathens; but he declined to walk from St. James's Church to Rockingham street, to convert me, although I had travelled from London with a view to undergo the operation.

One quiet person, of harmless manners and harmless faith—a species of Barkerite—spoke on two nights. But Mr. Bacon was not a representative man—not one of the men I sought; but he enabled some statement to be made which might be useful to others. Some of the audience described the speech in reply to him the first night as 'Frying of Bacon.' This of course was not the opinion of our friend of anti-Jewish designation. On the third night Mr. Crooks spoke in censure of the lecture as not fulfilling the terms of the announcement—namely, 'Points of issue between Theists and Atheists, or moral objections to Christianity.' The objection of our critic of the oblique name was advanced under peculiar circumstances. When I reminded him that he must have heard me attempt to fulfil the requirements of my subject, he answered 'he was not present during the whole of the lecture.' That critic was supposed to be but partially informed who commenced the review of a book after cutting it open and smelling the paper-knife. But in this case our theological reviewer had not even opened the leaves of the lecture upon which he commented. [To be concluded next week.] G. J. Holyoake.

MODERN DEFENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.*

If spiritual seership had fallen to our lot, we should have been rather curious to ascertain what Calvin, Baxter, Ambrose, and the saints of yore, thought of their successors. As Flucius Illiricus says of Jerome 'he was learned in the languages, and did much by study and comparison to illustrate the Scriptures, but has not a word about regeneration,' etc., so these modern defenders of the church are no doubt wise in their generation, but certain it is that they have not a word about the advantages of election, the certainty of reprobation, and little indeed of the

* 'Christianity and its Evidences.' By the Rev. J. G. Rogers. (Newcastle-on-Tyne: Barkas.)

privileges of the saints. Their predecessors—kind souls!—told us that there are infants in hell not a span long, and that we shall have the satisfaction of seeing them 'gnaw their chains with their bare gums.' Nay, further, some of the more zealous affirm, that the happiness of heaven shall be greatly increased by this delectable spectacle; and when these worthy divines descended to controversy with sceptics, a well-authenticated case of witchcraft, the visible appearing of the devil, or an unquestioned ghost story, were the arguments adduced. Their descendants, however, have thrown witches and ghosts overboard, and most ungenerously left the devil in the lurch; and, forgetful of their '*call*' and spiritual elevation, have put on the armour of 'carnal reason,' in the pure Quixotic spirit, to deliver all churches and confound all sceptics.

Three little works have lately appeared from this pseudo-Calvinistic school. Dr. Legg, of Leicester, Mr. Conder, of Leeds, and Mr. Rogers, of Newcastle, have each contributed a course of lectures. Mr. Conder is by far the most talented, Dr. Legg the most pompous, and Mr. Rogers the most—we must see what he is. Mr. Rogers has an affectation of contempt for his opponents; his entire book is seasoned with that parsonic dash and swagger which renders it distasteful to all except the 'faithful.' There is nothing gross or glaring which he is not prepared to defend. The cruel extermination of the Canaanites and the speakingof Balaam's ass are easily explained by 'a little closer application.'

The first thing which strikes one in reading these books is the manner in which the writers endeavour to hide the more unsightly portions of their creed. It may be a part of the tactics of the spiritual, as of the carnal, fisherman to hide the hook under the specious exterior of a tempting bait, but our impression is that they will 'toil all night' and catch nothing. The doctrine of the Trinity—'which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved'—is never mentioned in Mr. Rogers's volume. The *total* depravity of man is avoided, or virtually denied, by the statement that there are in every man higher and lower principles, and as he obeys those or these he rises or sinks in the scale of being' (p. 15), and this too 'APART FROM RELIGION ALTOGETHER.' The horrible and unnatural doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice is treated in the same manner. 'The great doctrine of the atonement,' we are told, 'in its aspects towards man, is only a means to an end, and that end the ennobling and exalting of the human heart' (p. 19). Whilst the dogma of an eternal hell is avoided altogether. Is Mr. R. a Unitarian? Or does he wish to bring us to Unitarianism, as an intermediate station to a more orthodox faith?

Mr. Rogers is always suspicious and not unfrequently abusive. Mr. Norton, the profound scholar and able defender of Christianity, has written 'nothing less than a gratuitous lible on the character of our Lord' (pp. 55-56). The man from whom Mr. Rogers and his class of retailers draw their stores is thus spoken of:—'Better open enmity than this false-hearted friendship, which gives the *kiss of an apostle only the better to conceal the base designs of the traitor.*' The 'logic' of this school 'is always untenable, and its morality admits of serious question.' Professor Newman is a 'Coryphæus of Deism,' more remarkable for his ingenuity than candor or truthfulness. 'The manner, indeed,' says Mr. R., 'in which this writer treats the Hebrew history is creditable neither to his head nor to his heart; and the only excuse to be pleaded in his favour (albeit a very questionable one) is that it is the sin of all his tribe,' (p. 70.) Mackay, and Parker 'the American Deist,' come in for an equal share of insinuation. Those who dwell under the shadow of the sanctuary may think all this very convincing, but the scholar, the gentleman, and the critic will think very differently.

As a specimen of 'reckless championship,' which has not often been exceeded, we quote the following paragraph:—'A frequent objection has been made to the Pentateuch, and indeed, the Old Testament in general, as opposed to scientific truth. A serious charge could it be sustained; but it is somewhat consolatory to find, that it is not the men whose scientific research has been the most profound who have advanced the objection, and that, despite the fears of some timid friends of Scripture truth, and the hostile clamours of some mere smatterers in learning, science has ever proved herself the hand-maid of Revelation. The truth is, that the attempts to overthrow the Bible by an appeal to Science and History, have not only been signal failures, but have been really contributive to the establishment of its truth—the ammunition which was brought to destroy, has fallen into the hands of the defenders of the citadel, and been diligently used by them to ensure their own safety—the guns are not silenced, but they have been turned against the assailants themselves. Astronomy, Geology, and History have alike been summoned to the encounter, and all have ranged their forces on our side—Egyptian Monuments and Ninevite Sculptures have but added fresh evidence in favour of the Bible, while the fossils dug from the caverns of the earth have added their concurrent voice to the general testimony.'

If we were disposed to deal seriously with this paragraph, we should say that, with the exception of the first, there is not a true sentence in it—that no astronomical discoveries have ever yet been made that could enable us to account for the sun standing still at the command of Joshua, or going back on the dial of Ahaz. Geology is so directly opposed to the Bible, that many are obliged to abandon that science altogether, or give up the Mosaic account of the creation; and no Egyptian or other monuments have the least trace of the existence of such a nation as the Jews prior to the time of Solomon. Perhaps we may shortly expect a new scientific *organum*, written *à la* Rogers, in which will be given the astrology of the elect, by which we may reconcile the sun's going back with the fact of its always standing still; also, a new Geological Primer, illustrated with sections of the earth's strata, labled with the exact days of their creation, thus: granite, first day; old red sandstone, second day; boulders, third day; gnesis, fourth day; 'while the fossils dug from the caverns of the earth add their concurrent testimony.' 'This day the sun, moon, and stars were made.'

He who can thus cast the halo of his genius over the domain of science will of course be omnipotent in biblical criticism; but here we do not care to follow him.

The last lecture is devoted to 'the antagonists of Christianity.' The various grades of sceptics are called in their appropriate order to receive judgment. 'First,' says the reverend lecturer, 'Atheism claims our notice, as the most audacious, most repulsive, and most loathsome of our foes. Of *its insults to God we shall not speak here.* We ask only what it may be expected to do for man' (p. 148).

Mr. R., then, positively declines to argue with atheists. Why is this? He is either unwilling or unable. If unable, why does he come before us as a defender of religion at all? If unwilling, from what does this unwillingness arise? 'It is most audacious, most repulsive, and most loathsome.' Why not remove it then? If the town is to be purified to prevent the cholera from spreading, who would think of leaving the most fœtid spot untouched? The whole book is utterly worthless if the atheist cannot be answered. This is the first thing which should have engaged the lecturer's attention. Of what use is the testimony of apostles and prophets to the inspiration of the Bible, if there be no God to inspire? Why contend with theists, and labour so angrily to prove that their doxy is not the genuine coin of the realm of heaven, and yet be silent when the atheist says 'you

are all *smashers* together: the whole coinage is spurious, and the bank itself a bauble?' But we beg pardon; Mr. Rogers has something to say of what it may be *expected* to do for man; and with this dash of prophesy we are treated with the horrors of the French Revolution and reign of terror.

'Even within the memory of living men the neighbouring kingdom of France resolved to throw away her dependence upon God. Goaded on by a detestation of priestcraft, she forsook God, profaned his sabbaths, defiled his sanctuaries, prohibited his worship, and blasphemed his name. And what was the result? Let the blood-stained records of France give the answer. Let them tell the horrors of the reign of terror, when every vice stalked abroad with unblushing effrontery, and every woe which man could suffer was endured by that unhappy people. Let them "utter the memory" of these crimes, whose very recital makes the heart shudder and the warm blood freeze within us. Let them recount the calamities which followed each other in rapid succession, compelling guilty France to feel the misery of being without God,' etc. (p. 150).

We might, if we had been so disposed, have spoken of Christianity as being allied with every abomination, and the instrument of every injustice. The church we might have said, is not, as it has been represented, a spotless virgin, but a deformed hag. In the days of her prosperity she was a painted demon, who, with charity on her tongue, struck her fangs into humanity, and drank the life's blood of the world. Her thanksgivings were for the slaughter of heretics—for a Saint Bartholomew's day or a Rathcormach slaughter. To her cruelty she added the damning sin of hypocrisy, and, professing 'brotherly love,' established her inquisitions and star-chambers—was never, in her best estate, anything better than a state harlot, that hushed the world to sleep while tyrants bound it with cords, despoiled it of its beauty, and put out its eyes—and that now, like an old witch, she is puffing at the embers of her own wrath, and damning a world which she can no longer delude. Now, if we wrote in this style, we should be told by the reverend lecturer that we were not speaking to the point—that it is not the abuse or questionable connections of any dogma, but its truth or falsehood, which we have to debate. And he would add, with becoming gravity, that our logic was untenable, and that our morality admits of serious question. This, we say, would have been said to *us*; but great is the privilege of the saints!

'Pantheism, which finds so many philosophical admirers,' is treated with the same 'Christian charity.' It is atheism in a mask, put on as 'a bait to catch;' and 'the system of the pantheist is as pregnant with evils to mankind as that of his more audacious compeer' (p. 151).

'The "absolute religion" of Parker, which finds an English brother in the spiritualism of Newman, may captivate many young minds; but it is unsubstantial, indefensible, and profitless.' We must take the author's *word* for this, we suppose, as he gives us nothing else. Z.

ST. JAMES'S LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

THE opening of Athenæums and Literary Institutions, in various parts of the country, is of frequent occurrence; but scarcely one can be pointed to that may be considered a People's Institution. Many have been established for the purpose of affording means of instruction for the working classes, and have afterwards been perverted to quite other objects. Let us hope this will not be the case with the St. James's Literary and Scientific Institution, the legitimate object of which 'is to afford, especially to all whose lives are engrossed with the drudgery of labour, or distracted with the clatter of this busy and steaming life, the means and

opportunity of gaining more refinement, and of enabling them to obtain some useful instruction in literature and the sciences.'

A public meeting of friends to the diffusion of knowledge was held in Willis's Rooms on April 9th, preliminary to the establishment of a new literary and scientific institution, to be named after the parish of St. James, Westminster, the benefits of which are designed to include the surrounding districts. The Earl of Carlisle presided, from whose speech we extract the following passages :—'The Club-houses of St. James's, with their libraries and their reading-rooms, are provided for the wealthy and easy classes of society. But we wish to communicate and extend the same advantages, not to those who are accommodated at shops and live in luxurious houses, not to those who are surrounded with all the sources and appliances of wealth, who may command any number of newspapers they please upon their breakfast tables, who may send to the next bookseller or circulating library for the first book they fancy to read; but to those who can only procure all those advantages by associated and combined efforts—those benefits which the enjoyment of wealth makes the exclusive enjoyment of the richer classes..... It is intended, if proper support is afforded from without, to procure suitable premises, having a reading-room supplied with the best reviews, periodicals, publications, and papers; a library, furnished with literary works of greater bulk and higher pretensions; a lecture-room, where lectures on appropriate subjects will be delivered by celebrated and competent professors.....I believe that there is no one class in the country which would be content to have it laid down that there should be no learning at all. I believe that there is no class or set of men who would submit —who would not reject the dogma—if it were said to them that education and learning and their appurtenances were to be confined to the high-born, the aristocracy, to wealth, and to the privileged halls of education. And if it were told to them that learning may dwell among the lovely bowers and quiet waters of the infant Isis, but when these waters flow into the tidal life, and work, and business, of the imperial Thames, then must learning mix no more with the expanded stream —that learning may inhabit the pale cloister, the bar, the pulpit, but it may not come in the marts of business and the streets of the busy town—I believe one and all of you would put aside with scorn those ignorant theories, and boldly assert, as no longer a monopoly of the food of the body existed, so there must be no monopoly of the food of the mind.....There were two points which induced me to come forward on this occasion. One is that the rules lay down no principle of exclusion on the ground of difference in religious convictions and opinions—and the other is that I know the project has engaged the sanction and the active spirit of a minister of religion, so exemplary and judicious as the rector of this parish of St. James. His agency will be a guarantee that improper and questionable productions will not be allowed to be admitted here.'

It is gratifying to know the rules are framed upon a liberal basis—we trust the same principle will be observed in the formation of the library. There can be no objection to its being a secular one; but if religious works are to be introduced—as will surely be the case if the 'rector of the parish' is to be the judge—then those of an opposite character ought to be admitted also, that each member might, as the chairman remarked, 'direct his course to that study which seemed most appropriate.' The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay is to be President; the Vice-Presidents are the Duke of Cleveland, Marquis of Anglesea, Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Dartmouth, Earl De Grey, Earl Spencer, Earl Bruce, Vicount Sydney, Bishop of London, Lord De Mauley, Lord John Manners, Right Hon. Sydney Herbert, M.P., R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P. AUSTIN.

Reasoner Tracts.

THE NEW TESTAMENT—No. 2.

BY UNDECIMUS.

It is stated at the end of Matthew's genealogy of Christ that each of the epochs, from Abraham to David, from David to the captivity, and from the captivity to Christ, consisted of fourteen generations. The last series only contains thirteen, unless Jechonias, who terminates the second, be counted again at the commencement of the third. In order to establish his fanciful arrangement of fourteen, or a double series of seven generations to each period, the writer has left out the names of three kings after Joram (Abaziah, Joash, Amaziah), and says 'Joram begat Ozias,' although we find in the 2nd book of Chronicles, c. xxvi., that Ozias or Uzziah, king of Judah and father of Jotham, was the son of Amaziah. Again, Matthew leaves out the name of Jehoiakim after that of Josias for the same reason, and with a similar contradiction to the Old Testament history. Some commentators have suggested that Luke gives a genealogy of Mary, her husband's name being substituted in her place, while Matthew gives the natural descent of Joseph himself: this scheme being so obviously desperate and without foundation, requires no notice. It may, however, be observed, that Matthew reckons twenty-six generations from David to Christ, while Luke raises the number to forty-two. It is highly improbable (we believe experienced persons would say impossible) that two individuals, descended from a common ancestor, should be removed, the one by forty-two, and the other by only twenty-six, generations. The length of generations does not in the long run vary to such a striking extent.

The triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem is thus described by Matthew, with his characteristic close attention to prophecy:—'All this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them; and they brought the ass and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him *upon them*.' This is the literal translation of the last two words; the authorised version says, 'they set him thereon.' Mark and Luke describe the directions of Jesus, and the manner in which the ass's colt was procured by the disciples in nearly the same language as Matthew, but they mention a colt only, and both say that 'they cast their garments upon the colt, and they set Jesus thereon.' How Jesus could have sat upon two beasts at once, as in Matthew's version of the story, it is difficult to imagine; and how that extraordinary feat of equilibrium can have escaped the notice of Mark, Luke, and John, becomes an equally puzzling question. Matthew has here made an absurd exaggeration, in his anxiety to make his account correspond exactly with the prophecy. John says that 'Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon.' He also says that the people came to meet him because they had been told of his raising Lazarus from the dead; Matthew, Mark, and Luke, not having heard of this miracle, do not allude to it on this or any other occasion. John immediately after this reports another circumstance which is not narrated in the other Gospels—a voice from heaven, which was heard by all the people that stood near him, so that some 'said that it thundered; others said, An Angel spake to him' (John xii., vv. 28-29).

One of the most absurd, indefensible, and trifling miraculous stories related of Christ, is that of the fig-tree, which he is said to have cursed for not bearing fruit for his eating *out of season*, 'for the time of figs was not yet' (Mark xi., v. 13). Mark says that the disciples did not perceive that the tree had withered until the day following the malediction. Matthew says that the tree withered away immediately to the disciples' great astonishment; and the translator, with a judicious regard to the discrepancy, have rendered the Greek word which signifies 'immediately' by 'presently.' Now what can we think of this story? Can any pious Christian justify or explain it? Can any pious Christian do more than pronounce it to be a holy mystery, abandoning carnal reason, and prostrating himself in humble Bibliolatry and uninquiring submission? Can a tree become a proper object for

miraculous vengeance for not spontaneously producing miraculous fruit? Would a being inspired with infinite wisdom and goodness secretly destroy the valuable property of another? Was this a dignified or benevolent action, or a good example for his disciples? In short, does it look like the act of a supernaturally endowed being, or does it look like a coarse and vulgar legend?

It is said by Matthew (c. x., v. 1) that Jesus 'having called his twelve disciples, gave them power against evil spirits to cast them out.' When their master was absent during the Transfiguration, they attempted to drive the devil out of a lunatic boy, and failed signally (Matthew xvii., v. 16). This is attributed by Jesus to their want of faith, and he adds, 'Howbeit this kind goeth not out by fasting and prayer.' So that some devils were more difficult to overcome than others. The unbelief of his spectators and auditors had a prejudicial effect on Christ's miraculous power, as we learn from the following passage:—'And he could there do no mighty work, save that he laid his hand upon a few sick folk, and healed them. And he marvelled because of their unbelief' (Mark vi., vv. 5-6). This was evidently not from want of will on the part of Jesus, but from want of faith in the people, for the word 'marvelled' implies a degree of disappointment, and that he had not anticipated that 'he could not do any mighty work.'

According to the Gospel history Jesus was not the only person who in those days possessed the power of detecting and drawing out evil spirits. On one occasion 'John said, We saw one casting out devils in thy name, and we forbad him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said, Forbid him not: for he that is not against us, is for us' (Luke ix., vv. 49-50). This saying is not recorded by any one of the other Evangelists, but in direct contradiction to it, Matthew relates that Christ said to the Pharisees 'He that is not with me, is against me' (Matthew xii., v. 30).

'Verily I say unto you,' says Jesus to his disciples, 'there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom' (Matthew xvi., v. 28; Mark ix., v. i; Luke ix., v. 27). Unless there really be a Wandering Jew, and this Wandering Jew be one of the disciples whom Jesus addressed on this occasion, this can be considered in no other light than as a false prophecy. There can be no doubt that the second advent of Christ, with the millennium, the judgment-day, or something of that sort, was confidently expected by the primitive Christians to occur, before the total disappearance of that generation which had witnessed the ministry and sufferings of the Messiah. After speaking of the coming of the Son of man, and the gathering together of the elect, Jesus says to his disciples, 'Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled' (Matthew xxiv., v. 34; Mark xiii., v. 26). And in Paul's first Epistle to the Thessalonians, 'We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not precede those who have died' (c.iv., v. 15). 'The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them into the clouds' (vv. 16-17). John in his first Epistle, 'Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now there are many Antichrists, whereby we know that it is the last time' (c. ii. v. 18).

According to Matthew, Judas, in a fit of remorse and despair, threw down the thirty pieces of silver before the priests, and hanged himself. And the 'priests took the silver pieces and said, It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood. And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called the field of blood unto this day' (Matthew, c. xxvii., vv. 6-8). In the Acts a totally different account is given of the transaction. Judas is said himself to have purchased a field with the money, which is expressly termed 'the reward of iniquity.' And, without a word to imply a suicide, it is said that 'falling headlong he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out' (Acts, c. i., v. 18). This describes a very different death from hanging, and in the next verse we are told that 'it was known unto all the dwellers at Jerusalem, insomuch as that field is called the field of blood:' evidently in consequence of the horrible and bloody death of Judas, and not on account of the purchase money being the 'price of blood,' as stated by Mat-

thew, for this term is not mentioned in the Acts.

During the accusation of Christ before Pontius Pilate, it is said, in Matthew's gospel, that the governor's wife sent to him, 'saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him' (Matthew, c. xxvii., v. 19). The writer of this narrative must have had a peculiar taste for dreams; this is the sixth narrated by him, not one of which is in any way alluded to by the other three evangelists.

The causes which led to Christ's condemnation and cruel death are not clearly explained in the gospel narratives, and no other history gives us any information on the subject. A mystery hangs over many of the last incidents in the life of Christ. Why was it necessary for his apprehension that one of his immediate followers should betray him—so necessary that he was handsomely paid for the service? Was the person of Jesus unknown, or was he supposed to be in concealment? Would a Roman governor condemn an innocent man on a mere general charge of blasphemy and sedition by a mob of fanatics?

Mark says it was the third hour when they crucified Jesus; John says it was at the sixth hour that Pilate delivered him over to his murderers. John makes no remark on the behaviour of the two thieves who were crucified with Christ. Matthew and Mark say that they *both* reviled him, and cast in his teeth that he ought to save himself and them also, if he were indeed the Christ (Matthew, c. xxvii., v. 44; Mark, c. xv., v. 32). Luke alone gives the story of the penitent thief, and how Christ promised him, 'To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise' (Luke, c. xxiii., v. 43). And yet all the Christian creeds declare that Christ descended into hell, and did not ascend into heaven until the third day after his death; and Jesus himself tells Mary Magdalene, when he meets her in the garden after his resurrection, not to touch him, 'for I am not yet ascended to my Father' (John, c. xx., v. 17). But perhaps heaven and paradise are not the same places. Who knows?

Paul, who appears to have been a man of considerable learning and talent, is said, in the Acts of the Apostles, to have at first shown a bitter hostility to the early Christian teachers; but, after some time, became convinced of the truth and divine origin of the new doctrines, and believing himself to be personally inspired and appointed an apostle by God, devoted his life and energies to the cause of 'Christ and him crucified.' His frequent emphatic allusions to this formula of faith renders it probable that he was particularly opposed to those Christians who believed that Christ himself was not really crucified, but a phantom, or, according to another account, the traitor Judas. Disgusted with the narrow, exclusive bigotry of the Jewish faith, and captivated with the moral precepts of Jesus, and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body—deeply read in the Hebrew Scriptures, and delighting in their imaginary hidden meanings—he easily persuaded himself that he was expressly called to be an apostle and prophet by Jesus Christ himself. In his Epistles he loses no opportunity of impressing on his readers that the gospel he preaches is delivered to him by the Holy Spirit, without any instruction from the original apostles, of whom he is quite independent, to whom he owes neither respect nor obedience—and, in fact, with whom, as appears from several passages, he was not on the most cordial terms. 'For I suppose I was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles' (2 Corinthians, c. xi., v. 5). 'The gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. When it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me. After three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days. But other of the apostles saw I none, save James, the Lord's brother' (Galatians, c. i., vv. 11-18). 'They who appeared to be somewhat, in conference added nothing to me. But when Peter was come to Antioch I withstood him to his face, because he was to be blamed. The other Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation' (Galatians, c. ii., vv. 6-13).

The most extravagant eulogies have been made upon the purity and sublimity of Christian morals, and the civi-

lising influence they have exercised over a large portion of mankind. There does not appear to have been any lack of sublime moral precepts in every age and almost every nation. The value of moral precepts is in truth very small. The greatest difficulty experienced by the Christian missionaries in Ceylon is from the exalted morals which form the articles of belief of the Buddhists. Buddhism enjoins temperance, honesty, and benevolence, 'insists upon charity as the basis of worship, and calls on its followers to appease anger by gentleness, and overcome evil by good.'* But the Cingalese are a degraded and immoral race. The Abyssinian Christians, who possess the Bible and are the representatives of one of the most ancient churches, are in no measure superior in morals and civilisation to their barbarous neighbouring Pagan and Mussulman nations.† The present undoubted superiority of European nations, though much overrated, cannot be justly attributed to the Christian religion, but to far different causes, of which the principal one is the superior energy and activity of the races of which they are composed. Were the Crusaders more virtuous than the Saracens? Was it Christian morality that prompted those unjust, unprovoked wars, and useless bloodshed? Were the Christian Spaniards more virtuous than the Moors whom they expelled from Spain? Did Christian morality teach Catholics and Protestants to burn, hang, and torture heretics? Will any candid person assert that it was Christian morality that taught them gradually to *abandon* this practice?

It may be observed, that the primitive Christians were in a manner a picked body of men—brave and honest men, who dared to avow their religious opinions, when such a profession involved disgrace and sometimes danger; but it does not appear, in spite of the highly-coloured pictures of Christian historians, that they were, in any noticeable degree, more moral than their neighbours.

Improvements in science and art, general enlightenment, and a higher standard of morals, have ever proceeded together from causes totally unconnected with religion, which, in fact, never comes roughly in contact with the prejudices and customs of the majority. In the southern states of America the clergy defend the institution of negro slavery on Christian grounds, and with an appeal to Scripture testimony. There was a period when every priest and bishop would have blessed the Christian knight going forth to mortal combat in defence of his honour or in proof of his courage. At the end of the eighteenth century all serious defence of duelling on moral grounds was perhaps abandoned; yet the practice continued, and the plea of religious scruples would in general have been regarded as a dastardly shift. And in the present day duelling may be said to be virtually at an end, certainly not from any more powerful influence of religion over the English mind, but from the increased influence of reason.

Gradually and without any pretence of new revelation, the entire idea of justice has been altered in the civilised world. We no longer mete out the pain and horror of a punishment—we no longer hang, break on the wheel, or burn alive according to the enormity of the offence; we no longer talk of expiating crime with torture. Crime can never be expiated; nothing can blot out the consequences of a sin. Punishment must in some way benefit society, or it becomes a folly, a revenge, and an injustice. But all religions are based on these ancient imperceptibly-exploded notions of justice and the expiation of sins. In Christian doctrine, and in the New Testament, we are presented with the hideous picture of an Almighty Father compelled by his infinite justice to behold the cruel tortures and dying agonies of his Son, in exchange for the useless, but necessary and just, eternal punishment which the entire human race had incurred by their sins. The brutal and barbarous nature of this doctrine of the atonement ought to be sufficient, in these days, to condemn Christianity to the fate of Paganism. The doctrine is not so brutalising and demoralising as it might reasonably be expected to be, only because its real meaning and origin are not inquired into by modern Christians, all being smothered and obscured in that convenient phrase, 'a sacred mystery.'

* Sir J. Emerson Tennant: 'Christianity in Ceylon,' p. 194.

† Vide Sir W. C. Harris's 'Highlands of Abyssinia.'

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

ERRONEOUS REPORT OF THE LATE NEWCASTLE DISCUSSION.

Dear Sir,—Give me leave to protest against what the Young Men's Christian Association of Newcastle-upon-Tyne have published as a 'Report' of my discussion with Mr. John Bowes. Taken for all in all, that 'Report' is the most disgraceful thing I ever saw in print. Not a page of such portion of it as I am credited with but is disfigured by bad English and (if possible) worse sense. But, sir, though the speeches ascribed to me in this wretched concoction, miscalled 'Report,' are blunderingly stupid, they were nevertheless not spoken by me. Respect for Lindley Murray at all times deters me from talking about 'neither approbation *or* disapprobation;' and certainly, until I saw this eminently Christian 'Report,' it never occurred to me that Charles Southwell was addlepated enough, under any circumstances, to say he understood the word God 'as something forming a part of everything—part of the universe, or the whole of it—something not material, yet acting upon materialism—something acting upon all matter, yet nothing common—something, in short, which is purely a chimera, and possessing a name having reference to that which nowhere exists out of the brains of those who use it.' If you, sir, can extract meaning from this gibbership, I think it will be confessed you are alone in the glory of making unintelligibility intelligible. Mrs. Malaprop herself would be no match for these Christian 'Reporters' in the art of ingeniously misapplying words without mispronouncing them. But to be serious. My belief, sir, is that the good opinion I had formed while in Newcastle-upon-Tyne of the Young Men's Christian Association, they are totally undeserving of. This shameful 'Report' proves clearly enough that flexible ethics are quite compatible with strong religious principles. I deliberately pronounce it neither more nor less than a most impudent and ignorant fraud upon the reading public. I care not by what *motives* the party complained of were actuated—it is sufficient for me to deal with their *acts*. Now, they have thought proper to concoct a lot of absurd, contradictory, illogical, ungrammatical speeches, and then publish them as mine. Every tittle of this charge I am prepared to abide by. But, sir, putting into my mouth nonsense that never could have found a way out of it, is not the only sin committed by these gentlemen of flexible ethics and strong religious principles. I distinctly charge upon them *gross breach of faith*, inasmuch as they pledged themselves—first, that the 'Report' should be *verbatim et literatim;* second, that prior to publication, proof-sheets of *all* the speeches should be submitted to me. Both pledges have been forfeited. The 'Reporters,' so far from giving the whole of what was said, have helped us to a part, and that too in such fashion as would disgrace a fifth-form schoolboy. Not one proof-sheet reached me, and the first intimation I had that this snugly-manufactured 'Report' was published I received from your lips. We are told 'the Report is from the short-hand notes of four separate reporters.' Well, if so, and if their notes were not tampered with, for the villainous purpose of making me clothe the worst possible nonsense in the worst possible English, then the 'four separate reporters' are four 'separate' and very distinct blockheads. But, sir, whatever may be thought of the 'Reporters,' it is quite clear to me that those who published the 'Report' did so in cunning as well as in ignorance. I am *now*, sir, obliged to think the Christian young men of Newcastle-upon-Tyne do occasionally recognise and act upon the

Papist principle, that no faith should be kept with heretics. Regretting sincerely the occupation of your space with matter of this kind, I remain, &c.,

South London Hall, April 13, 1851. CHARLES SOUTHWELL.

[Mr. Southwell has certainly made a very *free* correction of the 'Report' of his discussion with Mr. Bowes. Any explanation that the Association concerned may wish to offer, we shall of course give insertion to also.—ED.]

THE SOUL: A PROBLEM.

SIR,—In what a variety of senses is the word 'soul' used!—so numerous, so contradictory, that I will only consider of it in the light in which all who believe in its existence agree, viz., a something belonging to us which is to live after we are dead, and which, from its connection with the flesh, will, at a future time, be held accountable for the deeds of the flesh, or for its own deeds done in the flesh.

The connection between soul and body in this life is allowed by all the advocates of spirit to be so intimate that they can form no clear conception of them, except in their unity as man; and when speaking of man's accountability for sin, they make no reference to the distinction above drawn, which I consider of importance for the solution of the question before us.

The flesh is said to be continually warring against the spirit. 'If ye live after the flesh,' saith St. Paul, 'ye shall die; but if ye, through the spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.'

Here we have two governing powers—the spirit continually contending for good, and the flesh for evil. On which, then, shall rest the responsibility of their acts? The spirit, being good, cannot surely, with justice, be punished for the evil deeds of the flesh. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the flesh, being ever inclined to evil, should meet with reward merely because a good spirit once dwelt in it.

But do I wrongly interpret this admonition of St. Paul's? Can it be that the spirit is not always good, but that, while in the flesh, it is frail and liable to err like the flesh? The questions will then arise, when does their union first take place? and in what state are they, separately, up to the time of their union? We are informed, in the second chapter of Genesis, that 'The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' This text, I presume, is to be taken figuratively only; for, to take it literally, the spirit of man is God's breath, and such an assumption would seem to destroy man's responsibility altogether—for surely the breath of the Deity cannot be subject to trial and condemnation.

But, as this reception of the soul into the body only applies to our first parents, are we not as much as ever in the dark as to the manner and time in which the soul and body become united in their descendants, in us of the present day? Our first parents were created by a special act of God; we are born by a course of nature. Adam received the spirit direct from his creator; but his descendants can boast of no such miraculous donation.

As, then, the Bible fails to enlighten us upon the subject under examination, let us endeavour to determine the question by reason alone.

When does the union of the soul and body take place?

Regarding the soul as a living spirit, it must be of celestial origin; and if so, it must have descended into the flesh immaculate. But why, in such a case, having no sin in its single state, should it be expelled from heaven, forced into partnership with a corrupt body, and perhaps end its career in torments?

Man, however, it may be affirmed, has no soul until he becomes a living creature; his vitality and soul are of one origin. But who can trace vitality to its origin? Do we not exist in the bodies of our parents before our birth? The course of nature by which our material bodies are produced is clear to our comprehension; but the means by which we receive our souls who shall declare?

To suppose the spirit alone immortal is to destroy all marks of design with regard to its union with the flesh; for, whether it be accountable for the deeds of the flesh, or for its own deeds done in the flesh, its future happiness or misery certainly depends upon its earthly probation. And, as the spirit is the acknowledged better part of man, it would be an eminent injustice to punish it while the more active offender entirely escapes. I can, therefore, only conceive of the soul suffering in company with the body.

That our bodies do not perish, but only change their form by decomposition, is a fact unquestioned now. And as our bodies, by mingling with the earth, become a part thereof, can they, at the same time, be the habitants of another world? Is it, in fact, within the range of possibility that, after assuming various forms on earth, all the atoms which once formed the creature man may again unite and become the habitation of the same spirit that originally moved within it, and then commence a course of immortality? Our bodies, by mingling with the earth, become a part thereof. And by that change, which is continually taking place—by that intermingling of the separate kingdoms of nature—the body of a man may become incorporated in that of some other animal; and can it then return to its former partnership with the spirit?

St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, who are inquisitive upon this point, saith—'But some men will say, how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or some other grain.'

This is indeed conclusive. The body which is interred can never rise again. The grain of wheat which we sow comes not forth again, but germinates a fresh blade, bearing many grains. And so it is with man. The seed which is in him may become productive of many bodies; but his own body mingles with the earth, and can be the same body no more.

And of what avail will it be to punish or reward my soul in association with a strange body, that never had any influence over it or connection with it?

H. Lucas.

THE NECESSARY IMPOSSIBILITY OF ETERNAL KNOWLEDGE—MR. MALLALIEU'S REPLY.

Sir,—A considerable time has elapsed since Mr. T. Bickerton, W. E. B., and E. D. sent replies to my argument on the necessary impossibility of eternal knowledge. Should I offer no rejoinder I may be suspected of treating the replies with neglect—or it may be thought that I give up my argument as untenable. Permit me to say that a press of engagements has been the cause of delay.

I do consider that each of these correspondents admits that which is sufficient to establish my argument. Mr. Bickerton admits that 'all knowledge depends for its existence on the existence of knowable things.' W. E. B. says 'an effect cannot in time be prior to or simultaneous with its cause.' E. D. grants that 'ideas are doubtless effects, which must be preceded by their causes.' Here are admissions quite sufficient on which to establish the fact of the non-eternity of know-

ledge. In my argument I do not attempt to prove knowledge to be non-eternal by proving when or how knowledge began to be; but by proving that knowledge is a dependent existence—dependent on the existence of knowable things, its cause, or one of its causes. Either knowledge is eternal, or it had a beginning. Were knowledge eternal, it must be self-existent; if self-existent it must be independent, it must be uncaused—for that which is eternal cannot be dependent, cannot be caused, since nothing could precede it on which it could depend, or by which it could be caused. Now I think it is self-evident that that existence which is the cause of some other existence, must precede in existence that existence of which it is the cause. The parent must precede the child; and if knowable things be the parent, or one of the parents, of knowledge, knowable things must precede knowledge.

Mr. Bickerton again says—'If the writer's reasoning be conclusive, it not only disproves the existence of Deity, but proves that matter has existed through a past eternity previous to its having given existence to any intelligent being.' In my argument I have not attempted to prove that matter does give existence to intelligent beings. Whether it does or not, affects not the argument contained in my essay. But there certainly appears to me to be an 'eternity' of difference between the logic of Mr. Bickerton and that of your correspondent, Mr. Dominic Divers. He maintains that cause and effect are simultaneous, and Mr. Bickerton asserts that an eternity must intervene between them, but does not show why an eternity must necessarily intervene between the existence of a cause and its effect. In my opinion, the interval may be longer or shorter, according to circumstances. Some effects follow their causes so instantaneously that we cannot measure the interval between them—such as the firing of gunpowder, the discharge of a gun, the propulsion of a ball and its striking an object some forty or fifty yards distant; and I conceive the relation between cause and effect to be the same now as it has been at any former period, and, whether the interval be long or short, one must precede and the other follow.

W. E. B. 'demurs to the absolute conclusiveness of Mr. M.'s argument, because he has urged nothing to preclude knowledge existing simultaneous with knowable things or matter.' Now I have proved knowledge to be an effect, dependent on knowable things, its cause; and since an effect cannot, in time, be prior to or simultaneous with its cause, it follows that knowable things (the cause) must precede, in time, knowledge (the effect). As to what is the final cause of a thinking, percipient, or knowing being, I have not offered any opinion in my essay. For knowledge to be, it is necessary that such a being be. Both a knowing being, or a being possessing the power or the faculty to know, and also knowable things, are requisite to the existence of knowledge. Should W. E. B. be prepared to demonstrate that organisation is the final cause of knowledge, and thereby prove the non-eternity of knowledge, that would not invalidate my argument. Two demonstrations, both proving the same thing, ought rather to strengthen than weaken an argument.

E. D. in his second paragraph writes as follows:—'Ideas are doubtless effects which must be preceded by their causes; and even what are termed innate ideas must result from the nature of their possessor; and who so likely to possess such as an eternal being? But though ideas are hence admitted not eternal, yet there may be an eternal succession of ideas in an eternal being?' In this paragraph is contained a glaring contradiction. It is first said, 'ideas are doubtless effects which must be preceded by their causes;' and to wind up it is said, 'yet there may be an eternal succession of

ideas in an eternal being.' In an eternal succession of ideas, 'it is self-evident that some idea or ideas must be eternal; and as that which is eternal cannot possibly be preceded, it follows that E. D.'s reasoning is absurd. How there may be eternal ideas which are preceded by their causes I leave E. D. to divine. E. D. pronounces my argument 'suicidal.' He says that I 'plainly admit that what does not, but once did exist, is an entity.' Herein E. D. greatly misunderstands me, or I do not understand myself. In my essay I say, 'That which does not exist, and never did exist, is absolute nonentity, or nothing.' How E. D. can reasonably construe these words into admission that that which does not, but once did exist, is now an entity, I cannot conceive. There is certainly a great difference between that which does not, but once did exist, and that which does not and never did exist; though they are neither of them at present entities. Yet one of them has been an entity, and therefore has been knowable. The same cannot be predicated of the other. Eclipses of the sun and moon have in my time existed which do not exist now, but having existed they have been entities, and have left me with a knowledge of eclipses. I grant that my argument leads to the conclusion that there must eternally have been some uncaused cause, or causes. That there is evidence of the existence of some uncaused cause or causes, may thus be shown:—That which presents no evidence of beginning or end, presents evidence of eternity; matter presents no evidence of beginning or end, therefore matter presents evidence of eternity. That which presents evidence of eternity, presents evidence of being itself uncaused; matter presents evidence of eternity, therefore matter presents evidence of being itself uncaused. That which presents evidence of being itself uncaused, and still presents evidence of being an agent in the production of effects, presents evidence of being an uncaused cause; matter presents evidence of being itself uncaused, and still presents evidence of being an agent in the production of effects, therefore matter presents evidence of being an uncaused cause.

Todmorden, near Rochdale. W. MALLALIEU.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—April 27th [7½], Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Life and Genius of Haydn.'

Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution, Mermaid Assembly Rooms.—April 23rd [8], W. V. Pettigrew, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S., 'On the Breath and the Organs of Breathing in Man and the Lower Animals.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—April 27th [7½], Mr. Samuel M. Kydd, 'Sheridan.'

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—April 25th [8], a Discussion. 27th [7½] a lecture.

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—April 27th [7], Mr. Henry T. Long, 'The Teaching of Dr. Cumming the best reason of Protest against his being considered the Champion of Protestantism.'

Areopagus Coffee and Reading Room, 59, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture or Discussion.

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London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

Mr. Holyoake returned to London on Friday night. Next Saturday he leaves for Scotland, to fulfil engagements in Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee. Other places needing his services will please write early, to the *Reasoner* office.

The friend in Drury Lane, to whom Thomas Cooper lent the first and second volumes of the *Reasoner* about a year ago, will oblige by returning them as soon as possible.

The *Public Good*, No. 16, says that the 'Logic of Life' is 'A praiseworthy attempt to neutralise and counteract the atheistical teachings of Mr. Holyoake. The pamphlet is written in a simple, earnest style, but it does not contain as many arguments and as much mental force as Mr. Holyoake's "Logic of Death." But there is a superior force to mental force, which is spiritual force—a force which Mr. Holyoake unfortunately knows but little of, and of course feels but little interest in. Of this latter force, the "Logic of Life" is pretty well charged. It says, "Mr. Holyoake is serious, earnest, and sad;" and that "Voltaire and the early French School" were "gay and frolicsome as the fawn." We would rather see a serious and sad sceptic than a laughing, mirthful one any day; as, we believe, a serious and sad sceptic must look upon life, and speculate upon human destiny, with greater earnestness of mind, and more intensity of feeling, than a frolicsome, funny one. We would advise all who wish to know more of the controversy to read the "Logic of Death" and the "Logic of Life."'

James Butterworth writes:—'We sell the *Reasoner* at the Institution, Smithy Nook, Heywood, and all other publications of a similar description. I have on sale (the price is high) an old and curious copy of the Bible, which is truly worth exhibiting, and would be an excellent copy for commentators. It was translated from the Greek by Theod Beza, and published in London in 1611, by Robert Barker.'

Mr. James Watson has been suffering from a very serious illness, but is now, we are happy to announce, recovering.

Mr. Southwell has issued a number of a translation of Dupuis's 'Origin, Object, and Organisation of the Christian Religion.'

'The Papal Controversy and the Position of Dissenters' is the title of a liberal and vigorous lecture lately delivered in the Corn Exchange, Nottingham, by G. A. Syme, M.A., Minister of the Baptist Chapel, Mansfield Road.

The *Truth*, No. 19, edited by Mr. John Bowes, contains an article entitled 'Holyoake's "Paley Refuted" Considered and Refuted, by John Bowes.'

The *Zoist*, No. 33, for April, maintains its usual interest and vigour. Two papers by Lieut. Col. Davidson contain some remarkable facts. 'The Fire-away Style of Philosophy briefly Examined and Illustrated, by Anti-Glorioso,' is a satirical review of Mr. Atkinson's Letters to Miss Martineau.

The whole of the numbers of the *Freethinker's Magazine* are in print, and can be had of our publisher.

Plato, in his second Alcibiades, which is a treatise on Prayer, makes Socrates say—'To me, Alcibiades, it seems highly probable that some wise man or other, happening to be connected with certain persons void of understanding, composed for his own and their use—a common prayer.'

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The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

THE SHEFFIELD LECTURES.—THE REV. DR. KERNS.

As Mr. Ironside, on the first night of the lecture, was expressing his regret that no clergymen were present, the Rev. H. Macdonald, Unitarian Minister, demanded to know why his presence was not counted. The enumerator corrected the omission upon such satisfactory evidence being put in, and explained that he alluded to the Clergy of the Established Church. None of these gentlemen, nor even the Dissenting Ministers, presented themselves—not even the Rev. Charles Larom, although he was, on one of the evenings, delivering a lecture on the 'Folly and *Wickedness* of Infidelity,' at the 'request of the Secretaries of the Sheffield Sunday School Union.'* The secretary at whose invitation I went to Sheffield is also a Sunday School Teacher, so that it would not have been out of place for the Rev. Mr. Larom to have bestowed a few words upon us. As it was, I was left to speak what appeared to the audience as the unanswerable word, because no accredited minister rose to question it. It will be very well for us if Zion can afford a little longer to leave us alone. What they say when we are not present is of little consequence. We know they do not know our case; for, generally speaking, they neither read it in our publications, nor hear it in their own persons. When they talk against us they, therefore, talk *beside* the question, and their congregation, whom we *do* contrive to reach, know it; and our own friends are not likely to be converted, as they feel themselves libelled by such misrepresentations of their views—so that no way is made against us. Whether the clergy come or not to reply to us in person, we neutralise their opposition by the course we take of publicly defying them. After circulars have been sent to all the religious teachers in the locality, and they disregard the invitation, they cannot, without a blush, get up in their pulpits and attack either us or our opinions when in our absence. Only those ever can do this who are utterly reckless of public reputation. Thus, if the enemy will not show open and honourable fight, we neutralise his treacherous warfare, by having offered him an equitable foot-to-foot encounter.

On one evening of the lecture, the Chairman read a remarkable hand-bill issued in Sheffield, which shows that religion has taken a business turn, owing, we suppose, to the pressure of competition. The bill referred to is headed—'Cheap Pews for the People;' and specifies, that 'The wardens of St. Philip's Church have much pleasure in informing the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that they

* On seeing the bill of this lecture, bearing the name of 'Scott, printer,' I walked down to his house, and asked the lady in the shop, 'What species of man the Rev. Mr. Larom was?' 'Oh,' she answered, 'a good man.' 'Yes,' I rejoined, 'all ministers are considered good—his goodness I do not question.' 'Ah, but they are *not* all good,' said the lady in black. I did not dispute the point, but explained, 'I mean, what order of preacher is he—what is his ability?' She replied, 'Oh, he's a good man, but *dry*.'

have the sanction of their incumbent, the Rev. J. Livesey, for offering a large portion of the pews in the galleries of the said church, for the accommodation of the operative classes, at a reduction of rental exceeding 50 per cent.! Their object in effecting this great reduction is to induce *families* of the working classes to attend the house of God *together*, by enabling them to possess pews, or half-pews, at a price within their means.—Mr. Parkin (Blake and Parkin, Meadow-street), Mr. Ashmore (St. Philip's-terrace), Churchwardens.—N.B. To secure fairness, and prevent dissatisfaction in the assignment of pews, they will be *distributed by lot*—every family occupying the pew corresponding to the number they have drawn. The *allotment* will take place as early as possible after the lists have been filled up.'

Thus these ingenious churchwardens, otherwise pew salesmen—the 'cheap Johns' of religious hardware—set up a lottery, long declared immoral and illegal, in order to dispose of the old stock of empty seats. We always thought salvation was a sad lottery, and now we have proof of it put on hand-bills about the walls.

The Rev. Dr. Kerns—of whom we may have more to report—has published a lecture, entitled 'Christian Evidences for the Working Classes.' This lecture, delivered in our own Hall to Freethinkers, has some passages in such bad taste, that no gentleman would utter them, and no public would tolerate them, on any but a religious subject. On page 6, he says: 'Those who reject the authenticity of the Bible are generally divided into two principal classes—Atheists and Deists. The former assert that there is no evidence whatever for the being of God. The Deists believe in the existence of God, but deny this book (the Bible) to be his revealed will. With those who reject the very being of God, I have scarcely anything to do; they at once disentitle themselves to the claims of intelligent men.' Here was rudeness. Standing on our own platform, and looking us in the face, to tell us we were disentitled to be considered intelligent, because we happen not to agree with a medical Syrian missionary on a question upon which the learned world have differed for many thousand years. Had I have gone to the Rev. Doctor's church, and used such language to his congregation, I should have been voted a vulgar, insolent fellow, who was alike regardless of decency and truth. But, take another example of Dr. Kern's Christian decorum: 'Some, indeed, endeavour to persuade themselves that there is no God; but such persons are designated fools in God's own book (Psalm xiv.), and even such only say it in their heart, not the intellect or judgment; which plainly implies, that the boldness of their assertion only arises from the enmity of the heart to God, and the secret wish that there was no God.' A Dissenting Minister will often forget what is due to himself as a gentleman, in his anxiety for the glory of God; but the Church of England Clergy all receive the education of gentlemen, and we have a right to expect better language from their mouths. Dr. Kerns, as a gentleman, would never think, would never descend to say to any conscientious medical opponent, 'Sir, you are a *fool*;' but he will say it to a religious opponent, on the authority of Scripture, showing what a bad school of manners the Bible is. I replied to Dr. Kerns, on the same platform in Sheffield on which he spoke these words, as I did to the magistrate at Gloucester, of whom an account is given in the recent 'History of the last Trial by Jury for Atheism.' Mr. Jones—after he and Sir Astley Cooper's brother had called me a fool—read to me the same Psalm of David, saying, triumphantly, 'Holyoake, you see David calls you a fool.' I replied, 'Sir, I no more like rudeness in the mouth of David than in the mouth of a magistrate.' Even to the Deists, whom Mr. Kerns professes are entitled to be considered intelligent, he holds this order of language: 'But we turn at once to the Deists,

who believe in the existence of God, while they reject his revealed will—the Bible. Such persons have formed an ideal character of God. They have coolly sat down and considered what he ought to be, and then what he ought to do; and any revelation, or pretended revelation, that does not agree with their ideal character of God, they reject. Such persons, in the pride and vanity of their own hearts, regard the Bible as a book of superstition, which designing men have succeeded in imposing upon the credulous and weak-minded of the world' (p. 7.)

How can this man ever hope to reach the understandings of others, who is so ill informed as to the dispositions possessed by his opponents? It has never occurred to Dr. Kerns that Deists may be conscientious earnest dissenters from his ideas. The great body of our Unitarian brethren are as eminent for learning, sincerity, and modesty, as the colleagues of Dr. Kerns; yet he can find no other reason for their dissent from him than the '*pride and vanity of their hearts.*' If this is the temper of Dr. Kern's 'Christian Evidences for the Working Classes,' the working people will be much better without them.

Many who read this account, and who know that Dr. Kerns is also a member of the medical profession—who, like the military, pride themselves on personal refinement—will suppose that I am caricaturing him by the passages I have quoted. For the satisfaction of such, I beg to state that the pamphlet bears the name of 'J. Pearce, Jun., Times Office, High-street, Sheffield; and Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster-row, London,' to whom, being a house of some character in the trade, I shall send this notice, that they may be aware of the nature of the work they are publishing; as every publisher of respectability takes an interest in the good taste of the books he gives to the public.

The Committee of the Young Men's Association, who invited me to Sheffield, intend sending a copy of this number of the *Reasoner* to each of the reverend gentlemen invited to my lecture, whose names were given; and probably the walls of Sheffield may give further notice of the same matter. G. J. Holyoake.

Since the above was written the *Sheffield Free Press* has been received, in which the following report appears, including a letter from the Rev. Dr. Kerns. The newspaper report is as follows:—

Mr. Holyoake's Lectures.—During the past week, Mr. Holyoake, of London, has delivered a course of three lectures, in the Hall of Science, to tolerably numerous audiences. The first was delivered on Monday evening, the subject being, 'The philosophic type of Christianity, as developed by Francis William Newman, compared with the pulpit-teaching of the day.' The lecturer extolled the character of Mr. Newman's work, especially for the kindly and affectionate manner in which its principles were enunciated, and which were so different from the plan of Christians generally. The second was on Tuesday evening, when the lecture was, 'Roman Catholicism consistent Christianity; and Rationalism its only consistent opponent.' At the conclusion, Mr. Bacon expressed his dissatisfaction with the views of the lecturer, asserting that he attributed crimes to Christianity which could only be properly attributed to some of its professors. He wished to know if Christianity was to be tested by the misdeeds of its professors? He also taunted Mr. Holyoake by asking what atheism had done?—Mr. Holyoake said, Mr. Bacon wished to know what atheism had done. This question had been put to him by rev. divines, and was continually being reiterated by persons ignorant of the legal facts of the case. He would answer it by telling them that it was only by great efforts the atheists contrived to retain their liberty. An atheist was beyond the pale of the law. He was not admitted as evidence in a court of justice, because he could not recognise

the oath of belief which it is necessary to administer. He could neither will nor heir property for the promotion of his principles. He could be robbed with impunity, and had no legal means of redress. He instanced cases, in his own experience, where this had occurred. He said Christianity had had eighteen centuries to propagate and spread its doctrines; allow atheism perfect freedom of thought and action, and he had no doubt that more beneficial results would spring from it in much less time than from Christianity.....Mr. Ironside, who was chairman, gave a brief *resumè* of the lectures and discussions with Dr. Kerns, and stated that invitations had been sent to the clergy of Sheffield, and a special one to Dr. Kerns, as he (Mr. Ironside) considered the doctor was bound to meet Mr. Holyoake. He expressed surprise at Dr. Kern's absence.....On Wednesday evening, Mr. Holyoake delivered his third lecture, and the audience was more numerous than on the two preceding occasions. The subject was, 'Points at issue between the Theist and the Atheist, or moral objections to Christianity.' After the lecture Mr. Bacon and Mr. C. Crookes offered remarks in opposition to Mr. Holyoake's principles, but they were of such a character, that the sympathies of the audience were completely with the lecturer. With reference to the invitation to Dr. Kerns, Mr. Ironside received the following note from that gentleman:—

'12, Wilkinson Street, Tuesday evening,
April 15th, 1851.

'Dear Sir,—In reply to yours just come to hand, I beg to say that I received a printed circular announcing three lectures by a Mr. Holyoake, at the Hall of Science. As to the inference drawn by the audience that those who decline to meet Mr. H. are unable to do so, it is one of the laurels which he in common with many other such champions carry off the field; but I am somewhat surprised when you say that you consider I am bound to meet Mr. Holyoake. If I was bound to meet every one who visited Sheffield, and announced his intention to lecture at the Hall of Science, I should have a busy time of it, and what claims Mr. H. has on me above others I don't know. But if I was disposed to meet him in public discussion, the subject of his lectures are so far beside the mark that I would not spend an hour on the three lectures together. He only confirms my description of such lecturers, namely, that they will carp and cavil about anything rather than boldly meet the argument as to the Bible being true or false. What is it to you or I, or the artizans of Sheffield, what Francis Newman's type of Christianity is? Or what interest have we in seeing Mr. H. build up the anti-Christian system of Popery, as a man of straw, in order to demolish it? And as to the third subject, there is nothing that an objector would not find food congenial to his taste in. I am sure he will not lack subjects in nature and nature's laws. I have no doubt that a practised speaker will be able to say a great deal on those topics, use many mysterious words, and make it appear that he is a very learned man; interest and amuse his audience, particularly if he now and then gives a witty knock at parsons and priestcraft. But should this satisfy the sober judgment and sound sense of Englishmen? should you not indignantly inquire WHERE IS THE ARGUMENT? *I* only profess to be a man of plain common sense; I endeavoured to lay the subject before you, at the Hall, in a common sense manner; I have since published it, and beg your acceptance of a copy. I believe and maintain that the arguments are such as the plain honest mind of an intelligent artizan can take in, comprehend, and weigh. I believe an unbiassed and unprejudiced mind must admit their force; not that any credit is due to me, it is the simple majesty of Truth. With popery or priestcraft, tyranny or oppression, and a thousand other things unfairly charged upon Christianity, I have no more to do than I have with the

reasoners who trample on and manlign reason; my business is with the truth of the Bible.

'Now, as you expressed disappointment to the audience at my non-attendance, I trust you will kindly read this note to them as my apology.

'I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

'Mr. Ironside. 'THOMAS KERNS.'

We cannot close our brief notice of these lectures, without expressing our deep regret at the conduct of the ministers of religion in this town. Here we have had the recognised champion of infidelity delivering a course of lectures in this town, instilling the poisonous precepts of atheism into the minds of the public, and yet no minister of religion can be found who has moral courage enough to accept the gauntlet here thrown down. The manly attempt made by Mr. Bacon to refute Mr. Holyoake will only tend to strengthen the cause of infidelity, for it was almost painful to witness the ease with which Mr. Holyoake demolished the objections of that gentleman. It was a courageous effort on the part of Mr. Bacon to attempt to cope with a man who is so thoroughly conversant with the art of debating; and though the result was not very cheering, yet must we take the "will for the deed."

Mr. Ironside immediately sent an answer to Dr. Kerns, which we subjoin. Mr. Holyoake has also addressed a reply to the editor of the *Sheffield Free Press*, on his own behalf, which will be given next week.

Bank Buildings, April 17th, 1851.

My Dear Sir,—I am sorry that the terms of my note have been misunderstood. I could not presume to suppose you were bound to meet *all* who might come to the Hall of Science. Under all the circumstances, I feel justified in the use of my language. I named Mr. H. on the last occasion of your visit, wishing you to have an opponent alike worthy of us and you. You did not come, and a Christian present took up the defence of Christianity, expressing his surprise that none of the Clergy were present, but left it to others. Another followed him, and I am sure you would have been sorry to have been a witness of the hash they made of it. However, you have a right to the exercise of your own judgment in the matter, and the public must form their judgment also.

Yours faithfully,

The Rev. Dr. Kerns. ISAAC IRONSIDE.

DEATH OF JOSEPH STEPHENSON.

I SEND you a short account of the death of an esteemed friend and social brother, Joseph Stephenson, who died on April 17, of a disease which of late years attacked him at certain periods, causing a great amount of suffering, and rendering him often incapable of working at his trade, which was that of a shoemaker. Mr. Stephenson's last hours were a complete refutation of the priestly assertion, that 'Socialism may do to live with, but cannot support a man on a bed of death.' Mr. Stephenson—having none of that 'fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation' of a revenging God after death—looked upon a dissolution of the body as a thing so necessary and superior to suffering bodily pain, that he thought it must be a 'consolation' not only to him, but to every freethinker, on a bed of death, where disease has not impaired the intellect, so as to render it incapable of reflection.

Mr. Stephenson was 55 years of age at death, and had been for the last thirty years of his life an extensive reader of almost all works of progress, political, social, theological, and scientific; a man of sterling integrity and moral worth; cheerful, benevolent, and kind; ever ready to assist any one in distress. Although his opinions may be repudiated by the superstitious and unthinking portion of the inhabitants of Whitehaven who knew him, yet they will be compelled to acknowledge that, whatever might be his opinions about theology, his moral conduct was a pattern to follow to the members of all Christian sects. WILLIAM THOMPSON.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S LECTURES IN SCOTLAND.

The subjects chosen for Glasgow are as follows:—

1. The Case stated between Atheism and Theism.

The object of this lecture is to show the present state of the controversy between the two parties named—to distinguish the points worth publicly debating—and to name the chief moral objections to Christianity.

2. Chartism.—The Character of its Leaders, and the Tendencies of its Principles.

The particular character of the leaders of this party enable us to estimate what their influence will be, and when it will lead to successful results. The moral tendencies of Chartism (if such can be shown) must form its justification in the eyes of statesmen and the public.

3. Socialism.—The Tendency of Civilisation, and the Security of States.

English Socialism had always a scientific basis. Its realisation has been frustrated, but its principles still remain operative, and still offer the clearest solution of societarian difficulties and individual government.

4. Education for the People.—What it ought to consist of, and why it ought to be Secular.

Education makes clerks and schoolmasters, but fails to rear men of action. How this comes about will be explained. The proof why national education should be Secular is to Christians the advice of a friend, though given by an opponent.

Two of the Lectures in Paisley—where excitement prevails on the Roman question—will, by request, be as follows:—

1. Catholicism consistent Christianity—the actual Type of the Churches around us.

2. Rationalism (by the Admission of Rome) the only consistent Opponent of Catholicism.

FREE THOUGHT DECLARED ILLEGAL BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The eleventh anniversary of the John-street Institution was celebrated on the 7th instant. Mr. Holyoake delivered an address after the Supper. Messrs. Thomas Cooper, W. D. Saul, Green, Cramp, and others, took part in the proceedings. Mr. Holyoake announced that the management of the Institution had realised £100 within the last half-year. The energies of the meeting were directed towards the erection of the new Hall, which must be capable of holding more persons than the present one. One is required that will hold 3,000. The Attorney-General has refused to certify the rules sent to him, if the title of 'The Temple of Free Thought' is retained. What a curious state of mind the Attorney-General must be in to object to this title. All the power of tyranny cannot prevent free thought; then why should we be prevented from using the terms which express it? We hope the committee will send in 'The Temple of Free Speech' as a title. It is a popular boast that we have free speech. We should like to see whether the Attorney-General will declare that illegal.

G. J. H.

Reasoner Tracts.

DR. PRIESTLEY ON CAUSATION.

The great question of primary causation ever has, and probably, in this stage of man's being, will continue to be the question—Is there a God? And the questions akin to it—What is man? Why is he? For what end does he exist?

That he exists he cannot reasonably doubt; that he is made to think, and to put his thoughts together, he can as little doubt; that in all his reasonings as to other men and their agency, he is led to infer their motives from their actions; and that, when he is able to trace those actions to that which produced them, he finds a motive, and thence infers a cause, seems to us plain.

We do not find any serious difficulty here. This question has not puzzled the thinkers amongst us; because we are so framed, that whilst we can trace what is to an antecedent—that is, an effect to a cause—we are easy, for we get an answer or solution suitable to the constitution of our minds. But, carrying on this reasoning, we find this question raised at last—How originated the First Cause?

If we change the impersonal what into who, the question returns—Who created that Being? and the never-ending chain again begins, until at last we find we must assume an uncaused cause.

Dr. Priestley has stated this difficulty in very clear and plain language, thus:—

When we say there is a God, we mean that there is an intelligent designing cause of what we see in the world around us, and a being who was himself uncaused. Unless we have recourse to this supposition, we cannot account for present appearances; for there is an evident incapacity in every thing we see of being the cause of its own existence, or of the existence of other things. Though, in one sense, some things are the causes of others, yet they are only so in part; and when we give sufficient attention to their nature, we shall see that it is very improperly that they are termed *causes* at all: for when we have allowed all that we can to their influence and operation, there is still something that must be referred to a prior and superior cause. Thus we say that a proper soil, together with the influences of the sun and the rain, are the causes of the growth of plants; but, in fact, all that we mean, and all that, in strictness, we ought to say, is, that according to the present constitution of things, plants could not grow but in those circumstances; for, if there had not been a body previously organised like a plant, and if there had not existed what we call *a constitution of nature*, in consequence of which plants are disposed to thrive by the influence of the soil, the sun, and the rain, those circumstances would have signified nothing; and the fitness of the organs of a plant to receive nourishment from the soil, the rain, and the sun, is a proof of such wisdom and design, as those bodies are evidently destitute of. If the fitting of a suit of clothes to the body of a man be an argument of *contrivance*, and consequently

prove the existence of an intelligent agent, much more is the fitness of a thousand things to a thousand other things in the system of nature a proof of an intelligent designing cause; and this intelligent cause we call God.

If, for argument's sake, we should admit that the immediate author of this world was not himself the first cause, but that he derived his being and powers from some other being, superior to him; still in tracing the cause of this being, and the cause of his cause, &c., we shall at length be constrained to acknowledge a *first cause*, one who is himself uncaused, and who derives his being and cause from no superior whatever.

It must be acknowledged, however, that our faculties are unequal to the comprehension of this subject. Being used to pass from effects to causes, and being used to look for a cause adequate to the thing caused, and consequently to expect a greater cause for a greater effect, it is natural to suppose that, if the things we see, which we say are the production of divine power, required a cause, the divine being himself must have required a greater cause. But this train of reasoning would lead us into a manifest absurdity, in inquiring for a higher and higher cause *ad infinitum*. It may, perhaps, be true, though we cannot distinctly see it to be so, that as all *finite* things require a cause, *infinites* admit of none. It is evident that nothing can *begin* to be without a cause; but it by no means follows from thence, that that must have had a cause which had *no beginning*. But whatever there may be in this conjecture, we are constrained, in pursuing the train of causes and effects, to stop at last at something uncaused.

That any being should be *self-created* is evidently absurd, because that would suppose that he had a being before he had, or that he existed, and did not exist at the same time. For want of clearer knowledge of this subject, we are obliged to content ourselves with terms that convey only *negative* ideas, and to say that God is a being *uncreated* or *uncaused:* and this is all that we mean when we sometimes say that he is *self-existent.*

It has been said by some, that if we suppose an *infinite succession* of finite beings, there will be no necessity to admit any thing to have been uncaused. The race of men, for instance, may have been from eternity, no individual of the species being much superior to the rest. But this supposition only involves the question in more obscurity, and does not approach, in the least, to the solution of any difficulty. For if we carry this imaginary succession ever so far back in our ideas, we are in just the same situation as when we set out; for we are still considering a species of beings who cannot so much as comprehend even their own make and constitution; and we are, therefore, still in want of some being who was capable of thoroughly knowing, and of forming them, and also of adopting the various parts of their bodies, and the faculties of their minds, to the sphere of life in which they act. In fact, an infinite *succession* of infinite beings as much requires a cause, as a *single* finite being; and we have as little satisfaction in considering one of them as uncaused, as we have in considering the other.

It was said, by the Epicureans of old, that all things were formed by the *fortuitous concourse of atoms*, that, originally, there were particles of all kinds floating at random in infinite space; and that, since certain combinations of particles constitute all bodies, and since, in infinite time, these particles must have been combined in all possible ways, the present system at length arose, without any designing cause. But, still, it may be asked, how could these atoms *move* without a *mover;* and what could have arisen from their combinations, but mere heaps of matter, of different forms and sizes. They could, of themselves, have had no power of acting upon one another, as bodies now have, by such

properties as magnetism, electricity, gravitation, &c., unless these powers had been communicated to them by some superior being.

It is no wonder that we feel, and must acknowledge the imperfection of our faculties, when we are employed upon such a subject as this. We are involved in inextricable difficulties in considering the origin, as we may say, of the *works* of God. It is impossible that we should conceive how creation should have been coeval with its maker; and yet, if we admit that there ever was a time when nothing existed, besides the divine being himself, we must suppose a whole eternity to have preceded any act of creation; an eternity in which the divine being was possessed of the power and disposition to create, and to make happy, without once exerting them; or that a reason for creating must have occurred to him after the lapse of a whole eternity, which had not occurred before; and these seem to be greater difficulties than the other. Upon the whole, it seems to be the most agreeable to reason, though it be altogether incomprehensible by our reason, that there never was a time when this great uncaused being did not exert his perfections, in giving life and happiness to his offspring. We shall, also, find no greater difficulty in admitting, that the creation, as it had no beginning, so neither has it any *bounds;* but that infinite space is replenished with worlds, in which the power, wisdom, and goodness of God always have been, and always will be, displayed.

There seems to be no difficulty in these amazing suppositions, except what arises from the imperfection of our faculties; and if we reject these, we must of necessity adopt other suppositions, still more improbable, and involve ourselves in much greater difficulties. It is, indeed, impossible for us to conceive, in an adequate manner, concerning any thing that is infinite, or even to express ourselves concerning them without falling into seeming absurdities. If we say that it is impossible that the works of God should have been from eternity, we may say the same concerning any particular thought in the divine mind, or even concerning any particular moment of time in the eternity that has preceded us; for these are all of the nature of particular *events,* which must have taken place at some definite time, or at some precise given distance from the present moment. But as we are sure that the divine being himself, and *duration* itself, must have been without beginning, notwithstanding this argument—the works of God may also have been without beginning, notwithstanding the same argument. It may make this difficulty the easier to us, to consider that *thinking,* and *acting,* or *creating,* may be the same thing with God.

So little are our minds equal to these speculations, that though we all agree, that an infinite duration must have preceded the present moment, and that another infinite duration must necessarily follow it; and though the former of these is continually receiving additions, which is, in our idea, the same thing as its growing continually larger; and the latter is constantly suffering as great diminutions, which, in our idea, is the same thing as its growing continually less; yet we are forced to acknowledge that they both ever have been, and always must be, exactly equal; neither of them being at any time conceivably greater, or less than the other. Nay, we cannot conceive how both these eternities, added together, can be greater than either of them separately taken.

Having demonstrated the existence of God, as the first cause, the creator, and disposer of all things; we are naturally led to inquire, in the next place, what properties or attributes he is possessed of. Now these naturally divide themselves into *two classes;* being either such as flow from his being considered as the original cause of all things, or such as the particular nature of the works of which he is the author lead us to ascribe to him.—*Sec.* I., pp. 1-9.

Of those attributes of the Deity which are deduced from the consideration of his being the original cause of all things, Dr. Priestley remarks:—

Without any particular regard to the works of God, we cannot but conclude that the original cause of all things must have been *eternal;* for, since nothing can begin to exist without a cause, if there ever had been a time when nothing existed, nothing could have existed at present.

Secondly, this original cause must likewise be *immutable,* or not subject to change. We seem to require no other

proof of this than the impossibility of conceiving whence the change could arise in a being uncaused. If there was no cause of his existence itself, it seems to follow that there could be no cause of a change in the manner of his existence; so that whatever he was originally, he must for ever continue to be. Besides, a capacity of producing a change in any being or thing, implies something prior and superior, something that can control, and that is incapable of being resisted: which can only be true of the supreme cause itself.

The immutability of the divine being, or his being incapable of being acted upon, or controlled by any other, is what we mean when we say that he is an *independent* being, if by this term we mean any thing more than his being uncaused. —*Sec.* II., pp. 9,10.

In the introduction to the second volume of the 'Institutes,' Priestley has this passage upon the disputed doctrine of faith:—

It ought to be observed upon this subject, that *faith* is not one absolute and determinate thing, but that it admits of *degrees;* proceeding from a simple *assent* to a proposition, which arises from a bare preponderancy of the arguments in favour of it, and advancing, by the most insensible gradation, to that *fulness of persuasion*, which arises from the perception of the greatest clearness and strength of the evidence for it. The passions and affections, if they be at all moved by the bare assent, will be extremely languid, though the thing itself be of the greatest moment; whereas a full persuasion of the reality of an interesting object excites the most vigorous and fervent emotions. The difference of impression they make upon the mind is properly compared to the effect of an object placed at a very great, or a very small distance. If any thing in the conduct of life depends upon belief, we shall, in the former case, be hardly influenced by it at all; a very small motive being sufficient to overpower the effect of so superficial a faith; at best we shall be irresolute and inconstant; whereas in the latter case, we shall be determined to vigorous and immediate action.

It is, therefore, a matter of the greatest consequence, not only that unbelievers be made converts to the Christian faith, but that the faith of believers themselves be strengthened, and they be thereby converted from merely *nominal* into *real* Christians, who live and act under an habitual and lively sense of the great truths of Christianity; and who, in all their enjoyments and pursuits in this world, never lose sight of their relations to another and a better.

Now faith is *increased* by the very same means by which it is first *generated*, viz., by an attention to the proper evidences, and a frequent contemplation of the object of it. Those persons, therefore, who call themselves Christians, and who must be supposed to wish, to feel, and act as becomes Christians, should study the evidences of their religion; they should meditate upon the life, discourses, and miracles of Christ; and make familiar to their minds every thing relating to the history and propagation of Christianity in the world. They should both frequently read the scriptures, and also other books which tend to prove their truth, and illustrate their contents.—*Priestley's Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion.*

It is hardly necessary to point out that we have passed beyond this kind of reasoning, in many respects, since the days of Dr. Priestley. Even ordinary Evangelical preachers refuse to be bound by some of these representations. The interest belonging to them is yet great, because they were Dr. Priestley's, and because they are clearly stated arguments, avowedly and actually rendered by the law of reason; that is, the account given refers you to human notions, and does not call in the aid of faith to silence doubt, where the Doctor is obliged to confess difficulties.

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

AGAINST ATHEISM.—REPLY TO 'T. L. A.' OF OXFORD.

Sir,—T. L. A.'s horror of Atheism is laughable, from its very enormity. I would not present myself before him as an atheist, a *bona fide* one—without his being previously prepared to see me—lest he should die of the shock, and I should have his death upon my head. He has, certainly, never made the acquaintance of any monster of the species. I hope, for the sake of his nerves, and of his making a peaceful exit from this sphere, that he never may. It is very evident that atheists are, to T. L. A., roaring lions, going about seeing what virtuous God-believers they may devour. Let us see what sort of a meal T. L. A. would offer for their rapacious appetites.

His opening sentence admits of two readings, either of which is encouraging. 'Atheism, perhaps the greatest *progressive* evil of the nineteenth century,' may mean, that while atheism is an unquestionable evil, it is, at the same time, making the greatest progress of any evil in existence; or it may mean, that while it is *the* greatest evil of all evils, it is not even stationary, but is making progress. Now, evils are at least of two kinds—real and imaginary. A real evil is a state of society in which a portion at least of those who help to form that society place but little value upon human life; and an imaginary evil is the considering difference of opinion upon speculative matters a crime. The greatest positive progressive evil of the nineteenth century is, in my opinion, to be seen in the increasing numbers of murders, manslaughters, &c., which our criminal annals unfold; and these crimes, I believe, are not referable to the spread of atheism, but to intense ignorance, and to the brutish, uncultivated minds of a great mass of our population. But, perhaps, T. L. A. would say, that to him atheism and ignorance are convertible terms; for he says, 'Atheists seem very sensitive about coupling their system with immorality. Moral atheists may naturally so seem; but to me, in vicious men *atheism and immorality seem to be the same—the profession of atheism the doing of evil.*' Let me ask him—Where are the vicious and immoral atheists, which have led him to this conclusion? Where has he found the profession of atheism invariably associated with the doing of evil? He speaks of 'moral atheists.' Does he believe there are any such? If he does, can he fail to see that his own hypothesis, that the doing of evil and the profession of atheism are one and the same, is a *reductio ad absurdum*, and answers itself? If the profession of atheism and the practice of vice are always found associated, how *can* there be any moral atheists?

The greatest imaginary evil of which men can be possessed is, that because others differ from them in opinion, such difference inevitably involves, in the differing parties, a predilection for crime. The tables may be turned, and what comes of the argument then? If it be fair reasoning for T. L. A. to assume that atheism and crime are convertible terms, because he is not an atheist, why may not I assume that religion and crime are also convertible, because I am not religious?

T. L. A. speaks very slightingly of '*creeds of faith*,' and considers the faith built upon the revelations of the Scripture as a 'sort of sandy pyramid.' What is his own creed of the '*super*-natural power,' made manifest by 'natural revelation,' but

a 'creed of faith?' Can he *prove* from nature the existence of a God? If not, whereon is his belief in such existence any other than a 'creed of faith?'

T. L. A. says, very triumphantly—'Atheists do not say it is impossible that God exists. They cannot *deny* his existence.' What crime is this? T. L. A. considers his belief in a God a virtue. Now, I do not consider my disbelief as involving any merit; it is with me a necessity: I cannot help but disbelieve in such an existence. Atheists are careful not to assert positively what they cannot demonstrate satisfactorily. If theists choose to take the opposite course, that is their business; they have no right, however, to fall out with atheists for not following so irrational and unphilosophic an example.

T. L. A.'s conclusion of his letter smacks more of rant than of reason. He says: 'May we not think of God, or thank God? In the name of gratitude, may we forget God? No; I will ever cry—whether by God deserted [monstrous supposition! In the name of gratitude, how could such an enthusiastic God-believer ever be deserted by his God?] or by man forgot; in ecstacy or in agony; in passion, poverty, or despair; in life or death—Atheism avaunt! Go rise in some land where the sense of gratitude is small [or, he might have added, "where savage monsters roam"], and flourish where morality is great [what has morality to do with atheism? Could a moral community of atheists exist, T. L. A.?]; or either thy creed or thy believers will perish. Oh, atheism! atheism! thou art suicide's father, ingratitude's son!' Who was suicide's mother? and who ingratitude's father?

T. L. A. does not tell us who or what his God is. He says, the God of the Scriptures is a 'sandy pyramid'—the God of nature, 'a rocky height.' There are so many rocky heights in the world, which does he 'bow the proud head in awe, or lose the yearning soul in praise,' to? Is it the Peak of Teneriffe, the snow-capped Mont Blanc, or the lofty Himalaya, that he especially favours? My curiosity is excited, and I should like to know.

April 14, 1851. W. Chilton.

THE CONDITIONS OF PROPHECY.

Mr. Editor,—In your ably conducted, but not sufficiently encouraged periodical (in Sheffield), I have frequently met with articles, pretty well written and ably reasoned. I have occasionally met with individuals who rely more upon 'prophecy' in support of their theory, than upon 'testimony' of the supposed miracles, or even upon the mission of Jesus Christ himself; fancying, no doubt, that thereby, if they prove the fulfilment of prophecy, they prove the inspiration of the prophet, and the consequent inspiration of the Old and New Testaments. Being myself a little sceptical upon some points of Scripture, and wishing it to be proved that 'ever there was a prophet,' I beg to submit that the party undertaking to prophecy should, without any given *data*, undertake to foretell—First, The exact nature of the circumstance to happen. Secondly—In what exact locality it shall happen. Thirdly—The time it shall happen. Fourthly—To whom it shall happen. Or—changing the nature of the circumstances—the particular of every *minutiæ, in connection with* the circumstance, shall be related by any prophet about to prophecy; or shall have been related by any past prophet concerning any prophecy that has been related in any book pretending to be divine.

All men have a right to demand such *data* to be given, and such exactitude to have been observed in the fulfilment of such prophecy. Janeth Rhodes.

HOW TO PROCURE FUNDS FOR BUILDING A 'TEMPLE OF FREE THOUGHT.'

DEAR SIR,—When speaking of revelation, we say that so much as we find useful we accept, as we do of any other work; and also, that where we can gain any information we are not particular as to its source. Whether it comes from a follower of Seeva, Buddha, Hol, Jehovah, Crishna, or Christ, matters not to us, so long as it is useful. Believing that I am correct in the above, I enclose the following 'Appeal' for the perusal of your readers, trusting that they will at once and immediately commence collecting subscriptions for the 'Temple of Free Thought' in a similar manner.

'DEVONPORT MORAVIAN CHAPEL SCHOOLS' BUILDING FUND.

'This appeal is respectfully made to those Christian friends known by the interest they ever manifest, and the aid they are ever ready to give, for the diffusion of sound scriptural knowledge and morality amongst the rising generation. The Sunday schools, connected with the Moravian Chapel in this town, have existed many years, conducted in hired rooms, at a yearly outlay in rent of several pounds. This fund is for the erection of a suitable building as a Sunday, day, and infant schools, as soon as the required amount of about £300 can be raised, and the site secured. The members of our church are quite unable to make up the necessary amount. The kind assistance of Christian friends generally is, therefore, earnestly invited; and we most urgently beg of you not to refuse us the kindness of a donation even to the small amount of one shilling, for which purpose a franked envelope (containing a card for the insertion of the coin) is enclosed, to be returned as directed, to the Rev. J. Smith, with whatever contribution the Lord may dispose your heart to give the cause. Larger amounts will be most thankfully received, and specially acknowledged to the donors.—Rev. JOHN SMITH, Trustee.

'N.B.—It is trusted no Christian friend will deny the gift of one shilling, considering otherwise, the loss in postage will diminish what has already been subscribed, and that so small a sum cannot impoverish any.'

What, in the name of common sense, can be more *reasonable*, more just, more fair? How could any one refuse to put down his name—aye, more than that, how could any one refuse to put down his money, when accosted something after the following fashion:—'It is trusted that no friend of free thought—no one who acknowledges the right of private judgment, will deny the gift of £1, considering that so small a sum cannot impoverish any?' The sum must vary according to circumstances, for a larger amount should be asked for in some cases.

As I did not send a shilling to the Rev. Mr. Smith, and as I did feel justified in appropriating the stamp to my own use, I put a 'Logic of Death' in the franked envelope, 'with the compliments of one whose heart the Lord did not dispose to give anything to the cause,' and posted the same to the Rev. John Smith.

ALASCO.

INVITATION TO MR. HOLYOAKE TO LECTURE IN LANCASTER, FROM THE REV. JAMES FLEMING.

WE take the following correspondence, which needs no explanation from us, from the *Lancaster Guardian*, of April 19th. It is headed 'Christianity and Infidelity.' The editor says—

'We have been requested to insert the following letter addressed to the Rev. J. Fleming:—

"SIR,—I understand that the challenge you made at one of the lectures you

delivered against "Infidelity" has been accepted by the author of the "Logic of Death," a publication you commented upon at some length in the lectures.

"It is strongly rumoured through the town that you decline meeting the gentleman; whether this be true or not, I cannot say, but I hope it is false, for I feel confident that you possess abilities sufficient to overthrow any flimsy arguments that may be advanced against the sacred truths of Christianity. Should the rumour be true, and you refuse to meet the gentleman, consider what an injury you will have done to that religion of which you are a minister.

"Now, sir, by the sacredness of your profession, I implore you to come forward, and check the impetus you have given to those false doctrines which have been embraced by many of our fellow-townsmen. Should you feel diffident at all about the matter, allow me to remind you of the lines in Hudibras—

"He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drub'd, no honour loses by't.

"An old Working Man."

'In order that this subject might not be prolonged over another week, and knowing that some interest was excited in the town on the subject, we forwarded "An Old Working Man's" letter to Mr. Fleming, to which the rev. gentleman has transmitted the following reply:—

"My Dear Sir,—Allow me to place before your correspondent "An Old Working Man," the challenge to which he refers, in the words in which it was given. The words are these: (which I take from your own published report of my first lecture on Christianity and Infidelity)—'He (Mr. Fleming) also read a letter which he had received from an infidel, signing himself "A Young Working Man," containing an implied challenge to a free discussion on the respective claims of Christianity and Infidelity. He called upon the young man, whom, he said, he had no doubt was present, to give his name, and publicly avow what his letter implied. There was, however, no response to the call. Mr. Fleming *then challenged any infidel present to such a discussion as that to which he had been partly invited.* To this challenge, however, there was no reply.'

"I have put the phrase in italics to which I wish the attention of your correspondent more particularly directed. From that phrase he will at once perceive the extent to which my challenge went. It was never intended for the whole world. Suppose it had; fifty or a hundred infidels might have replied to it, and for a whole year, night by night, I might have been kept on the platform of public discussion—a task I was assuredly not prepared to undertake. My challenge was to the infidels present at my lecture, or to any resident in Lancaster, and by it I still abide. My object in delivering the lectures in question was to benefit my fellow-townsmen, and to arrest in some degree the progress of infidelity around us, which I then feared, and still fear, is on the increase. It was not to provoke to a public discussion any and every advocate of infidelity to whom the report of the lectures might be conveyed. I am, therefore, under no obligation to attend to any reply to my challenge which comes not from one or other of the parties to whom it was addressed. On this ground I have returned no answer to the letter of Mr. Holyoake, which, I believe, appears in the *Reasoner* of last Saturday, which was addressed to me after all my lectures were delivered, and came to me several days after date, and under a form that awakened my suspicion that it was not genuine. It appears, however, that my suspicion was not correct. Yet, I have now no intention to act otherwise than I have done. I have no fear of Mr. Holyoake. Judging from his writings, few need. His arguments are plausible and specious, but nothing more. They would easily be refuted by hundreds of our Sunday School

Scholars. And such being my honest convictions, it cannot be because I am afraid of Mr. H. that I return no answer to his communication. I know nothing of him; but if he considers himself at all wronged by my strictures on his 'Logic of Death,' let him come to Lancaster, and defend what he has written in a series of lectures, and I will be prepared to reply to them, and vindicate the claims of Christianity in opposition to all he may advance against them.—I am, my dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"Greenfield, April 17, 1851. "JAMES FLEMING.

"P. S.—Permit me, Mr. Editor, to add that it is not my practice to reply to anonymous writers, and that I will not engage to respond to any correspondent for the future who does not give his name. J. F."'

This letter, by the Rev. Mr. Fleming, is very pleasing and even chivalrous. There is a frankness about it unusual in such quarters. Mr. Holyoake has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Lancaster Guardian* in reply to it, which will be given next week. It would not be proper to insert it here until it has had an opportunity of appearing first in that newspaper. Being addressed to that editor it is his property, until he has had time allowed to give it to the public of that city.

Mr. Holyoake accepts cheerfully the virtual invitation to lecture in Lancaster. He will prepare to deliver a course of Four Lectures there; and he takes this opportunity of saying to the citizens of Lancaster, who may be friendly to free inquiry and fair play, that he should be glad if a few would form themselves into a committee, for the purpose of securing a proper place for the delivery of the lectures. Such persons need not be friendly to Mr. Holyoake's views, but friendly merely to fair play. As Mr. Holyoake is a stranger to Lancaster, not knowing a person in the place, he must, in the first instance, address himself to the inhabitants. Any cost incurred he, of course, will be responsible for. He only asks for a committee who will make the necessary arrangements. Any deposit for the hall, or lecture room, he will send upon request. Unknown to all, he cannot expect any one to incur pecuniary responsibility on his account.

EDITOR OF 'THE REASONER.'

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—May 4th [7½], Mr. Ernest Jones, 'The Crystal Palace.'

Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution, Mermaid Assembly Rooms.—May 7th [8], J. A., Baynes, B.A., of Nottingham, 'On Cicero, and Life in Old Rome.'

Hall of Science, City Road. — May 4th [7½], Mr. Thomas Cooper will lecture.

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—May 2nd, [8], a Discussion. 4th [7½], Miss E. L. Dyer, 'The Writings of Eugene Sue.'

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—May 4th [7], Mr. J. Owen, 'The Present Aspects of Sabbatarian Legislation.'

Areopagus Coffee and Reading Room, 59, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture or Discussion.

WORKS ON FREE INQUIRY.

	s.	d.
Just published, the Fourth Edition of ROBERT COOPER'S Holy Scriptures analysed	0	8
R. Cooper's Infidel's Text Book, cloth bds. Or in 13 numbers at 2d. each.	2	6
Heterodoxy v. Orthodoxy. By R. Cooper ..	0	3
TREVELYAN'S LETTER TO CARDINAL WISEMAN	0	1
THE FREETHINKER'S MAGAZINE, In 7 Nos. at 2d., and 2 Nos. at 6d.		
Scripturean's Creed. By Citizen Davies ..	0	2
Important Examination of the Scriptures. By Voltaire	0	6
Haslam's Letters to the Clergy, 1 vol.	2	6
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Palmer's Principles of Nature, 1 vol., bds.	2	0
Ditto ditto wrapper	1	6
John Clark's Letters to Dr. Adam Clark on the Life, Morals, &c., of Jesus Christ, 1 vol., cloth bds.	5	9
Ditto to the Bishop of Exeter, 1 vol.....	2	0

London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

A SECOND thousand of the 'History of the Last Trial by Jury for Atheism' has been printed. A third edition of Mr. Holyoake's 'Mathematics no Mystery' has been issued. The sixteenth thousand of the 'Logic of Death,' with a new part added, is now ready.

The following advertisement lately appeared in the *Times*:—Friends of the wretched, the degraded, and the lost, are earnestly requested to aid, by subscriptions and donations, the Ragged Schools in George-street, Lisson-grove. A large number of destitute children in the midst of a population teeming with vice are gratuitously educated on sound Scriptural principles. An industrial school is in operation, to enable those who are now living by crime to support themselves by honest means. Unless *Christian* friends continue their support, *infidelity* and *Romanism* are ready to receive the scholars. Treasurer—H. Hardwood Penny, Esq.; Hon. Secs.—Mr. F. Benham, 19, Wigmore-street, Mr. J. D. Betts, 262, Oxford-street. Clothing thankfully received at Mr. Fletcher's 48, Great James-street, Lisson-grove.

A Truth Seeker will find an answer to his query in the article of Mr. Lucas, entitled 'The Soul: a Problem.'

The Rev. J. A. Baynes, in a discourse lately delivered at Nottingham, on the 'Moral and Social Influences of Infidelity,' says, 'I find no infidel martyrs chronicled in history.' It is not plain what the rev. gentleman's ideas of martyrdom are. They are evidently of no common sort, for history shows that atheists have suffered in various ways. Would Mr. Baynes publish his views of infidelity and atheism, we should be glad to examine them. At present the reports we receive confuse us as to what opinions he holds.

At the opening of the ceremonies of Easter week, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame on Sunday, the Archbishop of Paris walked in procession, and placed on the high altar the various relics which are preserved in the treasury of the Cathedral, and which consist 'of several large pieces of the true cross, the crown of thorns, and two *considerable portions* of the nails which were used at the Crucifixion!'

The Boston *Christian Witness* (Episcopalian) cites the following titles given to certain Baptist churches in the United States:—'Turkeyfoot, Cow Marsh, Thumb Run, Frying Pan, Boar Swamp, Polecat, Stinking River, Cubb Creek, Lick Fork, Catfish, Turkey Creek, Dumplin Creek, Doctor's Fork, Hang Fork, Bag's Fork, Lick Creek, Big Fork, Back Lick, Water Lick, Flat Lick, Long Lick, Elk Lick, Stone Lick, Bank Lick, Mud Lick, Salt Lick, Grassy Lick, Log Lick, Buffalo Lick, Sand Lick, and *six* Goose Creeks; Guniea, Licking Hole, Tomahawk, Miry Creek, Suck Spring, Jack's Creek, Tar River, Saddletree, Grassy Nob, Buck Creek, Mill Stone, and Duck Creek.'

R. H. says—'Thirty years ago a writer in a morning journal complained of the odium incurred by the clergy in begging from house to house for the erection of new churches, and proposed two plans for preventing the necessity of their so doing—one of which was that a tax should be laid upon every Bible and Testament printed by the Universities. Not many weeks since I saw New Testaments to be sold at threepence-halfpenny each.'

London: Printed by Holyoake Brothers, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row; and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.—Wednesday, April 30th, 1851.

The Reasoner

AND

THEOLOGICAL EXAMINER.

They who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.—EDITOR.

MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE IN REPLY TO THE REV. JAMES FLEMING.

To the Editor of the Lancaster Guardian.

SIR,—Your journal, of April 19th, has been forwarded to me, in which I have read with pleasure the letter of the Rev. James Fleming, in answer to your correspondent, 'An Old Working Man.' The tone of the Rev. Mr. Fleming's letter, so frank and gentlemanly, fully equals the expectation I had formed of one, of whose ability and reputation agreeable reports have reached me.

Mr. Fleming had some reason, I admit, to suspect the 'genuineness' of my letter to him. Occupied in Newcastle fully, I was under the necessity of dictating my communication to him, only signing it myself; and not having the pleasure of knowing the reverend gentleman's address, I had no alternative but to direct it in a vague manner. My being from home, when your paper was sent to my office, caused delay in my writing; but the subsequent appearance of the letter in the *Reasoner* has, I am glad to find, given Mr. Fleming the assurance it was not in my power personally to afford him, earlier or otherwise.

His representation is quite true. I was not included in the challenge he gave; but as he had spoken of my 'Logic of Death,' designating it as 'one of the *worst* of the infidel publications of the day,' I was anxious to show him, that if I had the misfortune to differ from him in opinion, I was not unmindful of the serious censure implied in such words from one whose opinions have, I learn, great weight in Lancaster. Besides—speaking of the class of publications to which my little Essay belonged—Mr. Fleming, in the lecture reported in your journal, described their teachings as '*most demoralising*.' As no man could consent to lie under this imputation without suffering in his own esteem, and forfeiting his claim to public respect, I ventured to hope that Mr. Fleming would consider me entitled to a personal reply, and that in his presence. Being referred to officially, as the author of a publication criticised, and, according to your report, confuted as well as condemned by him, I had a claim upon his notice which infidels in general (whom he seems to suppose equally entitled with me) could not prefer. Moreover, the challenge of Mr. Fleming was not confined to the *residents* of Lancaster, but extended to *all* who were *present* at his lecture. Now, it may be regarded as an accident that I was not present; for had I have known of what he was about to say in reference to me, I should certainly have been one of the persons 'present,' as those who know me will believe.

Your Reverend correspondent precisely expresses my feelings with regard to his lecture. I certainly do 'consider myself wronged' by his 'strictures' on my 'Logic of Death;' and I unhesitatingly accept his invitation 'to come to Lancaster and defend what I have written, in a series of lectures.' There can be no mistake as to the Rev. Mr. Fleming's language now; and I as implicitly accept that gentleman's pledge, 'to vindicate the claims of Christianity in opposition to all I may advance against them.'

As soon as my engagements in Scotland—where I go this week—are over, I shall advertise the course of lectures Mr. Fleming specifies. I feel it my duty to explain to the people of Lancaster the grounds on which I hold the opinions Mr. Fleming has with so much severity impugned; and I will add, that I shall attend with great respect to the criticisms with which that gentleman may honour what I shall have to urge. For myself, I am glad that my lectures will precede any discussion, as a better understanding will be come to when both sides have first been patiently and fairly heard. What I wish to offer is rather an explanation than a defence; for a vain contest for personal victory would not interest me in any way, and would neither benefit the public nor the cause of moral and intellectual truth. A serious debate will alone be becoming or useful. It is that which I have reason to know Mr. Fleming desires, and that it is which I seek.

If you can give a place in the *Lancaster Guardian* to this letter, from one who is an entire stranger to your town, I shall entertain a very grateful sense of your courtesy and fairness. Yours respectfully, G. Jacob Holyoake.

P.S.—As I am unknown to the Rev. Mr. Fleming, I shall, if he has not the means of making inquiries about me, feel bound to give him references—which I will cheerfully do—to clergymen and official gentlemen, who will testify whether I am a person whom, on moral or conventional grounds, he might feel justified in meeting.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S REPLY TO THE REV. DR. KERNS, OF ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Sheffield Free Press.

Sir,—In your last week's *Free Press* (which has been forwarded to me to London) I read a notice of my recent lectures in your town, in which is included a letter from the Rev. Dr. Kerns in reference thereto. As the Rev. Doctor's letter did not come under my notice while I was in Sheffield, will you permit me to offer a few words thereupon as a personal explanation?

The Rev. Doctor states, that 'The inference drawn by the audience, that he who fails to meet an opponent is unable to do so, is one of the laurels that *I* carry off the field with me.' On the contrary, I do nothing of the kind. I neither make nor sanction such an inference as that which the audience is represented as making. There are many reasons, as I constantly point out, why a clergyman does not meet an opponent; and want of ability is the very last I should impute to Dr. Kerns.

In the Hall of Science, Dr. Kerns lately delivered a lecture, which he has since published, in which he makes rude and ungentlemanly reflections upon the holders of the principles which it has fallen to my lot to represent. In the current number of the *Reasoner*, I have replied to the Doctor's remarks. I would re-state them here, but it might appear an attempt to obtrude my opinions where I have only solicited permission to make a personal defence. Dr. Kerns *did* enter into discussion, in defence of his views, in the Hall of Science, and he was asked by Mr. Ironside to meet me. Moreover, as I publicly represent, and professionally combat, the religious views the Doctor maintains, reasons do exist why that gentleman should meet me, which do not apply to many other lecturers who visit Sheffield, and lecture in the Hall of Science. Therefore, if the Doctor were bound to meet me, he would not be bound to meet *every one*, which he seems to apprehend. As he had once travelled all the way to Syria, in the generous hope of converting a few uncertain and obscure heathens, my friends were somewhat justified in believing that he would step from Wilkinson-street to Rockingham-street, to

convert one who had been brought from London, partly with a view to test the Rev. Doctor's powers. This gentleman declares, that 'the subjects of my lectures were so far beside the mark, that he would not spend an hour upon them all.' The topics I spoke upon were—First, The Development of Philosophic Religion by the most accomplished Christians among us. Second, An Explanation that Catholicism was really consistent Christianity. Third, Points at Issue between the Deist and Atheist; or, *Moral* Objections to the Doctrines of the Church of England. Pray, of what religion is Dr. Kerns, if these subjects are 'beside the mark?' Whatever can the Rev. Doctor be preaching about, if these topics are not worth an hour's consideration by him? When a man like Francis William Newman, of eminent family connection, of great acquirements, of lofty piety, and unquestionable probity, gives us his matured views on the great question of Christianity—of which he, too, was a missionary in his youth, and is a patient student in his manhood;—if, when such a man developes a Philosophic Type of Religion, it be of no consequence to 'you or I (or Mr. Ironside, to whom the Doctor writes), or the artizans of Sheffield,' of what consequence can it be what *Dr. Kerns* says about it? Why should we read *his* lecture? Why should any body care to hear *his* sermons? If all that learning, and genius, and piety can say upon the subject is of no consequence, I do not see why we should pay any attention to Christianity at all.

Dr. Kerns says, that the system of Popery, of which I spoke, was 'a man of straw, which I set up in order to demolish it.' How does he know what I did, since he never came near to hear?

Dr. Kerns suggests that I concerted a series of literary deceptions, by the artifice of giving 'a witty knock at parsons and priestcraft.' How does he know that this is my habit, as he never honoured me with his attendance? It is my custom to speak of the clergy with respect, and 'priestcraft' I do not believe in.

My reverend critic suggests the inquiry, 'WHERE IS THE ARGUMENT?' in what I advanced. Had he attended my lectures he would have seen; but he has written upon that upon which he could know nothing. His entire letter is a defence of himself for not knowing anything; yet he criticises me, as though he knew all, and that all was as bad as he represents. The pamphlet which he presents to Mr. Ironside, I have bought and read. It is a mere Protestant dilution of the Catholic principle of *authority*, without one single page which appeals to our moral nature, or that leaves a man wiser, purer, or kinder, for having read it. The Doctor's letter, to which I now reply, is no bad illustration of his entire book. He does not know our case, and yet he attempts to confute us. He does not know me, and yet he describes me as one of that class who 'carp and cavil.' His entire letter illustrates the melancholy observation, that when a man guesses motives or character, he always guesses the worst.

The words of the Rev. Dr. Kerns are, that I only 'confirm his description of lecturers, who will carp and cavil about anything rather than boldly meet the argument as to the Bible being true or false.' Now, I 'boldly' (since that is the term he requires) tell the Doctor that the Bible is false—false for stronger reasons than those which relate to its Miracles and Prophesies;—that it is false, in spite of its assumed Inspiration,—it is false on moral grounds,—it is false, because it teaches us that concerning the conduct of God and the scheme of Salvation, which no man can believe in without being degraded—which no people can practise without being debased. I challenge the Rev. Dr. Kerns to prove the contrary, if he can; and I will meet him in public discussion, in Sheffield, on equal terms if he will, on unequal terms if he prefers them. The Doctor says we do not meet

the question of the truth of the Bible 'boldly.' Let him not say that any more, if he declines to accept this challenge.

If you can permit me, Mr. Editor, to say this much to Dr. Kerns, and the people of Sheffield, in my justification in your paper, I for one shall be prompt to acknowledge that the *Free Press* is true to its name. I am, &c.

Reasoner Office, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row, London. GEO. JACOB HOLYOAKE.

PAMPHLETS OF OPPONENTS.*

v.

WE wish we could always obtain such a fair and public hearing for both sides of the question, as the editor of the 'Newcastle-on-Tyne Christian Series'—of which Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are before us—would appear to advocate, judging by the title which he has affixed to the tracts—'Christianity *versus* Infidelity.' Yet the general tone and temper of these tracts are not good, and the arguments are of the weakest and most hackneyed nature. The only originality in the series is to be found in No. 2, which contains certainly some of the most reckless assertions, with regard to the certainty of the supernatural origin of the Bible, that we have ever yet seen. This tract is headed, 'The most Wonderful Book in the World,' and on the whole is the worst written of the series, being a mere declamatory eulogy of the Bible; but a few sentences are worthy of notice, for the extravagance of their pretensions. For instance: 'The Bible has been proved to be a divine revelation as many millions of times as there are individuals who have believed it to be the salvation of their souls; but it never has been proved to be false to a single individual of the human race—nor can it be so proved. No man who understands what he says, can in truth affirm that he believes it to be false' (p. 10).

The third is on 'The Genealogy of Jesus,' and contains that attempt to reconcile the discrepancies of Matthew and Luke on this point, which has already been discussed in the *Reasoner*. Appended to this tract is that apocryphal story of an 'Atheist silenced' in Manchester, by an argument about attraction and repulsion, which was answered by Mr. Holyoake when it was first published.

The first number proposes the question, 'Is there a God?' and introduces a Deist and an Atheist; the latter of whom, as usual, is represented as affirming 'that the Christian is a credulous dupe, following a cunningly devised fable, while he compliments the deist with the title of fool' (p. 2). The author makes his imaginary atheist fall foul of the deist, until he involves himself in a dilemma, when 'a Christian philosopher serenely interposes,' and after proving clearly that 'Imagination is the God of the Atheists,' treats us to the design argument; and having illustrated it by the adaptation of the horns and teeth of animals, the tendrils of vines, peas, beans, and pumpkins, dismisses that part of the subject with an emphatic declaration, that 'the atheistic naturalist is a fool!' It must, therefore, be said, in defence of our author's fairness, that he has not put a coarse, opprobrious expression into the mouth of his imaginary atheist which he would shrink from employing himself.

Our author contends that the existence of God cannot be proved without reve-

* Tract I. Christianity *v.* Infidelity.—Is there a God? II. The most Wonderful Book in the World. III. The Genealogy of Jesus. (Barkas, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

lation. Man cannot, he says, form any 'new idea;' and if 'imagination could create the idea of a God, it certainly could furnish him with a new sense.' This objection has very often been urged, but there is nothing in it. The gradual changes of the idea of God among the Jews, Christians, and other nations, with the advance of knowledge, morals, and civilisation, may clearly be traced in their writings and doctrines. The original idea of a God, among barbarian nations, has always been that of a powerful Being, with a form either human, or approaching to the human. This rude monarch of the elements—sometimes single, but among savage nations accompanied by minor deities—has grown, by progressive enlargements, ornaments, and clippings, and still more, in modern times, by a judicious and imposing mystery, vagueness, and spirituality, to the idea of an Infinite Creator and Moral Governor—to the Jehovah and Allah of Christians and Mahometans. But there is nothing in the modern God which the human imagination and intellect, reasoning on false premises, could not produce. All his supposed attributes and qualities are human, although they may be supposed to be infinite in their power and extent. All the Tracts are anonymous.

E. B.

CURIOUS SECT OF JEWS.

The *Jewish Chronicle* has an article descriptive of a singular tribe of the Jews, called 'Yehud Chebr,' said to be the descendants of the father-in-law of Moses. They live isolated, and avoid any intercourse whatever with the rest of the Jews. They are only to be found in Arabia, mostly on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, and are solely occupied with rearing cattle. In the environs of Tunbua, a sea-port on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, they are also found to be smiths, and to stand in commercial association, by barter, with the Arabian tribes, who call them 'Irab Seb'th,' *i. e.*, Arabs who celebrate the Sabbath. They are esteemed and feared everywhere, 'for they are a giant-like people.' They speak only Arabic and Hebrew. Their most particular wish is, not to have any intercourse with the Jews; and if any one enters into conversation with them, they quickly deny their descent, and say they are of a common Arabian origin. About twenty-five years ago, the Sheriff of Zena decided on going a pilgrimage to Mecca. While going through the great sandy desert, they missed their road. They found themselves destitute of provisions, and famine stared them in the face. At length they came upon a whole town with tents, and hastened up to it, hoping to be among their Arabian brethren. They approached a large and magnificent tent, and the outposts of their caravan cried out, 'Water! water; ye brethren, or we die.' An Arab stepped forth from the tent with an angry air, and called out, 'Kelb [dog], who dares to call out thus in the hour of devotion?' but the Mahometan related the great distress of the party, and suppliantly asked for water. 'Knowest thou,' the Arab replied, 'where thou so unseemly didst call out? This is the tent of our Melek [king]; we perform here the evening prayer, and we have been disturbed.' The other looked into the tent, and saw a great assembly of Arabs, who were 'gently whispering their prayers.' The whole party were supplied with necessaries for their journey, and informed of the shortest road to Mecca. When they asked who their benefactors were, they received the abrupt answer, 'Yehud Chebr.' Since that time the Sheriff of Zena has become a great friend to the Jews, and 'treats our co-religionists with the greatest respect.'

Examination of the Press.

ATTEMPT AT SABBATH LEGISLATION IN PRUSSIA.—An attempt at Sabbath legislation has been made in the Chambers of Darmstadt. A motion was made in the Upper House, that the Government should introduce a law forbidding music and dancing in public places on Sundays and festivals. It was unanimously rejected. The same motion had been previously negatived in the Second Chamber by 45 against 2. It was considered that the order of the 2nd of April, 1841, on this subject, was quite sufficient. According to this regulation, no dancing can begin till after divine service. A Dr. Zimmermann stated that the spirit of this order was perverted in a most irreverent manner. The orchestras were arranged ready, and the public admitted in the dancing places, the first note of the fiddles was struck up on the last stroke of the clock at the hour at which it was supposed divine service terminated. He proposed the dancing should not be allowed to commence till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but the proposal was negatived by 14 to 12. He also described the abuse of the balls in public places continuing throughout the night of Saturday till broad daylight on Sunday morning. To prevent this profanation, he proposed dancing should be altogether prohibited on Saturday nights. This was also negatived; but an amendment, according to which all dancing was to cease at 12 o'clock, was agreed to.—*Weekly Dispatch*, April 26, 1851.

THE CHINESE.—They differ in particular from other nations in this—that their history makes no mention whatever of a college of priests at all interfering with or possessing any influence over the laws. The Chinese do not go back to those barbarous times, when it was necessary to practice deceptions on men, in order to govern them.—*Philosophy of History.*

CHRISTIAN MORALITY.—Several years ago the Tract Society published a 'tract' headed, 'Don't Unchain the Tiger.' This tract commenced with the statement that when Paine submitted an infidel production to Franklin, he replied:—'I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person. If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?' Mr. Vale showed at the time this tract was published, that Franklin had died before Paine's 'infidel publications' were written, and consequently could not have made the above remark to Paine. It might reasonably have been expected that after this *exposé*, which shows 'how wicked men may be with religion,' the Tract Society would have suppressed their curious 'tract.' But not so. If Franklin did not make the remark attributed to him, they firmly believe that he should have done so; and they have no more scruple in disseminating a statement founded on falsehood, than St. Paul had in lying for the 'glory of God.' They accordingly continue to circulate the tract with a slight alteration. They say:—'When an infidel production was submitted—*probably* by Paine—to Benjamin Franklin,' &c. Now, there is not even a probability that Franklin made the remark, and it is a contemptible imposition upon the public credulity to assert that he did so. Franklin well knew how wicked men could become 'with religion,' and he also knew that they could be honest enough to tell the truth 'without it.' Honest and sincere believers we can respect, but the men who resort to such despicable means to propagate their faith, we can but despise. If an infidel should thus demean himself, they would be the first to cry shame; but when the action is performed by themselves it becomes pious and godly—

'For saints may do the same thing by
The spirit in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and sinners vary.'

New York Beacon.

WHAT IS AN ATHEIST?—BEING THE PRELIMINARY ESSAY TO THE DICTIONARY OF ATHEISTS. BY SYLVIAN MARECHAL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY J. BENSON LEAR.

[This Essay has many faults of tone and imputation, and the strong feeling of partizanship; but if the reader will subtract these, he will find great clearness of view and good sense, throwing much useful light upon the question—'What is an Atheist?'—Ed.]

The existence of God has not always been believed. There was a time when man living with his family, acknowledged no other authority than that of his parents. Then he had but little, for his wants were few. He was not a brute, a barbarian, or a man-eater, as some would have us believe; nor was he a polished, treacherous citizen, vain and servile; but a man in all his fulness. Ignorant of the art of writing, perhaps even that of speaking, he yet knew how to live; that is to say, he loved his parents, wife, and children, working for them and in their company, and hoping at least to die in their arms. His field was in his eyes a universe; his labours were regulated by the sun, and proportioned to the fertility of the land. His arms and his heart embraced the whole of his fortune and all his pleasures. Suspecting nothing below the bed of vegetable mould which he cultivated, he was a stranger to the sciences and to the vices, to social virtues and punishments, but true to nature and all innocence.

Travellers have discovered some feeble traces of this golden age, which is not a chimera, though rendered suspicious by the efforts of the poets to overload it with spurious ornaments. This happy age has thrown far and near the lustre of its existence. And why should we feel a repugnance to believe in the existence of such a state of manners? Is it to be accounted an impossibility? Are the exertions for its attainment too great for our natures? Or, rather, ought not the present condition of humanity to astonish us much more?

At that early period man's senses, limited to the external surface of the earth and skies, neither had nor could have, any idea of a power beyond that which brought him into the world, and afterwards reared him. Could he think of that of which he had no need? And of what service could a God be to him, while he had a father and mother, wife and children, friends—arms and eyes, and, above all, a heart [intelligence]?

A true atheist was this, a man of the age of Gold. The atheist is one who, withdrawing into himself, and being disengaged from the thraldom imposed upon him in defiance of his wishes, or in his ignorance, travels back through civilisation to that ancient condition of the human species, and in the forum of his conscience, dismissing prejudices of every kind, approaches nearest to that happy time, when the existence of God could not even have been suspected, not being presented to his mind, and when he is solely content to fulfil the duties of his family.

The atheist is a man of nature. But when placed in a sphere more complicated and more straightened, he fulfils the duties of a citizen, and resigns himself to the decrees of necessity. Always declaiming against the vicious bases of political institutions, ever feeling contempt for those who organise it so badly—yet does he submit to the public order in which he is bound. But he is never seen at the head of party sections, nor is he to be met on that court-favouring path which leads to employments well paid and highly honoured. True to his principles he lives amidst corrupted and corrupting contemporaries, like a traveller who, having to wade through a muddy country, takes care to keep out of the reach of venomous reptiles. Half deafened by their screams, he quits them unhurt; and though journeying among malformed beings, he never adopts their tortuous or cringing gait.

The true atheist is not a Sybacite, professing to lead a life of the utmost purity, while he is practising the grossest debauchery; consoling himself with the reflection, that as there is no God there are no morals, and therefore he may gratify his passion *ad libitum*.

The true atheist is not like the statesman who, knowing the divine chimera was invented to impose upon honest people, issues his orders in the name of a God whom he despises.

The true atheist is not found among those hypocritical and bloodthirsty heroes, who open a road for invasion and conquest by announcing themselves to the nations they are about to subdue, as the protectors of their established religion, while in private they laugh to scorn the blindness of human credulity.

Nor is the true atheist of the number of those vile men who, branded for many years with the indelible reproach of priestly impostors, change their garb and opinions when the infamous calling ceases to be lucrative, and with the most shameless audacity range themselves on the side of those sages, whom they formerly persecuted.

The true atheist is not a demoniac, burning at the crossway all the religious symbols he can meet with, and then preaching up the worship of reason *à la Plèbe*. Poor creature, his intellect is scarcely above instinct!

The true atheist is not one of those men of the world, or people of *ton*, disdaining to use their thoughts, and vegetating like their horses, or living in no way superior to the women of pleasure supported on their bounty.

Nor is the true atheist a timorous philosopher, one deficient of moral energy, who blushes at his opinions as he would at impure thoughts. Weak friend of truth, he would compromise it sooner than endanger himself. Such a one is seen frequenting the churches lest he should be suspected of irreligion. Egotistical, and circumspect to pusillanimity, the extirpation of any deep-rooted or ancient prejudice, always appears to him ill-timed. He fears not God, but he trembles before men. How many soever may be destroyed in civil and religious broils, matters little to him, so that *he* is out of danger and at peace.

The true atheist is not enrolled among those learned societies whose members lie without ceasing to their conscience, and consent to hide their thoughts, in order that the solemn progress of knowledge may be retarded, to advance their miserable schemes of personal interest, or for pitiable political considerations.

The true atheist is not among those blind *savans* who would wish to be the only atheists, and who would cease to be so if the majority became atheistical. The mania of singularising themselves usurps the place of philosophy. Self-love is their God. If they could, they would engross to themselves all knowledge, because, forsooth, the rest of mankind are not sufficiently elevated to receive it.

The true atheist is not a visionary who rejects a God, that he may have the glory of creating a world at his pleasure, and with no other assistance than his imagination.

The true atheist is not so much he who says, 'I do not wish there to be a God,' as he who says, 'I can be *wise* without one.'

The true atheist argues without quibbling against the existence of God, laying himself open to embarrassment from the veriest tyro in theology, if they would thus diligently circumvent their ends. To bring the question to a point, he addresses them with frankness, saying, 'Doctors, whether there is a God in heaven is a question of no more importance to me, than whether there are animals in the moon. The question appears to me settled in a few words by Sylvain, in his "Lucrece Francaise:"—"I have no more need of a God than he has of me." What is a God to me? I limit my thoughts to that which strikes my senses, and push not my curiosity so far as to expect in the heaven a master of more. Already do I encounter enough on the earth, and to believe that there is anything beyond this vast whole, of which I form a part, is repugnant to my reason. If, however, any such exists, it is perfectly foreign to me. Where is the relation between us? Shut up in the globe which I inhabit, that which passes in neighbouring planets is of little consequence to me. It is not my business. The threshold of my dwelling is to me the pillars of Hercules. So far removed from man is all that which is called God, my vision is too limited to penetrate so far, nor at so great a distance is it possible even to hear. Besides, I have at hand all that I require—rights to exercise, duties to fulfil, and thence necessary resulting enjoyments for my reward. The tenderest emotions of the heart, the sweetest illusions of the fancy, are ever with me, or sprung up in my bosom, at every instant of my existence—grateful and refreshing vivifiers emanating from

the very nature of things. I have not a moment to lose. Every phase of existence offers me varied subjects for contentment. Newly born, I have the breast of my mother. A young man, another *I*, a second self, claims my regards, and enthrals my affections. In old age, my children repay in duteous services the tender care with which I watched over their childhood.

'Ever the object of the watchful affections of parents, wife, children, and friends, where is there room for a God? In a thoroughly united family there is none. Nor, indeed, can we even feel the absence of it. Nothing is wanting to a good son, an affectionate husband, or the father of beloved children.

'If I am the victim of ingratitude, I descend into the depths of my heart, and shut myself up there, where alone ample recompense is to be found, for the pangs of outward treachery, for the losses I experience on every side, and the injustice and persecution of wicked men, far more to be pitied than the object of their malice.

'My wants are satisfied without any very great exertions, my means being properly husbanded. I surround myself with the recollection of my good deeds, and rest entirely on the consciousness of good intentions, without seeking assistance above my head in the clouds.

'Doctors, whether your God exists or not, you must perceive that man can enjoy happiness, the fruit of virtue, by merely asking himself a few questions, and learning to appreciate even slightly his personal and internal capabilities. The happiness of good people ever flows from their good deeds. They owe no obligations to any one. Doctors, keep your God—I can do without it.'

Some good souls lament over atheists. 'Unfortunate men,' say they, 'it is impossible for them to be happy, either in this world or in that which is to come; hope, that balm of life, is taken away from them. They have a straitened spirit and a wicked heart. They know not how to love. Unfortunate beings!'

'The heart which loved not was the first atheist.'—Le Mercier.

Good people, be comforted for the fate of the atheist. They are far from coveting your pleasures. They have others more real and more elevated. As good men, they busy not themselves with the past, which is no more; nor with the future, which has not yet been. Limited to the present, which solely belongs to them, their interest, properly understood, lies in the best possible employment of their time. Their guide is the conduct of nature, wich knows no void, and which never deceives.

Good people, be re-assured then on this account. The true atheists, as lovers, spouses, and friends, are far more to be relied upon than other men. They feel and enjoy with more energy. Depending on no other than a present existence, it becomes their study to draw from it the greatest advantage, and experience teaches them that they cannot abuse it without injuring themselves.

Ah! well. But leave us our God. Good people, they rejoin, what would you do with it? Why, is he good to you? From what misfortunes does he preserve you? Your all-powerful God, after having left you for so many ages to suffer under royal despotism, has he at length shown you how to wear off a state of anarchy? If your God interferes with your affairs, why do they go so badly? Why have you altars, but no good state of morals? Why so many priests, and so few honest men? If your all-powerful God is pleased to remain above in a state of perfect neutrality, as some would have us believe, is it not the same as though he did not exist? Are atheists so greatly wrong, so criminal in providing for their own safety? Keep your God, but deem it not a sin, if atheists do not multiply beings without necessity, and above all, give you no cause for entertaining unjust prejudices against them.

The atheist hitherto so dreaded, and even now the subject of such reiterated warnings, to great as well as to little children, are the best people in the world. They form no combinations like the priests. They have no missionary schemes for a universal presbytism. They cannot give umbrage to anybody. And of all men, they are for the most part the most tolerant, the most peaceable, the most enlightened, and the most amiable. They are also the most happy.

Compare the character and the practices of the *man without God* with the character and practices of the *man of God*. Can there be a more perfect contrast? Observe the latter. He lives continually in fear and humiliation, as a slave kissing the rod that strikes him.

If he does a good action, instead of delivering himself up to a legitimate pride, he is weak enough to attribute all the merit and honour to a master who dictated it to him. If he found a noble resolve, he first asks permission, and then grace, to accomplish it. A feeble infant, he dare not put one foot before the other, without looking to his Father above, God, which has become an every-day phrase because of its justice. Nor are Deists a whit better off. Indeed, were they consistent with their principles, they ought not to differ either more or less from the most devout Roman Catholic. Observe the religious men of every sect lower their heads, shut their eyes, join their hands, stretch out their arms, and bend their knees when they pronounce the name of God. Can any terms be more abject or more senseless than those used in prayers? If a holy man loses his wife or children, he thanks his divine creator for it, for nothing happens without his order, and it is 'all for the best.' On his death-bed he resembles a criminal trembling at the approach of his supreme judge. The idea of the existence of a recompensing and avenging God, debars him from the free enjoyment of the best emotions of his nature. He coldly dismisses his family and friends, the better to prepare himself for appearing before the heavenly tribunal. Surely such an existence is a perpetual punishment, and realises on earth, the hell of the other world.

The *man without God* takes and preserves a totally different bearing. Let us follow him through the course of a single day of his eventful life. He leaves his couch with the rising of the great star of day, by which he regulates the affairs of his household and his labours. After giving his children their early lessons, he takes with his family the morning meal, when they separate, each to his respective labour or engagement. They meet again, at middle day, to replenish at the table the strength exhausted by labour, and to prepare themselves joyfully to undergo fresh fatigue. Exercising, by turns, their natural and acquired faculties, the *man without God* knows no *ennui;* every hour brings him an observation to make, or a service to render. An indispensable part of Nature, and as active as herself, he submits to her guidance in the performance of duties which constitute the relation existing between himself and other existences. When the evening arrives, he passes the peaceful hours surrounded by his family, or in the company of friends, and freely enjoys the relaxation, as a proper recompense for the labours of a day fully and usefully employed. A sweet repose awaits him at night; and he falls asleep, satisfied with having experienced no void in a day regulated by the course of the sun.

When the end of his existence is at hand, he gathers together all his strength to enjoy the pleasures that remain to him, and then closes his eyes for ever, but with the certainty of leaving behind him an honourable and cherished remembrance in the hearts of his acquaintance, from whom he received the last testimonies of esteem and attachment. His part finished, he tranquilly retires from the scene to make room for other actors, who will take him for their model. He experiences, no doubt, great regret at a separation from all that he holds most dear; but reason tells him that such is the inevitable order of all things. Besides, he knows that his existence will not cease at once and for ever. The father of a family is immortal; he is reborn and re-lives in each of his children. To the smallest particle of his body, nothing can be annihilated. Indestructible as are the links of the great chain of existences, the *man without God* would embrace the whole extent of it in his thoughts, and console himself with the reflection, that death is but the undoing of the body, or a change of its form. During the last moments of his existence, he recalls to memory, if he has leisure, the good that he has done, and his many faults. Proud of his existence, he bends not the knee before the author of his being. He has walked upon the earth, head erect, and with a firm step, the equal of all other beings, and accountable to none but his conscience. His life is as full as Nature.

[To be concluded in next Tract.]

Our Platform.

From which any earnest opponent may controvert our opinions, and from which any may expound views not coincident with our own, if tending to the Rationalisation of Theology.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN MACKINTOSH, OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, IN DEFENCE OF HIS PAMPHLET.

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me to make the *Reasoner* the vehicle of a brief reply to the strictures of E. B., on 'The Logic of Atheism.'

Your contributor begins by stating, that 'it is presumptive proof of the logical weakness of an opponent when he loses his temper, when he begins to call names, to cast imputations of wilful blindness and base motives on his opponent.' For the charge involved in the application of these trite, but somewhat doubtful, aphorisms to me, I might retaliate on E. B. by saying, that when a disputant grapples *only* with the weak points of his opponent, when his strongest arguments are either altogether evaded or slurred over, it is not only 'presumptive proof,' but proof positive, that the disputant is more anxious for a personal victory than he is for the triumph of truth. Now this is precisely what E. B. has done. I am aware, of course, that the laws and precedents of controversial warfare justify the use of this species of fighting; but I confidently submit that it savours more of the *style* of the mercenary pugilist than of the spirit of the disinterested philosopher. For the faults of a hurriedly-written preface, E. B. arraigns the whole pamphlet, although the one has no necessary connection with the other. Let me here state my conviction, that the preface is objectionable, if not in *spirit* at least in the *letter*. I believe it would have been better had it not been written; that it neutralises, to some extent, the effect of the arguments; and that it gives cavillers of the E. B. stamp an undue advantage. It was composed under the irritation of a transitory provocation, and I freely admit that it has no right to be where it is. All this I am willing to concede. But, then, I must protest that the rashness of my expressions is no excuse for the perversions of E. B. Granting that the preface is bad, that does not authorise him to make it appear worse, by misrepresentations. I did not, as he asserts, cast imputations of 'wilful blindness and base motives on my opponents.' I might impute *blindness*, but not '*wilful*' blindness; and as to 'base motives'—by which it is evident E. B. means *criminal* motives—I did not attribute any such to Mr. Holyoake, nor, as far as I can at present recollect, to any other opponent. A *base* motive, and a *criminal* motive, are two distinct things. For instance: an ignorant man, shut out from intellectual enjoyment, who is solicitous only for the gratification of his animal wants, is influenced by base motives—an educated man, to whom the treasures of science and literature are open, but who prefers to these the indulgence of his bestial propensities, is actuated by criminal as well as by base motives. Knowledge and opportunity—the abuse of which constitutes guilt—are wanting to the former; therefore, though his motives are base, yet they are not criminal. I use this illustration merely to point out the difference, which seems to have escaped the acumen of E. B. in his censure upon me. A person's intentions or motives may not be *wicked*, though they may be *worthless*. Now this is what I think of the motives of atheists. I believe them to be *worthless*, but not *wicked*.

E. B. asks—'Is Mr. Mackintosh quite sure that he has heard Mr. Holyoake call all Christians knaves or fools?' As I belong to the north side of the Tweed, perhaps he will allow me to answer him, by asking another question—Is Mr. Holyoake the only authorised expounder of atheism? I never said that I heard

Mr. Holyoake 'call all Christians knaves or fools;' but is E. B. prepared to maintain that no atheistic lecturer whatever made use of these words? Mr. Holyoake is, of all the lecturers of his class, the most moderate and cautious in his statements; but I am, if necessary, able and ready to prove that, by a fair and logical construction, many even of his charges are tantamount to the obnoxious phrase in question. Let E. B. recollect that my pamphlet was written with an *especial*, but not with an *exclusive*, reference to Mr. Holyoake; much of what it contains applies to others, not to him.

E. B. 'hopes that the ungraceful weapon will alone be brandished by the Christian against the Rationalist, with whom he hopes the entire monopoly will remain.' Were I disposed to follow the example of this 'purist in diction,' and carp at mere words, I might object to the ungrammatical construction of this sentence, by which the unfortunate relative 'whom' is exposed to the equal claims of two conflicting antecedents. Who has the 'monopoly' to which E. B. alludes? The Christian or the Rationalist? As the sentence stands, it may be the one as well as the other. Let this 'purist' purify his own style from such ambiguities as this, before he presumes to sit in judgment on mine; let him not again place a poor relative in such an unpleasant predicament—between two such litigious parties as Christians and atheists; and let him for the future be more careful of his antecedents. If he will act according to this advice, it may save him from the glaring inconsistency of 'straining at a gnat while in the very act of swallowing a camel.'

E. B. finds fault with me for 'calling names,' and he does the same thing himself. He compares me to 'a foolish woman who flies into hysterics.' To be sure, the comparison is both harmless and hackneyed; but it serves to show that the 'purist in diction' is as liable to this sort of failing as other people. Who set the example of calling names? The Christians or the atheists? E. B. is unwise in this affair. If I thought it worth while, I could cull certain choice flowers of atheistic rhetoric, before the coarseness and scurrility of which my feeble epithets would 'pale their ineffectual fire.' The fact is, that in this matter both atheists and Christians are upon a par; neither party has had a 'monopoly.' On the contrary, in those staple commodities of 'calling names,' and 'imputing motives,' there has been, from time immemorial, the most perfect '*free trade;*' and both parties have, to the utmost of their power, availed themselves of its privileges. I dismiss this personal altercation, by reminding E. B. that there is another thing, quite as ridiculous as the 'hysterics of a foolish woman,' and much more disgusting, viz., *the affectations of a foppish man.* From the excessive fastidiousness of this 'purist in diction,' I should be inclined to term him a *snob;* but as that would be calling names, I will only express my apprehension that the *purist* has unconsciously merged into the *pedant*, and that he prefers euphuism of language to soundness of argumentation.

I now come to the reasoning of E. B. He says that I attach considerable importance to the argument about the Caffres. All the *importance* that I attach to it is simply this—that I believe it to be a conclusive reply to the objection which atheists have founded on the absence of the idea of a God in the Caffre mind. Weakened, as the extract which E. B. gives is, by its isolation from the chain of which it forms a link, he has not been able to refute it. The dilemma which E. B. has put confirms, and not confutes, my argument; viz., that whether the Caffres have, or have not, the idea of a God, either case is fatal to the *no-God* hypothesis of the atheist. I accept the dilemma of E. B., and submit my argument to both its horns, from neither of which it receives the slightest injury. First horn of

E. B.'s dilemma: 'If the Caffres, as Moffat supposes, have not the idea of a God, then the ordinary Christian assertion, of the intuitiveness of that idea, is disproved.' Well, then, to accommodate E. B., let us admit that 'the universal intuitiveness of the idea is disproved.' But the idea of a God exists. How, then, did it originate? If not *internally, by intuition*, then, I maintain, *externally, by revelation*. There are only two ways by which it could come—from *within* or from *without*. 'Oh, but,' says E. B., 'it originated by the personification of the material influences of nature.' Then, I ask, how does it happen that the Caffres have not personified the material influences of nature as well as the rest of mankind? Those influences were as obvious to the Caffres as to other nations; and there is no evidence to show that the capacity to do it was not as perfect in them as in other people. Whence, then, this remarkable exception? E. B. is bound to account for it, or else to acknowledge that this is one of those exceptions which proves—not 'disproves'—the rule.

Second horn of E. B.'s dilemma: 'If, on the contrary, they (the Caffres) have the belief of a Deity, then they resemble the majority of the tribes of mankind, who have formed the idea of a God or Gods from fetichism, or the personification of the material influences of nature.' Once more, to accommodate E. B., let us take for granted that his gratuitous assumption, viz., that the majority of mankind have formed the idea of a God from fetichism, is correct. But where, I ask, did fetichism itself originate? What is fetichism but the visible expression—a miserable one, I admit—of the universal instinct of adoration? To what does this instinct point? Clearly it points to an object of worship external to the soul. On the admission of E. B. himself, this instinct inheres in all the tribes of mankind. It is, therefore, from the universality of its influence, entitled to the designation of a *natural instinct*. But if there be no God, it leads man astray. In other words, the universal voice of Nature imposes upon poor humanity a *lie!* E. B. may disclaim this impeachment of the truth of Nature; but it is the only legitimate inference from his theory. On the other hand, to me, and to all theists, this universal tendency to worship appears as the finger of Nature pointing upwards to 'Nature's God.' Thus, E. B. lies impaled on the horns of the dilemma which he intended for me—just as the prime minister of the Persian monarch was hanged on the identical gallows which he had constructed for the express purpose of hanging his enemy.

E. B. evidently looks upon fetichism as the religious sentiment in the first stage of its *development*. I, on the contrary, regard it as the religious sentiment in the last stage of its *degradation*. He considers it to be the kindling spark, from which was lighted that fire, the heat of which permeates and vivifies the entire mass of mankind. I, on the other hand, look on fetichism as the feeble flame of religion, flickering and expiring amid the smoke and fetor of decayed humanity. This belief I partly ground on the incontestible fact, that fetichism obtains only among the most degraded and barbarous portion of our race; whereas pure theism flourished among every exalted and civilised people, whether of ancient or modern times. A nation given to fetichism resembles a man reduced from feeding on pure nutritious food to vile unwholesome garbage. To save the wretch from pollution, E. B. would extinguish his appetite altogether; I, on the contrary, would feed it with a good and substantial diet.

I am afraid that I have already exceeded the limits of your 'Platform.' I cannot, therefore, notice the rest of the objections of E. B. These, if you have no objection, I will dispose of in another letter.

Meantime, I am your obedient servant, JOHN MACKINTOSH.

LETTER FROM A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Sir,—Will you permit a young man, who has been taught principles the reverse of those contained in the *Reasoner*, to thank you for the valuable information it contains? I find I have been deceived by the teachers of a Sabbath school, where I also became a teacher in turn, and remained such up to a very recent date. Fortunately, or unfortunately, one of your 'readers' placed a copy of the 'Logic of Death' in my hands. Curiosity caused me to read it over several times; and my faith has been shaken, if not entirely removed, from the 'Good Old Book.' I have never been a reader of books of your stamp; in fact, I have been taught to believe they contained poison of the most fatal kind. They do certainly contain poison that will, ere long, be fatal to the erroneous faith of thousands. The Rev. William Innman, a Calvinistic preacher, at Dogley-lane, Burton, near Huddersfield, on March 16th, 1851, gave out, 'That on the following Sabbath he should preach a sermon, entitled the Two Last Things.' He founded his discourse on a passage in the 4th chapter of Amos, the 12th verse—'Prepare to meet thy God.' He told us that the 'Two Last Things' were, first, that as sin was the cause of death, we 'all must die, and be ushered into the presence of God, and tried privately for all our actions.' The second of the 'Two Last Things' is more outrageous than the first. 'You all,' continued the faithful preacher, 'must be tried a second time; not privately, as at death, but before an assembled world, at the great and terrible day of the Lord. Oh! it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Lord. Then, my brethren, "Prepare to meet your God,"' &c.

Lepton. A Truth Seeker.

[Our correspondent, who gives us his name and address, also favours us with a long comment upon the sermon mentioned, from which we learn that he has come to look at those matters in the right light.—Ed.]

CHRISTIANITY INCOMPATIBLE WITH LIBERTY.

Dear Sir,—'Christianity has *always* preached servitude and dependence. Its spirit has always been favourable to tyranny, *in order to profit by it.* True Christians are only fit to be *slaves.* Christianity has for basis, faith. Faith has for basis, revelation. Faith forbids us to examine the dogmas which revelation imposes upon us. If, therefore, the founders of Christianity have forbidden us to examine their doctrines, upon pain of hell, it is that they *were convinced* of the inefficacy of the truths they preached; and *if* they have imposed upon human ignorance a belief which they did not themselves hold, what can we call that but imposture and abuse of faith and liberty?'

The above is translated from a very clever French work, just out, entitled, 'Cosmosophie ou le Socialisme Universel.' I will send you more extracts if you think them of use. Mullier.

[We must say (still obliged by the attentions of our correspondent) that we do not think passages so written of service. We have italicised the words which we deem objectionable.—Ed.]

ATHEISM.

Sir,—Turning over Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' published by Moxon in 1841, I found the following cool article on atheism, which I think will be edifying to the readers of the *Reasoner*:—

'Atheism.—This absurd doctrine *has had* its votaries and its martyrs. Lucilio

Vanini publicly taught atheism in France, and was condemned to be burnt at Toulouse in 1619. Mathias Knutzen, of Holstein, openly professed atheism, and had *upwards of a thousand disciples* in Germany about 1674; he travelled to make proselytes, and his followers were called *Conscienciaries*, because they held that there is no other deity than conscience. Though a small draught of philosophy may lead a man into atheism, a *deep* draught will certainly bring him back again to the belief of a God' (p. 41.)

ALASCO.

GUIDE TO THE LECTURE ROOM.

Literary Institution, John Street, Fitzroy Square.—May 11th [7½], a lecture.

Hackney Literary and Scientific Institution, Mermaid Assembly Rooms.—May 7th [8], J. A. Baynes, B.A., of Nottingham, 'On Cicero, and Life in Old Rome.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—May 11th [7½], Mr. Samuel M. Kydd, 'Laws of the Ancient Hebrews relating to the Poor and the Stranger,' &c.

Institute of Progress, 10A, Upper George-street, Sloane-square.—May 11th [7½], Miss E. L. Dyer, 'Julius Cæsar.'

Eclectic Institute, Denmark Street, Soho.—Every Friday [8½], Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Home and Foreign Politics.' Every Sunday [7½], on 'Moral and Social Science.'

Free Inquirers' Society, British Coffee Rooms, Edgeware Road.—May 11th [7], Mr. H. T. Long, 'Mazzini, the Roman Triumvir, and Italian Independence.'

Areopagus Coffee and Reading Room, 59, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—Every Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (8), a Lecture or Discussion.

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Romanism the Religion of Terror, and Sects and Sectaries, by S. P. Day, formerly a Monk, each	0	2
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London: James Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster-row.

Our Open Page.

A CORRESPONDENT, in Liverpool, writes respecting Mr. Holyoake's recent letter in the *Leader*. He considers the number of atheists to be very much greater than they are computed. 'In Liverpool, he says, 'there are hundreds of atheists who never so much as heard of the *Reasoner*. I can assure you that I have come in contact with very respectable merchants and wholesale tradesmen, that are what we may term out-and-out atheists, but do not broach their private views, except accidentally they know another's views are similar to their own. I know that a mechanic will both assist and do his utmost to promulgate his liberal views, without fear of losing his situation, or it being any stigma upon his character; but not so with the wealthy. They are very discreet; and many of them act the hypocrite, by going on Sundays to places of worship, when they do not believe one word of what they hear, but merely go for fashion's sake and custom: but that is no reason that we should despair. Our views are gradually becoming more *popular* every year. I may instance the present time, and the time you first commenced lecturing, that you find it is the case, in spite of all the ingenuity of priests and their blinded followers. I merely hint to you respecting the middle class and the wealthier class, that there is an under-current with both in our favour, although they neither assist nor take your publications in, through timidity and caution. You know that our views are not yet so popular as the Christians; and I may say that is one reason why they do not divulge their private views.'

We have been informed that the friends of free discussion and mutual instruction—who formerly met at Warner-place, Hackney-road—have in contemplation a scheme for building a Hall. The means for carrying out the work are proposed to be £1 shares. An eligible piece of ground has been offered to them; and, if 100 shareholders furnish their names and deposit to the secretary, the work will immediately commence.

'The Refugee Circular,' issued by the Liverpool Association of Progress, has just reached us. It is devoted to matters pertaining to the Refugees. No. 2 contains a balance sheet of the Liverpool Operatives' Committee.

The *Hartford Times*—says the *Sheffield Free Press*, of March 22—vouches for the truth of the following story:—'Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweney.' 'I have the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine if your honour will give me the resate.' 'We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called upon a second time for your fine.' 'But, your honour, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without I get a resate.' 'What do you want to do with it?' 'If your honour will write one, and give it to me, I'll tell ye.' 'Well, there's your receipt. Now, what do you want to do with it?' 'Ill tell your honour. You see, one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St Peter will say, "Who's there?" and I'll say, "It's me, Pat Malone;" and he'll say, "What do you want?" and I'll say, "I want to come in;" then he'll say, "Did you behave yourself like a dacent boy in the other world, and pay all your little fines and such things?" and I'll say, "Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them;" and he'll want to see the resates, and I'll put my hand into my pocket, and take out my resate and give it to him, and *I'll not have to go plodding all over hell to find your honour to get one.*'

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